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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.

J. A. CATLIN'S

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'

CLOTHING HALL!

Corner of High and Cross Streets,
CHESTERTOWN.

MUST BE SOLD THE ENTIRE STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

REGARDLESS OF COST!

To make room for my

EXTENSIVE SPRING STOCK.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
Chestertown, Feb. 11, 1871.

Read! Reflect and Remember!

NEW STORE! NEW STOCK!
FAIR PRICES!

MISS S. S. CALDER respectfully informs her friends and the public generally that she has removed to the room adjoining W. A. Vickers' store, and has just received and will constantly keep on hand an assortment of the following:
VELVETEENS, COLORED SILKS, SATIN, SILK VELVET, RIBBONS, NOTIONS, &c.
DRESS TRIMMINGS of all kinds.
☞ DRESS MAKING and Machine Stitching at moderate prices. Give me a call.
feb11-tf. S. S. CALDER.

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

All manner of persons having
CLOCKS, WATCHES or JEWELRY
TO REPAIR,
Can have the same repaired with dispatch at
WM. G. RUSSELL'S,
Adjoining the store of T. W. Ellason & Son. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction or no charge made. Charges moderate.
Be particular and ask for W. G. RUSSELL'S.
Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

FOR SALE:

600 Acres of Rappahannock Lands

THESE LANDS all lie immediately on the RIVER, are fertile, easily tilled, and well adapted to TRUCKING and FRUIT.
MARL in abundance—farm under fence and well improved with Buildings.
A YOUNG ORCHARD of 1,600 Fruit Trees coming into bearing.
For particulars, price, &c., address
J. L. SMITH,
n19 3m* Harmony P. O., Middlesex Co., Va.

MILLING.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has taken possession of his Mill, and will conduct it, he hopes, more to the satisfaction of the public than for some time past. He is in treaty for a very superior Miller, and soon as the Spring opens will make some improvements which must render her equal to any Mill on the Eastern Shore.
He hopes whenever there is any cause of complaint to be at once notified of the same.—By strict attention or supervision, and competent workmen, he hopes soon to be able to re-establish her former reputation.
jan7tf. THOS. H. WHALAND.

NOTICE.

The undersigned as agent for Mary Ann Harrison, is prepared to furnish WOOD sawed and split to order in any quantities. He is conducting the wood yard formerly belonging to S. S. Usilton, and has on hand a large supply of GOOD WOOD which he is prepared to furnish at reasonable rates.
The patronage of old customers and of the public generally is solicited.
ENOCH HARRISON,
Nov. 12-3m. Agent.

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.

CEMETERY NOTICE.

Persons wishing to improve their Lots in Public Cemeteries and Private Burial Grounds, will do well before purchasing elsewhere, to call and examine our large and new stock of
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS,
MONUMENTAL TABLET HEAD AND FOOT STONES
VASES AND STATUARY,
All of new and beautifully proportioned designs, at the STEAM MARBLE WORKS of
GADDESS BROS.,
ap3-y. Sharp and German sts., Baltimore.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL!

READ'S SORE THROAT & CATARRH POWDER is the most wonderful article I ever heard of for SORE THROAT. It almost vanishes at the touch. For sale at
jan7tf. WICKE'S DRUG STORE.

TO MOTHERS.
Liebig's FOOD for INFANTS.
This valuable and popular Food for Infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
jan7-tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

GREAT OFFER!—Choice CIGARS and CHEWING TOBACCO, for sale at
jan7tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 31. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871. No. 40.

DRAWING of LOTS
AT
MASSEYS.

THE undersigned have taken charge of the Property recently purchased by Dr. C. H. B. Massey, comprising TEN ACRES, conveniently and pleasantly located
IN THE VILLAGE of MASSEYS,
THE JUNCTION OF THE
KENT and QUEEN ANNE'S & KENT R. R.,
and will offer the following inducements to persons desirous of making a good investment:
This property we have divided into

EIGHTY BUILDING LOTS

37 of them fronting on the road from Masseys to Millington and from Masseys to Galena, 43 feet front and from 84 to 114 feet deep. The balance, 43 Lots, will front on streets running at right angles with the main road to the property of Wm. Cacy, 40 feet front and from 108 to 131 ft. deep. By this arrangement it will be seen we offer Twenty Lots worth double the amount asked for them, Thirteen of them being Corner Lots.
TICKETS, drawing these Lots, will be sold at $100 each; $25 cash, balance in note with interest, on six, twelve and eighteen months, and each purchaser shall have a chance of drawing one of

THREE PRIZES!

Prize No. 1—Embraces CORNER STORE and DWELLING, with lot 52 by 116 feet,
VALUE $2,000.
Prize No. 2.—Embraces STABLE, CARRIAGE HOUSE and GRANARY, all new, lot 54 by 118 feet.
VALUE $650.
Prize No. 3.—Is Lot No. 2, 42 feet by 112 with ONE SMALL BUILDING,
VALUE $350.
This lot is desirably located, being next to the corner on road from Masseys to Millington.

We call this a rare inducement, as in most cases of this kind your chance is about one in two hundred. Here we offer you
One Chance in 27 for the THREE FIRST PRIZES,
AND A LOT CERTAIN!
With a chance in EVERY FOUR of getting a Lot worth double your money, and for EVERY CHANCE a Lot not two hundred yards from the business centre.
Possession given on day of drawing, except Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 77, which are under rent for the present year.
Parties buying tickets shall say how drawing shall be done. For this purpose a day will be set and each ticket holder notified.
☞ Persons in Chestertown, and others to whom it may be more convenient, desirous of taking chances in this drawing, can leave their names at the KENT NEWS OFFICE, where a plat of the ground can be seen.
SPARKS & BOYER,
jan28-4t. MASSEYS, MD.

GOOD HARNESS
MADE AND SOLD AT
J. F. HOWARD'S HARNESS STORE
FOR $20.
Chestertown, Jan. 7, 1871.

FOR SALE,

300,000 Giant Asparagus Roots,

Two years old, $1 per hundred, $4 for 500, $7 per 1000. Two thousand Conover's Colossal Asparagus at $3 per hundred.
Orders filed in rotation and filled as soon as roots can be planted in March. Terms cash with order.
W. F. MASSEY,
jan7tf. Chestertown.

NEW STORE.
FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS!

MISS MARTHA EARNEST has rented the store room lately occupied by the Misses Middleton & Wyatt, and has just opened a well selected stock of
FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS,
which she is prepared to sell at prices to suit the times. Her stock consists in part of the following articles: Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests, Corsets at $1.25, French Corsets $2.00, Ladies' & Children's Hose, Kid Gloves, white and colored, Sash Ribbons, Handsome Ribbon, Bows; all qualities of Ladies' Handkerchiefs; Laces, both imitation and real; Cambric Edge and Inserting, white and colored Tarleton, Velvet Ribbon, Dress Buttons, Black Net and Green Berage for veils, Clouds, infants' and children's Hoods, Collars and Cuffs, and in short every article usually kept in a FANCY AND NOTION STORE.
☞ She respectfully invites an examination of her stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. MARTHA EARNEST.
Jan. 7, 1871—tf.

EXPOSITION at T. W. WICKES' DRUG STORE!

BAZIN & BARNES' MAGNOLIO and FLORIDA WATERS—the most lasting, agreeable and Refreshing of all PERFUMES for the Handkerchief, at the Toilet and in the Bath. jan7tf.

TO RENT, for the year 1871, my DWELLING HOUSE and LIVERY STABLES, with lot attached, on Cross street, in Chestertown, recently occupied by John W. Rasin. Also, a Three Acre LOT, near the upper part of the town. For terms apply to R. HYNSON, Esq.
jan7-tf. D. A. BENJAMIN.

FOR RENT,
for the ensuing year,
The Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops,
known as the "Hanesville Manufacturing and Repair Shops." Also a commodious and comfortable DWELLING. A full sett of Blacksmith Tools for sale. Apply to
E. A. VANNORT.
oc22-tf. Hanesville, Kent county, Md

FOR RENT, for the year 1871, the the DWELLING HOUSE on Cross street, in Chestertown, now occupied by Mr. William Cannon. For terms, apply to
n19-tf WM. VANNORT.

A CARD.
The report is being industriously circulated that I have disposed of my entire stock of Peach Trees, which report is incorrect. I have some TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND (25,000) GOOD TREES yet to dispose of.
N. BARNARD,
Nov. 26—tf. Still Pond, Md.

A LOT of STONEWARE at Factory prices 'Pans, Jugs, Jars and Pitchers.
je25. L. S. FOWLER.

THE MINIATURE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife—
Fresh, as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke:
He gazed upon the treasure still,
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true:
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
"Why—no—my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear,
It is not all *like me!*"

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in giving notice of the administration of the ordinance of baptism said, as reported in the *World:*

I am often asked whether I will baptise persons who are not communicants of any church, or those whose minds are not yet settled to any particular belief. My reply is, in the name of the Lord, yes.—I will baptize anybody who wants to be baptized, and can give reasonable evidence of wishing to live a Christian life. If they are Roman Catholics, let them come; if they are in the Episcopal Church, and do not wish to disturb their rector, let them come here; if their parents have been Baptists, and they wish to be baptized as their fathers and mothers were, I will so baptize them; for baptism is but a mere sign and emblem, and, if any body wants a sign or an emblem that he intends to lead a Christian life, I will help him to that sign. I will baptize a man fifty times, if he wishes it. The idea that a man can only be baptized once is an old Roman notion, that ought to have been exploded long ago. If, therefore, there are any persons who feel that a load will be lifted from them by baptism, they have only to communicate this wish to me, and they shall be baptized with the other communicants of the church. I immerse them, not because I think immersion is the best form; but because I think it better that a man should be on the best terms with his conscience than with ordinances, which are only an outside show.

"GO" AND "COME."—"If you want business done," says the proverb, "go and do it; if you don't want it done, send some one else." An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half the estate, and left the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term, the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell his farm. "Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised. "Yes, if we can agree about the price." "That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman; "pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm, and are able in a few years to purchase it."—"The reason is plain," was the reply: "you sat still and said Go! I got up and said Come. You lay in bed and enjoy your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business".—*Self-Help.*

PURITY OF ICE.—Besides the fact that ice is lighter than water, there is another curious thing about it which persons do not know perhaps, namely, its purity.—A lump of ice melted will always become purely distilled water. When the early navigators of the Arctic seas got out of water, they melted fragments of those vast mountains of ice called icebergs, and were astonished to find yielded only fresh water. They thought that they were frozen salt water, not knowing that they were formed on the land and in some way launched into the sea. But if they had been right, the result would have been all the same. The fact is, the water in freezing turns out of it all that is not water, salt, air, coloring matter, and all impurities. Frozen salt water makes fresh water ice. If you freeze a basin of indigo water, it will make it as pure as that made of pure rain water. When the cold is very sudden, these foreign matters have no time to escape, either by rising or sinking, and are entangled with the ice, but do not form any part of it.

POOR POLLY.—Among the 500 birds suffocated by the recent fire in New York was a parrot, who, as the heat increased, ejaculated in his harshest tones, "Polly wants a cracker!" "Polly wants a drink!" When the wires of his cage grew too hot and scorched his feet, he attempted to seek relief by clinging with his bill to the roof. But this, too, was untenable and burned his tongue, so he let go and dropped to the bottom of his cage, hoarsely uttering, "You know how it is yourself!"

CRANBERRY CULTURE.—Mr. Tilghman Hubbard has purchased Maple Marsh, at Federalsburg, Caroline county, with a view to planting it down in cranberries. If success attends Mr. Hubbard's enterprise, the Denton *Union* expects to see all the available marsh land along the rivers of that county converted into vast cranberry bogs.

THERE is a remedy for croup going the rounds, which may, perhaps, prove efficacious. It is simply allspice tea, the tea, being made of whole grains of allspice. According to all accounts, it gives almost instant relief in cases where other remedies have failed, and seems at once to cut the phlegm loose and relieve the child.

IT is said that timber cut in February will last three times longer than that cut in the summer months.

KITTY'S TROUBLE.

The sun was shining bright and warm that morning, and you would have thought that Kitty's heart ought to have been full of sunshine too, but there was a sad frown on her face, and her little feet went up the stairs very slowly, as if it were the hardest work in the world to go at all.

Kitty was wondering to herself why she must always do just what she did not like to do, and why her mother and Aggie found so many errands for her on that particular morning.

She had been taught to obey at once and not grumble; but though no word of complaint left the pretty lips, her mind was all in a fret, and so the ugly frown grew on the rosy face.

By and by, when she had wiped the dishes, found Aggie's thimble and brought down the basket of colored balls which were to be saved for the new carpet, her mother called to her from the kitchen, where she was busy making pies.

"Kity," she said, "you may go out for a little walk now if it is not too warm."

Kitty never thought it too warm for a walk, so she tied her little straw hat over her curls and started for the woods.

How delightful it was when she reached the cool shadow of the trees? It seemed as if all the tiny wild flowers were peeping out at her, and she nodded merrily to them, laughing to see the sweet wind shake them and the sweet sunshine kiss them.

As she went along the path still deeper into the woods, the little birds lifted their heads from their nests and watched her with their bright eyes, and a gray squirrel ran round and round the trunk of an old oak tree to look at her.

Kitty stepped very softly, for she did not want to frighten the robins, but the gray squirrel was an old acquaintance of hers, and she followed him from one tree to another, quite forgetting that she had wandered from the path.

Finally the squirrel disappeared in the hollow trunk of a tree and then Kitty sat down, out of breath with her eager chase.

It was a cozy little nook into which the squirrel had led her; the moss looked so soft and green; the flowers looked so bright and gay; tiny insects on gold and silver wings fluttered softly in and out the branches, and away up above the tops of the trees the white clouds floated like airy palaces in a sea of blue.

Kitty thought it would be very pleasant to lie down there, with that beautiful green moss for a pillow, and hear the birds sing lullabies in the branches, so she nestled down with cheek pressed against the sweet wood violets, and fell fast asleep.

Lower and lower the sun sank, until the bright cloud curtains of sunset dropped round his tent in the sky; merry good nights the birds sang to her; soft and low the little winds blew, lifting the sunny curls and cooling the faint rose flush on her cheek; the busy flies buzzed fainter and fainter, and were still; and then, when everything was dark and quiet, Kitty awoke.

At first she did not know where she was; she rubbed her eyes and pushed back the golden hair from her forehead and then sprang bewildered to her feet.

"I'm lost! oh I'm lost!" she cried, pitifully; but no voice answered her, and Kitty grew terribly afraid.

She started to run, but the bushes were in her way; the old roots of trees tripped her feet and she did not know which way to go.

"Oh, mamma, if you only could find your little Kitty!" she sobbed: "I would never be tired of work again!"

And then suddenly lights flashed about her; she heard the tramp of men's feet and her father's voice ringing out in a glad shout, and the next moment she was in his arms.

How happy Kitty was, and how glad her dear mother felt as she clasped in her arms the little girl she thought was lost!

Kitty had taken cold sleeping on the damp ground, and for many day's she was obliged to stay in bed and let her mother and Aggie wait on her.

When at last she did come down again she was glad to run on numberless errand for her dear mother and sister. And if she was ever tempted in her heart to complain, she thought of the terrible time when she was lost in the woods and could not see a dear face or hear a dear voice, and it was wonderful to see what a change came over her face. The rose or the lily, laughing out of doors, was not sweeter then than the cheerful little face which Kitty lifted to the sunshine.

THE child's eyes—these clear wells of thought—what on earth can be more beautiful! Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy, how sparkling; in sympathy, how tender. The man who never tries to make companionship with a little child has carelessly passed by a rare flower without plucking or knowing its value.

NEEDLES have a somewhat uncomfortable fashion of traveling through the human body. A Norwich, Ct., girl got one in her foot a year ago, and the other day had it taken out between the shoulder blades, after treatment several months for disease of the spine.

A CURE FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.—Dr. Poillon, a French physician, says it can be cured by inhaling hartshorn. The inhalation by the nose should be seven or eight times in five minutes, which he asserts is a positive cure.

GRACE GREENWOOD, (Mrs. Lippincott) lectured in Elkton last week, and the papers there say it was worth all the other lectures put together delivered there this winter.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

'Why don't you get married?' said a bouncing girl with a laughing eye, to a smooth-faced, innocent-looking youth.

'Well, I—' said the youth, stopping short with a gasp, and fixing his eyes on vacancy, with a puzzled and foolish expression.

'Well, go on,' said the fair cross-examiner, inclining, almost imperceptibly, nearer to the young man. 'Now tell me right out—you what?'

'Why, I—pshaw, I don't know.'

'Yes, you do know—I say you do, now tell me!'

'Oh, I can't tell you.'

'I say you can. Why you know I'll never mention it; and you may tell me, of course, you know, for haven't I been always your friend?'

'Yes, I know you have,' said the poor, helpless youth.

And I'm sure I always thought you liked me,' went on the maiden, in tender, mel'ow, low accents.

'Oh, I do, upon my word, yes, I do, Maria," said the unsophisticated youth, very warmly; and he found that Maria had unconsciously placed her hand in his open palm.

Then there was silence.

'And then—well?' whispered Maria, dropping her eyes on the ground.

'Eh? O, well!' said John dropping his eyes and Maria's hand at the same time.

'I'm pretty sure you love somebody. In fact,' said she, assuming a tone of raillery. 'I know you are in love; and John, why don't you tell me all about it at once?'

'Well, I—'

'Well, I—O, you silly mortal, what is there to be afraid of?'

'O, it ain't because I'm afraid of anything at all; and I'll—well, now, I'll tell you, Maria.'

'Well now, John.'

'I—'

'Yes.'

'I—I am in love! Now don't tell; you won't, will you?' said John, violently seizing Maria by the hand, and looking in her face with a most imploring expression.

'Of course not, John; why, you know I'll never breathe a word about it. Now, you know I won't, don't you John?'

This was spoken in a low whisper, and the cherry lips of Maria were so near John's ear that when he turned to look at her, there might have occurred a dangerous concussion.

'Well, Maria,' said John, 'I have told you now, and you shall know all about it I have always thought a great deal of you, and—'

'Yes, John.'

'I am sure you would do anything for me you could.'

'Yes, John, you know I would.'

'Well, *I* thought so, and you don't know how often I have wanted to talk to you about it.'

'I declare, John—why, you might have told me long since, if you wanted to; for I never was angry at you in my life.'

'I know you wasn't, and I often have felt a great mind to, but—'

'It's not too late now, you know John.'

'Well, now, Maria, do you think I am too young to get married?'

'Indeed, I do not, John; and know it would be a good thing for you, too, for everybody says the sooner young people get married the better, when they are prudent and love one another.'

'That is just what I think; and now, Maria, I do think I want to get married; you will—'

'Yes, indeed, John, for you know I always was partial to you, and have often said so behind your back.'

'Well, I declare, I have all along thought you would object, and that is the reason I've been afraid to ask you.'

'Object! *I* will die first; so you may ask me anything you please.'

'And you will grant it?'

'*I* will.'

'Then I want you to pop the question for me to Kate Sullivan—'

'What?'

'Eh?'

'Do you love Kate Sullivan?'

'Indeed *I* do; with all my heart.'

"*I* always thought you were a fool.'

'Eh?'

'*I* say you are a fool and had better go home. Your mother wants you—you stupid!' exclaimed the mortified Maria, in a terrible shrill. And she gave poor John such a slap in the face that it sent him reeling.

Unhappy Maria—the course of true love never runs smooth.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.—The Washington *Star* thinks it is an odd idea of economy on the part of some business men that induces them to reduce their advertising when times are dull. It is just when business is slack and money scarce that the dealer needs to address his most potent eloquence to customers, to show them that he can make it worth their while to deal with him.

A TUMOR weighing over twelve pounds was recently successfully removed from the side and breast of Mrs. Sarah Ann Perkins, of Caroline county, by Dr. C. D. Green, of Philadelphia. The tumor was of twenty years growth.

THERE is a tombstone in one of the burial grounds at Cambridge, erected a hundred years ago, by grateful children, to "a good step-mother."

EMPEROR WILLIAM will not allow spoon stealing among his officers. One of them is to be overhauled for taking some spoons from a hotel table at Etampes.

COMMUNICATED.

PEDAGOGY

Is the word I want, to express my views; and it is a word but little understood and rarely appreciated in the full importance of its results upon a community—yes, even upon a nation such as ours. Pedagogy we find in all good primary schools; learning, in high schools and colleges. But it is education that the people want, and pedagogy gives it, and it is from the common schools we get it. Reader, do you say that here we make a distinction and no difference? Not so, for many a man has learning and still but little education. Old time people understood this, and have summed it all up for us in terse language with the trite saying, that

"'Tis *education* makes the man."

Nothing here about learning, and this putting was not accidental.

Festus said unto Paul, "Much learning doth make thee mad," but whe ever heard an intimation that too much education affected one's mind? I have heard it said a man may have learning and yet be a *fool.* Such an one dives into books pours over musty old records and traditions of the past, and forgets to order dinner.—Once I read of a philosopher who would ask his friends and servants, "Have I dined?" and being told he had, would reply, "true, I forgot," and turn again to his books minus a dinner. If he was educated, it was only as the Irishman's horse, to live without eating. I would like to have heard that he had tried how long he could live on pure imagination. One who has education is practical, and that is the only test of it that I know.—He must know how to look about him and realize that he lives in a material world, that he is surrounded by beings in the flesh and who are not all saints. We laugh to read stories of those old fellows who worked to find the philosopher's stone, or who travelled and fought seeking the fountain of perpetual youth. And yet we have men about us who are just as fanciful and ridiculous. In contrast: the men who *now* accomplish great things, and who are of the same sort as those who have ever wrestled for success and won—men not of great acquirement, but who, when they have learned a thing, knew it forever. The history of America is full of examples, and the common schools made them. It is vastly better to *know* a few things well, than to pick up a smattering of many things. And therefore pedagogy turns out the boys who make the men who rule the State.

A man may be Jack o' all trades, and good at none in teaching or in learning, just as well as he can in the mechanical arts. This truth is now being recognized by all the other professions, and is getting to be acknowledged in pedagogy. It is fully understood and acted upon in all our cities, and this is the secret of the success of the common schools—for to-day a man need want no better education than such schools can give. I would that we could accomplish this same thing of specialties in the country, but know not how the thing can be accomplished; but of one thing rest assured, that the nearer we attain to so desirable an end, the better will be our success, and consequently the more will the pedagogue be appreciated and his influence felt; and as teachers, from their habits and training of self-restraint, are conservative, this influence must of needs be a good one in all things, from religion to politics.

But the reason that the pedagogue is peculiarly beneficial to our people, is that it alone stoops down to the little things. Thus it is the peculiar province of "*ye pedagogue*" to help the little people over their little troubles, trials and vexations, and to coax or force them to learn.—"Saxe" has rendered the idea immortal by his witty verse upon "Ye Pedagogue:"

"For as 'tis mete to soak ye feete
Ye aching heade to mende;
Ye Yonkers pate to stimulate
Ye beate ye other ende."

His influence may be, and too often is, unacknowledged; sometimes he is entirely forgotten, and yet his work lives on—for he has cast his bread upon the waters. Many a man makes a good professor, and his name sounds far and near, who would make one of the poorest of pedagogues—(no pecuniary pun intended.) I have seen such men, and speak only of what I do know. And the reason you ask? Simply because 'tis easier to climb than to dig. Ambition is a great thing, and yet "life among the lowly" was the example set us by the teacher of men. He went not for his disciples amid the courts of the opulent. But his material for a world's salvation was the neglected ones—the ignorant fishermen by the sea-shore. The simple language of childhood is ever the most touching, as it is the most beautiful. The child's ways are nature's ways. And childhood is inquisitive—much more than riper years. Therefore we who have the opportunity to give them the *rudiments*, are the ones who can educate—for we can draw out the powers of the mind; and this done, the mental faculties awakened, knowledge and learning will enter in fast enough—for then you cannot prevent the child from learning, from seeking after and grasping all knowledge within its reach.

Cast books aside, not altogether, but teach the pupil that the text book is his, and not your help. Let him once see that his teacher can rise above the books in school, and at once he will think that his master knows all things. He then has faith in you, and by faith are all things accomplished. If once he has faith, and you never prove wanting when tried, you can lead him on just where you please. But if by a careless or an ignorant teacher, the rudiments are neglected, the first principles blurred, then indeed does learning become an up hill work. To illustrate: you take a scholar whom some one with more ambition than brains has forced into a 6th Reader—you know where he belongs, and put him back into the 2d Reader, only wanting the moral courage to have put him in the 1st Reader. And then how hard it is for him to unlearn all the bad practices he has picked up, and to acquire the good things he has been forced to neglect. It is ten times as hard to make a reader of such a boy than if he had never seen a book. Again: you take a boy who *knows* all the arithmetic, meaning, of course, a certain book, with all the hard sums marked perhaps, or else impressed indelibly upon his mind by mere repetition, and reason given him—you shut that book and find, in mathematics, he is a fool. Not for a want of sense in him, but his faculties have been warped instead of drawn out, and he has not begun to be educated. I have always found mathematics to have a charm for youth; if understood, if they know just what they are doing and why. Because it is a pleasant sort of a puzzle, and are not all children fond of puzzle games? Then turn arithmetic into a game of "test wits" in school, and your work is pleasant, even beautiful.

Teachers! our work is holy. It is next to that of the holy man who fills your pulpit. It has in times gone by been looked upon with contempt, and poorly if *ever* paid. And this has kept many from the field, where we fight for the improvement of our race. But like all other professions, ours is not free from quacks and humbugs. Of all these, those time servers, who force on a few to please their parents, are the worst, and the most damaging to our calling. Let us frown down all such cowardly, ignorant practices—let us fight for our rights 'griust all men and together. We can thus repel all assaults, we can elevate pedagogy to what it must in time be felt to be—an honor to our land.

ALPHA.

VALUE OF AN EXPLANATION.—A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else——." The other in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied: "I have not got one, and if I had——." On this weighty cause they went to war for many years After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the preliminaries of peace, but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," said the second king to the first, by saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else——?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color." "But," retorted he, what did you mean by saying, "I have not got one, and if I had—?"

"Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it." An explanation which was entirely satisfactroy, and peace was concluded accordingly.

A NEWSPAPER up in Iowa tells of a subscriber who stopped his paper, and in less than a week was kicked by a mule. The murrain broke out among his cattle, and he lost one-fourth of all he had. His best sow with a litter of twelve pigs overlaid nine of them. One of his horses, in jumping the fence, broke one of its legs, and had to be knocked in the head. His eldest child fell down stairs and dislocated its shoulder blade. His wife's best Brahma hen fell into the well and was drowned. That same old sow broke up and destroyed all the duck nests. The man himself was seized with dyspepsia and everything he ate disagreed with him. He could not sleep sound at night on account of bad dreams. Bunions came upon his toes and hangnails upon his fingers. And his good wife, suspecting the cause of all this evil, went to the newspaper office and renewed the subscription again.

WHERE.—"Bob, where is the state of matrimony?"

"It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying out o'nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry, till you pass the tropics, of house-keeping when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

IF you don't want to fall in love, keep away from Calico. You can no more play with the girls without losing your heart, than you can play at roulette without losing your money. As Dobbins aptly remarks, the heartstrings of woman are like the tendrils of a vine—always feeling about for something to cling to. The consequence is, that before you have any idea of going, you are gone, like a one-legged stove at a street auction.

MR. SNOOKS was asked the other day how he could account for nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he. "When I was two months old I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood; but my nurse swapped me away for another boy, just to please a friend of her's whose child was rather homely looking."

A WOULD-BE school teacher in Alabama replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat? "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat just as the parents please."

MAMMA—"It's very naughty of you, to say you won't have your dinner, and really wicked to say it's nasty, after having said your grace so prettily!" Fanny—"Yes, but, mamma, I wouldn't have said grace if I'd known it was Irish stew!"

MARK TWAIN says: "I have seen slower people than I am, and more deliberate people than I am, and even quieter, more listless and lazier people than I am. But they were dead."

JOSH BILLINGS says that "one of the hardest things for enny man to do is tew fall down on the ice when it is wet, and then git up and praze the Lord."