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The Kent News.

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

VOL. 27. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867. No. 41.

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.

G. W. BRYANT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office adjoining A. W. Sparks' Store. feb2-tf.

FOR SALE,

A FIRE-PROOF SAFE, Herring's Patent. Will be sold low. Apply to
feb2-3t. J. N. USILTON.

20,000 Peach Trees for sale; can be seen on the subscriber's Farm.
NORRIS BERNARD,
Still Pond X Roads, P. O., Md.
Jan. 12, 1867—tf.

Groceries Not Advanced,

AS HAS BEEN REPORTED. Sugars still 10 and 12½ cents per lb.
Jan. 26. T. W. ELIASON & SON.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, TWELVE FINE YOUNG HORSES, on a credit of 12 months, with approved security. Also, a few large TURKEYS, of the Bronze breed.
JOHN GALE,
jan5-tf. Worton Manor.

Live Poultry Wanted.

TURKEYS, LIVE, 14 cents per pound,
GEESE & DUCKS 13 " " "
CHICKENS 12 " " "
EGGS 30 cents per dozen.
At SHALLCROSS' WHARF,
jan26-3t. Near Locust Grove.

For Sale,

THE FARM formerly belonging to John B. H. Anderson, located between Fairlee and Worton, on the Bay, containing 389 ACRES. For particulars enquire on the premises. WM. OVEREND.
Jan. 26, 1867—3t*

Delinquent Tax-Payers
Of the First District,
TAKE NOTICE.

THIRTY DAYS after the date of this notice, I shall proceed to collect all unpaid taxes in the 1st District of Kent county for 1866, BY LAW. This is the *last notice*, and all who are in arrears will consult their interest by paying up. I will make no exceptions whatever, as my books must be closed up.
SAMUEL G. COPPER, Collector.
Jan. 26, 1867—5t.

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.

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.

LOOK! LOOK!

NOW OPEN
At E. T. WILLIS'
Nearly opposite the Court House, adjoining the store of T. W. Eliason & Son,

A Fine Assortment of
Gold and Silver
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
Plated Ware,
&c., &c.,

Just Purchased in New York and Philadelphia from the Importers and Manufacturers, and will be sold as cheap as they can be bought at retail in the City. ☞ All Goods warranted as represented.

☞ Call and see for yourselves. Remember the place, at E. T. WILLIS', nearly opposite the Court House. [Jan. 12, 1867—tf.]

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

NEW U. S. BOUNTIES,
INCREASED PENSIONS,
BACK PAY, &c., &c
State and Local Bounty.

White and Colored Soldiers, or their Widows or heirs, can have their claims promptly and faithfully attended to, (without charge until collected,) by

WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
70 *W. Fayette St.*, (*near St. Paul St.*,)
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Information given *Gratis.—Enclose a postage Stamp for reply.* jan12

WANTED TO BUY
FUR, RAGS, HIDES, EGGS, &c., for which the highest market price will be paid in cash, by ABEL J. REES.
Rees' Corner, Feb. 2, 1867.

SPECTACLES—Gold, Silver & Steel frames—for sale very low, at WILLIS', adjoining the store of T. W. Eliason & Son.

The Cheerful Heart.

Some deem the world a dreary place,
Devoid of all redeeming merits,
But oh it wears another face
To cheerful and contented spirits!
Why ever dim joy's brightest rays,
By gloomy fears of coming sorrows?
I always cheat the cloudy days
With hopeful thoughts of happier morrows.

'Tis true that "all things bright must fade"—
That autumn's strong resistless powers,
With chilling wind and freezing shade
Will blast the leaves and blight the flowers;
For the departed summer's prime
Let other hearts be vainly yearning,
But through the snows of winter time,
I gladly watch for its returning.

'Tis true life's sorrows every day
Seem almost to outweigh its pleasures,
And death full often steals away
A trusting heart's most cherished treasures;
Let others mourn one dear one less,
And mildly weep o'er heart-strings riven,
I'd only joy that I possess
Another loving friend in Heaven!

'Tis true the friends are sadly few
On whom we lean with trust unshaken,
And oft o'er those we fancied true,
Faith sighs to find herself mistaken.
I yield not to one vain regret,
When wayward fate hath so bereft me,
But only love more fondly yet
The dear ones still so kindly left me.

Though hope may cease to sing awhile,
And joy's sweet light seem slowly paling,
'Tis better far to wear a smile,
For sighs and tears are unavailing.
Let others weep that bright dreams fade,
And, weakly wearing sorrow's fetter,
Forever seek life's gloomiest shade,—
I love its cheering sunshine better!

What though my lot of pain and toil
Be lowlier than my prouder brother's?
What though I heap no golden spoil,
The envy and the hate of others?
Let others seek the shining road,
And talk with mammon's worldly minions,
I joy that I've no wealth to load
To earth my spirit's heavenward pinions.

Brightly may glisten glory's light,
No envy in my bosom waking,
Nor fame's proud wreath though fair to sight,
Oft blooms above a heart that's breaking.
The monarch's crown I covet not,
And only pity those who wear it,
Desiring with my humble lot
O nly a cheerful heart to bear it.

THE HAPPIEST SEASONS.—At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked, "Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said:

"When the Spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees and they are covered with blossoms, I think, How beautiful is Spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its beautiful foliage, and singing birds are in its branches, I think, How beautiful is summer! When Autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, How beautiful is Autumn! And when it is sere winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look through the leafless branches, as I never could till now, and see the stars shine."

THE COST OF WAR.—Give me the money that has been paid in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of. I will build a school-house upon every hill-side, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth, I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace. I will support in the pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven. —*Stepping.*

YOUNG MEN.—The most anxious moment is when he forsakes the parental roof, and goes into the wide world to seek a livelihood. The interests of life are crowded into thrt period. The tears of a mother and the counsels of a father consecrate the eventful moment. If he holds fast his integrity, the prayer of his father and mother, rising oft when the still dews are falling, will bring blessings thick as the manna that fell around the camp of the elected nation, upon his path.

IT is truly a most christian exercise to extract a sentiment of piety from the works and appearances of nature. Our Saviour expatiates on a flower, and draws from it the delightful argument of confidence in God. He gives us to see that taste may be combined with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplations of religion, and be, at the same time, alive to the charms and loveliness of nature.

WHAT sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint and hero, the wise, the good and the great man very often lie hid in the plebian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and brought to light.

WHEN you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect. This is excellent advice.

NATURE has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is only his image.

A YOUNG married couple bear a striking resemblance to some kind of fruit—for instance a green pair.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The clock had just struck the midnight hour, when the chaplain was summoned to the cot of a wounded soldier. He had left him only an hour before with confident hopes of his speedy recovery—hopes which were shared by the surgeon and the wounded man himself. But a sudden change had taken place, and the surgeon had come to say that the man could live but an hour or two at most, and to beg the chaplain to make the fearful announcement to the dying man.

He was soon at his side, but overpowered by his emotions, was utterly unable to deliver his message. The dying man, however, quickly read the solemn truth in the altered looks of the chaplain, his faltering voice and ambiguous words. He had not before entertained a doubt of his recovery. He was expecting soon to see his mother, and, with her kind nursing, soon to be well. He was therefore entirely unprepared for the announcement, and at first it was overwhelming.

"I am to die, then; and—how long?"

As he had before expressed hope in Christ, the chaplain replied, "You have made your peace with God; let death come as soon as it will He will carry you over the river."

"Yes, but this is awfully sudden—awfully sudden." His lips quivered; he looked up grievingly—"and I shall not see my mother."

"Christ is better than a mother," murmured the chaplain.

"Yes." The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lip steadier; and when the eyes opened again there was a light in their depths that could have come only from Heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain; "the bitterness is now over, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother—" he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see her; but if God will permit me I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I have thought of them all. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul, and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus! Now, will you pray with me?"

With swelling emotion and tender tones the chaplain besought God's grace and presence; then restraining his sobs, he bowed down and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother. So thought perhaps the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty as he said, "Thank you; I won't trouble you any longer. You are wearied out; go to your rest."

"The Lord God be with you," was the firm response. "Amen!" trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room.—There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door, encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word, "Gone." Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.'

This history, with many similar cases, impressively teaches how necessary it is that the soldier should always be ready to die. Life, uncertain to all, is peculiarly so to him. Death often, and indeed generally, is to him "so sudden." He may not even for a few days linger upon his cot. Struck down upon the battle field by some swift messenger of death, not one moment may be left him to cry for mercy. If smitten with disease it is but little better. Delirium or lethargy often shut out all hope of repentance, and he rapidly sinks in death. What opportunity had this "dying soldier" to prepare for death after the sudden announcement from the chaplain? If he had not before "made his peace with God," it seems almost certain he would have died in his impenitence, passed into eternity with no title to heaven, no preparation for its holy joys.—Thousands thus die, and the darkness of the second death settles upon their doom.

Especially are we taught in this case how precious is the Christian hope in the dying hour. Death in its mildest form and best circumstances is an event full of mystery and dread. It removes us at once from all the fair and lovely scenes of earth; severs the tender ties that bind us to kindred and friends so much loved and delighted in; blights many long and fondly cherished hopes of earthly good; consigns the body to the cold, dark grave; introduces the spirit to an unseen, untried world, to scenes of which we have but the most dim and faint conception. Is it wonderful that nature shrinks from such an event, and clings to life? But besides this instinctive dread, there is to the impenitent the just apprehension of coming wrath.—Death ushers him into the presence of a holy God, whom he has offended by his sins, whose overtures of mercy he has rejected, and all whose gracious influences he has resisted; and what hope can there be that he will escape the righteous anger of his Judge? Before him stretches out a long and dark eternity full of images of woe. With such a prospect, how can he die? He turns to his friends, implores them not to let him die. But all in vain. Urged by a resistless power, full of anguish and horror, he groans and dies.

Oh, what a contrast between this and the Christian's departure—so calm, so peaceful, so triumphant! Though a sinner, he feels that he is forgiven; God is now reconciled to him. Jesus has borne his sins, and intercedes for him above.—His presence takes away the fear of death and the bright prospect of soon entering heaven fills him with serene and holy joy. He welcomes the stroke that separates him from all earthly charms, and lets his ransomed spirit rise to those pure and blissful scenes that open before him. Sweetly and triumphantly he sings, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" and departs to be with Christ.

And this is but the beginning of that endless happiness which is before him.—Purified from sin, perfectly conformed to the image of God, he is destined to go on from glory to glory, increasing in knowledge and rising in bliss through ages that know no end.

Who does not say, "Let me die the death of the righteous?" Well, my friend if you wish thus to die, now is your time to be ready. Wait not till the hand of death is upon you. That is the madness of presumption. Thousands who have done so are now reaping the bitter fruits of their folly in the woes of the bottomless pit. God now invites you, the Savior is ready to receive you, the spirit strives, conscience admonishes, everything urges you to improve the present time. Oh, be wise! Listen not for a moment to the suggestions of unbelief, to the pleadings of carnal appetites, to the allurements of ambition, to the temptations of an ensnaring world. Press through all opposing influences, lay yourself at the feet of Jesus, give yourself away to him, and entreat his grace to keep you to the end.—So shall you "die the death of the righteous," and your "last end be like his."

REMEDIES FOR POISONS.

Cases of poisoning often occur in which life might be saved, and hours of agony averted, if we only knew what to do in season. If a poison burns the throat and acts violently upon the stomach, swallow half a pint of sweet oil, or melted butter or lard, and within five minutes take half a pint of warm water, in which has been stirred a teaspouful of ground mustard and salt. The oil arrests the action of the poison, and the mustard, etc., causes vomiting. If the poison swallowed does not burn the throat and act with instant violence, but causes sickness, stupor or faintness, swallow the white of three eggs, also a quantity of the strongest coffee it is possible to make, and in a few minutes take the warm water and mustard and salt, as before mentioned. An eminent physician says that with the prompt use of oil, and white of eggs, and strong coffee, and the emetic as above directed, the fatal results of any poison likely to fall in the way of man, or child, may be always averted. The remedies are, in themselves, harmless, and might all be taken into the stomach at once, in any quantity, without damage to the system; and they are things that we always have at hand. But while using these things don't fail to send for a physician. And above all, first of all, don't have any poison around.—*Country Gentleman.*

NEVER REPRESS YOUR TEARS.—A physician of France has published a lengthy dissertation on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish—that he has uniformly observed that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations, than those who suppose it is unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice, as either to groan or cry. He is always pleased by the crying and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a violent surgical operation, because he is satisfied that he will thereby soothe his nervous system so as to prevent fever, and insure a favorable termination. He relates the case of a man who, by crying and bawling, reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours. That some patients often have great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients experience great relief from crying, are facts which no person will deny. As to restless and hypochondriacal subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treatment, the French surgeon assures them that they cannot do better than groan all day and cry all night.

DEATH or change is the law of every fish, insect, bird, of every creature. We must die to make room for change, for fresh beauty, fresh forms. Those wonderful statisticians had computed that if everything that had died was piled on the habitable parts of our globe, it would make a pile three miles high! If we had continued to live there would be no room for new forms; therefore death is a blessing. It takes us from joys and from cares; from hopes and from fears; from work and from oppression. Each part of us is made up of cells; each cell dies when its function is completed; they die daily, hourly, minutely. The ancients on their monuments represent death as the renewal of life.—It is so represented in the inverted torch, in the butterfly going forth from its disagreeable cell. Emerson's lament on the death of his boy is an exquisite poem; every line is a tear.

GENEROUS.—Mrs. John Morrissey has adopted a little ragged, deformed newsboy, and is educating him at the New York Academy. John Morrissey supports four pensioners, three disabled soldiers, and a crippled man. He may, others. This was discovered by a lady calling around bestowing charity.—*Freemason.*

Correspondence between Gen. B. F. Butler and Brick Pomeroy.

The La Crosse (Wisconsin) *Democrat* publishing the following correspondence, as having taken place between General Butler and its editor, Mr. Pomeroy. It explains itself:

No. 71 BROADWAY, N. YORK CITY.
January 13, 1867.

M. M. Pomeroy, Editor Democrat, La Crosse, Wisconsin:

SIR—When in Milwaukie last October I made all arrangements with parties there toward the prosecution of the suit I have brought against you for defamation of character, as per preliminary notification and summons. This was the principal object I had in visiting Wisconsin, and my work was done well. On consultation with a few friends I have decided to withdraw the suit if you will agree to stop your personal attacks on me as a man and officer, which have so often appeared in your paper, the La Crosse *Democrat*. I have no particular desire or need to collect of you the amount claimed ($100,000), but do wish to have your annoying articles stopped, and if you do not accede to this proposition, the law must take its course. B. F. BUTLER.

REPLY.

SANCTUM OF THE DEMOCRAT,
La Crosse, Wis., January 18, 1867.

Major General B. F. Butler, LL.D.:

SIR—Your note is before me by to-day's mail, and duly noted. As at present constituted, with a natural disgust for thieves, robbers, turn-coats, military blunderers, bank-robbers, women insulters and evil-hearted scoundrels generally, permet me in all kindness to say that I have no retraction to make to you, for I never published a word concerning you I did not believe true, and which you must know to be true as holy writ, if you are at all familiar with your own dishonorable history as a public being, dignified by accident of birth with the name of man. I would not willingly injure your feelings, or *deprive* you of your *world-wide reputation*, so well-earned in the service of Butler *vs.* honesty, patriotism and virtue.—Nor do I wish you to die yet awhile, for your name, history, blunders, robberies, insults to women, and treason to your country, are valuable as warnings to the rising generation.

Believing you to be all I have ever charged you with being, confident in my full ability to prove every charge, you are politely privileged to let the law take its course, when the world will know more of your robberies, history, ambitions, &c., too numerous to mention.

The only favor I ask of you is this—if you conclude to go on with your suit for libel and damages to the amount of $100,000, permit me to plead my own case in court, and give me only time to put my spoons, silverware, watches, jewelry, &c., in some place of safety, outside the courtroom, till the trial is over.

With best wishes for your success and warm reception in your future home, I am, sir, M. M. POMEROY,
Editor *Democrat*, La Crosse, Wis.

Rejection of Major General Curtis.

Major General N. Martin Curtis was one of the best generals in the army. He voluntecred, like General Slocum, in one of the first regiments raised in this State. His services and abilities were soon recognized by his superiors and the War Department, and he was early honored with the rank of brigadier-general. At the storming of Fort Fisher he led the assault, marching, with sword in hand in advance of his men. His heroism attracted the attention of the enemy and he fell with five severe wounds and was carried off the field in a dying condition. The Legislature of this State passed resolutions, reciting his brave deeds, and thanking him for his conduct in the service. He remained in the service about a year after the close of the war and was repeatedly offered a position in the regular army. Last summer President Johnson appointed this gallant soldier Collector of Customs at Ogdensburgh. His name has been sent to the Senate for confirmation, and the result is his rejection! The thousands of brave men who fought for four years with General Curtis, and who witnessed his suffering and devotion in defense of the Union, will not forget such treatment towards their old commander! Rejected for what? Because he believes in the restoration of the Union, and not in forced separation. —*Albany Argus.*

"OUR PLATFORM."—Under the above heading the Nashville Gazette keeps the following standing in its editorial columns:

"Let the Southern people be sure to produce, as they easily can, an abundant supply of provisions, manufacture their own timber and iron into all the implements they need, spin and weave all the cotton they consume, and let only the surplus of the staple, if any, pass over to Lowell and Manchester, to be paid for in hard cash. Let them do whatever may be necessary to secure a free republican State government, and steadily refuse, by any debasing compliances, to purchase the privilege of enjoying their constitutional rights in the Federal Union. So employed let them manfully meet whatever destiny may be in store for them, secure at least in the possession of their own self-respect."

THE VALUE OF CHURCH PROPERTY.—There are in the United States 11,220 Baptist churches, valued at $8,976,000; 19,833 Methodist churches, worth $89,666,000; 5,061 Presbyterian churches, at $25,305,000; 2,334 Congregational, at $14,004,000; 2,250 Catholic churches, at $22,500,000; 2,145 Episcopal churches, at $21,450,000; 440 German Reformed churches, at $4,400,000; and 264 Unitarian churches, at $4,588,009.

A Remarkable Story.

"KEEP THE LOAF UNDER YOUR OWN ARM."

The following is copied from a New York paper, printed in the year 1776, and is related as a fact. Similar cases often occur in these days, that a parent having given all into the hands of his children, is obliged to spend the remainder of his days in poverty and want.

At this time there is living in Harlem an old man, who relates the following remarkable story of himself. He was possessed of a pretty good farm, with slaves, and every thing necessary for his business, and had but one child, a son, who, having married, it was agreed that the young couple should live in the house with the parent, as he was a widower.—Things went on exceedingly well for some time, when the son proposed to his parent that he should make over to him his estate, promising to build a new house, and otherwise improve the farm. The father through persuasion, gave him a deed or gift of it, and everything belonging to it.

After a few years, as the father grew old, he grew a little fretful and dissatisfied, while the son, thinking he had nothing more to expect from him, forgot his filial duty, and used his aged father worse than he did his servants. The old man was no longer permitted to eat at the table with his son and wife, but compelled to take his meals in the chimney corner, and was constantly ill used by them. The ill usage to the old man was at length carried to such a height that he could no longer bear it, but left the house and went to a neighbor and relation of his, declaring that if his friend could not help him get his farm back again, he should be obliged to come and live with him.

His friend answered that he might come and live with him, and, if he would follow his directions he would help him get his estate again.

"Take this bag of dollars, carry it to your room at your son's, shut it well in your chest, and about the time you expect they will call you down to dinner, shut your door and have all your dollars spread on the table in the middle of the room.—When they call you make a noise with them, by sweeping them from the table into the bag again."

The bait took completely. The wife had peeped through the keyhole, and saw the dollars spread out on the table, and told it to her husband. When the old man came down they insisted on his sitting at the table with them, and treated him with uncommon civility.

The old man related to his friend what he had done, who gave him directions what to do if his son asked him for the money.

After a few days the son discovered the old man very busily engaged in counting out his money, and at the next meal time asked him what money it was he had been counting.

"Only some money I have received for the discharge of one of the bonds I had standing out. I expect more in a few days, and I fear I shall be obliged to take the farm of Mr. N——, upon which I have a mortgage, as he is not able to raise the money, and if the farm is sold, it will not fetch as much as will discharge the mortgage."

After a few days the son told his father he intended to build a house on the farm, and he would be glad if his father would let him have the money.

"Yes, child, all I have is coming to you. I intend giving you the bonds and mortgages I have, but I think it will be best to have it put altogether in a new gight. I will get neighbor L—— to call here and draw a new one."

Accordingly, his friend and cousin, who had devised the scheme, came to the house, and the son gave the father the deed, that another might be drawn from it. When the old man got the instrument into his hands, in the presence of his friend, he broke off the seal, and committed the writing to the fire, saying:

"Burn, cursed instrument of my folly and misery! and you, my dutiful children, as this estate is all my own again, you must remove immediately, unless you will be content to be my tenants. I have learned, by sad experience, that it is best for a father to hold the loaf under his own arm—and that one father can better maintain ten children, than ten children can a father."

Poor Richard's Sayings.

He that grasps at too much, holds nothing fast.

He that has most Time, has none to lose.

If the Devil catch a man idle, he'll set him to work.

Cowards run the greatest danger of any men in a battle.

Golden dreams make men awake hungry.

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.

Not to repent of a fault is to justify it.

If Youth knew what age would crave, it would strive to get and save.

Hoist your sails when the wind is fair.

Gratitude preserves old Friendship and procures new.

BUTLER is indebted for present attentions mainly to Northern editors. Here is one of the last, which we take from the New Haven *Register:*

EPIGRAM.

How brave a soldier Butler was,
Let this one fact reveal,
That even silver spoons and forks
Were worthy of his *steal.*

A YANKEE GIRL, who wished to secure employment was asked if she had any sweethearts. After a little hesitation, she replied: "Well, now, can't exactly say. I be a sorter courted, and a sorter not.—Reckon more a sorter yes than a sorter no."

DEATH OF "JACK DOWNING."—The New York papers record the death of C. A. Davis, Esq., (of the old and well-known firm of Davis & Brooks, of that city,) which occurred Sunday night, somewhat suddenly, of Bright's disease of the kidneys, the original attack being pneumonia. The New York Express gives the following sketch of the deceased:

Mr. Davis was a man of extensive information on almost all topics, much above most merchants in the law of finance, money, currency, trade and commerce—but he was more widely known to the general public as a *raconteur*—a story-teller of rare ability and abounding novelty. To the great public, no man, not even a literary man, was better known than he as the original New York Jack Downing, not the Portland (Me.) original, for he yet lives. The Portland Jack Downing won a great local fame about 1832-'33, by the stories on the Maine Legislature, but Mr. Davis, during Gen. Jackson's administration, initiated himself as Jack with the great Tennesseean, in the White House, and took part with him, with his great broad axe, in cleaving down the monster United States Bank. His letters from Washington were originally published in the New York Daily Advertiser, the predecessor of the New York Express, and transferred to the Express, had a world-wide report, and were more currently read in this country by the masses of the people than anything ever published here, unless it may have been the old Richard Almanac of Ben. Franklin. They produced a great influence upon public opinion, and probably did more than anything published to break down the dynasty of Gen. Jackson after its transfer to Mr. Van Buren. The democrats everywhere could not help reading them, and laughing over them, and the subsequent crash of the State banks finished up what "Jack" undoubtedly began.

CAN'T BE PERSUADED.—Quite a large number of the male colored population of our city assembled at the Wolfe-stree colored school house this morning, to listen to addresses delivered by Dr. Vogel and Col. Lee, containing inducements to them to emigrate, with their families, to Texas, where they all would find comfortable homes, and be employed at fair wages, by a Mr. Green, who has large cotton plantations in that State. If, however, any of the audience were induced by the addresses to contemplate making their future homes in the Southwest, their determination was suddenly changed by a speech from a colored man, an old resident of this city, named W. H. Nailor, whose experience compelled him to advise all of his color to remain in the State in which they had been born and raised, and where they were acquainted with the people among whom they lived, and not to be persuaded to go on wild goose expeditions by people from the North, about whose disinterested and philanthropic intentions he had his own opinions. Remarks in opposition to the proposed emigration were also made by Hannibal King, Wm. Davis, Geo Windsor and Thomas Harper, all colored. —*Alexandria Gazette.*

COLORED EMIGRATION FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.—For two months past a large number of the colored farm hands of the State have left the middle and upper districts, and have gone in large numbers to the South and Southwest. They have gone to all sections of the Southern country—Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas and Florida. This last State appears to be the favorite, and some five thousand to six thousand at least have passed through this city, bound in that direction. The number that have left the upper country in wagons it is difficult to estimate, but we have heard the total number that have left put down at twenty-five thousand.—*Charleston News.*

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU IN MARYLAND.—The report of Brevet Major Gen. Gregory, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of Maryland, for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1866, has been received by Gen. Howard. The report states that the condition of the colored people in the State is generally satisfactory, although difficulties are still met with in securing justice for the freedmen through the civil courts, owing to the exclusion by magistrates of the testimony of colored people. During the quarter no abandoned property has been in possession of the bureau, nor have any rations been issued to the freedmen. There has been a decided improvement in the interest taken in the education of the colored people and the schools are in good condition.

SOUTHERN RACING REGULATIONS.—A notice of a race in the Baton Rouge *Advocate* has the following regulations appended:

The judges will settle no squabbles between private parties. The fastest horse will win the race. Colored people will be removed from the track if they do not behave like white people. No fighting allowed until after the race, and then not within six hundred yards of the track.—No liquor to be brought on the ground, outside of the person carrying it.

FOUR CHILDREN AT A BIRTH.—We learn that this little incident happened one day last week to a lady of this city, and that this is the third time she has thus augmented the number of her household by more than one at a time—first two, then three, and now four.—*Mobile Register.*

THE LAST CAUSE FOR "STRIKING."—In compliance with orders from a "trade union," a hundred carpenters employed by a firm in Sunderland, England, struck because their employers would not give them their beer at three o'clock instead of after their day's work was done.

A PRESENT TO RISTORI.—Cincinnati will be Cincinnati. An exchange says that some admirers of Ristori in that city recently got so frantic in their appreciation of her fine acting, that they presented her with six large hogs as an evidence of their affectionate regard.

As the quickest way of making a fortune, a contemporary suggests marrying a fashionable young lady and selling her clothing.

AN exchange says that it is just as sensible a move to undertake to get married without courting, as to attempt any business without advertising.