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The Kent News.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two Dollars per annum, *payable in advance*. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:—Advertisements not exceeding *eight lines* will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries half price.

Job Printing, of every description, executed with neatness and despatch.

Kent National Bank.

CHESTERTOWN, Nov. 24, 1866.

AN ELECTION FOR SEVEN DIRECTORS of this Bank, to serve the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, in Chestertown, on TUESDAY, the 8th of January, 1867, between the hours of 12 and 3 o'clock of that day. By order,

S. W. SPENCER, Cash'r.

Nov. 24, 1866—te.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Kent County will be held at the office of GEORGE VICKERS, Esq., on MONDAY, January 7th, 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

d22-3t. N. G. WESTCOTT, Sec'y.

For Rent,

FOR the year 1867, the BLACKSMITH & CARTWRIGHT SHOPS, and DWELLING, at Harmony, Kent Co. Apply to WM. ARCHIBALD.

Dec. 22, 1866—3t*

For Rent.

THE HOUSE situated on Calvert St., in Chestertown, and now occupied by Mr. Edward Thomas, is for rent for the year 1867. For terms apply to

J. A. WICKES.

dec22-3t.

Store House & Dwelling for Rent, in Galena,

SITUATED on Main Street, opposite the Hotel of John Pennington, Esq., and adjoining the Drug Store of Jos. P. Ireland, Esq. In good order, and an excellent place for business. Apply to T. J. SHALLCROSS, Locust Grove, or to WM. RODGERS, Galena. [dec8-4t]

To Rent

FOR the year 1867, THREE TENEMENT HOUSES, with about One Acre of Land attached to each. Apply to

ARTHUR J. WALLIS,

dec15-3t. Near "Spry's Gate."

Beeves for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale TWO GOOD BEEVES, cheap for cash. Apply to

d22-3t. W. T. SMITH, Urieville.

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale FOUR FINE COWS, and CALVES. The Calves are about one week old. Six months credit.

d22-3t. JOHN T. SKINVEN.

FARMER WANTED.

A GOOD FARMER to take charge of a place of 560 acres, near the Choptank River—225 acres are under cultivation. A first-rate opportunity will be afforded to a competent man. Good reference will be required.

Apply to JAMES S. DUNGAN,

d22-3t. 436 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

TAX-PAYERS,

SHOULD UNDERSTAND that Taxes are due on the FIRST OF JULY, and not, as many seem to think, on the 1st of January. I desire to collect all the taxes in my District *before the first of January next*, so that I may be prepared to pay promptly all levies when demanded. It cannot be expected that I should wait with tax-payers until the first of January, as at that time all levies upon me are due.

This notice is deemed sufficient to show the necessity of prompt payment, and parties need not flatter themselves with long indulgence, as I am determined to collect the taxes within a reasonable time, and will resort to the law in every case where it may be necessary.

For the convenience of tax-payers, I will be (until further notice,) at CHESTERVILLE every Saturday, from 9 o'clock, A. M., to 12 M., and in MILLINGTON on the same days, from 1 to 6, P. M.; at home and GALENA the balance of the week.

EDWIN CROUCH,

sep8-tf. Collector 3rd Dist., Kent Co.

NOTICE.

To all Whom it may Concern.

I DESIRE TAX-PAYERS to understand that Taxes are due on the *first day of July*, and not, as many seem to think, on the first of January. I also desire to collect all the taxes in my District *before the first of January next*, so that I may be prepared to pay promptly all levies when demanded. It cannot be expected that I should wait with tax-payers until the first of January, as at that time all levies upon me are due.

This notice is deemed sufficient to show the necessity of prompt payment, and parties need not flatter themselves with long indulgence, as I am determined to collect the taxes within a reasonable time, and will resort to the law in every case where it may be necessary.

I can be found at the Court House, Chestertown, every day.

JOHN W. DUYER,

Aug. 18, 1869—tf. Coll. 2nd Dist.

Tobacco and Segars,

CONFECTIONERY, &c.

JOHN H. REDUE,

INVITES the attention of the public to a fine assortment of

CHEWING TOBACCO AND CIGARS, OF EXCELLENT QUALITY.

Persons fond of the luxury of a chew of good Tobacco, or a fine Cigar, are invited to give him a call. Also, PIPES of various patterns and fine SMOKING TOBACCO

CONFECTIONERY.

CANDIES, RASINS, ALMONDS, FIGS, DATES, PRUNES, COCOANUTS, FLAVORING EXTRACTS, ESSENCES, &c

Also, **Fine French Confectionery**, such as Mint Julip Charms, Brandy Smash do.; Grape Drops, Jelly Cake, Fig Jelly Cream, Quince, Peach, Pear and Apple Paste; Cordial Drops, Cream Chocolate, &c.

Also, Letter and Note PAPER, PENS, INK, and ENVELOPES.

JOHN H. REDUE,

dec3y. Next Door to the Bank.

GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.

JOHN H. MORGAN,

RESPECTFULLY invites the attention of the public to a varied assortment of GROCERIES, SEGARS, &c., now in store at his stand up town, one door below the residence of H. W. Earnest, Esq., consisting in part of

GROCERIES, of all kinds,

BROOMS, Buckets, Soap, Candles, Crockery-Ware, Meal and Flour, SEGARS, Tobacco and Snuff, Candies and Nuts, Coal Oil, SUGAR, COFFEE, Molasses, Lard and Bacon, Mackeral, Herring, &c.

Those in want of anything in the above line are invited to GIVE ME A CALL, as I am determined to sell goods at the VERY LOWEST PRICES for cash.

Fresh Meats.

I am also prepared to furnish families with FRESH BEEF, and other meats.

mh3. JOHN H. MORGAN.

The Snow Storm.

Last night, when the lights of the village
First twinkled along the hill,
And teams that were late with their meal-grist,
Came toiling up from the mill;
Slowly drifting and falling,
Like dust from the miller's fan,
On the fields, and the roads, and the fences,
The winter's storm began.

The boy looked out from the window
Away o'er the dusky plain;
"It snows," he cried to his sister,
"Come, listen against the pane."
Drifting it fell, and whirling
Like foam where the mill-wheel goes;
And the boy went off with his sister,
And shouted, "It snows, it snows."

Out through the half-opened doorway
They peered forth into the night,
It dashed its breath into their faces,
And darkened the flickering light;
In the dusk they shouted, "O, mother,
The valley is white below,
And the teams that go from the miller's
We scarcely can see for the snow."

Then the voice of the gray-haired grand-dame
Was heard through the whispering gloom,
While the dancing flame of the fire-light
Fleeked shadows along the room;
"Come hither," she spake, "my darlings,
The fire at the hearth is warm,
Let as think, while the snow is drifting,
Of the shelterless lambs in the storm."

All night on the house top falling
The snow-flakes fluttered down,
And the church-bell's voice grew husky
From the weight of his frosty crown;
But when the first gleam of daylight
Through darkness began to steal,
He shook it down from his forehead,
And shouted a gladsome peal.

But the hosts of the mail-clad storm-king
Had triumphed throughout the night,
And the banners and blades of autumn
Were crushed in the bitter fight;
But when the red glory of sunrise
Was unfurled in the east again,
There was smoke on the edge of the hill-top,
And a glimmer of spears on the plain.

And the children, the merry children
Who saw the lights on the hill,
When teams that were late with their meal-grists
Came toiling down from the mill;
When the winter snows are falling,
And the fire on the hearth is warm,
May they think on the prayer of the grand-dame,
"For the shelterless lambs in the storm."

The Cross.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them he bore
His father's frown;
The thorny crown;
Nailed to the cross,
Endured is pain
That his life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor ever dare refuse
The Lord your heart,
Lest He declare
"I know you not;"
And deep despair
Forever be your lot.

Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,
And trust to Him who there was crucified.

The Mystic Tie.

When the battle of the Thames was raging an American observed that where a certain Indian chief commanded, the rifles poured in their deadliest aim upon our lines. Stealthily did the young soldier creep up along a bank 'till within point blank shot of the chieftain. He "drew his bead," but just as his finger was on the trigger, a shot from an Indian struck his rifle and it dropped from his hand. The chief saw it as it fell and rushed on to destroy its owner. Unarmed, the soldier ran for his life across the prairie, and the chief after him. The superior muscular force of the savage, enabled him to gain rapidly on his foe, and he at last raised his tomahawk to drive it into his brain. Suddenly the thought struck the soldier that that the Indian might be a Freemason. So in despair he made the sign proper in such cases; the tomahawk dropped, and the man was saved. The name of that Masonic chieftain was Tecumsch.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH.—"As I grow older," says a distinguished preacher, "I do not recede from a sense of the need of theology, but I intensify in my conception of the need of the simple virtues as they are called, and of no one more than that of truth, not only in the inward parts, but outwardly in the work. The habit of yea, yea, and nay, nay, is but very poorly formed in this country. All throughout the national character, the habit of not waiting to think before using words, the habit of saying one thing and meaning another, the habit of equivocation, of half-speaking, of suppressions, is fearfully prevalent. And I hold that among the things that should occupy the attention of Sabbath-schools and common schools and pulpits is the indoctrination of this people in the necessity and simplicity and beauty of *speaking the truth always.*"

MALE AND FEMALE HAIR.—It is a curious fact revealed by the microscope, that the hair of the head of women is larger in its fibre than that of men, and to this circumstance is due the fact that it obtains a greater length. It is, therefore, of more importance that the skin of the scalp in the female should be supplied with all those materials of which hair is composed; or the hair produced will be imperfect in its structure, irregular and rough.

"FATHER," said a cobler's boy, as he was peggin away at an old shoe, "they say the trout bite now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "you stick to your work and they won't bite you!"

THE INVESTMENT;

Or, the Two Merchants.

"Can you loan me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not yet out of his teens, of a middle aged gentleman, who was pouring over a pile of ledgers in the counting-room of one of the largest establishments in Boston. The person addressed turned toward the speaker and regarding him a moment with a look of surprise, inquired:—

"What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?"

"Nothing but my note," replied the young man promptly.

"Which I fear would be below par in market," replied the merchant smiling.

"Perhaps so," said the young man, "but, Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time *may* come when Hiram Strosser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man."

"True, very true," replied Mr. Barton mildly, "but you know business men seldom loan money without adequate security—otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."

At this remark the young man's countenance became deathly pale, and having observed a silence of several moments he inquired in a voice whose tones indicated his deep disappointment—

"Then you cannot accommodate me, can you?"

"Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton; and the young man retired.

Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk, but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand, that he could not pursue his task with any correctness; and, after having made several sad blunders, he closed the ledger, and took his hat, and went out upon the street. Arriving opposite the store of a wealthy merchant upon Milk street, he entered the door.

"Good morning Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment who was seated at his desk, counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning," replied the merchant, blandly; "happy to see you; have a seat? Any news? how's trade?"

Without noticing these interrogations, Mr. Barton said:

"Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hawley, evidently surprised at the announcement; "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?"

"I do not know," replied Mr. Barton, "Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hawley, doubtfully, "but I am heartily tired of helping to re-establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered any from such a course?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. Hawley.

"No," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than the stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that, if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

"Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment of that kind, I shall consider you very foolish."

Mr. Barton observed a silence of several minutes and then arose to depart.

"If you do not feel disposed to share with me in this enterprise I shall advance the whole sum myself."

* * * * * *

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk as when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger was examined, his despair became deeper and deeper, till at last he exclaimed:

"I am ruined—utterly ruined!"

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting-room in season to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perleh, Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing in my papers to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again, but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I cannot keep above the tide," replied Mr. Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?" inquired Strosser.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," replied Mr. Barton.

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would."

"Then, sir, you shall have it;" said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk, and drew a check for seventy-five thousand dollars.

"Here, take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call upon me.—Remember that it was from you I received money to establish myself in business."

"But that debt was cancelled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, but the debt of *gratitude* that I owe you has never been cancelled and now that the scale is turned I deem it my duty to come to the rescue."

At this singular turn in the tide of fortune Mr. Batton fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased, and his business improved, while several other firms sunk under the blow, and could not rally, among whom was Mr. Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of the story.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter upon the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily, indeed, I can assure you," replied Barton.

"Well do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley: "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me, and yet you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even bettered by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. B. with a look of surprise, "but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part I could not obtain a dollar credit, the banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."

"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment!" echoed Mr. Hawley, 'what investment?'

"Why, do you remember how I established young Strosser in business some ten years ago?'

"O, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance, "but what of that?"

"He is now one of the heaviest dry goods dealers in the city, and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you on the morning I called to offer you an equal share of the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in the bank."

During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and, drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind cheered and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.—*Worth and Wealth.*

Advice to the Girls.

"Punch's Pocket Book" has the following, from the pen of "a single woman of the world:"—"If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuffs them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband. In the same way always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast, or Sally Lunn but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy, no 'brown' at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever, at home. The man, my dears, who wears goloshes, and is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle, and prevents it boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who does'nt take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money; but most decidedly not for love. But the man who, when tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first."

IMPORTANT HINTS TO PARENTS.—Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make the experiment with his son of ten years of age, for a single week, and only during the hours which are not spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child—converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer inquiries, communicate facts—the result of his reading or observation—awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things, and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he himself will be astonished at the progress that will be made.

God knows what keys in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies.—They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness; God knows where the melodies of our natures are, and what discipline will call them forth. Some with plaintive songs must walk in lowly vales all life's weary way, others in loftier hymns shall sing of nothing but joy as they tread the mountain tops of life, but they all unite without a discord or a jar, as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

Dime Novel Reading.

The pernicious effect upon children of reading dime novels and other literature of the yellow cover variety, has recently been illustrated by an occurrence in this city. A number of young boys, on Perry street and vicinity, have been in the habit of reading these trashy works to an unusual extent. One of them has expended twelve or fifteen dollars in the purchase of dime novels during the past summer, and his companions have been but little behind him. These novels are all of the extreme sensational character, and belong to the most superficial of their class. The exploits of burglars, of highwaymen, of smugglers, of murderers, of pirates, and of every other blood-thirsty character known to fact and fiction make up the material of the dime novel to a great extent.

The boys of which we speak had gorged themselves with this class of reading so long, that they had contracted a morbid desire for adventure, which finally took practical shape about two weeks ago. At that time five or six of them—the oldest fourteen years of age, the youngest ten—organized themselves into a "band of robbers," with a capital of forty dollars to begin business with. They proceeded to a wild cavern, near Bedford, which they had selected as their base of operation—from which they could commit depredations upon the surrounding country. This would enable them to become practical Dick Turpins and Jack Shepards, about whom they had read in the dime novels. They lived in the cave a number of days and during that time were busy with all sorts of mischief. At last their parents found out their strange hiding place and took them home.

The depredations of the "gang" were by no means confined to their residence in the cave, but had taken place before that event, and have been committed since.—Several of them have been caught in the act of burglariously entering houses. The youngest of the party has recently been away from his almost distracted parents for an entire week, and it was not until one of the "gang" had been bribed to disclose his hiding place, that the little fellow was discovered.

We imagine that parents will find it advantageous to supervise the reading of their children to a certain extent.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

SHARP SHOOTING.—According to a New York correspondent, some of the crack shots of that city are about to try their hands at Jerome Park. He says:

Two hundred and fifty pigeons are held in reserve, like so many turkeys, waiting for the slaughter. Eight gentlemen, lawyers, merchants and men of leisure, are to be the sportsmen. Among them are Recorder Hackett, counsel to the corporation, Devlin, Shepherd, Knapp, and others of our first men. Probably in the whole country no eight men can be found that equal these gentlemen. Recorder Hackett is undoubtedly the best shot in the country. Any of his friends will hold a penny between their fingers and allow him to hit it at ten paces, which he invariably does. He can knock the ashes off a gentleman's cigar while the cigar is in his mouth, with unvarying accuracy. A la William Tell, he has more than once shot apples from the head of a friend.—Jennins, of the London Times, has more than once desired the Recorder to shoot an apple from his head, that he might write home to the Times that the feat was actually done to him. But as the pistol is not always true, his friends interposed and prevented the feat, although the Recorder was willing. One of the gentlemen shot at a bumblebee on the wing the other day, and cut him in two.

I HAVE ORDERS NOT TO GO.—"I have orders, positive orders, not to go there; orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so *womanish!* come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat little book from his pocket, and read aloud:

"*Enter not into the paths of the wicked; and go not in the way of evil men.—Avoid it! pass not near! turn from it! and pass away!*"

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid my going with you. They are God's orders, and by his help I mean to keep them."

WEAR A SMILE.—You can, if you will, live among beautiful flowers, and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy, almost beyond endurance.—Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eye, and love on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

DR. JOHNSON used to say: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any." "Little by little" is the way in which Providence opens to us opportunities of usefulness. We may not rule a city, but we can rule our own spirit. To found a university may not be in our power, but we can give a cup of cold water in the name of Christ.

Practical Joking.

Joe and Commodore Rodgers, brother blacksmiths, in Whitewater, Wisconsin, have a great reputation for being practical jokers. Last summer Joe bought an old-fashioned dish churn, for the purpose of manufacturing their own butter; and as the Commodore was a widower and lived with Joe, all such work as churning naturally fell to him. One day, after supper, the first churning was got ready, and the Commodore was invited to churn.

"Hold on," says he, "till I go down and get some tobacco."

He went, and while gone Joe did the churning, took out the butter, and left the butter-milk in the churn. The Commodore returned, looked at the churn, took off his coat and says: "Wa'al old churn, it's you and I, and here's for ye!" and commenced his labor.

After churning a couple of hours, he remarked that he "guessed it would be cheaper to buy butter than to make it."

"I think so, too," said Joe, "if you are going to churn it out of buttermilk!"

A few days after that churning process Joe put one end of a small bar of iron into his forge fire, gave the bellows three or four pumps, and stepped into the back shop. While gone the Commodore heated the iron to a black heat, then changed ends with it and stepped out of the front door to watch the progress. In came Joe, took up the iron, but dropped it instantly, roaring with pain.

"Put on some buttermilk, Joe, it's good for a burn," said the Commodore, as he made a masterly retreat amid a shower of boquets, composed of hammers, hard coal and horse shoes.

SMITH, BROWN AND JONES.—It may be of interest to state, as gathered from Lanman's Congressional Dictionary, recently issued, that of the fifty-two senators now acting, about forty are lawyers, four merchants, three editors, one shoemaker, one manufacturer, and three or four of no specified business. In the House there are about 125 lawyers, 27 merchants, 12 farmers, 10 editors, 8 manufacturers, 3 physicians, 2 bankers, and two teachers or professors. We collate from the same volume that since the organization of the National Congress there have been in that august body 57 of the Smith family, eight of whom were John, 26 Browns, Johns 6, 3 John Jones and 22 others of the Jones tribe, 20 Thompsons with the "p" and one who discarded it, 31 Johnsons, 28 Williams, 22 Wilsons, 17 Taylors, besides the tailor of the White House 16 Jacksons, 16 Andersons, 16 Morris, 13 Wrights, 10 Pattersons—three of whom were "Billies."

LAUGHABLE.—An aged divine, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said that his gravity had never been but once disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion he noticed a man directly in front of him leaning over the gallery, with something in his hand, which he had afterwards discovered to be a huge chew of tobacco, just taken from his mouth. Directly below sat a man fast asleep, with his mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was intensely engaged in raising and lowering his hand, taking an exact observation, till at last, having got it right, he let fall his quid, and it went plumb in the mouth of the sleeper below. The whole scene was so indescribably ludicrous that for the first time in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher.

A PARENTAL LETTER.—The following letter was written by a father to his son a college:

"*My Dear Son*:—I write to send you your new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I kept back half, and only send you five. Your own mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

THE EFFECT OF TREES ON CLIMATE.—The Canary Isles, when first discovered were clothed with thick forests. A great part of these words, were destroyed by the first settlers, and the result has been the lessening of the rains and the dwindling away of the springs and brooks. The aridity of the interior of Spain is owing to the hatred of the Spaniards to trees.—Many districts in France have been injured in respect to climate by denudation The maritime regions of Algeria are remarkably dry, owing to the native husbandman cutting down all the arborescent productions. On the other hand, rain has become more frequent in Egypt since the vigorous cultivation of palm trees.

IT it easy to say "Know yourself," but who is to introduce you? Most people go through life without making the advantageous acquaintance in question. And if a friend should take the liberty of introducing you to yourself, you hate him forever.

SEVERAL nice young gentlemen went to the residence of a young damsel a few nights since to give a serenade. After some time the servant stepped out, and walking up to the harpest, exclaimed, "My friend, the folks are all a-bed: *you can't get a cent here to-night.*"

A ROMANTIC young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

THE PRAYER OF THE POOR FOR THE POOR.

I ask for wealth to aid the poor,
Whose pitied wounds I may not heal;
Whose presence I but ill endure,
So helpless is the grief I feel.

When thus, me thought, the Lord replied:
"The world, with all its wealth is mine;
My hand of love, if open wide,
Would need no trembling aid from *thine.*"

"Oh! give me wealth," again I said,
"That I may taste the sweet employ
Of giving orphan children bread,
And cheering widowed hearts with joy!"
"The whispered well my deep distress,
Are all I now to replied to me:
Yet once again I dared to express
The wish to bless,
"The rich who love Thy name,
Let me but pass the 'needle's eye,'
To bear thy gifts securely through."

The voice replied in accents mild:
"Both good and evil work for me;
If thou were rich, repining child,
Thou, like the rest might faithless be."

"Mourn less, yet combat more the ill
Thou didst not cause, and canst not cure;
'Tis thine to bear Thy Father's will,
'Tis His to aid the helpless poor."

"And e'en in this desponding hour,
Thou feel'st that 'tis the better part
To have the heart, devoid of power,
Than having power, to lack the heart."

An Oil Story.

Henry Ward Beecher related the following incident in one of his recent sermons:

Not long ago a gentleman who was engaged in the coal oil business had made some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, and he concluded he had made enough—extraordinary as it may seem—and that he would wind up his affairs and come home. I do not believe one of you would have done it. Fifteen thousand dollars! Why that is just enough to bait the tray of Mammon. Well, he wound up his affairs, and was on the point of leaving, when he was met by a young man of his acquaintance (I believe they both reside in New York) who had invested six thousand dollars, as he had, in an experimental well, and had been boring and boring until he had given out in discouragement. And coming to this man he said, "I shall loose six thousand dollars if I am obliged to give up my interest in that well," and begged him to take it off his hands. "I am selling out and not taking on," says the man. But the young man pleaded with him, and out of personal kindness he said: "Very well, I will take it."

In two days they struck a vein in this well, it was an immensely fruitful well, and he sold his share for two hundred thousand dollars. The young man was present when the check was drawn on New York for the amount, and he felt like death and mourned and said, "It is always my luck; I am always a little too late." And the man said, "You may take ten thousand of it, if you want it." The young man thought he was jesting, but he assured him that he was not, and said "I will make it twenty thousand if it will do you any good." "Or," said he, "I will make it fifty thousand." "Well," said he, "take the whole of it, I do not want it. Give me six thousand and you may have the advantages of the good luck." And so he gave the young man the advantage of the two hundred thousand dollars. All of you who would have done this may rise up.

The story may be true or not. We can readily believe, however, that all his congregation rose, but we should not like to ask one of them for a thousand dollars.

FRAUDS.—There is a constant succession of reports of frauds and swindles of every possible description, from all parts of the country. Smuggling, defalcations, revenue frauds, illicit distillation of spirits and violations and evasions of the laws in every conceivable way, are now the burden of most of the news columns of a daily journal. As the Philadelphia Ledger remarks, either we are now in a condition of extraordinary wickedness, or else the concealed villanies of a long period have all been suddenly uncovered to the light of day.

VIEWS OF A SOUTHERNER.—It is related of a son of General Robert E. Lee, that at a recent dinner party in Richmond, one of the guests proposed as a toast, "The Fallen Flag." Col. Lee promptly placed his hand upon the glass and arose. "Gentlemen," said he, "this will not do. We are paroled prisoners. We now have but one flag, and that is the flag of our whole country—the glorious old stars and stripes. I can recognize no other, fight for no other, and will drink to no other."

DEATHS FROM CHOLERA.—The bureau of statistics at Washington has received from the mayors of American cities information in reference to the deaths from cholera for the four months ending December 1, 1866. The total number was 10,805, of which 1,189 occurred in New York, 834 in Philadelphia, 899 in Memphis, 978 in Chicago, and 3,522 in St. Louis.

TO PROTECT SHEEP FROM DOGS.—If sheep are kept in the same lot with cows or fat cattle, no dog will disturb them.—As soon as the dogs approach the sheep, they run to the cattle who drive off the dogs. A farmer for thirty years, in Shelby county, by adopting this plan, never lost a sheep by dogs, although in the same night the same dogs killed sheep in the farms north and south of him.

A LITTLE boy, who sat listening to some gentlemen conversing at his father's table, heard one of them quote the well-know line: "An honest man's the noblest work of God" when he said, that he didn't believe it, for his mother was better than any man that ever was made.

THERE is one advantage in being a block-head, you are never attacked with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can worry he ceases to be a fool.

A YOUNG man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

A PLEASANT word in the morning, which is a kind feeling coined into expression, may keep two hearts aglow and sunny all day.

WHY does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging? It has a pupil under the lash.

WHY is U the gayest letter in the alphabet? Because it is always in *fun.*