THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1870. NO. 51.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
141 Pratt street,
Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165. Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER, 4 ft. 3 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS,

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,

The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,

Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

GROCERIES,
WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS M. GREEN,
88 *W. Baltimore Street, near Holliday.*
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

C. T. R.

ATTENTION.

1st.

TO MY LARGE and VARIED STOCK OF GOODS,

embracing the *Largest* and the *Best* assortment of all descriptions that I have ever offered to the Public, it would be almost an impossibility to enumerate the various kinds and qualities, and the only way to find out is to give me a call and save money by *buying of me for the CASH.*

2nd.

To my full and beautiful line of CASSIMERES,

BOUGHT TO MATCH IN SUITS,

together with assortments of Beaver & French Cloths for Overcoats, and to the fact that

MR. WM. GREENBURG,
Fashionable Tailor, formerly of Philadelphia,

now occupies rooms over my store: I am therefore prepared to furnish to order Clothing of all Styles, to suit the most fastidious.

3rd.

I am Agent for the justly celebrated

Grover & Baker Sewing Machines,

which I keep constantly on hand in a room fitted up for the purpose, where they are open to inspection to all that wish to buy. This Machine is so well and favorably known, that only an examination is necessary to accomplish a sale.

4th.

Lastly, I call the attention of my customers

To my complete Stock of Liquors,

consisting of

WHISKEY, BRANDY, WINE, GIN,

&c., which I will constantly keep on hand until further notice. Especial attention is called to my *SUPERIOR OLD COGNAC BRANDY, HOLLAND GIN* and *RYE WHISKEY*, which I bought especially for MEDICINAL purposes and family use.

Any of the above articles can be bought CHEAP FOR CASH, at

E. W. PURNELL'S
GALENA, MD.

N. B.—*Country Produce and Poultry* dressed for the Philadelphia market, taken in exchange for Merchandise, or the Cash.
Galena, November 16, 1869.

Notice.

THE TAX BOOKS of John W. Duyer, late Collector, have been placed in my hands for IMMEDIATE SETTLEMENT. All interested are hereby notified that I shall proceed at once, without respect to persons, to collect the same by law.

C. H. DAVIS, Cons.
April 30, 1870-3t.

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,
175 Balt. street,

OFFERS the following inducements to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties:

For Ladies.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Fine Wool Under Vests.
Fine Wool Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Vests.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Balmoral Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Castor and Cloth Gloves.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Misses.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Patent Merino Stockings.
Scarlet Cashmere Stockings.
Black Cashmere Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Cloth and Castor Gloves.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Fleecy Cotton Hosiery.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Gentlemen.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
Undershirts and Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Under Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Shirts.
Scarlet Cashmere Drawers.
Buckskin Shirts & Drawers.
Buck and Cloth Goves.
Kid and Castor Gloves.
Scarfs, Ties and Socks.

For Youth.

Patent Merino Shirts.
Patent Merino Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Drawers.
Fine Woollen Hosiery.
Knitted Mits and Gloves.
Wristlets, Mittens.
Suspenders, Ties.
Merino Stockings.
Roman Scarfs and Ties.

Dec. 11, 1869—y.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON.

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*
January 19, 1870—y

CIGARS & CONFECTIONERY.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!!

RICHARD B. RUSSELL having removed to the Old Stand on High St., below T. B. Hynson's, is now

Manufacturing Cigars

with a view to supplying the store-keepers as CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY!

Chewing Tobacco of all grades,

both natural and sweet; and also Fine Cut.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Smoking Tobacco, SNUFF AND PIPES.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
CANDIES AND FRUITS.

☞ A good smoke or a good chew may always be had at
RICHARD B. RUSSELL'S.
Chestertown, Jan. 8, 1870—tf.

FARMERS,
LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!
AT
The Galena Machine Shops,
BY
W. A. HYLAND & CO.

YOU CAN GET *REAPERS, MOWERS, THRESHERS, HORSE-POWERS, JACKS, CORN SHELLERS, CULTIVATORS, CULTIVATOR TEETH* and *PLOWS.* We have on hand about

Fifteen Tons of Castings,
As Good as can be Bought in the State.

ALSO, ONE HORSE POWERS,

suitable for shelling corn, and other light work. A number one article, as tested by some of our best farmers.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

☞ Old Iron wanted, at market prices.

GIVE US A CALL.
GOOD WORK AND FAIR DEALING!
IS OUR MOTTO.
Galena, Jan. 29, 1870—10m.

STATE OF MARYLAND MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BALTO.
Office, No. 196, W. Balt. st.

THIS Company Insures on the Mutual plan, Buildings and Personal Property against loss or damage by fire. The entire profits returned to the policy holders.

B. G. HARRIS, President.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

FRANCIS NEALE, of Neale, Harris & Co.,
S. H. CAUGHY, of Nosh Walker & Co.,
C. MCCULLY, of Poumairat & Mc.
PHILIP T. GEORGE, of George & Jenkins,
B. G. HARRIS, late of Neale, Harris & Co.,
HON. GEO. BRENT, of Court of Appeals,
GEORGE P. JENKINS, of Charles County,
GEORGE COMBS, of St. Mary's County.

WANTED—An active man as Agent for the above company in Kent Co.
69—y.

KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.



The Kent County Railroad being completed to Kennedyville, Trains will be run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Kennedyville and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Railroad,

Commencing on Monday, May 2d, 1870, and run as follows, until further notice:

GOING EAST.

Leave Kennedyville	7:00 A. M.
" Black's	7:10 "
" Lambson's	7:25 "
" Massey's	7:50 "
" Morris'	8:00 "
" Vandyke's	8:15 "
Arrive at Townsend	8:30 "

GOING WEST.

Leave Townsend	11:40 A. M.
" Vandyke's	11:55 "
" Morris'	12:05 P. M.
" Massey's	12:25 "
" Lambson's	12:40 "
" Black's	12:50 "
Arrive at Kennedyville	1:00 "

☞ Passengers from Kennedyville, and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A STAGE will run between Chestertown and Kennedyville, making close connection at the latter place with trains East and West. It will leave Chestertown at 5:30, A. M., and returning, leave Kennedyville on arrival of train, and reach Chestertown about 2:30, P. M.

J. B. WINGATE,
Chief Engineer and Superintendent.
April 30, 1870—tf.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE IN GALENA.

THOMAS H. HORSEY.

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Fitz James spoke thus to Rhoderic Dhu,
And so, kind friends, we'll say to you,
That we intend to sell
Goods as cheap as they can be bought in Kent.

We now offer to the Public at LOW RATES for *CASH* or *COUNTRY PRODUCE*, a General Assortment of Goods, just purchased from NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA markets.

OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS
Is Hard to Beat.

Always on hand a full supply of

FAMILY GROCERIES
And Choice Liquors.

A well-selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hosiery and Gloves, Builders' and House Keeping Hardware; Queens, Stone and Cedar Ware—a full stock in this Line, to suit all tastes.

☞ Ladies *DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS* and *TRIMMINGS* we make a speciality.

MALLALIEU'S KERSEYS and CASSIMERES, *very cheap.*

Turner's celebrated Axes, just received.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!

Give us a call, and we'll suit you all.
Galena, October 30, 1869—y.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT
SUCCESSORS TO
Cox & Brown,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.
Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 16, 1868—y.

RASIN'S BILLIARD TEMPLE.



The subscriber having thoroughly refitted the MORNING STAR HOUSE, on Princess Street, as a Billiard Saloon, has opened it to the public. The entire upper floor has been thrown into one room, making it a spacious Saloon, which has been newly painted and papered in the best style, and furnished with a *first-class* Marble Top Billiard Table, easy chairs, and all the comforts of a first-class resort.

At the Bar will be found the usual varieties of good Liquors.

The public patronage is solicited.

W. B. RASIN.
Chestertown, March 19, 1870—y.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. J. H. PRICE having located at THE TRAPPE, offers his Professional services to the surrounding community.

Refers to a practice of four years at Hooversville, Anne Arundel county.
January 8, 1870—6m*

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, letters of Administration, on the estate of

THOMAS D. BURGESS,
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of October, 1870; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 12th day of April, 1870.

JAMES A. BURGESS,
JEREMIAH NICOLS,
April 16, 1870—tf. Administrators.

BALCK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Selected Poetry.

From the New Eclectic Magazine.

SWEET MOTHER.

[The following pathetic lines were written by the late Mrs. JUDSON at Maulmein, where she had been left by her dying husband on his embarkation upon an almost hopeless voyage to restore his broken health. At the time they were written he had been some months dead, but it was ten months before the news reached her. The verses, which we believe have never been published, were placed at our disposal by a lady of this city.—*Eds. Eclectic.*

The wild southwest monsoon has risen
With broad gray wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison
I look as from a tomb—Alas!
My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof the rain
With ceaseless patter falls;
My choisest treasures bear its stain,
Mould gathers on the walls: Would Heaven
'Twere only on the walls!

Sweet mother, I am here alone
In sorrow and in pain;
The sunshine from my heart has flown,
It feels the driving rain—Ah me!
The chill, and mould, and rain.

Four laggard months have wheeled their round
Since love upon it smiled,
And everything of earth has frowned
On thy poor stricken child—Sweet friend,
Thy weary suffering child.

I watched my loved one night and day,
Scarce breathing while he slept;
And as my hopes were swept away,
I in his bosom wept—Oh, God,
How have I prayed and wept!

And when they bore him to the ship,
I saw the white sails spread,
I kissed his speechless quivering lip,
And left him on his bed—Alas!
It seemed a coffin bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since, in tears we came,
Thou saidst,—"How desolate each room!"
Ah, mine were just the same—that day—
The very, very same.

Then, mother, little Charley came,
Our beautiful fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name—
But ah, he brought no joy—My child
Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I can not see,
Though weary months have sped
Since pitying lips bent over me
And whispered "He is dead"—Mother!
'Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like me,
So weary, worn and weak:
Death's shadowy paleness seems to be
E'en now upon my cheek—His seal
On form, and brow, and cheek.

But for a bright-winged bird like him
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in a coffin dim
Join Death's pale phantom throng! My boy
To join that ghastly throng!

Oh, mother, I can hardly bear
To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay!—My heart
Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, far more,
Come thickly-gathering tears,
My star of faith is clouded o'er,
I sink beneath my fears—Sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.

Oh, but to feel thy fond arms thrown
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—Might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.

But, gentle mother, through life's storms
I may not lean on thee,
For helpless, cowering little forms
Cling, trusting, unto me—Poor babes,
To have no guide but me!

With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backward, sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—Thy breast
Seeks never, never more!

Sweet mother, for thy wanderer pray
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may lean on Heaven—Her heart
Grow strong in Christ and Heaven.

Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
Lay sparkling on my heart,
My bounding heart thought how to live
To work at Thy command—My pains
Come on the same behest.

All tearfully, all tearfully,
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eye lifted to the sky,
Fast to the Cross I cling—Oh, Christ,
To Thy dear Cross I cling!

Maulmein, Aug. 7th, 1850.

P. T. BARNUM, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

PHILLIPS' FIRST BABY.

Mrs. Phillips was on the very pinnacle of felicity. She was the mother of a boy which weighed eleven pounds.

Mr. Phillips bid fair to lose his mind entirely. He danced and sung, and fired guns from the top of the corn-house, whistled Yankee Doodle while eating his breakfast, and wrung the necks of all the fowls on the place to make a chicken pie for the celebration.

This worthy couple had been married ten years, and this was their first child.—People had laughed at them ten years, on account of this luck—people who were overrun with children, and whose lives were made miserable by the spankings and scoldings they found it necessary to inflict upon their wretched little olive plants.

Now, Mrs. Phillips said she guessed they'd launh out of the other side. There had never been so large a baby born in Smithfield before. Mrs. Jones' only weighed nine pounds and had a pug nose. Mrs. Sawyer's was red haired, and had a mole on its right foot—a sure sign that it would come to a bad end—and it only weighed seven pounds and fourteen ounces. She guessed folks had better look to home before they laughed.

Baby proved to be a Tartar. He had a temper like a wind-mill, and seemed determined to develope his feet and lungs to the utmost while he had leisure, for he screamed and kicked twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four.

But his mother declared he was an angel. We could never imagine an angel with puffy red cheeks, heels elevated in the air, sucking sugar rags, and being pounced about in a willow cradle to the tune of "Hig-diddle-dee," but then our imagination is not by any means so vivid as it might be.

From the hour in which the baby was born he was the Autocrat of the household; everything had to bow to its nod.

The scullery door creaked; it was taken off the hinges, and the servant was in the draft all the time, because the creak might disturb the baby. For the same reason the coffee-mill was moved into the woodshed; the dishes must be washed out of doors—the clatter of the plates made the baby scream, the washing was done in the barn, the dog was muzzled and the cat choked; all from fear of disturbing the baby.

Mr. Phillips gave a blacksmith who was located within a quarter of a mile, one hundred dollars to move the shop; and Biddy was moved to the cockloft of the woodshed on account of her snoring.

The child's diseases were legion. It was a wonder that it could draw its breath with so many ailments clinging to it.—Mrs. Phillips was continually on the watch for some new demonstration.

"Charles!" cried she, waking her husband from slumber one cold winter night, "it seems to me the baby don't breathe just right."

Mr. Phillips sprang up and listened, "Good gracious; he's got the snuffles, ain't he?"

"Oh, dear! what shall we do if baby is going to be sick?"

Mr. Phillips got a light, and the anxious parent brought it to bear on the face of their child.

"Oh, heavens!" cried the mother, "his face is actually purple! he's going to have the scarlet fever, See that red spot on his elbow."

"It may be where he's laid on it!" said Mr. P."

"Laid on it? oh, you unfeeling man! you unnatural father! And there its sucking its thumb! I've known from the first it would not live, it sucks its thumb so much!"

"Seems to me I've heard my mother say it was a sign of a healthy child to suck its thumb, but I won't be certain. Any way, its a good sign or a bad one. I forget which."

"Run Charles! run for a doctor, it's going to die—I know it! Oh, don't stop to dress—don't, it may die while you're waiting. Call for Granny Bates, and tell her to bring me some catnip, and saffron, and rue, and peppermint—tell her to bring all the herbs she's got; and to hurry, Charles, do! Mercy on us! it's both his thumbs! Run—run!"

Mr. Phillips caught up the first article of clothing he could lay his hands on, which proved to be an embroidered petticoat of his wife, but he was too much excited to notice dress particularly. He flung the garment over his head, and tied it around his waist—slipped on his shoes, and then plunged out into keen air. The doctor was asleep and did not care about turning out, but on being told that it was a case of life and death he yelled at once.

Mr. Phillips left him dressing, and sped to the residence of Granny Bates.—The old lady was wise, but she was dreadfully superstitious, and believed religiously in warnings and apparitions. Phillips gave a thundering rap [illegible] ly a night- [illegible] upper win- [illegible]

"W- [illegible]!" said a creaky voice.

Phillips stepped out and stood plainly revealed by the light of a dim moon.

"Good gracious massy!" cried the old woman, "it's an apparatus from t'other world! And it's got a scolloped petticoat on. Land! I didn't think they wasted their time on such vanities as that are."

"It's dying!" exclaimed Phillips.—"Come down quick."

"Not I! ain't so green as to trust my old body with a supernatural ghost," and down went the window with a bang—Phillips pounded at the door till he was tired and then made tracks for home.

Dr. Gray had just arrived. Mrs. Phillips was preparing to go into hysterics as she heard his opinion.

Baby was much worse; it had not only sucked its thumbs but wiggled its toes.—It could not continue long. The doctor, with a grave face entered the sick room. Biddy rubbed her mitress with camphor. Mr. Phillips stood by wiping his eyes with the drapery of his scant attire.

"Oh, doctor, doctor! will it die? Only save it, and you may take all I have!" cried Mrs. Phillips, wringing her hands. I'll get down on my knees and thank you forever."

"Keep your sitting, marm, keep your sitting," said the doctor, taking a large pinch of snuff.

"Don't keep me in suspense! only look at its precious little arm! What is it?—For the love of heaven tell me—let me know the wrost!"

"Well, marm, if I speak out, you promise not to blame?" asked the doctor, gravely.

"No no!"

"Marm," said he, with his long face still more elongated, "it's my opinion, as a man and a physician, that the child has been bitten by four bedbugs, or else it has been bitten in four places by one insect of that description."

"Dr. Gray," cried the father, "do you mean to insult us!"

"By no means, sir—I repeat it."

"No you dont!" yelled Mrs. P. "It's enough to insinuate that I have bed bugs, to say nothing of the libel on that little angel cherub. Get out of this house this instant, you mean, cheating, insulting old vagabond." And seizing the butter-ladle from the table where Biddy placed it full of hot pepper tea, she flew at him. The doctor knew enough about women to know that in flight lay safety, and with a hasty bow he backed off and started for his gig. His heels flew up—his head went down, and his whole body spun off down the hill like a steel shod cutter.—Mrs. P., nothing daunted, rushed after him and shared the same fate. The two brought up together at the foot of the hill in a water trough; but no words of sympathy were exchanged. The doctor got out as quick as he could and galloped home, and Mrs. Phillips followed his example.

The baby lived and throve. As it grew older its dictatorship became more and more absolute. Phillips was down on all fours the greater part of his time, that the baby might ride on his back; and Mrs. P. left her arms bare in the coldest weather, because the steel springs of her dress hurt the baby.

Baby made a complete wreck of all the crockery in the house; pounded it with a hammer, he kicked his heels through the looking glasses and tore the inwards out of pa's gold watch, unmolested. It pleased the dreary, weary, scary baby, his mother said "the little mitty sugar plummy baby."

One day when this wonderful baby was a year old the village inhabitants were startled by the disheveled apparition of Mrs. Phillips—bare headed, and wearing a wild expression of countenance—hurrying at a frantic rate to the joiner's shop where her husband worked.

And instantly she reappeared, followed by Phillipps at a dog trot.

Old Squire Smith saw them, and being a man who lived in instant dread of fire, he thought it must be that the residence of Mr. Phillips was in flames. The old gentleman was perfectly insane on the subject of conflagration, and at the top of his lungs raised the cry: Fire! Fire! Fire!"

"Where! where!" cried a score of voices. "Charles Phillips' house!" said the old gentleman.

The firemen gathered, got out the engine, and run with all speed to the fated house, but much to their surprise they did not even smell a puff of smoke in the region.

The head fireman who was something of a wag, knocked at the door. Mrs. Phillips appeared absolutely radiant.

"Is this the house, allow me to inquire, ma'm that we are expected to squirt on?" said the fireman.

"I do not understand you," said Mrs. P., "but the baby has walked two steps—two steps on his own feet alone!"

"Sold! by Jupiter," cried the fireman; "and now, boys, here's three times three to the baby that's walked two steps!—Hearty, my men?"

And they gave three cheers, drank a barrel of cider which Mr. Phillips rolled out, and returned home.

Mark M. Pomeroy.

Mark M. Pomeroy is a striking instance of the power of an indomitable will and a straightforwardness of purpose to control adverse circumstances, and to mold remote chances to positive advantage. It is true that our social and political institutions offer facilities for the development of the individual by far more favorable than those of any other country; but even here, millions live and die unknown, and where so many strong minds are struggling, [illegible] out the facts means, [illegible] must be a mental [illegible] shall elbow his [illegible] to the crowd to a position of dominent control.

Mark M. Pomeroy was born in the then village of Elmira, Chemung county, New York, Christmas Day, 1888—not Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, as stated by a biographer. His father's name is Hunt Pomeroy, at that time a leading jeweler and watchmaker of that village—now a resident of California, where the subject of our sketch has two half-brothers living. About a year after his birth, his mother died, when he was taken from the broken up home of his father to that of his mother's brother, Seth M. Whell—a farmer and blacksmith living near Elmira—where he passed the first sixteen years of his life, working in the shop, on the farm, driving team, and doing a "man's work," generally.

He began life with the clear understanding in his own mind that he had to work. In fact, he had always worked, from those unnumable "chores," which abound on a farm where there are no spare hands, to the more serious labor of planting, getting out timber, and the general farmwork, which tries alike the endurance and the *phyisque.*

Young Mark hated this class of work, but he looked upon it as a probation necessary before beginning the business of life in earnest. His was the philosophy of a perfect organization, mental and physical. His bodily health enabled him to accomplish easily that which would have taxed the endurance of most men; while his mental health developed in a remarkable activity, and a happy, elastic and equable temper, caused him to pass lightly over the troubles and the ills which would have made other boys despond, and to look forward, through the clear light of his intelligence, and sustained by a consciousness of inner power, to a time when he would dispute with circumstances, and to control events to his will.

At sixteen years of age, he packed up all his worldly goods in a very small package, and started off to learn the trade of a printer. He commenced hit apprenticeship upon the "Corning Journal," where he divided his time between striving hard to become proficient in his trade, playing daring practical jokes, and writing local items, poetry, sketches—anonymously—for other papers.

In 1853 he went to Canada West in search of better wages, and a beautiful young lady; but the result was, in neither case, satisfactory. In 1854 he determined to start a paper himself in Corning.—He needed type and all the appointments of an office; but he had no money. His proposition was laughed at, of course; but he knew that it could be done somehow. He went to New York, saw the great type founder, Conner, who recognized the true metal in the strange young man, believed in his honesty, and trusted his word. He started his paper, made a decided success, and paid his debt of honor to his kind friend in need—Mr. Conner.

At this period he married, and after satisfying various calls from other places to establish papers, finally started to seek a fortune in the West, arriving at La Crosse in 1860. There he purchased a share in the *Union and Democrat*, published by his present publisher, Mr. C. P. Sykes, who retired from the business.—The new partners not agreeing, Mr. Pomeroy eventually, and with much difficulty, started the *La Crosse Democrat*, bitterly opposed to the policy of the Government during the war. His articles soon created a vast audience, who believed and approved, running up the circulation of the *La Crosse Democrat* to the astonishing number of three hundred thousand copies weekly. This gave him a power which could not be ignored, and the Government sought by every means to either change his opinions or suppress his paper. He was ultimately let alone; but with this cessation of persecution, his influence did not die out. His directness; his earnestness of purpose; his determined advocacy of the political and social rights of the workingmen, have perpetuated his influence, and won for him favor with a very large class of our community.

Mark M. Pomeroy, or, as the people love to call him, Brick Pomeroy, has, of course, grown rich; he has, to a great extent, built up La Crosse, and has naturally prospered with the prosperity.—Besides his own splendid *Democrat* building, he has recently erected a beautiful and commodious opera house, which is a byon of great worth to the citizens of La Crosse. But the great source of his wealth and power will be found in the great journals which he controls. The New York *Democrat*, an evening paper successfully established here in spite of the most deadly opposition, has already reached a commanding circulation.

Pomeroy's *Democrat* is one of the most popular and influential weeklies published.

He also owns and controls the La Crosse daily and the La Crosse weekly *Democrat*, published in that city, each of which has a vast circulation.

In addition to his brilliant campaign "stumping" powers, he is one of the most popular lecturers of the day. Like all earnest natures, he has a keen sense of humor, and his lectures contain so much direct common sense, combined with flashes of humor, and passages of simple but intense pathos, that they are irresistable, and never fail to delight thronged audiences.

In private life he is frank, kind, and courteous; eminently social, though he neither drinks nor smokes; full of fun and rarely busy, although a hard worker.

The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of one of the earlier Pharohs, encased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect considering its age, which was deposited about eighteen or twenty years ago in the British Museum, and is considered the most valuable of its archæological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was incribed with the name of the occupant, Pharaoh, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the Great Pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. The monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder-gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Misraim, the grandson of father Noah, and the first of Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers.—The tide-mark of the deluge could scarcely have been obliterated when this man of the early world lived, moved and had his being.

An Indiana paper speaks of a lawyer who charged a client $10 for collecting $9, but said he would not press him to pay the other dollar for a few days, if it would be more convenient for him to let it stand.

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