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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 in the Masonic Hall.

Jas. 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.

20,000 Peach Trees for sale; can be seen on the subscriber's Farm.
NORRIS BERNARD,
Still Pond X Roads, P. O., Md.
Jan. 12, 1867—tf.

Groceries Not Advanced,
AS HAS BEEN REPORTED. Sugars still 10 and 12½ cents per lb.
Jan. 26. T. W. ELIASON & SON.

A CARD.
DR. J. T. TWILLEY respectfully informs those who may wish to see him on professional business, that he will be absent from his office from this date until Monday, Feb. 4th.
Jan. 26, 1867—2t.

FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers at private sale, TWELVE FINE YOUNG HORSES, on a credit of 12 months, with approved security. Also, a few large TURKEYS, of the Bronze breed.
JOHN GALE,
jan5-tf. Worton Manor.

LOOK HERE!
STRAYED from the subscriber on the 28th December, a Dark Red Horned COW, with a knot on the right side, near the flank, supposed to be from a gore. A liberal reward will be paid for any information leading to her recovery. ALFRED L. BENJAMIN.
Chestertown, Jan. 26—3t.

Live Poultry Wanted.
TURKEYS, LIVE, 14 cents per pound,
GEESE & DUCKS 13 " " "
CHICKENS 12 " " "
EGGS 30 cents per dozen.
At SHALLCROSS' WHARF,
jan26-3t. Near Locust Grove.

For Sale,
THE FARM formerly belonging to John B. H. Anderson, located between Fairlee and Worton, on the Bay, containing 389 ACRES. For particulars enquire on the premises. WM. OVEREND.
Jan. 26, 1867—3t*

Delinquent Tax-Payers
Of the First District,
TAKE NOTICE.
THIRTY DAYS after the date of this notice, I shall proceed to collect all unpaid taxes in the 1st District of Kent county for 1866, BY LAW. This is the *last notice*, and all who are in arrears will consult their interest by paying up. I will make NO EXCEPTIONS whatever, as my books must be closed up.
SAMUEL G. COPPER, Collector.
Jan. 26, 1867—3t.

LOOK! LOOK!
NOW OPEN
At E. T. WILLIS'
Nearly opposite the Court House, adjoining the store of T. W. Eliason & Son,
A Fine Assortment of
Gold and Silver WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
Plated Ware,
&c., &c.,
Just Purchased in New York and Philadelphia from the Importers and Manufacturers, and will be sold as cheap as they can be bought at retail in the City. All Goods warranted as represented.
Call and see for yourselves. Remember the place, at E. T. WILLIS', nearly opposite the Court House. [Jan. 12, 1867—tf.]

New Store!
CHEAP FOR CASH.
JOHN SMITH,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a Store in Chestertown, adjoining that of J. H. Burchinal & Son, and has on hand a well selected stock of
Dry Goods, Groceries,
Ready-Made Clothing,
among which is a large stock of Superior Over Coats, which I will sell off at cost.
Also, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Crockery ware, Wooden ware, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco of excellent quality, Confectionery, Dried Fruit, &c., &c.
I am selling cheap for cash, and invite purchasers to call and examine my goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods. JOHN SMITH.
Chestertown, Jan. 5, 1867.

Harness Manufactory
JOHN F. HOWARD,
HAS now in store, at his old Stand, in the room formerly occupied by Geo. Vickers, Esq., as a Law Office, a large lot of first-rate
Harness, Saddles,
BRIDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS,
BITS, SPURS, BUCKLES and MOUNTING of every description. These Harness are made up in the best manner, of superior material, and will be sold at such prices as to make it to the interest of all to purchase of him.
Those in want of anything in this line of business are respectfully invited to call.
REPAIRING neatly and promptly done.
Thankful for the liberal patronage I have received in the past, I hope by strict attention to business, and using every effort to give entire satisfaction, to merit and receive an increase of patronage. JOHN F. HOWARD.
Chestertown, Jan. 5, 1867.

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.
NEW U. S. BOUNTIES,
INCREASED PENSIONS,
BACK PAY, &c., &c.
State and Local Bounty.
White and Colored Soldiers, or their Widows or heirs, can have their claims promptly and faithfully attended to, (without charge until collected,) by
WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
70 *W. Fayette St.*, (*near St. Paul St.*,)
BALTIMORE, MD.
Information given *Gratis.—Enclose a postage Stamp for reply.* jan12.

SPECTACLES—Gold, Silver & Steel frames—for sale very low, at WILLIS', adjoining the store of T. W. Eliason & Son.

The Cobbler's Secret.

A waggish cobbler, once in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation,
That he'd be willing to disclose
For a due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose—
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pair of shoes.

From every quarter to the sight,
There ran a thousand fellows,
Tanners, cobblers, boot-men, shoe men,
Jolly leather sellers,
All redolent of beer and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides;
Each fellow pays his thirty pence,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! the cobbler enters,
And casts around his eyes,
Then curles his lip, the rogue—then frowns,
And then looks wondrous wise.
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose,
And every one of you, I think,
Might learn it if you choose.

"A good sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So easy is it none can fail,
Let him be child or man,
To make a hundred pair of shoes!
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pair of boots,
And cut off all the tops!"

Content.

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies!

Home.

"Home is home, be it ever so homely." This remark conveys a beautiful truth, which every one must have felt who has been at any time absent from his birthplace. Gay as the scenes may be in which we mingle, we return with thankfulness to an increased enjoyment of home.—There is a mystic spell which binds our affections to the place. If we go abroad in the world, and, traveling in foreign countries, ask the strangers whom we meet in our journey where are their thoughts constantly reverting, the answer will be—HOME. Trouble may overtake us, and misfortunes cast their shadows on the road, yet we turn with delight to the distant horizon where there shines a pale and beautiful star, reminding us of life's unclouded spring of days, ceaseless happiness and undisturbed repose—of a many and well remembered spot. In the mystic land of dreams the soul revisits the past, unfolds the veil of years, and in its early beauty wanders among the varied meads. The mother, kind and gentle, stands before us in her endearing beauty, and the father and guardian of our youth welcomes us again to the portals of home. Alas! the grave has closed over their virtues, and that once bright and beautiful home is desolate!

"Love is light that shines forever;
Its chain of gold, what hand can break it?
Its deathless hold, what force can shake it?
Mere passion things of earth may sever,
But hearts that love, love on forever."

In strange lands, how much we delight in telling of the far away home, and its innumerable charms! Home with every one is dear, no matter how humble its character may be; nature may have frowned upon the spot, and the dreary moor and rugged rock be its chief characteristics; still the heart clings to it, for there the heart's earliest affections were inspired, and the old love abides with it forever; there the infant mind become awakened, there reason dawned upon the soul, and health and joy vigorated the frame. Years may have passed away, and greatness and grandeur may have become the fortune of the native of the wild; but his thoughts will revert from gay and festive halls to the humble cottage. Dear, dear home! thou art a sacred spot, holy, pure, and full of tender recollections! We have passed many a pleasant hour, and roved through many a brilliant scene—we have become careless wanderers over the earth, sporting in the scenes of brightness and delight, and mingling with the fairest and best of beings—we turn with delight to thee and thy associations, and in imagination read the bygone scenes, the gay voices, the loved companions, and for the moment are happy with them. The dream passes; the spirits that peopled our thoughts are gone. We are sensible that in the stream of life there is no going backward.—"Time, like a pitiless master, cries 'Onward!'" And we obey our destiny, singing still, "There is no place like home!"

DON'T FORGET TO PRAY.

A lady who had charge of young persons not of kindred blood became on one occasion perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and being grieved in spirit, laid her head on the table and wept bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter, seated quietly in the corner. Unable to bear longer the sight of her mother's distress, she stole softly to her side, and taking her hand in both her own, said—

"Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn:

"If e'er you meet with trials
Or troubles on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray."

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child, by having her become her own blessed teacher. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings" God has ordained praise.

IN a country graveyard, in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a young lady, with only this inscription upon it: "Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged eighteen."

THE REBUKE.

He sat his empty kettle on the table, and threw himself on the homely lounge. He was a laboring man, his face was brown with toil. All day long he had been out in the hot sun upon the top of a house, slating the roof. Sometimes his head was giddy and his neck weak, but he straightened himself up with thoughts of home and the treasures there. And now at the sound of his voice, dimples break over smooth red cheeks, and loving fingers play with his curls. He shuts his eyes to frame the picture of his heart—the picture of his wife getting supper—the picture of his prattling baby. He feels the cool of the evening, and all these things comfort him, yet he is not quite grateful—not wholly, for to-day he saw another picture that made him envious, rich Sam Marlow riding out with his wife and child—a handsome two; Sam, portly, contented, and smiling; his wife, with a dainty color in her cheek, and rich garments folded about her.

"He and I were boys together," the poor man said to himself bending to his work again: "and see how Providence has blessed him, though he began with almost nothing. Now he keeps horses and a carriage, lives in a beautiful house, has married a fortune, and with plenty of leisure, can bring up his one boy just as I have longed to do with my Tom. I, by marrying early and poor, have brought burdens upon Mary's shoulders that must be hard to bear. Five little ones, and only a day laborer yet!" and he sighed wearily.

All day the heavy heart never left him and his fellow-laborers wondered what had come over their usually merry friend now he had brought that shadow home with him—the phantom horse and rider, the envy and care.

"My Mary is a handsomer woman than his wife," he muttered, nursing his misery, "and yet she never knew rest. As for taking her out for a drive"—he ended this sentence with a bitter laugh.

Moments passed, during which the cloud grew thicker and heavier. A neighbor passing by, told of a strange disease that had lately appeared in their midst; the doctors called it diptheria, she said, and it was a terrible and fatal sickness. Then the door shut and the voice faded away, but the something dreary did not pass from the man's heart.

Suddenly there was a sound of alarm in the bright kitchen.

"Harry, come here."

He arose slowly, and passed through the door of a plain little parlor.

His wife held the baby in her arms; the other children were gathered anxiously about her, looking on.

"What can be the matter with him?—He seemed well enough until now. But his lips are blue, and suddenly he ceased play; and hear how he draws his breath! Harry, he is very sick, and you must go for the doctor."

Harry started at once; little Herbert was his idol—a most beautiful and attractive child, winning and loving—a very angel in the humble home. It was not long before the physician was in their midst.—His first glance was startling, his second grave. Herbert was very ill; the terrible sickness was upon him in its most fearful form. All that night they ministered to him in his agony, for they felt that in such struggles the little frail flower would soon be broken from the stalk, though shielded by the tenderest care. And, alas! when morning broke in unclouded brightness, the sweet face of the babe was set towards it, but it saw no light; the spirit had gone to its upper home and left the house desolate.

How long a time elapsed no one knew in that household, for the hours passed unheeded; but death came again and again and Harry and his wife stood in their lone home desolate. The strong man was bowed to the earth with agony. For a time his reason was threatened. He accused God; he heaped curses upon himself.

"I was envious of another," he cried, "and see how God has smitten me! O, give me back my children! Only give me those blessings of my eyes, the jewels of my heart, and I'll toil like a slave—not only through the burning hours of the day but into the blackness and chill of midnight. I will live on a crust; I ask nothing for comfort—but give me my children, Lord, I am bereft!"

His wife, in the midst of her own grief, tried to comfort him, but he would not listen to reason. He saw only through the earth, black with damps and horribly alive with insect vitality, the beautiful brows of his five little children, hidden away from him forever and ever.

While thus sorrow was fresh upon him, came a letter postmarked England. His wife opened it and learned that an uncle, of whom they had heard nothing for years, had died within a few months, and left her husband his heir.

Over the five graves of his little children a treasure of gold was ready to be poured. Harry listened with a stony glance. What was wealth to him now? "O, for just one loving smile from the blue-eyed baby! Take the treasure, dear Lord, I don't want it now—rather to give me a few feet of earth beside my children. Heap up the gold, and put my little Berty beside it, living, only for one hour, let me feel his dear lips pressed to mine, and for that choice I would barter every dollar. O for poverty, blessed poverty with my children!"

"I say, Harry, do you know you are fast asleep in the draft?"

Bewildered, up into the thick-bearded face of the speaker the laborer gazed.

"Well, haven't you a word of welcome for your brother! What do you see with those wild eyes of yours? Is the man crazy?"

For Harry had flung himself on his knees and with strong cries thanked God again. Then he sprang up and wrung the hand of a sailor brother—run up past him, caught his wife and kissed her, and gathered his babies about him, held them to his strong, loving heart, while great tears rolled down his cheeks. Then, as his wife looked up wondering, frightened, he cried in a choking voice:

"I dreamed they were all dead, Mary, all dead; and I thank God it was only a dreadful dream. Never, never, shall I be envious again. O, Mary, to see them as they lay there"—and again he covered their smiling lips with kisses, sobbing in his joy.

And this was the way the repining husband and father was led to give up envy and all uncharitableness. Truly, sometimes the Spirit doth come to instruct us in our dreams.

Has She a Call?

Has she a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than of her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once or twice a day?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin a buttonless shirt bosom?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who calls for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea and watery potatoes, six days out of seven?

Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves her frowns for the home fireside?

Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, a soiled dressing gown, and shoes down at the heel?

Has she a call to be a wife who bores her husband, when he comes into the house, with the history of a broken teacup, or the possible whereabouts of a missing broom handle?

Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next neighbor's damask curtain or velvet carpet?

Has she a call to be a wife who has the headache whenever her husband wants her to walk with him, but willingly wears out her gaiter boots promenading with his gentleman friends?

Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and "have an eye" when at home to servants and children?

MATRIMONY IN ITALY.—In Genoa there are regular marriage brokers, who have memorandum books filled with the names of marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, and other circumstances. These brokers go about endeavoring to make arrangements in the same off-hand, mercantile manner which they would bring to bear upon a business transaction; and when they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion, with such extras or bonuses as may be voluntarily bestowed by the party. Marriage at Genoa is thus often simply a matter of business calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may annul the contract, on condition of defraying the brokerage and any other expense incurred.

HOW TO PROPOSE.—A party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if ever he offered himself he would do it in a collected and business-like manner. For instance, he continued, addressing a lady present, "Miss Smith, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in receipt of about three hundred a year, which is on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance I admire you the most; indeed, I love you, and would gladly make you my wife." "You flatter me by your preference," good-humoredly replied Miss Smith, to the surprise of all present; "I refer you to my father."—"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen.—"Well, I declare!" said the ladies, in a chorus. The lady and gentlemen, good reader, were married soon after. Wasn't that a modest way of "coming to the point," and a lady-like method of taking a man at his word?

THE following, duly signed, was lately contained in a Western paper:

"Whereas, at particular times I may oportune my friends and others to let me have liquor, which is hurtful to me and detrimental to society; this is, therefore, to forbid any person selling me liquor, or letting me have it on any account, for if they do I will positively posecute them, notwithstanding any promise I may make to the contrary at the time they may let me have it."

A LITTLE girl whose mother often talked to her of heaven in such a way that she considered it a glorious shining place above the sky, crept in between the curtain and window one evening, and stood for a long time gazing into the sky. Suddenly she bounded to her mother's side, exclaiming, "Mother! oh, mother! I know now what the stars be! God punches holes in his floor, and that lets the shine down!"

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked a son of Erin. "Upon my life," was the ready reply, "I don't know whether I'm an aunt or an uncle."

ORIGINAL.

The Earth a Scene of Pleasure and Happiness.

Oh! what a beautiful and lovely place is this green world of ours, filled with so many delightful objects to win our admiration, command our attention, filling us with a feeling of pleasure and delight, and creating within us a sense of reverence and gratitude to our Creator who has formed everything so enchantingly beautiful, so amazingly grand, so sublimely romantic, so magnificent, high and pure.

When we take a "bird's-eye" view of this revolving sphere of ours, and behold the many beautiful rivers that meander through the country, the clear, silvery lakes and bays, the great and rapid falls, the mighty ocean, the towering mountain clifts, the vast prairies covered with grass, the innumerable islands which mark the ocean, the infinite number of handsome gardens filled with sweet and fragrant flowers, the vast vegetation, and the isthmuses and straits which accurately unite and separate, separate and unite the land and water,—we cannot but see and feel that this is a beautiful and delightful earth.

Who is there on this verdant earth that cannot find pleasure in astronomy? With what a feeling of mingled awe and pleasure do we behold the vast firmament, filled with the emblissoning day-king, the brilliant night-queen, and those bright, illuminating orbs, the stars! What a lovely and grand sight is it to behold the Sun, as he rises from out the dark expanse, in silent majesty! and with what a feeling of awful grandeur do we watch the setting sun as he gracefully declines behind the western horizon! To every one, all this is a pleasure, even those who have tasted of the bitter cup of sorrow.

Here we are in a world filled with literature and fine arts, which is to many a great source of pleasure; and with association, *religion*, friendship, love, and society, and many, many things to make us happy and contented. Then why should we worry, regret, fret and have the blues? Let us in the future strive to appreciate the gifts God so generously bestows upon us, and at last "awake to raptures beyond the tomb."

A. R. L.

"Violet Grove," Jan. 26, 1867.

LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin matter of personal merit, or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life effect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them and they are generally sufficiently punished by the public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills; there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven years' Revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!—*Daniel Webster.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN?—Mr. Leonard W. Jerome has given $5,000 in United States bonds to Princeton College, the interest of which is to be expended annually in the purchase of a medal, to be awarded to the graduate who shall be declared each year, by a vote of his classmates, to be the "first gentleman in his class." In his letter to Dr. McLean, President of the College, Mr. Jerome observes that he has not forgotten a remark made by the doctor to Mr. Jerome's class whilst the latter was in college, when the doctor said, "Young gentlemen, with all your getting, I advise you to get a little manners." This remark, Mr. Jerome thinks, is still applicable, and that the most pressing necessity of Young America just now is the article then recommended by Dr. McLean. As to what constitutes the character of a gentleman, the donor of the $5,000 says that "due regard for the feelings of others" lies at the foundation of it.

HOW TO KEEP POOR.—There is no working man but would rejoice to have the way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches. No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: Two glasses of ale a day at 10 cents, $75; three cigars, one after each meal, $109.50, board for a big dog, $30—all in one year, $212.50, sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and dalf a dozen pairs of shoes. If you don't believe it, figure for yourselves.

Modesty in a woman is like the color on her cheek—decidedly becoming, if not put on.

FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD.

We did not think that any man in his senses would believe or avow that the South was desirous of another war. Yet there are men in the North who unblushingly avow that we are preparing for another "rebellion." All the fools are evidently not dead, and when such a man as Ben. Butler gives currency to the accusation, he forces us to doubt whether his wisdom exceeds his audacity.

The people of the North have been dosed *ad nauseam* with a good many tough yarns about us, both by their press and politicians, but we do not think they are such stupid asses as to believe (even when the assertion is made by such a veracious prophet as Butler) that we are contemplating another war. Butler has been always noted as a very nervous and apprehensive warrior, and, perhaps, like that steed spoken of in Isaiah, he "snuffed battle and danger afar off."

A charge like the one we have been commenting upon is so supremely ridiculous and absurd, that it only excites a smile in all who read it, and causes a feeling of pity and contempt for the folly or dishonesty of those who make it. Will those wiseacres who dread another rebellion please tell us how we are to get up one? With most of our young men slain or maimed; with our arms gone, resources exhausted, credit destroyed, and all our strong places garrisoned by federal troops, does any sane man believe there is danger of another war? The man who asserts such a proposition simply commits self stultification.—*Richmond Times.*

THE PEOPLE'S WILL.—The Radical members of Congress (says the Washington National Republican) base their assumptions of despotic power over the President and Supreme Court, and "any other man," upon the fact that they have been elected lately by the people who sustain their policy. Now the people have never elected a Congress upon the issue that the Congress should destroy the machinery of the Government and reconstruct it according to their notions. It is true that the power of this nation is derived primarily from the people, but the people have never authorised any member of Congress to go one step beyond the Constitution; or to change the plan of government, or to alter the checks and balances so wisely devised by the framers of the Government. The will of the people makes itself felt surely and irresistably, but it must be through the constitutional forms, else we shall soon become another Mexico.

RAINY WEATHER AND MORTALITY.—Notwithstanding that rainy weather causes colds and coughs, even fever, it has lately been noticed, through combined meteorological observations and medical statistics, that rainy years are not so injurious to health as is commonly supposed. Heavy rains undoubtedly wash away many causes of contagious diseases. Experiments in Liverpool, extending over a great many years, have proved that the heavier the rains in summer the less children die of diarrhœa. In Calcutta the cholera always diminishes in the rainy season there. In the low countries of Holland and Northern Germany, where fever and ague is epidemic, the number of patients suffering from this disease is very great in dry summers and small in rainy seasons. Mr. Rowell has kept tables from 1848 to 1866 that appear to prove that in years when more rain falls than usual the mortality is less than usual, and vice versa. In all this there is a hint given directly by nature about the necessity of using plenty of water to keep everything clean and wholesome.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

NEGRO TESTIMONY IN SOUTH CAROLINA. Judge Bryan, in his charge to the grand jury of Charleston, a few days ago, said: "From the character of one of the witnesses to be brought before you, you will realize the great change in our laws. The black man is now a competent witness, both by the laws of the United States and the legislation of our own State. You will accept his testimony and give that credit to it to which the intelligence and character of the party entitle it. As far as color is concerned, there is no distinction as to the competency of testimony."

COLDS IN THE HEAD.—As this is the season for these troublesome and annoying little maladies, a remedy pointed out by the French Hospital *Gazette*, may be of interest and use on this side of the Atlantic. It consists in the inhaling of the tincture of iodine, by holding a vial of the tincture under the nose. The warmth of the hand volatilizes the tincture. It is to be breathed at intervals of three minutes, and the malady is soon conquered.

THE COST OF A NEWSPAPER.—The receipts of the *Tribune* for 1865 were $816,537, and for 1866 $909,418. The expenses for 1862 were $646,107, and for 1866 $882,908. The former year gave a net profit of $170,430, and the latter one of $26,510. Nothing being charged for rent, the profits of last year have really amounted to very little.

SCENE IN A COUNTRY INN.—"What are you at there, you black scoundrel? twice you have awakened me from a sound sleep, and not content with that, you are now pulling off the bed clothes. Get out sir!"

"Well, if you won't git up, I must have de sheet anyhow, coz dey're waitin' for de table cloff!"

GEN. BUTLER says that President Johnson "does not like to show his hand."—Mr. Prentice adds: "If he were to show both his hands and his pockets, and the inside of his hat, his cock-eyed assailant would see no spoons in them."

VESSELS DESTROYED DURING WAR.

A table from the War Department shows the names and character of the various boats destroyed on the Mississippi river and its tributaries from May 1, 1861, to the surrender of Kirby Smith and the cessation of hostilities, June 2, 1865. An examination of this table shows that most of the boats were steamers, perhaps one-tenth being tug-boats, ferry-boats, &c.—The following is a summary of the table of boats destroyed by the casualties of war: Captured and burned by the United States forces, twenty-four, valued at or alleged to be worth six hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars; captured and burned by the rebel forces, nineteen, valued at five hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred dollars; burned by the United States forces to prevent capture, ten, valued at two hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars; burned by rebel forces to prevent capture, thirty-nine, valued at one million two hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars; sunk by rebels to obstruct channels, twenty-three, valued at eight hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred dollars; captured and burned by guerillas, twenty-eight, valued at three hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars. The summary with regard to boats destroyed by accidental causes, is as follows: Burned by rebel incendiaries, twenty-nine, valued at eight hundred and ninety-one thousand dollars; by striking snags, sixty-five, valued at one million five hundred and forty thousand dollars; by sundry accidents, twenty-eight, valued at five hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars; by collisions, seven; valued at one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars; by explosion of boilers, nine, valued at two hundred and three thousand five hundred dollars; burned accidentally, forty-six, valued at one million thirty-five thousand five hundred dollars. The table further shows that thirty-four boats were lost in 1861, eighty-three in 1862, seventy-six in 1863, ninety-eight in 1864, and thirty-six in 1865. The aggregate of these figures is three hundred and twenty-seven boats destroyed, with tonnage of one hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and fifty tons, valued, as alleged, at eight million two hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars.

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE MULE.

The mule is half hoss and half jack, and then comes a full stop; nature discovered her mistake. They weigh more according to their heft than any other animal, except a crow bar. They cant hear any quicker nor further than a hoss, yet their ears are big enough for snow shoes. You can trust them with any one whose life aint worth more than the mule's. The only way is to keep them into a medder fencing and let them jump out. They are ready for use just as soon as they will do to abuse. They haint got any friends and will live on huckleberry brush, with an occasional change of Canada thistles.—They are a modern invention; I do not think the bible alludes to them at all.—They sell for more money than any other domestic animule. You can't tell their age by looking into their mouth any more than you could a Mexican cannon. They never have no disease that a good club wont heal. They are very kerruptive heart, like sum men. I have known them to be good mules for six months just to get a chance to kick sombody. I never owned one, nor never mean to, unless there is a U. S. law passed requiring it. The only reason why they are patient is because they are ashamed of themselves.—I have seen educated mules in a circus.—They would kick and bite tremendeous. I would not say what I am forced to say again the mule if his birth wan't an outrage, and means to blame for it. Enny man who is willing to drive a mule ought to be exempt by law for running for the Legislature. They are the strongest kreeters on earth, and the heaviest according to their size. I heard tell of one who fell from the towpath of the Erie canawl and sunk as soon as he touched bottom, but he kept on towing the boat to the next station, breathing thru his ears which stuck out of the water two feet six inches. I didn't see this did, but an auctioneer told me of it and I never knew an auctioneer to lie unless it was absolutely convenient.

A YOUNG couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony he remarked to the husband: 'Friend, thou art now at the end of thy troubles.'

A few weeks after, the young man came to the good minister, boiling over with rage, (his wife was a regular vixen), 'I thought you told me that I was at the end of my troubles?'

'So I did, friend, but I did not say which end.'

AN Irish boy, trying hard to get a place, denied that he was Irish. "I don't know what you mean by not being an Irishman," said the gentleman who was about to hire him; "but this I do know, that you were born in Ireland."

"Och! your honor, if that's all, small blame that. Suppose your old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be loaves of bread?"

The boy got the place.

A LADY seeing a drunken man in the gutter, said she was afraid he was dead. Pat, who had been near enough to smell his breath, exclaimed: "Faith, and I wish I had half his disease."

"MR. JONES, I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it?" "No, no," was the reply, "I only said that you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

A LITTLE GIRL, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star, said—"That star is bigger than this world."

"No it aint," said he.

"Yes it is."

"Then why don't it keep the rain off?"

SCENE I.—Mother in the cellar splitting wood. Scene II.—Daughter in the parlor singing to Clarence Fitz Noodle the pathetic ballad, "Who will care for Mother Now?"

To economize is to draw in as much as possible. The ladies apply this art to their persons, and the result is a very small waste.

A TIPSY LOAFER, who mistook a globe lamp with letters on it, for the "queen of night," exclaimed: "Well! I be blessed if somebody haint stuck an advertisement on the moon."