msa_sc2901_scm1624-0738 ©Maryland State Archives

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. 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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881. No. 11.

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.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

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

Legal Notices.

Ratification Notice.

Richard Hynson, James A. Pearce and Michael Bannon, Trustees,
versus
D. C. Blackiston.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, July 9, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of D. C. Blackiston, made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, JAMES A. PEARCE and M. BANNON, Trustees, under a certain Deed of Trust from David C. Blackiston and wife, dated February 18, 1881, and recorded among the Land Records for Kent county, in Liber S. B., No. 1, folios 570, &c., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Twelfth day of September next,—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the Twelfth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $21,557.57.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 9, 1880—4t.

Ratification Notice.

The Union Building and Loan Association of Galena, Kent Co., Maryland,
versus
George W. Sutton.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, June 28, 1881.

ORDERED, this twenty-eighth day of June, 1881, that the sale made and reported by JAMES A. PEARCE, the attorney named in a mortgage from Geo. W. Sutton to the Union Building and Loan Association of Galena, Kent county, Md., dated May 25, 1875, to sell the real estate mentioned therein, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 31st day of August next,—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the thirty-first day of July next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $1,310.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 2, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

Robert R. Hatcherson and others,
versus
Nathaniel C. Crow and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, July 2, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate in the proceedings in the above cause therein mentioned, made and reported by CHARLES H. BAKER and RICHARD HYNSON, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifth day of September next,—Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the fifth day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $14,034 60.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
July 2, 1881—4t.

Ratification Notice.

Harriett Vanhorn,
versus
Sallie S. Vanhorn and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, June 25, 1881.

ORDERED that the sale of the Real Estate mentioned in the proceedings in the above cause, made and reported by HARRISON W. VICKERS, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of August, 1881, Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the twenty-ninth day of July next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1,801.60.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
June 25, 1881—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county Letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN BRYAN,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 24th of January, 1882, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 5th day of July, 1881.

JOHN BRYAN, JR.,
July 9, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters of Administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JACOB CARROLL,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 13th day of December, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of June, 1881.

MARION deK. SMITH,
June 11, 1881—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

THOMAS VOSHELL,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 13th day of December, 1881; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 31st day of June, 1881.

WILLIAM A. COCHRAN,
June 4—4t. Adm'r.

FARMERS should go to THOS. L. HINES & CO'S for Cheap HARDWARE.
s8ep1

BLATCHLEY'S B. & G. PUMPS, for sale by
May 28. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BOAT OARS—Oar Locks—Galvanized Cleats, Tackle Blocks, Cringles, &c.,
May 21. by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

T. J. McWHORTER,
MILLINGTON, MD.,
DEALER IN
GRAIN, COAL
LIME and PHOSPHATES.
50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted
for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.
Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements.*
Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL;
J. J. Turner & Co.'s
FERTILIZERS,
which are the best in the market.
They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.
Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.
T. J. McWHORTER,
May 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

Notice to Farmers!
RAMBO LIME.
MR. H. E. COOPER
ONLY AGENT Has been appointed my in Kent Co. to furnish the
Genuine Rambo Lime
at the lowest possible prices, either by rail or vessel. Our reference are too numerous to mention. Mr. W. McKenney, of Centreville, Md., used eighteen thousand bushels of this Lime last season and will inform farmers how it acts.
The Lime furnished by H. E. COOPER *is the ONLY GENUINE Rambo Lime.*
Last year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this quarry the limestone came which gave this lime its high reputation. I own all the land on which this stone lies.
We challenge all tests.
R. McCOY & CO.
ROBERT McCOY bought of me my Blue Quarry; I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the Blue Stone worked by my father in his lifetime.
NATHAN RAMBO.
apr30-3m*.

C. F. STAM,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST
PREPARES MEDICINE
FROM THE CHOICEST
FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRUGS.
PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS always a specialty, being prepared in the neatest and most scientific manner, with the assurance of perfect accuracy, at reasonable prices.
The preparations of the celebrated Dr. Squibb are always used in dispensing our medicines.
NOTICE!
Persons desiring medical advice must consult a Physician, as we will not assume the responsibility of prescribing for the sick, which is foreign to our profession.
Respectfully,
COLIN F. STAM,
May 21, 1881. DRUGGIST.

PHILADELPHIA
CREAM MEAD
IS THE MOST POPULAR DRINK NOW SOLD.
T. W. WICKES, Chestertown.
June 25, 1881.

Money Saved?
HOW?
BY buying your goods where you can get the BEST for the least money.
Well, where can I find such a place?
At SPARKS'
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
He keeps quite a VARIETY STORE.

Confectionery,	Raisins,	Jellies,
Oranges,	Cakes,	Sauces,
Lemons,	Crackers,	Extracts,
Figs,	Pickles,	Chocolate,
Nuts,	Chow-Chow,	Gelatine.

Cigars and Tobacco.
We keep a good stock always on hand. Gravely's Best Tobacco, Durham and Bob White Smoking Tobacco. Also, a full line of PIPES.
Clocks! Clocks! Clocks!
We are still in the Clock business, and are selling them lower than they can be bought elsewhere. Come and see!
A Splendid Line of LAMPS.
We make this a specialty in our business and cannot be undersold by any one.
GLASSWARE.—In this line we know that we keep finer goods than any house in town.
NOTIONS.—Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Purses, Paper and Envelopes, we are selling at or near cost, as we intend changing this part of our business.
Now Don't Fail
to look for the place. It will certainly pay you, for we are selling goods very low.
SPARKS,
Mar. 26, 1881. opp. Court House.

LADIES' Kid, Fox, Button and Lace Gaiters. Gents' and Boys' Dress and work Shoes at prices that defy competition.
J. H. SIMPERS.

RICH'D J. FOARD,
DEALER IN
Grain
CHESTERTOWN,
MARYLAND.
New Wheat
WANTED,
FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE
Highest Market Price.
I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers, who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.
RICHARD J. FOARD,
OFFICE in F. Platt's Hardware Store, next to T. W. Wickes' Drug Store, High street. June 18—3m.

E. T. COMEGYS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN,
LOCUST GROVE, MD.
New Wheat
WANTED,
FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE
Highest Market Price.
I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.
E. T. COMEGYS,
je25-tf. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

E. T. COMEGYS,
Locust Grove, Md.,
DEALER IN
Grain, Coal, Lime
FERTILIZERS,
Agricultural Implements,
&c., &c.
SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED
McCORMICK SELF BINDER
And IRON MOWER,
The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.
E. T. COMEGYS,
je25-tf. LOCUST GROVE, KENT CO., MD.

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.

NEW STOCK
OF
HARDWARE.
FARMERS and others needing
FORKS, SHOVELS,
SPADES, BILL HOOKS,
GRUBBING HOES,
&c., &c., &c.,
will do well to examine our New Stock before purchasing elsewhere.
THOS. L. HINES & CO.
Feb. 12, 1881.

LIVERY
And EXCHANGE STABLES
CANNON ST., CHESTERTOWN.
THE undersigned has just opened a large Livery and Exchange Stable, and having a number of excellent vehicles and fine drivers, is prepared to accommodate the public with first-class teams at moderate prices. Orders left at my residence will be promptly attended to.
ag7-tf. CHAS. H. DAVIS.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life
If we would only stop to take it;
Any many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There never was a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, so the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Then to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

After Many Days.

A remarkable romance is related by a Moorehead City (N. C.) correspondent. About fifty years ago a prepossessing young woman appeared suddenly in a small mountain village near Asheville, and obtained work in a farmer's family. She called herself Mary Burt, but gave no further clue to her origin. Her tasks were so skillfully performed, and she could sing a song, dance a reel and tell a story so well that she became a village favorite.

Fifteen years later the mystery surrounding her was forgotten. Having declined more than one good offer of marriage, she settled down as a good-natured old maid, became the beneficent "aunt" of the neighborhood, and finally was persuaded to take charge of a country school near by.

After several years of teaching her whole character seemed to change. She became moody, melancholy and fond of solitude. Purchasing a lovely and lonely spot among the mountains, she had a rude log hut built, and there she lived without any companionship but that of her dog, cat, cow and chickens. Her only book was the Bible, and this she nearly learned by heart.

The publication of this woman hermit's story in the Asheville Citizen, not long ago, brought a solution of the mystery. The article was copied into a Vermont paper, and attracted the attention of Robert Fletcher, a prominent citizen of that State, and Fletcher soon after visited Asheville, sought the editor of the Citizen, and together they went to Miss Burt's house.

The hermit did not recognize the Vermonter, but she soon learned that he was her old lover. A mistake had kept them apart for half a century, but when Fletcher left Asheville a few days later Mary Burt Howe, for that was the hermit's full name, accompanied him as his wife.

When Miss Howe and Fletcher were young they were engaged to be married. The young woman fancied her lover was attached to another girl, and suddenly left her home in Maine. Going to Boston, she shipped as stewardess on a ship bound for Liverpool. The vessel was wrecked on the Noath Carolina coast, and after many adventures at sea in an open boat and among friendly Indians on land, Miss Howe found her way to civilization.

Robert Fletcher traced his runaway sweetheart to the ship on which she sailed, and, hearing of the loss of the vessel, always mourned her as dead till the North Carolina papers gave him a happy surprise.

Shall We Meet Again?

The following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs ever written by the lamented George D. Prentice:

"The fiat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day have no frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, though the dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bedfellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality so eloquently uttered by the devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life as a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they shall meet again, to which he responds: I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

SAM JOHNSING was up before the Justice the other day. The Justice told him that telling the whole truth about the matter would be regarded as a mitigating circumstance. Sam said he would tell the trooth. "Well, then, how many chickens did you steal?" "Only five, Jedge." "Are you sure, Sam, that you didn't have more?" "Yes, sah; I know dar was only five, because I counted 'em. Dar was three layin' hens, four roosters and two pullets."

SCENE on porch of a White Mountain hotel: Six-year-old innocent: "Mamma, why is Mrs. Ficklelove called a grass widow?" Mamma: "Because Mr. Ficklelove died of hay fever, my dear."

IF you would never have an evil deed spoken of in connection with you never do one.

LOVE AND HUNTING.

"Please, sir, are these for you?"

It was my man who spoke, and as he did so he held up for inspection an immaculate pair of "tops" in one hand, while his countenance wore an expression of mingled fear and astonishment.

With an inward sinking at my heart I turned from my morning paper and cutlet and having nodded a gloomy assent to his query, said: "That will do, James; lay them on the sofa."

The above conversation took place in my bachelor apartments in the Albany, and the reason for the appearance therein of the aforesaid tops and breeches I am about to explain. I am not a hunting man. I never could see any joke in bumping about on a hard piece of a pigskin in pursuit of a draggled piece of vermin called a fox, although some people say the fox enjoys the fun. It is all very well for those who like it; and Mr. Jorricks, of immortal memory, may call hunting "the sport of things—the image of war without its guilt and only twenty-five per cent. of its danger," if he likes, but I confess I can't see it in that light. It was with feelings the reverse of pleasant, therefore, that I received and accepted an invitation from Sir Harry Bullfinch to stay a week in his "box" in Warwickshire, and avail myself of his hospitality and a mount with the renowned pack which hunted that country. I was urged to this acceptance of what in my saner moments I should have indignantly treated as a practical joke, by a slight attack of the master passion. I met Sir Harry and his daughter Kate in London during the past season. We had frequently met at various balls and entertainments, and on several occasions had enjoyed the balmy fragrance of Bushy park and the still delights of a boat on upper reaches of the Thames, but with my natural timidity I had never ventured to ask the question which was forever on the tip of my tongue, but never got further. The invitation appeared to hold out promises of quiet tete-atetes, so I electrified my tailor and boot maker with orders for the necessary "togs" with which to carry on the campaign.

I remember having somewhere heard or read that in order to acquire an easy and graceful seat on horseback, sitting astride on a chair and holding on by the back was excellent practice, so, having called James and given him most express instruction to deny me even to my most intimate friends, I proceeded to struggle parhaps the tightest pair of cords that were ever made for mortal man, and, with the aid of a brandy and soda and a couple of boot hooks, to pull on a pair of boots which nearly gave me a fit of apoplexy and made my corns burn for hours. Armed with a cutting whip, I then mounted astride the strongest chair in the apartment, and continued the exhilarating exercise with the firmness of a stoic and a martyr; and with only one interval for luncheon throughout the entire day.

My train left the Great Northern Station at 4.30, and landed me safely at my destination. In due course I found myself seated next to the fair Kate, with my legs comfortably stretched under Sir Harry's mahogany.

"I suppose our dull country pack will seem quite a second rate to you," said Kate.

I was murmuring something in reply, when Sir Harry cut in with:

"Ah, I've got a splendid mount for you to-morrow, my boy! A trifle playful, perhaps—hasn't been hunted yet this season, but will carry you like a bird."

"Oh, yes," said Kate, "Czar is such a nice creature."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am rejoiced to hear it. Of course you accompany us to the meet!"

"Yes," she replied, "and papa has said that as you are going out I might even follow the hounds a little way. You'll look after me, won't you, Mr. DeBoots?"

I promised to do my devoirs, but in my heart thought I should require some one to look after me.

The following morning at breakfast, which was early on account of our having to go some distance to the meet, the horses were brought round—a sturdy, thick-set, quiet looking weight carrier, a neat looking gray mare, and a bright, fidgety chestnut. The latter gave his attendant groom some trouble, and insisted on waltzing around on his hind legs a good deal more than appeared to me to be necessary.

"I am afraid your papa will find that animal rather troublesome," I remarked to Kate.

"That," she answered, "oh, that's not papa's—that's the one you are going to ride—Czar."

My appetite left me, and as I rose and walked, in as unconcerned manner as I could assume to the window, I saw that the Czar had reversed the order of things by putting his head between his forelegs and lashing out with his heels in a very vicious-looking and anything but "playful" manner.

A general move was now made to the front door. Kate looked at me and evidently expected me to "put up her up," but I knew better than to attempt it, and pretended to be intent on buckling a strap of the pair of spurs Sir Harry had lent me until she was safe in the saddle. Czar was then brought up for me to mount, which, after several abortive attempts on my part, I effected, and we all jogged on toward the meet. Contrary to my expectation, Czar behaved in a most exemplary manner, and I even ventured to swing my whip with a jaunty air without his taking the slightest notice. But it was too good to last. Presently a red coat popped out on us from a by-lane, and the Czar's ears began to twitch. Two or three more horsemen overtook us, and his tail began to describe circles, and he proceeded on his way with a crab-like movement, which was anything but elegant and eminently disconcerting.

Almost before I could realize the position, a stern voice shouted: "Now, you sir, mind the hounds, will you?" and a muttered oath, accompanied by an expression which sounded very much like "tailor," drew my attention to the fact that we had arrived in a field by the side of a wood, in which was gathered some seventy or eighty horsemen and a pack of hounds. Luckily for myself, and also for the hounds, on whom Czar seemed to think it great fun to dance, the master at this moment gave the signal to "throw off." It nearly came being prophetic in my case. In less time than it takes to write a fox was started. I lost my hat and my head at one and the same moment, and nearly my seat, and the next thing that I remember with any degree of distinctness is clinging with the blind energy of a drowning man to the pommel of the saddle, and regarding with despair a huge fence which seemed to approach me at a terrific rate. There was a sudden rush, a tremendous spring—I seem to have left the lower part of my waistcoat and its contents on the other side of the obstacle—and, with a jolt which pitched me somewhere in the vicinity of Czar's ears, we were over.

The field we landed in was a stiffish fallow, but Czar still "urged on his wild career" with unabated speed. I shook back into the saddle, and a passing regret that I had neglected to insure my life against accidents, flitted through my mind. I continued to cling to the pommel and in this manner we negotiated three more fences, and got into a quiet lane, when, much to my astonishment, Czar stopped dead short. We had, to my sincere delight, lost the hounds! I patted Czar gently on the neck, and quickly dismounting led him down the lane. We had not proceeded far when I discerned a country lad coming towards me, carrying in his hand my lost hat, which had been battered out of all shape by a horse's hoof. I recovered the lost headgear, climbed back into the saddle intending to walk Czar quietly homeward, when I could discover in what direction home was. But as ill luck would have it, at that precise moment the sound of a horn was heard far off in the distance. Czar pricked up his ears and gave a sudden start, and on my attempt to check him, reared straight on end, while I lovingly clasped him around the neck with both arms, and with one plunge forward and upward we left that lane and that country youth forever. We landed in a pasture,, and were going at a fearful pace up a slight incline. Arrived at the top, the whole hunt was to be seen coming down the valley.

And now Czar would take no denial. Rushing down the slope at a speed to which all former exertions of his had been as mere child's play, flew over a double post and rails, and I found myself a good field in front of the foremost flight of horsemen and close on to the hounds! still onward! until looming in the distance appeared a straggling line of stunted willows, which, even to my initiated vision, meant "water." Splash! there goes the fox! Splash! splash! there go the hounds! I hear voices shouting behind me as if in warning, but all I can do is to hold on and trust to Providence. Our pace, if possible, increases, and with a sort of an idea of going up in a balloon, Czar and myself seemed suspended in the air miles above the brook. It seems ages before we come down again, which we do with a jerk that would have unseated me had it not been for Czar suddenly springing forward and shaking me back to my proper place. We rush on to where the hounds seem to be scrambling and quarreling amongst themselves—they have run into the fox and Czar comes to a standstill just outside the pack.

Up comes the first whip and flogs them off their prey, and I see Sir Harry advancing toward me, red in the face and violently gesticulating with his heavy hunting whip. What have I done? Have I unconsciously infringed some point in hunting etiquette or have I hurt Czar? Neither the one or the other. Sir Harry, hastily flinging himself off his steaming horse, comes up to me and seizing me by the hand nearly wrings my arm off, and bursts out with:

"Well done, my boy! You rascal, you! You've 'pounded' the whole of us. Never saw such going on in all my life. Don't believe there's another man in the field that could have done it. Here, Lord George"—the noble master who at that moment rode up—"permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. DeBoots."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir;" says his lordship, shaking me heartily by the hand. "I trust to be able to show you some good sport if you are thinking of remaining in our country, though if you do we will all have to look to our laurels, for you went like a bird, sir, indeed."

While he is speaking several gentlemen ride up, to all of whom I am introduced, all of whom praise what they are pleased to call my "plucky riding."

Miss Kate comes up as the last obsequies are being performed, and on the huntsman, obedient to a nod from his lordship, who is no lover of women in the hunting field, presenting me with the brush, I handed it to her with all the grace compatible with mud-stained habiliments and a crushed and battered hat.

We rode home together—Sir Harry and an old crony of his riding some distance in the rear. Czar was complacent, and had apparently had quite enough, at any rate, for that day; so thinking that I might never have another such opportunity, I gently took Kate's whip hand and ventured to put that question which had been so long at my tongue's end.

Her answer was a whispered "Yes;" but suddenly turning to me she added: "On one condition."

"Name it, dearest," I replied.

"You are so rash and daring that you must promise me never to hunt after we are married."

Need I say how readily I gave the required pledge and how faithfully I have kept it?

THE COMPASS AND SQUARE.—A colored gentleman was busily engaged in sawing some wood for a southern gentleman. The "man and brother" had a large masonic breastpin on his shirt bosom. "Do you colored Masons affiliate?"

"Don't fillpate wuff a cuss."

"What's the matter?"

"Dunno, boss, but I'se tried it. Dar is a bar-keeper in dis town what toted dis heah berry same emblem. I was in distress, had'nt had a dram all dat mornin'. I cum in and gib de distress signal."

"Did he respond?"

"He didn't respond right. He made a motion at de doah wid one hand and den reached under de bar. I made de sign once mosh and he fetched me between de shoulders wid de bung starter jess as I was gettin' out de doah."

POLITICAL squabbles end where matrimonial squabbles commence—when the object is gained.

PRES. LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF IT BY WALT WHITMAN.

Walt Whitman, in his lecture on Lincoln, in Boston, gives this account of Lincoln's murder:

Of the actual murder of President Lincoln, though much has been written, probably the facts are yet very indefinite in most persons minds. I read from my memoranda, already published, written at the time on the spot, and revised frequently and finally since.

The day, April 14, 1865, seems to have been a pleasant one throughout the whole land—the moral atmosphere pleasant, too—the long storm, so fratricidal, so full of blood and doubt and gloom, over and ended at last by the sunrise of such an absolute victory, such an utter break-down of secession—we almost doubt our own senses! Early herbage, early flowers were out. (I remember where I was stopping at the time, the season being advanced, there were many lilacs in full bloom. By one of those caprices that enter and give tinge to events without being at all a part of them, I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of that day by the sight and odor of those blossom. It never fails.)

But I must not dwell on accessories. The deed hastens. The popular afternoon paper of Washington, the little Evening Star, had spattered all over its third page, divided among the advertisements in a sensational manner in a hundred different places: "The President and his lady will be at the theatre this evening." (Lincoln was fond of the theatre. I had myself seen him there several times. I remember thinking how funny it was that he, in some respects the leading actor in the stormiest drama known to history's stage through centuries, should sit there and be so completely interested and absorbed in those human jack-straws, moving about with their silly gestures, foreign spirit and flatuleut text).

On this occasion the theatre was crowded, many ladies in gay and rich costumes, officers in their uniforms, many well-know citizens, young folks, and clusters of gas lights, the usual magnetism of so many people, cheerful with perfumes, the music of violins and flutes—and over all, and saturating all, that vast, vague wonder, victory, the nation's victory, the triumph of the Union, filling the air, the thought, the sense, with exhilaration more than all music and perfumes.

The President came betimes, and with his wife witnessed the play from the large stage-boxes of the second tier, two thrown into one and profusely draped with the national flag. There is a scene in the play representing a modern parlor, in which two unprecedented English ladies are informed by an impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and therefore undesirable for marriage-catching purposes; after which, the comments being finished, the dramatic trio made exit, leaving the stage free for a moment. At this period came the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Great as that was, with all its manifold train circling round it stretching into the future for many a century, in the politics, history, art, etc., of the New World, in point of fact the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any common occurrence—the bursting of a bud in the growth of vegetation, for instance.

Through the long hum following the stage pause with the change of positions came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one hundredth part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill—and then through the ornamented, draperied, star-striped spaceway of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage a (distance of fourteen to fifteen feet), falls out of his position, catching his boot-heel in a copious drapery (the American flag), falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened—he really sprains his ankle, but unfelt then—and so the figure, Booth, the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bare-headed, with a full head of glossy raven hair, and his eyes, like some wild animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back from the foot-lights—turns fully towards the audience his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes flashing with desperation, perhaps with insanity—launches out in a steady voice the words "*Sic semper tyrannis*"—and then walks with neither slow nor very rapid pace diagonally across to the back of the stage and disappears. (Had not all this terrible scene—making the mimic one silly—had it not all been rehearsed, in blank, by Booth beforehand?)

A moment's hush—a scream—the cry of murder—Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with an involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure. "He has killed the President!" * * * And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense—and then the deluge!—then the mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—the sound, somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed—the people burst through the chairs and railings, and break them up—that noise adds to the queerness of the of the scene—there is inextricable confusion and terror—women faint—quiet, feeble persons fall and are trampled on—many cries of agony are heard—the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation, with a dense and motly crowd like some horrible carnival—the audience rush upon it, at least the strong men do—the actors and actresses are there in their play costumes and painted faces, with moral fright showing through the rouge, some trembling, some in tears—the screams and calls, confused talk—redoubled, trebled—two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box, others trying to climb up, etc.

In the midst of all this the soldiers of the President's guard, with others suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in, some two hundred altogether; they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charged the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting with terrible oaths, "Clear out! clear out!" Such the wild scene, or suggestion of it rather, inside the play-house.

And in that night-pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience and the crowd—the state and all its actors and actresses, its paint pots, spangles and gass lights—the life blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drops slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

OBSERVATIONS OF GABE TUCKER.

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come errons
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An', wurkin de low groun's, you diskiver as you go
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row?
I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out ob seven;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat,
An' nber draps a nickel in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons!
I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea
An' you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE ASSASSINATION WAS BROKEN TO HER.

A special to the Washington Republican, from Cleveland, dated July 4, says: The news of the shooting of the President was broken to his mother yesterday forenoon at Solon. She had been so much overcome by the fatal accident which resulted in the death of Thomas Garfield and Mrs. Arnold that the family had kept from her the intelligence of the attempted assassination. But this morning she felt better and spoke of attending Mrs. Arnold's funeral, which took place at Bedford yesterday. In announcing her intention she remarked: "Last Saturday Thomas was buried; to-day Cornelia. I wonder who it will be next Sunday." Mrs. Trowbridge, at whose house she then was, sent for Mrs. Larabee, another daughter. When the latter arrived Mrs. Garfield inquired if she was going to Mrs. Arnold's funeral. Mrs. Larabee replied she guessed she could not, as something had happened, so the sister thought it best not to go. "What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Garfield. "We have heard that James is hurt," replied Mrs. Larabee. "How? By the cars?" asked the mother. "No, he was shot by an asssassin, but he was not killed," answered the daughter. "The Lord help me!" exclaimed Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Larabee assurred her that the latest reports were favorable and showed that the President was resting quietly, and in a fair way to recover. "When did you hear this?" queried Mrs. Garfield. "Yesterday noon, but we thought it best not to tell you. The news was not as favorable to-day," was the reply.

"You are very thoughtful. I am glad you did not tell me," said Mrs. Garfield, adding that she thought something had happened, as she had noticed that the manner of her daughter had been peculiar toward her yesterday. She bore up under the intelligence with much fortitude.

She read the dispatches calmly and said: "How could anybody be so cold-hearted as to want to kill my baby?" In general conversation she expressed wonder as to what was coming next, and inquired what would probably be done with the assassin. Upon some one saying "hang him," she replied, "he deserves it." This afternoon she directed the following dispatch to her grandson, Henry A. Garfield, executive mansion, Washington:

The news was broken to me this morning, and shocked me very much. Since receiving your telegram I feel much more hopeful. Tell James that I hear he is cheerful and that I am glad of it. Tell him to keep in good spirits, and accept the love and sympathy of a mother, sisters and friends.

ELIZA GARFIELD.

Social Wine-Drinking.

At an ecclesiastical convention a discussion on temperance brought up the "wine question." A part of the clergy advocated its entire disuse, and a part took the other side. At length, an influential clergyman rose and made a vehement argument in favor of wine, denouncing the radical reformers for attempting to banish this token of hospitality from use. When he had resumed his seat, a layman, trembling with emotion, rose, and asked if it was allowable for him to speak. The chair having signified that he would be heard, he said:

"Mr. Moderator: It is not my purpose, in rising, to answer the learned argument you have just listened to. My object is more humble, and, I hope more practical. I once knew a father in moderate circumstances, who was at much inconvenience to educate a beloved son at college. Here his son became dissipated; but after he had graduated and returned to his father, the influence of home acting upon a generous nature, actually reformed him. The father was overjoyed at the prospect that his cherished hopes of other days was still to be realized.

"Several years passed, the young man having completed his professional study, and being about to leave his father for the purpose of establishing himself in business, he was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman, distinguished for his hospitality and social qualities. At this dinner, wine was introduced, and offered to this young man, and refused; pressed upon and again firmly refused. This was repeated, and the young man was ridiculed for his singular abstinence. He was strong enough to overcome appetite, but could not resist ridicule; he drank and fell, and from that moment became a confirmed drunkard, and long since has found a drunkard's grave.

"Mr. Moderator," continued the old man, with streaming eyes, "I am that father; and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just taken his seat that this token of hospitality ruined the son I shall never cease to mourn."

THE beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand dispenses.