THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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To hear persons say, 'I wish I had waited for your New Goods, New Prices & Styles!

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Not generally sold in the country. Splendid Stock for Ladies and Gents., Misses, Boys, and children. *NEW STYLE KID SLIPPERS* for the Ladies. Gents. comfortable Shoes and Slippers, now opened

At the New York People's store.

WM. A. VICKERS.

May 25, 1872.

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HEATING STOVES.

All kinds of Stoves and Tinware.

The best Cook Stoves are the BARLEY SHEAF, NIAGARA, QUAKER CITY. The best HEATER is the *SUNNYSIDE.*

We guarantee the best quality at the lowest prices.

N. B.—Country Merchants supplied with TINWARE, at remarkable low prices, from our extensive Factory.

Stoves and Hollow Ware,

Wholesale, at less than Northern Foundry prices.

WM. GLUCK,

Corner Gay and Harrison streets,

BALTIMORE.

September 7, 1872—6m.

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FRENCH and American Tinted Note Paper, Billet, Packet, Fools-cap, Legal-cap, Record-cap and Bill-cap paper. For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.

C. F. STAM & BRO.

Have just received a large and

WELL SELECTED STOCK OF BOOKS,

Embracing treaties on *The Trotting Horse of America*, by Hiram Woodruff; *The Horse in the Field and Stable*, by McClure & Harvey; *Farm Draining, Gardening for Profit, Grapes and Wine, Pear Culture*, by Quinn; "WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING," BY HORACE GREELEY; *The Practical Poultry Keeper, Beecher's Receipt* Book, Books of Song and Poetry, Romances and Novels by the most popular authors.

☞ Do not fail to call and examine our Stock. Remember, we take pleasure in displaying our Goods. Aug 17, 1872.

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Gun & Pistol

MANUFACTURER,

No. 116 West Pratt street,

(One Door East of South,)

BALTIMORE,

KEEPS constantly on hand a complete assortment of

DUCK AND BIRD GUNS,

REPEATING PISTOLS,

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

Also, a Variety of Sporting Articles,

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

Wholesale and Retail.

GUNS neatly Stocked and repaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

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.

Selected Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, thus spoke of the following beautiful lines:

"One might almost wish to die if he knew that so beautiful a tribute as this would be written to his memory:

On the bosom of the river,
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,
Where the starlight streamed forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free,
Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot beaming
In the flush of youth stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious seeming,
Like an angel from above;
Through his hair the breezes sported,
And as on the way he floated
Oft that pilot, angel-throated,
Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks, so brightly flowing,
Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands anon were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold;
Swifter down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple waves divided,
And a rainbow arch abided
On his canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts with fond devotion
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Praying that no wild commotion
'Midst the elements might rise;
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water flags corollo
Trembled to his music sighs.

But these purple waves enchanted,
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell, that daunted
Every comer to her shore,
Night shades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marbled statues numbered,
Awoke to life no more.

Then there rushed with lightning quickness
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dews in fearful thickness
Gathered o'er his temples fair,
And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lovely Southern summer
As the beauteous pilot comer
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver
O'er the starlit streams forever
On its bosom as before;
But that vessel's rainbow banner
Greets no more the gay savanna,
And that pilot's lute drops manna
On the purple waves no more.

From the New York Observer.

LETTER FROM A JAPANESE SCHOOLMASTER.

COMMUNICATED BY CHARLES LANMAN.

Before submitting the letter in question, a few words about the schoolmaster himself will be appropriate. His name is U. Fukuzawa; he was born near Nagasaki, and is about forty years of age. He acquired the rudiments of an English education in Japan, came to America as an interpreter with the embassy of 1860, since which time he has twice visited the United States or England. He is married, and when congratulated by a friend on the birth of a son, he simply replied, "Yes, I am fortunate, but after all, the child is nothing but a poor Asiatic." His love of learning was developed at an early age, and the moment he became impressed with the low condition of moral and intellectual culture in Japan, he was fired with a strong desire to do all in his power to elevate his countrymen, and has filled his self-appointed mission with a success that is quite unprecedented in the annals of the East. It is now about twelve years since he entered upon the life of a school-master in Yedo; his school has been what we in America would call a boarding-school. In it are represented all the provinces of Japan, and while his present number of pupils is three hundred and fifty, the children whom he has educated can be counted by the thousand. Notwithstanding his constant and arduous labors as a teacher, he has found time to translate from English into Japanese a considerable number of valuable books, which have been published and had a wide circulation. He has always been averse to holding public office, all that has been done has been done as a private citizen. With regard to the letter which follows, we have this explanation to make. The author had been upon a visit to his native place, and while enjoying the scenes of his boyhood and talking with the friends of early days, he resolved to send to the latter a communication in reference to their condition and future welfare. His motives and the manner in which he carried out his purpose were fully appreciated by his old friends. They had the letter printed in Yedo, in pamphlet form, and proceeded to give it the widest circulation. For writing such a paper, ten years ago, he would probably have lost his life, but now he is universally applauded, not only for his courage, but for his wisdom and sincerity, and to all human appearances he promises to become one of the greatest benefactors of his race. The letter in question is sufficiently interesting on account of its merits alone, but what gives it a very great importance is the fact that it comes from a native of Japan, and was written in the year 1872. We ought to add that in preparing the following version of it, which is not entirely complete, we have been assisted by the Japanese Minister in Washington and Mr. T. Magome, one of his Secretaries.

THE LETTER.

Man, in common with the brutes, is gifted with the senses of feeling, sight, hearing, smell and taste, but is the only one of created beings who has a spirit or mind. It is this which makes him a human being, gives him power to conduct himself according to nature, and by which he is enabled to obtain knowledge, and learns how to provide for the wants and comforts of life, and treat his fellow-men with consideration. But more than this, it is a peculiar characteristic of human beings that they have the ability to secure liberty of mind and of actions. In this particular, from the most ancient times, the Chinese and Japanese have been ignorant. Liberty or freedom is not self-will—it is the power with which we do all we choose, without obstruction from others. It is right that the father and child, the master and retainer, and the husband and wife should all have this liberty—none of them to be interfered with in their proper desires. Men were not created with the blight of evil in them, and they are not led astray by nature. When they do things that are wrong against their fellow-beings, they offend both nature and heaven. Small offences deserve to be despised, but large ones ought always to be punished, and this without any regard to the position of the offender—whether a nobleman, or a peasant, an old or a young man.

The liberty of which I have spoken is of such great importance, that everything should be done to secure its blessings in the family and the nation without any respect to persons. When every individual, every family, and every province, shall obtain this liberty, then, and not till then, can we expect to witness the true independence of the nation—then the military, the farming, the mechanical and the mercantile classes will not live in hostility to each other—then peace will reign throughout the land, and all men will be respected according to their conduct or real character.

All the human family came from one pair—a man and a woman—who were created by heaven; then came the conditions of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, which are to continue through all time. Heaven made no difference between man and woman in regard to freedom, but intended them to be equal. In looking at the history of China and Japan from the earliest times, we find that men often had several wives, whom they treated like slaves or criminals, and the husbands were not ashamed of their conduct. Was not this wicked on the part of the men, and most pitiful for the women? When men thus treat their wives, the example has an evil effect upon the children, and they do not treat their mothers with respect nor listen to their instructions. When this is the case, the mother is only a nominal mother, and the children are no better off than orphans and their condition most unhappy. And when we know that the fathers are seldom at home, but away attending to business, who is there to instruct the children?

The famous Confucius in his *analects* says that there should be one husband and one wife, and while the modern Chinese and Japanese believe this to be right, they do not always act upon his advice. Most certainly there should only be one pair, and between the husband and wife there should always be true friendship and courtesy. When they treat each other as strangers or without due regard, it is impossible that domestic life should be happy. When men have a plurality of wives, the children, as a whole, have one father and several mothers, and the laws of Confucius as well as of nature are disobeyed. If it is right for one man to have several wives, then why not allow one woman to have several husbands? I would ask any candid man how he would like to be treated by a woman as many husbands now treat their wives? But in another of his works, Confucius tells us that in his time, it was common for men to exchange their wives, according to caprice, and he expressed his great sorrow on account of the bad customs of his time. He was a great philosopher, but I do not find that he condemned the particular custom alluded to, and hence I cannot but think that he was an insincere man, or has contradicted himself in his writings. He is sometimes a difficult writer to understand, and cannot always be well understood without the help of Chinese scholars.

Let me now speak of the children. It is their duty to be good and obedient to their parents. The government is always ready to help those who treat their parents kindly, but the children must never do this from interested or sinister motives. As is well known, the custom prevails that because the mother carries her child for three years in her arms, so the child should mourn for three years after the death of its mother as well as its father. But this is all wrong; it is against nature and looks too much like a business transaction. It is well known, also, that children are always punished for disobedience to parents, but parents are not punished when they treat their children with unkindness. This is not right, and there is no reason for this inequality or distinction. It is wrong for parents to look upon their children as they do upon their furniture—which they have made themselves or can buy with money—for those children are each a gift from heaven, and should be highly valued for that reason alone. Until they reach the age of ten years, they should be instructed by their parents in all useful things—with parental love should be directed in the good way. When old enough to attend school they should be sent to those appropriate to their station, and they should strive to become useful members of society. All these things should be done by parents, as a return to heaven for blessing them with children. (Here the line of argument is leveled at some of the ancient customs of that country. For example, it was formerly the case, that parents might even destroy their children without being punished under the law, but if children killed their parents, then the offenders were severely punished; and instances are recorded where children have been torn to pieces by wild beasts for having taken the lives of their parents.)

When children have reached the age of twenty years, then they are called men or women—are free to act for themselves, must obtain their own support, are no more subject to the orders or their parents, and are at liberty to do as they please in all things. But they must not forget in their subsequent lives to be kind to their parents, and always to help them when necessary. It is written in the books of enlightened nations, that when children have reached the age of maturity, the parents may advise, but never command them and this is a golden custom which should last to eternity.

The way to bring up children is not only to teach them how to read and write, but they should be made familiar with the right way in everything under the influence of good example. If parents are wicked, mean or vulgar, the children are apt to be like them; example is far more telling than words, both for good and evil. If parents are bad, how can they expect their children to be good? This is worse for the children than if they were left orphans. Some parents love and treat their children well, as far as they know, but from ignorance often force them to do things that are not for the best. Such parents are criminals, and opposed to the wisdom of heaven. Without meaning to do so, they degrade their children to the level of the brutes. To love in a proper way should be their ruling idea. There are no parents in the world who do not feel an interest in the behalf of their children, and yet, to be degraded in mind, is worse than to be without health. The love of which I speak, which only looks after the body, is what I would call maternal, or merely animal love. As human faces differ in appearance, so is it with human hearts, but the aims of the truest love should be exalted.

One of the peculiar facts connected with civilization is, that as it advances, bad people become more abundant; then it is that men have trouble in taking care of their property and persons; then comes the idea that the people must have representatives, whose business will be to form a substantial government, make laws, punish the wicked and help those who need help in every way. If the people, in the aggregate, were always good, then there would not be any necessity of organized government. The head of a government is its ruler, and the people who keep him are officers. Such a government is indispensible for the prosperity of a people and for a national defence. There are many kinds of business, as you know, but the business of governing the people is the most difficult and important. The dutiful and attentive, in every sphere of life, ought always to be rewarded according to the justice of heaven. The people who live under a good government should not be envious of the officers who receive large salaries, for, generally speaking, such men earn by hard work all they receive. They should be respected. On the other hand, the rulers and officials must not forget the duties they owe to the people; their work should not be out of proportion to their pay; the same justice should prevail between the officials and the people, which prevails between the master and servant.

All this is merely a summary of my ideas of human society, and on a few pages of paper it is quite impossible to enter more fully into so important a subject.—To become well informed upon it, it is necessary to read books, not only those of Japan, but also those of China, India and all the western nations. In these days there are many Japanese scholars who are well informed in the literature of foreign nations, but it is said that they quarrel among themselves. Such conduct is foolish and wicked, and does great harm.—Scholars have something more to do than merely to read and write, which accomplishments are not difficult to acquire, and so it is most unwise for them to spend their time in literary and scientific squabbles. If our scholars continue to do this, they will remain just as ignorant of foreign nations as are the Chinese. Long arguments will do well enough after we have become informed in regard to other nations. We should apply our mental powers to acquiring all we can through the English, French and German languages as well as the Chinese. If one man is partial to one language, that is no reason that he should insult those who prefer another language. But after all, the first thing for us to study is the present condition of our country, learn what is good and what is bad, so that we may act accordingly. It were better for us to stop quarrelling about the goodness of different literatures and devote more attention to the interests of our nation. Since our country was first opened to foreign commerce, many unworthy foreigners have been found in the open ports who endeavor to impoverish and keep ignorant our people, and all for their own selfish advantage. The trouble is that foreign nations are judged by our scholars by their bad specimens, and for that reason our people are too often unwilling to receive the good inventions from abroad. The unworthy men alluded to fear and try to put down the literature of western nations for fear that its influences will stop their enterprises. When we are able to read the books of the different nations of the world, and become acquainted with its real condition and with international law, then we shall be able to preserve our virtues and protect our liberties; and thus solidify and make our nation permanent, until the time comes when we shall be called the Great Empire of Japan. In my opinion there ought to be no delay in our becoming well acquainted with the literature of foreign nations, and especially with that of the western nations.

To my old friends in my native place do I send these words. I hope you will be spared to act upon the advice I have given you. From this day forth I hope your eyes will be opened to see that my words are true, that you will earn your support by systematic industry, refrain from interfering with the liberties of your fellow citizens, be strong in intellect, and put away all low and unworthy thoughts and pursuits, for in that way alone can you secure the welfare of your families and of the nation. Who would not think, as I do, of his native place, and wish for the best happiness of old friends? May what I have said not be forgotten by you in future years!

U. FUKUZAWA.

Death of "Fanny Fern."

Sarah Payson Parton, popularly known as 'Fanny Fern,' died at her residence, in New York on Thursday. Though she has left few enduring literary works, she has earned with her pen a wide celebrity. Born at Portland, Me., she seems to have passed through a somewhat stormy and cloudy girlhood and womanhood, and passed into a mature life before she made an entrance into the field of literature.—She was a descendant of two old Puritan families of New England, and, in common with her brother, N. P. Willis, the well known poet, inherited from her father and mother a large share of mental power and genius. She was educated at Hartford, Conn., by Miss Catherine Beecher, and was recognized as a clever young lady, high spirited and eccentric, and addicted to mischievous and comical escapades. While yet young, and soon after leaving school, she married Mr. Eldridge, of Boston. After the birth of three children she was left a widow and in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. Of these straits came her literary venture, and in 1851 she offered an essay signed 'Fanny Fern' to one of the literary weeklies of Boston. It was accepted, and acceptable, for the great reading public immediately demanded more, and 'Fanny Fern' grew into fame and favor. These leaflets were gathered into a volume with the title of 'Fern Leaves,' and had a great sale, no less than 75,000 copies of the book having been sold. 'Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends,' her next book, had a fair sale, and a second series of the 'Leaves' reached a very large edition.—In 1854, her first novel, Ruth *Hall*, appeared. It was not a genial book, and over its family relations and allusions a generous charity draws a vail of forgetfulness. Rose Clarke, published in 1867, was a more sunny work, and commanded a wider circle of readers than even the unhappy notoriety of its predecessor had attracted. The two novels were the only ones which 'Fanny Fern' ever published; they provoked much criticism, and were read by thousands who sought in their pages the same grace and variety which had been the charm of her less pretensious writings.

In 1856 the subject of this sketch was married, to Mr. James Parton, of New York city, a historical writer and essayist. Since her marriage her published writings have not been voluminous, but their character has been considerably modified and improved, compared with those of her earlier career. *Her* remains will be taken to Boston for interment.

"Why Don't They Marry?"

There is no question that our costly style of living diminishes the number of marriages, and indirectly recruits the ranks of the vicious and depraved. So long as fashion demands a style of living which only a millionaire can really afford, and a young married couple must support an expensive establishment or be excluded from the circle in which they moved before marriage, a bar is raised to matrimonial engagements which only the very courageous or the very unscrupulous will have the hardihood to overstep. The opportunities and lures to a single life of easy indulgence and dissipation have a constant increasing influence over the young men of our cities; while a continually increasing number of young ladies, educated to a life of ease, display an extravagance which only few young men can possibly support them in, and be honest. So our fashions put a premium upon bachelorism and vice upon the one hand, and untold waste and wretchedness on the other. What is wanted more than anything in our society to-day, is the courage on the part of young men and women to break away from the present thraldom, and set a new and noble fashion of independence and economy. A score or two of examples of the heroism which defies the foolish sentiment and custom of the time and dares to be true to the noble instincts of the heart, and live simply and honestly in a small and quiet way, would create a reform, if not a revolution. The question comes to every young heart—Which shall I sacrifice, the instincts and affections of the heart or the shows and shams of society? Alas, that so many yield the former to the latter! For love is the religion of the young; and whoever sacrifices it for fashion, commits a sacrilege for which nothing on earth can atone. Love is not a thing to be ashamed of or laughed at, but a sentiment to be cherished and gloried in; and, at any sacrifice it may require, is cheap so long as it adds fuel to the precious flame which purifies the heart, refines and ennobles the character, and makes a manhood and a womanhood worth the saving and worth the name.—*Golden Age.*

He who reforms himself has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy impotent patriots.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Beneath the tri-linked banner,
Whose folds are floating free,
Triumphant on the land
And victorious o'er the sea,
A noble army marches,
Whose ovations ne'er can cease,
For "its ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all its paths are peace!"

It fights not for the Eagle,
For the Cross, or for the Crown;
It builds up no Napoleons,
It hurls no Hapsburgs down.
It wars against no nation,
It drinks no human gore;
It leaves no skeletons behind,
It sends no plagues before.

It needs not drum or trumpet
To urge its ranks along;
The soldiers are all heroes
In that majestic throng;
It fights, but not with cannon!
It strikes, but not with steel!
Its only guerdon, glory,
And its goal the common weal!

It battles with the sorrows
And the ills of human kind,
And plants its proud gonfalon
On the freedom of the mind;
Attacks the hosts of Ignorance,
Charges on the ranks of Sin;
Opens wide the doors of heaven,
And bids all men enter in!

Its foes are Nature's enemies,
Disease, and death, and woe;
In its camps there are no orphans,
No widow's tears can flow;
It soothes the couch of suffering,
The famished feeds with bread,
Protects the friendless, living,
And consecrates the dead!

What power can stay its progress,
Till it marches through the world?
All nations see its triumphs,
And hail its flag unfurl'd;
Heaven smiles upon its conquests,
And approves the god-like plan,
To link in holy nuptials
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN!

To Drive Rats Away Without Poison.

We know of three methods: First, the old French plan; this is followed in Paris by men who make it a special business. They take a deep tub with water on the bottom and a little elevation in the middle like an island, on which is only space for just one rat to sit on. The top is covered and has a large balanced valve, opening downward; on the middle of this valve a piece of fried pork or cheese is placed, and when a rat walks on it to get the bait the valve goes down, drops the rat into the water, and the valve moves back into position. A road is made from a rat-hole to the top of the tub, by means of a board rubbed with cheese, so as to make the walk attractive for the rats. In the course of a single night some ten, twenty, or even more rats may go down, and if the island was not there they would be found most all alive in the morning quietly swimming around; but the provision of the little island saves the trouble of killing them because their instict of self-preservation causes them to fight for the exclusive possession of the island; on which, in the morning, the victorious rat is found in solitary possession; all the others being killed and drowned around him. Second, the New York plan, invented by one of our friends. The floor near the rat hole is covered with a thin layer of moist caustic potassia. When the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore; these they lick with their tongues, which makes their mourhs sore; and the result is that they shun that locality, not alone, but appear to tell all the rats in the neighborhood about it and eventually the house is entirely abandoned by them, notwithstanding the houses around may be teeming with rats. Third, the Dutch method. This is said to be used successfully in Holland; we have, however, never tried it. A number of rats are left together to themselves in a very large trap or cage, with no food whatever, their craving hunger will cause them to fight, and the weakest will be eaten by the strongest. After a short time the fight is renewed, and the next weakest is the victim, and so it goes on until but one rat is left. When this one has eaten the last remains of any of the others, it is set loose; the animal has now acquired such a taste for rat-flesh that he is the terror of ratdom, going round seeking what rat he may devour. In an incredible short time the premises are abandoned by all other rats, which will not come back before the cannibal rat has left or died.

A Fireman's Dog.

There is a remarkable dog belonging to one of the steam fire engine companies in this city. The engine house is on Capitol Hill, and the company is noted for being one of the promptest, quickest and most effective in the country. The members are sober, peaceable, and very attentive to their duties. The engine is as clean and shiney as a new watch, and a cleaner lot of horses, harnesses, and general equipments were never seen. This engine company is also celebrated for their dog. He is of the Newfoundland breed, large and heavily built. His coat is full and shaggy and of a very dark brown. The face of the dog is as amiable as a Venus, his jaws are large and powerful, and his teeth sharp and long. Whenever an alarm of fire is sounded the dog listens attentively for a moment until the number of bells indicate the locality; he rushes, barking furiously, to the stable of the horses, which is the basement of the engine house, and by the time he gets there the horses are out, and he takes his position at their head and runs to the engine. The fire has been lighted in the meantime, and in less than three minutes the engine is rushing through the streets. The most wonderful thing about the dog is, that the instant the driver mounts his seat and takes the reins in his hands the dog starts off at a fearful pace in the direction of the fire, barking loudly and keeping time with the bell of the engine, giving a bark for every stroke of the bell. But how the dog knows where the fire is has been a mystery to me. The horses are close behind him, and seem to follow him. He turns corners, avoids the tracks of street cars, and leads the way, indeed, to the scene of the fire. Can it be possible that the dog knows the system of alarms in Washington city?

Style in Old Times.

In 1782 Governor Hancock received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, turned up over the edge of the velvet one or two inches. *He* wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white satin small clothes, white silk stockings and red morrocco slippers.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1773, wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet; and in summer black silk gowns; gentlemen wore coats with every variety of colars of velvet of a different color from the coat.

In 1780 Gen. Washington arrived in New York from Mount Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. *He* was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England he wore the old continental uniform, except on the Sabbath, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice-President, wore a sword, and walked about the streets with his hat under his arm. At his levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag, yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles; he held in his hand a cocked hat ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep with black feathers, a long sword in a white scabbard, with a polished steel hilt, hung at his hip.

Henry Ward Beecher on Interest.

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

☞ A courteous man often succeeds in life, when persons of greater ability fail. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness; whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

☞ Carafa, the composer, who died recently, was far from rich. His principal income was derived from a snuff-box. This snuff-box was given to the author of 'La Prison d'Edimbourgh' about thirty years ago, by Baron James de Rothschild, as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it twenty-four hours later for seventy-five Napoleons to the jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweller's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer still; for his sons kept up the tradition to the great satisfaction of Carafa.

☞ The problem of telegraphing in the Chinese language, to write which requires some 50,000 different characters, has been solved in this way: A few thousands of the characters most used are cut upon wooden blocks. On the opposite side of each block is its number. Duplicates of such numbered blocks are at each telegraph station. The China merchant selects the blocks which express the thoughts to be transmitted. The operator telegraphs only the numerals designating these blocks, which enable the receiving operator to select similar blocks at his end of the line.

☞ A Brooklyn physician, gifted with a faculty for outspoken talk and plain English, reported the death of a patient as from "dyspepsia, caused by taking quack medicines for two years." Doubtless there was more truth in this than in half the long Latin obfuscations commonly made use of.

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