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Kent News.

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

Vol. 41. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881. No. 49.

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 in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

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. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

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HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

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GRADUATE of the University of Pennsylvania, (Medical Department,)

has opened an office in STILL POND, where he can be found between the hours of 10 A. M. and 5 P. M., when not professionally engaged.

April 2, 1881—3m.

Drs. T. H. COOPER & BRO.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS,

VOSHELL HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN.

Devote our time exclusively to the Profession, and can be found at all hours. mh5-3m*

DR. C. P. GILPIN,

DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—High st., Chestertown, opposite Masonic Hall. d6-tf.

G. W. SHALLCROSS & CO.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

326 & 328 North Delaware Avenue, PHILADELPHIA.

And dealers in all kinds of Seed Potatoes, Genuine Vermont Early Rose 90c. per bushel. apr2-4t*

HIRAM WOODS. C. POWELL GRADY.

HIRAM WOODS & CO.,

Real Estate Agents,

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BALTIMORE, MD.

Our central position gives us facilities for negotiating between Northern purchasers and Maryland and Va. farmers; we advertise extensively throughout the North all Farms on our list.

All persons desiring to buy or sell lands are requested to address as above. mh26-4t.

J. C. HUTCHISON, JR., of Middletown, Del.
WALTER S. HILL, of Kenneydyville, Md.

HUTCHISON & HILL,

Wholesale FRUIT AND PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

Peaches, Berries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, &c.

No. 242 North Delaware Avenue,
feb5-3m* PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN T. GALE,

Wholesale Commission Merchant,

—IN—

BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME,

Live Stock, Fruit, Produce, &c.,

254 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

*jan8-6m.

For Spring and Summer!

Just Received March 3, 1881,

A Large Lot of

SHOES

for Spring and Summer wear, of best quality, including all kinds for Ladies, Gents and Children. Also, BOOTS and SHOES for farm wear. All of which will be sold at VERY LOW FIGURES.

Give me a call.

JAMES A. SHAW,
mh5. COURT STREET.

NOTICE!

Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP

For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.

J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST,
Proprietor,
d18-5m* Rock Hall, Md.

Law Cards.

C. T. WESTCOTT,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

JOSEPH S. HEUISLER,

—AND—

CHARLES W. HEUISLER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

And Solicitors in Chancery,

OFFICES:—No. 18, Law Buildings, and 43 Lexington st., BALTIMORE.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the city of Baltimore, and in the adjacent counties. fe28y.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.

☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address

COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

NEW GROCERY STORE

UP TOWN!

WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.

Our stock comprises

SUGAR, COFFEE,

TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at

WHALAND'S,

GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

HAMBURG EDGINGS,
New Styles—Large Assortment, Lowest Prices, at J. H. SIMPERS'.

FERTILIZERS

FOR THE

SPRING OF 1881.

DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONES,
" SOUTH CAROLINA,
KAINIT, PLASTER,
SULPHATE OF SODA,
PERUVIAN GUANO,

For sale by

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

April 2, 1881—6t.

HOME

Super Phosphate of Lime,

RICH IN

Soluble Bone Phosphate and Salts of Potash,

MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY

For CORN,

By T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

Black Residuum

IN BULK by the Car Load (Ten Tons,) or in BAGS, in FINE ORDER.

This goods has been so extensively and successfully used by the Farmers of Kent having low clay lands that it needs no recommendation.

No farmer, having such land to plant in Corn can afford to do without it.

For sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881—6t.

AT

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Select! Reliable! Fresh!

LANDRETH'S

GARDEN SEED

Purchased directly from the extensive Seed Farms of David Landreth & Sons.

Peas, Beans, Early Corn, Beets Radish, Lettuce, Cabbage, Cucumber, Celery, Grass Seed,

AND OTHER VARIETIES in QUANTITIES TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

☞ Our large experience in the Seed business enables us to buy at very close figures and to sell at the same.

☞ We extend a cordial invitation to all interested in seed to examine our large and fresh stock.

Respectfully,

COLIN F. STAM,
DRUGGIST.
Chestertown, March 19, 1881.

J. S. MacDONALD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER

—IN—

FINE JEWELRY,

WATCHES,

SILVER WARE,

&c, &c.,

No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

janly.

WHOLESALE

AND RETAIL!

THOSE in want of CHEAP and GOOD GOODS will do well to call and examine before purchasing in the city. We think our prices will compare favorably with the lowest city prices. We have on hand and are receiving the following:

CARRIAGE, COACH, WAGON AND

Cart RIMS,

Hickory SPOKES,
Oak Wagon and Cart Spokes,
Carriage, Wagon and Cart Hubs,
Carriage Shafts, Poles with Circles, Neck Yokes, Double and Single Trees, Cultivator and Plow Handles; Pick Handles, Shovel, Fork, Spade, Hoe, Rake, Brush, Ax and Hatchet Handles, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, by

March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

REMOVAL.

SAMUEL GORMAN,
Successor to late Edw. Canty,

Practical Pump and Well Maker,

up town, near the Catholic Church. We have ample facilities for doing all the Pump and Well work in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, and defy competition in prices or workmanship.

I give my own personal attention to all work entrusted to my care. Repairs for all kinds of Pumps kept on hand.

March 26, 1881—tf.

GENUINE Early Rose POTATOES, and *FRESH GARDEN SEED,* at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

A TOUCHING POEM.

While *en route* to Macon from Augusta, the Forde Troupe were entertained upon the cars by a little deaf and mute girl, the daughter of a well known Georgia gentleman. Finally, at the solicitation of her father, the little girl recited, by gestures, the "Lord's Prayer." This she did kneeling, and in a manner which made every sign expressive, and deeply touched the lookers-on. Mr. Barton Hill, the well known actor, immediately wrote out the following and handed it to the child's father. It is one of the most beautiful impromptu poems ever brought to notice, and first appeared in the Macon Telegraph:

TO A. A. E.

Agnes—sweet lamb of innocence,
Ethel—etherial dove,
Sent for the worship of mankind
From the bright realms above.

Borne on an angel's wing to earth
And then to "Alba" given,
To show how pure and white a soul
Can crystalize in Heaven.

God would not let thee hear the woes
That desolate our land;
Nor suffer thee to speak with man,
Lest thou should understand

How poor, how weak we mortals are,
How we abuse our powers;
What miseries our crimes inflict
On this and earth of ours.

Therefore He blessed thee with a soul
Only to angels given,
And left two senses as a pledge
Of thy return to Heaven.

Lips that refuse to speak on earth
The language of the saints,
And ears that must not listen to
Mortality's complaints.

When thy pure mission is fulfilled
And thou return'st above,
To nestle at the Saviour's feet,
Thou minister of love,

Surely the whole immortal sphere
With melody shall ring,
For thou shall speak with angels then,
And hear the seraphs sing.

Enough for us to see thine eyes,
That make the planets pale;
To hear the rippling, joyous laugh
That thy pure thoughts exhale;

To watch thy waving, golden hair
Tinged with the setting sun,
And note how true a heart can speak—
Taught by the Only One!

Dumb? When thy very soul, inspired
Beyond the power of speech,
Can utter the Lord's prayer in tones
That language cannot teach!

Dumb? When thy little hands are clasped
In eloquence of prayer,
And every glance ascends to heaven,
Entreating for us there!

Dumb? when those fingers can express
"Forgive," "Thy kingdom come?"—
Thou hast thy faculties in full,
And *we* are deaf and dumb.

BARTON HILL.

Ash Wednesday, March 2d, 1881.

An African Paradise.

AN ISLAND OF ROCK COVERED WITH FLOWERS AND HAPPY AFRICANS.

Nassau cor. Boston Herald.

"Right out of the sea, four hundred and fifty miles from the Florida coast, rises a huge rock, twenty-two miles long by seven miles wide. It is the smallest of the Bahama Islands and is called New Providence. It is the second place where Columbus landed on his voyage to the western world and the only town of note in the Bahamas marks the spot. Nassau even a this season nestles in a wilderness of flowers, plants and fruits. There is not a tree, shrub or flower that thrives in any warm climate which does not grow luxuriantly there. I said it was a rock upon which these beauties grow and blossom, and over which a never-ending summer breeze blows the seeds of health by tempering the warmth of a trophical sun until it strikes a happy medium where all seasons is summer and mankind basks in an atmosphere practically invariable twelve months in the year, and trees, shrubs and flowers thrive in chaotic profusion all the year round. How contrary this is to what is known of nature in the frost land, and yet how credually true of what is seen here every hour in the years.

"The ocean threw up this mighty rock 'when nature played with hills to show her curious strength and greatness over man.' It is a calcareous rock of coral, soft and pliable to the mechanic's hand, filled with shells and sand sand and spit upon by the ocean until cemented with its brine. The surface in places rots, forms a thin soil and in this, and wherever a crack or crevice is found, the gayest flowers bloom. There is not a bit of fancy in this. It is the truth homely told. To describe its inhabitants would be to parade before you a mass of colored men, women and children, cheaply but neatly dressed, barefooted and bonnetless, but happy and polite. Out of a population of 15,000 more than 12,000 are negroes and unusually intelligent. Shining out from this darkness is now and then a native white face, intelligent and healthy, and at this season numbers of foreign faces, which look as if in search of health. The houses are as neat as the people and all of them are smothered in flowers and shrubbery. In almost every yard, as well as growing wild, are cocoanuts, oranges, guaves, sofadillos, mangoes and all sorts of fruit hang, in all stages—bud, blossom, half-grown and the matured fruit. The drives through the town and over the island are superb, smooth as a floor and of solid rock, lined on either side with tangled sweeping vines, stunted trees and flowering plants. The oleander towers its high head among the more pretentious trophical plants, while our own modest morning glory, so dear to our childhood, peeps out from behind the leaves with the dew resting upon its purple lips to be kissed away by the morning sun. No tongue can tell nor pen write of the beauties, either of land or sea, which are everywhere visible. The island makes a beautiful picture as you approach it from the ocean, rising as it does from the waters edge by gradual incline to the height of 200 or 300 feet, every foot of the way up showing the trophical plants, flowers and fruits at their best.

"The climate and surroundings are as near perfection as one ought to expect to find upon this earth. The surface of the island is rolling and what soil there is is very rich. The bulk of vegetation seems to spring from the solid rock, and actually does from the cracks and crevices. Wherever room is found a root creeps in and the lime in the stone feeds it. This lack of soil and the necessity of removing solid stone to aid vegetation prevents much cultivation of the soil, and there are very few vegetables grown in a climate especially adapted to their production. Fruits are the principal staples, and upon these the natives live to a very great extent. All tropical varieties grow in abundance and are remarkably rich and nutritious. Every variety of fish are taken in abundance and enters very largely into the domestic economy of the natives. The chief industry of the natives is sponge gathering."

JOSH BILLINGS IN CHESTERTOWN.

HIS LECTURE AT THE ARMORY.

Josh delivered his "Probabilities of Life," at the armory in Chestertown on Friday evening of last week, to a large and thoroughly appreciative audience, his visit here being secured through Mr. F. S. Phelps, of Smyrna. The unfavorable weather doubtless prevented the attendance of many people from the country who had a desire to hear the eccentricities of this humorist who enjoys a reputation that reaches to every corner of America. Josh was introduced by Lieut. Thos. G. DeFord, of the Kent Guards, (which company shared in the proceeds of the lecture,) and started a little ripple of laughter befor he had said a word.—Josh's jokes took well, and only a few of them failed to affect a good portion of his auditors, and occasionally an unusually clever and pointed piece of pleasantry would make a general ten-strike of laughter and applause. The only selection other than humorous was one that he termed his "Essay on the first baby." This was a touchingly beautiful and life-like picture. Of couse many of the best hits made by the humorist have appeared in his writings, and have traveled the rounds in the newspapers, but in cold type they are not near so mirth-provoking as when uttered by Josh in that dry, funny way he has about him.

Josh is as odd and awkward-looking as he is full of fun and philosophy.—His true name is Henry W. Shaw, and he has his washing done at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He has been in the lecture field nineteen years; is about sixty-five years of age; tall and large frame, with stooping gait, long flowing hair, and short "grizzly-gray" whiskers.

The following are a few of the jokes presented on the above occasion:

There is no sure cure for laziness, that I know of, but I have known a second wife to hurry it some.

You cook crabs by biling 'em in a pot, about a bushel of 'em, and when they stop biting they are done.

Mosquitoes are born of poor but industrious parents, and have some of the best blood in their veins in the land.

Bathers at Long Branch resemble mermaids, being about half men and half women, and when they come out of the water you can't tell 'tother from which unless you ask them.

I have known mules to be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody.

The best way to be happy is not to want anything until you have got it.

The happiest man I ever knew had no undergarment, until a sewing society presented him with a cotton—seclusion for his body, and got him riled up because the collar of the seclusion was not starched stiff enough.

A man who can wear a paper collar a whole week—and keep it clean—ain't good for anything else.

A man who, in cold weather, can sit down and draw New Orleans molasses through a half-inch augur-hole, and sing 'Home, sweet home,' while it is running, ain't fit for the year 1881.

When I was a boy I would sooner be whipped twice than to have it postponed once.

An honest man is the noblest work of God, we are told, but I have sometimes thought that a large part of the first edition is still in the Author's hands.

I never bet anything on a man who tells what he would have done if he had been there. He never gets there.

It is a good deal with boys as it is with colts: if you don't get more than one fast one out of ten you ought to be satisfied.

Manifest destiny is a disease. I thought I had it once—bad—and I sent a specimen of the disease to the Atlantic Monthly. I received the following reply: 'Dear sir: You may be a darned fool, but you are no poet; yours affectionately,' etc.

I do not know what Jonah thought when he was in the whale's—society; but I do know that if he had been a Yankee he would have rigged a rudder on him, run him into port and claimed salvage on the blubber.

The man who has been waiting for fifteen years for something to turn up is still at work at the same job.

It is impossible to do anything well with a flea on you—except swear.

I never take any foolish chances. When I am called upon to mourn over a dead mule I always stand at his head to do my mourning.

The man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adepted for that kind of business than any other.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of danger, and then half the time put on hind side before.

Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has a dreadfully mean opinion of himself and his chances.

There are two kinds of fools in the world—those who can't change their opinions and those who won't.

A good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

Out in the world men show us two sides to their characters; by the fireside only one.

The world is filling up with educated fools; mankind read too much and learn too little.

Every man has his follies and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.

Love is like the measles. We can't have it real bad but once, and the later in life we have it the harder it goes.

When a lover proposes I wouldn't advise a lady to fly back exactly, nor to fly forward; and if he wants a kiss don't say "yes," nor exactly "no," but sorter let things take their course.

In matters of religion, I would remark that I never heard of a mother teaching her child infidelity. The infidel is like a bull chained to a post—let him alone and he'll butt his own brains out,—if he has any.

Correspondence of the Kent News.

AMONG THE MAINE ISLANDS.

SKETCHES BY ROSA MITCHELL.

The Penobscot River—The Fishermen of New England—The Mackerel Harvest—The Jolly Dance in the Packing Warehouse—Baked Beans and Brown Bread Hospitality—Oh! the Picturesqueness of the Green Islands—Marine Safeguards—The Standard of Intelligence—Vegetation—Delicious Fruits and Beautiful Flowers—The New England Clam-bake—Names and Superstitions—Duck Shooting—An Adventure of 1812—Perry and the Three Britishers.

Along the coast of Maine are hundreds of islands, many without names and only huge piles of rocks bordered by sea weed and caressed by ceaseless tides, the resting spots of wild sea-birds and lazy, shy seals, which climb up on them to sun themselves; while others are larger and very productive, the dwelling places of a very important race of mankind—the fishermen of New England—also the finest sailors in the world. These islands are wild and picturesque and invite summer tourists by the score, invalids seeking cool places from mid-summer heat, and artists searching for the beautiful in nature to transplant upon canvas.

The mouth of the Penobscot, Maine's principal river, is an archipelago—hundreds of islands are grouped together—and it requires very skillful seamanship to navigate around and between them without striking upon a ledge of rocks, or, what is dreaded worse, a sunken ledge. The most of these islands are named, and each is well known to the sailors. The inhabitants of them are a hardy, healthy race; their knowledge of marine tactics is simply wonderful; they handle their boats with ready skill and manage them with the airy grace of a seagull. They have different seasons for their fishing, some fish being more abundant in spring, others in August. About the first of August is the time for mackerel fishing; a visitor to the islands will perceive an unusual stir and bustle then of the men, getting boats and fishing tackle ready for this great feast of the year. They go off in parties and remain away for weeks. Large bags of bait are thrown in the water on particular fishing grounds, to decoy or attract the mackerel, and then a dozen or more boats will anchor together and fish for them with hook and line. They usually bite very fast, so that in a day one fisherman will have secured many hundreds of pounds. These are sold to packing houses or to canning houses for the cash. On most of the larger islands companies from Boston or New York own large canning and packing houses, and ship great quantities of fish to our West and to Europe. These fishermen are all well-to-do, in independent circumstances—their pretty white cottages of Maine timber are dotted about all over the islands. In the winter, when ice and snow abound, the young people get tired of the quiet of their monotonous island life, and it is customary to send to Boston, the great head-centre of New England, for a dancing teacher. Then a great large old packing warehouse is cleaned up and lighted and warmed, and such a jolly time learning to dance! The rafters ring to the sound of fiddle and bow, and young maidens with ruddy cheeks and young sailors in rough blue woolen shirts, dance and dance the weary hours of winter away—dance, too, with a matchless grace and full abandonment of motion, unequalled by the city beaux and belles on the mainland

These cool, green islands are favorite haunts of travelers, and some of the villages have attractive and pleasant boarding houses. Our party of artists enjoyed hugely the New England hospitality, and learned to be as fond of baked beans and brown bread as the French epicure is of frogs. Oh! the picturesqueness of the Maine Islands, lashed by perpetual billows of old ocean, veiled in soft mists of vapor, settling down and softening all outlines, glorious sunsets, yellow and burning with tripical glows, reflecting a thousand tints of color on the tall, stately green pines and arbor vitae forests, which fringe the banks. What a treat for city folks to sail by moonlight around and in and out of hundreds of little inlets, with the shimmer of moonbeams on the ocean, great white sea-birds swooping down to the water, and off again into the shadowy pines, while away in the distance the high peaks of Mount Desert, the queen island of all, reach boldly to the sky. Light houses and spindles and all manner of marine safeguards stretch around the coast, like gens d'armes in the streets of Paris. Then, on stormy nights, how delightful, weird and solemn sounds the great fog horns, blowing their warning afar over sea, above the roaring waves, amidst the thick, thick mist, until the little vessel that is hesitating where to go, for fear of sunken ledges, hears the welcome sound and steers for home.

The sailors and natives of the Maine coast, as well as all the residents of New England, are thoroughly well educated. Each child is compelled by law to go to school, thus raising the standard of intelligence far above that of other States. Men who are fishing on the sea and men who are "hands" in factories and mills, are acquainted with the geography, the history and the progress of the world. Artists who wander to these islands to find subjects for New York exhibitions, find men around them cutting hay and hauling wood who can tell them what colors form the rainbow, what stars are suns, and what planets compose the solar system, and where Murillo lived, and who it was that painted the "Transfiguration." Women who cook their own delicious pies and print their own delicate butter, are often thorough musicians and communicate articles for leading literary magazines.

Vegetation is slow in this higher latitude, after leaving the middle States. In July we find strawberries just ripening on the Maine islands; and such strawberries! Nowhere can such delicious fruit be found—bathed each morning with the briny vapors of ocean, they possess a freshness not found in berries forced into ripeness by southern suns. Red English raspberries grow wild in lavish abundance, and ripen the last of July. The roadsides are lined with them, while from every nook the smiling faces of buttercups and field daisies welcome strangers. Wild dog roses fling clusters of lovely blossoms over fences and walls in great profusion, and persons can enjoy the pleasure of climbing after handsful of beautiful roses without fear of venemous reptiles. Snakes are rarely seen in Maine.

But, after all, what is more enjoyable than a clam-bake? On the sea shore on the New England coast clams are found in great quantities, and are obtained at low tides several feet below tide-water mark. They are only a few inches below the surface, and are dug out of the mud with a clam-hoe. When a clam-bake is in contemplation it is customary to get sufficient clams for the company a day before, so as to have plenty supplied, as very often the tide is too high to get them. When all gather at the sea shore and the picnic begins there will be a large rock selected, upon which is placed smaller rocks, a fire is built of wood and sticks thrown among these small rocks, until they are thoroughly heated, when the blaze is allowed to decrease; only coals and heated stones being left, the clams are emptied by the bushel upon the hot stones, and large quantities of sea-weed, wet and salty, thrown over them to keep the heat smothered, while the hot stones bake the clams. In less than a half hour they are pronounced done; they have a fine flavor, enticing to the appetite. Every one of the company goes to work in good earnest to enjoy the repast, a plentiful accompaniment of coffee, bread, pies, &c., much laughter, high spirits, good health, plenty of joviality, all combined, render a clam-bake by the sea one of the charms of the summer time.

Some of the names of the Maine islands are after Indians, as Matinicus. A most terrible massacre was perpetrated in early times on this island. Then there is Brimstone Island, where at certain stages of the moon, it is stated, the island becomes lighted with a red glare, and a *certain dark form* with horns and cloven feet appears amidst the red glare, leaps about, dances and cuts fantastic antics, to the terror of passing vessels, and then disappears, while an odor of brimstone permeates the atmosphere for many days afterwards There is the Isle au Haut, Dead Man's Ledge, Wooden Ball, Seal Island, Megguntacook, Bagaduce, Ledbiters, Dog Fish, Shag Rock, and a thousand other names too numerous to mention.

These islands are famous for duck shooting. Among the early settlers was a certain young adventurer named Perry, who was a great patriot, a large landholder and known to be a famous shot. Most of his time was spent hunting game through the forests and up streams. During 1812 some British from the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were scouting around the Maine coast hunting for human game, when they heard of Perry and determined to catch him. After much trouble and many days, they tracked him up a small inlet and found him shooting ducks. They took him prisoner; he told them he would go with them without resistance if they would allow him to go for some ducks, just shot, a few yards up the stream. Thinking they had him penned in, and being anxious for the good ducks to cook for supper, they let him get them. When he had reached a few yards up stream, he turned, and, by chance, the three British were standing in a line; Perry wheeled and fired twice, and the three men fell on the rock. Perry was not captured, and tradition says he was a most famous shot. Some old sailors assert the blood of the Britishers is visible now upon the rock. Some of Perry's grand-daughters are living near the famous rock, and they are so pretty it is easily imagined their bright eyes might slay at a glance as many hearts as their grandfather's musket killed Britishers, only give them the opportunity.

After weeks of delightful sketching among these islands, our party left them for northern Maine and Canada, an account of which countries will be given later. ROSALIE MITCHELL.

Philadelphia, March 1, 1881.

A Beautiful Incident.

A man blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigor and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth was willing to cast in her lot with him and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon while in this country called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him: 'Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and could I have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cause you much pain.'

'I can bear that,' was the reply; 'so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him and was gradually successful; first there was faint glimmerings of light, then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelt one before, but had never seen one; then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed: 'O, why have I seen all of these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor.' And when he was pointed out he embraced him with tears of gratitude and joy.

So, when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No, we shall say, 'Where is Christ? He to whom I am indebted for what heaven is; show me Him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise Him through endless ages.'

A SECRET LEARNED.—One story of the eccentric Stephen Girard says that he once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation by giving him a match loaded at both ends, and ordering him to light it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned about half its length, threw it away. Girard dismissed him because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double-ended one was natural enough, considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness (a habit of careless observation) are responsible for a greater part of the waste of property in the world.

It is peculiar how sound a man sleeps when his wife crawls over him on her way to the kitchen to make the fire.—*Springfield Sunday News.*

AN EXCITING DAY IN THE SENATE.

AN ANGRY TILT BETWEEN VOORHEES AND MAHONE.

Friday of last week was one of the most memorable days in the heated session of the Senate. The proceedings began with an animated speech by Senator Lamar and closed after nearly eight hours of heated discussion with an angry exchange of personalities between Mr. Voorhees and Mr. Mahone, which set nearly everybody talking over the prospect of a settlement outside of the Senate Chamber. Mr. Lamar is one of the most polished speakers in the Senate. No one can approach him in elegance and aptness of diction. He seldom takes occasion to address the Senate, but whenever he does he receives a degree of attention that few Senators can command. After referring to the purpose for which the Senate had been convened in extra session—that of considering and acting upon nominations made by the President—and the effort of the Republicans to first pervert that object into a change of the officers of the Senate, Mr. Lamar said: The Senator from Pennsylvania (Cameron) had announced that this was an effort to break up the solid South. What harm had the solid South done to the prosperity and honor and glory of this country? It was but a short time ago that she had become solid, and if her history were taken from that time, it would be found that she had been keeping step with the prosperity of the other sections. He would not claim that the prosperity of the country was attributable to the solid South, but he would say that she had been no hindrance to progress, and she did not justify the great Republican party of the Senate in stepping down from its high pedestal of national honor to take into its embrace this cast-off element of the Southern Democracy. He alluded to the corruption which had disgraced the country during the period of reconstruction, and asserted that since the advent of the "solid South" into legislation no such scandals had occurred. He had himself heard a noted lobbyist say that "since those infernal Democrats from the South have got here the lobby business is dried up." There was no "solid South" as a factor in legislation; but there was one point on which the South was solid and would remain so. It was solid for the defense and protection of its own civilization, its own society, its own religion. He would consent that that any Senator on the other side (with two exceptions, which he would not name) should write a history of the carpet-bag government in the South, the character of its officials and the operation of its laws. He would agree to submit that history to any audience in the world to determine whether that section ought not to throw off that government and keep united and solid to prevent its recurrence. He asserted that peace, contentment and prosperity existed among the colored people in the South, and quoted from remarks of Bishop Simpson to that effect. In conclusion, he said that it had once been his conception to have two grand republics on this continent, but that was gone. It had passed forever out of sight; another one had come into its place. It stood before him now simple in its majesty. It was that of a grand, mighty, indivisible one republic on this continent, too mighty to be unjust, too good to be oppressive, throwing its loving arms around all sections; omnipotent for protection, powerless for oppression; cursing none, blessing all. Mr. Lamar continued at length, and in the two hours and over in which he kept the floor in defense and justification of the standard South he held an immense audience in complete enthrallment. He ceased speaking only when physically exhausted.

Later in the day Mr. Voorhees took the floor and sent to the clerk's desk and had read an extract from the Evening Telegraph of Philadelphia, a republican paper, which alluded to Mr. Mahone as a renegade Democrat, and charged that his acting with the republicans was in consequence of a disgraceful bargain.

Mr. Hoar objected to the reading, and Mr. Voorhees stated that he would make it part of his speech.

Mr. Hoar then raised a point of order against the reading of the article, which was overruled.

Subsequently Mr. Voorhees, at Mr. Hoar's private suggestion, disclaimed any indorsement of any expressions in the article which might be construed in the way of making a personal quarrel with either of the gentlemen alluded to in it (Mr. Mahone and the Vice-President.)

At this point of the proceedings, when the discussion had lost all its life and fire, when the audience in the galleries had become less numerous, and when all were looking forward to an immediate adjournment, the most exciting scene of the day took place.

Mr. Voorhees had hardly resumed his seat when Mr. Mahone rose. The Virginian was evidently excited, his face was flushed and his manner quick and nervous. He said with forced calmness that he rose to ascertain if he had correctly understood Voorhees with reference to the Telegraph editoral. As he had understood it, Mr. Voorhees had caused the article to be read as his own speech. It had characterized him (Mahone) as a "renegade Democrat," as "a Repudiator who had engaged in a bargain with the Republicans."

"I rise to ask the Senator," Mahone went on, "if he had that read as his speech?" Mr. Voorhees had left his own desk on the Democratic side and had taken Mr Edmunds' seat, which was almost in front of where Mahone then stood. The two men were not six feet apart.

"I sent that article to the Clerk's desk to be read," Mr. Voorhees replied, "as a part of my remarks. It was from a paper edited by the political supporters of the allies of the Senator from Virginia. After it had been read the Senator from Massachusetts asked me to soften it as far as it contained unpleasant personal allusions. I did so. If the Senator from Virginia expects anything further from me he will be disappointed. If he wishes to settle with anyone about the article, let him settle with the editor who wrote it. Then, if not satisfied, he can settle with me. I do not say this offensively. He will find me here ready at any time to meet him. If the Senator complains of the manner in which his course has been treated in this chamber he may as well understand that a harder time is ahead for him than any he has yet passed through. I made a large concession out of personal regard for the Senator from Massachusetts who requested it, but if the Senator from Virginia supposes he can trench upon that concession or get a single retraction from me he is mistaken. I would not do an act of injustice nor exhibit anything but a proper spirit towards any Senator, but I have no retractions to make."

Mahone instantly rose, but Mr. Hoar interrupted him to corroborate what Mr. Voorhees had said about softening the personal allusions in the editorial. Then Mahone spoke. "I rose," he said, "to ask the Senator if he intended that article to be construed as his own speech. To a newspaper article I have no objection. The Senator has said he will not submit to dictation. Yet I ask him—and that is the only question—if that article was read as his own speech. If so I shall select my own course in reply to it."

"Then I indorse," Mr. Voorhees broke in, "every word of it."

"It is what no honorable or brave man would do," Mahone retorted, shaking his bony hand in Mr. Voorhees' face.

"That is a question I am ready to meet here or hereafter," Voorhees replied.

"Yes," came back from Mahone, who was shaking with rage, "and let the hereafter come as soon as you desire."

"I endorse it," repeated Mr. Voorhees, "every word of it, 'Renegade Democrat,' 'Repudiator,' 'bargainer.' I have heard you shout out before that these things must to stop. But suppose they don't?" and Mr. Voorhees glared at Mahone, while Mahone glared back, standing straight and with that puny arm stretched out menacingly towards his giant antagonist. The Senate was thrown into excitement. A half-dozen Republicans were on their feet, Mr. Conkling among them. The Democrats were moving up towards the Republican's side. Mr. Ingalls in the Chair had abandoned his gavel as useless.

"Your talk," continued Voorhees, "has been very cheap. It had better rest there." And snapping his fingers in Mahone's face he stalked over to his own desk, while Mahone sent after him the parting shot:

"I characterize your conduct here as such as no brave or honorable man would be guilty of in this chamber. Take that and wear it."

Mr. Voorhees had a reply upon his lips, but Dawes cut him off with a motion to adjourn, which was agreed to.

A Dead Horseman.

I was terribly frightened one night in Queensland by a dead man riding up to my camp-fire at midnight. I was quite alone. I heard my horse neighing and another answering in the Malgas bushes, so I got up and put wood on, making a bright blaze, and presently into the circle of light came a horsemen, bending over his pommel, with his large straw hat slouched over his eyes. I took my revolver off my saddle and sang out: "Good night, mate! You travel late. Will you have a drink of tea?" Not a word of answer. Just then my two dogs, who were sniffing about, set such a terrible cry it made me jump again. After a bit I began to open my eyes to the state of affairs and mustered courage enough to walk up to the horse and take hold of the reins. While doing so I touched the rider's hands, which were as cold as ice. I tried to get him off the saddle, but it was of no use. His legs were out of the irons and wound tightly around the mare. I had to cut the reins from the grip of his fingers. I packed him on the horse when sunrise came and led him into Tambo, where I found he was well known as a digger. He had set out thence that morning—after drinking nearly a bottle of brandy—to go to a place distant about forty miles, and I was only twelve miles from the township when he paid his illtimed visit. There was no doctor within two hundred miles at that time. However, they held a kind of inquest, at which the P. M. talked learnedly of muscular contraction and sunstroke, and was puzzled to decide whether the brandy had anything to do with it, as he could swear, from his own experience, that the liquor was first-class. He praised me more than I deserved, for I had half a mind to run away at first. When I am camped out even now alone strange thoughts of that nocturnal horseman come into my head. If any one had told such a story to me I should hardly have credited it—I mean that a man should stick to his horse in that way without any other help than his saddle straps afforded. His little mare was very quiet, though, and was evidently attracted by the sound of my horse bells.—*Melbourne cor. London Telegraph.*

A Porky Story.

"On this day seventeen years ago," remarked a New Yorker the other day, "I shipped 1,000 barrels of pork to Washington. I was an army contractor then, and wherever I heard of a barrel of pork I went for it, and bought it at some price. I remember this particular shipment because a serious mistake was made." "How?"

"Well, I counted the barrels at the depot myself, and there were only 990, when there should have been an even thousand. Men were ready to roll the barrels into the freight cars, and to make my number good I took ten barrels of lard from a stock ready to ship to Baltimore. They mixed in all right, and, of course, I expected to pay for them. A whole day went by before I saw the owner. These were stirring times, you remember. He had found himself short, and he cribbed ten barrels of beef to make good his number of barrels, and hustled the shipment away."

"Who did the beef man crib from?"

"Well, his beef was for the soldiers