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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.

AGENCY
FOR THE COLLECTION OF BOUNTY
FOR DRAFTED MEN.

THE subscriber will attend to the Collection of Claims for BOUNTY. All Claims entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.
JESSE K. HINES.
Chestertown, ap13-3m.

BOUNTIES!

THE undersigned having procured approved Blanks, will attend to the collection of CLAIMS AGAINST THE STATE or UNITED STATES, growing out of service rendered in the Army or Navy.
G. W. BRYANT,
ap27tf. Attorney at Law, Chestertown.

NEW FURNITURE STORE
IN CHESTERTOWN.

J. H. BURCHINAL & SON,

RESPECTFULLY inform the public that they have opened a new FURNITURE STORE in Chestertown, in the three-story Brick Building corner of High and Cross Streets. Their stock is all new, was bought at the very lowest cash prices, and they guarantee to sell as low as the same quality of goods can be purchased in the city. Their stock consists of

Bedsteads, Mattrasses, Chairs,
BUREAUS, TABLES, STANDS,
LOOKING GLASSES and TRUNKS.
Also, White and Check STRAW MATTING, Ingrain, Rag, List and Hemp CARPETING, Linen and Paper WINDOW CURTAINS of various patterns and colors,
together with a general variety of Housefurnishing Goods. An examination of goods and prices is respectfully invited.
J. H. BURCHINAL & SON.
Chestertown, my25-y.

NOTICE
OF THE COMMISSIONER
OF
SLAVE STATISTICS.

THE subscriber having qualified as Commissioner of Slave Statistics for Kent county, is prepared to discharge the duties imposed upon him by the Act of Assembly relative thereto.

Persons whose slaves were emancipated by the Constitution of 1864 are hereby notified to appear before him with lists of their Negroes, containing the ages, condition and sex of the same; also, with such information as they may possess as to whether any of said former slaves had prior to or after that time entered the service of the United States.

He will be found at KENNEDYVILLE from the 3rd to the 20th day of June.
PHILIP MEDDERS,
my25-tf. Commis'r of Slave Statistics.

N. B.—Notice will be given of the time and place of meeting in each district. P. M.

"THE OLD SHOP,"
Where you can get Work done without Waiting.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT hereby notify their friends and patrons that they have made temporary arrangements on the old stand for prosecuting their business, and are fully prepared to do all work in their line.

BLACKSMITHING in all its branches.

CARRIAGE SMITHING particularly attended to. MACHINERY of all kinds repaired. Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth of superior quality and pattern. Hoes of all descriptions. All kinds of Hinges and Harrows. Particular attention paid to Zinking Boxes and balancing Cylinders.

Having just been *burnt out*, as our friends all know, loosing our entire stock and tools, and being at a large expense to replace them, we need money, and a considerable amount of it, and earnestly appeal to all indebted to come forward and settle; if not all, a part will be thankfully received.
Chestertown, April 6, 1867—tf.

LOOK AT THIS!
A NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP IN CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned having fitted up a Shop on Cross St., nearly adjoining Dr. Wroth's, respectfully informs the Farmers and public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the Blacksmithing line, at the lowest prices and at the shortest notice.

Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing at the low price of $1.50, and all other work in proportion. He hopes by strict and punctual attention to his business to merit a share of the public patronage.
apr20-3m. ALFRED L. BENJAMIN.

BLACKSMITHING, &c.

THE subscriber has purchased of Mr. Daniel P. Cox his entire interest in the BLACKSMITH SHOP at the Trappe, and having employed Mr. Cox to carry on the shop, will be prepared at all times to accommodate Farmers and others who may desire work done. There is a Wheelwright Shop adjoining, so that jobs which require iron and wood work combined, can be promptly executed.

Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

PLOWS, HARROWS and CULTIVATORS will be kept on hand, and made to order, of any pattern. J. W. CREW.

BUTCHERING.

HAVING purchased the good will and fixtures of S. S. Usilton in the Butchering business, the undersigned respectfully informs the public that he may be found in market, after this date, every morning (except Sundays) until 9 o'clock, and after that hour at his stand formerly kept by Geo. W. Simpson.

It is his intention to But her MEATS OF THE BEST QUALITY ONLY, and the public may rest assured that they can supply themselves at his stall with the choicest cuts at moderate prices. R. S. USILTON.
Chestertown, April 6, 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.

OIL SHADES, Beautiful Goods, and without an exception the *Price*
Has Pleased Every One!
For sale by WM. A. VICKERS.
June 1, 1867.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Circuit Court of Kent county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will expose to Public Sale, on

WEDNESDAY,
The Nineteenth day of June, 1867,

at 11 o'clock, A., at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, the

FARM IN WORTON,

in Kent county, Maryland, commonly known as

"GREEN POINT,"

formerly the property of Major Samuel G. Kennard, and late the property of John S. Kennard, deceased, containing about

360 ACRES.

This Farm has been limed, is under good fencing, is divided into seven fields and two lots, and there are three Tenant Houses on the premises.

ABOUT 100 ACRES ARE IN **WOOD,**

mostly on navigable water, on Worton Creek. There is also a WHARF on the Creek and every facility for loading vessels.

The soil is good, and grows Wheat, Oats and Grass very finely. With suitable cultivation Corn is also raised in considerable quantities.

The location is one of the finest in the county, and the site for a Dwelling is probably unsurpassed. The Banks are high, and a beautiful view of the Bay, of Harford, and the country in the vicinity of the premises is presented to the eye. The elevation of the place is a security to a great extent against sickness; the situation of this property and the surrounding country is healthy, and the neighborhood is very good. Very little fencing is necessary for the farm, which adjoins the lands of Messrs. James W. Skirven, Joseph W. Edwards and others.

Mr. EDWARD PLUMMER, the tenant, will shew the property to any one who may call to examine it.

The Buildings

consist of a FRAME DWELLING, quite commodious; KITCHEN, STABLE, GRANARY, &c., in fair condition.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:

Three hundred dollars on the day of sale, or within thirty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustee; one-half of the balance of the purchase money in two years from the day of sale, and the residue in two equal instalments in three and four years from the day of sale, with interest from the first day of January next, payable semi-annually, to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser to the Trustee, with security to be approved by him.

GEORGE VICKERS, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, May 25, 1867—ts.

[Cecil Democrat copy lawtds, and send paper and bill to Trustee.]

Pennington Improved Reaper.

HYLAND & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS of the PENNINGTON IMPROVED REAPER, at Galena, Kent county, Md., invite the attention of Farmers to the following testimonials in regard to the superior merits of this machine:

BROAD OAK, May 5th, 1867.

MESSRS. HYLAND & CO.: Sirs—I have used the Pennington Reaper, manufactured by yourselves, for several years, and consider it far superior to any machine I have ever used, it being of lighter draft, and will cut wheat or oats much better when wet or damp.
Respectfully, GEO. W. SPENCER.

GALENA, May 3d, 1867.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.: Gents—I am pleased to bear testimony of the excellence of the Pennington Reaper, manufactured by you, having used one two seasons without breakage. It is made of the best materials, centre draft, light and strong, and will cut more wheat or oats in a day than any other reaper I am acquainted with, and less liable to get out of order.
Yours respectfully, EUGENE GOODING.

GEORGETOWN, May 6th, 1867.

HYLAND & CO.: Sirs—I have used the Pennington Reaper, made by you, for many years with great satisfaction, and can recommend it for its light draft, durability and complete success in the harvest field.
Yours, C. H. B. MASSEY.

I have used the Pennington Improved Reaper made by Hyland & Ruth; it will cut from 25 to 27 acres per day, runs light, and is the best I ever saw. ED. B. WOODALL.
NEAR GALENA, May 4, 1867.

I have owned four reapers, and am now using the Pennington Improved Reaper, made by Hyland & Ruth. It is worth all the others together, runs easy, and will cut more grain than any other. WM. V. MYERS.
NEAR GALENA, May 4, 1867.

I use the Pennington Improved Reaper. It is less exvensive than other reapers, cuts 6½ feet, easy on the team, has sickle knife, self-sharping guards; made and improved by Hyland & Ruth, in Galena. ELI J. FOWL.
NEAR GALENA, May 4, 1867.

I use the Pennington Improved Reaper, made by Hyland & Ruth, of Gal , and prefer it to any others. It is centre draft, easy taken apart for housing, cuts over 25 acres per day when managed right, and leaves a clean field behind. It is a sickled self-sharpener.
RICHARD PEACOCK.
NEAR GALENA, May 4, 1867.

MESSRS. WM. A. HYLAND & CO.: Sirs—The Improved Pennington Reaper I bought of you last harvest gave me satisfaction. It is of light draft—cuts a wide swath (6 feet 9 in.,) and is not liable to get out of order. I cheerfully recommend it. Respectfully,
May 6, 1867. J. W. IRELAND.

I hereby certify that I have used one of the Pennington Improved Reapers, now manufactured by WM. A. HYLAND & CO., for the last four years at a very small expense, and with great satisfaction. It is durable, light of draft, and cutting as it does a swath of 6½ feet, will with a good team and driver cut about 25 acres per day. It is easily and speedily repaired at the shop, as every part is constantly kept on hand, causing but little delay if anything should accidentally break, which is a great advantage over Reapers from a distance which have to be sent miles for repairs, by which time harvest is over. J. MEDFORD ARMSTRONG.
GALENA, Kent Co., May 4th, 1867.
my18-6t.

NEW MILLINERY

Mrs. M. E. Stuart,

RESPECTFULLY invites the Ladies of Chestertown and vicinity to call and examine her FINE ASSORTMENT OF MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, which she has just returned from the city with. Her stock comprises all the styles of the season. Do not fail to call and examine my stock before you purchase elsewhere. Call at second door below Dr. J. T. Twilley's, Main St. a20-3m.

Executor's Sale
OF THREE
VALUABLE FARMS
In Kent County, Md.

BY VIRTUE of the Will of the late E. F. Chambers, the subscriber as Executor, will offer at Public Sale at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, on

Thursday, the 20th June, 1867,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., the following lands, generally known as the "BAY SIDE FARM," "OUTER BAY SIDE FARM," and "CAMELWORTHMORE FARM."

The Bay Side Farm
CONTAINS ABOUT
330 ACRES,

of which 210 Acres are arable, and the residue in WOOD AND TIMBER. It lies directly on Chesapeake Bay between Fairlee Creek and Rees' Wharf, has a fine view of the Bay and celebrated Fishing Grounds, and grain is shipped directly from the farm.

The land is divided into six fields, under good fencing. The soil is naturally productive and has been improved, and is well adapted to the growth of all cereals and fruits, especially Peaches, and is but two or three hours run from Baltimore.

The Improvements

are a Two-Story FRAME DWELLING, Barn, Corn House, Stable, Meat House, and good Dairy, with excellent water. Also a small APPLE ORCHARD just beginning to bear.

The Farm has been limed, and is convenient to public Landings, Mills, School and Post Office. Mr. VOSHELL, on the farm, will show the premises.

THE OUTER BAY SIDE FARM,
CONTAINS ABOUT
411 ACRES,

of which 210 Acres are arable and the balance in WOOD AND TIMBER, some of the Timber White Oak. This farm adjoins the land of Geo. S. Diehl and the Caulk's Field Farm, two and a half miles from the Public Landing on Fairlee Creek, and the same distance from Rees' Wharf.

The Improvements

consist of a new TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING 40 by 20 feet, a new Corn House, Stable and Barn.

Also, small Apple Orchard beginning to bear. The Farm produces well, and it may be deemed desirable to sell a portion of the Wood and Timber in a separate division.

Mr. PANE, on the premises, will show the farm.

"Camelworthmore"
CONTAINS
About 400 ACRES,

of which between 250 and 300 Acres are arable and the remainder WOOD AND TIMBER. It is improved by a one-story BRICK DWELLING and necessary Out-Buildings, with a new Pump, and small Apple Orchard. It lies near the main road leading from Chestertown to Still Pond, and is directly on the proposed line of the Kent Rail Road, the extreme corner being cut thereby, and about seven miles from Chestertown, adjoining Mr. Lemuel Skeggs' farm.

This farm is very productive, and has all the qualities for growing Peach Trees.

Mr. GRAVES will show the premises.

These Lands, taken in the aggregate, are not excelled in natural productiveness by any lands in the county, are susceptible of the highest improvement and would make valuable Fruit Farms, and will be but a short distance from the Kent Rail Road. The locations are desirable, being convenient to places of Public Worship, Schools, &c. They are now being surveyed and Plots will be exhibited at the sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

These terms are proposed, subject to such modifications as may be found necessary to effect advantageous sales, viz: Twenty-five per cent. of each purchase cash, or within sixty days, the residue in three equal annual instalments from the day of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bonds or notes with security approved by the undersigned, bearing interest from the day of sale.

GEORGE W. T. PERKINS,
Exec'r of E. F. Chambers.
May 18, 1867—tds.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court of Kent county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on

WEDNESDAY, the 19th of June, 1867,

at half-past eleven o'clock, A. M., at the Voshell House, in Chestertown,

A Tract of WOODLAND,

in Quaker Neck, in said county, called "PINERS BOUNDER," containing about **57 Acres,** adjoining the Lands of the heirs of Cornelius Browne, and bounded in part by Back Creek and Chester River, and is the property of the heirs of the late Capt. Morgan Browne, dec'd.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:

One-third of the purchase money cash, and the balance payable in two equal instalments, in six and twelve months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser with security to be approved by the Trustee.

The Creditors of the late Morgan Browne, deceased are hereby notified to file their claims against the said deceased, within four months from the day of sale, proved according to law.

GEORGE VICKERS, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, May 25, 1867—ts.

Public Sales of Land.

THE undersigned, as Agent, will expose to Public Sale, at the Voshell House in Chestertown, on WEDNESDAY, 19th of June, 1867, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following property:

The Dale or Jones Farm, in Swan Creek containing 314 Acres. Mr. Peter Stokes, Tenant.

The Hugh Wallis Farm, in Morgan's Creek Neck, occupied by Mr. Wm. W. Wallis, containing about 500 Acres.

The House and Lot in the vicinity of Chestertown, the property of Mrs. Jane M. Dobbs.

☞ Terms made known at the sale.

GEORGE VICKERS, *Agent.*
Chestertown, May 25, 1867—tds.

JUST PURCHASED
Another New Assortment of
FINE JEWELRY,
Beautiful Cross Setts, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, fine Bogwood Sets, &c. Also, another supply of heavy 18k. Rings. Call and see! at E. T. WILLIS',
May 18, 1867. adjoining Eliason & Son's.

UP IN THE BARN.

Old Farmer Joe steps through the doors
As wide to him as gates of Thebes;
And thoughtful walks about the floors
Whereon are piled his Winter stores,
And counts the profits of his glebes.

Ten tons of timothy up there,
And four of clover in the bay;
Red-top that's cut, well middlin' fair,
And bins of roots, oblong and square,
To help eke out the crops of hay.

A dozen head of cattle stand
Reflective in the leaf-strewn yard;
And stalks are stacked on every hand,
The latest offering of the land
To labor long maintained and hard.

Cart loads of pumpkins yonder lie—
The horse is feeding in his stall,
The oats are bundled scaffold high,
And peas and beans are heaped hard by,
As if there were some festival.

At length Old Farmer Joe sits down—
A patch across each of his knees;
He crowds his hat back on his crown,
Then clasps his hands so hard and brown—
And, like a farmer, takes his ease.

"How fast the years do go!"
"It seems, in fact, but yesterday,
That in this very barn, we three—
David, Ezekiel and me—
Pitched in the summer loads of hay!

David—he sails his clipper now;
And 'Zekiel died in Mexico—
Some one must stay and ride to plough,
Get up the horse and milk the cow—
And who, of couse, but little Joe!

I might have been—I can't tell what!
Who knows about it till he tries?
I might have settled in some spot,
Where money is more easy got;
Perhaps beneath Pacific's skies.

I might have preached like Parson Jones;
Or got a living at the law;
I might have gone to Congress, sure;
I might have kept a Water Cure;
I might have gone and been—oh, pshaw!

Far better is it as it is;
What future waits him, no man knows;
What he has got, that sure is his;
It makes no odds if stocks have riz,
Or politicians come to blows!

'Content is rich and somethin' more'—
I think I've heard somebody say;
If it rains, it's apt to pour;
And I am rich on the barn floor,
Where all is mine that I can raise.

I've ploughed and mowed this dear old farm,
Till not a rod but what I know;
I've kept the old folks snug and warm—
And lived without a twinge of harm—
I don't care how the storm might blow.

And on this same old farm I'll stay,
And raise my cattle and my corn;
Here shall these hairs turn wholly gray;
These feet shall never learn to stray;
But I will die where I was born."

And Farmer Joe pulled down his hat,
And stood upon his feet once more;
He would not argue after that,
But, like a born aristocrat,
Kept on his walk about the floor.

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

A babe at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of nought but mother's love,—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-winged butterflies,—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her,—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words,—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin, kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands,—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
Forever hers till death shall part,—
So sweet a mother's joy.

The matron in life's autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees,—
So rich in autumn's store.

NO ONE LIKE A MOTHER.

A poor old woman lay upon her sick bed in a close, uncomfortable home, with a daughter and little grandchild to take care of her. But whom do you think this aged woman called for all the time, and longed to have come and nurse her?

It was "mother"—her own mother.

"O, there's nobody like mother to take care of you when you are sick," she said.

A person present asked how long her mother had been dead.

"About fifty years, I reckon," she answered.

Do you think you will remember your mother's loving care for fifty years? No doubt you will, if God spares your life. You may think but little of it now, but you will think a great deal of it then.—This woman's children and grandchildren have grown up about her, but her heart reached back over all that waste of years to the time when she was a child at her mother's side.

It was for "mother," "mother," that our poor boys, in tent and hospital, called and prayed, when sick and wounded they were laid down to die.

O, there is nobody like a mother in love and care for us. What return are you making her every day for all she does for you? Do your feet run willingly to do her bidding, as soon as it is known? Do you try to save her trouble, and lighten all her burdens? O, nothing in this world can do it so effectually as to know that her children are growing up good, and noble, and useful in the world.

WANTED TO SEE HOW IT LOOKED.—The Princess Anne (Md.) Herald says: A colored boy, living near Corisfield, placed a rail upon the track just before the noon train passed up on Thursday, and one wheel of the locomotive passed over before the train could be stopped. The boy stood off about fifty yards to observe the effect of the rail. The hands gave chase and captured him, when he stated that "he put the rail on to see how the train looked when it ran off the track." He was lodged in jail at this place and it is hoped his curiosity is by this time gratified.

THE NEW YORK HERALD UPON THE RADICALS.

The New York *Herald* has long been distinguished for sagacity in detecting change in public sentiment, and for alacrity in falling in with the popular current. For some time past it has been howling with the Radicals, but it now sees signs of a political revolution which is destined so n to number the Republican party among the things of the past. Read the following from a late issue:

COUNTER REVOLUTION IN NEW YORK AND ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

The movement of the Union League Club of this city over Horace Greeley's relations with Jeff. Davis is another indication of the counter revolution. It shows at once the protest of the popular sentiment and the consternation of party managers over the bomb that has burst in their midst. Jeff. Davis' liberation was only the natural result of the views of the war held by those leaders of the Radical party who control its acts. It was an inevitable corollary of the Radical doctrine that the war was only a party contest which a great blunder of the opposition had caused to be canvassed with bullets instead of ballots. Holding these views the Radical leaders would have released him long before, no doubt, but they were afraid of the people—they feared to undeceive the earnest masses. They kept him two years, supposing that the people would forget in that time all those terrible sacrifices of the war that the politicians forgot in two days. This expression of the Union Leaguers, however lame, has two distinct declarations in it—one from the members who sympathize with the masses, and one from those who represent the thoughts of frightened party managers. The last, feeling that this act has, even after two years, let too much light in upon the insincerity of the leaders, fear to touch it; the former see that they have been trifled with, and move to free themselves from the thraldom of heartless and incompetent leaders. But this is not confined to the Union Leaguers; it is a feeling that is unsettling the political elements everywhere, and foreshadows that *deep, positive change in public opinion that will carry the election against the republican party in this State next fall.*

All over the country there is the same change, the same unsettling of popular thought, *the same evidence that radicalism has reached the turning point in its destiny*, and that national disgust at the ridiculous conduct of the leaders and at the hollowness, pretence and sham of party acts, is moving the counter revolution that will not only hurl radical leaders from power, but will go far to obliterate such traces as they have left in the history of the country through partisan legislation. Within the Republican party, even in the small circle of the men recognized as leaders, all is chaos Between the Republican National Committee, the Union League Club and Phillips, Butler, Stevens, Wilson and Greeley, who can tell what are the real purposes and plans of the Republican party with regard to reconstruction? Nothing was left to be done but to settle the country upon the practical basis of making South and North politically and socially alike; yet the simple question of how this result might best be brought about, the determination of the question that was the real sequence of the war, is not attempted by any, but each one is eager to secure the pre-eminence of his own extreme views. Republicans have so managed affairs in the South since the collapse of the rebellion *that the result of an election there will be to return a representation composed of six niggers and sundry uncertain white men*—perhaps all original secessionists. All will be as it was before, except the six niggers, *and these represent the results of the war.* No radical seems to comprehend or to be willing to acknowledge that the war had any other or higher purpose. There was no great issue of national life, only political difference; and opposition was, of course, no crime. *Nothing was sought but to get these six niggers into Congress.* For that the nation spent three thousand million of dollars, and thus *our nigger Congressmen will cost us $500,000,000 apiece.* Did ever a people before give so much for so little? Have we not shown a prodigality of extravagance in paying such a price to secure these privileges to a race that had no other title to our attention save the clamor that it was oppressed?

By its absolute failure to carry out the great purposes of the war, by wasting the energies of the nation in making its expenditures conduce only to secure unworthy results—results that the people did not care for—that are ridiculously incommensurate with the sacrifices made, *the radical party has incontestably shown its unfitness for a great trust, and has demonstrated to the people that their only safety lies in repudiating it altogether*—plans, theories, delusions, leaders and all. There is no other course. It is no longer the party of the people, no longer the vital exponent of the will and thought of the nation. Formed in a time of great danger, compacted into firm political unity by the necessities of a tremendous struggle, that party carried the war to a glorious issue because its views and purposes were the views and purposes of the people, because the spirit of the people filled and vitalized all its acts. But its leaders misunderstood the result. They thought the victory was not the people's victory—not the great ultimate aspiration of the country, but merely the triumph of some pitiful party plans. In that thought they set about prostituting the national success—appropriating it to their small uses—attempting to make it subserve purposes of personal ambition and partisan tyranny. Having attempted to steal the national victory and brand it with a party name, these leaders are now quarrelling over the spoil. Going blindly away from the people, they have gone too far; going beyond the real purposes with which the people waged the war, they have lost the great bond of unity—lost the great guiding purpose of popular will, and, like the babblers of Babel, confound one another with strange utterances.

But they confound no one else. *The purposes of the people are unchanged.*—They waged war to preserve the nation, and *it is their purpose that this shall be a Union of free and equal States; that no great community of American citizens shall be trampled down in order to secure the supremacy of any party schemes.*—Strong in this great purpose, with the same power with which it waged the war *the nation will rise in counter revolution against those evident party leaders*, against any and every party machine, plan or platform that would divert or urge forward the great war and great success to any other object than that of securing the national welfare—the happiness, prosperity and peace of *the whole Union*—the freedom of every part of the people. This the politicians already feel, and *this the next election will show.*

The English Gang System.

A recent debate in Parliament on the "gang system" disclosed some frightful facts with regard to the lowest class of agricultural laborers in England. The "gang system," in brief, is this: In the Fen districts, covering nearly a million acres of the richest land in England, and lying in Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Nottinghamshire, Norfolf, Suffolk, and in parts of the counties of Northampton, Bedford and Rutland, about seven thousand children, from five years of age and upwards, besides persons of both sexes—from fifteen to eighteen years of age—are employed in gangs, numbering from fifteen to twenty laborers in each gang, under a master, and in a condition differing from slavery only because it is infinitely worse. The gang-master is almost invariably a dissolute man, who cannot get steady employment as a laborer with any decent farmer. In most instances he actually purchases the labor of the children from poor parents; he sells this labor to farmers, pays the gang what he pleases, and puts the profit in his pocket. For seven or eight months in the year these gangs are driven, often seven or eight miles in a day, to farms where they work at planting, weeding, picking, stone-gathering and like labor, from half-past five in the morning to seven or eight o'clock in the evening. The gang-master is paid by the day or by the acre, and he pays the little children from fourpence to sixpence per day, while the older lads and girls receive from nine to fifteenpence. The master, for driving his hands to the field, and for keeping them up to their work, which he does with a stick, makes an estimated profit of a pound sterling, or there-abouts, a week.

There is testimony to show that hundreds of the younger children are carried home in the arms of the older lads every night. From working breast high in wet grain many of the children are crippled for life by rheumatism, while others contract the seeds of ague, pleurisy and consumption. Cases are given where little girls, four years old, have been driven through these long, terrible days of work. The most pathetic pictures presented by Mr. Wilberforce of colonial slave-driving forty years ago, make the British West Indies seem almost an Arcadia in comparison to the Fen districts in England to-day.

This exhibition, shocking as it is, by no classes, since there is still a substratum that reveals the lowest class conceivable in a Christian country—a class always dwelling far below the social surface, in deep, dark pits, beyond the light of even the commonest civilization.

We refrain from commenting upon the social standing and condition of the grown-up people resulting, by-and by, from so many of these children, lads and girls, as survive the stick, the driving, the hard labor, the food which four pence a day will buy, and the diseases contracted in the damp fields. But, after reading the report, we can appreciate the propriety, and almost courtesy, of the phrase which calls the great mass of the English laborers the "lower" means the most frightful phase of the gang system. The gangs are under no moral restraint whatever. Oftentimes at nights both sexes are huddled together in barns. Clergymen and other respectable witnesses testified to the commission of inquiry that the gang laborers are "beneath morals." They have no consciousness of chastity, and do not know the meaning of the word. Their language and conduct are so depraved that dozens of parish clergymen, surgeons and respectable laboring people declared to the commission that "the introduction of any gang labor in any village extinguishes morality."

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused, its kindness answered with a foul wrong. So turning gloomily from my fellow men, one Sunday I strolled among the green mounds of the village burial place. There I pondered, where all human love and hate find one sad level. I thought how, sooner or later, wronged and wrong doer, each with meek face and cold hands folded over a still heart, should pass the green threshold of our common grave—whither our footsteps tend whence none depart. Awed for myself, and pitying my race, our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, swept all my pride away; and, trembling, I forgave.

LOVE that has nothing but Beauty to keep it in health, is short lived.

How a Young Lady Goes to Bed.

Fanny Dowling, writing for the Land We Love, thus explains the mysterious process by which a young lady prepares for bed. We rather like it.

Dismissing Mary, her loster sister and maid, Miss Preston performed the task of disrobing for the night, without other assistance than that of her own nimble fingers.

First, the little lace collar and ribbon were removed from the neck, and the bright marino dress laid aside; next the snowy skirts were lifted over the head, then a spring touched in front of the rounded waist, when, with a clicking metallic sound, down came the wide expanse of crinoline, while Miss Charity stepped out of its steel circle, considerably collapsed, but all the prettier. A somewhat similar operation was repeated and numerous springs and curls were sent in lively motion, and then with a stretch upward of the plump white arms, and a long drawn sigh of relief, off came the little French "railroad" corsets, and the dimpled shoulders of the wearer rose in unrestricted freedom.

The snowy night gown was now slipped over the head, and its delicate frills daintily adjusted to the throat and wrists.—Next the mirror was visited, and the charming little *moues* made at the bright face it reflected, and then seizing the brush, the girl proceeded to apply it to her glossy curls until they shone like satin.

Thence to the washstand, where teeth white as cocoa nut meat were rubbed until they gleamed still whiter, and the rosy face dipped in the gilded basin of pure, cold water until it glowed with renewed crimson. And then drawing a low seat close to the fire, the young girl laid one pretty foot lightly on her knee and began to unlace the tiny boot which encased it; in a few moments both little feet were bare in their childish beauty, and pressed down on the hot bricks of the hearth, while a careful measurement was made as to the relative lengths of the big toe and the next one to it, for in this important difference depends the momentous question as to which of two shall rule in future married life of the measurer; it having been decreed by mysterious and immutable signs that should the great toe be the longer, the forthcoming lord of the lady will be her master as well, while if the second has the pre-eminence a similar fate is in store for herself, and her only master will be her own sweet will.

In the present instance, both of the soft pink toes were of such sameness of length that the inference was sufficiently clear that destiny decreed the married life of Miss Charity Preston should be a scene of equal rights.

The young lady sat still and amused herself by doing a little prospecting in the way of gazing down into the coals glowing before her, and then taking her Bible from its stand, she read the lesson appointed for the evening, then knelt and said her simple prayers. A puff of fragrant breath from a pair of rosy lips, and out went the candle, leaving the room lighted only by the rich firelight. Then, unbolting the door that Mandy, who slept in her young mistress' room, might gain access, when it should please her to leave the delights of the kitchen, the young girl turned back the soft blankets and snowy sheets of her bed, made the impress of her rounded figure in its downy depth, laid her innocent head upon the tastefully trimmed pillow, and went to her happy dreams.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Mr. Smithson, (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith,) wishes to take Miss Brownly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "but never spoke of love;" on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor's life.

One evening he put his hand to the bell-handle and was admitted. "Oh! James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?" This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him.—Summoning all his courage, he said:

"I have come to ask you ——"

"Not here, James; now—now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged ——"

"Oh! oh! water—quick!"

"What's that?" inquired her father, "who says engaged?"

"I don't mean——" again commenced Smithson.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly, "you've always been our favorite!" Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said: "Take her—she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you ever be as happy as the day is long!" Thereupon father and mother and children crowded about Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret.

So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

PROVERBS OF JOSH BILLINGS.—Humin nature is the same all over the world, 'cept in New England, and thar it is according to circumstances.

Rum is good in its place, and hell is the place for it.

If I had a boy who didn't lie quite well enough to sute me, I would set him to tending a retale dry goods store.

He who can wear a shirt a whole week and keep it clean, ain't fit for much else.

When a feller gets a going down hill, it dus seem as tho' everything had been greased for the okashun.

Thieves hunt in couples, but a liar has no accomplice.

There is multitudes of folks who mean well enough, but how like the devil they act.

"Give the devil his due," reads well enuff in proverb, but my friend, what will become of me and you if this arrangement is carried out?

A YANKEE lawyer, who was pleading the cause of a little boy, took him up in his arms, and held him up to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposition lawyer asked the boy,

"What makes you cry?"

"He's pinching me," said the boy.