The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1882. VOL. XX-NO. 35.

CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD., Jan. 12, 1882.

DEAR SIR or MADAM: *If you receive this week a copy of the Chestertown Transcript, which you have not been in the habit of receiving, it simply means that the Transcript would like to have you as a subscriber.*

During the present year, persistent effort will be made to make the Transcript a good home newspaper. By "Home Newspaper," we mean a paper that reports the happenings and events of the county, and discusses matters pertaining to the interests of the people of the county. Home news is of more vital interest than any other manner of news, and every family should have a good home paper.

During the coming year we propose to do all that can be done by honest effort, to make the Transcript a desirable guest to every household in the county. We do not propose that it shall be second, either in typography, or in news-gathering enterprise, to any country paper published in Maryland.

The subscription rate will be one dollar and fifty cents in advance. If you would like to have the Transcript, enclose that amount in an envelope together with your name and address, and we will enter your name on our mailing lists, credit you on our books, and promptly mail you a receipt.

If you have never tried the Transcript, send us your name and try it this year. If at the end of the year you don't like it, stop it.

Yrs. Truly,

Publisher of the TRANSCRIPT.

STOVES!

We have on hand as Fine a Line of

Cook

AND

Heating Stoves,

AS WAS EVER OFFERED TO THE PEOPLE OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

THE NEW EMERALD

AND

FARMER GIRL COOK STOVES

are, without exception, the best in the market, no other stoves having so many fine qualities. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case. Call and examine them.

OUR HEATING STOVES

FOR

PARLORS AND SITTING ROOMS,

have been selected from the best houses in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Our

ARGAND,

made by Messrs. Perry & Co. of New York, is the finest finished stove ever seen in this market. Call and examine it, if you want to see something beautiful.

The number of Fire Place Heaters sold last year is a guarantee of their worth. This year they are much improved. We will guarantee every stove to work and give satisfaction.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,

Next door to Kent National Bank.
Chestertown, Oct. 13, 1881.

Chester River Steamboat Company

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, May 23d, 1881, the steamer **B. S. FORD** will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the above named Landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

May 19, 1881

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATES REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors

All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W. COLEMAN, MANAGER.

March 10, 1881—y

DR. C. P. GILPIN

DENTIST,

HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,

offers his

Professional Services

TO THE PUBLIC.

Sept. 18, 1879.—6m

Do not use adulterated Baking Powder

When you can get HORSFORDS BREAD PREPARATION, perfectly pure, from C. F. STAM. It is manufactured by the distinguished Chemist Prof. E. N. Horsford, and regarded he best Bread Powder in use. July 31

WHITE GOODS.

NANSOOKS, Plaids, Lace Stripes, Figured Lace Stripes, India Lawns, Madras Linens, Piques, Marseilles, Basket Goods.

For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

FODDER YARN! FODDER YARN! Four kinds, and we think the cheapest in the market, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

DON'T

Go away to buy Christmas Goods when you can find a choice selection at STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Elegant Novelties, Prices Right. *No fancy profits.* The question is what shall I buy? Come and we will tell you. Come soon, before the rush. Choice is greater now, hurry less.

Vases and Toilet Sets in abundance. Plush Goods of the finest quality, and artistic workmanship. Porcelain Roses of French importation, $1 less in price than same goods in Baltimore. Silver Ware, the largest and most varied stock ever seen in Chestertown.

Colognes and Perfumeries of choicest odors. Stationery in beautiful boxes. Books for the old and young. Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and Bibles from 20c. to $5.

For children we have little fancy articles too numerous to mention, and books for them in bright and illuminated covers—one of the best we will mention (Chatter Box), which we have made a specialty of, and will sell you very cheap.

Gold Pens and Pencils. You already know the quality of these goods, they are made by Aikin, Lambert & Co., of N. J.

We extend to one and all a cordial invitation to visit our store, we can give you a comfortable seat while you examine goods.

Respectfully,

COLIN F. STAM.

☞ We forgot to mention above that we had received an extra lot of Fine Majolica Ware, which we intend to sell without regard to cost.

New Millinery

FOR

FALL & WINTER,

MRS. KATE GILL

Has just opened her NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK, of the latest and best shapes of **HATS.**

New and magnificent line of

Shaded Plushes, Shaded Ribbons,

New Styles Watered Ribbons,
Handsome Ostrich Plumes
and Tips of all varieties,

and all the LEADING NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Also, a fine assortment of kid, silk and Berlin GLOVES. Full assortment of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Saxony Yarn; Zephyr Knit Coats and Hoods for infants and children, with other notions just open. Please call.

Oct. 27, 1881. MRS. KATE GILL.

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1881.

BLACK CASHMERES, Black Silks, Black Satins. Black Alpaca worth 50 cents, price 25 cents. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE.

I'd kind o' like to have a cot
Fixed on some sunny slope; a spot
Five acres more or less,
With maples, cedars, cherry trees,
And poplars whitening in the breeze.

'Twould also suit my taste, I guess,
To have the porch with vine o'erhung,
With bells of pendant woodbine swung,
In every bell a bee;
And round my latticed window spread
A clump of roses white and red.

And so to solace mine and me,
I kind o' think I should desire
To hear around the lawn a choir
Of wood-birds singing sweet;
And in a dell I'd have a brook
Where I might sit and read my book.

There in that home of quiet joys,
Far from the city's crowd and noise,
There I would rear the boys and girls,
(I have some two or three;)
And if kind heaven should bless my store
With five, or six or seven more,
How happy I should be!

JOS. SMITH, THE FOUNDER OF MORMONISM.

By Josiah Quincy, in the Independent.

[Just now one of the questions of greatest national importance is that of mormonism, or as it has later grown to be, polygamy. It is a question that has already been before Congress, and it is likely to become a matter of consideration during the present session. Polygamy as practiced by the mormons, is a matter which, sooner or later, the Government has got to deal with decisively. When it is dealt with decisively, it is almost certain that trouble of some sort will arise. Mormonism has spread itself beyond the bounds of Utah, and is continually growing. The following sketch of a personal interview with the founder of mormonism, by so distinguished a person as the Hon. Josiah Quincy, will prove interesting.]

We left our lowly bed in the gray light of the morning, to find the rain descending in torrents and the roads knee-deep in mud. Intelligence of our arrival had in some mysterious manner reached General Smith, and the prophet's own chariot, a comfortable carryall, drawn by two horses, soon made its appearance. It is probable that we owed the alacrity with which we were served to an odd blunder which had combined our names and personalities and set forth that no less a man than ex-President John Quincy Adams had arrived to visit Mr. Joseph Smith. Happily, however, Dr. Goforth, who had got upon the road before us, divided our persons and and reduced them to their proper proportions, so that no trace of disappointment was visible in the group of rough-looking Mormons who awaited our descent at the door of the tavern. It was a three-story frame house, set back from the street and surrounded by a white fence, that we had reached after about two miles of the muddiest driving. Pre-eminent among the stragglers by the door stood a man of commanding appearance, clad in the costume of a journeyman carpenter, when about his work. He was a hearty, athletic fellow, with blue eyes standing prominently out upon his light complexion, a long nose and a retreating forehead. He wore striped pantaloons, a linen jacket, which had not lately seen the washing tub, and a beard of some three days growth. This was the founder of the religion which had been preached in every quarter of the earth. As Dr. Goforth introduced me to the prophet, he mentioned the parentage of my companion. "God bless *you*, to begin with!" said Joseph Smith, raising his hands in the air and letting them descend upon the shoulders of Mr. Adams. The benediction, though evidently sincere, had an odd savor of what may be called official familiarity, such as a crowned head might adopt on receiving the heir presumptive of a friendly court. The greeting to me was cordial—with that sort of cordiality with which the president of a college might welcome a deserving janitor—and a blessing formed no part of it. "And now come both of you into the house!" said our host, as, suiting the action to the word, he ushered us across the threshold of his tavern.

A fine-looking man, is what the passer-by would instinctively have murmured upon meeting the remarkable individual who had fashioned the mold which was to shape the feelings of so many thousands of his fellow-mortals. But Smith was more than this, and one could not resist the impression that capacity and resource were natural to his stalwart person. I have already mentioned the resemblance he bore to Elisha R. Potter, of Rhode Island, whom I met in Washington, in 1826. The likeness was not such as would be recognized in a picture; but rather one that would be felt in a grave emergency. Of all men I have met, these two seemed best endowed with that kingly faculty which directs, as by intrinsic right, the feeble or confused souls who are looking for guidance. This it is just to say with emphasis; for the reader will find so much that is puerile and even shocking in my report of the prophet's conversation that he might never suspect the impression of rugged power that was given by the man.

On the right hand, as we entered the house, was a small and very comfortless looking bar room; all the more comfortless, perchance, for its being a dry bar room, as no spirituous liquors were permitted at Nauvoo. In apparent search for more private quarters, the prophet opened the door of a room on the left. He instantly shut it again, but not before I perceived that the obstacle to our entrance was its prior occupancy by a woman, in bed. He then ran up stairs, calling upon us to follow him, and, throwing open a door in the second story, disclosed three Mormons in three beds. This was not satisfactory; neither was the next chamber, which was found, on inspection, to contain two sleeping disciples. The third attempt was somewhat more fortunate, for we had found a room which held but a single bed and a single sleeper. Into this apartment we were invited to enter. Our host immediately proceeded to the bed, and drew the clothes well over the head of its occupant. He then called a man to make the fire, and begged us to sit down. Smith then began to talk about himself and his people, as, of course, we encouraged him to do. He addressed his words to Mr. Adams oftener than to me, evidently thinking that this gentleman had or was likely to have political influence, which it was desirable to conciliate. Whether by subtle tact or happy accident, he introduced us to Mormonism as a secular institution before stating its monstrous claims as a religious system. Polygamy, it must be remembered, formed no part of the alleged revelations upon which the social life at Nauvoo was based; indeed the recorded precepts of its prophet were utterrly opposed to such a practice. And it is, at least, doubtful whether this barbarism was in any way sanctioned by Smith. Let a man who has so much to answer for be allowed the full benefit of the doubt; and Mormonism, minus the spiritual wife system had as it has to-day, much that was interesting in its secular aspects. Its founder told us what he had accomplished and the terrible persecutions through which he had brought his people. He spoke with bitterness of outrages to which they had been subjected in Missouri, and implied that the wanton barbarities of his lawless enemies must one day be atoned for. He spoke of the industrial habits of the autocracy in the holy city we were visiting, and of the extraordinary powers of its charter, obtained through his friend, Governor Ford. The past has shown him that a military organization was necessary. He was now at the head of three thousand men, equipped by the State of Illinois and belonging to its militia, and the Saints were prepared to fight, as well as to work. "I decided," said Smith, "that the commander of my troops ought to be a lieutenant-general, and I was, of course, chosen to that position. I sent my certificate of election to Governor Ford, and received in return a commission of lieutenant general of the Nauvoo Legion and of the militia of the State of Illinois. Now, on examining the Constitution of the United States, I find that an officer must be tried by a court-martial composed of his equals in rank; and as I am the only lieutenant-general in the country, I think they find it pretty hard to try me."

At this point breakfast was announced, and a substantial meal was served in a back kitchen. We sat down with about thirty persons, some of them being in their shirt-sleeves, as if just come from work. There was no going out, as the rain still fell in torrents; and so, when we had finished breakfast, the prophet (who had exchanged his working dress for a broadcloth suit while we lingered at the table) proposed to return to the chamber we had quitted, where he would give us his views of theology. The bed had been made during our absence and the fire plentifully replenished. Our party was now increased by the presence of the patriarch, Hiram Smith; Dr. Richards, of Philadelphia, who seemed to be a very modest and respectable Mormon; Dr. Goforth; and a Methodist minister, whose name I have not preserved. No sooner were we seated than there entered some half dozen leaders of the sect, among whom, I think, were Rigdon and Young; but of their presence I cannot be positive. These men constituted a sort of silent chorus during the expositions of their chief. They fixed a searching, yet furtive gaze upon Mr. Adams and myself, as if eager to discover how we were impressed by what we heard. Of the wild talk that we listened to I have preserved but a few fragments. Smith was well versed in the letter of the Scriptures, though he had little comprehension of their spirit. He began by denying the doctrine of Trinity, and supported his views by the glib recitation of a number of texts. From this he passed to his own claims to special inspiration, quoting with great emphasis the eleventh and twelfth verses of the fourth chapter of Ephesians, which in his eyes, adumbrated the whole Mormon hierarchy. The degrees and orders of ecclesiastical dignitaries he set forth with great precision, being careful to mention the interesting revelation which placed Joseph Smith supreme above them all. This information was plentifully besprinkled with cant phrases or homely proverbs. "There I have proved that point as straight as a loon's leg." "The curses of my enemies run off from me like water from a duck's back." Such are the specimens which my journal happens to preserve, but the exposition was constantly garnished with forcible vulgarisms of a similar sort. The prophet referred to his miraculous gift of understanding all languages, and took down a Bible in various tongues, for the purpose of exhibiting his accomplishments in this particular. Our position as guests prevented our testing his powers by a rigid examination and the rendering of a few familiar texts seemed to be accepted by his followers as a triumphant demonstration of his abilities. It may have been an accident, but I observed that the bulk of his translations were from the Hebrew, which presumably, his visitors did not understand, rather than from the classical languages, in which they might more easily have cought him tripping.

"And now come with me," said the prophet, "and I will show you the curiosities." So saying, he led the way to a lower room, where sat a venerable and respectable-looking lady. "This is my mother, gentlemen. The curiosities we shall see belong to her. They were purchased with her own money, at a cost of six thousand dollars," and then, with deep feeling, were added the words "and that woman was turned out upon the prairie in the dead of night by a mob." There were some pine presses fixed against the wall of the room. These receptacles Smith opened, and disclosed four human bodies, shrunken and black with age. "These are mummies," said the exhibitor. "I want you to look at that little runt of a fellow over there. He was a great man in his day. Why, that was Pharaoh Necho, King of Egypt!" Some parchments inscribed with hieroglyphics were then offered us. They were preserved under glass and handled with great respect.

"This is the handwriting af Abraham, the Father of the Faithful," said the prophet.

"This is the autograph of Moses, and these lines were written by his brother, Aaron. Here we have the earliest account from which Moses composed the First Book of Genesis." The parchment referred to showed a rude drawing of a man and woman and a serpent walking upon a pair of legs. I ventured to doubt the propriety of providing the reptile in question with this unusual means of locomotion.

"Why, that's as plain as a pike-staff," was the rejoinder. "Before the Fall snakes always went about on legs, just like chickens. They were deprived of them' in punishment for their agency in the ruin of man," We were further assured that the prophet was the only mortal who could translate these mysterious writings, and that his power was given by direct inspiration.

It is well known that Joseph Smith was accustomed to making his revelations point to those sturdy business habits which lead to prosperity in this present life. He had little enough of that unmixed spiritual power which flashed out from the spare, neurasthenic body of Andrew Jackson. The prophet's hold upon you seemed to come from the balance and harmony of temperament which reposes upon a large physical basis. No association with the sacret phrases of Scripture could keep the inspirations of this man from getting down upon the hard pan of practical affairs.

"Verily I say unto you, let my servant, Sidney Gilbert, plant himself in this place and establish a store." So had run one of his revelations, in which no holier spirit than that of commerce is decernible. The exhibition of these august elics concluded with a similar descent into the hard modern world of fact. Monarchs, patriarchs, and parchments were very well in their way; but this was clearly the nineteenth century, when prophets must get a living and provide for their relations.

"*Gentlemen*," said the *bourgeois* Mohammed, as he closed the cabinets, "*those who see these curiosities generally pay my mother a quarter o a dollar.*"

WOLLASTON, MASS.

THE SWALLOW-TAILED COAT.

When M. Brisson first took the Presidential chair in the French Assembly vacated by his predecessor, he proceeded to abandon a habit which M. Gambetta had always scrupulously observed. He appeared in a frock coat, instead of the orthodox evening dress, which the Chamber had always been accustomed to see worn in this place. Further reflection caused the new President to alter his mind, and he returned meekly, after a very short interval, to the dress consecrated by former usage. The incident has not failed to set the wiseacres on an inquiry as to the origin of these tail coats—the most queer, though not the least comfortable of modern habiliments. According to the received pedigree of the garment, it is a direct descendant of the old French dresscoat worn in the time of Louis XIV. The chief differences between the two are that the ancients habit had a stand-up collar, and it was of various colors, and especially of brighter tints. This coat, which is pretty familiar in prints of the last century, was made of cloth, velvet or bouracan which was a mixture of goats'-hair wool, or skin, and was often called camelot, in imitation of camels'-hair garments worn in the East. The inside of the coat was, however, lined with some rich stuff of a better material; and it was with a view to display this lining that the top part of the coat on each side was turned back as far as possible, and kept back by buttons placed near the shoulders. In the course of time the habit altered its size repeatedly, but never lost its essential distinction of open facings and swallow-tails behind, called by the French "cod's tails." The color, which had been light, as aforesaid, became darker in the Revolutionary period; and in the time of the first Empire blue was the favorite hue, with gold buttons, or embroideries of gold, silver, or silk.

BRONSON ALCOTT'S latest instruction for his æsthetic disciples is that the purest food is fruit, and that, if animal food be eaten at all, it is best in the mild form of oysters and eggs. "Beautiful diet, beautiful form," he exclaims. "All pure poets have abstained almost entirely from animal food. Every animal feeder is sometimes a tyrant. If one would abate that fate he must omit it entirely, but by a gradual process. Compare a table of the present day with that spread by the hands of Eve in Paradise to feed her ethereal guests. Then was gathered together a feast of the purest, a banquet of right. We are composed of atoms, and every atom must be musical and tremulous with harmony to give the body that harmony that is musical. The consent of our atoms, the absolute consent of every atom to every other atom—that is harmony. Every passion leaves its impress, we know not how long. Every atom sympathizes, with every other atom."

PROF. EDWARD D. COPE, the Philadelphia geologist, and palæontologist, thinks he has discovered a "missing link." In the tertiary formation of the Big Horn valley, Wyoming, he dug out the skull of a species of monkey which exhibits human characteristics in miniature, is vastly superior to the monkey skulls of the present day.

IT is with enterprises as with striking fire; we do not meet with success except by reiterated efforts, and often at the instant when we despaired of success.

COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

The Machinery Which Connects the Counterfeiter with the Public.

"Counterfeiting," observed a prominent special agent of the Government to a New York News reporter, "is as you say, an interesting branch of crime. But do you know what is the most interesting part of counterfeiting itself?"

"Getting ninety-nine bad dollars in change for a good hundred?" ventured the reporter.

"No, no! I speak seriously. Interesting as counterfeiting itself is, there is a much greater amount of fascination about the way 'queer' money is put in circulation."

The reporter intimated his desire to be fascinated, and the expert puffing his cigar into a glow, spoke out of the smoke:

"To commence with, did you ever notice on the upper left hand side of the face of a bank note the single letter A, B, C, or D? No! Well, the next time you make a strike, look for them. One will be sure to be there. These letters are an integral part of every National bank note and greenback. After a genuine bank note is engraved, duplicate dies are made of the engraver's plate. Four of these are cast in one plate. These four are arranged and numbered like this." And he drew on an envelope this diagram:

A	B
C	D

"This plate is used in printing the notes, each impression making four bills, consequently of every set of $1, $2, or any other denomination of bills run off there are an equal number of As, Bs, Cs and Ds, counterfeiters, however, print their notes from the original plates, which in genuine notes are never used except to make transfer dies from. They cannot spare the time and trouble of making duplicates, not to mention that they could not do it perfectly save with machinery of which the Government alone is the proprietor. Consequently, the counterfeiters' notes only bear one letter, so that while A, B and C of the dollar notes on the Pargyville National Bank are genuine, D will be 'queer.' As soon as a bank discovers, say, that its D note has been counterfeited, it calls in all the genuine ones of that series, and knows that all of its others are safe.

"The genuine public, however, never think of making this letter feature a matter of scrutiny, even after they have been put upon their guard. They take the notes as they come along, only examining them if the work is coarse and defective enough to arouse their suspicions."

But how does the general public get hold of them?" demanded the reporter.

"In many ways. First, let us assume that a note has been counterfeited and printed. The counterfeiter does not attempt to circulate it himself. He passes it over to an accomplice known as a "boodle carrier," a man whom, I need scarcely say, he can implicitly trust. This man takes the counterfeits in large quantities, and starts off with them. 'Boodle carriers' generally have their special districts to operate in, and when one gets into trouble, that is to say, comes to be regarded with suspicion, he is set to work in a new district and the man from that put in his old one. It is not the 'boodle carrier's' business to spend the money. Oh, no! He never circulates a dollar of 'queer.' He simply deals it out to the regular retailers, one of whom can be found in every city and big town. Thus the 'boodle carrier' is a sort of middle-man between manufacturers of and retail dealer in counterfeit money. He handles it in bulk, as a wholesale house handles goods, and you might as well hope to buy coal by the peck on the Coal Exchange as get a single note from him.

"When a new counterfeit is put in circulation the 'carriers' start with their 'boodle,' as the package of bad money is called, and sell it out to the retailers. The retailers in their turn sell it to the 'shovers,' as the people are called who put it in circulation. Up to a certain day, arranged upon beforehand, not a dollar of the bad money finds its way out. On the preconcerted date, when the circulators of the whole country are supplied, the notes suddenly appear. Verry often a whole edition will be poured into the market within twenty-four hours, and by the time the authorities get word of it the 'shovers' will have the 'queer' money all out of their hands. You will thus see that if the 'shover' and the retailer keep faith, which the 'boodle carrier' and the boss 'koniacker' always do, before the community can be put upon their guard by the authorities and the newspapers, the counterfeiters can have made a good haul and stepped out. Fortunately for the public, the 'shover' and retailer frequently defeat themselves by their own eagerness, and give the existence of a new counterfeit away in time to warn the public against its general circulation.

"Most of the dealers in counterfeit money are business men, whose respectability is obove casual suspicion. They number lawyers, doctors, tradesmen of all sorts and private citizens of irreproachable social standing. Like the higher members of the fraternity, they do not put any of the 'queer' themselves. They simply sell it to the 'shovers.' These buy it in quantities varying from a single note to a couple of hundred dollars' worth, and more. If the 'shover' is a 'fly' one he will buy a quantity, and then hand all but one note over to a 'tender.' This tender will stroll along behind him, till he gets rid of the one bad note. Then he will find an opportunity to join him and supply him with another. In this way, if the 'shover' is arrested while attempting to pass a 'queer' note, nothing will be found upon him but good money, and he can easily plead that he took the one bad bill by accident.

"Female 'shovers' will commonly buy their bad notes singly, for the same reason. In spite of their excessive timidity, though, they exhibit more nerve and cheek in putting the money out than any of the male traffickers upon the public confidence.

THE EARLY KINGS.

I believe, upon a good deal of evidence, that ancient kings were itinerant, traveling, or ambulatory personages. When they became stationary, they generally perished. The primitive kings of communities confined within walls, like the old Athenian and the old Roman kings, soon dropped out of sight. Perhaps, as Mr. Grote has suggested, they lived too much in full view of their subjects for their humble state to command much respect when the belief in their sacredness had been lost. But the more barbarous king of communities spread over a wide territory was constantly moving about it; or, if he did not, he too perished, as did the kings called the *rois faineants* of the Franks. If I were called upon to furnish the oldest evidences of these habits of the ancient king, I should refer to those Irish records of which the value is only begging to be discerned, for whatever may be said by the theorists who explain all national characteristics by something in the race or blood, the most ancient Irish laws and institutions are nothing more than the most ancient Germanic laws and institutions at an earlier stage of barbarism. Now, when Englishmen like Edmund Spencer first began to put their observations of Ireland into writing—at the end of the sixteenth century—there was one Irish practice of which they spoke with the keenest indignation. This was what they called the "cuttings" and "cosherings" of the Irish chiefs, that is, their periodical circuits among their tenantry for the purpose of feasting with their company at the tenants' expense. It was, in fact, only a late survival of common incidents in the daily life of the barbarous chief or king, who had no tax-gatherers to collect his dues, but went himself to exact them, living as a matter of right while he moved at the cost of his subjects. The theory of the Irish law was, though its impossible to say how far it corresponded with the facts, that the chief had earned this right by stocking the clansman,s land with cattle or sheep. We find a highly glorified account of the same practice in ancient records of the life and state of those Irish chiefs who called themselves kings. "The King of Munster," says the "Book of Rights," "attended by the chief princes of his kingdom, began his visits to the King of Cannaught, and presented to him 100 steeds, 100 suits of military array, 100 swords, and 100 cups, in return for which the king was to entertain him for two months at his palace at Anachan, and then to escort him to the territories of Tyrconnell. He presented to the King of Tyrconnell 20 steeds, 20 complete armors, and 20 cloaks, for which the said king supported him and the nobility of Munster for one month, and afterward escorted him to the principality of Tyrone."—*Sir Henry S. Maine in the Fortnightly Review.*

LYTTON AND DICKENS.

Lord Lytton's study, richly furnished in the Elizabethan style, was isolated from the rest of the house, so that the least noise, which would have irritated him in the extreme, might be intercepted. While writing, the floor around him would be strewn with books and papers, and so jealous was he of the privacy of this sanctum that few were ever admitted within its walls. In his latter days he never devoted more than three hours to composition. After partaking in abstracted silence of a light breakfast, he would enter his study at 10, and regularly as the clock struck he would emerge, and his labors were finished for the day. Dickens was a very methodical worker. His usual hours of writing were between breakfast and luncheon. But his marvelously active brain was ceaselessly employed in collecting materials. Nothing escaped his keen eye—not an odd name over a shop door, nor a peculiar face, or a peculiar expression heard in passing through the streets, nor the commonest incidents, whether appertaining to man or beast; all were absorbed into the vast storehouse of his mind to be blended with other reminiscences or with original ideas, to be transferred, sublimated, and reproduced in other forms thereafter.

A fashionable Frenchman became engaged lately to a girl who was reputed to have considerable fortune, but when the *dot* came to be discussed among lawyers he found to his disgust that it consisted chiefly of a choice collection of Egyptian mummies, bequeathed to her by a father who was a devoted Egyptologist. It was suggested to the disappointed suitor that he would realize a splendid income by travelling round and exhibiting the property, but he didn't seem to see it, and the lady has escaped.

STRANGERS at Seville, Ohio, are astonished when they see a house with doors ten feet high, and everything else about it proportionate in size. Under a shed stands an enormous carriage, and, on entering the building, much of the furniture is found to be about twice as big as ordinary articles. This is the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bates, the giants, who are familiar objects in the show world. They are between seven and a half and eight feet in height, and common rooms and furniture are too small for them.

THE lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them in a box, nailed a witness, humbugged a judge and bored a whole court all in one day, has since laid down the law and turned carpenter.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

There are thousands of young folks who long to write for the papers and get well paid for it. From the first, they think they ought to receive three or four dollars a column, valueing their attempts by the labor expended on them, rather than by their capacity for pleasing the public. Now, to get handsomely paid one must write handsomely; to write handsomely one must know what the public knows, or would like to know, and be able to tell it in such a style that the public will be eager to hear it. There are thousands who long to write, but have no special aptitude, or preparation, or recourse for writing; just as there are thousands who long to be rich, but cannot compass their desires in that direction; and thousands who long to be beautiful, and vainly exhaust fashion, cosmetics, corsets, and all that, in the attempt. Meanwhile, those who are bound to succeed at writing, and "have it in them" to succeed, will keep on steadily and quietly at their books and pens, climbing up slowly it may be, but steadily, to place and pay, first deserving success then attaining it—just as men grow rich by small accretions at first and larger accretions afterwards. There is an immense reading public, and there must be an immense army of writers to supply the demand. As education and intelligence advance, the demand on writers for higher and higher grades of literary work and newspaper work will advance, and the more difficult it will be to fill the highest place of honor and emolument in the world whereof the pen is the power. But the lists are open to all, and some must surely succeed. Why not you as well as another?

WHEN the Duke of Richmond was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he took it into his head, being in his cups, to knight one Thady Cuffe, a Dublin tavern keeper. Next day his Grace wished to undo what he had done, and calling Cuffe, offered a compromise. "Your Grace," said the gallant knight, "I'd be willing to do it, but Lady Cuffe would sooner part wid her life nor the title." It has been commonly asserted that the same noble Duke, whose convivial qualities have been chronicled by Lever, knighted Sir Charles Morgan, Lord Adercorn's houshold physician who did no service meriting distinction, when in similar merry mood, Lady Abercorn, who had her reasons for wishing her *demoiselle de compagnie* married to Sir Charles, gained her consent by promising to get him knighted, and took advantage of the Viceroy's after-dinner mood, when on a visit to her at Baronscourt, to get the thing done. It may be added that however ready Sir Charles might have been to compromise, "Sidney Lady Morgan," as she delighted to call herself, would have been quite as reluctant to forego the dignity as was Lady Cuffe. The history of several Viceregal knightings would probably furnish a curious chapter.

HE who thinks much says but little in proportion to his thoughts. He selects that language which will convey his ideas in the most implicit and direct manner. He tries to compress as much thought as possible into a few words. On the contrary, the man who talks everlastingly and promiscuously, who seems to have an exhaustless magazine of sound, crowds so many words into his thoughts that he always obscures, and frequently conceals them.

MRS. GRUMPINS was told that her friend, Mrs. Jones, died of phthisis. What that was she couldn't guess. "'Tisn't in the directory," she said. "Under what letter did you look for it?" asked Mr. Grumpins. "Under t, of course,' said Mrs G., in a scornful tone. "Hadn't you better look under 'p?'" suggested Grumpins. "Under 'p!'" exclaims his better half. "Grumpins, do you think I'm a fool?"

THE question whether Noah Webster ever taught a singing school in Baltimore has been, after a thorough and somewhat excited discussion in that city, decided in the affirmative. He became pressed for money while on a journey to Washington, and stopped long enough to fill his purse in that manner.

MISFORTUNES come to a man through excessive love of self. He misjudges things just, good and beautiful, through thinking he ought always to honor what belongs to himself in preference to truth.

"Oh, yes, said the broker; "oh, yes, he's sharp; he's very sharp. But then he's like most sharp men, he never cuts anything unless it's softer than himself.

Said Miss Posigush to Syntax, the college tutor, 'So you teach at Harvard! That must be delightful, I'm sure. But then I should be frightened to death to meet any of the students, with half a dozen foreign languages at their tongues' end. I presume they never speak English at all.' 'Very seldom speak it,' said Syntax, in a dreamy way. 'There! I knew they didn't,' continued Miss Posigush. 'What language do they speak most, Mr. Syntax, Greek or Latin, or—' 'Slang,' replied the tutor, with laconic simplicity.

It is useless to endeavor to make a child control his temper, if you give way to your own; to tell him to be truthful, while you are not strickly so; to inculcate neatness, while careless of your own dress. The little folks are keen obeservers, and they will not respect you unless you are worthy. Be careful not to impose unnecessary restrictions—to forbid nothing without reason.

[Saginaw Daily News.]

Mr. George Schick informed our reporter, that he had been suffering with rheumatism in his feet so badly, that for weeks at a time he would be unable to leave his bed. He tried various remedies without relief, and concluded to use St. Jacobs Oil. It acted like magic. In two days, he was entirely cured.

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