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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
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.

ADVERTISEMENTS occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, 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 dispatch.

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 29. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869. No. 40.

FOR SALE,
1019 ACRES OF LAND,
In Middlesex county, Va.,

LYING immediately on the Rappahannock River. The arable land is 500 acres, all of which has been marled and produces well all sorts of grain crops. The soil is loamy and particularly adapted to FRUIT TREES and TRUCK of all sorts.

THE IMPROVEMENTS are ample, and with the fencing in good order. An ORCHARD of 1600 TREES was planted one year ago. 2,000 cords of Pine Wood could be cut, now worth $4 per cord on the Beach.

The land can be easily divided into three or more farms, each having River fronts, and two would have Dwelling Houses and Barns on them. For particulars and price apply to

J. L. SMITH,
f6-8t* Locust Hill P. O., Middlesex Co., Va.

A VALUABLE FARM
On Chester River,
AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at Private Sale their FARM lying in Kent county, Md., containing about

350 ACRES,

nearly all arable and under good fencing. It is about five miles from Chestertown, lying directly on Chester River, convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.

The Improvements

are a FRAME DWELLING with Kitchen attached, Barn, Granary, and other Out-Buildings, all in good order. Also, two Tenant Houses.

A Fine Apple Orchard and about 300 *Peach Trees in bearing*

TERMS OF SALE:—One-sixth cash; one-sixth in twelve and one-sixth in eighteen months and the residue in four years—the purchaser to give bond with approved security for the credit payments, with interest from day of sale. For further particulars consult R. HYNSON, Esq., our Attorney. FORD & BARKMAN.
Nov. 21, 1868—tf.

Small Farm for Sale

THE undersigned, intending to remove to Virginia, offers at private sale his farm situate near Belair, Kent county, Md., adjoining the lands of Messrs. I. C. Taylor, John T. Shirven and Comegys Cosden, and containing

About 60 Acres.

The land is all arable, except a small meadow, and divided into three fields—one of which is in Peach trees (about 1,900) planted last spring. The Dwelling is brick, and with some repairs might be made a very comfortable house. A pump of good water in the yard.

The farm lies in a good and improving neighborhood, and is within a mile and a half of a mill, churches and school. The Railroad will pass within half a mile of the farm on the western side.

This farm will be sold a bargain. For further particulars consult the undersigned, or address him at Chestertown, Md.
jy25-tf WM. R. APSLEY.

BEEF! BEEF!

R. S. USILTON, BUTCHER, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he may be found every day during the winter (Sundays excepted) at the store formerly occupied by John L. Stam, Esq., where he will be pleased to supply all in want with BEEF of the best quality, at lowest prices.

He returns thanks for the liberal patronage received in the past, and hopes by constant personal attention to business, and renewed efforts to please, to secure a continuance of public favor. ☞ WANTED, all kinds of HIDES, Beef, Sheep and Calf, for which the highest cash price will be paid.
jan9-2m. R. S. USILTON.

The Hanesville Manufacturing
AND
REPAIR SHOPS,

SITUATED in the rear of Mr. A. L. Vannort's Store at Hanesville, supplied with ample Stock and Material, are now prepared to build to order NEW WORK, or make any repairs in their line of business. All kinds of

Blacksmithing and Wheelwrighting

done at short notice in the best manner. Particular attention paid to Carriage and Machine work. FARMING IMPLEMENTS constantly on hand. Wagons, Carts, Drays, &c., built to order with neatness and dispatch.

Having secured the services of an excellent HORSE SHOER, that important branch will not be neglected. Both branches of the business are in the charge of competent mechanics who are *able* and *willing* to accommodate

Self Interest is a Great Thing!

Secure the BEST and CHEAPEST.

I buy all my material exclusively for CASH, and can therefore afford to furnish the BEST ARTICLE at the LOWEST PRICE.

☞ The BOOKS of the establishment are in the possession of Mr. A. L. VANNORT, my authorized agent, to whom all payments on account are respectfully requested to be made.
Jan. 23, 1869. E. A. VANNORT.

BURNS & SLOAN,
132 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.,

OFFER FOR SALE A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WELL-SEASONED

Building Lumber
LATHS AND SHINGLES,
FENCING AND PALES,
ASH, OAK & WALNUT,
AT LOWEST PRICES.
ALSO, DOORS, SASH & BLINDS.
May 16, 1868—y.

A. H. ROCKWELL'S
EATING HOUSE.
CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned having opened an Eating House on the corner opposite the jail, is prepared to accommodate the public with

OYSTERS, Beef Steak, Tea and Coffee, &c.,

gotten up in the very best style. I will spare no effort to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

OYSTERS by the quart or gallon supplied to families. A. H. ROCKWELL.
Dec. 12, 1868.

CALL
AND EXAMINE
The Splendid Assortment of
Watches, Jewelry,
CHAINS,
SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARE,
d12. at E. T. WILLIS'.

LOCAL LAW.

CHAPTER 421.

AN ACT to repeal Section two of Article forty-one of the Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Fish and Fisheries," and to re-enact the same with amendments.

Section 1 Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Section two of Article forty-one of the Public General Laws of this State, be and the same is hereby repealed and amended, and re-enacted as follows:

2. No person shall, from the tenth day of June until thirty-first of July, in each year, fish by gill net or hauling seine, within the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, lying within bounds of Cecil, Kent and Harford Counties, or any of its tributaries within said counties, unless with seines usually called market seines, which are used for summer fish; nor shall any person, except resident citizens of this State, or the owners or tenants of lands or shores bordering on any of said waters so lying within said counties, fish by gill net, hauling seine, or any device whatever, within the aforesaid waters, at any period of the year, unless by permission of the owners or tenants of the lands or shores aforesaid; and any person violating and offending against either provision of this Section shall forfeit the boats, nets and seine, or other fixtures used by such offender at the time of so violating the same.

Sec. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 30, 1868.

THOMAS SWANN,
Feb. 6 1869—3t. Governor.

Copy of an Order

Passed by the Board of Directors of the Kent County Rail Road, Feb. 4, 1869:

ORDERED, that any Stockholder who has forfeited his Stock by failing to meet the installments previously called for shall be reinstated by the payment of the first three calls on or before the first day of April next.

By order of the Board.

C. TYLDEN WESTCOTT,
feb6-3t. Secretary.

To My Friends and the Public.

FEARING that I may not be able to undergo the arduous duties of my profession, I have this day associated with me Dr. J. A. PERKINS. From my knowledge of Dr. Perkins, I without hesitation recommend him to my patients. If any one should object to the services of either, they will so state when sending, that anything unpleasant may be avoided. The one preferred will give all or most attention. Consultations will be held without the consultation fee. Our charges will correspond with those who practise around us. We herewith offer our services and pledge our best efforts to discharge our duty.

T. H. WHALAND.

N. B.—I shall proceed to settle my old books, by legal process, upon all accounts remaining unsettled for more than two years.
Jan. 23, 1869—tf. T. H. W.

NOTICE.

On and after Monday, January 4th, 1869, my son, COLIN F. STAM, will have an interest in my business. The title of the firm will be JOHN L. STAM & SON.

All persons indebted to me are respectfully requested to call and settle their accounts either by note or cash, as it is important to me that my old accounts should be settled to pay my own indebtedness. My son, COLIN, is authorized to settle up my old business.
j9-tf. JOHN L. STAM.

STOP AND THINK!

All the material we use, the wages of workmen, and the necessaries of life, all require the cash, and yet some of our accounts have been standing since 1866. Now, if our customers will think of this matter, they will see that it is out of the question for us to pay the cash for all we buy, and wait for an indefinite period for our money. We now call upon ALL who are indebted to us to settle, either by note or cash, as it is necessary for us to close our books.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Jan 23, 1869—4t.

CASH SYSTEM!

I take this method of informing my customers and the public generally that, hereafter, I shall sell for

CASH OR TRADE,

or to prompt paying customers only, on three months time.

I also embrace this opportunity to return my thanks for the liberal patronage received in the past, and respectfully ask a continuance of the same. A choice assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS for sale very low.

C. W. WARREN,
Jan. 9, 1869. Kennedyville.

THE PLACE TO GET BARGAINS.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he has removed to the Store Room lately occupied by Mr. Levi Fiddis, where he will continue to keep on hand a general assortment of

Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions,

TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
FLOUR, MEAL, CORN, &c., &c., &c.,

together with such other articles as are usually kept in a store of this kind.

My friends and the public generally are invited to call and examine my stock, satisfied that I will sell as cheap as any Store in Chestertown or in the county.

JAMES W. PATTEN.
Chestertown, Feb. 6, 1869.

SETTLE UP!

All persons indebted to TURKHEIMER & CATLIN will call and settle their bills on or before the 15th day of February next. We are in need of money and are compelled to make collections. TURKHEIMER & CATLIN.
Jan. 16, 1869—5t.

NOTICE.

The Second Annual Session of the Parochial School of Chester Parish, for Boys and Girls, will begin on Thursday, October 1st, at 9 o'clock, A. M. No pains will be spared to make the instruction given in the school thorough and systematic. For terms, &c., apply to the REV. MR. GOODWIN,
sep12-tf. Queen Street.

A CARD.

JOHN O. SLAY will attend to professional business, during the temporary absence of G. VICKERS, at their office in Chestertown. VICKERS & SLAY.
Dec 12, 1868—3t.

FOR SALE.

FOUR YOUNG HORSES, three and four years old next Spring. Apply to ISAAC PARSONS,
jan23-3t. near Smithville.

Mules! Mules!

ONE PAIR OF MULES AND ONE HORSE for sale by N. BARNARD,
sep19-tf. Still Pond, Kent Co., Md.

IN THE NIGHT.

I bless Thee, O, my God!
I bless Thee for the night—
The still and solemn night,
When tired nature sinks to calm repose,
For aching hearts oppressed with weary woes,
May in silent hours of the night
Bare their mute anguish to Thy pitying sight!

I bless Thee for the balm,
The deep and holy calm
With which my sad despairing soul is filled,
The hope of sweet release,
GLANCE AT THE
When thy dear voice has thro' the tempest thrilled.

I bless Thee, O, my God!
I bless Thee for the Trust—
The pure and deathless trust,
That in the hour of suffering comes to me!
The promise of a refuge yet to be
Won from the toil of earthly sacrifice—
From penitential tears and prayers that rise
Like incense round Thy throne,
O, let their truth atone
For every sin known to Thy searching eye!
Oh! from my quivering heart
Tear every shrine apart,
That bears the impress of idolatry!

I bless Thee, O, my God!
I bless Thee for the rest—
The perfect blessed rest,
That may be mine when this sad life is o'er!
When my glad feet shall press the eternal shore,
And I shall see my Saviour face to face,
Clothed in the lovely majesty of grace!
Thus, patiently I wait,
Stricken and desolate,
Wait till the angels summon me to come,
Then shining angel hands
Shall burst my earthly bands,
And angel wings shall bear the wanderer home!

CONTENTMENT.

Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators: whereas, all the time they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, they form the peculiar theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might, at any rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon hearing themselves well spoken of.

That man has fallen into a state of moral sickness, in whose eyes the good opinion of his fellow men is the test of merit, and their applause the principal reward for exertion.

A habit of mistrust is the torment of some people. It taints their love and friendship. They take up small causes of offence. They require their friends to show the same respect to them at all times, which is more than human nature can do. They try experiments to ascertain whether they are sufficiently loved; they watch narrowly the effects of absence, and require their friends to prove to them that the intimacy is exactly on the same footing as it was before. Some persons acquire these suspicious ways from a natural diffidence in themselves, for which they are often loved the more; and they might find ample comfort in that, if they could believe it. With others, these habits arise from a selfishness which cannot be satisfied. And their endeavors should be to uproot such a disposition, not to sooth it.

Contentment abides with truth. And you will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are; whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. Their mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of listless apathy. They are either grinding or doing nothing. Now to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence. A man should have some pursuit which may be always in his power, and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation.

And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual object, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart. And the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought.

A Sun Picture.

What a pity children should ever grow up. The other day, passing through an entry of one of the public buildings, we saw two little boys, of the ages of six and eight, with their arms around each other's neck, exchanging kiss after kiss. It was such a pretty sight, in that noisy den of business, that one could but stop to look. The younger of the children, noticing this, looked up, with a heaven of love in his face, and said, in explanation—

"He is my brother!"

Pity they should ever grow up, thought we, as we passed along. Pity that the world with its clashing interests of business, love and politics, should ever come between them. Pity that they should ever coldly exchange finger-tips, or more wretched still, even exchanging glances. Pity that one should sorrow and grieve and hunger and thirst and yearn for sympathy, while the other should sleep and eat and drink, unmindful of his fate.—Pity that one, with meekly folded hands, should pass into the land of silence, and no tear of repentance and affection fall upon his marble face from the eyes of his "brother!" Such things have been.—This is why we thought pity they should ever grow up; "Heaven lies so near to us in infancy!"

A SIMPLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Boil a small pot full of potatoes, and bathe the part effected with the water in which the potatoes were boiled, immediately before going to bed. The pains will be removed or at least greatly alleviated by the next morning. Some of the most obstinate rheumatic pains have lately been cured by one application of this novel and simple remedy.

Mr. Beecher on Lying.

Henry Ward Beecher has an amusing article in the *Ledger*, in which he discusses the question whether men can remember what never happened. He shows that such a stretch of memory is possible by one or two instances. We extract a part of the article, the whole of which is in Mr. Beecher's happiest vein:

Some eighteen or nineteen years ago, soon after coming to Brooklyn, I heard the following story, told of the now venerable Dr. Samuel Cox, the father of many brilliant sayings, as well as of Bishop Cox, of western New York. The story ran thus: "On a Sunday morning in August, Dr. Cox, rising to the sermon, without warning or prefix, began, 'It is d—d hot.' Looking around in a calm and pious way, he wiped his forehead and again said, 'It is d—d hot.' Waiting till he thought the words had burnt in, he proceeded, 'These words, my brethren, I heard from the lips of a profane young man as I entered the doors of the church.' Thereupon, the story goes, he proceeded to give an edifying discourse on the sin and folly of profane swearing."

When I first heard it I recognized the story. It was an old acquaintance. It had been doing service in England. It was told of Rev. Rowland Hill, only in his case the topic was not the weather, but the theatre, on which the young man's profanity was expended. But stock stories, like couriers, like to change horses. Before I knew it the saddle was shifted to my back, nor have I ever been able to shake it off. I have denied it, twice in print, many times by letter, and a hundred times in conversation, all in vain.—The saddle sticks, and every month we find a new fool riding in it. * * *

Denying one of these stories is like fighting Canada thistles. If you cut them up ten more will sprout from each root, and if you let them alone a million will spring from the seed. The only way to exterminate the Canada thistle is to plant it for a crop and propose to make money out it. Then worms will gnaw it, bugs will bite it, beetles will bore it, aphides will suck it, birds will peck it, heat will scorch it, rains will drown it, mildew and blight will ride it. Its nature helps weeds and runs down crops. We are afraid to deny it. It would start off a walking like Weston. A new batch of letters would come moaning and inquiring at our door. Fresh vigor would be given to its withered limbs, and, like the Wandering Jew, it would go tramping up and down creation till the last day. No, for safety's sake, we do not propose to deny it any more. It would be the ruin of innocent souls, as this narrative which I now shall give will prove. And the narration of the incident brings me back to the question whether one can remember what never happened. It will be seen that he can. Sitting at a friend's table one evening I was telling an incident that befell me—in this wise.

"A young man from Buffalo called to see me to-day. He said that he had heard a young lady, in a large company, relating the story of my beginning a sermon with the phrase, 'It is d—d hot.' He at once contradicted it. She affirmed it positively. He replied: 'I have lately read a published denial of the story from Mr. Beecher himself.' She answered: 'Why, I was present myself at his church, and heard it with my own ears.' Of course he could not say what he thought, but replied, 'I am going to New York, and I will myself call and ask Mr. Beecher.'"

The case seemed so flagrant that I said to him: "When you go back I wish you would take occasion, before witnesses, to say to this lady, from me, 'that she *lies*,' and that she *knows* she lies, and that she knows that *I* know that she lies.'"

This was very improper language, but I was angry, and, besides, had been reading the Tribune. [Evil communications corrupt good manners.]

When I had got thus far a sweet young girl who sat opposite me, brought up under my eye almost from the cradle, and as incapable of knowingly telling a falsehood as a rosebud would be of committing burglary, this innocent and charming child of fifteen looked over at me and said:

"But you did say so, didn't you Mr. Beecher? I heard you!"

For a moment there was silence. Then came a crash of laughter from the whole company. Confused and blushing scarlet, she said:

"Why, I always thought that I had heard you say it!"

For the first time I then believed that a person might distinctly remember what never took place. I take back the message to the Buffalo lady, and humbly apologize for supposing that one could not recall a thing which never happened.

BE MASTER AND NOT BE MASTERED.—It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. Where we are, and what we are, in God's providential arrangement; and the wise and manly way is to look our advantages in the face and see what can be made of them. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may do that; but he is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; *organize victory out of mistakes.—Christian Treasury.*

A GRAVE friend of ours tell us that he and his wife always go to bed quarreling. "And yet," said he, "with all our difficulties we never fall out."

A WICKED FRAUD.

HOW MARK TWAIN WAS SOLD IN NEWARK.

The Newark Press contains the following exposition of what "Mark Twain" terms "a wicked fraud," perpetrated on him during his recent lecturing visit to that city:

It is seldom pleasant to tell on one's self, but sometimes it is a sort of relief to a man to make a sad confession. I wish to unburden my mind now, and yet I almost believe that I am moved to do it more because I long to bring censure upon another man than because I desire to pour balm upon my wounded heart. (I don't know what balm is, but I believe it is the correct expression to use in this connection—never having seen any balm.) You may remember that I lectured in Newark lately for the young gentleman of the Claytonian Society. I did, at any rate. During the afternoon of that day I was talking with one of the young gentlemen just referred to, and he said he had an uncle who, from some cause or other, seemed to have grown permanently bereft of all emotion. And with tears in his eyes, this young man said:

"Oh, If I could only see him laugh once more! Oh, if I could only see him weep!"

I was touched, I could never withstand distress. I said:

"Bring him to my lecture. I'll start him for you."

"Oh, if I could but do it! If you could but do it, all our family would bless you forevermore—for he is very dear to us.—Oh, my benefactor, can you make him laugh? can you bring soothing tears to those parched orbs?"

I was profoundly moved. I said:

"My son, bring the old party around. I have got some jokes in that lecture that will make him laugh if there is any laugh in him—and if they miss fire I have got some others that'll make him cry or kill him, one or the other."

Then the young man blessed me, and wept on my neck, and blew his nose on my coat tail, and went after his uncle.—He placed him in full view, in the second row of benches that night, and I began on him. I tried him with mild jokes; then with severe ones; I dosed him with bad jokes and riddled him with good ones; I fired old stale jokes into him, and peppered him fore and after with red hot new ones; I warmed up to my work, an I assaulted him on the right and left, in front and behind; I fumed and sweated, and charged and routed, till I was hoarse and sick, and frantic and furious; but I never moved him once; I never started a smile or a tear. Never a ghost of a smile, and never a suspicion of moisture. I was astounded. I closed the lecture with one despairing shriek—with one wild burst of humor, and hurled a joke of supernatural atrocity full at him. It never phased him. Then I sat down, bewildered and exhausted. The president of the society came up and bathed my head with water, and said:

"What made you carry on so toward the last?"

I said: "I was trying to make that confounded old fool laugh, in the second row."

And he said: "Well, you were wasting your time—because he is deaf and dumb, and as blind as a badger."

Now was that any way for that old man's nephew to impose on a stranger and orphan like me? I simply ask you, as a man and a brother, if that was any way for him to do?

BUSINESS.

Properly speaking man lives to work; he does not work to live. He is himself better than his vocation; and if he lets the care of that wholly occupy and exhaust him, he sacrifices the greater to the less, and lets the things which should have been for his wealth become unto him an occasion for failing. Take the lowest ground, and suppose that a man toils beyond his endurance, in order to amass a fortune or raise the prospects of a family, what is the frequent results? He unfits himself for the use and enjoyment of that fortune; or deprives his family of that length of life or intercourse which is needed to protect and influence it. It is a great mistake to be busy overmuch. There are jaded slaves who come home with no reserve or love for, or even interest in those who are dear to them. They are almost strangers in their own houses. They hardly speak to their own wives; they hardly see their own children. Business is business, and has no right to encroach upon the claims of affection. He is worse than a slave, who, not content with working when he ought to work, robs his dependents of their share of himself by spending his whole energy in labor, which leaves him none to bear his part in the burdens of his home. No man is intended to be a mere income or wages pump. He must win bread but he must win love too. He who gives himself no time to play with his children injures them as well as a man who neglects to work for their support.

SILENT MEN.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was day after day the chairman, but he made but two speeches, during the convention, of a very few words each. The convention, however, acknowledged the master-spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it.

A Reconstructed Wedding.

A negro wedding lately took place at Montgomery, Ala., at which the sable parson thus spoke,—

"Here's a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in and thro' love, and wishing all dem dat have anything twixt them to come forward and speak now; if not, let dem hold dar peace now and forever more. I wants every ear to hear, and every heart to enjoy.

"Mr. Jim Thomson, whomsoever stands fastly by your left side, do you take her for your beloved wife, to wait on her thro' sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and be loving; do you love her mother? do you love her father? do you love her brothers? do you love her sisters? do you love her mistress? but do you love God de best?"

Answer—"I do."

"Miss Mary Thompson, whomsoever stands fastly by your right side, do you take to be your dear beloved husband, to wait on him through health and through confluction, safe and be safe, holy and be holy? do you love his mother? do you love his father? do you love his brethren? do you love his sisters? do you love God de best?"

Answer—"I will."

"I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary fastly by the right hand, and I pronounce you both to be man and wife, by the commandments of God. We shall hope, and trusting in God, that you may die right, now and forevermore. Now, Mr. Jim, slew your bride.

"Let us sing a hime:
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,"
&c., &c.

HOW TO RETAIN A GOOD FACE.—A newspaper correspondent has some good ideas on the importance of mental activity in retaining a good face. He says:—We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which five years ago he was so famous. "Oh it's because he never did anything," said B; "he never worked, thought, or suffered. *You must have the mind chiseling away at the features*, if you want handsome middle-aged men." Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch to see whether it is generally true—and *it is*. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design.

SOUND ON THE GOOSE.—A negro philosopher, discussing the relations of races, said: "You know de turkey he roost on de fence, an' de goose he roost on de ground. You pull de turkey off de fence an' he get up again. You crap his wings, but some how or nudder, he gwine to get back on de fence. Now, you put the goose on de fence an' he fall off; he don't b'long dar. De turkey am de white man. Heeze down now, but is gwine up again. De nigger is de goose. He better stay whar he b'longs."

THE late Rev. Dr. Sutton, vicar of Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon:

"Mr Peech how is it that you have not called upon me for your account?"

"Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed!" said the vicar, "then how do you get on if he don't pay?"

"Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he's not a gentleman, and then I ask him.

AN old miser, who was exceedingly parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a physician.

"What shall I do with my head?" asked the man. "It is so dizzy I seem to see double."

The doctor wrote a prescription, and retired, saying,—

"When you see double, you will find relief if you count your money."

NEAR the village of M. there lived a farmer who engaged a son of the Emerald Isle to work for him. One morning in the Spring Pat was sent out to harrow a piece of ground. He did not work long before all the teeth, except one or two, came out of the harrow. After a while the farmer went out in the field and asked Pat how he liked harrowing.

"Oh," said Pat, "it goes a bit smother now, since the pegs are out!"

THE WAY TO TREAT INJURIES.—If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, do not go about the streets proclaiming it, and be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say little about the injuries you have receeived.

A YOUNG man having preached for his bishop was anxious to get a word of applause for his work. The bishop, however, did not introduce the subject, and his younger brother had to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day?" "No, sir, not at all; nor by the depth either."

A GENTLEMAN, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time "popped the question."

The lady in a frightened manner said, "You scare me, sir!"

The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she whispered—

"Please scare me again."

JOSH BILLINGS suggests that Andrew Johnson had better get insured, for his policy is nearly run out.

HOW THEY TREAT A RACE HORSE.—An exchange paper makes the following statement regarding the treatment of the celebrated horse Dexter:

"At six every morning Dexter has all the water he wants, and two quarts of oats. After eating he is "walked" for half an hour or more, then cleaned off, and at nine has two quarts more of oats. If no drive is on the card for afternoon, he is given a half to three-quarters of an hour of gentle exercise. At one o'clock he has oats again, as before, limited to two quarts. From three to four he is driven twelve to fifteen miles, after which he is cleaned off and rubbed thoroughly dry. He has a bare swallow of water on return from a drive, but is allowed free access to his only feed of hay, of which he consumes from five to six pounds. If the drive has been a particularly sharp one, he is treated, as soon as he gets in, to a quart or two of oat-meal gruel; and when thoroughly cooled has half a pail of water and three quarts of oats, with two quarts of bran moistened with hot water. Before any specially hard day's work or trial of speed, his allowance of water is still reduced."

A NUMEROUS PROGENY.—A friend of ours detailed to us the other day these particulars in relation to the progeny of Mrs. Rachel Mason, who is now in the 85th year of her age, and is a resident of Accomac county, Va. During the lifetime of her husband she had eleven children—ten sons and one daughter—all of whom grew up to the years of maturity, and the old lady, long since, had the proud satisfaction of seeing them all married and in comfortable circumstances. Of their offspring she can count sixty-one living grandchildren and fifty great grandchildren—making in all, including her own, an offspring of one hundred and twenty-two.—This is certainly a very remarkable case, and we doubt very much whether a similar instance exists in the State; and what is still more remarkable, that out of this great number of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, not one of them was ever accused of the slightest violation of any human law. They grew up to be honorable men and women, in almost the very neighborhood where they were born, and have been a great source of consolation and comfort to the old lady in her declining years. Mrs. Mason, although in the 85th year of her age, enjoys good health, and, though blind, is of a lively turn of mind, and bids fair to live many a day.—*Newtown (Md.) Gazette.*

FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.—Women are gradually working their way into new and more agreeable avenues of occupation.—The sewing machine has greatly relieved them of the drudgery of plying the needle, and other labor-saving devices have sensibly diminished the hardship of the various domestic employments to which, not many years since, they were compelled, almost exclusively, to devote themselves. Women are now extensively engaged in printing and other light employments to which their strength is adapted, but which, until lately, were fields worked entirely by the male sex. Among the last branches of industry which have grown up for the gentler sex is that of telegraphing. Their services in this art have been tried for a year or two past with great satisfaction.

TRANQUILITY IN THE SOUTH.—Advices from the South declare and confirm a state of quietness in all localities except Arkansas. In Louisiana, Mississippi, Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as in Georgia, the absence of political contests makes the States as tranquil as any States North.—There is reported to be hardly any business activity in real estate, trade, or railroads in any of the States; but there is a wholesome prevalence of order and peace, and no great amount of distress prevails. A very large rice and cotton and cereal crop will be planted. Labor is abundant, and the scarcity of money is not felt so much as it was feared it would be, as the co-operative share principle is obtaining on very many plantations. The relations of the races are friendly in the extreme, and the freedmen have, as a general thing, gone to work for the old proprietors on just terms.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—Mr. John W. Forney is traveling in the South, and is writing letters over his own initials to his paper. In a letter from Lenoir, North Carolina, he is "delighted to find the people of the State so temperate and orderly;" he "has met a great number of the Confederate officers, and in every instance found them courteous, intelligent and full of inquiries;" the election of Grant "is regarded by this whole population as the best thing that could have happened to them," and on every side when he is not surprised he is overjoyed at the goodness, loyalty and prosperity of the people. Whether this apparent change of view has anything to do with land agency speculations in which Mr. Forney is said to be concerned, or results from an honest conviction or a closer inspection of the Southern people, we do not undertake to say.

LINCOLN MONUMENT.—Clark Mills, the eminent sculptor, is engaged in the erection of a monument to the memory of the late President Lincoln, in Washington.—It is to be of Tennessee marble, seventy feet high, with thirty-seven statues upon it, six of which will be equestrian. The size of the equestrians will be the same as the statue of Jackson in Lafayette square, and the generals selected for representation are Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Wadsworth, George H. Thomas and Howard. The other statues will be those of Mr. Lincoln, his cabinet, and others who may be selected by the committee.

THE newspaper correspondents, who long ago discovered every other good quality in General Grant, are now finding out that he is fond of a joke. Here is one of their stories:

"Good evening, General Grant," said a pleasant office-seeker the other night to the President elect. "I have not been to see you, General, since election."

"Plenty have," said Grant; "I've not been lonesome."

THE latest evidence of the malice which Congress bears towards President Johnson, is a refusal to confirm his appointments to office. That body does no harm to the President by this exhibition of its pretty spite; it simply denounces itself, and no doubt obstructs the public service.

ADVERTISING is said to be "the extension of your shop front in the newspapers."