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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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874. No. 7.

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 advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

LAW CARDS.

D. J. BLACKISTON,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Will give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care. Collections promptly made and real estate bought and sold. ally.

MARION deK. SMITH,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Kent and adjoining counties. all-6.

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. ag12-y.

G. W. CRUIKSHANK,
Attorney at Law
ELKTON, MARYLAND.

Will give prompt attention to all Law or Chancery business entrusted to him.
March 14, 1874—3m.

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

OFFICE in the Masonic Building.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. W. E. TARBUTTON,
OFFICE at CRUMPTON

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Queen Anne's and Kent counties.
May 9, 1874—3m.

Medical Notice.

DR. GEO. T. PERKINS,

A Graduate of the University of Maryland, Has opened an office on Water Street, Chestertown, near the Bridge. Office hours from 9½ A. M. to 12, M., and from 2 to 6, P. M., where he may be found except when professionally engaged. After 6, P. M., will be found at his father's residence. ap11-tf.

Medical Notice.

THE undersigned most respectfully inform their friends and the public that from the firsth day of April, 1874, they will associate themselves in a co-partnership for the better prosecution of their profession, and for the better accommodation of the public, under the name of "T. H. WHALAND & SON," pledging themselves to the discharge of their duties to the best of their abilities.

They may be found at all times (if not professionally engaged,) at their residence near Chestertown.

THOMAS H. WHALAND, M. D.,
CHAS. W. WHALAND, M. D.
March 28, 1874—tf.

WILLIAM F. WROTH,
DRUGGIST and APOTHECARY,
Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. ap18-3m.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Silver, &c.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission. Particular attention given to investments. d27y

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.

A LOT OF 8x10 WINDOW SASH on hand and for sale.
Jan31. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Land
IN KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder, on

Tuesday, June 30, '74,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,

ALL THAT FARM,

BELONGING to JOHN H. CUMMINS and situated in the First Election District of Kent county, between the public road leading from Galena to Lambson's Station and the public road leading from Galena to Millington, and adjoining the lands purchased by Andrew Woodall, lately belonging to Rich'd Peacock. The Farm

Contains 207¾ Acres,

more or less, in the Home Tract, besides

A Wood Lot detached,

Containing Fifteen Acres, more or less, which adjoins the lands of S. W. Comegys and others, and is about 1½ miles from the Home Tract, so that the whole tract contains 222½ Acres, more or less.

The land is all of excellent quality, and the greater part of it may be called prime land. The soil is of medium texture, and is well adapted to wheat, corn, oats and grass, as well as to fruit. It has been limed and is in very good condition; is divided into a convenient number of fields, and is under fair fencing. There is a good APPLE ORCHARD, and a

Peach Orchard

of about Eight or Ten Acres.

The Dwelling House

Is a substantial and convenient Two-Story Frame, of ample size and in good condition, situated in a well shaded spot, and provided with an excellent well of water. There is a LARGE BARN, nearly new, containing Granary, Corn House, Stabling, &c., under one roof, ample for the use of the farm, besides the other usual Outbuildings.

The Kent County Railroad passes through the farm, and Lambson's Station is less than a mile distant, at which daily trains stop. The farm is about 2½ miles from Galena, where are churches, schools, excellent stores and mechanics, foundry and machine shops; and it is about 3½ miles from Georgetown, from which point there is a daily line of steamers to and from Baltimore. The neighborhood is noted for thrift, industry and health.

THE TERMS OF SALE

as prescribed by the decree are as follows:—The sum of Seven Thousand Dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or in sixty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustee; the balance in two equal payments in one and two years from the day of sale, with interest from the 1st day of January, 1875, the credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security approved by the Trustee. Possession given January 1st, 1875, with privilege to seed wheat in the fall. Title indisputable.

JAMES A. PEARCE, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, June 6, 1874—ts.

Valuable Lands
Near Kennedyville, Kent co., Md.,
—AT—
PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned, as attorney for the owner, Louis Wilbur, Esq., will dispose at Private Sale of the farm lately belonging to Arthur J. Wallis, and now in his occupancy, adjoining the lands of Wm. R. Cochran, Esq., John S. Hurlock, Esq., and others, about two miles from Kennedyville, and on the old road from Urieville to Chesterville.

THE FARM

Contains 266 Acres,
MORE OR LESS,

is divided into a convenient number of fields, under good fencing. The land is of the very best quality, has been well improved, and is very productive. There is

A Convenient and Substantial
DWELLING,
IN GOOD REPAIR,

with ample Barn, Stable, Granary and Corn House. There is a

Young & Thrifty PEACH ORCHARD

of several thousand trees, in good bearing, and a good deal of excellent Osage Hedging.

The neighborhood is very desirable, being in the heart of the best region of Kent county and convenient to railroad Stations and River Landings, Schools, Churches, Mills, P. O., &c.

TERMS OF SALE will be made easy, and will be made known on application to the undersigned.

JAMES A. PEARCE, Att'y,
Chestertown, Md.
Chestertown, June 6, 1874—3t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of B. J. Woodward, Jos. Morton and Jos. James, use of C. P. Morton, Trustee, use of the Provident Life and Trust Comp'y, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John W. Hines, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Jno. W. Hines, of, in and to all that

Farm or Plantation,

situate and lying in Kent County, State of Maryland, on the public road from Chestertown to Morgan's Creek, adjoining the lands of Geo. W. T. Perkins and others, and containing

262 ACRES,

more or less, generally called "HOPEWELL,"

it being the same property which was sold and conveyed by Richard Hynson, Trustee, to a certain Thos. Woodward, by deed of January 21st, 1867, and recorded among the land records for Kent county aforesaid in Liber J. K. H., No. 4, page 701, &c., and which the executors of the said Thos. Woodward sold to the said Jno. W. Hines, which sale was duly reported to the Orphans' Court for said county on or about the 18th day of June, 1867, and finally ratified by said court on the 27th of August then next ensuing, as on reference to the aforesaid deed and report will more fully appear.

And I hereby give notice, that on *MONDAY, the 29th day of June, 1874,* between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House Door, in Chestertown, I will sell said property so seized and taken in execution at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, to pay and satisfy said writ, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

EDW. PLUMMER, Sheriff.
June [illegible]—ts.

Trustee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, the 14th of JULY, 1874,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown, Md.,

THE REAL ESTATE

Of JAMES GALE, late of Kent county, deceased, as follows:

No. 1,

lies on Still Pond Creek, adjoining the lands of Alex. Clemens and others,

Containing 215 Acres
MORE OR LESS,

of which about 180 acres are arable, and the residue in Wood and Timber.

It is now divided into Four Fields, Two Lots and a Peach Orchard. The fencing is not in first rate condition, but it is thought there is ample material on the farm for its thorough repair. The soil is naturally good, and susceptible of a high state of improvement, by the use of lime and clover. The neighborhood is healthy and social. Its location is desirable, being convenient fo Schools, Churches, &c., and is only 1½ miles from the thrifty and growing village of Still Pond.

The PEACH ORCHARD
OF ABOUT 1200 TREES,

of the most approved varieties, is in full bearing. There is also a fine selection of Pear and Cherry Trees, in full bearing.

The IMPROVEMENTS
Are a
Comfortable Frame Dwelling,

With Kitchen attached, and the usual Out-Buildings, all in fair condition.

No. 2,

Is all that FARM or PLANTATION

lying in Kent county, Maryland, on the Public Road from I. U. to Still Pond, adjoining the lands formerly owned by John Kilpatrick and John H. Norris, containing

132 Acres, 2 Roods and 31 Perches
OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

it being one half part of the Farm heretofore called

"The Trulock Farm"

This Farm is most eligibly located in the heart of one of the most thrifty and social neighborhoods in the county, convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c., not more than ¾ of a mile from Lynch's Station, on the Kent County Railroad, and within one mile of a landing on Still Pond Creek. Much the larger portion is arable. The soil is naturally fine, and is now in good heart.

The IMPROVEMENTS are a NEW TWO-STORY

FRAME DWELLING,

With a Kitchen attached, and the usual OUT-BUILDINGS,

ALL NEARLY NEW, and in good order.

There is also a PEACH ORCHARD

in bearing, selected from the most approved varieties.

TERMS OF SALE.

The Terms of Sale as prescribed by the decree are as follows:—$2,000 of the purchase money to be paid in cash at the time of sale, or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee; and the residue or balance in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale. The whole to bear interest from the day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by the bond or note of the purchaser with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

C. T. WESTCOTT, TRUSTEE.

N. B.—The cash payment of $2,000 will be apportioned ratably between the two farms, and no doubt an arrangement will be made whereby one-third of the net purchase money for each farm will be allowed to remain at the option of the purchaser during the life of the widow of the late James Gale, upon paying to her semi-annually the legal interest thereon.

NOTICE.—By the terms of the above decree the following notice is given: The creditors of the late James Gale are hereby notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county within four months from the day of sale.

C. T. WESTCOTT, *Trustee.*
Chestertown, June 13, 1874—ts.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned, Trustee, will offer at public sale at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, on

Tuesday, June 30, 1874,
At Twelve o'clock, M.,

All that Parcel of LAND,

situated lying and being in Kent county, Maryland, of which the late John B. Morton died seized, called the "Forest Farm," containing

234 ACRES,

more or less, and which is particularly described in a Deed from Benedict Craddock to John B. Morton, dated June 19th, 1835, and duly recorded among the Land Records for Kent County aforesaid.

This Farm is situated near Morris' Station, on the Townsend Branch Railroad, which runs through a part of the land.

About 50 Acres are Arable Land,

and the balance is in YOUNG WOOD.

There are two small TENEMENT HOUSES on the Farm, which is now occupied by Mr. John Brown.

TERMS.—The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are:—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof; one other third part in 12 months, and the remainder in twenty-four months from the day of sale; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser or purchasers, with surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

E. F. PERKINS, TRUSTEE,
Chestertown, Md.

NOTICE.—The Creditors of the late John B. Morton are hereby notified to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for Kent county, within four months from the day of sale. E. F. PERKINS, TRUSTEE.
June 13, 1874—ts.

GAS TAR,
MACHINE OIL, LIME,
CIDER VINEGAR,
For sale at
May 16. **MING'S.**

Address of Mr. W. J. Vannort

AT THE ANNNAL FESTIVAL OF WORTON AGRICULTURAL CLUB, JUNE 11, 1874.

Mr. President, Officers and Fellow-Members of the Kent County Agricultural Association—Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with sad forebodings of my ability to present anything entertaining or instructive, that I accept the high honor conferred upon me. I shall endeavor to discharge faithfully, as far as in me lies, the duties devolving upon me. If I fail I shall expect, as I know I will receive that generous forbearance for which you are proverbial. As I scan the sea of upturned fair faces before me, I feel I shall have their gentle sympathies, which are ever extended to a fellow-creature in distress.

We meet to-day, upon the anniversary of our Strawberry Festival, in this beautiful grove of evergreen and decideous trees, beneath the overhanging oak and drooping pine—fit emblems of a farmer's life—in social reunion, to interchange and exchange ideas upon issues of vital importance to us; to partake of this ripe, luscious fruit, garnered from mother earth by our industry; of the sweet, delicious cream fresh from our dairies; the rich, tempting and dainty cake made and baked by daintier hands, the latter evidencing the fact that in all that pertains to the domains of our fair dames and damsels, they are more than equal with us in preparing things which add new zest to life, tempt the palate, and make one content with life's changeful drama.

Oh! woman, "lovely woman!" nature made you to bless, comfort and temper man. We had been brutes without you. Angels are painted fair to look like you; there is in you all we believe of heaven—amazing brightness, purity and truth eternal, joy and everlasting love. Oh! fairest of creation, last and best of all God's works—

"In this world of ours
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's love his own?"

We meet to cultivate those feelings of sympathy, friendship and brotherly love which are so essential to bind us together as one kith, kin brotherhood and people; to foster that spirit which beautify, adorn and embellish our homes, increase our revenues, advance to higher and nobler aims the agricultural and horticultural interests. It is meet that we as community of producers should be self-protecting and self-sustaining. We are the only branch of industry who, until recently, have not entered into some compact to defend ourselves from our ruthless and relentless foes. The carpenter, mason, blacksmith, and in fact all skilled artizans have their trade unions and leagues for mutual protection; while nature's nobleman, the honest tiller of the soil, who is the prey of all the world beside, is content to slide in the old time worn groove, and eke out a scanty subsistence, while the middlemen, who fasten themselves upon us, vampire like, and suck our very life's blood, roll along in luxurious ease. It is high time a check had been placed upon them, be made subservient to and controled by us, and when accomplished we will begin to realize the benefits and profits of the twin sisters agriculture and horticulture, which are the mainsprings of every industry and trade.

We meet, however, to-day to make this a joyous festival season—a day of quiet, peaceful rest and retreat. Excuse, therefore, the digression, for we shall not aim to make this simple holliday address a business treatise, or attempt to instruct you in the art and science of agriculture in detail. Let us make this occasion a social feast, and I would that I were able in my feeble contribution to make it a feast of reason. The time has been when farming was held in light esteem, and people thought it the only calling suited to a fellow totally worthless and unfit for any thing. Time has wrought many changes, and those who have been heretofore thought fit only for farmers, have been made lawyers and sent to Congress, thereby realizing and admitting the fact that it requires more natural common sense to make a thorough practical farmer than is required for half a dozen average professors. It is a common error, into which many have fallen, to suppose that a farmer requires less intellectual culture and mental discipline than other professions. On the contrary, he requires to be a proficient in the natural sciences to *accomplish the highest aims and objects of agriculture.* In the circle of his duty he carefully observes the progress of his crops, from the time the seed is deposited in the ground until the ripened fruit and grain is garnered into his barn. Possessed of a thorough knowledge of botany he would watch the curious processes of nature with new interest. As germ and bud expanded, as leaf and flower unfolded, he would study that perfection of those laws which govern the vegetable kingdom, finding his avocation to be simply to assist nature. His acquaintance with vegetable physiology would be turned to profit in his experience. He would know the grasses on his fields and discriminate between them; the acceptance that "grass is grass" would not satisfy him as did Wadsworth's Peter Bell, to whom

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

And when with an educated eye he beholds in the handful of earth from his field the various organic elements which constitute his crops and grain, the preponderance of one element and the deficiency of another, he will find the science of agricultural chemistry of importance in enabling him to adapt his crops to the soil, to restore fertility by supplying the appropriate elements. When he understands the laws of mechanics by which through capillary vessels the moisture of the earth is lifted to the tree tops; when he becomes familiar with the laws of light and solar heat, by which the moisture thus elevated in the leaves and spread out to the action of the sun, is in the wonderful laboratory of nature converted into fruit, flowers and ripened grain, he will feel a new love and interest in his profession. After all the advantages which science and experience can bestow, success await only those who faithfully and thoroughly attend to every duty; for our mother earth, though bountiful and generous to the diligent, is the most uncompromising enemy of the sluggard. You cannot cajole her out of her good gifts. The artful sophist may sometimes

"Make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturer counsel."

If you would keep your sons from the shops and stores of the village, the offices and lounging places of the city, make them *producers* rather than *drones,* make home pleasant. Surround them with games, recreation, books of culture and objects of interest. Give them the blessings and benefits of a higher culture—Educate them as carefully and thoroughly as though intended for the ministry, law or medicine. Do not let them feel that farming is mere drudery and servile labor. Show them it is one of the most ennobling and elevating pursuits. They are not simply the swarthy fireman who down in the depths feed the fires that drive the engines, but are the engineers who sit with hand upon the throttle valve to guide and control the progress and prosperity of county, State or nation. I say to you, parent, reflect before you send your children abroad. I say to the young, with happy homes in the country, who can become the owners of broad acres, who can have all the natural pleasures which belong to life—you are like our first parents in Eden. Partake of what a beneficent God has given. Do not hazard all to taste the fruits of some forbidden or fabled fancy which a too vivid imagination pictures in the future. If a boy has that vim which would give him success in the city, it will do it in the country. The country has ever been the source of greatness.

"Who so wisely wills and acts may dwell
As king or law-giver in broad acred state,
With beauty, art, taste, culture, look, to make
His hours of leisure richer than a life
Of fourscore to the barons of old time.
Our yoeman should be equal to his home;
Sit in the fair green valley, purpled walled,
A man to match his mountains, not to creep
Dwarfed and abused below them."

Then cherish and sustain your schools, for in them the web and woof of national destiny is being woven. Remember it is not of as much importance, what stock of horses, cattle and sheep shall roam your pastures, as what kind of men and women shall fill your places. Develop intelligence in your children. Give them all the sunshine you can in the spring of life, lay broad and deep the foundation of manhood and womanhood. Then light will be in your homes, skill in the shops, and fruitfulness upon the farm.

I love this place. I have loved it since it was my early home. Here my schoolboy days were spent. Here in sportive youth I loved to mingle with the happy band of children, who have since become the men and women of this intelligent assembly. Here upon these very grounds "I've trapped the rabbit and hunted the squirrel." Here in summer gala days I did

"With tiny feet the well known path explore,
And gaily gathered from the school house door
Light-hearted groups—who caroled wild and high;
The daisy culled, or chased the butterfly."

In those halcyon days "no angelic school marm, with graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride, with head upraised and look intent—to make the cunning artless, and tame the rude," taught our young ideas how to shoot; but a stern old fogie,

"Who basted unruly brats with birch to tame"

instilled his precepts with Paddy's hints, and with the rod put new life into dull matter.

"Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy house, skilled to rule,
The Irish master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

The old room displayed long rows of desks and bench, the former streaked and stained with blots and trickles of dried ink, lumbered with maps and slates and well-thumbed books, carved with rude initials. But the same spirit of civilization which inspired the founders of this association replaced the rude structure with this modern edifice, turned to grass the ancient pedagogue, and substituted the model teacher of to-day. Yes, I love this spot! I love this neighborhood. I love to see it occupied by men who prize it not alone for the flocks and herds it can sustain, but for its beauty, for its history; because generations of noble dead sleep beneath its soil and await the resurrection of the just. If you shall do your duty as well as the generations who laid the foundations of your prosperity; if the current of social life be kept pure, then with all the accumulating resources for happiness, life in the future will have a fulness, a beauty and glory of which we can only dream.

I can recommend agriculture as a pursuit of profit, but I cannot close without noticing another consideration that may have its influence, too. I allude to the refined pleasure attending the pursuit, to men of refinement.

The pleasures are nearly allied to the fine arts. They are of a kindred nature—emotions of the same family. It is that delicious sensation of existence, this waking of the soul—the characteristic effects of all the fine arts—which pleases their votaries in that happy state, equally distant from the ennui that makes life a burden, and the anxieties of the passions which make life a torment. It is the kindred nature of rural pleasures which gives to the fine arts their intense effect when both are combined. The emotions then unite and swell the delightful current. *Both* are increased and *both* made more delicious from the union. Perfect architecture is beautiful everywhere, even in the crowded city; what are its effects there compared to the same beautiful building on the banks of a river, in the midst of a picturesque plantation of trees overlooking boundless scenes of rich cultivation, and enlivened by all the joyous tribes of animated nature? It is the union of these kindred emotions which renders the beautiful forms of architecture the paladian Bridge, the Grecian Temple, the Solitary column, such wonderful embellishments to ornamented grounds. It is not the statutes of Pomona and Flora, in the garden amidst their own fruits and flowers, that so wonderfully effect us. The most enchanting music is the song when sung in concert with the song of nature—in concert with the law, but transporting music of the spheres.

Here was the birthplace of poetry. Here the poet was first kindled into life. Here his flame was first lighted up, and here he still draws that enthusiasm which he imparts to his readers, and nowhere so powerfully as in his own native home. It was a warm and even pious imagination, though uninstructed, or ill instructed, placed amidst the ever varying and effecting forms of nature, and excited by her impulses, peopled her scenes with invisible beings, employed by her in regulating the elements and seasons, for the distribution of good to the good, and evil to the bad. Accordingly, hymns to the Gods were the first poetry. It is still amidst those ever varying and affecting forms of nature so endless in diversity, so interesting in each particular, amidst the originals of his own pictures, the poet becomes the most delightful companion. One of the fine, and the only one of modern mention, is grafted on our rural pleasures, to which it adds its own and consummates their joint effect. I allude to the art of composing landscape pictures, by the disposition of grounds, of waters and woods, upon principles of beauty and grandeur. The effect is far beyond the power of pencil to produce. It has all her illusions, and superadded to the charms of living and animated nature.

These pictures are sketched by the hand of art, but they are finished by the hand of nature, and finished in her own inimitable way; and when finished—

That earth
Now seemed like a heaven, a seat where
Gods might dwell, or wander with
Delight, and love to haunt the sacred shades.

These scenes are for the attainment of the opulent alone. For them no expenditure of money, for the gratification of taste, is to be compared with this object. How infinitely superior one such establishment would be to all our places of fashionable resort during the heats of summer. But the same thing on a smaller scale—

"A happy rural seat of various views,"

is within the reach of every ordinary fortune. And who would grudge a portion of this for such a source of elegant pleasure? It fortunately happens, too, in this pursuit, that these pleasures are promoted by what promotes the profits of the farm. This is the farm we visit for pleasure, to see the luxuriant crops, the fields rising high with waving grain, the meadows studded thick with cocks of new mown hay, the fruit trees bending beneath their loads of ripening fruit; but think how much greater the pleasure the harvest must give the owner, when the

"Rural monarch of the fields descries,
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise."

Farmers of Kent, yours indeed is a happy lot, surrounded by everything calculated to make life pleasant and happy, comforts rarely vouchsafed to your forefathers, are your every-day enjoyment. And already the waving grain is whitening for the harvest, to fill your coffers and replenish your larders; and in our great prosperity let us ever remember the grateful hand of the bounteous Giver. Let us ever remember that He who holds the destinies of nations in His hands, ministers to our wants and comforts. Let us render due thanks and homage to Him, and profitably use that with which he has blessed us. Bad husbandry is as offensive to the taste as it is injurious to the husbandman. Even the ornate farm, as the French call it, is the more profitable for being ornate. That form of plantation by which it becomes ornate is the best form for fertility, and is made as much more productive as it is made more beautiful. The very ornaments are the most useful improvements. As to stock, the most valuable are almost uniformly found to be the most beautiful. As to fruit trees, the very art by which they are made the most prodnctive is the act by which they are made the most beautiful in form and appearance. Let me therefore entreat you, ye men of wealth and refinement, to devote more of that wealth to this pursuit. You will find in it the living source of a thousand pleasures and delights and added to others the greatest of all delights—the delight of doing good to your country. This association has been of signal advantage, not only to the members, but to the community. It is the alpha and we doubt not will be the omega in this county. Many are the hearts that have been made glad because of the solid profits accruing to them by following its teachings; and our fair lasses and sturdy lads have much that is durable as well as ornamental with which to make life pleasant and while away the tedium of a monotonous hour, which never would have been theirs but for the secret of success inculcated into their parents by the precepts of this association. Many are the quadrupeds who aid man in tilling the soil, who, if they could but speak their sentiments, would thank you for the many and varied changes brought about in their condition. I have no doubt many of them do thank you in their way for convincing their owners, however inflated grass and water make them, it is not just the thing to pull a plow on. It has been left for Worton, "glorious old Worton"—I love her still and hope her sun may never set, where I first put the plow share in the ground, where I was first taught the rudiments of a farmers' life, where I continued to receive that training which would fit and prepare one to combat successfully with the duties of life that awaited me—to inaugurate this great change in the normal condition of things. When old age creeps on apace, your faculties deadened, the fire of energy no longer lights your eye, the light and buoyant step giving place to the stooping shoulder and decrepit gait, you can look back upon a well spent life, though it be one of constant toil, with the pleasant consciousness of knowing that you have made the pathway of your children thro' life comparatively smooth and easy.

To One who sent me a Rose.

That rose, that sweetly blooming rose
Ere from the bush 'twas torn,
Is like the charm which beauty shows
In life's exulting morn.

But oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it, withering, dies!
So when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made
Soon withering we shall find,
Let each possess that ne'er will fade—
The beauty of the mind.

Thou art mild and lovely Adelade,
In native purity and truth elate,
Like the beautiful rose arrayed,
Like it exposed to the storms of fate.

Thou art a modest and fair
Enlivener of the human soul,
And oh! it shall be my sweetest care
To own and revere thy silent control.

Millington, June, 1874. T.

Iowa has 26,000 lady Grangers.

Bread, Butter and Poetry.

Some years ago, the Committee on Bread and Butter, at the Dorchester (Mass.) Agricultural Fair, closed their report with the lines given below. There is a playfulness in them worthy of a moment's attention. We do not know whether the poet was any more inspired than he ought to have been when he plunged the fair dairy-maid "elbow deep" in "meal and cream;" but this, probably, comes under the head of poetic licenses, with which we will not dare to meddle:

The girl engaged in moulding bread
Shall make some sweet-heart flutter,
With hope to get the dairy maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter,
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And makes sweet bread and butter.

In meal and cream she's elbow deep,
And cannot stop to putter;
But says if he will sow and reap,
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy-maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone, man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

THE EYES.

Of all features the eyes are the most expressive, at least the most capable of expressing any kind of emotion if it be real. But when we come to classify eyes according to shape or color, etc., and to lay down rules as to what these indicate, we feel ourselves, comparatively speaking, circumscribed. Still there are a few general rules which may be laid down on the subject. About the shape of the eyes I cannot say much, because that is for the most part tolerably uniform; nor am I aware of any particular indications afforded by such variations as exist. One thing, however, I have noticed, that very round eyes generally express dullness, heaviness and want of character, like those of the bird they so much resemble.

A prominent pupil is said generally to produce short sight, which is so often accompanied by a talent for acquiring languages that we cannot help thinking there must be some connection between the two. Phrenologists account for this by saying that the organ of language pushes the pupil forward. This may usually be the case, but it does not always produce this effect (or, if it does, then it must follow that a prominent pupil does not necessarily indicate short sight,) for I have known two persons whose talent for language was most remarkable, but whose sight was not, so far as I could judge, short.

Eyes which can never look you straight in the face generally indicate a want of straightforwardness and create an unconscious feeling of mistrust in those who look at them, which, like the rattle of the rattle-snake, serves as a sort of providential warning, telling us that danger is near. I allow that a similar effect may be produced by shyness, but in that case it is not unlikely to wear off on closer acquaintance—in the other case it never wears off.

Eyes which possess the opposite character of this, *i. e.* that of looking you steadfastly in the face without flinching, are seldom, perhaps never found in persons of an artful, underhand disposition. A steadfast gaze if it be not (as it sometimes is) an unmeaning stare, or a mere wistful look, like that of a dog expecting food, but of a searching, penetrating character, will be generally found to imply a great power of influencing, or, perhaps I should rather say, it gives that power; *e. g.,* what an effectual auxiliary to a preacher is an eye of this description.—This was one great secret of the effect of Doctor Guthrie's preaching. If a man wants his words to carry weight with his hearers he should fix his eye on them.—Such, indeed, is said to be the power of a concentrated gaze that, I have been told, there is no animal, however ferocious, which might not be kept in check by any one who had the courage to look him steadfastly in the face, though, as few could trust their own hearts, were they to encounter a wild beast, it would be a tempting of Providence to try the experiment, the more so as a moment's failure of courage might be fatal. I once saw Van Amburgh, the celebrated lion-tamer, in a den of wild beasts, but his eyes did not exhibit that fixed gaze which I have noticed as being so powerful in its effects on the human race; the balls seemed to be in a state of perpetual motion, such as, had I not seen it, I should have thought the human eye incapable of sustaining where there was no motion of the head, and which he resorted to because he was obliged to encounter so many ferocious beasts at the same time; so that it would not have been safe for him to remove his gaze from one of them for more than a single moment. It would be needless, and, indeed, nearly impossible, to go thro' all the phases of feeling, all the various emotions which display themselves in the eye, or all the states of mind which it indicates, for there is nothing in human nature which it cannot picture, but a great many of these indications, though they may easily be recognized, cannot be described, nor can we lay down rules for their discovery; for they do not belong to any particular class of eyes. There are many of them totally unconnected with its form or size, color or position.

How Long Shall we Sleep?

The fact that as long as life becomes concentrated, and its pursuits more eager, short sleep and early rising become impossible. We take more sleep than our ancestors; we take more because we want more. Six hours sleep will do very well for a plowman or a bricklayer, or any other man who has no exhaustion but that of manual labor, and the sooner he takes it after his labor is over the better. But for a man whose labor is mental, the stress of work is on the brain and nervous system, and for him who is tired in the evening with a day of mental application neither early to bed nor early to rise is wholesome. He needs letting down to the level of repose. The longer the interval between the active use of the brain and his retirement to bed, the better his chance for sleep and refreshment. To him an hour after midnight is probably as good as two hours before it, and even then his sleep will not so completely and so quickly restore him as it will his neighbor who is physically tired. He must not only go to bed later, but lie longer. His best sleep probably lies in the early morning hours, when all the nervous excitement has passed away, and he is in absolute rest.—*Science of Health.*

Truthfulness and Unselfishness.

Of all people in the world the "truthful" are the most beloved. There is something so beautiful in truth. It is so dear to every human heart that a person who is simply true gains respect, reverence and love without an effort. No matter for polish, a roughly, truthful person is like an uncut diamond; you suspect the radiance if you see it not, and give it your appreciation. Some people are morally true and intellectually false; the heart is true, the intellect bewildered; they are not despised, the heart shines out; but a nature that is true as steel, where heart and mind are of one accord, is a nobleman in his own right; no one can take away his peerless attraction.

But of all the faults which are "tolerated, and *not* to be endured," is that latent malice and all "uncharitableness" which wears the mask of truth and assumes a tone of frankness in order to be disagreeable. Real truth may be rough, but it is seldom unkind. That which apes it, and is not itself, is unkind and arrogant and hurtful. That which people call "speaking one's mind," telling you "your faults for your own good," is often but a selfish expression of personal envy and malice.

Self-consciousness, when it takes on the form of bragging, cannot be said to be a very attractive vice. The man who tells you directly or indirectly of his great and good actions, his large estates, his good pictures, his fine horses; or, in fact, while he illuminates anything which is his, is not placing himself in a fascinating attitude. And it is astonishing how common this is! "To become forgetful of others and only conscious of yourself" is one definition of insanity; and it is curious that a sane person can be a braggart. For one moment let him say to himself an imaginary speech having "I" as its basis, as coming from some one else, and he will feel the bad effects of the *ego* as seen from the other side.

Personal unselfishness covers a multitude of sins. What a cloak for all weathers, all journeys, is this splendid garment! How the wearer of it is sought as a companion for a walk or for a voyage! how delightful is he in a family circle! what a reflex of our own moods, be they grave or gay! Such characters, informed and ennobled, because the real saints of the world; weakened or debased, they are still dear to us; an unselfish person, be he saint or sinner, in a palace or a prison, has friends and lovers, which the self-conscious person fails to gain, even though in his determined walk in his premeditated course he may remove our respect, our admiration, and even our envy; he does not gain our love.

And in this personal unselfishness we recognize one immortal flower of paradise, which throws its sweet fragrance all around it. It is not enough, alone, to save a character—alas! it has sometimes helped to betray it—but of its beauty and charm there can be no doubt. How much do we owe to the "sweet-tempered," the "cheerful," the "unselfish" members of our families! and our acquaintance, who come to us like strains of music, and of whom we can scarcely think but with a grateful smile! Sometimes such a character has been to us a sort of wandering angel; we have not known what it was to us, until it had taken its flight; in other and happier instances it remains to us a perpetual benediction.—*Appleton's Journal.*

LIFE'S BRIGHTEST HOUR.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is assessed for more than a million. Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or rather when we had found the happiness nearest to be alloyed. "I tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life? At the age of one and twenty I had saved up $600, I was earning $500 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two, I had secured a pretty cottage, just outside the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down, and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in wealth of her womanhood.