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The Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office in the Masonic Hall.
Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two Dollars per annum, *payable in advance*. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:—Advertisements not exceeding *eight lines* will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. OBITUARIES half price.

Job Printing, of every description, executed with neatness and despatch.

Up Town Cheap Dry Goods Store.

NOW IS YOUR TIME
TO BUY BARGAINS
IN NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

Ladies' Misses and Children's
ALL STYLE CLOAKS,
ENGLISH JACKETS,
AND CLOAKINGS.

FURS in all Varieties,
for Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children.

Large and desirable stock of every description of DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, &c.

Call and examine Goods and Prices, which will compete with the Cheapest.

J. O. DUGAN,
AT LATE MRS. M. I. MANSFIELD'S.
Jan. 5, 1867—tf.

Harness Manufactory

JOHN F. HOWARD,

HAS now in store, at his old Stand, in the room formerly occupied by Geo. Vickers, Esq., as a Law Office, a large lot of first-rate

Harness, Saddles,
BRIDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS,
BITS, SPURS, BUCKLES and MOUNTING of every description. These Harness are made up in the best manner, of superior material, and will be sold at such prices as to make it to the interest of all to purchase of him.

Those in want of anything in this line of business are respectfully invited to call.

REPAIRING neatly and promptly done.

Thankful for the liberal patronage I have received in the past, I hope by strict attention to business, and using every effort to give entire satisfaction, to merit and receive an increase of patronage. JOHN F. HOWARD.
Chestertown, Jan. 5, 1867.

REMOVAL.

GROCERIES and LIQUORS.

JOHN H. MORGAN,

RESPECTFULLY invites the attention of the public to a varied assortment of GROCERIES, LIQUORS, &c., now in store at his new stand formerly occupied by S. W. Canady, next door to Wickes' Drug Store, consisting of

GROCERIES, all kinds,
Brandy, Whiskey, Gin,
WINES, CORDIALS, &c.
BROOMS, Buckets, Soap, Candles,
Crockery-Ware, Meal and Flour,
SEGARS, Tobacco and Snuff,
Candies and Nuts, Coal Oil,
SUGAR, COFFEE, Molasses, Lard and Bacon,
Mackeral, Herring, &c.

Those in want of anything in the above line are invited to GIVE ME A CALL, as I am determined to sell goods at the VERY LOWEST PRICES for cash.
jan5. JOHN H. MORGAN.

New Store!
CHEAP FOR CASH.

JOHN SMITH,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a Store in Chestertown, adjoining that of J. H. Burchinal & Son, and has on hand a well selected stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Ready-Made Clothing,

among which is a large stock of Superior Over Coats, which I will sell off at cost.

Also, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Crockery ware, Wooden ware, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco of excellent quality, Confectionery, Dried Fruit, &c., &c.

I am selling cheap for cash, and invite purchasers to call and examine my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods. JOHN SMITH.
Chestertown, Jan. 5, 1867.

TAX-PAYERS.

SHOULD UNDERSTAND that Taxes are due on the FIRST OF JULY, and not, as many seem to think, on the 1st of January. I desire to collect all the taxes in my District *before the first of January next*, so that I may be prepared to pay promptly all levies when demanded. It cannot be expected that I should wait with tax-payers until the first of January, as at that time all levies upon me are due.

This notice is deemed sufficient to show the necessity of prompt payment, and parties need not flatter themselves with long indulgence, as I am determined to collect the taxes within a reasonable time, and will resort to the law in every case where it may be necessary.

For the convenience of tax-payers, I will be (until further notice,) at CHESTERVILLE every Saturday, from 9 o'clock, A. M., to 12 M., and in MILLINGTON on the same days, from 1 to 6, P. M.; at home and GALENA the balance of the week.

EDWIN CROUCH,
sep8-tf. Collector 3rd Dist., Kent Co.

FARMER WANTED.

A GOOD FARMER to take charge of a place of 560 acres, near the Choptank River—225 acres are under cultivation. A first-rate opportunity will be afforded to a competent man. Good reference will be required.

Apply to JAMES S. DUNGAN,
d22-3t. 436 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

For Rent,

FOR the year 1867, the BLACKSMITH & CARTWRIGHT SHOPS, and DWELLING, at Harmony, Kent Co.
Apply to WM. ARCHIBALD.
Dec. 22, 1866—3t*

To Rent

FOR the year 1867, THREE TENEMENT HOUSES, with about One Acre of Land attached to each. Apply to
ARTHUR J. WALLIS,
dec15-3t. Near "Spry's Gate."

Beeves for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale TWO GOOD BEEVES, cheap for cash. Apply to
d22-3t. W. T. SMITH, Urieville.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale FOUR FINE COWS, and CALVES. The Calves are about one week old. Six months credit.
d22-3t. JOHN T. SKIRVEN

JUST RECEIVED from Philadelphia a large and fine assortment CHRISTMAS GOODS. Also, a choice lot of SLEIGH BELLS. For sale low by VANNORT.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES" come again. To be convinced, try HUDGINS' DELICIOUS MINCE PIES.

For the Kent News.

To My Friend,

ON THE DEATH OF A DARLING BOY.

No more shed the bitter tear
O'er your darling Elmer's bier;
Though you place beneath the sod,
His loved form, his soul, with God,
Evermore in Heaven shall dwell,
And his happy voice shall swell
The angelic choir that sing
Praises to the Heavenly King.

Had you power would you demand
Elmer from the Saviour's hand—
Would you call him back again
To this world of grief and pain?
Would you op'e the coffin lid
And his ransomed spirit bid
To resume the shrine of clay
It so lately cast away?

No! though sadness fills your heart
With your cherished bud to part,
Yet you would not have him back
Walking earth's sin-blighted track—
Would not, were the power bestowed,
Call him from yon bright abode—
Call him to this world again,
Earthly Kingdoms to obtain.

Could the veil be swept away,
And the realms of endless day
Now be opened to your sight,
And among the angels bright
You in beauty could behold
Elmer in the heavenly fold
Of the Saviour; you would joy
That your darling precious boy
Now inhabits that bright home
Where earth's sorrows never come—

Where no night succeeds the day,
Where his spirit, freed from clay,
Roams the golden streets of light,
Dressed in robes of spotless white;
Where, if onward you shall press
In the paths of righteousness,
You with him shall e'er abide
Among the happy glorified. AVENA.

THE CURE OF THE DRUNKARD.

A man long noted for intemperate habits was induced by the Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge "in his own way," which he did in these words: "I pledge myself to drink no intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed that he could keep it; but near the end of the year he again appeared at a temperance meeting, without once having touched a drop.

"Are you not going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott."

"Yes," replied he, "if I can do it in my own way;" and accordingly he wrote: "I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if I live to that time I intend to take out a life-lease."

A few days after, he called upon the tavern-keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt.

"Oh landlord!" said he, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my side!"

"That's because you've stopped drinking," said the landlord. "You won't live if you keep on."

"Will drink take the lump away?"

"Yes; and if you don't drink, you'll soon have a lump on the other side.—Come, let's drink together;" and he poured out two glasses of whiskey.

"I guess I won't drink, said the former inebriate, 'especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump; for it isn't very hard to bear, after all;'" and with this he drew the *lump*—a roll of greenbacks—from his side pocket and walked off, leaving the landlord to his reflections.

PLEASURE.

I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world—I appraise them at their real worth, which is, in truth, very low. Those who have only seen their outsides always overrate them; but I have seen behind the scenes; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move their gaudy machines; and I have also seen and smelled the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.—*Chesterfield.*

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our trade. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let us have an intelligent opinion and be able to sustain a conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times.

THE SOUL MADE VISIBLE.—Every one knows that in every human face there is an impalpable, immaterial something, which we call "expression," which seems to be, as it were, "the soul made visible." Where minds live in the region of pure thoughts and happy emotions, the felicities and sanctities of the inner temple shine out through the mortal tenement, and play over it like lambent flame. The incense makes the whole altar sweet; and we can understand what the poet means when he says that—

"Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

On the other hand, no man can lead a gormandizing, sordid or licentious life, and still wear a countenance hallowed and sanctified with a halo of peace and joy.—*Horace Mann.*

"DOWN HILL,"

Or, The Demon of the Wine Table.

Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend I heard the name of John Anderson called.

"There is a hard case," remarked my friend.

I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and pleaded guilty to the crime of theft. He was a tall man, but bent and infirm, tho' not old. His garb was torn, spare and filthy; his face all bloated and blood-shot; his hair matted with dirt, and his bowed form quivering with delirium. Certainly I never saw a more pitiable object. Surely that man was born a villain. I moved my place to obtain a fairer view of his face. He saw my movements and turned his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then, covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated, starting forward. "Wil——"

I had half spoken his name, when he quickly raised his head and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had any counsel.—He said no. I then told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit and I would pay him. He promised and I left. I could not remain and see the man tried. Tears came to my ears as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I had gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son! That was not his name; but you shall know him by no other. I will now call him by the name that stands upon the records of the court.

* * * * * *

John Anderson was my school-mate; and it was not many years ago—not over twenty, that we left our academy together, he to return to the home of wealthy parents; I to sit down in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office for a few years, and when I returned I found John a married man. His father was dead and had left his only son a princely fortune.

"Ah, M——," he said to me, as he met met me at the railway station, "you will see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark—a robin—a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sung sweetly."

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all that he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, too—so loving and kind. Aye, she so loved John that she loved all his friends. What a lucky fellow to find such a wife. And what a lucky woman to find such a husband, for John Anderson was as handsome as she—tall, straight, manly, high-browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as artist ever copied. And he was good, too; and kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them and was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them—as fine an old lady as ever breathed—and making it her constant joy and pride in doating upon her 'Darling Boy,' as she always called him.

I did not see John again for four long years. I reached his house in the evening. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friend's children. Evetything seemed pleasant until the little ones were abed asleep, and then I could see that Ellen became troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to sunshine and smiles could not wear a cloud concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed, and his eyes looked inflamed.—He grasped my hand with a happy laugh, called me 'old fellow,' 'old dog,' and said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said—

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling never can be a bad man."

"God grant it!" I thought to myself, and I knew the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so even then had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him in the condition he was the night before.

"Oh," said he with a langh, "that was nothing. Only a little wine party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."

At first I thought I would say no more; but was it not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew himself. His appetites and pleasures bounded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas! too kind—too generous!

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?"

"Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going down hill," I told him.

'Did she say so?' he asked, with a flushed face.

'No—I read it in her looks.'

'Perhaps a reflection of her own thoughts,' he suggested.

'I surely thought so when you came home,' I replied.

Never can I forget the look she gave me then—so full of reproof, of surprise and pain.

'M——, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend, but never speak to me again like that. I going down? You know better. That can never be. I know my wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does.'

Ah—had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the 'wild oats' which her son was sewing would surely grow up and ripen, only to furnish seed for re-sewing! But she loved him—loved him almost too well, or, I should say, too blindly.

But I could say no more. I only prayed that God would guard him; and then we conversed on other subjects. I could only spend but one day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and sometimes oftener; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself at his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant church yard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

'Mrs. Anderson's,' he said, and as he spoke I noticed a slight dropping of the head, as though it cut him to say so.

'What—John Anderson's wife?'

'No,' he replied. 'It is his mother;' and as he said this he turned away, but a gentleman who stood near, and had overheard the conversation, at once took up the theme.

'Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject,' he remarked with a shrug of his shoulders. 'Did you ever know John Anderson?'

'He was my school mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth.' I told him.

He led me to one side, and spoke as follows:

'Poor John! He was the pride of this town six years ago. This man opened this hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at most of them—the gayest of the gay, and most generous of the party. In fact, he payed for nearly every one of them.

Then he began to go down hill! And he has been going ever since. At time true friends have prevailed upon him to stop, but stops were of short duration.—A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came more drear than before. He said he never would get drunk again, yet he would take a glass of wine with a friend! That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral expenses! The poor mother bore up as long as she could. She saw her son—her 'Darling Boy,' she always called him—brought home drunk many times, and she even bore blows from him! But she's at rest now. Her 'Darling Boy' wore her life away, and brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Oh! I hope this may reform him!'

'But his wife?' I asked.

'Her heavenly love has helped thus far but she is only a shadow of the wife that blessed his home six years ago.'

My informant was deeply affected, and so was I, and I asked him no more.

During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after tea. I found them alone. They had both been weeping though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with love and hope. But oh! she was changed—sadly, painfully so. They were so glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

'Dear M——, don't say a word of the past,' John urged taking my hand a second time. 'I know you spoke the truth to me five years ago. I was going down hill! But iv'e gone as far as I can. I stop here at the foot. Every thing is gone but my wife. I have sworn, and my oath shall be kept. Ellen and I are going to be happy now.'

The poor fellow burst into tears here. His wife followed suit; and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God what a sight! The once noble, true man so fallen—became a mere broken glass, the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore!—a poor suppliant at the foot of Hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife! And how I had honored and loved that man, and how I loved him still! Oh! I hoped—aye, more than hoped—I believed—he would be saved! And as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true, and so hopeful still, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before that God would hold him up—lead him to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys now—and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away John took me by the hand, and the last words he said were:

'Trust me, Believe me now. I will be a MAN henceforth while life lasts!'

A little over two years had passed when I read in a newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they had lived, as soon as possible, for I might help some one! A fearful presentiment had passed my mind.

I stopped at the stately house where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it.

'Where is John Anderson?' I asked.

'Don't know, I'm sure. He has been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week!'

'And the children?'

'Oh—they both died before she did!'

I staggered back and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went, but instinct lead me to the church yard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, the wife and two children slept in them!

'And what has done this?' I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping places:

'THE DEMON OF THE WINE TABLE!'

But this was not all the work. No, no. The next I saw—O, God! was far more terrible! I saw in the court room. But that was not the last!

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to the cell, the key turned in the huge lock, the ponderous door swung with a sharp creek upon its hinges, and I saw a dead body suspended by the neck from a grating of the window. I looked at the horrible face, I could see nothing of John Anderson there but the face I had seen in the court room was sufficient to connect the two, and I knew that was all that was left on earth of him whom I had loved so well.

And this was the last of the demon's work, the last act in the drama! Ah! from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down—down—down, until the foot of the hill had been finally reached.

And when I turned away from that cell and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel bells, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life story of which I had been a witness, into the ears of all living men!

Wise Sayings.

The following are the famous saying of Semshed: The first: God has no partner in his wisdom; doubt not, therefore, tho' thou understandest not.

The second: Greatness followeth no man, but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune.

The third: Hope is always as much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice.

The fourth: Seek not so much to know thy enemies as friends, for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.

The fifth: He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong may be deceived; but he that sayeth that thou art always right is surely a liar.

The sixth: Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love; therefore, as thou hast not wisdom, be pitiful, to merit his affection.

The seventh: Man is mixed with virtues and vices; love his virtues in others but abhor his vices in thyself.

The eighth: Seek not for faults, but seek diligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses have faded.

DRUNK VS. MEDICAL PROFESSION.—A good story is in circulation of a certain doctor, who sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient when he was more than "half seas over," and conscious that he was so. On feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered, "Drunk, I declare." Next morning, re-collecting the circumstance, he was greatly vexed, and just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer to the lady, a letter was put into his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he had visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter a secret, in consideration of the inclosed $100 bill.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Hall's Journal of Health says buckwheat cakes, properly baked, are very healthy and nutritous. They should be put on the soapstone griddle, over a good fire and turned once only, and the sooner they are eaten after baking, the better and healthier they are. When turned over more than once, like wheat cakes, they are spoiled, and instead of being the most nutritous of food, become the most indigestible. Some housewives, not knowing this fact—which is really a chemical one—spoil this favorite food. Soapstone griddles require no grease and never burn the cakes.

AN old woman on a steamboat observing two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near by, she accosted him as follows: "Well, captain, got, a well, eh?" "Yes, ma'am, always carry one," said the polite captain. "Well that's clever. I always did dislike the river water, especially in dog days."

"Sammy, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head—stir your stumps, or you will make no progress in life." "Why, father," replied the hopeful, "I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to *scratch a head!*"

BE rather wise than witty, for much wit hath commonly much froth; and it is hard to jest and not sometimes jeer also, which may sink deeper than was intended or expected; and so what was designed for mirth ends in sadness.—*Tenchfield.*

Only a Crier—An Epigram.

A famous Judge came late to Court
One day in busy season;
Whereat his clerk, in great surprise,
Inquired of him the reason.
"A child was born," his Honor said,
"And I'm the happy sire."
"An infant Judge?" "No," said he,
"As yet he's but a Crier."

Josh Billings says give the devil his due reads well enouff in a probverb, but mi friend, what will become uv me and you if the arrangement iz carried out.

REGARD not who it is that speaks, but weigh only what is spoken.

Poetry of Labor.

Toil swings the ax, and forests bow;
The seeds break out in radiant bloom,
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster 'round the loom;
Where towering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,
Stout labor lights its beacon fires,
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is seemed with lightning scars,
Toil launches on the restless tide,
And there unrolls the flag of stars;
The engine with its lungs of flame,
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From Labor's plastic fingers came,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis Labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.
Here sun-browned Toil, with shining spade,
Links lake to lake with silver ties
Strung thick with palaces of trade,
And temples towering to the skies.

Friendship.

How often we speak of friends as tho' they might be found on every hand; and yet how little real friendship we find in this busy world! A true friend is one who will cling to you in adversity, sympathize with you in sorrow, and rejoice with you in prosperity. He is a being who feels, who thinks, who acts from the purest motives. Friendship is one of the noblest feelings—one of the grandest privileges of humanity; it can only be found in connection with noble souls, of merit and virtue united. In fact, to possess true friends, you need the most complete and nicest power of discrimination in selecting them, a natural gift to cherish them, with the most unselfishness.

Young ladies, young men, and all, be generous; be kind to those around you, especially to those who are the least attractive, and who are often the least noticed. Try to merit the real name of friend: it will fill you with a deeper joy than you have ever experienced: it will cause you to be beloved and esteemed by all around you. Practice self-denial, and you will feel its ennobling influence; it brings the happy consciousness of having given pleasure to others, which is of itself ample remuneration for all the inconvenience you could have suffered by so doing.

Life indeed is sad and drear,
When friendship's voice we never hear;
On rank and wealth what joys attend?
They ne'er can be a faithful friend.
—*Phrenological Journal.*

ENCOURAGE THE BOYS.

It is always best for boys and young men to have something to do for which they will feel an important responsibility. Parents should not assume all the responsibility in all the operations of the farm. Let boys be instructed to think and act to a certain extent, for themselves. The *Working Farmer* says on this subject:

"An old gentleman who had a large family of sons successfully engaged in a great variety of occupations, was asked, "How did you choose so successfully for all your boys?" and answered, "I did not choose at all, but gave them books on various subjects, talked with them about various kinds of business, took them to furnaces, shops, factories, etc, and accustomed them to think and determine for themselves. When they were quite small, I gave each a little plot of ground to be managed exclusively by himself; as they grew older, I gave them chickens, pigs, lambs, etc." If boys do not become interested in taking charge of these things, it is a pretty safe conclusion that they are not "cut out for farmers."

WITNESS.—"This here feller broke our winder with a tater, and hit Isabeller on the elber, as she was playing on the pianner."

Magistrate—"The conduct of the prisona', and his general characta', renda' it propa' that he should no longa' be a memba' of societa'."

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, "I am going a shopping to-day and want a little change."

"Pooh!" responded the ungallant man, "that would be no change at all; you go a shopping every day."

NEVER look at girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, furbelows, and frills, merely to gratify their mammas, that's all.

TRUE politeness is consideration for other people's happiness and comfort: an external manifestation of an internal charity and neighborly kindness

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

"We see," said Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

"I think I now see a new fee-ture in this case," as the lawyer said when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

"I DO declare, Sal, you look pretty enough to eat." "Well, Solomon, ain't I eating as fast as I can?" replied Sal.

A DARK CONUNDRUM.—"Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world?" "Because dey nose every ting."

MAN may be called a bundle of habits; happy is that man whose habits are his friends.

GOOD works are the fruit of righteousness, not the cause. The tree makes the apple, not the apple the tree.

WATER constitutes nearly four-fifths of the weight of the animal body.

Reconstruction.

The South Carolina Commissioner's Interview with President Johnson.

The Charleston *Courier*, noticing the various newspaper reports about a South Carolina commissioner's recent interview with the President, says:

"It appears that prior to the close of the session of our Legislature, which adjourned December 21st, a large majority of the Senate consulted together as to the propriety of sending a member of that body to Washington, to confer with the President on the probability of the State being restored to its place in the Union should she adopt the constitutional amendment. After consulting, it was decided that some good might arise from the pursuance of such a course, and one of their number was selected for the mission. The gentleman selected was Col. T. Weatherby, Senator from Marlboro' district, who immediately proceeded to Washington and sought an interview with the President. Upon his arrival he found that the President was occupied in a Cabinet meeting, and being disengaged, he determined to make good use of his leisure moments by obtaining interviews with the leading radical members of Congress, and conversing with them freely upon the subject of the constitutional amendment, and the prospect of the admission of South Carolina to her rights upon its adoption. Col. Weatherby succeeded in making the acquaintance of several of the leading radical Senators and Representatives, with whom he conversed freely; and was assured by them that the constitutional amendment was the ultimatum of Congress to the Southern States; that its adoption by them would remove all obstacles to their being admitted to representation in Congress. Col. Weatherby, however, had a subsequent interview with President Johnson, to whom he had been informally deputed. We learn that the interview with the President was of some duration, as well as free and candid, during which he expressed the hope that the Southern States would remain firm in their position as regards the constitutional amendment, and steadfastly reject it, believing it to be an advance step to the inauguration of a despotism. In doing which, he said he hoped they would be guarded in their reasons assigned for its rejection, and avoid any language that might by any possible means be tortured to give offense to the opposing party. The President feels confident, from a recent decision given by the Supreme Court, that he will be sustained by that law-abiding body, and that in a short time a returning sense of reason will point out some middle ground between the constitutional amendment and the projected territorial scheme, upon which our country may become united, when peace will again smile upon us with all its blessings."

Gen. Sherman's Mission to Mexico.

It is stated confidently by those familiar with the plans and purposes of the Government that nothing definite was expected from the recent mission of General Sherman and Minister Campbell to Mexico. Their failure to accomplish anything has, consequently, occasioned no surprise nor disappointment in the Executive Department. It is pretty well established that no fixed policy in detail in regard to Mexican affairs has been adopted, beyond the assertion, through diplomatic correspondence, of the Monroe doctrine. While demanding from France the abandonment of the French invasion of Mexico, it was deemed expedient to make a demonstration of cordial friendship towards the liberal party in Mexico. With this view a war vessel and the Lieutenant General of the Federal armies and a civil Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary were despatched upon the expedition that has just ended. It was not expected that if Minister Campbell and Lieut. General Sherman had succeeded in reaching the shifting seat of government of Juarez they would have been able, in the present posture of Mexican affairs, to have accomplished anything practical. The demonstration was deemed necessary, and it has been made, and the immediate mission of these envoys is completed. Both they and the Government are now waiting, not simply for fresh instructions, but for some new developments, by which a more definite line of policy may be marked out.

LOSSES OF LIFE BY DISASTERS DURING 1866.—It appears that during 1866 there were 85 railway accidents in the United States in which lives were lost, and in them 115 persons were killed and 607 wounded. This is a great improvement over 1865, when there were 183 railroad accidents, in which 335 persons were killed and 1,427 wounded; and it exhibits a less number of killed and wounded by such accidents than any year since 1861. These accidents, however, do not include any where persons were injured by their own carelessness. There were 23 steamboat accidents during 1866 on the various rivers and lakes in the United States, by which 633 persons were killed and 156 wounded. This is a less number than occurred during 1865, for which year the report is 32 accidents, in which 1,788 persons were killed and 265 wounded, but it is a larger number than was reported for any previous year since 1854. These reports do not include loss of life by disasters at sea nor during naval engagements.

NOW AND THEN:

Patriotism in 1864—No power on earth can or shall dissolve the Union.

Patriotism in 1866—The Union is dissolved and all who deny it are copperheads and traitors.

Treason in 1864—To speak disrespectfully of the President and his policy.

Treason in 1866—To speak respectfully of the President and his policy.

The following is given as the statistics of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, including the Southern States: Whole number of parishes, 2,306; number of clergy, 2,530; total membership, 161,225; contributions the past year, $3,951,667.

General S. R. Curtis, a commissioner to examine the Union Pacific Railroad, and a distinguished soldier of the war, died of apoplexy at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on Christmas night.

A CONNECTICUT Yankee has cleared his house of rats by catching one and dipping him in red paint. He then let him loose, and other rats not liking his looks, left immediately. What next?