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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.
PLUMMER & 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 may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.
☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

J. HORTON KELLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE on Main Street, adjoining the Bank. Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him. jan6-y.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

J. M. BARR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office near Hall's Hotel,
fe1-6. CHESTERTOWN.

J. F. WILSON & Co.,
GEORGETOWN,
Have enlarged their Store House, giving them better facilities for showing their full stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
PAINTS, Oils and Varnishes.
☞ We take pleasure in showing our goods, and offer them at prices that will secure us quick sales. my10-y.

STIEFF'S PIANOS

Upwards of Fifty First Premiums
—AND—
GOLD and SILVER MEDALS
WERE AWARDED TO
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
For the BEST PIANO,
In Competition with all the leading Manufacturers of the country.
OFFICE AND SALESROOMS:
No. 9 N. Liberty St., Baltimore, Md.
The superiority of the UNRIVALLED STIEFF PIANO FORTE, is conceded by all who have compared it with others.
☞ In their New Grand Square Scale, 7½ Octaves, the manufacturers has succeeded in making the most perfect Piano Forte possible. Prices will be found as reasonable as consistent with thorough workmanship.
A large assortment of second-hand Pianos always on hand, from $75 to $300.
We are agents for the celebrated BURDETT CABINETT,
PARLOR and CHURCH ORGANS
all styles and prices, to suit every one, guaranteed to be fully equal to any made.
☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing names of over twelve hundred Southerners (five hundred of which are Virginians, two hundred North Carolinians, one hundred and fifty East Tennesseans, and others throughout the South,) who have bought the Stieff Piano since the close of the war. ap19y.

BURNS & SLOAN
132 Light St. Wharf,
BALTIMORE,
BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

PUMP MAKING.
THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he is prepared to attend to the business of
WELL DIGGING & PUMP MAKING
at the very lowest prices, and guarantees to give entire satisfaction.
He has on hand and for sale the celebrated
Cucumber Pumps
on easy terms. Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to him in the past, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may engage his services. He can be found at his residence in Church Alley, when not otherwise engaged. EDWARD CARTY,
May 17, 1873—3t. Chestertown.

IF YOU WISH A FIRST CLASS SHIRT, to fit, and made of the best material, call on S. MERRITT & CO.,
May 3, 1873. Chestertown.

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1873. No. 5.

REOPENING.
TO THE PUBLIC.
F. M. GOODING, Chesterville,
WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has reopened the old established store (lately occupied by A. L. Gooding, dec'd,) situated at Chesterville, Kent county, Md., and having refitted it generally, and laid in a large and well selected assortment of Goods, is fully prepared to meet all demands for
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes,
Hats, Caps, Notions,
Hardware, Glassware and Queensware,
and in fact every thing kept in a first class store. Also, a full supply of
Pure and Fresh Drugs & Medicines
☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.
A full line of PERFUMES, FANCY GOODS, Combs, Brushes, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash, or Country Produce taken in exchange.
June 7.—tf. F. M. GOODING.

SPRING
ANNOUNCEMENT
For 1873.
Handsome Styles
FOR MEN AND BOYS,
—AT—
The Popular Clothing Store
ON BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.
S. Merritt & Co.,
HAVE JUST OPENED
A LARGE and SPLENDID STOCK
OF
GENTS' YOUTH'S and BOYS'
CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods!
AND
HATS and CAPS.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CUSTOM WORK.
☞ Fits Guaranteed.
If you want Good Goods,
Well Made Up,
and Cut in Style,
COME AND SEE US.
S. MERRITT & CO.
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
May 3, 1873.

KENT COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION
No. 1,
WILL HOLD ITS
THIRD ANNUAL FAIR
AT
Worton Station,
Commencing TUESDAY, Sept. 30th
And Continuing Three Days.
☞ AMPLE PROVISION is being made to secure every possible benefit to exhibitors and visitors.
BIDS received for the following privileges:
Refreshment and Dining Saloon,
Soda Fountain,
Horse Pound,
and Barber Shop.
☞ For Premium Lists and other information, address (enclosing stamp) the Secretary,
E. A. VANNORT, M. D.,
Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.
April 5, 1873—tf.

TO FARMERS.
The Place to get your Work Done
At MODERATE RATES.
HAVING enlarged my new Shop, above the Jail, and employed the very best workmen, and having laid in a large stock of the best material, bought for cash, I think I can now do work at prices which the Farmer can afford to pay. All kind of
Cart, Wagon and Carriage Work
done with neatness and dispatch.
FARMING IMPLEMENTS
of all kinds, such as
PLOWS, HARROWS, Cultivators, &c.
kept constantly on hand, or made to order.
CULTIVATOR TEETH of the most approved style, and made of the best steel plate.
Give me a call and see for yourself.
All new work guaranteed for twelve months.
D. A. BENJAMIN.
Chestertown, Mar. 29—3m.

FUR, WOOL and STRAW HATS
Just received at the New Store.
May 17, 1873. J. H. SIMPERS.

Valuable Farm
FOR SALE.
THE undersigned, as heirs at law of the late James W. Skirven, of Kent County, will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on
TUESDAY.
The SEVENTEENTH of JUNE, 1873,
at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, at eleven o'clock, A. M., all that
Valuable Farm in Worton,
in Kent county, Md., commonly known as
"GREEN POINT"
formerly the property of the late Samuel G. Kennard, and afterwards of the late John S. Kennard, containing about
402 ACRES,
of which about 100 acres are in WOOD AND RAIL TIMBER. This Farm lies on navigable water on Worton Creek, and there is a Landing on the property, which affords facilities for lading and unlading vessels.
The soil is good and grows Wheat, Oats and Grass very finely, and also Corn.
There are about 2,000 Peach Trees
OF CHOICE VARIETIES,
about two years old. Also, about
600 PEAR TREES
in excellent condition, about two years old.
The location is one of the finest in the county, and as a site for a Dwelling is probably unsurpassed. The banks are high and command a beautiful view of the Bay and of the Harford shore, and the country surrounding the premises is healthy, and the neighborhood one of the best in the county. The Farm is under excellent fencing, and a considerable quantity of Cord Wood might be sold, independent of the fence timber left for improvement. The farm is divided into seven fields, and two lots.
The BUILDINGS
Consist of a
FRAME DWELLING,
quite commodious; Kitchen, new shed Stabling, Granary, Meat House, new, also new Carriage House, Garden paled and yard well fenced. The farm can easily be divided into two farms. There are also TWO TENANT HOUSES on the farm.
The land adjoins the property of Mr. J. W. Edwards and others. Mr. Charles Jewell, the tenant, will shew the premises to any who may call to examine them.
THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:—One-fourth cash on the day of sale, or in ninety days from the day of sale, and the balance in three equal instalments, in one, two and three years from the first day of January next, with interest from that time, to be secured by Bond and Mortgage on the estate, with assignment of policy of insurance on the buildings, the proceeds of which in case of fire to be appropriated to rebuilding.
SARAH E. SKIRVEN, (Widow,)
JAMES W. SKIRVEN,
WM. T. TOMLINSON,
(And wife, Sarah E. Tomlinson, formerly Sarah E. Skirven.)
May 17, 1873—tds.
[Del. Gazette and Middletown Transcript copy and send bill to this office.]

UP TOWN
Dry Goods Store.
THE LATEST STYLES!
THE BEST GOODS!!
And LOW PRICES!!
WM. H. ANTHONY
HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK and having taken the Store formerly kept by Mrs. Barrett, has just opened a good assortment of
DRY GOODS of all kinds,
NOTIONS and GROCERIES.
ALSO,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.
I will be pleased to see my friends and old customers. I am very thankful for past favors and hope to receive further patronage.
All kinds of Produce Wanted
IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
☞ GIVE ME A CALL, and I will do my best to please.
WM. H. ANTHONY,
"UP TOWN DRY GOODS STORE."
Chestertown, March 29, 1873.

MERCHANT TAILOR.
New Spring and Summer Fashions!
ABE SCHWARTZ,
FROM PHILADELPHIA,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened in the store room up town, opposite Capt. Thompson's, the
Latest Spring and Summer Styles
and has now on hand an assortment of Piece Goods and Samples of Piece Goods, almost to suit the taste of every man and youth, and is ready to receive orders for CUTTING and MAKING UP SUITS to fit, under guarantee, even at low prices. Gentlemen in want of a suit of good clothes have no need of going to the cities therefor, as all will be convinced by an examination of his goods and prices.
SCOURING, CLEANING and REPAIRING done promptly and in the best manner—almost like new. ABE SCHWARTZ.
Chestertown, May 10, 1875—tf.

250,000
Rail Road TIES
WANTED!
AS AGENT for the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, the subscriber wishes to contract, immediately, at a fair cash price for the above number of TIES or TIE TIMBER either in Kent, Queen Anne's or Caroline Counties.
For particulars call on or address
WM. F. BAKER,
April 5, 1873—2m. Chestertown.

GAS HOUSE and SHELL LIME,
DELIVERED by water or rail in any county on the Eastern Shore.
For sale by LEVI FIDDIS, Jr.,
mh29-tf. No. 80 Light St., Baltimore.

SWEET POTATO PLANTS,
In quantities to suit purchasers,
For sale by W. N. C. ANDERSON,
apr26-8t* near Crumpton, Kent Co., Md.

MY CHOICE.

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,—
The traces of small, muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry, glowing
All spotless, with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And I see that your own household whiteness
All fresh in its purity stands?

Yes, I know my "black walnut" is battered,
And dented by many small heels;
While your own polished stairway, all perfect,
Its smooth, shining surface reveals!

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys?

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your own unmolested,
And dream the soft quiet away?

Yes, I know I have jackets that wear out,
And buttons that never will stay;
While you can embroider at leisure,
And learn pretty arts of "crochet."

And I know there are lessons of spelling,
Which I must be patient to hear;
While you may sit down to your novel,
Or turn the last magazine near!

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night;
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman,—
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;—
Yet I would not change places with you!

No! keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from trouble and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure;—
But give me my four precious boys!

The Sensation of Drowning.

Dr. Hoffman, of Dixon, Ill., who was one of the victims of the recent bridge disaster in that town, and was very nearly drowned, thus describes his sensation while in the water:

I could feel the water running down my throat and in my ears, and all at once experience the most delightful sensation. I seemed to be at peace with everything, and perfectly happy. My whole life passed before me like a flash of lightning, the events appearing in sequence, the most prominent appearing to be indelibly impressed upon my mind. Circumstances I had forgotten appeared vividly, and I did not want to be disturbed. I should have preferred to remain were I was.—While in the midst of beatific reverie, thinking what my wife would do if she were saved and I were drowned, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I was pulled out and placed on a rock. I was almost insensible, but gradually came to myself.—Oh, how sick and wretched I felt. I was greatly astonished at the number of events that passed through my mind while under the water. Nothing that occured during childhood was evident, but everything since I was about nineteen years old appeared before me as if photographed. The sensation I experienced while the water was going down my throat was not unpleasant. It seemed as if I was going on a pleasant journey, and was surrounded by all kinds of beautiful things.

QUEER FACTS.—A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain verse in Jeremiah. Zimmerman tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand, there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburgh, who lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscopic form of pills.—There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton as bereaved of life and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre, in his well known little book, mentions three curious cases of idiosyncrasy—the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity; the case of another whose head would become frightfully swollen if he touched the smallest hare; the case of a third who would inevitably have an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.

WORKING WOMEN.—Mr. C. C. Fulton, editor of the *American*, in one of his letters from Berlin, thus describes the German women:

"German women are undoubtedly able to do a man's work, and some of them do more in that line than most men are willing to. The very hardest species of manual labor is spading ground and turning over the sod. In the Park to-day we passed nearly fifty women, all strong and muscular, busily driving their spades into the earth. They worked in gangs of five, side by side, apparently as contented as if they were piercing a cambric handkerchief with a needle. When women can perform this kind of labor they are certainly on an equality with man in some things if not in all, and need no protectors. Only think of marrying a woman who can dig all day with a spade! It would not do for most of the lords of creation to have such wives, or at least to provoke them to a trial of strength."

AN independent man is one who blacks his own boots, who can live without whiskey and tobacco, who earns at least a penny a day more than he spends, and who can, upon a pinch, shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror. A great man is one who can learn his children to obey him when out of his sight. A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when a friend unexpectedly drops in to dine with him. A sensible wife looks for her enjoyment at home—a silly one, abroad. A wise girl would win a lover by practicing those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded. A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments, and by a mawkish sentiment, which has as little to do with a true heart as has the gaudy dress she wears. A good girl always respects herself, and is thus sure to be respected by others. Apes remain apes, though you clothe them with velvet. We often pardon those who weary us, but we cannot pardon those whom we weary.

IT looks vulgar for a gentleman to smoke when walking with a lady along the streets, even at night.

LETTER FROM MILLINGTON.

Messrs. Editors Kent News:—It was with pleasure I spoke of the prospects of this ancient town through the columns of the *News* some four years ago, feeling then as I now do, an interest in the welfare of the place and its inhabitants. Millington had for fifty years prior to the establishment of the railroad which runs through her borders remained in a dormant state, almost unheard of beyond the limits of her own State, when she was wakened up and aroused to a sense of her interest and pride by the sound of the steam whistle, calling her citizens from their slumbering lethargy to the scene of action opened before them by the strong arm of enterprise and industry, in the opening of a way between us and our eastern cities by which we could visit our neighbors and export and import our produce with safety and dispatch. Old fogyism seemed to have passed away, and "Young America" loomed up and presided over our commercial enterprise, until we suffered the loss of a large portion of the business part of the town by fire, together with the scarcity of money, placed a damper over our business interests from which it is hard to recover. The want of capital sufficient to erect and drive the business of manufacturing establishments, such as an iron foundry and machine shop, a cannery, a coal and lumber yard, a basket and berry crate manufactory, and a commodious warehouse for the storage of grain, has been a barrier in the way of our progress; yet I am proud to say that Millington is not far behind her sister towns in the way of improvement, notwithstanding the adverse fortune through which she has passed during the last year. All of the above branches of business are greatly needed here, and would add to the wealth of business men and prosperity of the community. Our facilities are such as would enable speculators to ship their products to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, either by rail or water, being situate at the head of Chester river, within three miles of navigable water for vessels of ordinary tonnage, and immediately on the Queen Anne's & Kent Railroad, within four miles of Massey's Junction, from which place goods can be shipped direct to New York via. the Bombay Hook road now under construction; or to Philadelphia and Baltimore via the Delaware road. We have a broad and fertile extent of country around us, whose interest and convenience it is to buy and sell and ship at this point, there being none of the above branches of trade carried on to much extent within twelve miles of this place, except that of fruit and grain at Massey's and Georgetown.

These facts are worthy the notice of business men abroad, and in view of them I hesitate not to say there is no better opening on the Peninsula for the above named trades than there is at Millington. I would like to direct the attention of business men to the success of Capt. Andrew Woodall, at Georgetown, and the Messrs. Mallalieu, the proprietors of the Union Mills and woolen factories, situate within one mile of this town, as an evidence of the above statement. The former commenced business with a comparatively small amount of capital, and striving with the ups and downs of life he has advanced step by step, adding boat to boat, vessel to vessel, and farm to farm, until he has become one of the most extensive land owners in the State, and a benefactor to the community in which he lives. The latter, commencing business in this county about twenty-five years ago under unfavorable circumstances, and battling with manly perseverance and religious economy against the ills of fortune, have advanced little by little until they have secured more than a competency, and today their broad fields and smiling acres, together with the clatter of the spacious factory and increased flight of the nimble shuttle, and whirl of the active spindle, gladden not only the hearts of their friends but contribute largely to the support of the church, the widow and the orphan; and they now rank among the first in the community, not only in moral and social position, but in industrial pursuits, not confined alone to the factory and looms which send forth all over the country large supplies of the best goods produced in this country, in the line of cloths, cassimeres and kerseys; but

Agriculture prospers beneath their well directed care,
And fields of golden grain their industry declare.

T

Madison as a Temperance Man.

Many years ago, when the temperance movement began in Virginia, Ex-President Madison lent the weight of influence to the cause. Case-bottles and decanters disappeared from the side-board at Montepelier—wine was no longer dispensed to the many visitors at the hospitable mansion. Nor was this all. Harvest began, but the customary barrel of whiskey was not purchased, and the song of the scythemen in the wheat-field languished. In lieu of whiskey, there was a beverage most inocuous, unstimulating and unpalatable to the army of darkey laborers.

The following morning, Mr. Madison called in his head-man to make the usual inquiry, 'Nelson, how comes on the crop?'

"Po'ly, Mars, Jeems—monsus po'ly."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Things is seyus."

"What do you mean by serious?"

"We gwin los' dat crap."

"Lose the crop! Why should we lose it?"

"'Cause dat ar crap ar heap too big a crap to be gethered 'thout whiskey. Lasses and water never gether no crap sence de worl' war made, ner 'taint gwine to."

Mr. Madison succumbed; the wiskey was procured, the "crap" was 'gethered.'

"WE are born in haste," says a writer: "We finish our education on the run:—we marry on the wing; we make our fortune at a stroke, and lose it in the same manner, to make and lose it again in the twimkling of an eye. Our body is locomotive, going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour: our soul is a high pressure death overtakes us at last like a flash of engine; our life is like a shooting star, and lightning."

WHAT though things look a little dark? The lane will turn, and night will end in a broad day. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom.

LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE, MD.

Cambridge—Its Surroundings—Hotel—Church Creek—Fruit, Fencing, Citizens—An Octogenarian—Fine Forest—Tobacco Stick—Name—Boat Yards—Old House—Federalsburg—Thrift—Churches and Ministers—Marshy Hope Creek—Pretty Residence—Basket Making.

Messrs. Editors Kent News:—In my last I gave you a sketch of travel through Dorchester county, as far down the Delaware & Dorchester railway as East New Market. Thence my route continued to Cambridge. This has always been esteemed one of the prettiest villages on the Eastern Shore. Such was my impression of it on a visit there a number of years ago, and in a ramble over it in company with my intelligent friend, Rev. J. E. Williams, late of Missouri, but now of the Wilmington Conference M. E. Church, who ten years ago was one of us—confirmed these earlier impressions. Umbrageous shade trees embowering the streets, stores, dwellings and public offices, give it a decided rural aspect, while the irregularity of the streets break up the monotony, and impart to the place quite a city air. It is, as most of your readers know, on the Choptank, an Indian name indicating a "bend or turn," and has that fine body of water full in view. The Court House is quite an imposing structure, and is located on an eminence the south side of which is a deep, springy ravine, in which are two fountains walled up above the surrounding level; over one of these is a dilapidated pagoda like structure, which, from indications thereabout, I should judge the authorities intended either to repair or remove. It appeared to me that at a small expense this spot might be made one of surpassing beauty. The M. E. Church is a fine building, and has, I learn, a growing congregation, in charge at present of Rev. J. E. Williams. There is also a large congregation of Southern Methodists, and an Episcopal Church. Here also resides Judge Stuart, and the genial Dr. Phelps, at one time the Senator from Dorchester. There are four hotels in Cambridge, two of which are Temperance Houses—the Bramble House and the Dorchester House. I should judge, however, that the little saloons and petty drinking houses do most of the liquor business.

From Cambridge I took a conveyance to Church Creek, a long scattering village on a creek of the same name. My route lay through a country very deficient in improvement, but I passed several very fine fields of wheat, and on the farm of the late T. H. Hicks, ex-Governor, I noticed fine fields of timothy. Near Cambridge, on this road, there were also seen large patches of strawberries. The fencing was generally slight, and made of narrow oak boards. No hedging seen. At Church Creek reside the Richardson's, the Dixon's, D. F. Orem, Esq., and the venerable T. K. Carroll, now I learn very infirm. I should have called to pay my respects to him, but learned that he sought perfect seclusion. Some of the gardens here are very fine, notably that of Mr. Richardson is a perfect gem of beauty.

From Church Creek to Tobacco Stick, four miles, is through a farming region of clayey land interspersed with forests of splendid white oak and pine. We pass Loomtown, where is a Baptist Church, the surrounding neighborhood being of that faith. On the Creeks leading into the Choptank are several yards for boat building. At Tobacco Stick I paid a visit to one. Jos. Brooks, Esq., the proprietor, had a large schooner and a pungy on the stocks, and quite a number of men were employed. Much of the pine used is obtained from South Carolina, that wood of suitable quality being difficult to obtain nearer. The name, Tobacco Stick—not very euphonious, it must be conceded—is said to have originated thus: An Indian, in an attempt to cross the creek, finding himself in some danger, seized a stick used for curing tobacco and by its aid succeeded in reaching land. From Tobacco Stick, the original home of the Woolford's, with one of whom, at the ancient mansion, I spent a pleasant day, I set out for Federalsburg. The Woolford house, now the residence of Thomas J. Woolford, Esq., bears date 1668, and is in many respects an architectural curiosity, being built only two years after the organization of the county.

Federalsburg is quite a prosperous village, lying partly in Dorchester and partly in Caroline, the main street dividing the counties. Here is a thrifty and industrious population, with no resort for loafers, no grog shop or other place of corruption. A very commodious M. E. Church, in charge of Rev. Mr. Van Burkalow and Rev. J. W. Poole, hat hitherto been the only place of worship; but, whether demanded by the increase of population or not, I cannot say, a large Presbyterian church is going up, to be cared for by Rev. Mr. Going, the congregation now worshipping in a temporary place. Rev. Mr. Young, of the German Reform Church, has also bought property and located here, unable to stand the rigors of the climate in Canada, whence he came. He will, however, now identify himself with the existing churches. Through this village flows Marshy Hope Creek, an affluent of the Nanticoke. It is a beautiful and romantic stream, and has been arrested by John W. Brown, Esq., and utilized to turn a grist mill, and move all the complicated machinery for making berry baskets and crates. Below the hill and on the stream is a babel of noise of saws, planes, hammers, &c., and above is his residence, a gem of peaceful repose and quiet beauty. A dozen or more young ladies are busy ten hours in the day in an upper room of the factory nailing together with small tacks the basket materials which is prepared and cut below. It is a hive of industry and alive with song. The supply of baskets and crates, though fully equal to the capacity of the machinery, is not adequate to the demand. Strawberry culture is gaining ground rapidly in the vicinity. Poultry raising must also be a source of great profit, spring chickens bringing May 28th seventy-five cents per pound, equal to $6 per dozen.

I left Dorchester by the Highland Light, Captain Leonard, it being my first trip on her. It is needless to say that the captain, officers and attendants vie with each other in their attentions to the comfort of the passengers, and leave nothing undone to secure their safety and to contribute to their enjoyment. The boat is spacious and airy, the state rooms and berths neat and well ordered, and feeling as much at home as a traveler can feel on a stormy night on the water, I courted the "gentle goddess, balmy sleep" until rosy dawn revealed to me the domes and spires of Baltimore. Thence placing myself with a host of good friends under the kindly care of Capt. Cundiff, the trusty "Trumpeter" soon brought me to old Kent once more.

SIMON SHARP.

It was a Piece of My Mother's Dress.

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones:

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost.—"Come, John, come!" said the superintendent, "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, *and it is all I shall have to remember her by.*" And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and of the sad death bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother by," hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

We know many an eye will moisten as this story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all great cities and in all places.

Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your by cheerful obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure, obeyed.

Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a "dear *dead* mother," no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfullness or disobedience.

A Hunting Incident.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "A young man named Harvey Wells, living at Millwood Station, on the E. and P. railroad, went out on a hunt recently and succeeded in getting up a lively fox chase. The fox ran into a hollow log, and a dog followed. Both dog and fox were now lost to the hunter; and, after blowing his horn and searching the woods in vain, he went home wondering what could have become of his faithful animal. Nine days afterward it happened that the master went to the hollow log, and, upon examining it closely, found his dog wedged inside. In his eagerness to catch the fox he had gone too far and could not retreat, and also made the fox a prisoner. The log was split open, and, strange to say, both dog and fox were found to be still alive, though very much emaciated and weak. The fox was permitted to go in peace, and the dog was kindly taken in the arms of his master, who took him home and doctored him with bread and meat until he had regained his usual strength."

FAILURES IN SOCIETY.—Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded, when they might have, and should have succeeded; of women who, in the first half of their days, did nothing but eat and sleep and simper, and in the last half done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men in every trade and profession who do not amount to anything, and of girls and women without any trade or profession who have no desire to amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say, that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more selfdenying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former type will give the world the perfect type. I know not when the millenium is, as when measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you all, that it is a great way off as measured by the human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet—no age has ever had any—as shall stand on earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it.

AN exchange propounds the following conundrum: "What shall be done with the people who annoy their neighbors at public entertainments by giggling and chatting all the evening?" The only remedy we can think of is, let them get married, which generally ends their giggling days.

THE wood of some tools will last longer than the metal, as in spades, hoes and plows. In other tools the wood is first gone, as in wagons, wheelbarrows and machines. Such wood should be painted or oiled; the paint only looks well, and petroleum oil is as good as any other.

"WHY don't you wash the bottom of your feet, John?" asked a grandmother of a boy when he was performing the operation before retiring for the night. To which he gravely replied:—"Why, granny, you don't think I'm going to stand up in bed, do you?"

BALTIMORE ladies are wearing what is known as the snow-ball veil. It is of black lace, dotted with white, and very becoming.

THE ancient maxim was 'Know thyself,' the modern one is, 'Know thy neighbor and all his business.'

A HINT—the man who persists in talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

IT requires greater virtues to support good than bad fortune.

Rates of Advertising:
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. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.
Obituaries will be inserted at one-half of advertising rates.
JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
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&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

CALLING THE DEAD.

Everybody will remember that Matilda Heron, the actress, while in California some years since, married a lawyer popularly known as "Harry Byrne," from whom she subsequently parted. Upon his death, a year or two ago, Miss Heron went to San Francisco in the hope of securing a portion at least of the handsome property he was said to have left, in which effort, we believe, she failed. Byrne was universally admitted to be a man of rich scholarly literary attainments and of original and eloquent genius as an advocate. Among the many instances of his power as a prosecutor, the following from a "Frisco" paper, is perhaps the most striking:

Some time in the year 18—, a gentleman from one section of the country, being displeased with the conduct, actions or words of another from the other part of the country manifested his disapproval by deliberately shooting him down.

In hour of need the influence of his element was employed; his sectional friends flocked around; eminent counsel were engaged, among whom were the names of such men as Baker, McDougal, and Tingley, the leaders of the bar. Byrne, who occupied the position of District Attorney, being at that time a very young man, felt it his duty to call to his assistance a man of rising talents, who was then winning his way, to the high position he afterward attained—Elisha Cook.

The day of trial commenced, but it was conceded on all sides that the prisoner, with his eminent counsel, his command of money, and his throng of sympathising friends, would cheat the gallows and mock at justice. After the evidence was all in, Mr. Cook made an able and brilliant opening for the State, but to no avail. Then followed the counsel for defence. They were forcible, able, and eloquent. They wrought a powerful effect upon the jury, and it was palpable to all that there was scarcely a possibility of a verdict antagonistic to the prisoner.

Mr. Byrne rose in the court-room and amid deep silence proceeded to close for the prosecution. Pale as the white walls was around him, with long and flowing block locks, his eye burning and glowing like a blazing coal, he tore the veil of sophistry, weaved around the subject, by his adversaries, and laid the bold and awful facts before the jury. Now rising to awful denunciation, he seemed a Nemesis to the cowering criminal before him; now he turned his voice to low persuasion as he sought to mould the jury to his wish. But, as he paused, after a tremendous effort, his eye pursuaded him that, unless he called to his aid some new and startling line of action, the verdict would be against him.

At the time an old eccentric man was the bailiff of the court. One of his peculiarities was to sleep through the arguments of the counsel, and naught could arouse him save the command of the court or the voice of the district attorney directing him to do some official act; but at these well-known sounds he would start from his seat with an alacrity remarkable for one of his years.

Turning to the old man, (who was enjoying his usual nap,) Byrne, to whom this idiosyncrasy was well known, pointed his finger at the peaceful lineaments of his countenance, and eulogized his faithful attention to his duties. "But" said he, "he has in this case left one duty unperformed." Then with a voice that thrilled through men's hearts and made the rafters ring: "Mr. Bailiff call William Adams. The old man sprung from his seat, and hurrying across the court-room to the entrance beyond, called, in a weird, thick manner, the dead man's name, "William Adams, Willian Adams, William Adams, come into the court."

The criminal shivered in his seat, men's blood flowed coldly, and the silence was as death. Justice seemed to be crying to heaven for retribution; the faces of the jurors grew white and blue, and each man glued his eyes upon the door as if he expected the apparition to answer the summons.

"Gentlemen" continued Byrne "that witness can never come. The *one* who can relate to you the circumstances of this tragedy lies in his cold and silent grave. No bailiff's voice can rouse him from eternal sleep; naught save the clarion blast of the Archangel's trump can pierce the adamantine walls of his resting place.—He has been defended forever by him who stands arranged at this bar.—Base, brutal, bloody man, upon you hangs this awful responsibility. Your hands have dabbled in his blood, and as the instrument of outraged society, I demand your conviction."

Genius triumphed. Justice was vindicated, and the prisoner expiated his offence on the scaffold.

THE CORPORAL'S WATCH.—It came to the knowledge of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that a corporal of his body-regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential. Frederick accosted the corporal one day on the parade. "Corporal," said he, "you must have been a prudent fellow to have saved a watch out of your pay." "I flatter myself that I am brave, sir," replied the man; "the watch is of little consequence." The King taking out a watch set with diamonds, said, "My watch points at five. How much is yours?" Shame and confusion first appeared in the corporal's face; at length he drew out his bullet, and answered with a firm voice: "My watch, sir, shows me neither five or six; but it tells me that I ought to be ready, at every hour, to die for your majesty." The King replied: "In order that you may daily see one of those hours at which you are to die for me, take this watch."

"WILL you take this woman to be your wife?" "Well, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green un to ax me such a question as that. Do you suppose I'd be such a plaggy fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this gal to the quilting frolic, if I warn't partin and determined to have her? Drive on with your business."

"WHO was the meekest man, my son?" said the superintendent of a boy's Bible-class in the State of Vermont. "Moses, sir." "Very well, my boy; and who was the meekest woman?" "Please, sir, there never was no meekest woman."

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? A courtship.