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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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, NOVEMBER 28, 1874. No. 29.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight nes 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.

LAW CARDS.

ROBERT N. SIMPERS,
Attorney at Law,
131 S. FIFTH STREET,
n21-m* *PHILADELPHIA.*

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.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.
Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.
Mr. Hines, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm. JESSE K. HINES,
oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH.

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.

MEDICAL CARDS.

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.

THE GREAT NEURALGIA CURE.
HOPKINS'
ANTALGIC LINIMENT,
After a test of Twenty years, is confidently offered to the public as the most powerful external remedy which has ever been discovered for the cure of *NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, TOOTHACHE, NERVOUS HEADACHE, STIFF NECK, LUMBAGO, SORE THROAT BRONCHITIS,* and all pains of the joints and limbs.
Hundreds who have seen it give it the strongest endorsement.
FACTS to be Remembered:
ANTALGIC LINIMENT positively cures Neuralgia.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT cures the worst cases of Rheumatism.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT instantly cures Toothache.
ANTALGIC LIMIMENT never fails to cure Gout.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT instantly relieves Headache.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT cures the Face-ache.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT is unequalled for the immediate relief of all kinds of pains. It does not blister, nor discolor the skin.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
T. K. ROBSON, Proprietor, Easton, Md.
For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO., Chestertown. sep19-6m.

Valuable Personal Property AT PUBLIC SALE.

MR. WM. T. BURGESS, intending to discontinue farming, the undersigned as Attorneys for him and Sheriffs Wheatley and Plummer, will offer at Public Sale, at the residence of the said W. T. Burgess, on

WEDNESDAY,

The SECOND day of DECEMBER, 1874

Commencing at half-past Ten o'clock, A. M., the PERSONAL PROPERTY of the said Wm. T. Bargess, consisting in part as follows:

10 Head of HORSES,
TWO COLTS,
NINE FINE MILCH COWS
ONE HEIFER,
ONE BULL CALF, two years old:
14 HOGS, 12 Shoats,
16 Head of SHEEP,
FAMILY CARRIAGE and HARNESS,
2 FARM WAGONS, TRUCK,
DEARBORN,
M'CORMICK REAPER
KIRBY MOWER, nearly new.
WHEAT and PHOSPHATE DRILL
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c.

TERMS OF SALE:—$20 and under cash; all sums over that amount a credit of nine months with note and security to be approved by the undersigned.
RICHARD HYNSON,
C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorneys.
Chestertown, Nov. 21, 1874—ts.

Town Property
—AT—
TRUSTEE'S SALE

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

MONDAY,

The Thirtieth day of November, 1874,

At Eleven o'clock, A. M.
At the Court House door, in Chestertown, the

LARGE AND VALUABLE BRICK
Dwelling House,
formerly the residence of Mrs. Harriett Tilghman, and
THE LOT THERETO ATTACHED

situated on High Street in Chestertown, near the Bank. The Dwelling is two stories in height, with a basement Kitchen and servants' rooms, and a well plastered attic, which makes comfortable sleeping apartments. The house is well built, roomy, and in very fair condition. Its central and convenient location makes it desirable either for a private residence or boarding house, in which latter capacity it is now used.
The LOT attached affords ample space for gardening purposes, and as such is a valuable appendage to the house.
Possession given January 1st, 1875.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-half of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee, the balance in two equal instalments in six and twelve months from the day of sale bearing interest therefrom, and the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the Trustee.
C. T. WESTCOTT, Trustee.
Nov. 7, 1874—ts.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

THE undersigned, Mortgagee, by virtue of the power contained in a Mortgage from Perry M. Hambleton and wife to W. J. Vannort, dated on or about the 5th day of November, 1873, and duly recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 12, folio 212 and 213, one of the land Record books for Kent county, will offer at Public Sale, on
SATURDAY, the 28th of November,
at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, all that
Tract or part of a TRACT OF LAND,
lying and being and situated in Broad Neck, Kent county, Maryland, known as part of
"NEW KEYS,"
which was conveyed to said Perry M. Hambleton by B. F. Beck, and containing TWO ACRES, Three Roods and Ten Perches.
The Improvements consist of a comfortable LOG HOUSE.
Terms cash on day of sale.
W. J. VANNORT,
Nov. 7, 1874—ts. Mortgagee

MERCHANT TAILOR
FROM
PHILADELPHIA
1874. Fall and Winter. 1874.
ABE SCHWARTZ,
RESPECTFULLY invites his friends and the public to call and examine his
New Fall Goods and Styles
RECEIVING DAILY from the Eastern markets.
Fine Goods a Specialty
BLACK CLOTHS of the finest grades; and in ENGLISH and FRENCH CASSIMERES we have styles that must please the most fastidious.
OVERCOATS of ALL STYLES,
For Fall and Winter.
☞ Feeling confident that we fully understand the needs and wants of this community, and that we are now prepared to meet its demands both in styles and prices, we again solicit an examination before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ We guarantee a fit in every case.
Oct. 17, 1874. ABE SCHWARTZ.

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

Administrator's Sale
—OF—
LEASEHOLD PROPERTY
IN CHESTERTOWN.

Under an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent County, the undersigned, as administrator of Samuel W. Canady, dec'd, will offer at Public Sale,

On Tuesday, the 15th December, 1874

AT 11½ O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, all that
Valuable Leasehold Lot,
With the IMPROVEMENTS THEREON,
now occupied by Mrs. Simon Welch and her husband as tenants,—in Chestertown.
THIS LOT is most favorably located for any public business and a residence. It has a front on high street of about 25 feet and a depth of about 70 feet. It is bounded by said street, the property of John Bordley on the East, the lot of Mrs. M. A. Chaney on the South, and the property of the late Simon Wickes on the West.
IT IS IMPROVED BY A
BRICK DWELLING,
of Two and a half stories, with a KITCHEN attached, and a Wood and Meat House in the rear. There are eight rooms in the Dwelling. The front room is fitted up for a Store, has always been used for that purpose, and is most eligibly situated, opening directly on High Street, in the business centre of the town.
The property is subject to an annual rent charge of $25.50.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale, as prescribed by the order, are as follow:—One-half of the purchase to be paid cash, residue in 6 and 12 months, to be secured by the notes or bond of the purchaser with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.
RICHARD HYNSON,
Adm'r of S. W. Canady.
Chestertown, Nov. 21, 1874—ts.

A SMALL FARM
—AT—
Trustee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY,

The Fifteenth of DECEMBER, 1874,

At half-past Twelve o'clock, P. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,
THE REAL ESTATE OF WILLIAM R. APSLEY, called the
TILDEN FARM,
adjoining the lands of J. E. Ringgold, George B. Westcott and others, near the road from the W. T. Baker farm to Hynson's Chapel, containing
FIFTY-NINE ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.
Most of the land is arable.
There is a BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,
AND OUT-BUILDINGS,
on the farm. The soil is light and rolling, and easily adapted to cereals and fruits.
THE TERMS OF SALE are as follows:—$1400 of the purchase money 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.
Chestertown, Nov. 21, 1874—ts.

New Millinery! Notions!
And FANCY GOODS!
MISS LUCY CROSSLEY has just returned from the city and takes pleasure in informing her customers and the public generally that she has received and opened her new and select assortment of MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS, &c., which she is selling at the lowest prices.
Kennedyville, Md., Nov. 14—3t.

New Millinery!
AND
FANCY GOODS!
MRS. S. A. USILTON, takes pleasure in informing her customers and the public generally, that she has received and opened her NEW AND SELECT ASSORTMENT of
MILLINERY, Fancy Goods, &c.
All orders promptly attended to.
nov14-3t. S. A. USILTON.

New Millinery Just Received!
FALL AND WINTER.
MRS. H. C. CARROLL has just returned from the city with a New and Beautiful Stock of Fall and Winter Millinery, which she is selling at the very lowest prices.
Nov. 7, 1874—3t.

FOR SALE,
A NEW LETTER C HOWE SEWING MACHINE,
Suitable for manufacturing, Tailoring and all kinds of Leather work. Shoemakers, or others, in want of such a machine can get a bargain in this. It has never been used and will be sold at much less than manufacturers' price on reasonable credit. Apply at Kent News office. oc10-tf.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1875,
The STORE HOUSE and DWELLING near Grey's Inn Wharf, now occupied by T. A. Hudson, together with Stable, Carriage and Corn House, and five acres of Land in a fine state of cultivation and pump of excellent water. This is one of the best business stands in the county. Apply to
MORRIS ASCHER,
oc24-tf. No. 17 N. Frederick st., Balt.

Galena Machine Shop.
HYLAND & CO.,
ARE prepared to furnish or repair CORN SHELLERS and Shellers of all other descriptions, on reasonable terms. Pennoch Shellers, a specialty. oc10-3m.

Merchant Tailoring.
IF you wish a **First Class Suit** made to order, and desire a good fit, call on us, and you will find a very large variety of Foreign and Domestic Cloths and Cassimeres. S. MERRITT & CO.,
Oct. 3, 1874. Bordley's Corner.

UNKNOWN.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Two dear feet that went out and in,
Weary, but willing for Love's sweet sake;
Two strong hands that did gladly win
Bread for the baby's fingers to break,
Two kind eyes that could weep for the grief
For which hands and feet had no relief;
Two open ears for a friend's distress,
Two faithful lips to counsel and bless,
And eyes, and ears, and feet and hands,
Under a noble soul's command.

So in our home she lived for years,
And all its chambers were filled with light;
Little we knew of cares or fears
Little of all her struggle and fight.
Never we dreamed that a day would come,
When those dead lips would be cold and dumb;
When those quick feet would have perfect rest,
And tired hands lie on a pulseless breast,
When neither passionate prayers nor tears
Would break the silence of sealed ears.

Lessons hard we have had since then;
But the one most full of sad surprise—
The hardest of all to learn, was when
The dead did open our living eyes.
And we knew our love by its depth of loss;
Our friend by the might of our daily cross;
Our guide by our wandering far astray;
Our strength when we fainted by the way.

So angels clad in our mortal clay
Bring us full often our daily bread;
And we know them not till they go away,
And the gift is gone and the giver is dead.
Gone! but their memory lingereth yet,
Wet with the tears of a vain regret,
While a sad prayer sighs to the other shore,
"O true heart! would we had loved thee more!
Oh let our blindness be all forgot!
For here, while thou staid'st, we knew thee not."

[Communicated.]

CRISFIELD.

The visitor to this place is early impressed with the idea that the people mean business. Early and late, men, women, boys and girls are astir—active and earnest. The chief industries are taking and packing oysters, and merchandising.—There are fifteen packing houses, having from twenty-five to thirty-five employees. The proprietor of a medium-sized packing house told me he could put up from fifteen to nineteen barrels of oysters a day. The oysters are first opened (without scalding,) then washed; put into a kind of cullender, which allows all the water to drain out; they are then put into barrels holding thirty-six gallons. A bar of ice, about five inches square and long enough to reach nearly from one end of the barrel to the other, is put in to keep the oysters from spoiling. They are then closed and are ready for shipment. The "shuckers" make from one dollar to three dollars a day, some even more. They appear really to enjoy their work, the boys and girls singing as gaily as larks. But, seeing the very damp floors upon which they stand all day, and the damp atmosphere in which they work, one would think it a harvest field of consumption. Four large packing houses have been erected within the last three weeks in the district devastated by the recent fire.

The stores are numerous and well stocked. Nearly all the business portion of the town is built on trussle work, out in the river. During storms the waves lash under and against the houses. Oyster shells are being used in filling up under and around the houses, which will in time make a solid foundation. Many of the houses are built upon disconnected artificial islands, allowing large boats to pass between and around them—a second Venice. This part of the town is very deficient in means for obtaining good water, it having to be carried a quarter of a mile in pitchers and buckets. Notwithstanding this the people have decided, by a large majority, to abolish another very popular beverage.

The office of the "Leader" is situated in a narrow alley, away from the busy street, in true literary style. Previous to visiting this town, I supposed the houses had been hurriedly built, and were temporary in their character. On the contrary, they are large, convenient, well built, nicely, even elegantly finished; surrounded by well arranged yards, filled with choice flowers and shrubbery. There is one church in the town, under the charge of Rev. I. G. Fosnocht. Rambler.

Max Adeler's Humor.

Our county fair is just over, but Johnson's Cotswold ram did not take the prize that was offered for the best animal of that kind. Judge Pitman was chairman of the committee on rams, and he manifested the deepest interest in Johnson's ram, indicating clearly that if any sheep ought to take a prize that one ought to. Johnson's ram was by itself in a pen with a high board fence, and before adjudicating the prizes the Judge thought he had better go in and make a close examination of the animal for the purpose of ascertaining the fineness of its wool, etc. As soon as the Judge reached the interior he walked towards the ram, whereupon the ram began to lower its head to the ground and to shake it ominously. Just as the Judge was about to feel the fleece, the ram leaped forward and planted its head in the Judge's stomach, rolling him over on the ground. Before the Judge had time to realize what had happened, the ram came at him again and began a series of promiscuous butts, each given with the precision and force of a pile driver. It butted the Judge on the back, on the ribs, on his arms, on his shoulder-blades, on the bald place on his head, on his breast, on his shins, it butted his nose, it butted his watch into a mass of loose cog-wheels, it butted his spectacles off, it butted his high hat into black silk chaos, it butted him over into a fence corner and up against the fence, then it butted four boards out of the fence, butted down another of the committee, butted three small boys into fits, butted the money-taker at the gate, and then fled out into the country, butting harmlessly at the fresh air. The Judge did not distribute the prizes that day. When collected from various parts of the pen, they wiped the mud from his trousers and the blood from his nose, and sent him home with a perennial stomachache and a determination to start after that wandering mutton the first thing in the morning with a shot-gun.

The "Off Year" for Newspapers and Periodicals.—A New York dispatch says: "This has been a very hard year on newspapers and periodicals. It is asserted that only four of all the New York city dailies have made any money, and not one of the magazines has proved profitable. It is estimated that fully $3,000,000 have been lost in the publication business."

A SENATORIAL MILL.

CONKLING AND CHANDLER—HOW THE MICHIGANDER PAID OFF AN OLD SCORE—MR. HOWARD, OF MICHIGAN, SENDS CONKLING TO GRASS.

[Wash. Cor. Pittsburg Leader.]

I do not care to say that Chandler drinks to excess; he might arrest me for criminal libel, but I think I may venture with impunity to the statement that he is not a strictly temperate man, and that after dinner he inclines to become excessively garrulous. A friend reports me a sample of Chandler's style as follows: Chandler loves to boast of his strength. Upon this particular occasion he raised his arm over the table.

"See my muscle," said he; "I can lick any man of my size anywhere, if I am an old man; that is because I am scienced in the business. But I won't lick a man unless he is a gentleman. Now, when a man tells damlise about me, my way is to go and lick him, if he is a gentleman. Now, look at Don Pott (Piatt;) he tells more damlise about me, and I would lick him, but Don Pott is no gentleman. Geo. Townsend I was going to lick once for telling a domlie about me, and I hunted for him over a week, but before I found him I learned that he was no gentleman, and so his hide was saved."

Chandler's great hobby is his skill as a pugilist. Roscoe Conkling is also a great boxer. He has a private gymnasium in his residence at Washington, where, after dinner, he invites such of his friends as are gymnastically inclined for a friendly little bout with the gloves. Conkling is a very good amateur boxer, and as he is a very large, powerful man, he generally has it his own way with the guests who are bold enough to put on the gloves with him. For some time it was an open dispute between Chandler and Conkling as to which was the better boxer of the two. Chandler would, after every dinner party of which he was a member, calmly assert that he could lick any man of his weight in the United States. One day last week Chandler dined with Conkling, and the latter inveigled the great war Senator into the private gymnasium. The gloves were donned and the two doughty champions began to make graceful Senatorial passes toward one another according to the most approved rules of the P. R. The bout, however, was of very short duration. Chandler suddenly received a blow between the eyes, which caused the huge Senatorial form to go over backwards; his trusty legs failed him, and then he sat down so hard that tears came out of his eyes. It took four men to get the war Senator upon his legs, but he threw up the sponge at once, without any further effort to punish Conkling. The only remark he was heard to make was, "Damstrange! and "I'll fix him yet."

Conkling and Chandler were much together in a social way, and it was not long after this occurrence when Chandler received another invitation to come up to his house and spread his legs under Conkling's social board. Chandler sent back word that he regretted very much his inability to be present, but he had at his house a guest, a valued constituent from Michigan, and he could not leave him. Conkling sent back word, "Bring your friend along." With this form of invitation Chandler consented to come up. He brought his friend with him, and introduced him as Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Michigan. Howard was a sad-eyed man of diffident manners, who contented himself with paying a very close attention to the themes of the bill of fare, rather than to join in the general conversation at the dinner table. Conkling was in great glee during the dinner. He told over and over again the story of Chandler's discomfiture, and never seemed to tire of asking him what he thought about his ability to lick any man in the United States. Chandler took all these remarks in an absent-minded way, as if, suddenly, he had been lifted above any such petty ambition of considering himself a fine athlete. After dinner, Conkling led his guests into the gymnasium for a general smoke and chat.

"Come," said he, pleasantly, to Chandler, "don't you wan't another bout with the gloves?" and then Conkling laughed again in his most cheerful, turkey-gobbler style, as he put on a pair of gloves.

"No, I don't want to box," said Chandler, "but perhaps my friend here would consent to amuse you." Turning to Mr. Howard, Chandler remarked, "You box, do you not?"

Mr. Howard still looked sad-eyed and absent minded. He did once know something about it, but it was so long ago.

"Come, come," said Conkling, "let us have a friendly bout. I won't hurt you."

Evidently the great New York Senator was going to knock some one down. The sad-eyed Mr. Howard, evidently flattered at the prospect of being knocked down by so distinguished a man, began slowly to put on a pair of gloves. As he was drawing on the gloves Chandler was observed to walk down a little to the background. A contented look was on his face, and every now and then he would raise his huge right foot under his voluminous coat-tail, and give himself a congratulatory kick, expressive of rapture.

The sad-eyed man now came forward, and the round began. Conkling was for proceeding at once to knock his opponent down, and he would have done so had he not found great difficulty in getting anywhere near the sad-eyed man. The affair culminated by the sad-eyed man's suddenly rushing forward and landing a thunderbolt of a fist between Conkling's eyes. The Senator went over like a great tree, and rolled into the corner of the room, where he lay for a moment stunned by its concussion. He was heard to say afterward that he thought a house had fallen on him.

Conkling had enough of boxing for once. Chandler made several pleasant little remarks about the skill of his friend Conkling, which were not received in the most cheerful way. Judge of Conkling's feelings the next day when he learned that Chandler had played a joke upon him by giving Mr. Howard $100 to come up and bounce Conkling. The Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Michigan, was none other than the notorious pugilist Jem Mace.

A colored preacher down South took for his text the words, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God," which he divided into three parts as follows: "First, skin worms; second, what they done; third, what the man seen after he was eat up."

[Communicated.]

Agricultural Chemistry Triumphant.

SOMETHING FOR FARMERS.

"Tempora mutanier, nos et mutamur in illis." English: "*Times change, and we change with them.*"

Messrs. Editors:—It is conceded, I believe, on all hands, that the great and important problem of the hour is, how to make the farm yield the *largest* crops, and with the *least cost* for labor; preserving, at the same time, the land in all its original vigor and productiveness? When the planter owned his own labor, (as before the war,) and when lands were new and superabundant, this was even then an important problem for the farmer to solve; but now it has become a matter of self-existence to the farmer and his family!

It is known, to all travellers in Europe, and to those who have carefully read history, from the days of Cæsar, to the present, at least, that the planes of Sicily blossomed spontaneously, with the early fruits peculiar to its climate, and, at harvest time, would fairly groan under the weight of the corn and wine which is produced from their soil; and without the necessity of carefully gathering from the stable yards that valuable capital of the farmer, the "barn yard manure!" It is also known that the eastern slopes of the Andes and the vast pampas connected with, and extending from those slopes, for miles and miles, to the eastward, have for years and years fed millions of wild cattle and horses, with the rich grasses of spontaneous growth, which are found in every direction upon them, and which have, for the last few centuries at least, furnished the markets of the world with hides, to make the leather, so much used in civilized countries; it is notorious that these animals are so abundant that they are killed, by the thousand, for the hides alone; while the flesh and the bones were left on the field, to attract the vultures, the condors, the wolves and the buzzards; which, in turn, would feast upon the remains, as they would upon the unburied of two vast armies, which had been left, after the battle, to feed their kind! But it has been left to the developments of Chemical Science, within the last two or three generations, to explain the causes of such fertility. It had been observed, that the soil on the sides of Mount Vesuvius, composed entirely of a mixture of clay and disintegrated lava, would yield any amount of grapes and cereals, without manure! and that no amount of irruptions, from the crater of the volcano, would drive off the peasantry, permanently, from their little farms, on the sides of the old mountain. The Agricultural Chemist, therefore, turned his attention to an analysis of the Lava! and he finds in it potash, lime, iron, manganese, alumina, magnesia, and sulphur; and perhaps other ingredients, which are known to be essential elements of plant food! He also finds, that after the thorough melting and wasting of the granite, the limestone, the flintstone, and other rocks, in the bowels of the volcano, these substances are found in a soluble state! they are in the form of various salts which are soluble in rain water; and will dissolve out of the disintegrating lava, when the rains come upon it, and will thus feed the plant, through its roots, as it draws in moisture of the soil during its growth. So when Baron Humbolt visited Mexico and Southern America, he noted the lava of extinct volcanoes on the eastern slopes of the Andes; he found the trap-rock, and the porphyry, all of which contain potash and lime; some in a state of gradual disintegration and decomposition, and some in firm compact masses; and even the granite itself, when undergoing the slow process of gradual decay and decomposition, from the action of carbonic acid, in the air and waters which come in contact with it, impart potash and lime to the soil formed during this disintegration; and thus renders fertile what was before unproductive, and itself passes into the form of kaolin, or the purest form of Porcelain clay.—The source of fertility, then, of the planes of Sicily, of the slopes of the adjoining country to the volcanoes of Etna and Vesuvius, and of the pampas of South America, are the same in all; the mineral elements of plant food, which are derived from the rocks which originally contained them, locked up as it were in the insoluble and compact stone.

Hence, the chemist, having discovered, by analysis, the ingredients of plants, of barn yard manure, and of the lava; and having found that wherever perfect production of the plant was, there existed the elements found in these different substances; then turned his attention to the reverse of analysis—to synthesis, or the building up of the plant, by supplying these ingredients to what was before barren and unproductive. He commenced with *calcined sand*, and with *distilled water*, neither of which substances would produce even a microscopic blade of grass; and by perseverance and experiment succeeded in growing perfect plants, by adding the different mineral elements of plant food, in solution; and by regulating the temperature, to suit the growth of the different plants.

In this way has science been able to place within the reach of the agriculturist a knowledge of which mineral elements of plant food his soil must contain, in order that it may produce perfect plants, and in sufficient quantities. And, in the following reports of twelve years experiments, in England, we have the result of calling in science to the aid of agriculture:

Wheat Without Manure.—The *American Agriculturist*, in speaking of the repeated crop raising in England, year after year, both without and with manure, says that it has been experimental. We quote as follows:

"We have now before us a report of the sales of the standing crops of wheat, oats, and clover upon two farms in England, upon which these crops have been raised successfully for a dozen years, and sold standing, to be cut and carried away by the purchasers, both straw and grain together. No stock is kept upon these farms. No manure is used upon them. Deep plowing by steam, and draining to farther deepen the soil, are the only means by which these crops are produced year after year. One of these farms is owned and cultivated by Mr. Prout, of Strawbridgeworth, and consists of 450 acres. The present season's crops was chiefly wheat, which, sold by the acre as it stood, realized $45 to $89 per acre, for grain and straw. The purchaser in all cases does the harvesting. The average prices were for wheat, $54.40 per acre; oats, $49 per acre; clover, $52 per acre. The whole proceeds of the 450 acres were $23,141, an average of $53.30 per acre. The average results of the past seven years crops has been $51.25 per acre.—The farm was purchased twelve years ago, and was then in poor condition. It was drained, and $4,000 worth of chemical fertilizers were used to bring it into a productive state. Since then it has been cultivated deeply by steam each year, but no fertilizer has been used, nor has the straw been even retained upon the farm. The other farm is owned by Mr. Middleditch, of Wiltshire. It has been managed upon the same plan. The crops upon this farm brought from $18 to $86 per acre, or an average of $52. The aftermath of some fields of sanfoin, which were to be pastured by sheep, sold for $10 to $18 per acre. There are 500 acres in this farm. Both farms have a clay soil, and are fairly good wheat lands, but at the commencement of their cropping were much run down. The farmers who purchased the crops, and some who had taken them for several years, said that those of the present year were the best crops for several years, and Mr. Prout expressed the opinion that he could thus farm as long as he lived, and his son after him. We do not pretend to make any application of this anomalous kind of farming, but merely give the facts. At the same time we can not refrain from comparing it with some farms we have seen in the rich valleys of the Ohio and westward, where for twenty years the merest scratching of the deep, rich soil, and the raising of wheat upon the unplowed corn-stubble year after year, has made farmers comfortable, if not rich, and thinking at the same time, that it is possible if these rich lands were better treated and farmed more with the plow, and less with the harrow, that they might produce better crops than they now do, and remain profitable to their owners for an indefinite number of years to come."

Now, what is the significance of this report of the practical results, on two farms—one of 450 acres, and the other of 500 acres? It is clearly this: If you supply to your soil all the mineral elements of plant food, in sufficient quantity, and then cultivate the land thoroughly, you may expect to obtain good crops.—Lime, potash, and other mineral elements of plant food, have a tendency to escape, through the porous soil, downward; and are caught and retained by the clay of the subsoil. If then we plow a little deeper every year, we turn up a part of the subsoil; and as this becomes mixed with the super-soil, or top-soil, the mineral elements which have lodged in it, are restored to the soil which supports the plants; and thus deeper the plowing, within the limits of 15 to 18 inches, if the subsoil is turned up gradually, (say about one inch of it every year,) the more vigorous will be the roots of the plants, the less liability to injury by drought, and the larger will be the crops. And, hence, the more valuable will be the land, and greater the result of the same amount of labor. Does this not look like solving the problem? H.

[Communicated.]

THE GRANGES.

Messrs. Editors:—Enterprise Grange, of Kennedyville, has recently purchased nearly a boat load of salt from first hands, at a great reduction in price, having obtained at about three-fourths the usual cost per sack. This Grange has also advertised for proposals from vessel owners and captains to carry the grain of members to market, with a prospect of getting a reduction of nearly one-half in the usual rate per bushel.

The Granges seem to be doing a good work in Kent county as well as elsewhere, in enabling members to make cash purchases at greatly reduced rates. One farmer who had been, at first, opposed to the order, at length concluded to join the grange at Still Pond, and saved twenty dollars on the first agricultural implement he purchased, being a grain and phosphate drill. He now says the grange *is* a good institution, and he goes for it "heart and hand." Every one believes it is an organization calculated to do great good, except the politicians. These are opposed to the grange and the grange is opposed to them, and don't want them to join. It is the best friend the farmer ever had, and it seeks only to make him a better and more prosperous man and

Farmer.

Five families in London determined to have a "confederate home." This is how it succeeded: A large house in the Bloomsberry region was selected for the purpose, and the arrangements for the regulation of the household were made with the utmost care and precision. There was to be a common dining-room in which all the meals of the household were to be taken, and each family had a set of rooms, which it was to furnish and arrange as suited its own convenience. There was to be one cook for the whole household, and a couple of servants to do the other work. The experiment was commenced, and for the first day or two matters went well enough. Before a week had passed, however, it became evident that to govern a confederated home would be nearly as difficult as to manage an Irish Parliament. The five families could never agree as to what they should eat and drink. The dinner, especially, was a standing subject of dispute, and the consequence was that the kitchen became a scene of constant wrangling between the unfortunate cook and her five mistresses. The other servants also found it impossible to meet the commands of their associated mistresses. Five bells would frequently be ringing at the same time, and one family would complain that they were being neglected and that another was receiving undue attention. Then the children of the different families would quarrel. Of course each mamma was sure that her darlings were not the cause of the disturbance. In short, before a few weeks had passed, the confederated home became what the party who told me the story called a "confederated discord," and had to broken up.

What is the use of talking of the world's brightness and sunshine to a man that has on tight boots?

A Fitchburg, Mass., druggist, has demonstrated the fact that it takes 48,000 average house flies to weigh a pound.

HOW TO CURE LOVE.

BY "AN OLD MAID."

There's nothing like coming near a man to cure you from being in love with him.

The man I was in love with married my sister, and I really thought that I should die; but no human creature guessed my woe.

On the wedding day, when I stood at my sister's side, as bride's-maid, and heard the solemn words that gave to the little unthinking girl beside me the princely looking and gifted man, who stood well nigh deified in my imagination, I was wrung by such deadly pain that I could not bear it; and scarcely was the ceremony finished ere I fell fainting, and was caught in the bridegroom's arms.

"Why, Eslie, are you sick?" I heard him say, as consciousness, only momentarily suspended, began to return.

"No;" said I, as soon as I could speak, "but I told you I never could stand up in those shoes."

Blessings be on tight shoes forever!—Nobody thought of doubting that they were the cause of my faint.

Well, my sister, who was a poor little good in household matters, would have me to live with her. I tried to avoid such a fate in every way I could, but in vain.—I had to comply with her wishes in this respect. Ah! but it was hard and bitter work for me to see all that I saw, and hear all that I heard between these married lovers. Many and many a time was I obliged to fly to my room and hide the tears that would gush as I contrasted my situation with that of my pretty sister.

Oh! how forsaken, desolate, and unappreciated I used to feel. I was really pitiable! Because the love of my sister's husband had not come to me, I was disgusted with the very effort to live, and wished that I was dead.

But I had sense enough left to be aware that this state of feeling must, some how or other, be overcome, and I soon had reason to be thankful that they would not let me go away from them.

For had I departed, taking with me the ideal character which my fervid imagination had bestowed upon Jasper, I know not how I could have learned not to regret him.

I had exalted him in my thoughts to an attitude of unapproachable excellence, and had, in true young lady fashion, concluded there was not another on earth like him.

But the intercourse of daily practical life rapidly cleared from my eyes all this agreeable allusion, and I began to see in Jasper just a man, like other men, very exacting, and very troublesome about the house.

It was a long time ere I came down to the bare fact. Every possible way that a lively and romantic fancy could take to continue its demigod on the pedestal mine took; but slowly, surely he came down, and in a year's time I found myself quite calm and contented in my maiden estate, not exactly owning that I was glad I had not got Jasper, but very far, indeed, from regretting that I was not his wife.

Poor Ida! she could not come anywhere near meeting the demands her husband made on her time and patience, and she was, consequently, obliged to turn him over to my care.

Now Jasper, you must know, thought he was rather a genius, and he also thought that all the world ought to be delighted to minister to him.

It was "Ida! Ida! Jane! Jane!" all the time he was in the house, and as soon as he got all he wanted, instead of sitting down with his poor little wife, to talk with and cheer her up—for her health and spirits were rather poor—away he went to his own enjoyment, and she saw no more of him until midnight. He had never anything to tell her—never anything to say—unless he would talk very sweetly and very foolishly, making her really vexed and ashamed.

"Oh, be off with you," she would say; "you never treat me as though I had common sense; you won't talk at all to me as you do to everybody else, and you needn't think you can make it all up by flattery, and silliness, and kisses!"

Jasper never got angry. He cared too little for Ida's scolding to do that. He would keep on with his nonsense as long as the fit was on, and then he was off to business or to pleasure, and none to hinder him.

There was never any positive unkindness on his part towards his wife—only utter neglect. Ida by and by ceased to feel this. She learned to expect nothing from her mate—to give up everything to his ways—and for her there was tranquility if not happiness. She knew that she was not neglected for any other woman, and that satisfied her. Her only rival in the thoughts and affections of her delighted husband was his own superlative self.

As for me, the reaction in my mind was complete; and in a few years' time I found as much difficulty in preventing myself from utter disgust and dislike toward the selfish self-worshipper, as I had before found in restraining my love for—what I supposed to be Jasper.

I have never married and never intend to marry; for, to tell the truth, I am not quite disinterested enough to make up my mind to be a foot-ball, or to go through the married woman's purgatory, for the sake of any man that I have yet seen. My experience with the once adored Jasper has convinced me that to keep