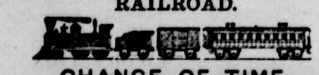
THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1872. NO. 24.

Kent County and Townsend Branch RAILROAD.



CHANGE OF TIME

[illegible]

Chester[illegible]
Vickers'
Parsons'

☞ All trains daily (Sundays excepted.)
Stations marked ° have no agents.
"Way Passenger" West will stop only for passengers between Massey's and Chestertown, until further notice.

To insure connections with Trains on the Delaware Railroad, shippers must have their marketing at stations at least one half hour before the train is due.

JOS. T. RICHARDS,
Oct. 12, 1872. Superintendent.

Late Constable's Sale.

BY Virtue of one writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued by T. Waters Russell, one of the Justices of the Peace, of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of M. Bannon, against the goods and chattles, lands and tenements of George R. Jones and Benjamin H. Startt, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Benjamin H. Startt, of, in, and to, the following property, viz:

All that Piece or Parcel of Land

situated at or near "Worton Heights," in Kent county, Md., called "Prince William," containing

About 95 Acres,

and being the same parcel of land which was conveyed to the said Benjamin H. Startt by George W. Beck and others, by Deed dated November 9th, 1847, duly recorded in Liber J. N. G., No. 11, pages 515, &c., one of the Land Record Books for Kent county aforesaid: And I hereby give notice, that on

Thursday, 7th day of November, 1872,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., in front of the Market House in Chestertown, I will sell at Public Sale, to the highest bidder for cash, the above property so seized and taken in execution, to pay and satisfy said writ, debt, interest and costs, due and to become due thereon.

CHAS H. DAVIS, Late Constable.
Oct. 12, 1872—tds. [5 75]

GLAZING! GLAZING!

Wm. S. Stam

GIVES notice to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he is ready to do Glazing in all its branches. May be found at the store of C. F. Stam & Bro., or at his father's house. ☞ TERMS CASH.

Moro Phillips

AND

Wattson & Clark's

SUPER PHOSPHATE

OF LIME,

For sale by their Agents.

TURNER BROS.

Betterton, Oct. 5, 1872.

TO LOVERS

Of a good and HEALTHY BEVERAGE,

T. W. WICKES

At his Drug and Apothecary Store, offers fresh Soda Water, with all varieties of flavors. June 1, 1872.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby forbid from trespassing with dog or gun, for hunting; or trespassing for the purpose of nutting, or for any other purpose upon the lands owned or occupied by the subscribers.

EDWARD WILKINS,
JOHN W. LOUD,
R. S. EMORY,
E. M. WILKINS.

October 12, 1872—1m

Selected Poetry.

From the Episcopal Methodist.

The Whispering of the Wind.

BY GRACIE GILDERSLEEVE.

Now Autumn's pencil'd touch is seen,
On every leaf and flower,
And Nature dons her sweetest smile,
To gild each gliding hour.

The burnished trees in glory shine
Upon the wood-crowned hill;
Their leaves fall dying from their boughs
And all the hollows fill.

Days like these, when Autumn sets
Her seal on things around,
When all the warm and balmy air
Seems breaking into sound.

Days like these, the whispering winds
To every heart unfold,
The memories of the fleeting Past,
Its joys and sorrows old.

So thus, to-day, it spoke to me
Of scenes as bright as this,
When hours flew by on wings of joy
And untold happiness.

When happy faces beamed in love
The dear home circle round,
When o'er the ancient, oaken floor,
Once merry feet did bound.

Then brows now marked by care and thought
Were fresh in youthful bloom;
When voices thrilled the ear, that now
Are silent in the tomb.

But now its whisperings bring to mind
The changes in the Past,
The grass-grown walks, the crumbling walls,
When I was there at last.

The footsteps that across the floor,
Like music once did fall,
The echoes they will ne'er more wake
Along the silent hall.

The voices that are heard no more,
The hands that now are cold,
The eyes, that beaming, show no more,
Their tender love untold.

For some are married, some are dead,
Some wandered far away,
And all have parted, all have left
The household in decay.

I know that Time will never stop,
His flying, onward feet;
I know that Change will come to all
With footsteps swift and fleet.

I know that Sorrow brings each home
Deep wrinkles and gray hair,
But still it grieves me when I think
That he has left them there.

Sad thoughts like these will tinge with gloom
The fairest, loveliest day,
Were there no hope beyond the grave
When all have passed away.

A peace that gilds the darkest hour
To-day the wild winds bring,
And heavenly hopes like blossoms fair
Around my spirit spring.

For there's a brighter home by far,
Where tears no more shall start,
Where friend shall meet with kindred friend,
Meet, never more to part.

Then let our earthly homes decay,
And friends pass from our sight,
For though their absence leaves a gloom,
Joy shall succeed the night.

From the Home Journal.

"SWEET BE ALL THY DREAMING."

BY JAMES WILLARD MORRIS.

Sweet be all thy dreaming, O queen of this true heart!
Float on airy pinions, or be of air a part;
May no idle vision disturb thy tranquil rest;
Let no sound of anguish afflict that tender breast.

Perhaps my fancy's idol, there where she sleeping lies,
May dream she hears the angels, as near their home she flies;
Then, waking from the rapture to me and this poor strain,
She'll bless the humble minstrel, and fall asleep again.

Soft be every zephyr that would caress thy face;
Sweet its balmy perfume, and slow its stealing pace;
May some gentle spirit, forever pure and bright,
Watch thee like a sister, and bless thee all the night.

Perchance my beauteous treasure, there where she sleeping lies,
May hear the distant music, and dream of Paradise;
Then, waking from the rapture, some strain she'll half repeat,
And bless the humble minstrel who made her dream so sweet

Slumber lightly, dear one—my queen, my only love!
Angel wings shall shield thee from ills that lurk above;
And no harm that's mortal may threaten that pure breast,
While thy faithful lover for thy sake scorneth rest.

My pride, my peerless beauty, no longer sleeping lies;
The cloudy curtains tremble—I see her lovely eyes!
Behold the precious token—lo! where it flutters down!
Blest is the air that bears it—more blest am I, her own!

From the Episcopal Methodist.

WOMAN: HER SPHERE.

There is a sentiment advanced by the Geneva Philosopher, Rosseau, that "The glory of woman lies in being unknown." In dissenting from the above sentiment we would not have woman usurp any of the prerogatives of the boasted Lords of creation: we would not have her to occupy the pulpit, or the forum, or to preach the gospel or to sit in council, but we would attempt to show that her proper sphere is at least as far from that of a vassal as of a ruler. Notwithstanding the sentiments so crushing to her influence that have prevailed more or less from time immemorial, almost every age has recorded some splendid representative of her glory and worth

The martial lyre of Homer had been sending its thrilling accents down the course of centuries, exciting men to war and deeds of valor, when Sappho, a Lisbian poetess, and the "Tenth Muse" of "Lovely Greece," seized her harp, raised its soft strains, and sung the counterpart of the human passions. Again, we find that the first to render praise unto the Lord after he had safely guided His chosen people through the perils of the Red Sea, was a woman—the Prophetess Miriam. We mention these distinguished females, the rather to show the antiquity of female celebrity, than as a starting point from which to trace a long list of famous females, which would be an easy task, would limit permit We may, however, simply enquire why the Divine Disposer of all blessing and events has bestowed the many varied and splendid talents upon such females as Sappho, Sevigne, Roland, Elizabeth, Hemans, Sigourney, and others, if He had not designed them to be employed for some useful and important purpose?

Why have endowments been bestowed upon woman that frequently rival and outshine in brilliancy those of the other sex if their influence is never to be found beyond the bounds of their own firesides. It seems that too illiberal views are commonly taken by, those who discuss this subject. No doubt the influence and happiness of woman is generally to be found in the tranquility of the domestic circle; but why confine it there?

We can easily call to mind instances under which it is not only proper, but necessary, for those of the sterner sex to perform tasks and duties, which usually devolve upon females. Why shall not this be repaid by the use of those gifts and qualifications which it would be impious to suppose lavished in vain. We are sensible that some limitations are here necessary; for while avoiding the Scylla of a too circumscribed sphere on the one hand for her influence, we would not sail into Charybdis, on the other, by making accessible to her all the enterprises of man.

There are without doubt many moral and intellectual, as well as physical achievements incumbent upon man for which woman is not responsible or adapted. And in the numerous recorded instances where she has seized the reins of government and taken a part in civil and military affairs we instinctively feel that she is beyond her appropriate sphere of action; that she has tarnished rather than added glory to the brilliancy of her sex.

The Æolian strains that come softly swelling upon the ear from the harps of Hemans and Sigourney charm and delight us, and inspire loftier sentiments of their sex. Indeed, Hannah Moore, successfully contending with the convulsive shocks of the French Revolution presents a sublime and glorious spectacle, but the clangor of war that comes booming from the battle field of the "Maid of Orleans" shocks and disgusts us.

Woman was never designed to engage publicly in the arena of strife and the bustle of business; she may, and should, combat the errors and vices of the world, but her influence should go out from her retirement, and more commonly in the lives and character of those with whom she associates. St. Paul says in his instructions—"I suffer not a woman to teach, or usurp authority over man, but to be in silence," whether or not this command is obeyed is another question, but we will say, that it should be observed, so that we might exclaim with the poet:

"Her might is gentleness."

There is a degree of sanctity thrown around the female character, that makes the very name of woman a kind of spell to bring the blushes of shame to the cheek of the profligate. Her presence, as the rising sun, dispels the mist of the morning, banishes that vulgarity and profaneness which too often disgraces the conversation of fashionable gentlemen.

It must be apparent to the most superficial observer that an adherence to those principles which have elevated and dignified her character in Christian lands, is calculated to secure for her that respect which the best interests of society demand. But let her disregard the injunctions of the Apostles, let her endeavor to substitute the frowns of power for the smiles of gentleness, the iron fetter of authority for the silken cords of love, and the order of nature is inverted, her glory is departed. Woman in declining to mingle with the mob or direct the people,

"—— —— to guide the car of war,
To rule the state or thunder at the bar,"

acquires a superiority more absolute than that possessed by the conquering hero or the sceptred monarch. We have the most exalted opinion of the strength of woman's affections. Its depths none but the God who created it can fathom. Within the extent of life it hath no boundaries. The exceptions exist only where man in his cruelty has so crushed her beneath the level of the beasts that perish, that intellect is totally darkened, and the native spring of warm affections sealed by the iron hand of despotism. Even where infanticide prevails we mark the principle in perverted action. When a missionary reasoned with a heathen mother upon the cruelty which had just consigned a female infant to the tomb, "Should *I* spare *her* to suffer all that *I* have suffered?" was the bitter reply of her desolate heart.

In Christian lands where woman is free to feel and act we see this principle beautifully developed. In the sunny calm of domestic quiet when she is the centre of happiness and love, in seasons of illness or bereavement, when the strong man is shaken, then she who in sunshine's hour was as but the vine clinging around the stately oak, becomes amid the darkness and storm a shield to protect him.

Beauty, wit and accomplishments may conspire in vain to attract admiration and command esteem, but it is when piety throws its charms around nature's loveliness that the Philosopher and the Christian are constrained to say with the poet that we are

"Allied to angels on our better side."

Indeed our social position would not have attained its present place were it not for woman, if we consider all the poets have said to be true, for one sings of her:

"Oh! woman, lovely woman, nature made you
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

Too Much for Midget.

Timkins, Tarbox and Midget were a convivial trio. They were married men, and yet they spent many of their evenings at the tavern, thus leaving undone duties which ought to have been done. One night the trio sat at the festive board of Pimple's tavern until very near to midnight, at which hour they were about as drunk as men could be and not be dead. A dispute arose touching the payment of the bill for the evening's entertainment

'Hold on,' said Timkins. 'Let'r be tell t'-morrow. When we get home our wives will be sure to tell us to do some unaccountable thing, and if any of us refuses to do the first thing his wife tells him after he gets into the house, he shall pay the whole bill for the party."

This was agreed to, and it was further stipulated that each should give a true account of the result at their next meeting. On the following evening the friends met again Timkins led off.

'Well boys,' said he, 'I had a tough one, but I did it. It was as dark as pitch in the house when I got home, and as I was lumbering through the kitchen I stumbled against the stove and knocked the tea kettle off onto the floor. That started my wife, and she sang out to me, '*Say, you brute, tip over the cooking stove and be done with it*' No sooner said than done. I give the old thing a hist and over it went. My eyes! didn't my wife come out of bed! But I did it."

Tarbox next gave his experience:

"Good for you, Tim; but I'm even with you, though my job wasn't quite so tough. When I got home I had to get into the house through the buttery window as usual, and I've no doubt that I made considerable of a clatter among the tin pans. If my wife had been asleep she woke up. 'That's right!' she called out, at the top of her voice. 'Tip things over, won't you! *Don't miss the cream! Upset that too!*' I knew the pot must be near full of cream, but I'd got the order, and was bound to obey, and over went the next churnin' on the floor. What befell me very shortly afterward and what particular language Mrs. Tarbox used on the occasion I won't say—but I had obeyed orders."

Midget came next, and he approached the subject of his narrative with downcast looks.

"Well boys,' he said, "I 'spose I've got to foot the bill. Unfortunately my wife asked too much of me. When I got home I found the back door unlocked, so I got into the house without making much noise; but in going up stairs I stumbled, and the racket of my fall was quickly echoed by Mrs. Midget's voice, pitched in a most snappish and peremptory key: 'There, Midget,' she cried, 'tumble again!—*Tumble and break your worthless neck!*' Says I, 'That's too much for Midget! I'd rather pay the bill at the tavern!' And so boys, I'll settle up."

The Cost of Fences.

A WRITER in the *Illinois Agricultural Report* for 1864 says: 'The fences of the United States have cost more than the houses, cities included; more than the ships, boats and vessels of every description which sail the ocean, lakes and rivers; more than our manufactories of all kinds, with their machinery; more than any one class of property, aside from real estate, except it may be the railroads of our country.' This may seem like an exaggerated statement, but a little estimate will show that it is not so extravagant as would at first appear.

The First cost of the fences of New York State was between one hundred and fifty million dollars. Robinson gives it as $144,000,000. Assuming this to be approximately correct, and estimating the first cost of the fences of other States on the same basis, we have as the total first expense of the fences of the whole country the vast sum of $1,295,000,000.

This requires to be renewed once in ten years, giving $129,600,000 as the annual cost, to which should be added, however, at least one half as much more for repairs, making the aggregate of $194,400,000 as the annual national expense—a sum we believe below the actual figures, yet quite beyond comprehension. Nicholas Biddle estimated that the 'fence tax' of Pennsylvania was $10,000,000 a year. Gen. James T. Worthington, of Ohio, says that there are 18,000,000 acres of land in Ohio inclosed with 45,000 miles of fences, at the prime cost of $115,000,000, and at a yearly expense for repairs, &c., of $7,680,000.

It roadside and boundary fences can be dispensed with, half the cost of fencing will be saved. That cost is now an annual tax of $1,50 on every acre of improved land in the United States—the 'fence tax' being twice or thrice as great as the aggregate of the State and local taxes combined.

Why can not a large portion of this outlay be saved for some profitable investment? Every dollar rescued from fences may be added to productive wealth. Fences are dead capital; they pay no interest, and are a constant drain upon the pocket. As Mr. Greeley says, 'We poison our land with fences; they are a shelter for weeds, as well as a vast and useless expense.'—The indirect waste which they inflict is almost as great as their direct cost. A Virginia zigzag fence occupies five acres for every hundred inclosed, thus imposing a five per cent, tax on the market value of the soil—a tax that would be felt to be oppressive if it were for the payment of the national debt instead of to shelter a growth of weeds.

Shall we fence stock out or in? There is no doubt that our people now expend four times as much money to *fence stock out* as would be required to *fence it in*. Our present custom which commands universal fencing, is the worst blunder the practical American people ever made. Enterprising and original in many matters, they are here following slavishly, generation after generation, the habit of the earliest English colonies—following it though very expensive and inconvenient, because it is 'the good old way.' Europe has learned a more rational method. There are ten times as many fences in Germany, and Duchess county, in New York, has more than all France. In France, Germany and Holland, farmers hold their lands in common, with only narrow paths between.

The continental system of having few or no fences is evidently the best; and even exclusive England is slowly adopting it. America will inevitably follow; for economy, taste thorough tillage, fair play and good sense command it, and the time will come before many years when the absence of farm fences will be a sign of progressive culture.

The immense cost of sustaining fences; the inconvenience of having them always in the way of thorough tillage, and of easy ingress and egress to the premises; the impassable snow drifts accumulated by them, the shelter they afford to weeds and briars; the protection they afford to many of the worst animal pests of the farm, and their unsightly appearance generally throughout the country as the receptacle of stone heaps, piles of brush and dead trees, to say nothing of the countless acres rendered worse than useless by their occupancy, would seem sufficient reasons for disposing of fences wherever not indispensible for purposes of pasturing.—*Peoples Journal.*

The Wealth of the Ancients.

The Millionaries of the world to-day are almost poverty stricken, compared to the wealth of older times. Rating, Astor, Belmont and Stewart of America, and Sodex, the Rothchild and Marquis of Westminster, of Europe, at an average of one hundred millions of dollars each, they would only pass muster as men of moderate means along side of some of the ancient worthies.

In a recent article, the editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, in a semi-humerous vein, cites some examples of the immense personal wealth and extravagant habits of some of the princes and people of antiquity, which make the millionaries of to-day, and the most extravagant expenditures of our nabobs, men of simple competence only, and of frugal and parsimonious habits Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt, was said to have amassed a little fortune, because, his property only inventoried $850,000,000! And which of our extravagant young ladies asks the *Enquirer* in these boasting times ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl dissolved in vinegar worth $400,000? That's half the expense of a wedding outfit at a dash, and would dress one of our Baltimore or Washington belles for forty years. Then there was Paulina, one of the ton in Rome, who used to wear jewels when she returned her visits worth $800,000. Well, they boast of Mr. Stewart's marble palace' upon 34th street avenue. We do not suppose this house, which is about the best they have in New York, cost more than half a million dollars. Well, Cicero, who was a poor man, gave $160,000 for his house, and Clodius paid $650,000 for his establishment on the Palantine; while Messala gave $2,000,000 for the house of Antony. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher like Mr. Greeley, was worth $12,000,000.

Tiberius left a property of nearly $12,000,000. Why they talk about a man's failing in New York for a million as if it was a big thing. Cæsar, before he entered on any office—when he was a young gentleman in private life—owned $14,000,000, and he purchased the friendship of Quæsor for $2,000,000. Mark Antony owed $1,500,000 on the Ides of March, and he paid it before Kalends of March. This was nothing—he squandered $720,000,000 of the public money—Major Hodge's defalcation being for the contemptible sum of $450,000.

And these fellows lived well. Esopus, who was a play actor, paid $400,000 for a single dash. Caligula spent $400,000 on a supper. Their wines were often kept for two ages, and some of them sold for $70 an ounce. They roasted hogs whole at their banquets. They are fond of ram's head pie, and pastry stuffed with raisins and nuts. Dishes were made of gold and silver, set with precious stones. The beds of Heliogabalus were of solid silver, his table and plates were of pure gold, and his mattresses, covered with carpets of cloth of gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of the partridge.

It took $80,000 to keep up the dignity of a Roman Senator—and some of them spent $5,000,000 a year. Cicero and Pompey 'dropped in' one day on Lucullus—nobody at home but the family—and that family dinner cost $4,000.

A Good Story.

Deacon D. was very much interested in a revival that was taking place in the neighborhood, and, as a consequence, was continually urging his neighbors to 'come over on the Lord's side,' as he expressed it. He had frequently importuned an old neighbor of his—who was not particularly noted for his profession of religion, but was nevertheless highly respected by all who knew him—to attend one of their evening meetings. Now the piety and honesty of the deacon was a matter of doubt among his fellow-townsmen, and particularly so with the old man above mentioned, who, for convenience we may call Uncle Josh. After repeated calls, Uncle Josh consented to accompany the deacon to one of the meetings, and accompanied him to the 'school-house' one evening, much to the surprise of all present. In the course of the evening the deacon arose with a penitential countenance to tell his experience. He was the prince of sinners, he said. If he got his deserts he would be banished forever from Divine favor. After making himself out to be all that is vile in man, according to his enterpretation of 'he that humbleth himself shall be exalted,' he sat down with the sublime sense of having done his duty, and asked Uncle Josh if he would not tell his experience. With some reluctance he meekly arose amid the breathless attention of the assembly. It was an unknown occurrence for Uncle Josh to speak in meeting. *He* said he had listened with great interest to the remarks of the deacon, and he could assure the brethern that, from his long acquaintance with him, he could fully endorse all the deacon had said concerning his meaness and vileness, for he was certainly the meanest man he ever knew. The wrath of the deacon was terrific. *He* shook his fist under Uncle Josh's nose and exclaimed, 'You are a confounded liar, and I'll whip you as soon as you get out of church!'

Ancient and Modern Cities.

But we talk of population and boast of London and New York. Rome had a population between three a four millions. The wooden theatre of Scararus contained eighty thousand seats; the Collosseum, built of stone, would seat 87,000, and affording standing space for 22,000 more. The Circus Maximus would hold 385,000 spectators. There were in the city 9,000 public baths, those of Diocletion alone accommodating 3,200 bathers. Even in the sixth century, after Rome had been sacked and plundered by the Goths and Vandals, Jachariah, a traveler, asserts that there were three hundred and eighty-four spacious streets; eighty golden statutes of the gods; forty-six thousand and ninety-seven palaces; thirteen thousand and fifty-two fountains, three thousand, and seven hundred and eighty bronze statues of the emperors and generals; twenty two great horses in bronze; two spiral columns; thirty one theatres; nine thousand and twenty-six baths; two thousand and three hundred shops of perfumes; two thousand and ninety one prisons.

Not to name the Pyramids, the Mausoleum of Augustus in the northern part of the Campus Martius, consisting of a large tumulous of earth, raised on a lofty basement of white marble, and covered on the sumit with evergreens as in the manner of a hanging garden—the whole surmounted by a bronze statue of Augustus. At the entrance were two Egyptian obelisks, fifty feet high, and all around was an extensive grove divided into walks and terraces.

We have not space to speak of the Forum Romanum, the Forum Julium, the Theatre of Pompey, the Temple of Apollo, the Pantheon, and palace of Nero (entirely overlaid with jewels and mother of pearl,) the Claudian Aqueduct, the Flavian Amphitheatre, the Colloseum, the Arch of Titus, the Nilla of Hadrian, the Baths of Caracalla—nor the great Roman roads, straight as an arrow, paved like the streets of a city, divided by mile stones, and having houses for travelers every five or six miles—affording uninterrupted communication from the Wall of Antonious through York, London Loyns, Nilan, Rome, Brunduism, Dyrrachium, Bysantium, Ahcyra Tarsus, Antioch, Tyre, Jerusalem—a distance of 3,740 miles.

Nor have we space to refer to Thebes, in Egypt (which had a population of 25,000,000,) and that noble palace with its grand columns, whose cornices were inlaid with ivory mountings or sheathed with beaten gold—nor Alexandria, whose annual port dues were $6,000,000 and whose library, an age when books were rare, contained 700,000 volumes—nor to Capua, the second city of Italy—or to Rhodes and its three thousand statues and one hundred and six colossi (one of the seven wonders of the world, costing $3,000,000)—nor to Antioch, with a street four miles long, perfectly level, and double colonades through its whole length—nor to Athens, and the Parthenon, and the Theatre of Bacchus, the most beautiful in the world, which seated thirty thousand, persons—to Corinth and its pictures—nor to Syracuse and its fortress, one mile long by half a mile in breadth nor to Tyre, and Carthage, and Babylon, and Bagdad, and Memphis, and Ephesas, and Byzantium, and a hundred more.

A STUDENT.—Caleb Cushing, born early in the year 1800, while in Paris, recently, devoted three hours each day to the study of French under an eminent teacher. When it is reflected that he has spoken and written the French language fluently for over forty years, some idea of his devotion to study may be arrived at. If at such an advanced age he desires to acquire, as he says, 'a greater felicity of expression,' is anybody justified in considering it "too late" to understand things?

Speculation in the west.

A day or two since a friend of ours, a merchant in this city, was hailed in the street by a tall, rough looking fellow, very plainly attired in a linsey-woolsey, cow-hide boots and a slouched hat, who accosted him with;

'Hallow there, mister; I say, ain't your name——?'

'That's my name, sir,' replied the merchant.

'Well, how d'ye do? Suppose you don't know me though?'

'I do not recollect having seen you before.'

'Well, I suppose not, but what I was going to say was, hain't you got an eighty acre lot in Wisconsin—eh?'

'I believe I do own a lot there.'

'Well, now, perhaps you would like to sell that'ere lot?'

'Two thousand dollars, sir.'

'Two thou—two thousand dollars? No you're joking.'

'If you wish to purchase, sir, you know my price.'

'Well, now wouldn't you like to take nineteen hundred dollars, if you could get it?'

'Why, sir, who would give it? asked the merchant, eagerly, (for he bought it only a month since, at Government price.)

'Well, will you take it? that's what I want to know.'

'Yes, sir, I will take nineteen hundred,'

'Make out the papers, then,' said the stranger. 'I've got the money; here's witness to the bargain;' and so saying, he drew from his pocket a large bag labelled 'shot,' from which he counted the rhino and took the deed, evidently well pleased with his bargain

'You seem pleased with the trade, sir,' said the stranger.

'Why,' returned the merchant, 'have you seen the lot?'

'Well I guess I have.'

'Is the land remarkably good?' continued the merchant, supposing that he had been trading with a green 'un.

'It'll do!' said the buyer.

'What is it worth?' said the seller.

'Well, I don't know what it's worth, but I've dug about ten thousand dollars worth of lead ore on't already! I can't tell how much more I'll get!' and with a broad laugh, he stuffed the deed into his pocket and left our chop-fallen friend.

SHAKSPEARE A PRINTER.—Shakspeare has successively had to sustain the character of a schoolmaster, lawyer, soldier, sailor, farmer, surgeon, and a dozen other trades and professions and has been proved satisfactory to the minds of several writers to have been well versed in alchemy, botany, music, and all the ologies. But it has remained for Mr. Blades, the eminent Caxtonian to prove that Shakspeare, was one of his own craft—a printer. In the volume just issued by Messrs. Trubner it is clearly shown that shakspeare, when he first arrived in London, called upon his fellow-townsman Field, who had married the daughter of Vantrollier, a printer, and had succeeded him in business Here then, Shakspeare, as press reader or as shopman, or as both, remained for four years, and became master of the terms, 'reprints,' 'title pages,' 'preface,' 'typo,' 'nonpareil,' 'broadside,' 'locking-up,' 'register,' and 'printer's devil,' all of which are to be found in his works.

Sawing Wood without a Saw.

The Scientific American records the change of one of the 'impossibilities of the past into a reality.' George Robinson, M. D., of New York, has invented a mode of sawing or cutting wood without saw or ax, without any appreciable expenditure of muscular force. By arranging the wires with handles, or other means by which they may be guided, any kind of lumber, whether in trees, logs or plank, may be cut as desired. The battery need be only of the simplest kind, as quantity, not intensity, of current is required. A child by this means may fell the larget tree in the forest, divide it into logs, or cut it into boards, without saw or ax. Only think of it! The idea of cutting down a huge pine tree with a wire! Some wiseacre stands up and declares: 'I don't believe it—it can't be done.' But such must remember that they talked just so when the telegraph was projected. It is another proof that the impossibilities of to-day are the scientific facts of to-morrow.

NOT ACQUAINTED.—There was an amusing case in the Municipal Court, Boston, the other day. A man was brought to the front of the dock, charged with assaulting his wife; but when the woman was called upon to testify she wasn't positive in regard to his identity. She had been married six years, but couldn't swear that this man was or was not her husband. He declared that he never saw her before, and was therefore discharged.

WISDOM IN SMALL LOTS.—We've got lots of men with towerin intellex and brilyent genius and all that, but then, you see, we need just a few men with good common sense like.

There may be some sweet sadness in chewing the bitter cud of adversity; but the most uv 'em in this section would rather have terbacker, you know.

E wise men never mind mistakes this would be a hard world for fools—of whom a great many are which.

It don't take as much sense to pick a lock or forge a check as it do not to do it.

When it rains puddin' you hold up your dish, but don't spend your time watchen for a shower.

It don't take a smart man to be a fool.

A man that don't know eunything will tell it the first time he gets a chance.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

With the sweets of patience we season the bitterness of adversity.

A man's enemies are those he should endeavor first to make his friends.

The spirit of truth dwelleth in meekness.

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