THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1872. NO. 10.

LEVY LIST—Continued from fourth page.

To Pay Jurors October Term 1872 and April Term, 1873	500 00
For keeping public roads in repair	1200 00
For support of Public Schools	4 300 00
To Pay Kent County Railroad Bonds and interest	2,300 00
To keep Easter Neck Island Bridge, Thomas Glenn	12 00
To Build wharf at Eastern Neck Island	800 00
ALMS HOUSE.	
For Current Expenses This year	1 000 00
Road from Fork Town to Swann Creek	
Damages Awarded For Land and Fencing	
Richard Hynson, land and fence	45 00
Wm. Stevens for fencing	1 25
R. W. Jones, land and fence	40 00
Edwin Smith	25 00
Julia Murry	20 00
Examiners.	
David Jones	5 50
Thomas Hague	7 00
B. F. Sappington	7 00
R. W. Jones for Axman	4 50
William Stevens " "	1 50
J. V. Crosby Surveyor	10 00
To County Commissioners to make said Road	1 000 00
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Isaac Gale use W. W. Parks	8 00
John Bramble	4 87

Statement of Assessment:

Amount of Levy List	13 562 90
Collectors commissioners	854 41
	$14 417 31
Amount of Assessment	14 501 74
Surplus in the hands of the County Commissionsrs	84 43

By order of the County Commissioners.
JOHN RUSSELL, Clerk.

I hereby certify that the above duplicate of the Levy List of 1872, is correctly taken from the books of the County Commissioners of Kent County.
Attest: JOHN RUSSELL, Clerk.
July 6, 1872—4t.

THE
EUREKA
FANNING MILL.
The Greatest Invention

[redacted]

Is sm... more ... any other Mill ever... Mill that will successfully remove from wheat such pests as Cockle, Garlic, Oats, Rye, &c.

Should an extra quality of grain for seed or gristing purposes be required, it can be so arranged as to catch in one box perfect grain, and in the other, grain fit for market or mill. Here is made a great saving usually lost sight of; for nearly one-quarter of the grain cleaned in the common Mills is lost when sown, on account of shrunken kernels and inferior grain. The Eureka Mill saves all this, and gives seed every kernel of which will grow when put into the ground, and this saving will, in a short time, pay for the Mill.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Chestertown, Md.,

Owners of the Mill, are having them manufactured at the Sash Factory and Planing Mill of Noland & Co., Port Deposit, Md., which is a guarantee they will be put up in the very best manner.
June 17, 1871—tf.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin*
McCOY & RASIN,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 73 South Street,
Opposite Corn Exchange,
BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.
Feb. 13, 1870— Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,
For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
March 16—tf Chestertown, Md.

John C. Calhoun as Statesman and Orator.

If we turn to Calhoun the orator, we find him standing in the very first rank of debators, and having few equals as an orator in the discussions of the Senate. His speeches upon the Force bill, the Protest, Nulification, and the one read by Mason on the 4th day of March, 1850, a few days before his death, upon slavery, place their author among the first statesmen and debaters of any age. These speeches, for intellectual strength and comprehension, are comparable to any equal number of Webster's, but for great bursts of oratory and elevation of style, they fall far below him. Calhoun and Webster upon nullifiion are almost upon an even level as to arguments, but Calhoun has not that simple and grand style that makes Webster unique among the greatest debators of our language, although there is much in common in the character of their speech and debate. We find in each strength, clearness and closeness of argument, expressed in a style at once simple, perspicuous and strong. In Calhoun it is always plain and direct With Webster it is equally simple, but more careful in structure and more ornate. Or if Calhoun is plain, Webster is frequently elegant, and always more attentive to his composition. If Calhoun has great severity of taste, Webster is not less distinguished for the combination of clearness and force in his general style; besides, he does not, like Calhoun, seem to despise all ornament. So if Calhoun equals Webster in mere debate, he falls short of his great rival in all the grand qualities of oratory; and though their common style is not very unlike, for each is very simple and concise in the structure of his sentences, possessing nothing of the full and rounded periods of William Pitt and Bolinbrooke. Indeed, both are remarkable for natural force and compression in their style of speaking. Calhoun had shown that his last great speech lost nothing in style and conciseness by having been written beforehand; and this speech alone is the best and most characteristic speech of Calhoun for the display of his great statesmanship.

Mr. Calhoun studied politics very deeply, and was thus, by the force of his genius, an authority upon every subject that he considered. He is without doubt the finest example of compression in argument and conciseness of style of an orator we have yet produced. Every statesman should study his speeches as our best models of parliamentary debate. He thus ...ht by his example that the English ...age can be spoken here with a con... ...tion hardly exceeded even by Grat... ...and in a style much plainer than his. ...e from political studies, Calhoun ...ed the social circle with his fine con... ...tional ability. He, like Webster, ...one of the best and most instructive ...rsationalists of his day; and delight... converse with rising young men. It ...l that no young man ever met Cal... and went away without becoming ...rsonal friend. Mr. Calhoun was a ...reader, when young; but he said to ... when they were members of the ...e Cabinet, that he had learned to ..., and suggested that his friend Wirt ...o much. Mr. Wirt remarked that ...s a necessity with lawyers; and had ...end Calhoun followed the law, he ...see that. But Webster stated that ...er had known a more assiduous man ...alhoun in the discharge of his ap... ...te duties. He further said: "I ...nown no man who wasted less of ... what is called recreation, or em... ... less of it in any pursuit not con... with the immediate discharge of his ... He seemed to have no recreation ...e pleasure of conversation with his ..."

Calhoun was in person slender and ...xact and regular in features, pos... dark gray eyes that displayed ...telligence. His manner was easy, unassuming, frank and cordial. He had no reserve, for he had nothing to conceal. He was accessible to all, agreeable, animated and instructive in conversation. His mind was well stored with the fruits of learning and reflection; and when he first rose to speak he appeared diffident; but he soon threw that off, and spoke with great rapidity and energy, and was ardent and earnest in his delivery. Depth, originality and force characterized all his speeches; but his voice was sharp, and though not disagreeable, it was not very flexible or attractive. It was the impressive and earnest manner, combined with his great powers of queries, that gave him the highest place in the Senate, and in public life. Thus we have in his character genius and the most elevated moral qualities, which are equally necessary to the greatest statesmen. He possessed a lofty ambition, yet he never demeaned himself as a time-server; but proclaimed his opinions in advance of events, and used no dishonorable or corrupting means for political advancement. By this elevated course he doubtless lost his chance for the Presidency, and we doubt not, however, that had Calhoun been chosen to that place before he veered off into nullification, South Carolina would never have been carried into nullification and subsequent secession, and Calhoun would have continued one of the most able and national statesmen that the South ever produced; because his position would have forced him to continue the national policy he first marked out for the country and himself.

☞ A rural reporter says a procession timed their steps "to the dulcet notes of the mellow drum." Mellow drum is good.

☞ The Missouri Democrat names a Chicago paper as "sparkling with the brilliancy of a ten-year-old patent office report."

A Husband Who Couldn't Appreciate the Dolly Vardens.

If husbands are to be mistaken in 'Dolly Varden' dresses, as was an unfortunate husband in Philadelphia, the sooner the fashion is squelched the better it will be for the peace of society. The husband in question one night missed from the supper table his wife Matilda, and inquired of his little boy whither she had gone, and just at that moment the dining-room door opened and a lady entered. The husband observed a wild look in her eye, and also noticed that she was attired in an outlandish style, having on, he says, a dress with sunflowers, and cabbages, and pumpkins worked all over it, and a lot of snakes sqirming round for a back ground.

Rising, the man said, "Madam, whom do you wish to see?" and then said aside, "Poor thing, she's crazy."

That last remark settled the business for him, as the weird female made a bolt and tightly grasped his Adam's apple, and choked him until his face assumed the color of a banner of the Commune. After she had enjoyed a surfeit of choking him she flopped into a chair, and with tears coursing each other down her checks, exclaimed:

"That I should ever live to hear my husband say that I was crazy!"

This amused the husband, and elevating himself to his full proportions, he said:

"You can't blame me, madam, for supposing you an insane woman, and now that I know you are really the mother of these interesting children, will you have the kindness to retire to the sanctity of your chamber and peel yourself of that piece of furniture chintz, or window curtain, or whatever you call it?"

"Window curtain chintz!" said the wife, "why, it's you that's out of your head. That's a Dolly Varden, and a very pretty pattern, too."

"Madam," replied the husband, "we may be out of our head, but if that is a Dolly Varden, we are most decidedly out of our pocket. Why, it looks like a circus dress; and the idea of a woman at your time of life—"

"My time of life!"

"Yes, your time of life. The next thing, I suppose, you will be practicing the trapeze act in the back yard. Why, it is enough to give a man the *delirium tremens* to look at it. Who ever saw such a pattern? It's flash wall-paper run mad. You look exactly like some Japanese tea-sign. And now just bounce out here with that Fiji battle-flag, or you will scare the baby to death."

There was an ominous pause for a moment and then the eldest daughter said:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, father, it's all the style, and I'm going to have one too; there now."

"Yes, and I want one; all the girls have got them." Thus spoke Maria, the second eldest.

"Any more?" gasped the husband; "are there any more? Hadn't the baby better have one?—I guess I'd better get one myself. How do they make up for pantaloons? Ha! ha! ha! (demoniacally). Let me have a Dolly Varden. Let me clutch it. Bring me a pattern of monkey scaling lamp-post. How would a Chinese puzzle look, or a map of Fairmount Park?"

All the rest is a blank. The unhappy husband has just been liberated from an asylum, and pronounced cured. But the only way they managed it was to dress him up in a Dolly Varden, marked out with the ground plan of the streets of Boston.

A Half-Million Acre Farmer.

The Alabama Settlement, in Southern California writes a correspondent, a number of Southern families have bought a large and fine tract of land, much of which they have put into wheat. Their crops look well; and I believe they are well pleased with their location, finding the country healthy, the soil rich, and their prospects this year good. They came here in the midst of the great drought, and lost two crops; but they had means to support themselves, and now will do well. It struck me that they had made the common mistake of getting too much land; and believe those farmers are correct who assert that in this valley men will make more money on 160 or 200 acres than on 2,000 or 3,000. But everybody must I suppose, find out such things for himself. Trees have made a fine growth in the Alabama Settlement; the orange, I was told, grows there—of course it does not yet bear—and no doubt the olive, without, and perhaps the almond would do well with irrigation. From the end of the track the Visalia stage route leads across Firebaugh's Ferry and at that point I remained to see something of a life quite different from that on the Merced side of the San Joaquin. On one side of the river are wheat fields; on the other you will find only cattle. Miller & Lux own 40 miles on the Western side of the San Joaquin; and other persons own almost equally great tracts. It is said that Mr. Miller is the possessor of a half-million of acres in this State; he has nearly 100,000 cattle; and being a shrewd business man, he is fencing in his great estate, to reserve it for his own cattle. He is rapacious for more land, and is said to have determined that he will not rest until he can drive his cattle over his own land from Los Angeles to the Sacramento. Two men in San Francisco saw him sitting somewhere lost in thought, and one asked, "I wonder what Miller is planning now?" The other replied, "He is making a plan to buy the rest of the State." Miller & Lux have now about 125 miles built, and will build 100 miles more this year. Some other great land owners have nearly as much. Fencing costs them from $500 to $650 per mile. Of course these are not the men who oppose a "no fence" law.

American Homesteads.

There is a peculiar charm about old houses, which is seldom felt in America. In Europe, one finds everywhere quaint old buildings, in which generation after generation have been born and reared, and have married and died. Every nook and corner of the building is clustered over with memories and associations. The change of such a mansion from the possession of one family into that of another is regarded as a humiliation, and mourned as disaster. This feeling is not without a salutary moral effect. It cultivates a family pride, a feeling of honor in the family name, which, handed down from father to son, is sought to be maintained through successive generations. It begets a sentiment of unity, among those who bear the same name and are connected by ties of blood, which strengthens these ties, and tends more or less to make each regardful of the interests of all.

But here in America there are, as a rule, no old houses. The son tears down what the father built, or passes it into other hands with little or no regret or compunction. He builds again that which his sons shall raze or sell, regarding merely his own convenience, and careless who shall dwell in the spot he inhabits after he has quitted it forever. Almost all our building is for the present. We erect with a view to tearing down, not for permanence, and hence it is that our architecture has an unsatisfactory air of instability, of cheapness, and temporary expediency, which offends cultivated taste, and goes far to be met with in our homes.

It is true there are some fine and costly residences, scattered about through the country and grouped in our large cities, but throughout the land, cheap frame buildings, with scarcely an appearance of design, offend the eye by uncouth forms, shapeless sculpture, and glaring white or dingy mud colored exteriors. Though we do not dwell in tents, like some of the Tartar tribes, we are essentially nomadic in our habits and tastes. Boys escape as soon as possible from unattractive homes, to chance their luck in cities, or hew out fortunes on frontiers. Young men clear off farms in the far west, sell them at the first apparently good offer and try it over again. Land with us, is not a thing to be kept if possible, but to be speculated in. Cultivation of soil is too often only the temporary improvement preparatory to sale.

Thus increases and flourishes that restless, wandering spirit which characterizes the true Yankee born American. Considerations of love for the spot, on which one has been born and bred, are feeble when placed against hopes of profit. All this may, perhaps, find some compensation in the enterprising spirit it engenders; but it does not make our rural homes picturesque piles half hidden by honeysuckle, ivy, and woodbine, like the garden embowered farm houses and cottages of England.

Much has been written with a view to improve our architectural taste as a nation, but we are yet too young to progress rapidly in this respect. The greater portion of our land is too cheap. We have too much elbow room, and we are too fond of change. We do not wish to spend much money on what we may, in a few years at furthest, cease to content ourselves with mere bodily comfort, sacrificing æsthetic considerations to utility. It is vain, therefore, to expect any great general improvement in architecture until we shall have advanced beyond adolescence as a nation. When the great West shall have absorbed all it will hold of the world's population, and people look to die where they are born, homesteads will be beautified, and a sense of what is meant by the word home will be so impressed, upon the minds and hearts of youths, that to adorn the place of nativity will seem almost a duty

Help at the weak Point.

Our profit or loss depends a good deal on the kind of men we hire, and on our ability to plan work and to see that it is executed without loss of time and labor. Whether we had better take hold with our own hands depends a good deal on the character of the work and on the number of men employed. A farmer who knows how to do all kinds of farm work, and knows what a good day's work is, if he has a large farm to manage will seldom find it profitable to take a team and plow all day or follow the harrows. He will do better to attend to the little details of the work and keep an eye on everything that is going on. He should be able to detect the weak spot and lend a hand there For instance, if you are drawing manure with three teams, there will be one wagon at the heap with a man besides the driver to fill, another wagon unloading in the field, and one going back and forth. The rapidity of the whole work will be determined at one point, just as the strength of a whole chain is determined by the weakest link. If you see that the empty wagon gets to the heap before the other is loadad, take hold and help to fill a load, and put a little spirit in the men. If, on the other hand, the load is ready before the wagon returns, the weak spot is in the field. Take hold and help to pull off a load or two. In drawing hay or grain with three wagons, I have *doubled the speed* of the whole force by getting on to the wagon and helping to unload. We unload in half the time, and yet the next wagon-load was there in time for us.—Sometimes it will be the pitcher that cannot keep up—then help him. You will accomplish far more by looking out for the weak spots than by doing steady work. If a man has a hard row to hoe, none of the others will help him. They will keep up with him, or if they should by any mischance go ahead, will wait for him at the end. That row is the weak spot.—Take hold and help. And so with every operation on the farm. We must study how to economize labor.

Definitions of Character.

Fine Fellow—The man who advertises in your paper, the man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.

Gentle People—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing for fear of spoiling her hands, the miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

Industrious People—The young lady who reads romances in bed, the friend who is always engaged when you call, the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letter.

Unpopular Personages—The fat man in a crowd, and a short man on a parade.

Timid People—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and the steamboat company with a case of cholera.

Dignified Men—A child in a country town, a midshipman on a quarter-deck and a school committee on examination day.

Persecuted People—Woman by that tyrant man, boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.

Unhappy People—Old bachelors and old maids.

Humble Persons—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him much honor.

Mean People—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper,

Sensible People—You and I.

Truffles.

Few of us know much of truffles, saves, as a rather expensive delicacy. Truffles, it seems, generally grow in a sort of semi-circle, something in the same way as champignons. The best place wherein to hunt for them are young oak plantations, where your truffles are found just under the surface of the earth. In some parts of France, they grow in abundence at the foot of firtrees, and not unfrequently even in common gardens. As the annual gathering season comes around, the truffle-hunters, who lease of the proprieters of the woods the right to dig for these delicacies, commence their operations. To discover the whereabouts of the truffles, small dogs, trained for the purpose, are used. The education of dogs consist in hiding under the soil a wooden shoe filled with earth, and containing a piece of truffle and a piece of bacon. The smell of the latter attracts them, and causes them to scratch open the shoe to get at the morsel of food. By degrees they confound the two scents, and cannot perceive that of a truffle without thinking of the bacon, and digging up the earth. A hundred francs is about the price of a good truffle-dog. Dogs of the sporting breed are never trained for the purpose, as they would be libable to hunt game instead of truffles, if the former happened to fall in their way. When the trained dog comes on the scent, the truffle hunter proceeds to hoe up the ground pointed out by the animal as the bed of the truffles. In the south of France, a certain species of lank, lean pigs are trained and employed in the same manner as the dogs in the more northern districts. *Once a week.*

Knives.

Few people have any idea what a number of hands their pocket-knives have passed in the process of manufacture A bar of steel destinied to furnish a number of blades is heated to redness. A length is cut off, and the forger speedily "moods"; that is shapes it roughly into the form of a pocket-knife blade. Another heating is then required to fit the end for being furnished into the tang, and another before it can undergo the further operation of "smithing," the last stage of which is the stamping of the mark of the thumb nail to facilitate opening. The tang is then ground, and the blade marked with the name of the firm. The slight bulge on the reverse side caused by this operation is removed by fire or the grind-stone. The blade is then hardened by heating to redness, and then plunging it into water up to the tang. The tempering process follows next, the blueish yellow tint being considered as indicating that the proper degree of heat at which to immerse the blade once more in cold water has been attained. After this, the various kinds of blades are classified in the warehouse, and undergo sundry grinding operations to fit them for being hafted. Twelve distinct processes have by this time been gone through, and many more are necessary before the knife is completely finished, although the number of hands which it has now to pass through in a great measure depends on the finish to be given to the handle, according to the quality of the blades with which it is fitted, and the price which the completed article is intended to realize.

Judge Davis, of Illinois, is a rich man. About thirty-five years ago, when Judge Davis was a practicing lawyer in the West, he was employed by a Connecticut man to collect $800. Davis went to the place where the debtor lived and found him to be rich in landed possesions, but without a spare dollar in money. He finally settled the bill by giving a deed for the tract of land—a flat, moist, and undesirable piece of land in appearance, lying close by a sheet of water, consisting perhaps of sixty-acres. Davis subsequently met his Connecticut client in St. Louis, when the latter (who seems not to have possesed the usual Connecticut shrewdness) fell to and gave him a regular "blowing up" for taking the land, rather than insisting upon the $800 in cash; he didn't want any of your Western land, and he told Davis that having accepted it in payment for the debt, he had better keep it himself, and pay over the money out of his own pocket. To this Davis agreed. Stepping into a friend's place of business he borrowed $800, took the Connecticut man's receipt for the land, and held the land for a rise. That piece of land now forms part of the suburbs of Chicago. Judge Davis has sold two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of it, and has nearly a million dollars' worth of it left. It is a striking example of what the possession of Western property has done for its holders.

Summer Drinks.

Ice-water should be drank but sparingly. A most excellent substitute for it is pounded ice taken in small lumps into the mouth and allowed to dissolve upon the tongue.—This will prove very refreshing and much more enduring in its effect.

Lemonade is a simple and grateful beverage. To make it: Roll the lemons on something hard till they become soft; grate off the rinds, cut the lemons in slices and squeeze them in a pitcher (a new clothespin will answer for a squeezer in lieu of something better;) pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake or their aroma, should be added too. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour: then strain the liquor through a jelly strainer, and put in the ice.

Travellers who find it inconvenient to use lemons can carry a box of lemon sugar prepared from citric acid and sugar, a little of which in a glass of ice-water will furnish quite a refreshing drink, and one that will help oftentimes to avert sick head-ache and billiousness. Citric acid is obtained from the juice of lemons and limes,

Perry is a delicious beverage made from cherries, and will keep a year or more.—Take six pounds of cherries and bruise them; pour on a pint and a half of hot water, and boil for fifteen minutes; strain through a flannel bag, and add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour more, or until the liquid will sink to the bottom of a cup of water (try it with a teaspoonful of the liquid;) then turn into jelly cups and cover with paper dipped in the white of an egg.

To prepare the drink: Put a spoonful of the jelly into a goblet of water, and let it stand about ten minutes; then stir it up and fill with pounded ice. Currants and raspberries made into "shrub" furnish a pleasant and cooling drink when mixed with ice-water. Pounded ice is an agreeable addition to a saucer of strawberries, raspberries, or currants. Pound it until it is almost as fine as snow, and spread it over the berries. With fruit it is also an excellent substitute for cream.

Water ices are always acceptable. These made of lemon, orange, currants, strawberries, raspberries, and pineapple, are much improved by adding the stiff beaten whites of four eggs to every two quarts of the liquid. Put it in just as it is turned into the freezer and it will freeze in a foam.—*Scribner's for July.*

The Power of Interest.

Philosophizing upon the tendency of the high rate of interest to concentrate in a few hands the money power of the land, and to show that lending money is the most profitable business in the world, the, Boston *Traveller* makes this easily understood illustration, which may be advantageously studied by young men who are thinking of getting rich:

"Two mechanics just come of age are good workmen and desirous of becoming rich.—Each is able to earn a dollar a day over and above his expenses. Every six months they invest the money thus earned at seven per cent interest, the interest payable half-yearly. These men earn an average of a dollar a day besides their expenses 300 days in each year during forty years and four months Each earns by labor $300 per year for forty years, or, for the whole period, $12,120—together $24,200. But the interest on their returns, loaned half-yearly, for a period of forty years and four months amounts to $104,550.70 which added to the amount of $24,200 earned by their labor makes the aggregate $128,750.70. The interest on the sum $24,200 earned by their labor is $104,550.70,—more than four and a quarter times greater than the amount they have earned by their labor.

"Suppose the two men to live twenty years and two months longer, that is to the age of eighty-one years and six months, and continue to loan their money. During this period it would double twice, making the total accumulation in sixty years and six months $515,002.80. The two men do not labor during the last twenty years and two months, and expend of their income of living during that period $15,002.80, leaving to their heirs $500,000. In forty years and four months they can by their labor $24,200 and live twenty years and two months on their money without labor. Subtract the money earned by labor, $24,200, and the remainder accumulated by interest is $475,800 Now not one dollar of this $475,800 is earned by the labor of these men. It is the legal interest upon $24,200. These men live laboriously and work for a very moderate compensation. They take only the legal rate of interest. Neither do they enter into any speculations."

Big Trees.—An exchange says: "In almost all parts of the country may be found large trees. The largest in the Northern States is that known as the Balm of Gilead tree, near Newburgh, which is about thirty-feet in circumference. It is now about 100 years old, a fact which casts some doubt upon the antiquity of its Californian brethren. On Denning's Point, opposite Newburgh, are two old oaks, called the Washington Oaks. One is twenty-three feet in circumference, and the other eighteen feet. A few years ago a companion of these trees was blown down, and on being sawed up, an examination with a microscope revealed 765 rings, showing that the tree was 765 years old; as it was only thirteen feet in circumference, it is supposed the largest tree now standing must be about 1,200 years old, and the other about 1,000 years. The railroad company owning the property has directed the trees to be protected from injury, and it is possible that they may stand another 1,000 years."

Commodore Maury has prepared an able paper in advocacy of his plan of securing, through the co-operation of Congress, an extended and elaborate system of meterological observations, to be applied for the promotion and advancement of the agricultural interest of the country. He is convinced that it is possible, by an extended and uniform system of the observations on the weather and the crops to predict with tolerable certainty the kind of season to be expected, and thus to be able to ascertain in advance what will be the probable market price of any given agricultural product. To carry out this plan, it is proposed to secure the co-operation of the governments of both Europe and America, interchanging the results of meterological observations and crop-reports, thus ascertaining the condition of the growing crops, as well as those harvested. Thus the probable value of any product for the year might be approximated with tolerable accuracy.—*Philadelphia Age.*

Why Don't You Respond.

Old Judge W——, of ——, in the Old Dominion, is a character. He was frequently lawyer, legislator, judge, and leading politician among the old-time Whigs, of blessed memory; but alas! like them, his glory has departed, and, like many others of his *confreres*, has gone "where the woodbine twineth."—Notwithstanding the loss of property, and the too free use of "apple-jack," he maintained the dignity of ex-judge, dressed neatly, carried a gold-headed cane, and when he had taken more than his usual allowance of the favorite beverage, he was very pious at such times, always attending church, and sitting near the stand as erectly as circumstances would admit, and responding fervently. On one occasion a Baptist brother was holding forth, with energy and unction on the evils of the times, and in one of his flights exclaimed, "show me a drunkard!" The Judge, rising to his feet, and unsteadily balancing himself on his cane, said very solemnly: "Here I am Sir, here I am!" The Elder, though a good deal nonplussed by the unexpected response, managed to go on with his discourse, and soon warming to his work again, called out—"Show me a hypocrite! Show me a hypocrite!" Judge W——, again arose, and reached forward across a seat which intervened, touched Deacon D——, on his shoulder with his cane and said; "Deacon D——, why don't you respond Sir? Why don't you respond? I did when they called me?"

☞ Ladies some times do not value their husbands as they ought. They not unfrequently learn the value of a good husband for the first time by the loss of him. Yet the husband is the very roof-tree of the edifice—the keystone called home. He is the bread winner of the family—its defence and its glory—the beginning and ending of the golden chain of life which surrounds it—its counsellor, lawgiver, and its king. Young married ladies should bear in mind that a too frequent application of the broom handle, and too copious drafts upon the cappillary tubes of the dome of thought and temple of the soul is apt to make the king rather blue, and gives him a "thin excuse" for spending his substance in riotous living among those he considers more congenial spirits—or in other words, among those who manage to keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down.—This invariably makes trouble in a family. Beware, then, angels of the long fingers and of the broom handles; govern the unruly tongue, let up on the hair, use the broom only for legitimate purposes, and all will be well with thee and thine.

A Rich Coffin.—The burial casket in which the remains of the late James Gordon Bennett were encased, was made in Rochester, New York, and was nearly square in shape, and constructed of a peculiar wood, which lasts for many years. The side panels were covered with costly Lyons silk velvet, and the eight handles were of a new design, made expressly for the occasion. The lid, which consisted of two panels of French crystal plate glass, covered, when required, by two black silk velvet caps, was hung on silver hinges and fastened with two silver locks. The entire casket was mounted in a massive frame work of silver moulding of chaste design, bolted and made fast in such manner that it cannot fall apart. The inside was upholstered and decorated in white silk, satin and Venitian lace.

"Knows How It Is Himself.",—"Fat Contributor" professes to know how it is, and tells it in this way: "I know when I have made a success without being told. The "committee" bring their wives up to the platform and introduce them to me. Some of the influential citizens come up and introduce themselves. The editor takes me warmly by the hand, and wants to know where the next number of his paper will reach me. If I stay over night with my friend, the Association President, he invites in some of his neighbors, and there is a social time in the parlor. Or, if I am at the hotel, the "boys" call around and invite me out to eat oysters, and it is difficult to get away from them sometimes to go to bed. There are people to see me off in the morning, and I hear it stated over and above board that if I should come to that town again the hall wouldn't be large enough to hold the people.—Little boys on the streets are respectful. But when I fail nobody is to be introduced. The editor who in the afternoon said he must be sure and see me after the lecture, slips off home. His paper doesn't reach me either, (unless it reaches me under the fifth rib.) The secretary hands the specified amount with frigid politeness and departs. As I pass along the sidewalk on my way to the hotel, I hear some boys shout "humbug!" in a voice of startling shrillness. The landlord surveys me with a look of pity as I enter—he has heard all about it—and I sneak off to bed as soon as possble. No one attends me to the depot in the morning to see me off, and I overhear a rude fellow tell another on the platform as I am about to step into the cars: "If that fraud ever comes to this town again he'll get a head put on him."

Frosted Lemon Pie.—Moisten a teaspoonful of corn starch with a little cold water, and pour on boiling water sufficient to thicken it; while hot put into this a cup of sugar as to melt it, add the beaten yolk of two eggs and the grated rind and the juice of a lemon. This will make one large pie. Bake with a bottom crust.—Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, and add two table spoonsful of sugar.—When the pie is done spread this frosting over it and return it to the oven to brown.

Lemon Sponge.—Dissolve one box of Cox's gelatine in enough boiling water to cover it; add the juice of three lemons when the water is cold; rub lumps of sugar upon the outside of the lemon untill they absorb the oil from the lemon peel; add this to the gelatine; stir well, and sweeten to the taste. Stir in the whites of two eggs beaten to a froth. When it looks like sponge cake batter, put in moulds. Eat with cream. This is a most palateable and refreshing desert, and is particularly palatable to the sick.

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