The Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1876. NO. 20.

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Translated from Schandein's "Poems in the Dialect of Westrich."

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

The sun has gone down, not a star gives its light;
But a mother, whose soul is as dark as the night,
Sits alone by the lamp which is flickering low,
And her tears, like a river, unceasingly flow.

Her darling is dying—her only dear child,
As pure as an angel, as gentle and mild;
His cheeks, once like roses, like lillies are pale,
And the voice of the mother is loud in its wail.

"O, dear mamma, take me!" the little one cries,
Lifting up its white arms from the bed where it lies;
With glances so tender, it pleads for relief,
While the heart of the mother is bursting with grief.

Now bearing her darling aloft on her arm,
And pressing him close to her bosom so warm;
Then laying him down on the soft pillows again,
For nothing can bring him relief from his pain.

Now kneeling in prayer at the bed where he lies,
"O, Lord! help my darling!" in anguish she cries,
"And if it must be, O, take him to Thee,
That Thy poor little worm may from torture be free!"

She has finished her prayer, but full many a night
She has watched by her child till the morning's first light,
And now weak and worn she no longer can weep,
But there on her knees she has fallen asleep

Her child, too, is quiet, her trouble is past:
A vision of bliss God has granted at last;
And how great her rejoicing no mortal can tell,
For her trials are ended—her darling is well.

He is fairer than ever, her joy and her pride!
But who is the boy who has come to his side?
They are playing together in innocent glee—
His guardian angel it surely must be.

His little companion he leads by the hand,
And together they walk through a beautiful land,
And wherever they wander, wherever they stray,
The angel still leads him the pleasantest way.

A beautiful garden before them they see,
Or perhaps a green church yard it also might be—
There gently and sweetly the soft breezes blow,
And the loveliest flowers abundantly grow.

With his hands full of flowers, yet longing for more,
Her child is more happy than ever before;
And, see! the bright flowers most strangly combine,
And themselves to a beautiful garland entwine.

He looks like an angel of glory, for now
The beautiful garland encircles his brow,
And the heart of the mother is glad at the sight,
As glad as the seraph's in heavenly light.

The sun has gone down, not a star gives its light,
The angel must go back to heaven to-night;
And when the last ray fades away in the west,
The angel returns to the land of the blest.

He kisses the child, and quiets his fears:
"Fear not, O, my darling, ere daylight appears,
I will take you to heaven forever to dwell,
Where I never again will bid you farewell.

The mother awakes, and, behold! 'tis a dream;
And just then in the east sees the morning's first gleam,
She looks at her child, but her darling is dead,
While the dawn casts a halo of light round his head.

A smile on his features, as though he could tell
How sweetly the angel had kissed him farewell;
While a cool morning zephyr in tenderness brings
To the ear of the mother the rustling of wings.

And when the dear child was laid to his rest,
A garland of flowers, the fairest and best,
Was placed on his brow, and a bunch in his hand,
Like those he had plucked in the beautiful land.

The mother was sad, but mild, patient and still:
"'Tis the Lord! Let Him do that which pleaseth His will!"
And the Saviour, ere twelve months their course had run,
Took both to Heaven—her babe

Always Speak the Truth.

'Rose, were you not in the little back parlor last evening?' asked Mrs. Arlington of her daughter.

'Yes, ma'am,' answered Rose a handsome bright-eyed girl of nineteen.

'And did you see anything of a ten dollar bill that lay on the mantle shelf?'

'A ten dollar bill!' repeated Rose, in well assumed surprise, but yet without looking her mother steadily in the face, as she usually did when answering her.

'Yes: I laid one there—folded it up and laid it on the shelf.'

'I'm sure I don't see where it is—I didn't see any ten dollar bill.'

'I'm sorry,' said Mrs. Arlington, as she turned to leave the room.

'But ten dollars are not much, mother,' cried Rose.

'A good deal, these time, my child.'

Thus speaking, Mrs. Arlington left the room.

'Why, Rose! how could you tell your mother you knew nothing about that bill?'

The speaker was Ella Boyd, a cousin of Rose's who was spending a few weeks with the family; she was a year older than her cousin.

'I did not tell her I knew nothing about it, Ella: I said that I did not know where it had gone.'

'Well, but you told her you did not see it.'

'A ten dollar dill I said, I did not see, and more, I did not know what kind of a bill it was.'

'But how could you tell her so, when you knew all about it? You told me after we had gone to bed, that you got up to take down a lamp, and in doing so you knocked a piece of paper from the mantle into the grate.'

'Yes, and it was too late to get it out, for the draught drew it in, exclaimed Rose.

'But you saw what it was,' replied Ella.

'Why just as it fell among the coals, George cried out that it was a bank note; but it was all in ablaze in a moment.'

'Of course, Rose, you were not to blame for what you did; but not for the world would I have spoken a falsehood about it. Now do not blame me, coz, for I have seen more of the world than you, and let me assure you that the only safe way is always to speak the truth, let the consequences be what they may.'

'Why, Ella,' uttered Rose, 'it was only a little fib. I'm sure there could be no harm in that. If I had told mother, she would have scolded me for being careless; and you know there was no carelessness in that.

'Well, as for that, Rose, you know best. You know your mother had occasion, only the night before, to caution you against removing anything from the shelf without first looking to see what was in the way Now don't you think you'd feel better if you had told you mother the truth?'

'Why, no, Ella, for she would have scolded me, and then I would have had a crying spell. Surely there can be no harm in such little fibs.'

'But there must be harm in them, Rose—it can't be otherwise. Wrong is sure, sooner or later, to bring trouble with it. If I were in your place, I would go to my mother and tell her the whole truth.'

'Why, Ella, I wouldn't do it for any thing; she would scold me for a week.'

The entrance of Rose's little brother put an end to the conversation and here the matter was dropped for a time.

Rose had been long in the habit of telling little fibs; she had heard a great deal about liars, but she never for a moment entertained the idea that she belonged to that class.

A few days after this Mr. Arlington called in at Mr. Duncan's store. Geo. Elmore was clerk there. He was a young man of twenty years of age, but had been admitted as lover of Rose Arlington, with the understanding that he might take her for his wife, as soon as he was able to support a wife.

Mr. Arlington called Mr. Duncan into the small counting-room, and saw the door closed.

'Mr. Duncan, he said, with evident embarrassment, 'did you ever see anything out of the way in George Elmore?' he asked.

'Never,' was Mr. Duncan's reply,—'Why do you ask me that.'

'And you never had occasion to suspect him of dishonesty?'

'Never, sir,' returned Mr. Duncan in amazement.

'Well, sir,' resumed Arlington, taking a ten dollar bill from his wallet, 'don't you remember paying me this bill last Saturday? It was a bill taken from the bank that afternoon, and nearly new.

Duncan looked at it, and then said.

"I did pay you such a bill.'

'I know you did, sir,' returned Arlington, 'and that bill was taken from my house last Sunday evening. It was left on the mantle in our back parlor. George spent the evening there with Rose; in the morning it was missing; Rose knew nothing of it, and this bill I found at Jones' where George got it changed.—What think you of it now?

'Why, I cannot think that George would do such a thing; yet I will call him in. Let us be open and frank about it.'

'Certainly; call him in by all means—call him in.'

So George Elmore was called in, Mr. Arlington remarking before he entered, that of course he had much interest in this matter.

'George,' said Mr. Duncan, holding [illegible]

The youth took the bill, looked up and replied:—

'I think I have, sir.; I took ten of them of Mr. Mead, last Saturday. He had just received them from the bank.'

'And have you spent any of them yourself.'

'No, sir.'

Mr. Arlington shook his head at this reply.

'Didn't you spend one at Mr. Jones?' asked Mr. Duncan.

'Ah, I remember. No, sir, I did not spend it, I had occasion for some small bills in making change and ran in there and obtained small bills for a ten.'

Mr. Duncan then nodded to Arlington, and the latter gentleman then spoke.

'George,' he said, in a very solemn tone,' 'you were at my house last Sunday evening?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Did you not see a ten dollar bill lying on the mantle in the back parlor?'

'No, sir,' answered George, but it was with palpable hesitation.

'Then you did not see it there? You didn't see the bill?'

'Perhaps Rose may know something about it,' replied George, tremulously.

'No, sir, she knows nothing of it at all. We have asked her, but she did not see it. Now I know it was there five minutes before you entered the room, and that it was gone after you retired. I am sorry George, but I wish to know the truth of the matter. But why do you tremble so?'

'Me tremble, sir?' answered the youth in a hushed tone.

He was very pale and agitated.

'George, spoke Mr. Duncan in a tone of grief that went at once to the young man's heart, 'How is this? I hope—'

'Stop!' cried George, in agony, do not accuse me yet.'

'But you can quickly explain the matter. Did you see the bill on that evening?'

But George bowed his head and would not answer.

'That's enough,' said Mr. Arlington, and, thus speaking, he turned and left the room.

'O, George! Why have you done this? uttered Mr. Duncan, when they were alone.

'Done what, sir? I have done nothing.'

'Ah! do not add falsehood to crime.—If you did not see the money, why do you say so?

'Because—because—but let it rest now, sometime I will explain.'

'But that will not do, George; I'm afraid—' Mr. Duncan was cut short by the entrance of a customer, and the matter had to be dropped.

George could do nothing the rest of the day, so bewildered was his mind. To save reproof, Rose had denied all knowledge of the bill; and now to tell the truth he must expose her to falsehood, and this he could not do at once. But he was resolved to see her as soon as possible, for he was determined that nothing should tempt him to expose her.

On that evening, at supper, George Elmore knocked at Mr. Arlington's door, and the host himself answered the summons.

'Can I speak with Rose a few moments?' he asked.

'No, sir, not an instant! Never put your feet into my house again.'

With these words, Mr. Arlington closed door and left the applicant standing there alone. He was sure George had done the wrong, for why was he so excited and unable to speak?

'He hoped to gain time—see my daughter and get her to agree to some of his planning,' said Arlington, at a subsequent meeting with Duncan.

'I fear you are right,' said the gentleman. And so Duncan was persuaded of his clerk's guilt; the more George pleaded, the surer he was of his guilt.

Rose Arlington sat in her room and wondered why George had not called to see her lately. She was thinking thus, when her cousin entered the room; she looked up, and saw that Ella was pale and agitated.

'What's the matter?' she quickly asked.

'O, Rose,' uttered the fair cousin.—'This is of a single fib!'

'But what is it coz?'

'George Elmore is branded as a thief and must be turned out to the world as such!'

'George—thief! Mercy, Ella, what do?' you say grasped Rose starting forward.

'Listen, Rose, and I will explain—Your father has told me all, and asked me to speak the news to you. He thinks your lover a thief, and that the news will shock you.'

George a thief?' cried Rose, with energy.

'Of course, he is not, but rather than expose you of the uttering one falsehood, he would suffer all that odium. Your father knew that the ten dollar bill was on the mantle shelf when George entered the room, and that it was gone when he left. He remembered the bill, and the very next day he happened to find one like it at Jones' store. He went to Mr. Duncan, George's employer, and explained the matter to him. George was called in, and they asked him about the bill on the shelf. He told them perhaps you knew something: after this, George refused to answer any more questions; and they felt sure he was guilty. He called here on Friday evening, but your father would not let him see you. And now he is turned away from the place, and his character blasted forever.'

'Oh, Heaven help me!' groaned Rose, clasping her hands, and bowing her head.

In a moment more she looked up, and turning toward her cousin, cried. 'Oh, Ella! go and tell my father all?'

'No, Rose,' returned the other, 'that would detract too much merit from your own merit in the case. If you love George, go at once and confess all to your father.'

'But he will depise me forever.'

'He will, most surely, if you allow him to suffer on, after you know all. But go now, and when you have told your father all, then go and tell George, and if he does not love still, I know him not!'

Rose Arlington hesitated a moment, and soon she arose and went to meet her father. He was in the parlor, but he was not alone—Mr. Duncan was with him. She would have turned away, but her father called her back.

'I would not weep, my child: he is not worthy of tears. Her cousin has made her acquainted with the facts,' said he to Mr. Duncan.

'Ah! he is a bad youth,' said Mr. Duncan, 'and I always thought him a noble—'

Rose, who had thus far remained silent sprang to her feet, and, running towards her father, cried out—

'Oh, my father, he is noble now—it is I who destroyed the bill—I accidentally turned it up; I threw it off with the lamp, and, ere we could save it, it was consumed in the grate fire. I lied about it to save the reprimand, and, George has suffered all this because he would not expose me. Oh, forgive me now—and never—never—'

She could go no farther, but, with her head upon her father's breast, she sobbed as though her heart would break.

'I'll—I'll step around and see George, said Mr. Duncan, wiping the tears from his eyes.

He departed without speaking further, for Mr. Arlington was too deeply moved to speak.

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On the next evening, George Elmore went to see Rose. Ella told him he would find her in the back parlor. He went in, but Ella did not listen, she heard one deep sob—that was all. In an hour more the lovers came out. George was smiling through tears, and Rose looked very happy, though she did not smile.—Ella knew that all was forgotten, and she ought to know no more.

* * * * * * *

Rose and George had been married three years when Cousin Ella called to see them in their happy home. One evening when the two cousins were alone, Rose placed her hand upon Ella's shoulder, and while a tear dimmed her eye, she said—

'Oh, coz, you don't know how many times I have blessed the hour that brought you to my side. I cannot now even realize how great was the precipice over which I stood. But I know it now.—Never from that hour has a falsehood dropped from my lips, and if there is a sentence which makes me shudder, it is, 'Always speak the truth.'

THE NUMBER OF TYPE IN A NEWSPAPER.

The Poughkeepise Eagle, in an article on 'how mistakes happen in newspapers,' figures up the number of types used in a newspaper the size of the Eagle at 600,000, the actual number of bits of metal arranged and rearranged every day in preparing a newspaper the size of the Eagle for press. We suppose few people think of the printing trade as the most exact and particular business, but it is. In making type, variations that might be allowed in the machinery of the finest watch would render the type useless. It is rarely that type furnished by two different founderies can be used together without a great deal of trouble, though they try to make it after the same standard.—We read once in a while of a wonderful piece of cabinet work or mosaic work containing ten, twenty or fifty thousand pieces, the maker of which has spent months or even years of labor, in producing it, and people go to see it as a great curiosity; but the most elaborate and carefully fitted piece of work of this kind ever made does not compare with that which the printer does every day, for minuteness of detail and accuracy of fitting. The man who does the first is looking upon as an artist—a marvel of skill, and if a hundred of his pieces are put in wrong side up, or turned the wrong way, it is not observed, in the general effect—but, if the printer, in fitting ten times as many pieces together in the same day, puts one where another should be, puts one the wrong way, everybody sees it, and is amazed at 'the stupid carelessness of those stupid printers.'

CHEMICAL WEDDING.

This sample of the poetry of science gives us the offspring of a chemical wedding:

Messrs Water and Oil
One day had a broil,
As down on the grass they were dropping
And would not unite,
But continued to fight,
Without any prospect of stopping.
Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,
And, quick as a word,
He jumped in the midst of the splashing;
When all three agreed,
And united with speed,
And Soap came out ready for washing.

☞ The ladies like to see greenbacks converted into pinbacks.

Howdacallinel ask without specs.

DOM PEDRO'D.

BY BIZARRE.

William Bodwell was a nervous, fidgety and irritable old gentleman, with an apoplectic figure, a bald head, and a let-me-alone manner.

'I see, William, that Dom Pedro has returned to New York,' remarked his wife at the breakfast-table, as she passed up her plate to be helped.

'Is he?' he asked, carelessly, after helping her to a liberal slice of steak.

'And I should dearly love to see him, wouldn't you?' she inquired, as he handed her plate back, and was turning his attention to his own.

'Pshaw! you're crazy; what do I want to see him for?' he asked.

'Crazy, am I? Well, I've got some consideration for other people's feelings and wishes!' she exclaimed as she sweetened her cup of coffee.

'Consideration! I don't know the man,' he replied, crossly.

'Oh! that's always the way, if I chance to mention any little pleasure, away you fly into a violent passion,' she said, bristling up and looking dangerous.

'You women, when you get an idea crossway in your heads, are worse than the itch,' he muttered, pushing back his chair, taking his paper, and seating himself for a quiet read by the open window.

'Good morning, pa,' said his sixteen-year old daughter, coming into the room.

'What does the paper say this morning about Dom Pedro?'

'Nothing,' he answered tersely, without raising his eyes.

'Maybe it's on one of the inside pages,' purred the young lady, as she buttered her toast.

'Well, if it is, it can stay there, without me looking for it,' he growled.

'The Burkes saw him over at Gilmore's Garden, last week, pa,' she continued.

'I've got no objection, I'm sure,' he muttered.

'And Mary Jane Bursell is going over to Wallack's purposely to see Dom Pedro if he drops in,' prattled away his daughter.

'Let her go to Turkey, for all I care,' he said so tartly, that his daughter dropped her egg, which she was opening, and the subject.

Bodwell had finished the paper, and was getting ready to leave for business, when the Widow Pinch, next door, ran in to borrow the clothes-wringer, and said:

'I s'pose, Mr. Bodwell, that you've seen the Emperor?'

'No, ma'm, I haven't, and what's more, I don't want to,' he replied nervously.

'Not want to see Dom Pedro?' she asked, as if her ears must have deceived her.

'Yes'm, that's exactly what I said, I wouldn't give two cents to see all the Doms and Dons between here and China,' he said, snappishly, starting off for the office.

The Widow Pinch returned home with the clothes-wringer, and meeting her daughter-in-law in the hallway, said,

'That Bodwell is the crossest, meanest, ill-natured old tyrant in his own house that ever lived. It wouldn't surprise me to hear he whipped his wife.'

Bodwell stopped at the grocery store on his way down town, and was ordering some things wanted at the house, when the grocer remarked, pleasantly,

'Dom Pedro's back again, sir.'

'I know it,' he answered, laconically. 'And you may send me around a couple of nice mackerel.'

'Couple of nice mackerel, yes sir. Well, he's had a great time running all around since he's been here, hasn't he?' continued the grocer, affably.

'Who?' asked Bodwell, unsuspiciously.

'Why Dom Pedro, of course, you—'

'I wish he was back where he came from!' shouted the angry purchaser, glaring at the grocer for a moment, then turning away and going out.

'He's good, prompt pay, but he's far from right up here, you know,' remarked the grocer to his clerk, tapping his forehead significantly.

'Which way, Bodwell?' asked young Snellis, joining him at the first corner.

'Over to New York,' returned B. very briefly.

'So am I,' said the other. 'I say, Bod., the old man hasn't made much of a splurge since he came over here, has he?'

'What old man do you mean?' inquired Bodwell, thoughtlessly.

'Oh, the Emperor, Dom Pedro.' Did you get a look at him yet?' explained young Snellis, enveloping himself in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

'No, and I shan't die if I never do,' snapped the much-bored man.

'Well, I wonder what Dom Pedro thinks of us New Yorkers, any way?' said the youth, airily.

'If he thinks there are a bigger lot of idiots any place in the world, except Brooklyn, he's struck the nail square on the head!' he snarled, turning short away and leaving the young man, gasping and speechless, looking after him.

Arriving at his office, Bodwell was figuring up his cash account, when a man from the next office came in to get a drink of ice water, and said:

'Run across Dom Pedro in the course of your travels, eh?'

'Confound Dom Pedro! That makes about seventeen million fools that have bothered me about that man to-day!' he exclaimed, fiercely, pounding the desk with his fist, and looking inflammable enough to explode.

'Well, there's no necessity of your getting your back up like a camel about nothing,' said his neighbor, going out, slamming the door, and telling a man who kept an office across the hall:

'Old bald-headed Bodwell is in his office there, about half drunk, and ugly as a she bear with a sore ear. Pity, ain't it? Nice family he has, too.'

Bodwell was just getting back to his work, when a little old man in a linen duster and a shocking bad hat, and carrying a small satchel in his hand, entered, set his valise down on the desk, opened it, took out some photographs, and said:

'I'd like to show you some of the finest pictures ever taken of the Emperor Dom Pedro and the Empress—'

'Take them away, and yourself, too!' interrupted B., savagely.

'In this photograph, continued the peddler, 'Dom Pedro is taken—'

'Are you going out before I murder you?' screamed Bodwell, nearly frantic.

'And here again in another attitude, we have Dom Pe—'

He never finished the word. The people passing by were somewhat surprised to see the office door fly open about this time, and Bodwell appear, dragging the little old man along to the head of the stairs, where he kicked him down, heaved his satchel after him, and shaking his fist, said, defiantly:

'I'll flog the next man that says Dom Pedro to me, if he should be as big as the Post Office, and I had to hire a ladder to stand on! D'you hear my gentle voice?'

CELERY MEDICINAL.

We notice with satisfaction, says the *Builder*, that celery is becoming more common and cheaper in our market; its cultivation cannot be too strongly recommended to farmers, as by its production they not only grow a profitable plant, but confer a benefit on the community, as the habitual use of this vegetable is much more beneficial to man than most people are aware of. A writer who is familiar with its virtues, says:—"I have known many men, and women too, who from various causes, had become so much affected by nervousness that, when they stretched out their hands, they shook like aspen leaves on a windy day, and by a moderate daily use of the blanched footstalks of celery as a salad, they became as strong and steady as other people. I have known others so nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation, and they were in constant perplexity and fear, who were also effectually cured by a moderate daily use of blanched celery as a salad at meal-time. I have known others to be cured of palpitation of the heart. Everybody engaged in labor weakening to the nerves should use celery daily in the season and onions in its stead when not in season."

We give celery to our canary birds, and it cures them of fits; they are little animals, with very delicate nerves, easily frightened, and therefore they need such a remedy, and the relish with which they take it is a proof that their instinct guides them to eat what is good for them.

A manufacturer of perfumery, of our acquaintance, some years ago commenced to prepare an extract of celery seed, put up in medicine bottles, and intended to give strength to old or exhausted persons, who, by over-indulgence, have reached such a state as to require restoratives.

HANGED WITHOUT A WARRANT.

In the olden time, in Plumas county, California, a man was arrested for murder, tried and convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The case was taken to the Supreme Court on appeal. Finally a decision was filed affirming the judgment of the court below, and directed that the defendant be re-sentenced to death.

In those days the Sacramento Union was about the only paper circulating in that remote county, and whatever appeared in its columns was taken as being undoubtedly the fact. The number containing the Supreme Court decision arrived at the county-seat, and the Sheriff saw it, and concluded that the matter was finally settled. So walking into the jail he addressed the prisoner with—

'Well, the Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment in your case; it's printed in the Sacramento Union.'

'Is it?' said the prisoner: 'that's very rough, but I guess I'll have to stand it.'

'Well,' said the Sheriff, 'I have got to hang you; you have been in here a good while, an expense to the county, and the sooner the thing is over the better.'

'There is no use of being in a hurry,' said the prisoner, 'give a fellow a chance to get ready.'

'How will the first of next week suit you?' asked the Sheriff.

'Oh, what's the use of all that hurry; call it the last of the week.'

'Well, we will split the difference and [illegible] Wednesday afternoon,' said the Sheriff.

This was acquiesced in by the party in interest, and at the appointed time he was taken out and hanged.

At the opening of the District Court at the following term, the judge inquired of the clerk if the remittur had been sent down, and being advised in the affirmative, said:

'I guess we had better have the prisoner brought up this morning and re-sentenced.'

He was rather surprised when the Sheriff innocently informed him that the law had already been fully satisfied, and the criminal had been sent before a court whence there could be no appeal.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

There is a gentleman in this city, says the San Antonio Herald, who has acquired the habit of 'going to a fruit-stand, and after pricing the melons, etc., and eating up about five cents' worth of peanuts, objects to the price and does not buy. Yesterday the fruit man made up his mind to sell him something, anyhow.

How much are these melons? inquired the peanut fiend.

Five cents apiece.

Can I pick any melon?

Take the biggest you can find.

Let me plug 'em to find a ripe one?

Here's a knife; split 'em wide open.

Don't you throw in a banana?

Always.

Whew! If I had any way to get the melon home I believe I'd invest.

Just say the word and I'll send you both home in a hack, and give you ninety days to pay for the melon.

Melons are going to be cheaper after a while, but if the chromo suits I'll take the melon. No colic in it is there? Let me see the chromo.

What chromo?

Why, you ought to be able to throw in a chromo, if you mean business. I always get a chromo for a cash transaction like that. Sorry can't trade.

And he picked up a handful of peanuts and sauntered out.

☞ On a dark December day, in 1742, a friendless youth, of eighteen years, entered a London printing office, seeking for employment.

'Where are you from?' asked the foreman.

'America, was the reply,

'Ah,' said the foreman, 'from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well do you really understand the art of printing? Can you really set type?'

The intelligent looking lad made no reply, but going up to one of the cases, in a few moments set up this verse from the first chapter of St. John's Gospel: 'Nathanael said upon him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, 'Come and see' [46th verse.] It was done so quickly, so correctly, and conveyed so well deserved a rebuke, that the youth was at once engaged to work in the office.

This promising lad was Benjamin Franklin, who is numbered among the great ones of the earth.

☞ An Irish couple, a few evenings since, at about nine o'clock, rang the door-bell of one of the Protestant parsons of our city. The door was opened by the clergyman, who, on inquiring what they wanted was informed by Micheal that he and Bridget came to be married.

'But why,' asked the parson, don't you go to the priest?'

'And sure we did,' said Michael, 'and he told us to go to the devil, and so we came to you.'

☞ You must not smoke here sir, said the captain of a North river steamboat to a man who was smoking among the ladies on the deck.

I musn't, ha! Why not? replied the fellow, opening his capacious mouth, and allowing the smoke to escape slowly.

Didn't you see the notice—'Gentlemen are requested not to smoke abaft the engine?'

Bless your soul, that doesn't mean me! I am no gentleman—never pretended to be—you can't make [illegible] gentleman of me any how you can fix it.

So saying he puffed away, and took the responsibility.

☞ A defeat suffered gracefully is half a victory.

Everybody laughs at a monkey, but nobody respects him.

The bottom round of a ladder is safer than the top one.

It is tough to be poor, but to be ashamed of it is putting salt on a sore.

We are all of us poor just as we want more, and rich as we want less.

☞ One of our exchanges wickedly says:—"The Star Spangled Centennial Stockings are much in vogue now-a-days, and the girls, as they trip across the muddy crossings, gently warble, "Oh, say can you see," etc.

☞ To cure corns, lay a piece of raw fat pork upon them. The corn will disappear in a few days.

Be content with what you have, said the rat to the trap when he left his tail in it.

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