CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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My Husband.

What man is this I must obey,
Who, when I'd go, oft bids me stay,
And to my Yes says often Nay?
My Husband!

What one is this whose lordly soul
Is so impatient of control,
Lest his dear liberty be stole?
My Husband!

Who is it frowns when bills come in,
And swears it is a shameful sin—
Through me he'll soon be Ruin's twin?
My Husband!

When I feel cold, who's ever warm,
And thinks a draught can do no harm—
Thus always causing me alarm?
My Husband!

And when my bones all ache with pain,
For which some nostrum I obtain,
Who calls me foolish, crazed, insane?
My Husband!

Who is it thinks his angry brow
Must find an answering smile somehow?
Temper in me he'll ne'er allow,
My Husband!

And yet, who is it I love so,
That if he bids me stay, not go,
I change my yes to suit his no?
My Husband!

What tho' he frowns when bills appear,
Who buys the best for me to wear,
To please me well, his greatest care?
My Husband!

And when I'm sick, tho' he can't nurse,
Who's ever ready with his purse,
And trembles lest I should grow worse?
My Husband!

What though his anger sometimes rise—
Who keeps me for his loving eyes,
And shares with me both smiles and sighs,
My Husband!

Who such unscepter'd pow'r can wield
To which I fond submission yield,
With his strong arm fore'er shield
My Husband!

Who is my sovereign here below,
Despite whose faults, is
The fondest love that e
My Husband

TWO STRINGS TO

I am always sorry for
but one thing. I have
men. I gave ten dollars
speak and write five or
guages, and translate be
a lady once that had
twenty years, till she
broken-down woman,
know how to make
I know a man that
and he sits with his thu
waiting for a store to co
kept. I heard of a mini
his people gave him a ho
had to wait for the deacon
over and show him how
he didn't know the bit fro
Every real man should kn
one thing well; and he ough
to do several things tolerably
wise farmer has a principal
always puts in a little som
that, if his main crop fail
something to live on. I
your eggs in one basket.
yonr money in one pocke
to get along right well, le
work to get a living by, a
work to get along with
sort gives out. At Wes
they take boys and teach t
fect soldiers, they have to
other things, to cook and ma
make their own beds, and
sewing, and sweep and dust;
know, a sailor or a soldier n
where his duty may call him, a
who understands how to do t
things is the best sailor, the best sold
that is to say, the most of a man. I ne
saw a woman do a man's work handily,
that I did not like her all the better for it.
And I never saw a man do a woman's
work neatly, but I thought the more of
him—for you see that work is something
that needs to be done; and he who knows
how to do the most will have the best
chance to make money, or, which is bet-
ter still, make himself feel like a useful
man. So then, what do you say, boys?
Suppose hereafter you do as the cadets do
at West Point—make your own beds every
morning till you can do it better than
your own mother can. And girls, do you
learn to harness a horse till you can do it
as quickly as your brother. And boys,
learn how to make bread; and girls, learn
how to sharpen a knife and whittle, and
drive nails without splitting the board;
and boys, learn how to hem towels and
patch your own trowsers. Keep your eyes
and ears wide open. Learn to do all sorts
of work. And, my word for it, you will
grow hearty and plump, handsome and
happy.—*Horace Mann.*

☞Good definitions are rare, as all who consult Webster's "Unabridged" well know. The editor of that ponderous volume ought to be grateful to the little boy who, when asked by his sister what capital punishment was, replied that it was being locked up in the cupboard with the jam and other nice things.

A STORY OF THE TIDE.

On the coast of Normandy, near Granville, the rise and fall of the tides are very great, being about forty-four feet at spring tides. It comes in very rapidly and in particular places may be seen making up in a great wave two or three feet high. In a book on Normandy the following adventure is narrated of two English gentlemen. They had been out on the sands watching the manner in which sand-eels were caught, and examining the structure of the rocks, which were like sponges, when of a sudden one of them, whose name was Cross, shouted, "I forgot the tide, and here it comes!"

His companion, whose name was Hope, turned toward the sea and saw a stream of water running at a rapid rate, and replied quickly, "I suppose we had better be off."

"If we can," replied Cross, "by crossing the rocks we may yet be in time."

They began to scramble up the rocks, and walked as fast as they could toward the nearest shore; but it was some time before they reached the highest point. On gaining it they looked round, and saw that the sand was not yet covered, though lines of blue water here and there showed how fast it was rising. They hastened on that the sand was in narrow strips, with sheets of water between; but seeing a girl before them who was familiar with the beach, they cried: "We shall do yet?" and ran forward.

The girl, however, instead of going toward the shore, was running to meet them, and almost out of breath cried, "The wave! the wave! it is coming. Turn, turn!—run, or we are lost."

They did turn, and saw out at sea a large wave rolling toward the shore. Out of breath as they were, they yet increased their speed as they retraced their steps toward the rocks they had just left. The

[redacted]

points of the rocks are always dry."

"Cold comfort," said Hope, looking at them; "but what shall we do for our young friend?" he said to Mr. Cross.

"If we put all the money in our pockets into a handkerchief, and tie it round her neck, it will warm her, I warrant, for she looks cold enough.

One of them had twenty, and the other seventeen francs, and binding these in a knot Mr. Hope passed it round her neck. On receiving it she blushed with delight, kissed both their hands, and cried, "How jealous my sister Angela will be, and how happy my mother!"

Just then a wave rolled past, and the water began to run along the little platform they were sitting upon; they rose and mounted on the rocky points, and had scarcely reached them when the water was a foot deep where they had just been seated. Another wave came—the water was within six inches of their feet.

"It is a terrible high tide," said the girl, "but if we hold together we shall not be washed away."

On looking to the shore they saw a great many people clustering together on the nearest point; a faint sound of cheers was heard, and they could see hats and handkerchiefs waved to them.

"The tide has turned," said the girl, "and they are shouting to cheer us."

She was right; in five minutes the place was dry.

They had some hours to wait before they could venture on the sand, and it was quite dark before they reached the beach; but at length, guided by the lights on shore, they gained their own home in safety, not unmindful of Him who says to the proud waves, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The friends handsomely rewarded the little fisher-girl for her bravery.

UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

When a wise man with a living or a name to make, or both, looks for a wife, he certainly does not desire a person who shall be troublesome and an impediment to him. He wants a cheerful, sensible and decidedly thrifty person. He probably has no inclination for a blue stocking nor for a lady with aggressive views on points of theology, nor for one who can beat him in a political discussion.—Strong intellectual power he can most heartily dispense with. But then, on the other hand, he has no fancy for sitting day after day at table with a vapid, flippant, frivolous, empty soul, who can neither talk nor listen, who takes no interest in things herself, and cannot understand why other people should take interest in them, who is penetrated with feeble little egotisms. An aggressive woman with opinions about prevalent grace, or the advantage of female emigration, or the functions of the deacones, would be far preferable to this. She would irritate, but she would not fill the soul with everlasting despair, as the pretty vapid creature does. To discuss predestination and election over dinner is not nice, but still less is it nice to have to make talk with a fool, and to be obliged answer her according to her folly. the education of modern girls of fash- chiefly aims at making them very st or very slow, it is not to be wondered that men find it hard to realize their eals among their equals in position. It not merely that so many marriageable ung ladies are ignorant. They are s, but they are more. They are excit- g and pretentious, and uneducated in e worst sense; but they are ignorant at l. Then there is a still more obvious, lpable, and imperishable circumstance. man with ordinary means looks with arm on the too visible and too unbound- extravagance of the ladies from among hom he is expected to take a partner. he thought of the apparel, of the luxu- s, of the attendants, of the restless oving about, to which they have been ustomed, fill shim with deep conster- ation. He might, perhaps, decieve him- lf into thinking that he could get on ry well with an empty-minded moman, t he cannot forget the stern facts of rithmetic, nor hoodwink himself as to hat would be left out of his income af- r he had paid for dresses, servants, ousehold charges, carriages, parties, era boxes, traveling, and all the rest.

Besides the flippancy of so many wo- en, and the extravagance of most wo- en, arising from their unexperience of e trouble with which money is made d of the importance of keeping it after has been made, there is something in e characteristics of modern social inter- urse which makes men of certain tem- er intensely anxious to avoid a sort of mar- iage which would, among other things, ave the effect of committing them more eeply to this intercourse. Such men rink with afright from giving hostages society for a more faithful compliance ith its most dismal exactions. To them ere is nothing more unendurable than e monotonous round of general hospi- alities and ceremonials, ludicrously mis- amed pleasure. A detestation of weari- me formalities does not imply any ownish or misanthropic reluctance to emember that those who feel it live in a world with other people, and that a thoroughly social life is the only just and full life. But there is all the difference between a really social life and a hollow frantastic imitation of it. A person may have the pleasantest possible circle of friends, and may like their society above all things. This is one thing. But to have to mix much with numbers of thoroughly indifferent people, and in a superficial hollow way, is a very different thing.

The faults of the women of his own position, however, are a very poor reason why he should marry a woman beneath his own position. A man must be very weak to believe that, because fine ladies are often insane and extravagant, therefore women who are not fine ladies must be wise, clever, prudent and everything else that belongs to the type of companionable womanhood. The fact of the mistress being a blank does not prove that the maid would be a prize. It may be wise to avoid the one, but it is certain folly to seek the other. Granting that the housemaid or the cook or the daughter of the coachman is virtuous, high-minded, refined, thoughtful, thrifty and everything else that is desirable under the sun, all will fail to counterbalance the drawbacks that flow from the first inequality of position. The misguided husband believes he is going to live a plain unsophisticated life, according to nature and common sense, in company with one whom the hollowness and trickiness of society has never infected. He is not long in finding out his irreparable blunder. The lady is not received. People do not visit her, and although one of his motives in choosing a sort of wife whom people do not visit was the express desire of avoiding visits, yet he no sooner gets what he wished than his success begins to make him miserable. The foolish man who has married away from his class trusts that somehow or other nature will repair this. He assumes, in a real paroxysm of folly, that obscurity is the fostering condition of a richness of character which could not be got by culture. He pays the price of his blindness.

UNAIRED ROOMS.—A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says: "I pass some houses in every town whose windows might as well be sealed in with the walls for any purpose they have but to let in the light. They are never opened, summer or winter. In the winter it is cold; in the summer the flies stray in, or if they are netted, the dust sifts through the nets. Now I can tell a person who inhabits such chambers when I pass him on the street—there is such a smell about his clothing. I always wish for a sniff of cologne or hartshorn, or burnt feathers, or something of the sort, to 'take the taste out.' A house that is never aired has every nook and corner filled with stale odors of cooked meats, boiled vegetables, especially cabbage and onions, which, as the weeks go by, literally reek in their hiding places. Who has not wished to hang a new servant's clothing out of doors some frosty night, until it should be thoroughly aired? But I have seen the same ladies come sweeping into church with their velvets and silks, when said velvets and silks have unmistakable evidence of having been housed in just such shut-up chambers. Oh, what a tale that odor of pork and cabbage tells about the lady's style of house-keeping. The very garments of the children tell the same story of uncleanliness. It is bad to have unwashed clothes, but there may be an excuse for it. But what excuse can there be for unaired ones, when air is so cheap and free? There is death in such unaired chambers. Better a swarm of flies or a cloud or dust; better frost and snow in a room, than these intolerable smells. Dear girls, the first thing in the morning when you are ready to go down stairs, throw open your windows, take apart the clothing of your beds, and let the air blow through it as hard as it will. There is health and wealth in such a policy. It helps to keep away the doctors with long bills. It helps to make your cheeks glow, and to make others love your presence. Girls who live in those close shut up rooms can only be tolerated at the best in any circle."

IMPORTANT TO AUCTIONEERS.—The Liberty Banner, published at Frederick county, in this State, in a late issue gives an account of an important case, decided in the Circuit Court for Frederick county. It says:

"We understand that our County Court last week decided a point that particularly interests the auctioneer, the bidder and the person making the sale. The case was this: A farm was "knocked down" to a bidder, who afterwards refused to comply with the terms because no one but the auctioneer bid against him. The case was taken into Court. The auctioneer being a witness, testified that the purchaser's statement was correct, and the Court declared the sale a fraudulent one and not valid. The substance of this decision is, in plain words, that an auctioneer has no right to "run up" property on a bidder simply to make a good sale."

WASTE NO TIME.—After allowing yourself preper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is—take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

☞An unscrupulous lawyer, when on a mining excursion, was descending a deep by means of a rope, which he held tight in his hand. He called out to a clergyman who stood at the top: "As you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this to the bottomless pit in the infernal regions?" "I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine, "but let go your hold and you will soon know."

WHY WOMEN MARRY.

Some close observer of social relations, having looked about among his married female acquaintances, ventures to give the following list, with an attempt to indicate the reasons which influence many to marry:

MARRYING FOR A HOME.

Number one has married for a home. She got tired of working in a factory, or teaching school. She thought married life on earth was but moonlight walks, buggy rides, new bonnets, and nothing to do. Well, she has got her home; whether or not she is tired of the incumbrance, this deponent saith not, inasmuch as this deponent does not now possibly know.

CONSULTING FAMILY INTERESTS.

Number two married because she had seven young sisters and a papa with a narrow income. She consulted the interests of her family. Perhaps she had better have consulted her own interests by taking in light washing or going out by the day to work.

SHE LIKED THE SOUND OF MRS.

Number three married because Mrs. sounded so much better than Miss. She was twenty-nine years and eleven months old, and another month would have transformed her into a regular old maid. Think how awful that would have been!

WANTED SOMEBODY TO PAY HER BILLS.

Number four married because she wanted somebody to pay her bills. Her husband married for precisely the same reason, so they are both repenting at leisure.

NOT GOING TO BE LEFT BEHIND.

Number five married because she was poor and wanted riches. She never counted on all the other things that were inseparable from those coveted riches.

SHE LIKED TO TRAVEL.

Number seven married because she thought she would like to travel. But Mr. Number Seven changed his mind afterward, and all the traveling she has done has been between the well and the back kitchen door.

MARRYING OUT OF SPITE.

Number eight married out of spite because her first love had taken to himself a second love. This piece of retaliation might have done her good at the time, but in the long run number eight found it did not pay.

WANTED SYMPATHY.

Number nine married because she read novels and "wanted sympathy." Sympathy is a fine thing, but it cools down at a rapid rate if the domestic kettle is not kept boiling, and the domestic turkey is over done. Novels and housekeeping don't run very well together in harness, to use a sporting term, and number nine's supply of sympathy didn't hold out very long.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

Number ten married because she loved her husband with all her heart and soul. And she loves him still, and will probably continue to love him, and is the happiest wife in the world.

We have all the right motive at last—a motive which, when sanctioned by a desire and resolution to improve and elevate each other, and to live true and holy lives before God, cannot fail to call down the blessings of Heaven. But sad is the fate of those who marry from wrong motives, to escape their share of life's work, or get something for which they have nothing to give in return.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.—It is reported that the French Geographical Society have received despatches from M. Octave Pavy, the adventurous explorer, who started from San Francisco some months ago to search for the northwestern passage through the hypothetical Polar Sea. The despatches were dated the last week in August, from the eastern coast of Wrangel's Land. The expedition after sailing up the North Pacific, through Behring's Strait, reached the coast of Wrangel's Land, within the Artic Ocean, at the mouth of a great river flowing from the northwest, and not laid down in any map. This in the opinion of M. Pavy, indicates the existence of a polar continent striking to the North. This river has been followed up for a distence of 239 miles, and along the banks were found numerous vestiges of mastodons, and one complete body of a representative of that race in a state of good preservation. The tusks measured nearly twelve feet. M. Pavy intends to winter in the 75th degree of latitude, about one thousand miles from the North Pole. He lacks at present five hundred miles of reaching the highest latitude gained by Dr. Kane. He hopes to reach a polar sea at the northern extremity of the continent, and expects to get into the Atlantic through Melville Strait, Baffin's bay and Davis' Strait. This would solve the problem of the northwest passage.

☞If you would add lustre to your accomplishments, study a modest behavior. To excel in anything valuable is great; but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater. Consider, if you have natural gifts you owe them to a Divine bounty. If you have improved your understanding and studied virtue, you have done your duty, and there seeme little reason for vanity. Modesty is at all times becoming.

ELDER KNAPP ON SWEARING.

Elder Knapp is not averse to having it understood that he may be regarded as a sort of consulting physician for sick souls when the original family doctor finds that his pharmacy has lost its efficacy. In one of his recent raids on the arch-enemy of souls he selected, as being especially fit subjects for animadversions, the profane swearers; and this is the way in which he "went" for them: "I will give you, my dear friends, a picture from a scene in hell. The devil is sitting in his private office, receiving the souls as they are brought to him from the upper world. In comes an infernal jailor, conducting a soul to everlasting flames.—Who are you? asks the devil, as the culpit was brought to where he was sitting. "Secretary Benjamin, of the Confederate Cabinet," was the reply. "Oh yes I knew you were coming," said the devil, and he turned the leaves of his ledger and made an entry of the secretary's name. "I always show considerations to those that have showed it to me. I've got to take you in, but I'll try to make you as comfortable as possible." To the attendant: "Show Mr. Benjamin to a place as near as you can get him a current of air." [We can't see the point of introducing the name of Mr. Benjamin here when the Federal Cabinet would have afforded better material, but conclude that the Elder could not enumerate all the prominent men of the time, and so took the least objectionable figure for his illustration.] The next arrival was a man who had killed his mother-in-law. He was hung in Cincinnati. "Take him away," said the devil, "but treat him kindly. The chances are two to one that he isn't much to blame. I remember his case. His mother-in-law came here three weeks ago. She looked as though she wanted killing. She's over in No. 64. Put him there, and set the old woman in front of the furnace. No. 64 is too cool for her." Pretty soon another victim arrives. "What has brought you here?" asks the devil. "My case is a hard one," was the reply. "I am here just because I swore." "Because you swore?" asked the devil, raising angrily from his chair. "Yes, that's all the sin I ever did." All the sin?" re-echoed the devil—"all the sin? Why you mean, despicable, contemptible, low-lived vagabond," said the devil, as he brought his fist down on the table, "there is not a corner here that's hot enough for you. Of all the sixty thousand preachers that spend their Sundays in blackguarding me, not one of them ever yet accused me of swearing. Blasphemed your Maker, did you? Profaned the holy name of your Saviour, that forgave his enemies upon the cross, and died to save you from here? You did this, did you? The trembling culprit made no reply. "Why," continued the devil, whose voice arose as his wrath intensified, "why, there's no excuse for you. A man by an unlucky blow may kill another one. In pressing temptation a man may steal; he may lie to save his neck, or to cheat his neighbor; there's some excuse for him. The profane swearer has no excuse. Attendant, take this accursed scoundrel out of my sight. Put him up to his neck where the coals are the hottest, and then put somebody to sit on his accursed head."

WHITEWASHING.—A farmer's journal gives the following recipe for making a superior whitewash: Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put in it a half bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it, boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been effected, dissolve it in water, and add a solution of two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt. As it is often desirable to vary the monotony by introducing a variety of colors upon the premises, it may be important to know that a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash by adding to it three pounds of yellow ochre; or, a good pearl or lead color, by the addition of lamp, vine, or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds of umber—Turkish or American (the latter is the cheapest)—one pound Indian red, and one pound lampblack. For common stone color, add four pounds raw umber and two pounds lampblack. The value of the sulphate of zinc is that it makes the wash harden better after it is put on. Some also put in a half-pound of common alum; others substitute the alum for the zinc. There is no mode of making farm buildings attractive so cheaply as with whitewash, and, at the same time, of adding greatly to the preservation of the wood. The above wash cannot cost over fifty cents, and if liberally used it will add five hundred dollars to the market value of a farm. We can conceive of but few things more beautiful than clean, white farm buildings and fences, in contrast with the rich green of budding spring.

☞What a glorious section of country this would be if all our people could say like Shakespeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer, I earn that I eat, get that I wear; I owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, and content with my farm."

WITH YOUR MIGHT.—You cannot pay too careful attention to business, if you want to succeed, that is. It is the result of practical, every-day experience that steady attention to matters of details lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy, also, is of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observation, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done, for it is better to accomplish a small amount of work than to half do ten times as much. Yet in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often decides men for or against you. With virtue, capacity and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again, and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation and trouble.

SANTA ANNA.—To those whose memory can go back to a period two generations ago, the name of Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna will recall many strange scenes and vicissitudes. The old agitator—ex-president, ex-dictator, exgeneralissimo, ex-everything—is now living, an octogenarian, in Havana, sunk from riches into deep poverty. He is feared now by no man and no party. For eighteen years has he been an exile from Mexico, and the Progreso, a journal of Vera Cruz, remembering that he has in the past done the state some service, pleads with the Government that his penalty of ostracism be abolished, and that the greatest Mexican be permitted to return to Mexico there to end his days in peace.

☞As a drunken man was staggering along the Bowery the other night, he saw street cars passing with different colored lights, and gazing at the red, yellow, blue and green lamps, was heard soliloquizing, "I mus' get out o' this place: it's too sickly. They're runnin' drug stores around on wheels."

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