msa_sc2901_scm1623-0045 copyright Maryland State Archives

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.

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. a11-6.

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.

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 first 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.

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.

SWITHING SHORTLIDGE'S BOARDING SCHOOL for Young Men and Boys, Kennet Square, Pa. J. M. Habel, Ph. D., Prof. of History, Modern Languages, Physiology, &c. Dr. C. S. Gaunt, Prof. of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, &c. Chas. F Costen, Penmanship and English branches. S. C Shortlidge, (Harvard University A.M.) Principal Teacher. Two lectures a week, with instructive experiments. Fine apparatus and 1000 Stereopticas Views bought in Paris for the School by Prof. Habel, to illustrate Science, History, Geography, and Travel. jy18-3m

GREAT INDUCEMENTS
TO
CASH BUYERS
IN *DRY GOODS, Shoes, Notions, &c.*
June 13. By J. H. SIMPERS.

A LOT OF 8x10 WINDOW SASH on hand and for sale.
jan31. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874. No. 13.

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.

Trustee's Sale of a Farm

NEAR STILL POND,
KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause in said Court wherein Mordecai Phillips is complainant, and J. W. F. Ayars and others are defendants, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder, on

TUESDAY, August 18th, 1874,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,

All That FARM,

of which the late Rev. James B. Ayars died seized, and now occupied by Mr. William Ayars, situated in the Second Election District of Kent county, on the road leading from Lynch's Corner to Kennard's Corner, and adjoining the lands of Mrs. R. L. Raymond, Miss Mary Hepburn and others, containing

About 270 ACRES,
MORE OR LESS.

About 20 Acres in Wood, and the balance all arable. The soil is of medium texture, easily cultivated, and well adapted to all cereals and fruits, and is in a fair state of cultivation. It is divided into five fields and a

Peach Orchard of 7,000 TREES,
Six years old, and in good bearing.

The Dwelling
IS A TWO-STORY HOUSE, part frame and part brick, containing fourteen rooms, and is in good repair. It is a comfortable Dwelling, surrounded by fine Shade Trees, and supplied with excellent water both at the dwelling and barn. There is also a good stream of running water on the place.
The OUT-BUILDINGS are ample and in good condition.

There is an Orchard of One Acre,
set with DWARF AND STANDARD PEARS of leading varieties, and one and a half acres in Raspberries and Blackberries. Also, about a mile of Osage Orange Hedge.

The neighborhood is one of the most desirable in the county, being healthy, thrifty and convenient. Still Pond Station, on the Kent County Railroad, is within two hundred yards of the Peach Orchard, and the village of Still Pond is about a mile distant, where is an excellent public School, good stores and mechanics, Church and Post Office.

A Steamboat from Baltimore touches at Turner's Creek, about 3 miles distant, three times a week.

THE TERMS OF SALE

are one-fourth cash on the day of sale, or in thirty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustee, and the balance in equal instalments in one and two years from the day of sale, secured by the bond of the purchaser with security approved by the Trustee, and with interest from the day of sale. The crops now growing will be reserved from sale, and possession given January 1st, 1875.

JAMES A. PEARCE, TRUSTEE.

The Decree directs the Trustee to give notice to the creditors of the late Rev. Jas. B. Ayars 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.

J. A. PEARCE, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, July 25, 1874—ts.

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued by D. U. Dewees, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of T. Shater, against the goods and chattels of Joseph C. Rasin, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Jos. C. Rasin, of, in and to

1 Carriage and Harness, 1 Dearborn, ONE SORREL HORSE.

And I hereby give notice, that on

SATURDAY, the 15th August, 1874,
At Three o'clock, P. M.,

at Kennard's Corner, I will sell the said property so seized and taken in execution to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said writ, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

C. W. WARREN, Constable.
July 25, 1874—ts. [3.75]

NOTICE.

Vacancy in Washington College.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Orphans' Court of Kent county, will on

TUESDAY,
The Twenty-Fifth day of August, 1874,

proceed to elect one indigent scholar from Kent county for free tuition in Washington College, to fill the vacancy now existing.

Parents and others disposed to avail themselves of this notice are requested to make written applications stating the name and age of the youth applying, as none can be admitted under the age of twelve years.

Written testimonials of moral character and intellectual capacity will be required, and the applicants must appear before the Court on the day named to be examined.

No applications are expected in favor of a youth whose income is sufficient, or whose parents can afford, to give him a classical education.

The Court will also expect some guarantee that the scholar shall remain at the College during the full course.

By order of the Orphans' Court,
W. STEVENS, Reg. of Wills.
July 25, 1874—5t.

FOR SALE,

THE DWELLING HOUSE and premises on High Street, in Chestertown, which I now occupy.

FOR SALE or RENT FOR THE YEAR 1875, the DWELLING HOUSE and Premises on High Street, now occupied by Wm. B. Wilmer, Esq. Also, the Dwelling on Church Alley, now occupied by Mr. Garrett. If sold a long credit will be given to purchasers if desired.

J. A. WICKES,
July 11, 1874—3t. Chestertown, Md.

BUY YOUR
Neat's Foot Oil, Sperm Oil, Lard Oil, Winter Bleached Whale Oil, Engine Oil and West Virginia Lubricating Oil from C. F. STAM & BRO. They have the largest stock in the County, and the Purest the *Country* can produce. ☞ Remember the place:
C. F. STAM & BRO.,
Cor. High and Court Streets.
July 11, 1874. Chestertown, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.
The Goods Must be Sold!

Men's Soled Calf Boots	$5.00
Men's Gaiters	2.25 to 2.50
Men's Lace Boots	2.00 to 2.50
Boys' Gaiters	2.00 to 2.25
Boys' Lace Boots	1.50 to 2.00
Ladies' Gaiters	1.50 to 2.50
Ladies' Slippers	50, 75, 1.10 and 2.25

At J. H. THOMPSON'S,
Store formerly occupied by W. A. Vickers.
July 25, 1874.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at public sale on

WEDNESDAY,
The Twenty-sixth of August, 1874
AT HALF-PAST ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,

ALL THAT FARM,
KNOWN AS THE
"JAMES KENNARD" or "STEVENSON CONSTABLE FARM"

situated in Worton, Kent county, Maryland, on the public road from Chestertown to Hanesville, adjoining the lands of Isaac Parsons and others, containing

About 130 ACRES.

About 100 acres are arable, conveniently divided, and is under good fencing. About 15 acres in MEADOW; the residue is in Wood, which supplies ample fuel for use on the farm, and has a fine growth of Young Chestnut.

The soil is naturally good, and has been improved by the use of lime, plaster and clover,—the portion under cultivation having been limed twice.

The situation is desirable, being convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c. Is only two miles from the Steamboat Landing at Buck Neck, and within a few miles of a Station on the Kent County Railroad. The neighborhood is healthy and distinguished for its enterprise and thrift.

The Improvements
ARE A
FRAME DWELLING,
With a KITCHEN attached, and the usual OUT-BUILDINGS,
the latter recently built and in good order.

There is also a good TENANT HOUSE and a nearly new

Two-Story Frame Dwelling,
16 by 28 feet, on the farm. The WATER is excellent.

An Apple Orchard of 100 Trees,
of carefully selected varieties, and a PEACH ORCHARD of Two hundred Trees, are also on the farm.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms prescribed by the Decree are:—$2500 to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or within sixty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustee, the balance in two equal instalments of six and twelve months from the day of sale, the whole to bear interest from the day of sale, and the deferred payments to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
Chesterlown, Aug. 1, 1874—ts.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
STORE GOODS

BY virtue of six writs of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, one at the suit of Samuel E. Eggerton & Co.; one at the suit of Wm. R. Warner & Co.; one at the suit of Crown & Howell; one at the suit of Burnett & Penewill; one at the suit of John A. Stephens, indorsee of Sam'l J. Hill, and one at the suit of Hess, Blumm & Co., against the goods and chattels of George M. Beasten; I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said George M. Beasten, of, in and to the

STOCK of GOODS

in the store room occupied by said Beasten, at Locust Grove, Kent county, consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Medicines, &c.
ALSO,
Household & Kitchen FURNITURE.

And I hereby give notice, that

On SATURDAY, August 8th, 1874,

at the said store room, I will sell the said property to the highest bidders for cash, to pay and satisfy said writs, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
EDW. PLUMMER, Sheriff.
Aug. 1, 1874—ts.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of one writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of Howard Meeks and Martha Meeks, his wife, use of Martha Meeks; against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John Levin Gale; I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said John Levin Gale, of, in and to

That Farm or Plantation,

Called "THE WILMER OR HINCHINGHAM FARM," lying and being in Swan Creek, Kent county, Maryland, containing

279 Acres of Land,

More or less, it being the property which was allotted to said Gale by the commissioners in the division of the real estate of John K. Gale, deceased, as by reference to the record of proceedings in the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Liber J. F. G. No. 5, folio 100, &c., one of the Land Record books for Kent county, will fully appear.

And I hereby give notice, that

On TUESDAY, August 25th, 1874,

Between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House door in Chestertown, I will sell the said property, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy said writ, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

EDW. PLUMMER, Sheriff.
Aug. 1, 1874—ts.

A SMALL FARM FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale his FARM, in Broad Neck, Kent county, adjoining Wm. H. Davis and Thos. J. Vickers.

Containing 40 ACRES,

more or less. Buildings and fencing good.—Two Peach Orchards, one of 430 trees in full bearing, and the other 400 trees, 3 years old next spring. A Pear Orchard of 470 trees and a nice Apple orchard. Terms reasonable.

For further information address me at Cecilton, Md., or call on me near Bohemia Bridge.
jy18-3t. JOSIAH BLACKWAY.

TWELVE SMALL HOUSES
FOR SALE.

Rented for the present year at $50 each. For terms, &c., apply to THOS. S. BORDLEY, Attorney for JOHN BORDLEY, Chestertown.
April 4, 1874—tf.

LOST, on Friday of last week, a PAIR OF SPECTACLES, with gold frames, suitable for a person of about sixty years. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning them to the KENT NEWS OFFICE.
July 25, 1874—3t.

OLD AND BLIND.

The following sublime and affecting production was discovered among the remains of our great epic poet and is published in a recent Oxford edition of Milton's works:

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong!
I murmur not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong,
Father, Supreme, to Thee.

O Merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thy self alone.

I have nought to fear,
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

Is it nothing now,
When Heaven is opening on my sightless eyes?
When airs from paradise refresh my brow
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the strivings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

STARTLING DISCOVERY.

WONDERFUL REVELATIONS OF THE GREAT TELESCOPE—INFALLIBLE EVIDENCE THAT THE MOON IS INHABITED.

The Washington *Capitol* says:

At the National Observatory two persons are on hand watching the starry regions and noting everything of interest. Some evenings since, while one of the watchers was searching for the comet through the old equatorial instrument, the other was directed to take observations of the moon with our new telescope. As the former was attending to the duties required of him, he heard an exclamation of surprise from his assistant. As he turned toward him he saw him fall upon the floor. Fearing something serious had happened he rushed to inquire what was the matter. His friend could only point to the huge telescope, and after a few moments desired him to place his eye to the glass.

He did so, and saw upon the moon's surface what appeared to be a large mountain, on the top of which were two gigantic pillars, that seemed to be fashioned by human hands.

The landscape also embraced in the focus of the instrument appeared to possess all the features of a terrestial scene. There were evident indications of the works of beings who, if not fashioned according to the structure of the human race, yet had something in common with them. Large cities dotted the surface exposed to the glass, and lakes, bays and large rivers could be distinctly traced.

A messenger was immediately sent to Professor Coffin and others connected with the observatory. In a short time they arrived, but hooted at the idea when it was told them and were indignant at being called up at midnight.

All this was soon changed, however, for they had ocular demonstration that it was unmistakably true.

Our readers may be assured that there were sleepless eyes that night on the corner of E. and Twenty-fourth streets, and well there might be, for there was a chance that a question which has troubled man for centuries was about to be settled, and perhaps light would be thrown upon many things that have heretofore appeared dark.

The next morning secrecy was enjoined upon all, and telegrams sent to prominent scientific men at Cambridge, Mass., St. Stephen's College, Avondale, N. Y., and elsewhere, to come on immediately. These several parties arrived here and have since been holding consultations and taking observations. In a short time the result will be laid before the public.

We can say now that it is demonstrated beyond a possibility of the shrewdest doubt that the moon is inhabited by rational and intellectual beings.

It has been decided to permit the public somewhat generally to use the wonder that is called "the Unknown." The observatory being small only a limited number will be admitted at a time.

As the rush of our citizens will be great, in order to obviate the difficulty, tickets will be issued which may be obtained by any respectable person on application to Prof. Ichbinnar, No. 104 Twenty-ninth street northwest. Of course visitors will be admitted in the order they present at the Observatory.

BUDDING INTO WOMANHOOD.—There is a touching beauty in the radiant look of a girl just crossing the limits of youth, commencing her journey through the checkered shade of womanhood. It is all dew-sparkle and morning-glory to her ardent buoyant spirit, as she presses forward exulting in blissful anticipations. But the withering heart of the conflict of life creeps on; the dew drops exhale; the garlands of hope, scattered and dead, strew the path; and too often ere noon-tide the brow and sweet smile are exchanged for the weary look of one longing for the evening rest, the twilight, the night.

WE have too many resolutions and too little action. The Acts of the Apostles is the title of one of the books of the New Testament; their Resolutions have not reached us.

"O LORD," prayed a Methodist minister, "keep me humble and poor!" "O Lord, if thou wilt keep him humble," said the deacon who next prayed, "we'll see to it that he is kept poor!"

"ARE there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newsboy yesterday. "I don't know," replied the boy, "are you lonesome."

THE MORAL OF IT.

AN EVIL OF FEARFUL TENDENCY—"WORLDLY PREACHERS" AND "SENTIMENTAL WOMEN."

[From the New York Observer.]

It is doubtless known to the most distant and secluded of our American readers that the religious and irreligious community in New York and Brooklyn, and the country generally, is just now agitated by an inquiry into the moral character of the most conspicuous preacher of the age. Reserving all expression of opinion on the merits of the case for another time, we have a serious sermon to deliver, at least a great inference to draw, in the midst of the melancholy proceedings.

The relations into which a pastor is brought with members of his flock, and the power which he possesses when he has inspired them with strong personal affection for him as a man, place him in circumstances demanding the utmost circumspection and discretion. The establishment of such relations between a pastor and his flock as shall secure for him that intimacy which ought to exist only in the domestic circle, is an evil of fearful tendency and unspeakable danger. Ministers are censurable in a high degree who encourage their people, men or women, to come to them with family matters or secret sores. Some men are themselves gossips, and delight to get and give all they can of social news, and the more secret, the richer the prize. They encourage revelations when their ears should be deaf to everything approaching to scandal. All judicious pastors discourage familiarity on the part of their people, especially of the female denomination.

For this way lies the danger. A silly woman, pious perhaps, but very soft and shallow, hears the stirring words of her eloquent pastor; is roused, warmed, soothed, exalted, she thinks *edified*, and straightway she believes him to be the man sent to do her good. She goes to his study to tell him so: how much enjoyment she finds in his words; or she writes him a letter and pours out her little soul-full of twaddle about her gratitude for what her dear pastor has done for her, how she "is lifted up" by his instructions; how she loves him as a friend given to be her guide and comfort, and so on, and so on, more and worse, running into a mawkish sentimentality, a sickening man-worship, disgusting to every sensible person, but very nectar to a vain, worldly preacher, who seeks only to make his hearers "feel good." Such people never go to their pastor to ask "what they must do to be saved?" It is to tell him how good they feel; how he is "exalting them, filling them with joy, peace and love." We cannot go into particulars without offending the tastes of every reader. We make our meaning plain. We wish to be understood as saying that what worldly preachers and sentimental women call "communion of soul" and "kindred spirits," "mutual help" and "holy sympathy," and words in the same strain, is not religion—it is not even religious. It is of the earth, earthy. It is "carnal, conceived in sin." It is simply the lower nature, the human passion of one creature toward another. God is not in it. God never led a man or a woman to desire forbidden fruit. "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God;" every man, when he is tempted, is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. Then "lust, when it hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." It is in immediate connection with these divine teachings that the inspired writer goes on to say: "Wherefore lay aside all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls."

These are the truths that underlie all moral character. They condemn everything that is earthly and sensual, and forbid the delusion that sinful passion has a divine origin. It is a travesty of the gospel to hold that this "yearning after an affinity" which sacrifices the obligation of society, family and honor, is anything even akin to love. It is an insult to every pure emotion that human or divine nature ever feels, to call this guilty passion by the sacred name of love. Lust is not love. Desire is not love. Love is of God. God is love. Love is to be gratified, for all it wants is lovely, pure and right. It never seeks anything else. It binds the family and society and all the good in golden chains of pure affection. But it never inspired a sinful desire in a human breast. No woman is drawn to another woman's husband by love.

A man who is "drawn" toward a woman whom he has no right to love, a woman "drawn" to a man whom she has no right to love, may be more sure than if they heard a voice out of the skies telling them so, that they are not "drawn" by divine grace, or a holy purpose, or any good motive whatsoever. The devil has hold of the rope that draws.

Religion is not a passion. It is a principle. Religion does not consist in feeling. Religion is the intelligent belief of truth that leads to right doing; the very meaning of the word is "binding or drawing back" to God; receiving such views as constrain the soul to obey God. He who adopts views or has feelings which lead him to do wrong, to covet another man's house or his wife or anything that is his, is not a religious man. He may be a priest at the altar, but he is not religious. And a woman whose "heart goes out" after another, and turns away from her husband to find "sympathy" and "support" in the society of her "beloved pastor," and writes him sickly notes and letters revealing her thoughts and trials, and declaring her "ardent attachment" to him as the friend whose words are such "a precious revelation to her thirsty soul"—such a woman is on the verge of ruin. There is not a thought in her heart that God loves.

A very large part of the fiction of our day encourages this morbid sentiment.—In many modern novels a story of impossible "love" is the ground-work. Parties who cannot be lawfully joined in marriage are made the lovers of the book. The intrigues, crimes, soul-sufferings, and ultimate happiness of the guilty are wrought up in the exciting pages of the novel.—Women read these books more ravenously than men. They feed upon them. Their effect is evil and only evil, and that continually. They stimulate passion till it overrides reason, and conscience, and discretion, sets lust on fire, and makes the human heart a pit with exhalations of foul desires offensive to purity and heaven, as Byron's hell

"Whose every wave breaks on a living shore
Heaped with the damned like pebbles."

The number of ministers who have brought disgrace upon the pulpit and religion by vice fostered in the pages of fiction which weak women and young people devour with a morbid appetite insatiable as the grave, is the evidence of an enormous evil that demands the best wisdom of philosophy and the highest virtue of religion to arrest and remedy. But if there were not a novel in the world, though the evil would be less, it would not cease. Human nature would be what it is. And given the same circumstances, similar consequences will result. The warning is to ministers and their admiring parishioners. There is a line clear as sunbeam between right and wrong. In a Christian community there is no ignorance so blind as not to see it. Conscience and common sense reveal it. Experience shows its value. History, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, is full of illustrations. On one side of that line is love, usefulness, honor, peace and life immortal. On the other side is secret pleasure remorse, shame, blasted households, tears that God never wipes away, and damnation just and eternal.

THE FEMALE COLLEGES.

The Female Colleges have been well patronized during the past year. The young ladies have by this time returned to their homes, where, we hope, they will complete their education under the teachings of their mothers. They are the ones whose teachings are necessary to a complete education. Lay aside your French, young ladies, and acquaint yourselves in the culinary art.

Learn to keep a tidy house, and make your homes attractive. These are essentials. Forbear the too free use of French phrases and quotations in your conversation. Do not spell jelly with i-e for an ending. Say good morning, not *bon jour*. You may recollect the young miss who returned to her country home, displaying her boarding school airs. On coming to her breakfast, wishing to be polite, and display her learning, used the phrase *bon jour*, whereupon her father, a matter-of-fact farmer, replied, "Yes, my dear, certainly the bone's yours," at the same time helping her to it. Education is desirable, common sense more so. These, combined with grace, politeness, desire to do good, and be good, make the model young lady. No jewel is so brilliant as religion: it is the pearl of great price. No dress so becoming as to be clothed with ease and politeness. No ornament so attractive as modesty. Guard well your conversation, for out of the mouth oftentimes comes much that will hurt. The young lady of quiet, retiring disposition, attracts to a better purpose than the glib-tongued miss who ventures her opinions unasked. Your proper sphere is not

——To guide the car of war,
To rule the state, or thunder at the bar,

but to shed a light of hallowed influences around the domestic hearth. You may have power and influence, but your might is gentleness. You may combat the errors and vices of the world, but your influence should go out from your retirement and be shown in the lives and characters of your associates. In the sunny calm of domestic quiet, you are to be the centre of happiness and love; in seasons of illness or bereavement, when the strong man is shaken, then you, who in sunshine's hour were but as the vine clinging around the stately oak, will become amid the darkness and storm a shield to protect him. Beauty, wit and accomplishments may conspire in vain to attract admiration and command esteem, but it is when piety throws its charms around nature's loveliness that the Philosopher and the Christian are constrained to say with the poet, that we are "Allied to angels on our better side."

A New Poison.

The old stories of the skill of the ancients in the use of poison, whereby death was produced by the mere smelling of a flower, is something more than paralleled by this story of what a modern French chemist has produced. At a recent meeting of the Paris Scientific Academy there was presented by one of its members, M. Deville, a perfectly air-tight phial containing about fifteen pounds of osmium. The distinguished chemist, in making the presentation, stated some interesting facts concerning the substance contained in the phial. They amounted to this: Osmium is the most powerful of all poisons. Twenty pounds of it would poison the entire population of the world. One thousandth part of a grain of osmic acid set free in a volume of air of a hundred cubic yards, would possess such a deadly influence that all persons respiring the air would be nearly killed. Worst fact of all, no antidote to the poison is known, and as to perform its work it needs only to be breathed, not swallowed, there would be no trace by which the medical experts could define its effects. Fortunately, it is as difficult to produce as it is certain in execution, and therefore beyond the reach of the ordinary prisoner.

Stick a Pin Here.

There are many ways in which a young wife can assist her husband in getting on in the world; for instance, a young housewife recently reported the following as a product of a barrel of flour: 103 loaves of bread, 28½ dozen doughnuts, 67 pies, 40½ dozen biscuits, 18 loaves of cake, 28½ dozen cookies, 4 batches of griddle cakes. The above lasted a family of two adults and three children three months, and would cost if bought at the bakery at moderate prices, $35. This is only one item in domestic economy. There are a hundred ways in which she can aid him in starting out in life in the successful pursuit of a fortune. Unless you learn to think seriously of these little things your prospects are not very encouraging for getting along in the world any faster than you now are. There are matters of dress as well that are quite as important to be considered. You would do well to take these matters into consideration and make them as applicable to your own case as you can.

A CLOUD of gloom and sadness overspreads the land, and newspaper readers weep. It will be a year—a whole year—before any more college commencements will thrill the bosoms of our people.

A Game of Blind Man's Buff.

Peter Jansen was a wealthy and eccentric New England farmer, the owner in fee simple of many broad and fertile acres of available land, and the proud parent of a promising son, now near grown, who in his infancy had been designated by the not altogether unheard of name of John.

Now John Jansen had been brought up in a very proper and careful manner, and it was therefore not to be wondered at that as he grew more mature, that he was regarded as a very exemplary young man by those who knew him intimately. He was sober and industrious in his habits, cultivated and refined in his tastes, with a disposition to get along and prosper in the world, as his father had done before him.

But the time came when he was one and twenty. This is a remarkable episode in the lives of most young men, fully free from parental restraint by the construction of the law, they think they know so much, and subsequently learn that that they know so little.

Now, possibly Peter regarded this event in his son's life with as great concern as did John the junior, for certain it is that shortly thereafter he summoned the young man into his presence for a little private conversation.

"Well, John," he said, "how does it seem to be one and twenty?"

"Seem! why I can't see as it seems different from any other time"

"Can't eh? O, well, you'll see quick enough, I guess. I suppose the next thing you'll be thinking of will be getting married."

"O, I hadn't thought of such a thing yet in earnest."

"Hadn't, eh? Well, you'd better be thinking; getting married is about as important a thing as will ever happen to you, sir."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Suppose so! suppose so! you'll know so by and by. Well, John, you're old enough to begin to think seriously about the matter. I ain't going to have you running around unsettled and unsteady in your habits and character. Now, the quicker you pick yourself out a wife and settle down, the better. Mind you, my boy, this wasting three or four of the best years of your life in sowing your wild oats, is a very foolish principle for young men to adhere to. Now, I don't propose to have you do anything of the kind, and if you avoid it you won't have a harvest of briars and thistles to gather in afterwards. Now, just as soon as you will pick yourself out a good, prudent, and industrious litile wife, I've a good farm to give you, and enough to set you up in reasonable style, you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"But not an acre nor a penny of mine shall you possess until you have complied with my wishes."

"But, father—"

"I mean what I say, exactly, and no more; make this matter your first business, and when you have performed your part of the contract I will attend to mine."

"But this is rather sudden."

That makes no difference; if you are not satisfied with my terms, the world is wide enough for both of us, you are big enough and bright enough to earn your own living; if you can do better by yourself than I can do by you, why start out in the world, for you are of age. I have stated my terms and I do not propose to alter them."

"But who shall I marry?"

There's Israel Ive's five daughters, and I'm certain you can have your pick out of the lot. They've all been well brought up, and any of them is good enough for you, so go ahead; and as soon as you report favorably, the farm is yours."

"But which one shall I take, father?"

"Which one shall you take?" repeated Peter Janson; "it must be a bright man, surely, that cannot decide at sight what woman to pick out of a dozen, and a singular youth you are not to have your eye on one already. However, make your own choice, and you'll be happier, live longer and prosper better in your domestic affairs generally."

With these concluding remarks the fond father turned away, and John was left alone to his reflections.

Now, John Janson was not a verdant young man; he had seen considerable of the world for a person of his age and circumstances, but he was very diffident and bashful. It was this quality of his disposition that made him so averse to ladies' society, and had occasioned no little anxiety to old Peter, who had already began to fear that John would be a coufirmed old bachelor, hence his desire to kindly assist John's matrimonial matters along.

For some moments after his father's exit, John sat profoundly thinking; he believed he did have an inexpressible sort of tenderness for the youngest daughter of Israel Ives. If not strictly beautiful, she was at least a very sensible girl, and would make a practical housekeeper. John had but little sentiment in his composition; his tastes were more matter of fact. The more John thought of matrimony the more fixed became his determination of committing himself as soon as possible.

A night or two subsequent to the conversation with his father, it was noticed that he attired himself with unusual care before going out, as he insisted, to attend the "debating society." His father and mother regarded each other significantly, as if they well understood what was uppermost in John's mind, but they gave the young man no intimation that they suspicioned his intentions.

After a last lingering look at the looking-glass, John started forth into the darkness, taking the shortest road possible to the residence of Israel Ives.

He soon came to the place he intended visiting. A bright light gleamed out through the front windows, with welcoming beams, and he fancied he could see smiling faces there, yet his heart thumped so very singularly under his shining satin vest that it was several minutes before he could make up his mind to knock at the door; he walked up and down the road past the place several times to calm himself, and to think over the words he proposed saying when in the presence of Miss Ives.

At last he turned in at the gate, and walking boldly up to the front door, he made his presence suddenly known to the Ives family by means of the friendly assistance of the heavy brass knocker.

Israel came to the door with a flaring candle in his hand; he gave a sudden start of surprise upon recognizing his visitor.

"Why, John!" he said, "is this you?"

"Is Miss Ives at home?" said John, nervously, forgetting in his sudden embarrassment to designate the particular Miss Ives he wished to see.

"Certainly, certainly," replied Israel, smiling mischievously, "walk right into the parlor and sit down, and she will come in presently."

Leaving his hat upon the rack in the hall, John did as he was bid; he sat down upon the outer edge of the chair and awaited the young lady's coming. He heard several suppressed giggles in the adjoining room, and a subdued suggestion upon the part of Israel that they had best not act simple and foolish. Then the door opened, and in sailed Miss Sophrony Ives, followed by Patience, Malvini and Lucy Ives, each simultaneously smiling and trying to look as sweet and pretty as possible. They advanced one by one and gave John a greeting, after which they arranged themselves in a graceful group about him; then began the liveliest conversation John had ever listened to. He began to grow uneasy and lose his self-possession. This was rather more Miss Ives than he had anticipated meeting.

At last a sudden idea occurred to him.

"Girls," he said, "do any of you play *blind man's buff?*"

The young ladies all suddenly giggled.

"Sometimes," said Miss Sophrony, with a sly glance at her sisters.

"Suppose we have a game then," said John, earnestly.

Several handkerchiefs were simultaneously produced, and before John was aware he was in midnight darkness.

"But you must be blinded too, Lucy," said Miss Melvina; "it always makes it livelier to have two, you know."

So Miss Lucy's sight was temporarily obscured in the same manner that John's had been.

Then the word "ready" was given and without a word of warning Sophrony, Patience, Priscilla and Malvina noiselessly glided out of the room.

For awhile John and Lucy groped innocently about them, each failing to find the objects they sought, at last John spoke:

"I say, where are you all?" he said hopelessly.

No answer came to his question from those he was seeking.

"John," said Lucy, "I believe they are all hiding."

Just at that moment the two approached each other with their hands extended, and they were suddenly clasped in each other's arms. This was a sensation so new to John that it almost deprived him of articulation.

"O, is it you, John?" said Lucy. "I do believe they're fooling us."

She suddenly removed the bandage from her eyes, and the next moment John felt deft little fingers untying the knot in the handkerchief that was about his head.

"Look a here, John," she said in a half provoked sort of way; "just see what a trick they have played upon us. I might have known what they were up to. Never mind, we'll have a real pleasant time now."

They sat down side by side on the high-backed sofa, and Lucy talked so pleasantly and encouragingly to John that he soon felt perfectly at home. He was almost astonished at his self-possession. The minutes lengthened into hours, and, well, he never could fully