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The Kent News:

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

JAS. M. 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 rom all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873. No. 18.

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,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

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. janc-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.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE on Court Street, adjoining the Drug Store of Messrs. C. F. Stam & Brother.

Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

A CARD.
AUGUST 1st, 1873.

ALL INDEBTED to THOS. H. WHALAND will be good enough to settle. It would give him much pleasure to indulge for any length of time if it were possible, but he owes some money, which must be paid either by collections, borrowing at a premium, or assigning paper at a discount, which he ought not to be compelled to do with the amount of money he has due, and which ought to have been collected a long time ago. His professional engagements will not allow him to make individual calls. Hoping this notice will relieve him from any more unpleasant proceeding, he remains, with much respect,
aug2-tf. THOS. H. WHALAND.

NOTICE to COAL CONSUMERS.

THE undersigned, would respectfully call the attention of the public to the fact that he has made arrangements to furnish
GOOD COAL
to the people on and after July 12th.
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY. Fully 50 per cent. can be saved by buying now.
We buy from *first hands*, and will sell at a small advance upon the cost price.
My agent, Mr. WM. H. PALMER, will receive all orders and moneys.
JAMES F. TAYLOR.
July 12, 1873—tf.

COAL,
FREE FROM SLATE AND DIRT,

SHIPPED direct from the mines to any Station on the Kent Railroad, at lowest market rates, if application be made to
GEO. M. D. CANN,
or GEO. W. BUSH & SON,
Wilmington, Del.
Orders for Chestertown can be left with
jy26-3m. J. W. COLLINS, P. M.

COAL NOTICE.

THE undersigned having on hand a supply of COAL, both hard and soft, of different sizes, intends to continue the business, and will furnish it as low as can be bought in Chestertown of the same quality, for the cash, giving 2240 lbs. to the ton, weighed by true platform scales. J. T. TWILLEY.
July 19, 1873—tf.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has made arrangements with Dr. Thos. H. Whaland to carry on his
MILL
near Chestertown, for the present year.
His long experience in the business and his reputation as a Miller warrants him in the belief that he can give universal satisfaction.—As soon as practicable he intends to keep on hand a good supply of
CORN MEAL,
WHEAT FLOUR of all Grades,
HORSE FEED, &c., &c.,
which he is determined to sell at reduced prices.
He only wants to make the regular toll, and will be compelled to sell for Cash only as his capital is small and he does not intend to keep books.
He will use all means to make the Mill a public convenience as well as a source of profit.
A trial is all he asks.
Most respectfully,
SAMUEL A. ANTHONY.
Jan. 6, 1873—tf.

BURNS & SLOAN

Lumber Dealers,

OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF,
BALTIMORE,

YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,

OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF
BUILDING
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
DOORS,
SASH,
BRICKS,
OAK, ASH, WALNUT,
At the Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.
June 28, 1873.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A STORE HOUSE and DWELLING, AND LOT OF GROUND, in Locust Grove, Kent county, will be rented for the ensuing year, or will be sold on reasonable terms.
Apply to GEO. W. WALLS,
Locust Grove.
N. B.—I am closing out my STORE GOODS AT COST. jy5-8t*

FOR SALE or Rent for 1874,

TWO DWELLING HOUSES, and one Shop—a good stand for an undertaker—at Kennedyville. Apply to
JOHN STOUFFER,
jy26-7t* Kennedyville.

Farmers, Look!

WE ARE NOW SELLING ONE OF THE BEST DRILLS ever sold in this county. It will sow all kinds of Phosphates and Ground Bones, either Dry or Damp. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. WE SELL AT BALTIMORE PRICES. We are also selling
J. J. TURNER & CO.'S
Excelsior & Ammoniated Super-Phos.

WHITELOCK & CO.'S,
J. B. RHODES & CO.'S,
MD. FERTILIZING CO.'S
PHOSPHATES,

PACIFIC GUANO,

LISTER'S PURE GROUND BONE,
on ACCOMMODATING TERMS, delivered at any point on the Sassafras or Chester rivers.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
Aug. 23, 1873—2m. Chestertown.

Fertilizers
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

J. J. TURNER & CO.'S
EXCELSIOR,

J. J. TURNER'S AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE,

Whann's Raw Bone Super Phosphate,

BOWER'S COMPLETE MANURE,

PATAPSCO GUANO,

WHITELOCK'S VEGETATOR,

Rhodes' Super Phosphate,

FISH GUANO,

Different Grades of Pure and Adulterated
GROUND BONE,
ORCHILLA GUANO.

I respectfully invite the attention of my customers and Farmers generally to the above articles. Special arrangements for time can be made on most of them.
I can deliver them at any landing or at any Railroad Station in the county.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Aug. 16, 1873—2m.

☞ Cultivator Teeth a Specialty!
The Place to get Good Work Done!
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
WHEELWRIGHTING
PLOWS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, FARM WAGONS, CARTS, DRAYS, EXRESS WAGONS, DEARBORNS, &c.

THE undersigned would respectfully return their thanks to the people of Kent and the adjoining county for their liberal patronage during the past nine years, and feel confident we shall receive the same as long as we continue to use the *best material* and employ none but the *best workmen*, thus giving a guarantee on all we do.
In the WHEELWRIGHT DEPARTMENT we use the best Lumber, and well seasoned.
In the BLACKSMITH LINE, *we* do the most of the work, and we flatter ourselves that it cannot be excelled on this Shore.
CULTIVATORS of all styles and patterns;
PLOW CASTINGS, smooth and of the best temper.
Reapers, Mowers, Horse Powers, Drills, and ll kind of implements used in this part of the ountry repaired
HOES of the best brand of steel.
All kinds of Plow Castings for sale.
We intend to fix prices to suit the times.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
March 22, 1873—6m.

NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber has received from the city a full supply of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Dry Goods, Notions, Confectionary,
GROCERIES, and other seasonable Goods, which he will sell Cheap for Cash or Produce.
GOOD POULTRY WANTED, for which the highest price will be paid.
JOS. E. WEER,
Dec. 21. Kennedyville, Md.

HARNESS MAKING!

THE undersigned has commenced the above business in the upper story of his Restaurant, on Cross street, below Bordley's corner, and having employed competent workmen, is prepared TO MAKE NEW
OR REPAIR OLD HARNESS
IN THE BEST MANNER.
An examination of his styles and prices is respectfully solicited.
JOHN ARMSTRONG,
July 13, 1872. Chestertown.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Drugs and Medicines,
In which I cannot be undersold.
☞ A DISCOUNT of 10 per cent. allowed on
Patent Medicines.
WHITE LEAD, PAINTS, OIL, VARNISH, TURPENTINE, PUTTY, GLASS, &c.
JOS. E. WEER,
May 18, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

TAKE NOTICE!

WE will sell the balance of our stock of
WINTER BOOTS and SHOES
AT COST.
The stock is all new and of good quality.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS in the GROCERY LINE:
Light Brown Sugar at 10 cts. a pound.
White Sugar at 12½ cts. a pound.
Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON, Chestertown.
Store on Cross street, opposite G. E. Lambert's Carriage Factory. mh15.

IF YOU WANT A Nice Suit MADE up, at a less price than a City Tailor would charge you, call on S. MERRITT & CO.

GROCERIES.—A fine assortment of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Buckwheat Meal, Flour of different grades, &c
JOS. E. WEER.

CHANGE OF POLICY.
Necessity Knows No Law!
CASH OR TRADE ONLY.
TO THE PUBLIC.

Although foreign to my wishes, necessity compels me to change my present mode of doing business to a
STRICTLY CASH or TRADE BASIS,
with the exception of DRUGS & MEDICINES, which will be sold on 30 or 60 days.
COUNTRY PRODUCE
of every description taken in exchange for goods on a cash basis, and merchandise sold much lower than when purchased for credit.
CONVINCE
yourselves by calling and examining my goods and prices, that you can do much better under the new system than the old dispensation.
☞ Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.
☞ *Don't forget the Terms:*
Cash or Country Produce.
FRANK M. GOODING,
Chesterville, Kent county, Md.
Sept. 6, 1873—tf.

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.

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.

TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.
R. B. RUSSELL, Ag't,
HIGH ST., near Voshell House, Chestertown, has now in store a full supply of
Very Superior Cigars and Tobacco
which he is selling wholesale and retail at the lowest city prices. Dealers supplied with CIGARS of different grades, in large or small quantities, at short notice.
Chewing Tobacco,
of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also, Fine Cut.
SMOKING TOBACCO,
SNUFF and PIPES, a good assortment.
Also, in store an assortment of
CANDIES, FRUITS,
And GENERAL PRODUCE.
FRESH BREAD every afternoon.
☞ Please give me a call. ap26.

CHAS. H. SMITH,
MASSEYS, MD.,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS
Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
Country Produce received for Goods.
☞ FURNITURE furnished at 10 per cent. above Manufacturers' prices.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
April 5, 1873—6m.

TAKE NOTICE!
MONEY WANTED.

WE, the undersigned, would remind our customers that we owe money, and are in want of money to pay our bills, and hope all indebted to us will take due notice. Remember old promises, and pay up at once. We have acted our part, and we hope and expect our customers to do theirs.
Respectfully, &c,
aug23-tf. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

$5 REWARD.—Lost in Chestertown, on Tuesday night last, a small, BLACK POCKET BOOK, containing one $10 note, two $2 notes and some currency. The finder will receive Five Dollars Reward by leaving it at the "Kent News" Office.
August 23, 1873—3t*

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby warned against gunning or otherwise trespassing on the farm on which I reside, known as "Swan Point," and belonging to Richard Hynson, Esq. The law will be enforced against all offenders.
Aug. 23—3t. LEMUEL STEVENS.

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.—All persons are hereby positively forbidden to gun, hunt, cross over the land, or in any other manner trespass upon the premises occupied by the undersigned, near Chestertown. The law will be rigidly enforced.
MRS. E. R. WICKES,
Aug. 23—3t. WILLARD MELVIN.

JONES.

I knew a man and he lived in Jones—
Which Jones is a county of red hills and stones,
And he lived pretty muchly by getting of loans,
And his mules were nothing but skin and bones
And his hogs were as fat as his corn-pones,
And he'd 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man—and his name was also Jones—
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills and stones,
For he couldn't make nothin' but yellowish cotton,
And little of that, and his fences were rotten,
And what little corn he had that was boughten
And he couldn't get a living from the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got,
And he rose and he walked to his stable lot,
And he halloed to Tom to come there and hitch
For to emigrate somewhere where land was rich
And quit raising cock-burrs, thistles and sich,
And wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Protesting that folks were mighty big fools
That 'ud stay in Georgia their lifetime out,
Just scratching a living, when all of them mought
Get places in Texas where cotton would sprout,
By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he drove to a house where a man named Brown
Was living, not far from the edge of the town,
And he bantered Brown for to buy his place,
And said that seeing as money was skace,
And seeing the sheriffs were hard to face,
Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
And Jones he bought him a wagon and tents,
And loaded his corn, and women and truck,
And moved to Texas, which it took
His entire pile, with the best of luck,
To get there and get him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones farm,
And he rolled up his breeches and bared his arm,
And he picked all the rocks from off'n the ground,
And he rooted up and plowed it down,
And sowed his corn and wheat in the land.

Five years glid by, and Brown one day
(Who had got so fat that he wouldn't weigh,)
Was a sitting down, sorter lazily
To the grandest dinner you ever did see,
When one of his children jumped on his knee
And says, "Yau's Jones, which you bought his land."

And there was Jones standing out at the fence,
And he hadn't no wagon, nor mules, nor tents,
For he had left Texas afoot and come
To Georgia to see if he couldn't get some
Employment, and he was locking as humble as if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he asked him in, and he sot
Him down to his victuals smoking hot,
And when he filled himself and the floor,
Brown looked at him sharp and rose and swore
That "whether men's land was rich or poor,
There was more in the man than there was in the land."

TALENT IN THE MARYLAND PENITENTIARY.—On Thursday, 28th, ult., the Grand Jury of Baltimore city made the usual visit to the Maryland Penitentiary, The *Gazette* gives the following account of a prisoner now confined therein:

"A prisoner was found in the shoe shop whose case is of special interest. His name is Adolph Laurins, is 34 years of age, was born in France, entered the French Navy at the age of 13, served as an officer 13 years in that service, then became a captain in the army of the Emperor Maximilian, in Mexico, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years for the larceny of a horse and buggy belonging to H. S. Shyrock & Co., furniture dealers on South Calvert street.—He has now twenty one months to serve. His education was that of a scientific officer, and before he was convicted he was a contributor to the *Scientific American*, and he has regularly contributed to that journal since his incarceration, two recent articles being on "Deep Sea Soundings," and "The Patent Right Question." Both articles show ability of an unusual order. This prisoner is also of an inventive order of genius, and has perfected in the shoe shop what he calls the "Gordan Heel Seam," which insures greater strength, a saving of labor and material, in some shoes the saving of material being four cents on a pair. He has applied for a patent, and will obtain it before leaving the prison. Laurins is also engaged in other inventions, and among them is an instrument for taking reckonings at sea. He performs his regular task, and employs his leisure in study and inventive work. The officers of the prison state that he is among the best behaved convicts. His inventions may bring him a fortune.

ADORABLE LADIES.—A Cape May correspondent writes: I have seen here in the Stockton Hotel no less than three old ladies, old in the truest sense, who were positive beauties. Their complexions were perfect, their teeth faultless, their walk undulating, and the youngest of them was over sixty. Nowhere in the world can one see so many adorable old ladies as in America, and nowhere in America so many as at Cape May. I try in vain to remember what one of them, who has specially captivated my affections, wore when I last saw her. It was soft, and it was cameo in color, and it was trimmed with something, but what I cannot recollect. But I perfectly remember that the effect was altogether charming, and that as we descended the broad stairway together, chatting, we came upon a group of Pittsburgh girls, dressed for the evening hop. They were pretty girls, with faces full of affection and good humor, but as the old Quakeress passed by they suddenly became tawdry, insipid and toneless.

ABSENT MINDED PEOPLE.—Sir Isaac Newton wanted his servant to carry out a stove that was getting too hot.

A fellow stole Sir Isaac's dinner before his eyes, and he afterwards thought he had eaten it because he saw the dishes empty.

A Scotch professor walked into the middle of a horse pond while pondering on Final Causes.

Ben. Franklin punched down the fire with the finger of a young lady sitting at his side, and severely burned the lily white poker.

A gentleman in Troy received a letter in the dark, and used it to light a lamp, and looked for it to read.

Pere Gratry, one day in Paris, thinking he had left his watch at home, took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go back after it.

Neander, the church historian, used to go to his lectures in his night cap and night gown, and sometimes walked in the gutter.

But all these cases do not equal that of a man who takes a paper year after year, and always forgets to pay for it.

THOSE who have tried it say that kissing is like a sewing-machine, because it seems good.

Conversion of Andrew Jackson.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOT.

Andrew Jackson was a very extraordinary man. His defects and his excellencies are alike prominent. Great allowances should be made for him in view of the untoward influence with which he was surrounded in early life. Though the child of a pious mother, he was the child of penury, and was born an orphan in a lonely log-hut in the then wilderness of North Carolina. His father died a few days before his birth.

Andrew, exposed to all the temptations of poverty, and of rude frontier life, where there were neither schools nor churches, grew up an ignorant, profane, rough, turbulent boy. His profanity was said to have been awful, often exciting the surprise even of the boldest blasphemers.—The years rolled on, with their vicissitude of sin and suffering, when Andrew, having obtained the age of twenty, took it in his head to study law. He could read very well, had committed to memory most of the multiplication table, and could write in characters which few had sufficient skill to decipher. This was all the education he could then boast of.

Traditions of Salisbury, where he affected to study law, say, "Andrew Jackson was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury."

When Andrew was fourteen years of age his mother died, and he was left alone in the world without father, mother, sister or brother, and without one dollar which he could call his own. The character of this Christian mother had produced a deep impression on the mind of the boy. It was not until after her death that his predominant vices gained full strength. Through some unknown influence he imbibed such a reverence for the character of woman, and such firm principles of purity, that in that respect he was ever without reproach.

The years of an extremely eventful and stormy life passed on, with scenes of violence and wild adventure which we have no space here to describe, until Andrew Jackson was chosen President of the United States, with a unanimity almost unknown in our history.

Wicked as he was, the native powers of his soul were such, that he could appreciate the grandeur of the world beyond the grave; his spirit was overawed when he allowed himself to contemplate infinity and eternity; and he invariably professed the profoundest respect for the Christian religion, even when ignoring its sublime doctrines and trampling its precepts beneath his feet.

Rev. Mr. Danforth, who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Washington which President Jackson attended, informed the writer that the President, out of respect to the ministerial office, would always excuse himself for a few moments, even for the most pressing engagement, to pay his respects to his pastor when he called.

Upon one occasion, when there was unusual religious interest in the church and society, Mr. Danforth, in his regular parochial rounds, visited the President and engaged in earnest conversation with him upon his personal interests in the religion of Jesus.

"No man," said General Jackson, "can feel the importance of religion more deeply than I do. I have again and again resolved to attend to the subject, but the cares of my busy life have induced me to postpone it. When I was a candidate for the Presidency, I promised my wife that so soon as the election was over, so that I should not be accused of being a Christian, in order that I might get votes, I would attend to the salvation of my soul. But just now my cabinet is in such a state of contention that I have no time to think of anything else. I am, however, determined in the first moments of leisure I can find, to endeavor to prepare to find my God."

It was the old and senseless excuse, which has been repeated by tens of thousands since the days of Felix. "Go thy way," said the Roman governor; "when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

In the year 1829 General Jackson lost his Christian wife, an excellent woman, whom he loved with a devotion seldom equalled and perhaps never surpassed.—He never recovered from the blow. He became more gentle, more subdued in language and action, and appeared, in most respects, quite a changed man. It is said that every night after her death, until his dying hour, he read a prayer, from her prayer-book, with her miniature likeness before him. With characteristic frankness he ever avowed a deep conviction of the necessity of vital godliness, and his hope and intention of becoming a Christian before he should die.

The administration of Andrew Jackson was one of the most memorable and tempestuous in the history of our country. No President has had more bitter enemies or warmer friends. At the close of two terms of office he retired, in 1837, to his humble, rural retreat called the Hermitage, in Tennessee. He was then seventy years of age. A year after this he, not having yet found the "convenient season," wrote to a friend who had addressed him earnestly upon the subject of religion:

"I would long since have made the solemn public dedication to Almighty God, but knowing the wretchedness of this world, and how prone many are to evil, that the scoffer at religion would have cried out 'Hypocrisy, he has joined the church for political effect,' I thought it best to postpone this public act until my retirement to the shades of private life, when no false imputation could be made that might be injurious to religion."

Still it was the old excuse. The "convenient season" had not yet come. Soon after this there was what was then called a "Protracted Meeting" of religious services held for several days in succession, in the little rural church in the vicinity of the Hermitage. President Jackson attended all the exercises, and the audience generally was impressed with his thoughtful, solemn, religious aspect. The first sermon of a series was preached by Dr. Edgar upon the "Interposition of Providence in the affairs of men."

The life of Andrew Jackson had been one of the wildest adventures and full of peril. With a peculiar expression of solemnity and of solicitude, he entered his carriage and was riding homeward when he overtook Dr. Edgar, who was on horseback. President Johnson urged him to go home with him to the Hermitage, evidently desiring to converse with him upon that theme, which was now engrossing all the energies of his soul. But Dr. Edgar had an engagement which he could not forego.

The President thus apparently left alone with his God, went home a deeply convicted sinner. Entering his chamber he passed most of the night walking the floor in anguish of spirit and in prayer. The The scenes of that night, its penitence, its supplications, its cries for mercy, are known only to God and to those angels who rejoice over the repentance of a sinner. And at the close of those hours of anguish, peace came to his soul, and he had resolved what to do.

The next day was the Sabbath. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered in the little church at the Hermitage. With characteristic decision of action the President announced to his family his full conviction that he had repented of his sins, cast himself upon the Savior, and had been accepted of him.

He immediately sent for the elders of the church, informed them of the new life upon which he believed that he had entered, of his hope that he had become a true disciple of Jesus and expressed his desire upon that very day, to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, and to receive the memorials of his blood shed for our sins.

It was a solemn scene which was that morning witnessed in that humble church surrounded by the forests of Tennessee. The warworn veteran, his brow bronzed and furrowed with the cares of one of the most tempestuous of lives, and his hair frosted by the lapse of three-score-years-and-ten, knelt, with the humility of a little child, before the communion table, in acceptance of pardon through an atoning Saviour, and was baptized in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

His subsequent life was that of the Christian. Family prayer was immediately established in his dwelling, which President Jackson himself conducted, however numerous might be his guests. The household servants were all called in to partake in the devotions. Twice before he died he read the whole Bible through, with Scott's Commentary and Practical Observations. At one of the meetings of the church he was nominated as a ruling elder. With humility, which no one who knew the man could for one moment suppose to be feigned, he said:

"No! I am too young in the church for such an office. My countrymen have given me high honors; but I should esteem the office of ruling elder in the church of Christ a far higher honor than any I have received."

His final sickness was long and extremely painful. On Sunday, May 24, 1845, he partook of the Lord's Supper for the last time. He was conscious that his end was near.

"Death," said he, "has no terrors for me. When I have suffered sufficiently the Lord will take me to himself. But what are my sufferings compared with those of the blessed Saviour, who died on the accursed tree for me?"

Still weary days of weakness and suffering lingered away. On Sunday morning, June 8th, it was manifest that his last hour had come.

He assembled his household around him and very affectionately took leave of them all. One who was present writes:

"He then delivered one of the most impressive lectures on the subject of religion that I have ever heard. He spoke for nearly half an hour and apparently with the power of inspiration."

These were the days of slavery. Many of the servants of the household stood weeping around the bed. Turning his languid eyes over the whole group of whites and blacks assembled in the room, the dying man said:

"My dear children and friends and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black," repeating with much emphasis the last words, "both white and black."

Exhausted he sank, for a few moments apparently in a state of stupor. After a little while his adopted son took his hand and said, "Father do you know me?"

"Yes," he replied, "I know you.—Where is my daughter and Maria? God will take care of you and me. I am my God's. I belong to him. I go but a short time before you. And I want to meet you all, white and black in heaven."

It was a pleasant June morning; quite a group of servants, men, women and children crowded the piazza, looking in at the open windows and weeping bitterly. Turning to them, their dying master said:

"What is the matter with my dear children? Do not cry; and we will all meet in heaven."

These were his last words. Almost immediately, without a struggle or a groan he ceased to breathe. Two days after, his remains were placed in the grave by the side of those of his wife.

A LAYMAN'S GRACE.—A young married friend tells a good joke on himself perpetrated by a little three-year old "pride of the family." She is the only pledge of love that has twined itself around the hearts and affections of himself and wife. A few evenings since a minister visited the family and remained until after tea. At the table the reverend visitor asked a blessing, and the little one opened her eyes to their fullest capacity in startled wonderment. She could not understand what had been done and it was with great persuasion that her mother could keep her quiet during the time they were at the table. When they left it she walked up to the minister, for whom she had formed a great friendship, and said: "What did you say at the table before we commenced eating?" "My little darling, I thanked God for his goodness in giving us to eat, so that we may grow and be strong." "Papa don't say that." "What does your papa say?" "Papa says 'Goddlemighty, what a supper.'"

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretentions to oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all of a golden temper, and as steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinkers.

GEN. TAYLOR AS A HISTORIAN.

General Taylor, although an excellent soldier, and a man of strong good sense in the every-day affairs of life, had been educated in the camp and knew no more of statesmanship or the operations of government than a Comanche Indian; nor was he distinguished for colloquial accomplishments, or narrative or descriptive talent. Then he had a habit of hesitation in conversation that amounted almost to a stammer. He spoke in a terse, sententious style upon subjects with which he was familiar, and his suggestions, especially on military matters, were marked by quick perception and sound judgment.—But he was never diffuse or demonstrative, and wasted no words upon anybody.

Judge Butler, a colleague in the Senate of Calhoun, calling to pay his respects to the President, begged him to describe the manner in which the battle of Buena Vista was fought. His brother, Pierce Butler, commanding the Palmetto regiment, and a very gallant officer, fell in the battle, and the judge was naturally anxious to learn the particulars of that desperate contest. "Well, well, Judge, you want to know how the thing was done. Come and dine with me to-day, and I'll tell you all I know about it."

Judge Butler was a hasty, impetuous man, and the words flowed from his mouth in a torrent whenever he had occasion to speak. He was all impatience during the dinner, and the minute they were alone he brought up the battle.

"Yes, yes, Judge, your brother was a brave man, and behaved like a true soldier. But about the battle—you want to know how it was fought.

"Yes, General, if you will be so kind, I wish to learn how your troops were disposed of on the field, and how you posted them to resist a force so overwhelming. Santa Anna must have outnumbered you four or five to one."

"The difference was greater than that, I think, but we didn't stop to count the Mexicans. I knew there was a heavy force, and longed for a couple of regiments more of regulars."

"Undoubtedly," said the Judge; "but what was your order of battle?"

"Why, you see, Judge, we went to fighting early in the morning the first day, and we fit all day long, losing a good many men, and at night it looked pretty bad."

"Well, what next?"

"When it got dark I rode over to Saltillo to look after our stores and to provide against a surprise."

"Why did you go yourself? Why not send one of your aids?"

"You see, Judge, everything depended on not having our supplies cut off, and I wanted to see after things myself."

"How was it the next morning when you came on the field?" inquired Judge Butler.

"Not much change since the night before."

"Who was the first man you met?"

"General Wool."

"And what did he say?"

"All is lost."

"What was your reply?"

"Maybe so, General, we'll see. And upon that we went to fighting again, and fit all that day, and toward night it looked better."

The Judge looking rathar blank, asked, "What next?"

"Well, the next morning it was reported to me that Santa Anna and all his men had disappeared in the night, and I was devilish glad to be rid of them so."

Wanted—A Chance.

The people who say that all they want is a chance—are you old enough to have found them out? Of miserable souls these do appeal most quickly to my sympathies. Of course there are plenty of genuine cases—I think I am now expert enough to detect them at a glance. But I am inclined to think that the vast majority of chance-wanters are the people most active in throwing chances away. I never saw an earnest man long in want of a chance. The trouble is in the man, not in the situation.

The individual of all others who has talked to me with the most persuasive pathos about the lack of fortunate circumstance, is the man, whom I have found most ingenious in evading his opportunities. If the poor devil had pursued the art of action with the same inflexibility and industry that characterized his cultivation of that of inaction, the world might have mistaken him for a genius. I have seen him occupy days and weeks in the most remarkable series of moral, mental, and physical skirmishes with duty and opportunity, in which his inexhaustible fertility of resource, perseverance, and valor in a bad cause proved ever victorious. In fact, a chance could never approach nearer than the outpost—he knew well the enemy's colors, and took him at long range.

* * * "Speak of the devil," and so forth. I was about to carry out the above striking military simile, when my young friend called to borrow a little matter of $—, and to say that he had been looking all summer for a situation, that he was willing to do anything honorable, and all he wanted in the world was a ——

—Excuse me, sir,—here's some money for you, but I am busy and can't talk.

THE striking difference between a young man and a young woman is illustrated by a croaker, who says that the first thing a young man does when he sees a friend with a new hat is to take it off and serenely try it on his own head; but when a young lady sees one of her acquaintances with a new bonnet, she just lifts up her nose and serenely wonders, where the thing got that fright.

A LADY having two lovers, accepted the one who was poor but smart, rather than the other who was rich but an imbecile. When asked the reason of her choice she said: "A man who is poor may get over it; but if one is a natural-born fool he never can get over it."

AN editor announced in his paper, by way of a joke, "there is a man in our town who has been drunk for thirty years." Next day he was called upon by two different persons, each of whom, demanded a retraction, saying the statement was a personal allusion.

FAME is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead.

THE DEAD OF PARIS.

Mr. Fulton, in his editorial correspondence to the Baltimore *American*, gives the following highly interesting account of the manner of disposing of the dead in Paris and other places:

The whole business of burying the dead, and furnishing coffins, carriages, and all the requisites for funerals, is in the hands of an incorporated company, no one else having the right to interfere with the business. In fact it is, like the tobacco business, a source of large revenue to the Government. The monopoly is granted to this incorporated company under the title of *Entreprise des Pompes Funebres*, whose principal office is at 20 Rue Alibert, while it has branch offices in each of the arrondisements with which the city is divided. The officers of this company take charge of the body and prepare for the funeral, just upon such a scale and at such expense as the family may desire. Their schedule of prices are such as to suit the purses of all parties, and they are required to bury the very poor gratuitously. A "first-class funeral" is set down on the schedule as costing 7,181 francs (about $1,500,) the cost of each article and expense being enumerated. There are nine other classes, the lowest costing 18 francs and 75 centimes, including the religious ceremonies. There are, however, no legal limits to the cost of first-class funerals, as it altogether depends upon the means and desire for funeral pomp of the family. The horses, hearses, carriages and drivers are all of a different character for each of these ten classes, the difference being in the age and spirit of the horses, the good looks of the drivers, the quality of their clothing, the harness of the horses, the ancient or modern build of the carriages, &c. The hearse is graded from a splendid structure down to a hand cart, and the extremely poor are merely furnished with a hand-barrow to enable the friends to carry the body on their shoulders to the grave. The quality of the grave clothes, the coffin, and everything else is graded to the price, as it may be ordered, from class No. 1 to class No. 10. Besides getting the dead poor buried without cost, the Government receives from the company 3½ per cent. on the produce of funeral ornaments, and 15 per cent. on all articles furnished. The revenue from these sources is quite large, and as the cemeteries are also the property of the city government, the dead, as well as the living, have to contribute their quota to beautifying Paris. The dead poor are only allowed to occupy the ground for five years, when their bones are sold for agricultural purposes, and the space they occupied given to some new claimant for the privileges of the soil. There are three kinds of graves in the cemeteries, even for those who pay for the right of sepulture. There are some who purchase the perpetual right for their friends to occupy the soil, but it is generally conceded for five years or more, subject to renewal. If not renewed, the bones are taken up, and the ground prepared for lease to some new comer. In the common graves, or as they are called *fosses communes*, the poor are gratuitously buried four and a-half feet deep in coffins placed close to, but not on top of each other. This economizes space, as well as saves labor in their removal when the five years have expired.

This will all seem revolting to the American reader, but it is not half as bad as the vault system at Naples, where there is three hundred and sixty-five vaults, one for each day in the year. One of these vaults is opened every day in succession, and the dead poor of that day, ranging from twenty to fifty, men, women and children, tumbled in naked, head foremost, a cart load of lime thrown upon them, and the round slab on the mouth of the vault sealed until its turn comes again next year. The most revolting sight we ever witnessed was the throwing the bodies in one of these vaults, the number being twenty-three. They were brought out of the chapel, stripped naked, all ages and sexes, taken by the heels and lowered down, head foremost, through the narrow circular opening. In order to scatter them around in the vault, whilst suspended by the heels, they were made to vibrate back and forward, and when sufficient momentum had been gained to place them where desired, they would strike against the walls with a dull thud, and the man would walk leisurely back for another body. He actually proposed to open and allow a peep into a vault that had been closed two days for a franc, which was respectfully declined. The sight he desired to exhibit was the revel of the rats among the bodies, which are said to swarm from one vault to another as soon as the new bodies have been deposited and the opening sealed. These European countries are bad locations for the poor man to live in, and still less satisfactory for him to die in.

A BAD BOY.

They say that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a few days ago. A wicked boy, whose Sunday-school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a fire-fly and stuck it, with the aid of some mucilage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night, when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what astonished him more was that it would give a couple of spurts and die out only to burst fourth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude of Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining it closely he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs! When he went on the dome, the next morning, to polish up the glass, he found the lightening bug. The bills for telegraphic dispatches amounted to twenty-six hundred dollars, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wishes to consult with him about something.