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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.

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 28. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868. No. 37.

FARM FOR SALE,
375 ACRES,

ON the Rappahannock River, beautifully located, well watered and Timbered. Good House and Out Houses. Land very fertile and fine for all uses; marl in abundance; considered the best farm in lower Virginia. The river abounds in fish, oysters and wild fowl. The farm is within a few hours' steam of most of the Atlantic cities. Terms easy—price $30 per acre. Reference: Samuel H. Hurley, Esq., Kent county, Md. H. L. LAYTON,
n30-2m. Saluda, Middlesex county, Va.

Ratification Notice.

JOHN C. HARRIS AND OTHERS,
AGAINST,
ANNIE M. HARRIS AND SARAH C. HARRIS.

On the Equity side of the Circuit Court for Kent County. DECEMBER 18, 1867.

ORDERED, that the sale made and reported by GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Richard H. Harris' heirs and Samuel T. Bodine, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twenty-sixth day of February next. Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks, before the twenty-sixth day of January next. The Report states the amount of sales to be $17,997.00.

JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
d21-4t. JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.

Ratification Notice.

MARY E. BROWNE,
VERSUS
MARY A. BROWNE, EDWARD M. BROWNE, ELIZABETH BROWNE, AND JULIA B. BROWNE.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, as a Court of Equity.

ORDERED that the sale made and reported by GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee for the sale of the Real Estate of Morgan Browne, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twenty-fifth day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some paper printed at Chestertown once in each of three successive weeks before the twenty-fifth day of February next. The Trustee states the amount of sales to be $1,140.00. JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
dec21-4t. JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.

Notice is Hereby Given,

THAT Taxes for the years 1864 and 1865, amounting to nine dollars and forty-nine cents ($9.49), are in arrears and unpaid, and charged upon property of the heirs of Charles T. Osborn, deceased, consisting of a

LOT OF LAND

containing about one-eighth of an acre, together with the Frame Store House now occupied by James T Britton as a Restaurant and oyster saloon, and also a Granary thereon, situated on the west side of Sassafras Street in the town of Millington, Kent county, adjoining property of Mrs. James B. Ruth and Samuel Hurlock.

Unless the said taxes and interest thereon shall be paid on or before the5th day of February, 1868, the said lot of land and buildings or so much thereof as may be necessary, will be sold to the highest bidder for the payment of said taxes.

JAMES WILLIS,
Dec. 7, 1867–5t. Collector of Taxes.

MARYLAND BOUNTY
TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Army and Navy Agency,
THOMAS TIMMONS & CO.,
No. 19 South street, over Gas Co's Office, Balto.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS, enlisted or drafted, and mustered into the U. S. Service after May 26, 1863, and credited to Maryland, are entitled to $300 State Bounty.

Additional U. S. Bounty.

Soldiers of 1861, 2, 3, 4, who have received not more than $100, are entitled to an additional $100.

Widows and heirs of soldiers, also soldiers who have lost their Discharges, are entitled.

PERSONS WHO FURNISHED
SUBSTITUTES

Between April 1 and December 18, 1864, will also be entitled to Bounty from the State of Maryland.

Discharges of Soldiers of 1861, 2, 3, 4, *Wanted.*

Owners of Enlisted Slaves

And heirs of deceased Soldiers may obtain valuable information free of charge at our office.

We make liberal advances, collect promptly, and if desired will cash claims for State Bounty at sight.

All letters promptly answered.

U. S. Bounty, Pensions, Back Pay, Prize Money, &c., for Soldiers and Sailors promptly collected.

☞Cut this advertisement out and bring it with you, or communicate by letter.
d14-4m THOMAS TIMMONS & CO.

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,
Corner of Fayette and St. Paul St.,
BALTIMORE; MD.
☞Information given *Gratis.—Enclose a postage Stamp for reply.* jan12.

O YES, O YES, O YES!

W. HUDGINS

WOULD respectfully inform the public that he has now finished his business in Court, but is willing and able to plead his own case without the aid of an attorney with those wishing Ice Cream and Soda Water. We keep always on hand ICE CREAM of the best quality, and we would be pleased to fill all orders at city prices.

Families can be supplied with ICE at all hours of the day from my store, without extra charge.

We have now on hand one of the largest stocks of CONFECTIONERY and FRUITS ever offered in this town. Call in and be convinced. je12-tf.

WANTED,
FIVE THOUSAND PERSONS
TO TRY
Simpson's Excelsior Writing Ink,
which he is now manufacturing, and will sell at 25 cents per pint. Come and try it.
oc5-tf. WM. SIMPSON.

REMOVED!

OH! LOOK! DO LOOK HERE!

WE the subscribers have removed to the Store Room formerly occupied by Mr. J. V. Smith, opposite the M. E. Church, Chestertown, where we intend to keep on hand

Good Cigars of our own make,

and will be able to supply store keepers with Cigars as cheap as can be bought in the city. Any one wanting a good smoke can get it at our store from 2½ cts. upwards. And we have

Chewing Tobaccos,

of all grades both natural and sweet, and also FINE CUT. We also keep a good assortment of SMOKING TOBACCO, SNUFF and PIPES.

We feel thankful for past favors and would solicit a continuance of the same.

G. W. & R. B. RUSSELL.
Jan. 4, 1868.

Co-Partnership.

SIMON WICKES respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has this day associated with him his son, THOMAS W. WICKES, in the APOTHECARY BUSINESS, which will be conducted under the name and style of

S. WICKES & SON,

at the old stand, where they will keep on hand, or furnish to order, a large assortment of

Drugs, Medicines & Chemicals

suited to this market. We have on hand a handsome assortment of Genuine OILS, SOAPS, EXTRACTS, POMADES, Hair, Tooth and Paint BRUSHES of the choicest make and style; also, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Putty, Window Glass, Acid, Sponges, &c., &c.

Pure WINES and BRANDIES for Medicinal purposes.

PRESCRIPTIONS compounded at all hours with accuracy and neatness. Orders answered with care and dispatch

Persons wishing to see Dr. WHALAND can do so at our office between the hours of 9 and 11, A. M., and 3 and 5, P. M.

SIMON WICKES,
THOMAS W. WICKES.
Jan. 4, 1868—tf.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Partnership existing between Joshua B. Fennimore, Joshua B. Fennimore, Jr. and William B. Miller, under the name and style of FENNIMORE & MILLER, is hereby declared to be dissolved. William B. Miller withdraws from said partnership and all persons are hereby notified of said withdrawal and dissolution.

WILLIAM B. MILLER.
Kent county, Jan. 4, 1868—4t.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE firm of Medders & Sutton is this day day Dissolved by mutual consent. Our books have been placed in the hands of JOS. P. IRELAND, Esq., who is instructed to settle our business as speedily as possible. Persons indebted will please make immediate payment. Those having claims against the firm will present them for settlement.

PHILIP MEDDERS,
O. F. SUTTON.
GALENA, MD., Jan. 1, 1868—4t.

New Store Up Town!

AT THE OLD DUGAN STAND,

WHERE we have opened a carefully selected Stock of NEW GOODS, to the examination of which we invite our friends and the public generally. Our stock consists of

DRY GOODS,
Notions, Boots & Shoes,

GROCERIES, HARD-WARE, Queens-Ware, Cedar-Ware, Confectionary, Tobacco,

in fact almost everything that we thought would be needed, all of which has been bought for the cash, at lowest cash rates, and we offer for sale at small profits for cash or Country Produce. In a word, we do not intend or expect to be undersold by any.

d21. WM. W. PARKS & SON.

LOOK OUT! COME AGAIN!!

Just What the People Want, and just what I have been looking for for some time.

WILLIAM WAGNER

HAVING rented a Wheelwright Shop, nearly opposite the Foundry, and having employed a good workman, one who has had 16 years experience in the business, is fully prepared to do all work in either branch of his business—

Wheelwrighting or Blacksmithing,

and on as reasonable terms as it can be done elsewhere. We do all kinds of work usually done in a country or town shop, and keep a lot on hand ready-made

We are thankful to those who have seen fit to patronize us in the past, and hope by strict attention to business to make it the interest of the public generally to do the same. We guarantee all our work to give satisfaction. All we ask is to give us a trial and see for yourselves.

d16-3m WILLIAM WAGNER.

Money Wanted.

COME, MY FRIENDS, the end of the year is at hand and my want of money is pressing. I have engagements that must be met. My books and accounts are all ready for settlements, and I do hope that this notice will be promptly attended to.

The public's ob't serv't,
d21-3t. A. W. SPARKS.

Store and Fixtures
FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will dispose of his entire Stock of Goods. It is now large, but if desired he will reduce the stock to one-half its present amount. A. W. SPARKS.
Dec. 21, 1867—3t.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the undersigned on Store account, are requested to settle the same at once, otherwise they will be put in a legal train of collection. I want to close up my books by the first of the new year. A. ALEXANDER,
Dec. 21, 1867—4t* Rock Hall.

FOR RENT, a Two-Story Frame DWELLING HOUSE, containing five rooms, at Smithville, Kent county, is for Rent for the ensuing year, 1868
Apply to H. P. SMITH.
Dec. 21, 1867—3t*

Kent National Bank.

AN Election for Seven Directors of this Bank, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, in Chestertown, on TUESDAY, January 14th, 1868. The polls will be opened from 10 o'clock A. M. until 1 o'clock P. M. By order,

S. W. SPENCER,
Dec. 7, 1867—3t Cashier.

The Forty Thieves and the Tailor.

"A plague upon 't when thieves cannot be true to one another."
—*Henry IX., Act. 4, Scene 2.*

"What an intricate impeach is this."
—*Comedy of Errors, Act. 5, Scene 1.*

That history repeats itself
We often have been told,
And much of what we take as new
Is really very old.

For half the books called new to-day
Are old ones in disguise.
No doubt the people of this age
Are getting wondrous wise.

In ancient times these forty thieves
Within a cave did dwell,
Who, strange to say, got in and out
By saying a magic spell.

A man was in four quarters cut
By those vile British men;
But somehow by a tailor was
Together stitched again.

And of the cruel forty thieves
The tailor got the best;
The tale is in the Arabian Nights—
Look there and read the rest.

Once forty thieves in Washington
Together met to preach
Of the eternal nigger, and
A tailor to impeach;

And loud they swore, like those of old,
They would have retribution
On the disloyal tailor who
Had stitched the Constitution.

Besides, he had stood in their way,
And all their acts disdained;
So they in Congress brought a bill,
Which fifteen points contained.

But the Impeachment bill turned out
As worthless as a straw,
Though Boutwell tried three hours to find
One point of common law;

And said the wicked tailor had,
With vile, deluding tongue,
Declared his policy was right,
The forty thieves were wrong;

Vetoed the Reconstruction bill,
And turned his loyal coat,
And said the niggers North and South
Had got no right to vote.

And many other points there were
Besides those specified,
For which the daring tailor should,
Without delay, be tried.

He ceased—around him rushed the gang
To put the tailor out;
But ANDY with his *goose and shears,*
Soon put the thieves to rout;

For when he touched them on the raw
They vanished just like vapor,
And left their great Impeachment bill
For medicated paper;

And though they still would him defame,
No one their word believes,
But thousands bless the tailor bold,
Who *whipped the forty thieves.*

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness from its depths, no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the flowers, no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life path may lead you amid trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single low room, the soft couch for a straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the unpittying world pass you with scarcely a word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood, you may encounter fraud and base avarice which would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the ties that bind you to the earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. The noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirits clings so him with a wild tenacity which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all the sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence because your confidence has been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged with thorns, or repine sinfully when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in Heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still strive to retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which would shield you from the winter of the heart.

SIGNS.—It is a good sign to see a man do an act of charity—a bad sign to hear him boast of it.

It's a good sign to see an honest man wearing his old clothes—bad to see them filling holes in the windows.

It's a good sign to see a man wipe the perspiration from his brow—bad to see him wipe his lips as he comes out a cellar.

It's a good sign to see a woman dressed with taste and neatness—bad to see her husband sued for her finery.

It's a good sign to see a man advertise in the papers—bad to see the sheriff advertise for him.

It's a good sign to see a man sending his children to school—bad to see them educated at the night school in the street.

POPPING THE QUESTION;

—OR—

HOW PEEBLES ASKED THE OLD MAN.

BY JOHN QUILL.

Peebles had just asked Mr. Merriweather's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelordom, and she had said "yes." It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old man's permission, so, as Peebles said, that arrangements might be made for hopping the conjugal-twig.

Peebles said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Merriweather's daughters, and his female cousin, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations than ask old Merriweather. But it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied out a speech which he was going to disgorge to old Merriweather the very first chance he got to shy it at him. So Peebles dropped in on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered around to class-meeting, and found him doing a sum in beer measure, trying to calculate the exact number of quarts his interior could hold without blowing the head off of him.

"How are you, Peeb?" said old Merriweather, as Peebles walked in as white as a chunk of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Peebles was afraid to answer because he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip away from him quicker than an oiled eel through an auger hole. So he blurted right out:

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, perhaps it may not be unknown to you, sir, that during an extended period of some five years I have been busily engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—"

"Is that so? and keepin' it a secret all the time, while I thought you was tendin' store? Well, by George, you're one of 'em, now ain't you?"

Peebles had to begin all over again to get the run of it.

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, perhaps it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of some five years I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise with a determination to procure a sufficient maintenance—"

"Sit down, Peeb, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holding your hat like a blind beggar with the paralysis.—What's the matter with you anyway? I never see you behave yourself so in all my born days."

Peebles was knocked out of time again, and had to wander back and take a fresh start.

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of five years I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with the determination to procure a sufficient maintenance——"

"A which ance?" asked old Merriweather; but Peebles held on to the last word like it was his only chance, and went on.

"In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for men to be alone; therefore——"

"Neither is it, Peebles, and I'm all fired glad you dropped in. How's the old man?"

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, in despairing confusion, raising his voice to a yell, "it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of a lonely man I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestow all my commercial enterprise upon one whom I could procure to be a determination to be good for a sufficient possessions—no, I mean—that is—that—Mr. Merriweather, sir, it may not be unknown—"

"And then again it may, Look here, Peebles, you'd better lay down and take something warm, you ain't well."

Peebles, sweating like a four-year old colt, went in again.

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, it may not be lonely for you to prosecute he whom you can call a friend for commercial maintenance, but—but—oh, dang it—Mr. Merriweather; sir—it——"

"Oh, Peebles, you talk as wild as a jackass. I never see a more first-class idiot in the whole course of my life.—What's the matter with you anyhow?"

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, in an agony of bewilderment, "it may not be unknown that you prosecuted a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock felt for some five years—but—"

"See here, Mr. Peebles, you're drunk, and if you can't behave better than that, you'd better leave. If you don't, I'll chuck you out, or I'm a Dutchman."

"Mr. Merriweather, sir," said Peebles, frantic with despair, "it may not be unknown to you that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man, who is not good for a commercial maintenance——"

"The bloody deuce he isn't. Now you just git up and git, old hoss, or I'll knock what little brains out of you you've got left."

With that old Merriweather took Peebles by the shirt collar and the part of his pants that wears out first if he sits down much, and shot him into the street, as if he had just run against a locomotive going at forty miles an hour. Before old Merriweather had a chance to shut the front door, Peebles collected his legs and one thing and another that were lying around on the pavement, and arranged himself in a vertical position and yelled out:

"Mr. Merriweather: Sir, it may not be unknown to you——" which made the old man so wretched mad that he went out and set a bull-terrier on Peebles before he had a chance to lift a brogan, and there was a scientific dog fight, with odds in favor of the dog, until they got to the fence, and even then Peebles would have carried bull terrier home, griped like a clamp to his leg, if it hadn't been that the meat was too tender, and the dog, feeling certain that something or other must eventually give way, held on until he got his chop off of Peebles' calf, and Peebles went home half a pound lighter while Merriweather asserts to this day that they had to draw all the dog's teeth to get the flesh out of his mouth, "for he had an awful hold for such a small animal."

Of course, Merriweather's daughter heard about it, and she was so mad that she never gave the old man any peace until he went around the next day to see Peebles about it. Peebles looked pale as a ghost from loss of blood and beef, and he had a whole piece of muslin wrapped around his off leg. Merriweather said:

"Peeb, I'm sorry about that muss last night, but if you didn't behave like a raving maniac I'm a loafer. I never see such a deliberate ass since I was born.—What's the meaning of it anyway?"

"I was only tryin to ask you to let me marry your daughter," groaned Peebles.

"Great—what?—you didn't mean to say—well, I hope I may be shot. Well, if you ain't a regular old wooden-headed idiot—I thought your mind was wandering. Why didn't you say it right out?—Why, of course you can have her. Take her, my boy; go it, go it, and I'll throw a lot of first-class blessings into the bargain."

And Peebles looked ruefully at his defective leg and wished he hadn't been such a fool; but he went out and married the girl, and lived happily with her for about two months; and at the end of that time he told a confidential friend that he would willingly take more trouble and undergo a million more dog bites to get rid of her.

What is an Old Maid.

Never be afraid of becoming an "old maid" fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife, and "single blessedness" is greatly superior, in point of happiness, to wedded life without love.

"Fall not in love, dear girls, beware!" says the song. But we do not agree with the song on this question. On the contrary, we hold that it is a good thing to fall in love or get in love, if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle than a sight so pure, so approaching in its devotion to the celestial? No, fall in love as soon as you like, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love, and then marry; but never marry unless you do love. That's the great point. Never marry for a "home" or be a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it enobles all conditions. With love the marriage rite is truly a sacrament.

Without it the ceremony is a base fraud and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be an "old maid" if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer, and the jester may laugh, you still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparative peaceful life.

For well-to-do old bachelors we have no sympathy. They ought to be taxed nine-tenths of all they are wooth to support women and children.

FEMALE BEAUTY does not consist in the faultless regularity of the features, so much as it does in the general expression of the countenance. There are some faces, which, although not absolutely lovely, nevertheless fascinate the beholder by the artless simplicity, the childish innocence, and innate goodness of their expression. This species of loveliness is priceless, and is only observed in those whose lives are untainted and spotless. It is the purity of the soul, the kindness of the heart, speaking through the eyes, and investing every look, word and smile with a spiritual and saint-like glory.

THE GOLDEN RULE.—Teach us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. At the same time it teaches us not to expect from our neighbors what we would not be willing, in similar circumstances to do for them. Little George's colloquy with his mother illustrates the principle.

"Now George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother John."

"What is honorable, mother?"

"It means that you must give him the largest piece."

"Then, mother, I'd rather John should divide it."

A WESTERN paper tells a good story:—"Theodore Tilton had just entered a hotel in a Western town, and was going up stairs very travel-stained to change his toilet preparatory to lecturing, when he encountered on the second floor an over-dressed and vulgar woman. "Are you the porter?" questioned the woman, laying her hand upon Theodore's arm. "No, madam," was the quiet response, "are you the chamber-maid!"

A POOR fellow protested to his girl in the hay field that his two eyes hadn't come together all night for thinking about her.

"Very likely they did not," replied the sweet plague of his life, "for I see your nose is still between them."

THINGS should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

Memories.

The heart has memories that can never die; the rough usage of the world cannot obliterate them. Feeble age, trembling on the brink of the grave, has them when everything else has fled away and been forgotten. They are the memories of home, early home; the house where we were born, the yard with its wreath of roses and flowering vines, the lilac bushes where the robins made their nests spring after spring, paying their rent in song such as we dream of, but never hear afterward; the old elm and swing where the children used to play all the while the mother sat by the low front windows, her face beaming out occasionally through the folds of the dainty muslin curtain; the same old house with its pointed gables, quaint cornices, and antique windows; the frescoed chamber where we used to dream of all the great, glad world had in store for us.

Dear old home, with its gay dreams and sunny hours, and cloudless skies, and visions of bliss, and glorious happiness, gone—all gone!

The traveler, climbing the mountains of land not his own, will, amid all his toil and changes, revert ever and anon to the time when a youth or a school-boy he roamed the fields and the hills of his own native home.

The mariner, rocked by the storms of the sea, or resting at some foreign port, will run through the long lapse of years back to the house where, with brother and sister, he frolicked the joyous hours of youth away.

Neither change nor time, neither age nor years, neither distance nor disease, neither guilt nor passion, can ever blot from the heart the memories of the spring time of life. Those memories of home will re-produce on the verge of eternity the freshness of emotion, of life and desire with which existence on earth began.

Good and Bad Luck.

Henry Ward Beecher once remarked:

"When I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck, for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard and a tippler."

In that remark he struck the keynote of all the croaking about bad luck. The bad luck men with is a consequence of their own mismanagement and acts. Who ever heard of an early-rising, hard-working, honest, prudent man complain of bad luck? A good character, good habits and iron industry are impreguable to all the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of. We once knew a man who lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time in fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence in the affairs of other people instead of his own. Another who was honest and constant at his work, erred by misjudgment—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose luck by endorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. The lives and successes of such men as Stewart and Peabody were not governed by such a thing as "good or bad luck." They rose to their positions of power and affluence by pluck instead of luck; indomitable perseverance, continuity of purpose, honesty of intention, integrity of character, were the stepping stones—the Jacob's Ladder of their success.

What all Young Men Should Do.

1. Every young man should make the most of himself—intellectually, morally, socially and physically.

2. He should depend upon his own efforts to accomplish these results.

3. He should be willing to take advice from those competent to give it, and to follow such advice, until his own judgments or convictions, properly founded, should otherwise direct.

4. If he is fortunate enough to have a rich and indulgent father, he must do the best he can under the circumstances, which will be to conduct himself very much as though he had not these obstacles to overcome.

5. He should remember that young men, if they live, grow old, and that the habits of youth oftener than otherwise are perpetuated in the mature man. Knowing this fact, he should "govern himself accordingly."

6. He should never be discouraged by small beginnings, but remember that all great results have been wrought out from apparently slight causes.

7. He should never, under any circumstances, be idle. If he cannot find the employment he prefers, let him come as near his desires as possible; he will thus reach the object of his ambition.

8. All young men have "inalienable rights," among which none is greater or more sacred than the privilege to be "somebody."

SOMETHING FOR FARMERS.—The following singular statement was made at a late meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club at New York:

"To prevent steers from jumping fences, clip off the eye-lashes of the under lids with a pair of scissors, and the ability or disposition to jump is as effectually destroyed as Samson's power was by the loss of his locks. The animal will not attempt a fence until the lashes are grown again. Of this we are informed by Sam'l Thorne, the great breeder of Duchess County, who assured us that he had tested it upon a pair of breachy oxen. As it is of great value to him, he hopes it will be tried by others."

The Rich Men of Congress.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* thus sketches a few of the moneyed men of Congress:

There are from half a dozen to a dozen men of great wealth in the present Congress. Sometimes riches represent great and sterling qualities in the possessors—oftener they are the result of acquired or inherited good luck. In outlining for your readers a few of the millionaires of Congress it is not with a view of exalting any man because of his wealth, but to gratify a reasonable and almost universal curiosity to know the personality of conspicuous or successful men.

Hon. Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, came into Congress in 1862, being then, as now, the head of one the heaviest and wealthiest manufacturing firms of New England. Everybody who knows anything about the hardware trade, (and who does not?) is familiar with the fact that "Ames' spades and shovels" are a leading staple of the business, without a stock of which no up-country store or cross-roads grocery in all the States and Territories of America is considered complete. Having early got a reputation for making a good article, the firm have made the most of it, and the stamp of "Ames" on a spade is a guarantee of excellence so universally trusted that from Cape Sable to Rio Janeiro you will find them in universal use. The headquarters of this manufacture are at Easton, a little obscure town in Eastern Massachusetts, and the profits of the enormous manufacture are so large that Oakes Ames returned an income of $141,000 in 1866, and about as much more in 1867. At the same time three other members of the Ames family netted an income of $225,000, or a quarter of a million between them.

With all this good fortune, Oakes Ames is not one of your puffed up or purse-proud aristocrats, but a homely; hearty man of business, whose wife and family dress as plainly as possible. The Congressman himself is a Radical of the Radicals, believes not only in negroes' rights, but women's rights, and though he never made a speech (not being given to that particular "vanity") is always found voting with the vanguard of the Republicans. He is sixty-three years old, and a bluff, heavy-built, good-humored, off-hand man, who has just taken the biggest contract at railroad building, to ease off his superfluous capital, that was ever undertaken in the world. It is the construction of the Rocky Mountain section of the Pacific railroad, and involves over thirty millions of dollars.

It would doubtless surprise some very knowing persons in the political world to be told that Fernandowood is a millionaire. Yet the worldly possessions of the *ci-devant* Mayor of New York and present member of Congress from that imperial city, were reckoned at $3,000,000 in 1863. Here is an instance of that rapid growth of fortune of which New York has witnessed so many. In 1830 Fernando Wood was a poor cigar manufacturer (or manufacturer of poor cigars, whichever the reader pleases,) in one of the lower wards of New York city. A few years later he pushed himself into the proprietorship of one of the most lucrative corner groceries in Washington street, then fronting on the North river, as West street does now.

He sold ship stores, chandlery, and last, not least, liquor. The latter commodity being then, as now, in prime demand among boatmen and stevedores, and Mr. Wood having made advantageous arrangements for selling it to these thirsty customers on credit and taking it out of their week's wages every Saturday night, he disposed more liquor than any other shop, and the profits were of "upwards of considerable." From this beginning, Wood branched out into the business of a general merchant and ship owner, and being gifted with remarkable shrewdness, he soon got command of very considerable means. In 1841 he ran for Congress, and was elected. He was twice chosen Mayor of New York (from 1854 to 1856), and it is not commonly believed in that immaculate city that his political career contributed to impoverish him in the least.

Fernando Wood is personally precisely the reverse of the style of man popularly associated with his name. Tall, slender, lithe, pale-faced, almost silver-haired, with a fashionably-cut grizzled moustache, smooth shaven face, highly polished manners, and sleepless energy and will, Fernando Wood represents, at sixty-five years a life-long struggle to conquer fortune, position, and a name in the midst of obstacles, and in the teeth of a reputation which would have quickly ruined an ordinary man. He is now, for the third time, in Congress.

THERE is an old tombstone in Dundee, Scotland, which bears this sentence, from Seneca: "It is uncertain at what place death awaits thee. Wait thou for it at every place." More appropriate words could not be graven on the stone that marks a man's last resting place.

SOME editor says that the destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which a contemporary adds: "Yes, that is a fact. Suppose a little miff had taken place between Adam and Eve. What then?"

"COME here, sissy," said a young gentleman to a little girl, to whose sister he was paying his addresses; "you are the sweetest thing on earth."

"No, I ain't," she replied, "sister says you are the sweetest."

The gentleman "popped the question" the next day.

THE "American Artizan" says that if pegged boots are occasionally dressed with petroleum between the soles and upper leather they will not rip. If the soles are dressed with petroleum they will resist wet and wear well. The pegs are not affected by dryness after being well oiled.

AN afflicted editor, who is troubled with hand organs under his window, longs for the "evil days" mentioned in Ecclesiastice, when "the grinders shall cease because they are few," and the "sound of the grinding shall be low."

QUILP, who has heretofore been a Universalist, now believes there are two things destined to be eternally lost—his umbrella and the man who stole it.