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# The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

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## The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
*Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.*

**Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,**
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing Two DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

☞ Advertisements published quarterly, semi-annually, or yearly, at moderate rates.

CARDS not exceeding five lines will be published three months for $2 50; six months $4; one year $7. Six to ten lines—three months $3; six months $6; one year $10.

**Job Printing.**—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

**Dr. J. T. TWILLEY,**
DENTIST,
FROM CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent Co. that he proposes visiting Chestertown on each and EVERY THURSDAY. He may, during business hours, be found at his rooms in the Dwelling of Mr. H. H. Simms, near McDaniel's Hotel. [mh9tf.]

**TO FARMERS!**
**Machine and Blacksmith Shop**
IN CHESTERTOWN!

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the Farmers of Kent and Queen Ann's counties that he has just opened in Chestertown, next to Hurgold & Calder's, a MACHINE and Blacksmith Shop, where he is prepared to make to order, or repair every description of

Agricultural Machinery,

embracing both the WOOD and IRON WORK.

Having been for several years in the employ of R. Sinclair & Co., Agricultural Machinists, Baltimore, and having acquired a practical knowledge of the business in all its departments he feels assured that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. JAMES A. BURTON.
Chestertown, feb2y.

**J. Frank Morgan**
IS HOME AGAIN

WITH another new stock of WATCHES, *CLOCKS AND JEWELRY,* which the undersigned thinks the LARGEST and BEST ever offered to the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties.

Of WATCHES, he has the famed American movements in both gold and silver cases, which for durability and accuracy of keeping time stands unequalled, also Gold and Silver Watches of various other makes, both Hunting cases and open face, among which is the Nickel movement, on which atmosphere has no effect.

Of JEWELRY, he has Ladies and Gent's Gold Chains and Lockets, Ladies' Breast Pins, and Ear-Rings of coral, garnet, Etruscan Lava Mosaic, plain gold, &c. Finger Rings, a large assortment; Gents' Breast Pins, Sleeve Buttons and Studs (of the latter he has a kind impossible to loose.) Gold Pens, Pencils, Silver Thimbles, Shields, &c.

SILVER PLATED WARE, silver and steel Spectacles. Of CLOCKS a large assortment. Call and examine for yourselves; no trouble to show goods.

J. FRANK MORGAN.

N.B.—Watches, Clocks and Jewelry cleaned and repaired in a workmanlike manner, and at the shortest notice. [Apr 2.]

**NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE!**
JAMES E. JOURNEY,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has resumed his old business of BOOT & SHOE MAKING in all its various branches; Gentlemen's

**Fine Boots and Gaiters,**

and COARSE BOOTS, as may be wanted to order. Ladies' right and left Gaiters and Morocco Boots of the best quality; the best Goat and Leather such as may be wanted to order. Also, all the various kinds for Misses and children, all of which we shall keep constantly on hand, to supply the demand of those who deem us worthy of their patronage. Work made to order at the shortest notice, which will be sold at lowest prices. 10 per cent. off for cash.

We hope our friends and the public generally will give us a call and avail themselves of this favorable opportunity of saving in hard times. ☞ We may be found at the store room adjoining Mr. W. T. Pearson's store, fronting the Masonic Hall. [mh2.]

**BOOTS, SHOES, & GROCERIES!**
**LEVI FIDDIS,**

HAS just returned from the city with a large stock of Leather of the best quality, and is now prepared to manufacture

**Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c.,**

in the most substantial and durable manner. He has now on hand a large stock of heavy

**Boots and Shoes, for Winter wear,**

to which he invites the early attention of purchasers. Fine Boots and Shoes of every description for sale low. A large stock of

City Made Boots & Shoes

of the best quality, for sale cheap.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

A fresh assortment of Groceries of every variety, on hand and for sale as low as they can be purchased elsewhere. Call and examine.
Chestertown, d8. LEVI FIDDIS.

**BENJAMIN H. GARDNER,**
BRICKLAYER,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

☞ All orders left at his Tobacco Store will be promptly attended to. mar10

MEN'S and Boys' Straw Hats for sale cheap by (apr6.) W. T. PEARSON

## Select Poetry.

### A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

Florence Percy is the author of the following tender and beautiful poem, to which thousands of hearts will respond:

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between—
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;—
Come from the silence, so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever was shone—
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the days have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song—
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

## Washington's Advice to a Young Lady.

The following sound and sensible advice was given by Washington to his adopted daughter, and is of universal application to those who are unengaged. We may have published it before, but it will well bear repeating:

"Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is therefore contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for, like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn, and it may be stifled in its birth, or much stinted in its growth. For example, a woman (the same may be said of the other sex) all beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hand and heart are undisposed of, turn the head and set the circle in which she moves, on fire.—Let her marry, and what is the consequence? The madness ceases, and all is quiet again. Why? Not because there is any diminution in the charms of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows that love may, and therefore ought to be, under the guidance of reason; for, although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard: and my motives for treating on the subject are to show you—while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation—the propriety of adhering to the latter resolution, at least until you have secured your game, and the way by which it may be accomplished.

"When the fire is beginning to kindle, and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is the invader? Have I competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character, a man of sense? For, be sure a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk of life? Is he a gambler, a spend-thrift, or a drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner in which I have been accustomed to live, and my sisters do live; and is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If these interrogations can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked. That, however, is an important one: Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this, the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated; delicacy, custom, or call it by what epithet you will, have precluded all advantages on your part. The declaration, without the most indirect invitation of yours must proceed from the man to render it permanent and valuable; and nothing short of good sense, and an easy, unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. It would be no great departure from the truth, to say that it rarely happens otherwise than that a thorough-paced coquette dies in celibacy, as a punishment for her attempts to mislead others, by encouraging looks, words or actions, given for no other purpose than to draw men on to make overtures that they may be rejected."

## MESSAGE OF GOV. HICKS
### To the Maryland Legislature.

*Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:*—The extraordinary condition of affairs in Maryland has induced me to exercise the constitutional prerogative vested in the Governor to summon the Legislature in special session, in the hope that your wisdom may enable you to devise prompt and effective means to restore peace and safety to our State. I shall detail briefly the startling events which have induced me to summon you together, and which have so suddenly placed us in the state of anarchy, confusion and danger, from which I sincerely trust you may be able to extricate us.

Believing it to be the design of the Administration to pass over our soil troops for the defence of the city of Washington, and fearing that the passage of such troops would excite our people, and provoke a collision, I labored earnestly to induce the President to forego his purpose. I waited upon him in person, and urged the importance of my request. I subsequently communicated with him and his cabinet by special despatches, entreating an abandonment of their designs. To all my requests I could get but the reply that Washington was threatened with an attack; that the Government had resolved to defend it; that there was no other way of obtaining troops than by passing them over the soil of Maryland; and that the military necessity of the case rendered it impossible for the Government to abandon its plans, much as it desired to avoid the dangers of a collision. My correspondence with the authorities at Washington is herewith submitted. The consequences are known to you. On Friday last a detachment of troops from Massachusetts reached Baltimore, and was attacked by an irresponsible mob, and several persons on both sides were killed.

The Mayor and Police Board gave the Massachusetts soldiers all the protection they could afford, acting with the utmost promptness and bravery; but they were powerless to restrain the mob. Being in Baltimore at the time, I co-operated with the Mayor to the fullest extent of my power in his efforts. The military of the city were ordered out to assist in the preservation of the peace. The railroad companies were requested by the Mayor and myself to transport no more troops to Baltimore city, and they promptly acceded to our request. Hearing of the attack upon the soldiers, the War Department issued orders that no more troops should pass thro' Baltimore city, provided they were allowed to pass outside of its limits. Subsequently a detachment of troops was ascertained to be encamped at or near Cockeysville, in Baltimore county. On being informed of this, the War Department ordered them back.

On Sunday morning last I discovered that a detachment of troops, under command of Brigadier-General B. Butler had reached Annapolis in a steamer, and had taken possession of the practice ship *Constitution*, which, during that day, they succeeded in getting outside the harbor of Annapolis, where she now lies. After getting the ship off, the steamer laid outside the harbor, and was soon joined by another steamer having on board the Seventh Regiment from New York city.

Brig. Gen. Butler addressed me, asking for permission to land his forces. It will be seen by the correspondence herewith submitted, that I refused my consent. The Mayor of Annapolis also protested, but both steamers soon afterwards landed and put off the troops—subsequently large bodies of troops reached here in transports and were landed. I was notified that the troops were to be marched to Washington. They desired to go without obstruction from our people, but they had orders to go to Washington, and were determined to obey those orders. In furtherance of their designs they took military possession of the Annapolis and Elk Ridge railroad, in regard to which act I forwarded to Brig. Gen. Butler the protest, and received the reply herewith submitted.

On Wednesday morning the two detachments first landed, took up their line of march for Washington. The people of Annapolis, though greatly exasperated, acting under the counsel of the most prudent citizens, refrained from molesting or obstructing the passage of the troops thro' the city. Seriously impressed with the condition of affairs, and anxious to avoid a repetition of events similar to those which had transpired in Baltimore, I deemed it my duty to make another appeal at Washington.

Accordingly I sent a special messenger to Washington, with a despatch to the Administration, advising that no more troops be sent through Maryland, that the troops at Annapolis be sent elsewhere, and urging that a truce be offered with a view of a peaceful settlement of existing difficulties by mediation. I suggested that Lord Lyons, the British Minister, be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties. The result of the mission will be seen by the correspondence herewith submitted. These events have satisfied me that the War Department has determined to make Annapolis the point for landing troops, and has resolved to open and maintain a communication between this place and Washington. In the brief time allowed it is impossible for me to go more into details. The documents accompanying this message place before you all the information possessed by me. I shall promptly communicate such other information as may reach me. Notwithstanding the fact that our most learned and intelligent citizens admit the right of the Government to transport its troops across our soil, it is evident that a portion of the people of Maryland are opposed to the exercise of this right. I have done all in my power to protect the citizens of Maryland, and to preserve the peace within our borders. Lawless occurrences will take place, I fear, unless prompt action be taken by you. It is my duty to advise you of my own convictions of the proper course to be pursued by Maryland, in the emergency which is upon us. It is of no consequence now to discuss the causes which have induced our troubles. Let us look to our distracting present and to our portentous future.

The fate of Maryland, and perhaps of her sister Border Slave States, will undoubtedly be seriously affected by the action of your honorable body. Therefore should every good citizen lend all his energies to the task before us, and therefore should the animosity and bickerings of the past be forgotten, and all strike hands in the bold cause of restoring peace to our beloved State and common country. I honestly and most earnestly entertain the conviction that the only safety of Maryland lies in preserving a neutral position between our brethren of the North and of the South. We have violated no rights of either section: we have been loyal to the Union. The unhappy contest between the two sections has not been commenced or encouraged by us, although we have suffered from it in the past. The impending war has not come by any act or any wish of ours. We have done all we could to avert it; we have hoped that Maryland and the other Border Slaves States, by their conservative position and love for the Union, might have acted as mediators between the extremes of both sections, and thus have prevented the terrible evils of a prolonged civil war.

Entertaining these views, I cannot counsel Maryland to take sides against the General Government until it shall commit outrages upon us which would justify us in resisting its authority. As a consequence, I can give no other counsel than that we shall array ourselves for the Union and peace, and thus preserve our soil from being polluted with the blood of our brethren. Thus, if the war must be between the North and the South, we may force the contending parties to transfer the field of battle from our soil, so that our lives and property may be secure.

It seems to me that, independent of all other considerations, our geographical position forces us to this, unless we are willing to see our State the theatre of a long and bloody civil war, and the consequent utter destruction of every material interest of our people, to say nothing of the blood of brave men and innocent women and children, which will cry out from our soil for vengeance upon us if we fail to do all that in us lies to avert the impending calamity. The course I suggest has all the while been the sole groundwork of my policy; and but for the excitement prevailing among our people during the past few days, I believe the object I have kept steadily in view during my administration would have been consummated.

If it has failed, I have the full consciousness that throughout the whole of the harrassing and painful incumbency of the Gubernational chair, I have labored honestly and faithfully for the peace, the safety, and the interests of Maryland and of our common country. This consciousness has fully sustained me in all my troubles, and has enabled me to endure patiently all the cruel, unmerited, and heartless attacks that have been made upon my integrity. I have also comfort in the conviction that my policy has been sustained by a large majority of the people, and that nothing that has transpired since the recent lamentable occurrences without our State, has shaken that conviction.

A momentary frantic excitement took the place of reason and good judgment, and men, for the time, threw aside all thoughts of the future, in the burning desire to avenge what they considered wrongs. I submit my suggestions to your wisdom, and I appeal to you, not only as devoted citizens of Maryland, but as husbands and fathers, to allow that prudence and christian-like temper so honorable to all men, to guide your counsels, and I implore you not to be swayed by the passions which seem to be so fully aroused in our midst, to do what the generations to come after us shall ever deplore.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I ask your indulgence if I have omitted to present to you any other matter of interest in connection with the important subject which you are summoned to consider. The short time I have had in which to prepare this communication, and the turmoil and excitement around me, may have caused omissions; if so, they will be promptly supplied when indicated by you.

T. HOLIDAY HICKS.

THE ART OF AGRICULTURE.—A great deal has been written and said about the science and art of agriculture, but for practical guidance the whole thing is in a nut shell. It consists in these two rules—make the land rich, and keep the weeds down. If any person who tries to raise any plant, will follow these two rules, he will succeed, and if he does not follow them he will not succeed.

### Position of General Scott.

Judge Douglas, on his way West, made a speech at Belair, near Wheeling, on Monday of last week. He made a statement in response to some inquiries which had been propounded to him as to the truth of the rumor that Gen. Scott was about to retire from the army. He said:

I saw him only last Saturday. He was at his desk, pen in hand, writing his orders for the defence and safety of the American Capital. [Cheers.] Walking down the street, I met a distinguished gentleman, a member of the Virginia Convention, whom I know personally, and had a few minutes' conversation with him. He told me he had just had an interview with Lieutenant General Scott; that he was Chairman of the Committee appointed by the Virginia Convention to wait upon General Scott and tender him the command of the forces of Virginia in this struggle.

Gen. Scott received him kindly, listened to him patiently, and then said to him: "I have served my country, under the flag of the Union, for more than fifty years, and as long as God permits me live, I will defend that flag with my sword, even if my own native State assails it." [Tremendous applause, and three more cheers for Gen. Scott.] I do not pretend that I am precisely accurate in the language used, but I know I am in the idea, and I have given the language as nearly as I could repeat it.

### Prayer and Alms-Giving.

There was once a poor old colored woman, who lived in half a railroad car. The wind blew in, and the rain came upon the roof of her poor home so much, that a respectable dog would scarcely have liked to live in it. She was too old to work. All she could do was to gather sticks in the wood with which to build the fire, and kind people supplied her with the necessaries of of life, so that she did not starve. In this old car she would sit, and sing, and pray, and meditate, till she thought it seemed almost like Heaven. One day a rich man passing by heard her singing—"When I can read my titles clear," &c.

He went in, and thus addressed her:

"Aunt Betty, [for that was her name.] I wonder what the Lord keeps you here for. You are too old to work, and there does not seem to be anything that you can do in this world. I wonder why He keeps you here, instead of taking you to that 'mansion in the skies' you were singing about."

"Well, mass," she replied; "I reckon you know what de Lor' keeps you here for."

"Oh, yes," said he, "I'm not a Christian; but then I give to the church, to the missionaries, to the poor, to the Bible and tract societies and to all the religious societies. He keeps me here for that."

"Massa has left out one oder ting."

"What's that?"

"Why, He's kept you here all dese years to repent and begin to lub Him.—Massa, ain't you gwine to begin?"

"Never mind about that, Aunty, but tell me what He keeps you here for."

"Why, massa, he keeps you her to *gib* to de church, and He keeps Aunt Betty here to *pray* for it. All you gib do no good without Aunt Betty's prayers. I watches when you put money in de plate, and den I prays God to bress it."

Now, my dear children, you can all be Aunt Bettys. You can all pray for God's blessings on what is put in to box, no matter who puts it in; and if there is nothing more that you can do, your Father in Heaven will be as much pleased as though you had filled up the box with gold.—*Falkner.*

IMPORTANT TO ALL PERSONS WHO EAT.—A perusal of the following extract from an article in that useful publication, *Hall's Journal of Health*, will be of service to most people, and may save many lives.

"Eating heartily in an exhausted, or even in a greatly debiliated bodily condition, is dangerous at any hour. Many a man has fallen apopleptic at the close of a hearty dinner; but the danger is increased by going to bed soon after; for the weight of the meal, a pound or two, rests steadily on the great veins of the body, arrests the flow of the blood, as a continuous pressure of the foot on a hose pipe will more or less completely stop the water along it. This arrestment causes a damming up of the blood in the vessels of the brain, which at length cannot longer bear the detention and bursts, causing effusion there, which is instant, sometimes, and is certain death always. There is scarcely a reader of middle life, who has not more than once been nearer death than he imagined from this very cause."

VITALITY IN HORSES.—Some experiments have recently been made in France by persons skilled in the veterinary art, with a view of ascertaining how long horses may live without food in certain contingencies, as, for example, being shut up in besieged places. The following results have been noted. A horse may live for twenty-five days without solid food, and merely drinking water. He may live seventeen days without eating or drinking. He can live only five days when consuming solid food, without drinking. After taking solid ailment for the space of ten days, but with an insufficient quantity of drink, the stomach is worn out. The above facts show the importance of water in the sustenance of the horse, and the desire the animal must feel to be supplied with it. A horse which had been deprived of water for three days, drank eleven gallons in the space of three minutes.

### An Affecting Incident.

Not many years since, says Frazer's Magazine, "certain miners, working far under ground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and for awhile, till it crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay the image of a fine sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face—a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time.

But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage on hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgotten. The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people, of course, who were looking on; a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to a man whose work is to get up coals, or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast hereself upon the youthful corpse, and poured out to its deaf ear many words of endearment nursed for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago; but time had gone on with the living, and stood still with the dead.

### Matrimonial Retaliation.

Some years since, in the county of Penobscott, there lived a man by the name of H——, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others; his own family was generally the butt of his sport.

One cold, blustering night he retired to bed at an early hour—his wife being absent. Some time after she returned, and, finding the door closed, demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" cried H.

"You know well enough who I am, let me in, it's very cold.

"Begone, you strolling vagabond, I want nothing of you here."

"But I must come in."

"What's your name?"

"You know my name, it's Mrs. H."

"Begone! Mrs. H. is a likely woman, and never keeps such hours as this."

"If you don't let me in I'll drown myself in the well."

"Do, if you please," he replied.

She took up a log, plunged it into the well, and returned to the side of the door.

Mr. H. hearing the noise rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time, slipped into the house and closed the door after her. He, almost naked, in turn demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"You know who I am; let me in, or I shall freeze."

"Begone! you thievish rogue, I don't want you here."

"But I must come in."

"What is you name?"

"You know my name—it is H."

"Mr. H. is a very likely man, he don't keep late hours."

Suffice it to say, she after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied opened the door and let him in.

THE PATRIOTISM OF MAJOR ANDERSON.—Some have questioned the patriotism of Major Anderson for surrendering so soon. But the Administration has the most undoubting confidence in his fidelity and courage, and that he held out as long as possible. He was utterly out of provisions, except a little salt pork, and is believed to have surrendered from sheer exhaustion. Passengers who left Charleston late on Friday night, say Major Anderson's fire all through the day averaged four and five guns a minute. His columbiads shook houses to their foundations six miles away.

Parson Green, an American preacher in the habit so netimes of drawing upon a box of sermons bequethed him by his father, who was also a minister, upon one occasion got hold of a sermon, by mistake, which the old gentleman had once preached to the State prison convicts. It opened well, and the congregation were becoming deeply interested, when all at once the parson surprised then with the information, that, "had it not been for the clemency of the governor, every one of them would have been hung a long time ago."

WORMS IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the *Southern Cultivator* gives what he calls an infallible remedy: "Give the horse for six night nights in succession, in his oats or grits, a large spoonful of ashes from fresh burnt cobs or hickory; at the end of the six nights, give him for ten days or a fortnight, a large spoonful of poplar bark (pounded fine) in his food.—The bark is from the poplar found in swamps. The bark must be dried before the fire in order to be pounded fine."

"DIXIE'S LAND."—The name "Dixie" is an old long-time name for the negro idea of Heaven—that is, a place where there is no work, plenty of possum, pig meat, sweet potatoes, hogs, hominy, and molasses, all ready for eating. What a fine place for negroes! The idea has been embodied in a song under the title of "Dixie's Land."