CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSPEL TRANSCRIPT.

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SATURDAY NIGHT.

The work day week has cast its yoke
Of troubles, toil and careful quest;
The ling'ring twilight's saffron cloak,
Trails o'er the dusky West,
And curfew clocks with measured stroke
Chime in the hour of rest.

From the fallow fields and woody dells,
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays,
The kine come up with tinkling bells,
Through all the loomy ways;
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops,
The smith the silent anvil leaves,
His ringing ax the joiner drops,
No more the weaver weaves;
His loaded wain the peddler props
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil calm,
As if the week day work and care
Were lifted off and left us calm,
Pervade the quiet air—
A sense as of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night with soft delay,
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the hours of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier homes above.

God help us all, since here below
Few Saturdays are ours at best,
And out of pain and earthly woe,
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God grant us that we yet may know
The Sabbath of the blest.

The Conversion of Andrew Jackson.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Andrew Jackson was a very extraordinary man. His defects and his excellences are alike prominent. Great allowance should be made for him in view of the untoward influence with which he was surrounded in early life. Though the child of a pious mother, he was the child of penury, and was born an orphan in a lonely log-hut in the then wilderness of North Carolina. His father died a few days before his birth.

Andrew, exposed to all the temptations of poverty, and of rude frontier life, where there were neither schools nor churches, grew up an ignorant, profane, rough, turbulent boy. His profanity was said to have been awful, often exciting the surprise even of the boldest blasphemers. The years rolled on, with their vicissitudes of sin and suffering, when Andrew, having attained the age of twenty, took it into his head to study law. He could read very well, had committed to memory most of the multiplication table, and could write in characters which few had sufficient skill to decipher. This was all the education he could then boast of.

Traditions of Salisbury, where he affected to study law, says, "Andrew Jackson was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury."

When Andrew was fourteen years of age his mother died, and he was left alone in the world without father, mother, sister or brother, and without one dollar which he could call his own. The character of this Christian mother had produced a deep impression on the mind of the boy. It was not until after her death that his predominant vices gained full strength. Through some unknown influence he imbibed such a reverence for the character of woman, and such firm principles of purity, that in that respect he was ever without reproach.

The years of an extremely eventful and stormy life passed on, with scenes of violence and wild adventure which we have no space here to describe, until Andrew Jackson was chosen President of the United States, with a unanimity almost unknown in our history.

Wicked as he was, the native powers of his soul were such that he could appreciate the grandeur of the world beyond the grave; his spirit was ever overawed when he allowed himself to contemplate infinity and eternity; and he invariably professed the profoundest respect for the Christian religion, even when ignoring its sublime doctrines and trampling its precepts beneath his feet.

Rev. Mr. Danforth, who was the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Washington which President Jackson attended, informed the writer, that the President, out of respect to the ministerial office, would always excuse himself for a few moments, even for the most pressing engagement, to pay his respects to his pastor when he called.

Upon one occasion, when there was unusual religious interest in the church and society, Mr. Danforth, in his regular parochial rounds, visited the President and engaged in earnest conversation with him upon his personal interest in the religion of Jesus.

"No man," said General Jackson, "can feel the importance of religion more deeply than I do. I have again and again resolved to attend to the subject, but the cares of my busy life have induced me to postpone it. When I was a candidate for the Presidency, I promised my wife that so soon as the election was over, so that I should not be accused of being a Christian, in order that I might get votes, I would attend to the salvation of my soul. But just now my cabinet is in such a state of confusion that I have no time to think of anything else. I am, however, determined, in the first moments of leisure I can find, to endeavor to prepare to find my God."

It was the old and senseless excuse, which has been repeated by tens of thousands since the days of Felix. "Go thy way," said the Roman governor; "when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

In the year 1829 General Jackson lost his Christian wife, an excellent woman, whom he loved with a devotion seldom equalled and perhaps never surpassed. He never recovered from the blow. He became more gentle, more subdued in language and action, and appeared, in most respects, quite a changed man. It is said that every night after her death, until his dying hour, he read a prayer, from her prayer-book, with her miniature likeness before him. With characteristic frankness he ever avowed his deep conviction of the necessity of vital Godliness, and his hope and intention of becoming a Christian before he should die.

The administration of Andrew Jackson was one of the most memorable and tempestuous in the history of our country. No President has had more bitter enemies or warmer friends. At the close of two terms of office he retired, in 1837, to his humble rural retreat, called the Hermitage, in Tennessee. He was then seventy years of age. A year after this he, not having yet found the "convenient season," wrote to a friend who had addressed him earnestly upon the subject of religion.

"I would long since have made the solemn public dedication to Almighty God, but knowing the wretchedness of this world, and how prone many are to evil, that the scoffer at religion would have cried out 'Hypocrisy, he has joined the church for political effect,' I thought it best to postpone this public act until my retirement to the shades of private life, when no false imputation could be made that might be injurious to religion."

Still it was the old excuse. The "convenient season" had not yet come. Soon after this there was what was then called a "protracted meeting" or religious services held for several days in succession, in the little rural church in the vicinity of the Hermitage. President Jackson attended all the exercises, and the audience generally was impressed with his thoughtful, solemn, religious aspect. The first sermon of the series was preached by Dr. Edgar upon the "Interposition of Providence in the affairs of men."

The life of Andrew Jackson had been one of the wildest adventures and full of peril. He was deeply impressed with the sermon. With a peculiar expression of solemnity and of solicitude, he entered his carriage and was riding homeward when he overtook Dr. Edgar, who was on horseback. President Jackson urged the preacher to go home with him to the Hermitage, evidently desiring to converse with him upon that theme, which was now engrossing all the energies of his soul. But Dr. Edgar had an engagement which he could not forego.

The President thus apparently left alone with his God, went home a deeply convicted sinner. Entering his chamber he passed most of the night walking the floor in anguish of spirit and in prayer. The scenes of that night, its penitence, its supplications, its cries for mercy, are known only to God and to those angels who rejoice over the repentance of a sinner. And at the close of those hours of anguish, peace came to his soul, and he had resolved what to do.

The next day was the Sabbath. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered in the little church at the Hermitage. With characteristic decision of action the President announced to his family his full conviction that he had repented of his sins, cast himself upon the Saviour, and had been accepted of him.

He immediately sent for the elders of the church, informed them of the new life upon which he believed that he had entered, of his hope that he had become a true disciple of Jesus and expressed his desire upon that very day, to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, and to receive the memorials of his body broken for us and of his blood shed for our sins.

It was a solemn scene which was that morning witnessed in that humble church surrounded by the forests of Tennessee. The warworn veteran, his brow bronzed and furrowed with the cares of one of the most tempestuous of lives, and his hair frosted by the lapse of three-score-years-and-ten, knelt, with the humility of a little child, before the communion table, in acceptance of pardon through an atoning Saviour, and was baptized in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

His subsequent life was that of the Christian. Family prayer was immediately established in his dwelling, which President Jackson himself conducted however numerous might be his guests. The household servants were all called in to partake in the devotions. Twice before he died he read the whole Bible through, with Scott's Commentary and Practical Observations. At one of the meetings of the church he was nominated as a ruling elder. With humility, which no one who knew the man could for one moment suppose to be feigned, he said:

"No! I am too young in the church for such an office. My countrymen have given me high honors; but I should esteem the office of ruling elder in the church of Christ a far higher honor than any I have received."

His final sickness was long and extremely painful. On Sunday, May 24th, 1845, he partook of the Lord's Supper for the last time. He was conscious that his end was near.

"Death," said he, "has no terrors for me. When I have suffered sufficiently the Lord will take me to himself. But what are my sufferings compared with those of the blessed Saviour, who died on the accursed tree for me?"

Still weary days of weakness and suffering lingered away. On Sunday morning June 5th, it was manifest that his last hour had come. He assembled his household around him and very affectionately took leave of them all. One who was present writes:

"He then delivered one of the most impressive lectures on the subject of religion that I have ever heard. He spoke for nearly half an hour and apparently with the power of inspiration."

These were the days of slavery. Many of the servants of the household stood weeping around the bed. Turning his languid eyes over the whole group of whites and blacks assembled in the room, the dying man, in this hour in which he felt the equality of all before God, said:

"My dear children and friends and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black," repeating with much emphasis the last words, "both white and black."

Exhausted he sank, for a few moments apparently into a state of stupor. At length his adopted son took his hand and said, "Father, do you know me?"

"Yes," he replied, "I know you. Where is my daughter and Maria? God will take care of you for me. I am my God's. I belong to him. I go but a short time before you. And I want to meet you all, white and black, in heaven."

It was a pleasant June morning: quite a group of servants, men, women and children, crowded the piazza, looking in at the open windows and weeping bitterly. Turning to them their dying master said:

"What is the matter with my dear children? Do not cry; and we will all meet in heaven."

These were his last words. Almost immediately, without a struggle or a groan, he ceased to breathe. Two days after, his remains were placed in the grave by the side of those of his wife. He had often said, "Heaven will be no heaven to me, if I do not meet my wife there."

[*Editorial Correspondence of the N. Y. Observer.*]

NAHANT.

ICE FOR THE TROPICS.

Many years ago, a Boston merchant failed in business, but he was a man who was not to be cast down by a single misfortune. He proposed to his creditors that they should advance him a large capital and give him reasonable time, and promised to repay the principal and interest for all that they had lost and risked. The creditors knew that the man had great energy and mental resources, and they accepted his proposition. The business which the merchant selected to retrieve his fortunes was at once novel and hazardous. He planned to send New England ice to the East Indies. A vessel was loaded with the winter crystal, and when she arrived at Calcutta all the cargo was gone but an insignificant portion. The captain returned heavy-hearted, expecting to meet a discouraged and angry principal. "Did you get any of the ice into port?" was the first question. "Only a few bits; it's of no use to send such a cargo," was the reply. "If you landed one piece the voyage was a success," answered the merchant; "now it is only a question of packing." And from that time to this, vessels have carried cargoes of ice to the East and West Indies, to the British Isles, and to tropical ports. The business prospered, and its energetic inventor enlarged it with such judgment and enterprise that he not only repaid his far-sighted creditors every dollar, but he became one of the merchant princes of New England, and dying, left a large inheritance to his heirs.

SUBDUING WILD NATURE.

Among the items of propertey thus left, was a large portion of the peninsula of Nahant. This is a bold and rocky promontory which pushes out from Lynn beach a mile or two into the Atlantic. Access to it was to be obtained, when Mr. Tudor bought his property, only by fishing boats or by a long journey across the wave-lashed beach from the head of Lynn Bay. Steamers run several times a day from Boston to long pier, and many trains on the Eastern railroad connect with stages and carriages to Nahant. Crowds flock from the heats of the city to the Maolis garden, where every provision for a temperance picnic is afforded, with fishing from the rocks, and bathing upon the beaches, and sailing upon the sea.

When Mr. Tudor came to Nahant, it was treeless and barren, affording pasture for a few cows, and a home for some hardy fishermen. Fond of overcoming obstacles, and perhaps shrewd to see the future value of the promontory, he determined to conquer nature. The east winds swept ruthlessly over the bare rocks, but he dug holes in the sand and gravel cast up by the sea, he carted in soil, he enriched it with rotted sea weed, and then he planted trees that would grow in such localities and heaped their roots with stones to ballast them against storms. Hundreds and thousands of trees were thus placed in clusters and rows, and when these were somewhat grown, elms and maples and larches and fruit trees were planted under their shelter. Meanwhile roads were laid out, and the same enterprising owner constructed gardens surrounded by lattices of brick-work to protect them from the wind without preventing free circulation of air, and towers with reservoirs for water, till he was able to raise all the vegetables and fruits which a New England climate allows upon this storm-beaten peninsula.

AN ARISTOCRATIC RESORT.

The value of Nahant as a summer retreat had not remained unknown all this time. Indeed, before the "Tudor house," an English stone cottage, was reared, other dwellings had been built. The "Castle," the property of the Phillips family, had stood many years on Lynn Bay, and soon the father of the present president of Harvard College, the historians Prescott and Motley, Perkinses, Carys, and other Bostonians, built houses at Nahant point, and passed their summers there. This aristocratic element has steadily increased; the hotels erected were unpopular among the residents, and fortunate for them fires have destroyed them, leaving the seaward portion of the peninsula entirely to the control and enjoyment of the choicest of choice society from the Athenian capital.

PLEASURE FOR THE PEOPLE.

But the widow of the successful man to whom Nahant owes so much of its picturesque beauty and real comfort is a thorough democrat, and she was not willing that the people should be shut out from the luxuries of sea breezes and fishing and bathing which are to be had in such perfection here. With her husband's co-operation she devised a sea-pleasure garden, and by an odd fancy, because there was a pool of water on the place selected, the name Siloam was reversed, and the "garden and pool of Maolis," have become famous picnic grounds. All through the summer, steamboats and yachts bring by water, and long omnibusses and country wagons and coaches bring by land, women and children, young men and maidens, families and companies, to this retreat; and here for a trifling fee, tables and ovens, fishing tackel, bathing clothes, and all the appliances of a sea shore picnic, are furnished to the multitude, in the very centre of Boston elegance and refinement; and thus at Nahant the rich and the poor meet together, and what is better, while they meet they do not hinder each others enjoyment. The poor enjoy the smooth lawns and the tasteful gardens and elegant cottages of the rich; and the rich are enlivened and entertained by the constant stream of their happy and unburdened, though humble fellow citizens. The splendid carriages, as they roll along the well-watered highway, excite no envy in the breast of the mechanic who walks lighthearted upon the smooth asphalt pavement, carrying his luncheon basket to "Maolis," and the benevolent owner of the garden is often seen with friends enjoying the scene which she has created.

THE CHURCHES.

There is a church at Nahant, where preachers of different creeds preach during the summer, according to a schedule arranged in the spring, and there is a Methodist church where the natives and often many strangers worship. A Roman Catholic church has lately reared its tower in the town, for the accommodation of that highly favored class of "domestics" for whom this country seems to have been created.

STORM SCENES.

When the wind blows strong from the east, the scene at Nahant is grand indeed. The column of water from the "spouting horn" throws its spray high into the air, and vast masses of white foam roll over the "snags" and dash against the very top of "Pulpit Rock." Then maritime artists, clad in waterproof, may be seen studying effects, and enthusiastic residents hurry to the cliffs, despising the driving rain and blinding spray while they are absorbed in the grandeur of the scene. Professor Agassiz and the poet Longfellow have summer houses here, and at the house of the latter, Senator Sumner has been passing a few weeks.

AUGUSTUS.

A woman in Mississippi asked Governor Power for his autograph, and on receiving it attached it to a pardon for her son, who had been sentenced to the penitentiary for one year. The young man has got out and has fled from the State.

[From the New York Observer.]

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"WHEN, HOW AND WHERE WAS IT WRITTEN?"

Messrs Editors:

There is much of interest in the above question from one of your correspondents, in the Observer of the 14th, and how much easier it is to ask than to answer. There is nothing left us but to gather what we can from the records and traditions of the men of that day, who were in that Congress, and especially from the immortal committee who were assigned to draw up the wonderful paper. It is well known that the committee were as they were named, Thomas Jefferson, John Adoms, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston. John Adams says in his Autobiography, "The committee had several meetings in which were proposed the articles of which the Declaration was to consist, and minutes were made of them. The committee then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to draw them up in form, and clothe them in proper dress. The sub-committee met and considered the minutes, making such observations on them as occurred." He goes on to say that Jefferson desired him to made the draft which he declined for several reasons, the last of which is, "I had a great opinion of the elegance of his pen, and none at all of my own." In a letter to Timothy Pickering, dated the 6th of August, 1822, as to the origin of the Declaration of Independence, he expressed the same recollections, and says that Jefferson said, "Well, if you are decided, I will do as well as I can;" and he replied, "Very well, when you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting." He goes on: "A meeting we accordingly had, and conned the paper over. I was delighted with its high tone and the flights of oratory with which it abounded, especially that concerning negro slavery, which, though I knew his Southern brethren would never suffer to pass in Congress, I certainly never would oppose.—There were other expressions which I would not have inserted, if I had drawn it up particularly that which called the King tyrant. I thought this too personal, for I never believed George to be a tyrant in disposition and nature; I always believed him to be deceived by his courtiers on both sides of the Atlantic, and in his official capacity only, cruel. I thought the expression too passionate, and too much like scolding, for so grave and solemn a document, but as Franklin and Sherman were to inspect it afterward, I thought it would not become me to strike it out. I consented to report it, and do not now remember that I made or suggested a single alteration.—We reported it to the committee of five. It was read, and I do not remember that Franklin or Sherman critisized anything. We were all in haste, Congress was impatient, and the instrument was reported as I believe, in Jefferson's handwriting, as he first drew it. Congress cut off about a quarter of it, as I expected they would, but they obliterated some of the best of it, and left all that was objectionable, if anything in it was. I have long wondered that the original draft has not been published. I suppose the reason is the vehement philippic against negro slavery.' Benson J. Lossing in his Lives of those Signers, gives the original draft, and this letter to Richard Henry Lee, four days after.

"PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1776.

"DEAR SIR:—For news, I refer you to your brother, who writes on that head. I enclose you a copy of the Declaration of Independence, as agreed to by the House, and also as originally framed; you will judge whether it is the better or worse for the critics. I shall return to Virginia after the 11th of August. I wish my successor may be certain to come before that time; in that case, I shall hope to see you, and not Wythe, in convention, that the business of Government, which is of everlasting concern, may receive your aid. Adieu, and believe me to be,

"Your friend and servant,

"THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"*To Richard Henry Lee, Esq.*"

Webster, in his discourse on the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, talks in this wise: "The merit of this paper is Mr. Jefferson's. Some changes were made in it at the suggestion of other members of the committee, and others by Congress, while it was under discussion. But none of them altered the tone, the frame, the arrangement, or the general character of the instrument. As a composition, the Declaration is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him clearly and absolutely. To say that he performed his great work, would be doing him injustice. To say that he did excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say, that he so discharged the duty assigned to him, that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title deed of their liberties devolved upon him."

Everett talks in the same strain upon a like occasion: "This trust devolved on Jefferson, and with it rests on him the imperishable renown of having penned the Declaration of Independence.—To have been the instrument of expressing in one brief, decisive act, the concentrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives, and the justification of this great movement in human affairs; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind to a charter of public right, destined—or rather, let me say, already elevated—to an importance, in the estimation of many, equal to anything human ever borne on parchment, or expressed in the most visible signs of thought, this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson."

Lossing, in his introduction to his "Lives of the Signers," says a few verbal alterations were made by Adams and Dr. Franklin, and that it was submitted to Congress on the 28th of June. On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee made the great move for independence, by offering his celebrated resolution which was incorporated in the instrument: "Resolved, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved."

On the 11th of June the committee was appointed. The "*when*" lies, then, between the 11th and the 28th. There having been, according to John Adams, "several meetings of the committee," and one or more meetings of the sub-committee (Jefferson and himself.) The instrument must have been drawn within the space of two weeks, and probably within one. We have seen "*how*" it was drawn. The ideas are not original, but were long the expression of the public mind, which were then to take a more positive shape, and were to become the language of the Colonies united as separate States. The grouping, or as Webster has it, "the composition," was Jefferson's. His was the style—and the rhetoric.

As to the place "*where*." Jefferson said to Webster and Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, when they visited him in 1824, "in reply to a question of Mr. Webster's": "The Declaration of Independence was written in a house on the north side of Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth—not a corner house. Heiskell's Tavern, in Fourth street, has been shown for it, but this is not the house." This, in brief, is what we find as to that most eloquent State paper; bearing upon the questions asked by your correspondent, lying scattered through revolutionary history and tradition. It were well in these centennial days to revive all that is known of those liberty-loving men who gave birth to a free government, based upon the will of the people, and teach their virtues to the rising youth, who may have much to do with our history as a nation at the end of another hundred years.

HERVEY.

FISHSKILL, ON THE HUDSON, August 16.

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES.

Persons sometimes feel remarkably well the appetite is vigorous, sleep sound, with an alacrity of body and an exhilaration of spirits which altogether throw a charm over life that makes us pleased with everybody and everything. Next week, to-morrow, in an hour, a marvelous change comes over the spirit of the dream; the sunshine has gone, clouds parted, darkness covers the face of the great deep, and the whole man, body and soul, wilts away like a flower without water in mid-summer. When the weather is cool, clear, and bracing, the atmosphere is full of electricity; when it is sultry and moist and without sunshine, it holds but a small amount of electricity comparatively speaking, and we have to give up what little we have, moisture being a good conductor; thus, in giving up instead of receiving more, as we would from the cool, pure air, the change is too great, and the whole man languishes—Many become uneasy under these circumstances—"they can't account for it;" they imagine that evil is impending, and resort at once to tonics and stimulants.—The tonics only increase the appetite without imparting any additional power to work up the additional food, thus giving the system more work to do, instead of less. Stimulants seem to give more strength; they wake up the circulation, but it is only temporarily, and unless a new supply is soon taken, the system runs further down than it would have done without the stimulant; hence it is in a worse condition than if none had been taken. The better course would be to rest, take nothing but cooling fruits, berries, and melons, and some acid drink when thirsty, adding, if desired, some cold bread-and-butter; the very next morning will bring a welcome change.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A man who wanted to be a minister said he believed he had been called "to labor in the Lord's barnyard."

WHY JENKS NEVER MARRIED.—A delicious bit of real life is put before us in the extracts from the January installment of Dr. Holland's new story "Arthur Bonnicastle," which is now being published in Scribner's Magazine.

"I think a woman's a tremendous being," said Jenks. "When she's right, she's the rightest thing that floats. When she's wrong, she's the biggest nuisance that plows the sea, even if she's little and don't draw two feet of water. Perhaps it isn't just the thing to say to a boy like you, but you'll never speak of it, if I should tell you a little something."

"Oh, never!" I assured him.

"Well, I s'pose I might have been a married man," and Jenks avoided my eyes by pretending to discover a horse shoe in the road.

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed in undisguised astonishment, for it had never occurred to me that such a man as Jenks could marry.

"Yes, I waited on a girl once."

"Was she beautiful?" I inquired.

"Well, I should say fair to middling," responded Jenks, pursing his lips as if determined to render a candid judgment. "Fair to middling, bearing a few freckles."

"But you did not leave her for her freckles?" I asked.

"No, I didn't leave her for the freckles. She was a good girl, and I waited on her. It don't seem possible now that I waited on a girl, but I did."

"And why didn't you marry her? I inquired warmly.

"It wasn't her fault," said Jenks.—"She was a good girl."

"Then why didn't you marry her?" I insisted.

"Well, there was another fellow got to hanging round, and—you know how such things go. I was busy, and—didn't tend up very well, I s'pose—and—she got tired waiting for me—or something—and the other fellow married her, but I've never blamed her. She's been sorry enough I guess."

Jenks gave a sigh of mingled regret and pity, and the subject was dropped.

GARMENTS MADE WATERPROOF.—A writer in an English paper says: By the way, speaking of waterproofs, I think I can give travellers a hint or two. For many years I have worn india-rubber waterproofs, but will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned to make it so; and, for the benefit of your readers, I give the recipe:

In a bucket of soft water put a half pound of sugar of lead, and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals, until it becomes clear; pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in near about twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storms of wind and rain, without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they were really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of wind and rain, such as you rarely see in the South; and, when he slipped off his overcoat, his underwear was as dry as when he put them on. This is I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is in every way, better than what we know as most waterproofs."

The German Emperor, while visiting a village, was welcomed by the school-children of the place. After making a speech for them he took an orange from a plate and asked: "To what kingdom does this belong?" "The vegetable kingdom, sire," replied the girl. The Emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it up asked, "And to what kingdom does this belong?" "To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl. "And to what kingdom do I belong, then?" asked the Emperor. The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say "the animal kingdom," as he though she would, lest his majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said with radiant eyes, "To God's kingdom, sire." The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, most devoutly, "God grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

A HEAVY TRANSFER OF MONEYS.—About four tons of gold coin ($2,000,000) has been received at the sub-treasury, at New York, within the past day or two, from San Francisco, by express. The precious freight was packed in twelve strong iron chests, each about two and a half feet in length by sixteen inches in breadth and depth. The gold consisted almost entirely of double eagles, and was put up in stout canvass bags bore a seal affixed by the sub-treasurer at San Francisco, and each of the chests had three combination locks, the explanations of which were fowarded to the sub-treasurer at New York in two installments, one by mail and the other by express, so that if either fell into wrong hands it would afford no information.

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