THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 15, 1872. NO. 4.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

The Kent County Railroad having been completed to Chestertown, trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Chestertown and Townsend where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.	
Leave			
" Chestertown	6:30		
" Worton	6:45		
" Lynch's,	6:55		
" Still Pond,	7:05		
" Kennedyville,	7:20		
" Black's,	7:35		Q.A.R.R.train
" Lambson's,	7:50		
" Massey's,	8:05		1:20
" Morris',	8:15		1.45
" Vandyke's,	8:22		1:50
Arrive Townsend,	8.35		2:15
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.	
Leave Townsend,	11:40		8.00
" Vandyke's,	11:55		8:15
" Morris',	12:05	P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12:20		8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30		
" Black's,	12:40		
" Kennedyville,	1:00		
" Still Pond,	1:10		
" Lynch's,	1:15		
" Worton,	1:25		
Arrive at Chestertown	1:45		

☞ Passengers from Chestertown and al 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.

JOS. J. RICHARDS,
June 1, 1872. Superintendent.

Attention

THE most elegant mode of *perfuming* clothing is by placing them in contact with odoriferous substances. This end can be attained by purchasing at the Drug Store of T. W. WICKES the most popular and prevailing perfumes now used. You can also find at his store a most elegant assortment of Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Fancy Articles, all of the finest quality, and at city retail prices. The Bachelor Hair Dye, which is used so extensively in Europe and this country, and which has been satisfactorily proven by men of science and taste to be the best Hair Dye in the world, is sold by T. W. Wickes. Natural Mineral Waters for the debilitated, such as Vichy, Kissengen, Saratoga, and other waters. Spices, Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Mustard, Mace, Black and Red Pepper, Nutmegs, and *ground* Sage. Extracts for flavoring, of all varieties. Fine Cigars and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Jan. 7, 1871.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!



Excelsior Hot Blast Cook, Superb Cook, Ironside, Columbia Cook, Niagara, Continental, All Right Cook, Farmer, Champion Complete Improved, Victor Range, Reliance Range, Novelty parlor Cook.

THE IMPROVED MORNING GLORY

Token Gas Burning Base, Token with Reflector, Parlor Light Base Burner, Magic Light Base Burner, Comet Air-tight Radiator, Myrtle Illuminating Base, Casket Air-tight, for wood or coal, Vulcan Egg, Tuscan Open Front, for wood, Union Air Tight, Woodland, Flame, Nine Plate Stove, &c. &c.

BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS

put up to heat one, two or three rooms, at city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.

Call and examine our large stock of Stoves, and be convinced that we are selling them as low as in the city.

Store opposite the Court House.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 21, 1871.

WATTSON & CLARK,
SUPER PHOSPHATE.

TRADE W & C MARK.

☞ The best and cheapest Fertilizer. For sale by all dealers.

OFFICE,
135 North Water Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Feb. 17, 1872—y°



For Rent.

A desirable Dwelling on Queen street in Chestertown, with a large Garden in front. The building is a two story Brick, and was recently occupied by B. B. Perkins.

The premises are also for sale.

Apply to E. F. PERKINS,
Dec. 9, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

CIDER VINEGAR,
RELIABLE FOR PICKLING,
on hand and for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown August 19, 1871.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

BUY THE
FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD.
It is the cheapest, most durable and brilliant of any Lead in the market. For sale by
C. F. STAM & BRO.,
May 6, 1871—y. Chestertown, Md.

Trustee's Sale.

IN Virtue of a Decree in the Circuit Court for Kent County, as a Court of Chancery, the subscriber as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale, at the Court House door in Chestertown, on

WEDNESDAY,
the 19th day of June, 1872,
at 2 o'clock, P. M.,

All that Farm

called "Bright Helmstone," which is described in deeds from the heirs-at-law of Solomon Semans to Joseph Morris, containing

236 Acres, more or less,

of which about two hundred acres are in cultivation, and the rest is WOOD.

This Farm is situated in Kent county, Maryland, near Morris' Station, and about three miles from Massey's Station on the rail road leading from Chestertown to Townsend, and thence to Baltimore and Philadelphia.



The improvements consist of a TWO STORY BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with frame addition good Barn, Stables and other Farm Buildings, all in good condition,



A PEACH ORCHARD,



Containing about 1000 Trees,
AND A SMALL APPLE ORCHARD.

The land is well fenced and of good quality.

ALSO, A LOT OF WOOD LAND,
Containing about 20 Acres,
which is particularly described in a deed from E. E. Massey to Joseph Morris, dated on or about the fifth day of April, 1854, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent Co.

ALSO, ALL THAT PARCEL OF LAND

situated in Galena, in Kent county, which was conveyed by Richard Hynson, Trustee to said Morris, by deed dated 13th of September, 1861, and recorded in Liber J. K. H. No. 2, folio 632, containing

Seven Acres, more or less.

Upon this last mentioned property there is a



good and substantial FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, with Carriage House, Stable, Corn House, Garden, &c. Also, a

FOUNDRY, MACHINE SHOPS,
BLACKSMITH SHOPS,
AND SEVERAL OTHER VALUABLE BUILDINGS.

The entire parcel will be sold all together, or in lots to suit the convenience of purchasers.

THE TERMS OF SALE prescribed by the decree are, That one third of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in two equal instalments, at six and twelve months thereafter, with interest and security approved by the Trustee.

HENRY W. ARCHER,
May 25, 1872—tds. *Trustee.*

1872. SPRING AND SUMMER TRADE. 1872.

Thomas S. Wickes

BEGS leave to inform his customers and buyers generally that he has now in Store and is offering at moderate advances,

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST VARIED STOCKS OF

SEASONABLE GOODS

TO BE FOUND IN THIS MARKET.

Goods Bought at the closest Cash Figures,

and selected with most careful and laborious attention and with special reference to the wants of consumers at this period of the year. His general line of all Goods usually kept by him is as full as at any former season and having been bought upon terms as advantageous as are possible to legitimate business transactions, he can of course compete in prices with any concern in this community doing a regular business.

A call and examination will be appreciated at all times.

Chestertown, May 4, 1872.

I WOULD RESPECTFULLY CALL the attention of my customers and the public in general, to my Stock of Goods, which I am selling upon as reasonable terms as they can be obtained elsewhere.

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,
HATS,
BOOTS & SHOES.
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
STONEWARE.
GROCERIES,
FLOUR,
CORN MEAL,
PROVISIONS, &c.
JOS. E. WEER,
May 18, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

Lewis' White Lead and colors,

TURPENTINE, VARNISHES AND PAINT BRUSHES.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 11, 1872.

BROMO CHLORALUM,

THE most powerful Deodorizer and Disinfectant known. Prevents Small Pox, and cures Diptheria, Sore Throat, &c.

For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.
April 27, 1872.

PETROLEUM FLUID
REDUCED TO 25 CTS. PER GALLON.
Best Light—and no grease. By
June 1. VICKERS.

READY MADE CLOTHING, a good assortment; fine and coarse.
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

Worton Agricultural Club Festival.

ADDRESS OF
DR. E. A. VANNORT.

[redacted]

lies back of all trades and professions. Its prosecution is necessary for our existence as individuals and our prosperity as a nation.

Your speaker combining the practice of physic with the most honorable of all callings—tilling the soil—fears that he is incompetent to shed lustre upon either profession, or intelligently entertain this cultivated assemblage: but without any excuse or apologies shall select proper themes for discussion and present them in such a manner as he hopes may advance the interests of our society, as much as the repetition of specific rules for the raising of good crops.

Agriculture is the one acknowledged indispensible pursuit, for a man *may* struggle through a fever, but he *must* have his gruel; he *may* get along without a residence fitted up with all the modern improvements of a first-class dwellings, but he *must* have his corn and potatoes. Jewels and costly raiment are of no account without bread and butter, and no profession can be followed or pleasure pursued unless the farmer furnishes the staff of life.

Aside from the importance into which necessity has elevated the calling of the husbandman, rural pursuits have in all ages been the choice of the wisest, the most illustrious, and the most refined of mankind. Agriculture was anterior to History. Herodituş, Homer, and Hesiod wrote of it. The Egyptians, Chaldians, Assyrians, and Chinese, were among the first tillers. The valleys of the Nile, the Tigris and Euphrates, were rich in cereal grains, and from specimens of Egyptian wheat, 3,000 years old, found by antiquarians, we may well believe that the "corn" of Scripture stored through the seven years of plenty for the famine, by the illustrious Joseph, was nearly or quite as full and fine as the wheat of our day.

The farmer Patriarchs of the old world, the shepherd Kings of Israel, the Prophets who sat each under his own vine and fig tree, have been the theme of elevated song and enchanting story. The noblest legend of ancient Rome is that of the patrician farmer Cincinnatus, who, at his country's call, left the plow standing in the furrow of his native fields to assume the insignia of absolute power, and when the danger to the early Republic had, by his courage and ability, been arrested, laid down his dictatorial power to resume the labors of his farm. So afterwards, in the Augustan age, the zenith of Roman power and greatness, the poet Virgil, celebrated the pleasures of pastoral life in poems, which for more than eighteen hundred years, have been regarded as the most delightful pictures of the pleasures of agriculture.

Not to mention other distinguished names, Burke, the famous orator and statesman of England, sought out the retirement of a farm for repose from his arduous labors, and in the inspiring shades of Beaconsfield, composed those splendid orations, which stirred up the heart of England, and made his name immortal.

So, too, in our own land, and almost in our own time, our beloved Washington, retiring from the cares and labors of official life, sought at Mount Vernon, in the language of his biographer, "that haven of repose to which he had so often turned a wishful eye throughout his agitated and anxious life, and where he trusted to pass quietly and serenely the remainder of his days.

The attachment of Jefferson to his farm at Monticello; of Clay to the broad acres and well-bred herds of Ashland; and of Webster to the meadows of Marshfield, are familiar to you all. And Van Buren felt that he had not descended when he left the Presidential chair, and, with almost the ardor of a neophite, whiled away the last years of a successful political life among his fields of grain and droves of cattle at Lindenwald.

Thus, in all ages, agriculture has been the delight as well as the support of mankind. To watch the budding fruits through the circle of the seasons, to train the vine, to reap the ripened grain, to gather the luscious fruits, to win from the genial bosom of mother earth her treasures of fatness, and to watch the increase of flocks and herds, are the elevating, the healthful, the natural pleasures of our race. As if, through the march of ages and the coming and going of untold generations, there was transmitted an instinctive recollection of that happy hour when, in the newly created world, "The Lord took the man and put him in the garden of Elen to dress it and to keep it." As if, in such pursuits, we unconsciously tasted some portion of that unalloyed happiness, which once our race enjoyed, and which we may again acquire when the whole moral, as well as the physical wilderness of this world, shall be made to blossom as the rose, and, in the bowers of a regenerated world, enjoy the delights of a recovered Eden.

The importance of agriculture in advancing civilization and in increasing the power and population of a nation may be very forcibly illustrated by a glance at the history of this county and this vicinity, where to-day are collected meritorious specimens of fruits and flowers, and an assemblage of the yoemanry of our county, farmers, mechanics, and traders, who could relate many interesting features of agricultural development.

But a little more than one hundred years ago, and this county was the hunting ground of roving Indians who have left unmistakable evidences of their occupation along the beautiful shores of our beautiful Chesapeake and its tributaries Worton and Fairlee creeks. Its forests and plains were barren of agriculture and uninhabited save by the savage and his game. But came the hardy pioneer, cutting down the forest and putting in his few and simple crops, wrestling with the wilderness and the warlike inhabitants—conquering both! Hillsides were cleared and sheep and cattle took the place of roving game. The valleys were plowed and the forests gave way to fields of grass and waving grain. The streams, no longer monopolized by the solitary canoe of the swarthy savage, resound with the plash of water-wheels, the noise of machinery, and the hum of the spindle. Hamlets and villages grew up and dotted the face of a county that furnished scanty support for a few savages, now, by the blessings of agriculture, furnishes homes for a staple and prosperous population of thousands, with room for as many more.

And here, almost within the sound of my voice, where so short a time since was a barren wilderness, and where upon this very hill doubtless in the recollection of some of you, such was the barrenness of principal and morals as well, that it was dangerous for a traveler to pass who would not consent or afford to *treat to a pint:* and when a former owner of the very land I occupy, was held in mysterious awe, contempt or pity for manuring his field from a Yankee bucket, (using guano,) but where now gather from all parts of our lovely Worton and county, the beautiful, the intellectual and the cultivated, who, while enjoying the advantages of health-giving fountains and well-springs of joy, consume the surplus productions of your farms, and your gardens, and your orchards, bringing a market to your doors in a measure, to stimulate you into more extended agricultural pursuits. Indeed, to insure agricultural prosperity, it is not alone the *farm* that needs cultivation and improvement, but the *farmer*. The end of tillage is not merely to improve cattle and grain, but men and women. Not alone to raise large crops of turnips, smooth Devons, or lacteferous Short Horns, but to produce large hearts and noble minds. The earth was not designed simply to be a potato field or a corn or cotton plantation; but a school-house, a temple, a human conservatory, where man may be reared for immortality. Not to make a druge of yourself, your wife, your daughter and the rest of your household, but to make your calling respectable, your characters honorable, yourselves and families and others comfortable and happy. If you get a few dollars don't use it to make the first payment upon another farm and go in debt for the rest. See if your wife would like a new dress or a new carpet: indulge in a comfortable carriage: supply the domestic department with improved utensils to lighten every task. Give heed to social duties. Better than all earthen treasures, and all western gold, are the sweet courtesies, the substantial kindnesses of life. To such a refined and educated audience I feel that such advice is almost unnecessary, as you all doubtless strive to elevate yourselves and all about you. Look abroad.

These hills so finely rounded, from this dear old Worton Heights, observe that blue ridge that marks the line where foam the waters of our noble Chesapeake Those valleys, stones and streams are productive of great, glorious thoughts; have voices of inspiration and promises of hope—not only yielding food for the body, but golden harvests for the mind. Stand on yonder summit; you may take in at one view, more cultivated land than can be seen elsewhere at a glance in your vicinity: the view is grand; your farms spread out before you. There are orchards, meadows, and shining streams a glorious picture, work of an infinite artist. Yet all would be barren and meaningless too, without value or beauty, were there not a *man* to till the soil, *mind* to behold the divine order and connect the landscape with God. Mind is higher than the tallest mountain, deeper and wider than the sea, a kingdom richer and nobler than earth before Paradise was lost. It is a wonderful thing for man to stand up a king in the material world. To levy a royal tribute, and fill his coffers from ocean, plain, and mountain. To say to earth, Give me thy fruits, give me thy gold, give me thy gems, give me thy treasured oil, thy long hoarded fuel—and have them yielded at his behest. It is a great thing for man to subdue the forces of nature and make them obedient to his will. "To bit and bridle the ocean wave," making it his burden-bearer; to harness the winds and make them his coursers; to make steam, that old Titan giant that lifted mountains and hurled their summits to the sky, his obedient subject; weaving, forging, drawing his chariot and his plow, bridging the sea, tunneling the mountain; to make the sunshine his artist, the lightning his messenger to flash his thoughts around the world.

But to subdue his own spirit, to control his passions, to develop and cultivate his intellect, is far more difficult, a far more valuable achievement, than to subdue the earth and belt it with flowers. Industry is our educator. Industry and education mutually aid and strengthen each other. To the enlightened man the wind becomes a servant; the stream and river no longer run idly, but toil in their seaward course; the lightning is set to work, has useful and steady employment; the thriftless ground is made to furnish with abundance his table and his wardrobe.

Hence, if you have cultivated *farmers*, you will always have cultivated, productive farms. Good soil does not always produce noble men, but mind *improved*, duly cultivated, makes the barren rejoice, and pools gush forth in the desert. It is mind that produces Men think harvests, orchards, dairies. FULTON thought steamboat, "his IDEA condensed all the two and thirty winds into the boiler of his vessel."

MORSE thought the electric telegraph. Men *think* crops. The celebrated artist, OPIE, was asked, "With what do you mix your colors?" "With *brains*, sir," was the prompt reply. It is mind, mixed with soil, that makes the prize farm. Intelligence is the best fertilizer—it is the true pabulum of the plant. We would not have you suppose, however, that what is termed "scientific farming," based on that misnomer, "agricultural chemistry," is always successful, or that all that is necessary in order to insure prosperity, is to be well read in theories, "crammed with information," or even able to analyze soils so as to detect the presence or absence of needed *solvents, acids* or *alkalies*.

This is only one of the helps. The truly educated farmer may not understand the natural sciences, but he is rich in observation, in intuitive sense, has sharp, clear conceptions of order and fitness. He may not carry *learning* into the field, but he carries *brains*. Then, again, a true and successful farm life is not a play-day; not a rural romance; not a quiet dream of Arcadian bliss; not altogether the rose-colored pictures which tell of BURNS, and how he walked in glory and in joy,

"Behind his plow
Upon the mountain side."

It is not entirely according to the poetical idea, made up of berries and sugar, clean linen and lazy pastime beneath the spreading trees. The farmer's life is not *only* a pleasant ramble "through vinyards, under trelised vines with grapes hanging in all their purple glory—through orchards, under trees bearing their golden, pulpy fruits—by sparkling fountains, with the music of singing birds. No; with many blessings and delightful pleasures, it implies hard toil, scorching suns, plenteous perspiration, blistered hands, and careless toilet. It implies an active hand, brave endurance, glorious conquests, but also *mind* with its rough and rugged exterior—the power of intellect, not mere brute force.

The farmer is rich by owning more than soil. The brother of Beethoven, the immortal composer, signed his name—to distinguish himself from his landless brother, for whom he had little respect—"Von Beethoven, land owner," The musician retorted by signing his, "Ludwig Von Beethoven, brain owner." The two should go together: then the land-owner, in the grand procession of the season, should make seed-time and harvest, bloom and fruitage, furrow and swarth, an epic of praise and plenty, a cheerful song of faith and fruition. It is with the cultivated mind that,

"God gives us with our ruggel soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and flower?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?"

Educate your sons. There has been a wide-spread pernicious notion that education was not necessary for the farmer. If a boy from these hill-sides is to be a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant, give him a liberal education; but if he is to till the broad acres of the loved homestead, he can afford to be ignorant. Such *has been* the doctrine. It seems to me, there are special reasons why a farmer should be educated. It is necessary that the actual worker of the soil become enlightened—be to a certain extent educated, before the instructions of the learned will be received, or scientific investigations *can be* made profitable. Ignorance is nervously fearful of innovation, and there ever is, until knowledge enlightens, strong opposition to everything new. Hence there was a time, when every important improvement in agriculture was regarded with contempt, and "book farming" was set down as supremely ridiculous.

It was dangerous to one's good name and standing to make experiments or deviate from the time-honored routine of the neighborhood, while all science was impertinent and vain, if not wickedly presumptuous.

The *moon* was the presiding goddess of seedtime and harvest, guiding the farmer who watched her phases, into health, wealth and wisdom. He cut timber and planted corn, he set trees and killed his pork in the morn; while the house-wife had this inconsistent Star for the centre of her domestic system; it presided over kitchen and nursery, all revolving around the source of moon-shine, from pulling flax, carding tow, gathering hops, to the weaning of the dear moon-faced baby.

Tradition was unquestioned authority, and he was foolish and *unfilial* who, regardless of his father's memory, adopted new modes of culture. In early times a man who raised better crops than his neighbors was supposed to be in league with the *devil*, and indeed almost every thing new or surprising was regarded as infernal. But the farmer of to-day is fortunate in the enlightened spirit of the times. The intelligent American farmer, on his mowing machine or reaper, swinging his axe, or behind his gleaming plow, calling no man master, is the representative man of the coming golden age. It is the plowman who feeds, clothes, shelters and educates mankind, while

"These are the hands whose study labor brings
The Peasants food, the golden pomp of Kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen,
Changed by the sun to woof of living green."

We cannot but feel that one of the noblest products of the new world is, the stalwart, independent tiller of the soil.

To this intent we gather from all parts of our banner district. From fertile plain and Sunny slope, from cottage home, from plough, from work shop, from academic hall, from office and from study, the aged and the young, the maiden and her lover, the gay and the beautiful, come winding our ways up to this yearly strawbery feast, bringing our sacrifices of the choicest, the best, the first fruits, to lay, not upon the shrines of Mars and Bellona, but Flora and Pomona, to prefigure heaven and antidate mellenium; To us, privileges not alone material are offered, higher advantages are presented and better opportunities for fair culture.

To this consummation of higher, physical and intellectual life, all things encourage. Our democratic (de facto) institutions, (the magna charter of our prosperity) are secured to us, we trust, beyond future carvil. Progress is the watch word of to-day. The genuine of our enterprises have become popularized, as evidenced in the prevailing fashions. The ladies, the true and only goddesses of American liberty, have become the every day expositors of our political ideas. The distension of their posterior protuberances suggesting that we have cast our burdens behind us, (that is our aggression) and that aggression anti-despotic, anti-monarchial for they (dear creatures) jealous for Republican ideas, to show their detestation of kingly lines, have cast away their crowns, even the crowns of their bonnets. Not so patriotic the gentlemen, from whose head gear we would infer that while our foundation was contracting, a little elongation would bring us to a point.

Aristocracies are falling. Clogs of idleness are being cast off. The do-nothings are being classed with their compeers—the good-for-nothings. We approach an era when labor will be recognized as the only tender legal with God in exchange for benefits. "By their fruits we shall know them." The professions of law, medicine or gospel, are not intended to live upon, but for the laborer, and should be valued in any community only as they conserve the peace, health and moral elevation of labor. Hence we meet this assemblage of laborers, with conscious inferiority, recognizing you as fulfilling in your avocations, God's primal intent in man, viz: beautifiers of his terrestial garden, and ourselves of the professions alone, as parasites, as evils yet made necessary to you because of sin, both of body and soul

Let American farmers remember that they are truly the lords of the soil.

"Men, high minded men,

Aye! the solid men of the nation. Let there so adorn their homes, their abodes, their firesides, that they shall verify and illustrate the truth and beauty of that simple but immortal ballad—

"Home sweet home;
There's no place like home."

But alas! Is this always the case?—Emphatically no; Eager to acquire sudden fortunes, our youth turn away with something akin to disgust from agricultural pursuits. This alarming tendency must be arrested, can be arrested. Make your homes attractive. The work is worthy of the highest achievements of the patriot and the loftiest aspirations of the christian. The minds of the young are sensitively alive to the beautiful and the good. The child is always a lover of fruits and flowers; do not repress it. Let our educated and successful tillers, illustrate before the young men of the land, the inspiring truth, that as agriculture was in point of time, the first pursuit to which the energies of man were turned, so, in point of dignity, it is one of the highest to which his faculties can be devoted.

To the young men and women of my county I would speak an honest word, even at the expense of appearing trite and tedious.

Aid your parents to beautify your homes, Follow the safe and health giving paths to which country life invites you, and avoid the perils that always lie in the way of youth and inexperience in the city. Before you resolve to encounter these perils, you should remember in so doing, you leave behind you the song of the robin and the blue bird; the running brooks, the playful lambs, the green pastures and the sweet flowers of spring, the new mown hay, the lowing herds the growing grain of summer, and the ripening fruits, the golden harvest and the glorious sunset of Autumn, and in place of them, you cast your lot in the midst of a false and fictitious life, to look upon folly and upon filth, perchance

"In the by-ways and lanes,
Where misfortune and guilt
Their Victimes have gathered
Their city have built."

Though you struggle manfully for a time, yet when less than ten are successful, more than ninety will, in a few years, ty, and looking back, sadly, to the promises of a happy life so rashly cast away, will be prepared of a truth to exclaim:

fall into vice, dissipation or abject pover-

"The hopes that charmed my youth are dead;
The sunshine of the heart is fled—
Its innocency too!"

Wed the children to the old homestead, and rivet the wife's affection there too.—Keep your heart as well as your affairs straight. Promote the health, comfort and happiness of your family. Study for your wife and children the conveniencies and pleasures of life. Replenish your library with the best and latest works; adorn your rooms with bright pictures as well as faces. While you must not neglect the corn field and vegetable garden, do not begrudge your wife and daughters the cheap luxury of a flower garden. Do not forget that, each fragrant opening bud on earth that breaths, a poem is. The petals give the rhyme:

"The measured cadence comes from air and leaves;
The anthers mark the song with proper time
Which on Eolian harps, the Fairies play;
While birds with wings, on every bough above,
Shall beat the time Aurora brings with day
Trees birds and flowers and sun, a song of love,
Together sing a song of love so dear,
The flowers shall dance its joyful welcome here."

But Mr. President can I close this imperfect address without a reference to our honored brother who a year ago occupied your present position. Since that time he who shared in our councils and participated in all our joys and sorrows, has gone from us, to be seen no more—

"Oh, thicker deeper, darker growing,
The solemn vista to the tomb,
Must know henceforth another shadow,
And give another cypress room."

I know that the sympathizing tear will start, and the willing heart go out, as I mention the name of our beloved and cherished President and fellow member John Gale, Being dead he yet speaketh, and while we listen reverently to his voice, of sounding out of the silence and solemnity the tomb, let us heed well his precepts, and follow as far as strength is afforded to us, his shining example.

He was especially endeared to the society by his skill and energy as a farmer, and by his unfeigned love of his agricultural bretheren. He was rarely absent from our meetings, and was one of the pioneers of our cause.

But Mr. President it were useless to describe to an audience by whom he was so well known, the manly beauty of his form and aspect, or the manifold attractions of his social qualities. He will never be forgotten by us, but will always be enshrined among our chiefest jewels; and while we cannot do otherwise than mourn his loss, not only to our society but to the community at large, we still will evermore thank God that he has given to us so bright an example, and strive to follow him in the piety he manifested to God, and in the love he bore to his fellow man.

☞ A stolen kiss saved a girl's life in Leavenworth, for if the man who did the deed had not pulled her head forward just as he did, a beam, which fell from the upper floor, would have dashed her brains out. Such is the story, anyhow. And now, the Leavenworth girls, when in gentlemen's company, cast their eyes furtively at the ceiling, and act just as if they would as lief have a beam fall as not, if they were certain the young men would pull their heads in time.

☞ There are about thirty thousand Bohemians in the counties of Austin, Fayette, Colorado, Lavaca and Washington, Texas. They are said to be as good citizens as any country can boast of—temperate, frugal and industrious, and are doing a great deal towards developing the agricultural resources of the State.

☞ German newspapers are discussing the various cases of poisoning by vanilla ices, which have occurred of late years in Paris, Altona, Munich, Vienna and other places. One theory concerning these poisonings is that the poison is in the vanilla, and it is produced by the use of cashewnut oil to besmear the vanilla pods.

☞ Commander R. W. Meade, of the U. S. steamer Narraganset, has concluded a treaty with the chiefs of the Navigator's Islands, securing to the United States government and the California and Australian steamship line the exclusive use of the harbor of Pago Pago.

☞ Paris correspondents write that "ladies of the great world now wear at the balls a mourning toilette, composed of a black silk dress, ornamented with white lace and roses, and diamond tears in the hair." Overflowing grief in this style costs from five to ten thousand dollars.

☞ In Massachusetts, recently, there was a wedding in which the bridegroom, a widower of nearly seventy, married a lady whom he and his former wife had brought up from infancy, and who had lived in his family as a daughter for forty years.

☞ The Rev. Robert Moffatt, the African missionary, who has himself been 1,500 miles into the interior of Africa, considers that his son-in-law, Dr. Livingstone, is safe, and is staying at the headquartets of some chief until he receives aid from home.

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