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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.

The Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising

VOL. 29. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868. No. 30.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE At Private Sale.

THE undersigned will hold his FARM at Private sale until the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, which in many respects is one of the most desirable Estates in Kent county, Maryland. It lies directly on Chester River and Langford's Bay, and contains

About 600 Acres,

four hundred and fifty acres arable; seventy-one acres in

WOOD AND TIMBER,

and the residue in Marshes. The arable land is divided into six fields, and the whole estate is under good and substantial fences. The soil is fine, in good heart, and well adapted to grain, grass, fruit and vegetables.

There is no better Stock Farm in the County. The Marsh being firm affords a very fine early Spring pasture.

This Farm has

ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF OUR MOST FAVORED WATER SITUATIONS.

Upon it are several FINE DUCKING POINTS, and but a short distance off its shore, both on the River and Bay, lie some of our FINEST OYSTER BEDS and FISHING GROUNDS.

THE WATER VIEW

from the dwelling, with the aid of a glass, reaches down the river ten or twelve miles; and is passed daily by Slaughter's line of Steamers to and from Baltimore.

THE IMPROVEMENTS Are a COMMODIOUS

DWELLING,

WITH A KITCHEN attached, and the usual OUT-BUILDINGS in fair condition.

AN APPLE ORCHARD OF FORTY TREES, in bearing;

A PEACH ORCHARD of 4,500 Trees also in bearing.

And a PEACH ORCHARD of 2,000 TREES two years old.

My Farm is positively for sale, and may be purchased at a fair price and upon liberal terms. For further particulars consult R. HYNSON, Esq., my Attorney, at Chestertown, Md.

RICHARD LL. NICHOLS.

N. B.—There are eighty-three bushels Wheat seeded in fallow, which will be sold with the Farm. Possession will be given January 1st, 1869, and a few weeks sooner should the purchaser desire it. n7-4t.

Small Farm for Sale

THE undersigned, intending to remove to Virginia, offers at private sale his farm situate near Belair, Kent county, Md., adjoining the lands of Messrs. I. C. Taylor, John T. Shirven and Comegys Cosden, and containing

About 60 Acres.

The land is all arable, except a small meadow, and divided into three fields—one of which is in Peach trees (about 1,900) planted last spring. The Dwelling is brick, and with some repairs might be made a very comfortable house. A pump of good water in the yard.

The farm lies in a good and improving neighborhood, and is within a mile and a half of a mill, churches and school. The Railroad will pass within half a mile of the farm on the western side.

This farm will be sold a bargain. For further particulars consult the undersigned, or address him at Chestertown, Md.

jy25-tf WM. R. APSLEY.

BOUNTIES!

I am still receiving all classes of State Claims for Collection, upon my usual Commission of ten per cent. NO CLAIMS BOUGHT.

No Charge unless Successful.

Notwithstanding the recent Limitation Act, it is believed that provision will be made for the payment of the large class of just Claims still unsettled.

Papers entrusted to my care will be kept in a *Fire-proof Vault*, specially built in the office for the purpose.

ALL KINDS OF U. S. BOUNTY, PAY AND PENSION CLAIMS still promptly collected by

WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
N. E. Cor. of Fayette and St. Paul Sts.,
sep19-y BALTIMORE, MD.

BURNS & SLOAN,

132 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

OFFER FOR SALE A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WELL-SEASONED

Building Lumber

LATHS AND SHINGLES,
FENCING AND PALES,
ASH, OAK & WALNUT,
AT LOWEST PRICES.
ALSO, DOORS, SASH & BLINDS.

May 16, 1868—y.

EDWARD B. BATES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
EASTON, MD.

PROMPT attention to collection of Claims and purchase and sale of Real Estate in Talbot, Queen Anne's and Caroline Counties.

REFERENCES:—Hon. Geo. Vickers, Hon. S. Hambleton, Hon. P. B. Hopper. a22-6m.

BALTIMORE

LUNG AND EYE

FREE DISPENSARY,

N. E. Corner German and Green Streets.
Open daily at 2 o'clock.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—Diseases of the Lungs, Heart and Throat. F. Donaldson, M. D.; M. J. DeROSSET, M. D.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday—Diseases of the Eye and Ear. J. J. Chisholm, M. D.

Advice and Medicines given to the Poor free of charge. n7-4t.

TREES and PLANTS.

The undersigned, as agent for Mr. N. Barnard, will receive orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, and Plants of all kinds. He can be found at the store of Mr. J. L. Stam, Chestertown. [s19tf.] W. S. STAM.

Mules! Mules!

ONE PAIR OF MULES AND ONE HORSE for sale by N. BARNARD,
sep19-tf. Still Pond, Kent Co., Md.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers at private sale the Dwelling House on Cross street, opposite the jail, now occupied by Geo. W. Hurst. For terms, &c., apply to

jy25-tf A. H. ROCKWELL.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM

In Quaker Neck.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court of Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at public sale, on

TUESDAY,

The Fifteenth day of December, 1868,

at twelve o'clock meridian,

at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, all that

FARM,

the property of William H. Brown, late of Kent county, deceased, situate and lying in Quaker Neck, Kent county, Maryland, containing

196 Acres,

MORE OR LESS,

of which about one hundred and sixty Acres are arable, and the residue or balance is in

WOOD

and Marsh. The arable land is divided into four fields, a Lot and Peach Orchard. The soil is naturally good, and well adapted to grain, grass and fruit. The situation is desirable, being at the head of Comegy's Bite, on Chester River, and convenient to places of public worship, Schools, Mills, &c.

THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of a TWO-STORY

Frame Dwelling,

with a Kitchen attached, and the usual Out-Buildings, all in good order.

A Peach Orchard

OF ONE THOUSAND TREES, IN BEARING.

250 APPLE TREES

planted in the Peach Orchard, and an APPLE ORCHARD in bearing of 25 Trees.

TERMS OF SALE:

The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows: Two hundred and fifty dollars to be paid on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof by the Court, at the option of the Trustee, and the balance to be paid in three equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with legal interest therefor from that day, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with security approved by the Trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.

N. B.—The Decree also directs the Trustee to give the following notice, to wit: The Creditors of the late WM. H. BROWN are hereby notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof with the Clerk of Kent county within four months from the day of sale.

R. HYNSON, Trustee.

Chestertown, Nov. 21, 1868—ts

Trustee's Sale OF A SMALL FARM

NEAR CHESTERTOWN.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale

ON TUESDAY,

The Fifteenth day of December, 1868,

At 11 o'clock, A. M.,

at the Voshell House in Chestertown,

THE FARM

of the late Charles T. Lusby, containing

About 60 ACRES.

This Farm is eligibly located in Kent county, Maryland, on the public road leading from Chestertown to Worton Heights. It is convenient to Churches, Schools and Mills, within a half mile of the Depot on the Kent county Rail Road, now under construction, and only a mile from Chestertown and Washington College.

All the land is arable except about five acres, which are covered with a thick and thriving growth of

YOUNG CHESTNUT.

The soil is naturally good, and has been improved by the use of lime and clover. It is well adapted to all cereals, fruits, vegetables and grass, and in view of its location and convenience to the markets, this farm with proper attention and a small outlay of money, would make one of the most remunerative truck farms in the county.

The Improvements ARE A

FRAME DWELLING, AND KITCHEN ATTACHED,

with OUT-BUILDINGS suitable for the purposes of the Farm.

An Apple Orchard of 60 Trees,

young and in full bearing, and also a fine selection of Peaches, Pears and Cherries, and a Pump of excellent Water in the yard.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows: Two hundred and fifty dollars to be paid on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof by the Circuit Court for Kent county, at the option of the Trustee; the residue or balance to be paid in three equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with legal interest from that day. The deferred payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with security approved by the Trustee. The premises will be surveyed and a plot exhibited at the sale.

RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee.

N. B.—The Decree also directs the Trustee to give the following notice, to wit:

The Creditors of the late CHARLES T. LUSBY are hereby notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of Kent county, within four months from the day of sale.

R. HYNSON, Trustee.

Chestertown, Nov. 21, 1868—ts.

NOTICE.

The Second Annual Session of the Parochial School of Chester Parish, for Boys and Girls, will begin on Thursday, October 1st, at 9 o'clock, A. M. No pains will be spared to make the instruction given in the school thorough and systematic. For terms, &c., apply to the REV. MR. GOODWIN,
sep12-tf. Queen Street.

MILLS TO LET.

The undersigned offer to let their Mill property for the ensuing year, consisting of Grist Mill, Saw Mill, Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shops, all in good order and doing a good business. Enquire of ISAAC PARSONS,
ROB'T NICHOLSON,
n14-tf. or THOS. C. PARSONS.

Public Sale.

THE subscriber, intending to discontinue farming, will sell at public sale at his residence on Mr. Geo. S. Diehl's farm, below Bell Air, on

TUESDAY, December 8th, 1868,

the following property:

SIX HEAD OF GOOD

Farm Horses,

two of them superior Brood Mares, and 1 good Stallion, seven years old;

Carriage & Harness, Wagon & Harness,

Plows, Harrows, Cultivators and other FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

1 GOOD COOK STOVE nearly new.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. TERMS.—All sums under $10 cash; on sums over that amount a credit of nine months with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

JOSHUA McCLARY.

WM. H. HAMILTON, Auc'r. n14-ts

A VALUABLE FARM

On Chester River,

AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at Private Sale their FARM lying in Kent county, Md., containing about

350 ACRES,

nearly all arable and under good fencing. It is about five miles from Chestertown, lying directly on Chester River, convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.

The Improvements

are a FRAME DWELLING with Kitchen attached, Barn, Granary, and other Out-Buildings, all in good order. Also, two Tenant Houses.

A Fine Apple Orchard and about 300 Peach Trees in bearing.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-sixth cash; one-sixth in twelve and one-sixth in eighteen months and the residue in four years—the purchaser to give bond with approved security for the credit payments, with interest from day of sale. For further particulars consult R. HYNSON, Esq., our Attorney. FORD & BARKMAN.

Nov. 21, 1868—tf.

PANIER SKIRTS.

B. B. PERKINS & SON, have opened a large assortment of superior Black Alapacas, for Panier Skirts. Prices 40, 50, 62½, 75, 1.00 1.25, 1.50.

They would also call the attention of the Ladies of the county to their *unusually large* assortment of DRESS GOODS at city prices.

Good KID GLOVES, white, black and colored, at $1.75.

LADIES' FURS.

We are also dealing in Ladies' Furs, from the lowest to the finest grades. Old setts of Furs altered and repaired.

Our Motto is still, Quick Sales and Small Profits, *for cash*.

Nov. 21, 1868. B. B. PERKINS & SON.

A Proclamation.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Whereas, an Election was held in this State on the third day of November instant, for electors to choose a President and Vice-President of the United States, and for Representatives from this State in the Congress of the United States, and it being the duty of the Governor, in case of such elections, to ascertain the number of votes given for each person voted for, from the returns of the Judges of Election certified to him, and thereupon by proclamation to declare the result;

And whereas, by the said returns so certified and an enumeration of the votes given for the several candidates for said offices respectively, it appears that Richard B. Carmichael, John Thomson Mason, Albert Constable, Walter T. Allender, Henry Clay Dallam, Charles B. Roberts and George Peter have received the greatest number of votes for electors of President and Vice-President of the United States; and that for Representatives in Congress, Samuel Hambleton had the greatest number of votes in the First Congressional District; Stevenson Archer in the Second District; Thomas Swann in the Third District; Patrick Hamill in the Fourth District, and Frederick Stone in the Fifth District.

I do therefore, by this, my Proclamation, declare and make known that the said Richard B. Carmichael, John Thomson Mason, Albert Constable, Walter T. Allender, Henry Clay Dallam, Charles B. Roberts and George Peter are the duly elected Electors from the State of Maryland for choosing a President and Vice President of the United States; and that the said Samuel Hambleton, Stevenson Archer, Thomas Swann, Patrick Hamill and Frederick Stone are duly elected Representatives from this State in the Forty-first Congress of the United States.

(SEAL.) In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the great seal of the State of Maryland this seventeenth day of November, A. D 1868.

THO. SWANN.

By the Governor:
JOHN M. CARTER,
n28-2t. Secretary of State.

For Sale or Rent.

The subscriber offers at private sale, or rent for the year 1869, the DWELLING HOUSE and premises where he now lives, in the village of Bell Air, in Kent county. The Dwelling is commodious, and in good condition—stable, carriage house, and all necessary Out-Buildings, and TEN ACRES of good arable land, well enclosed. A Pump of excellent water in the yard. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to GEORGE VICKERS or JOHN O. SLAY, Esqs., or to the undersigned.

n14-3t RICHARD SMYTH.

Kent County, To Wit:

I hereby certify that John T. Bramble, of Kent county, brought before me, the subscriber, one of the justices of the Peace in and for said county, this 19th day of November, in the year 1868, as estrays trespassing upon his enclosures, a red COW with crop off each ear, and a dark red STEER with crop in both ears and underbit, about three years old next Spring.

Given under my hand the day and year above written. JAMES GRAVES, J. P.

The owner of the above described property is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away.

n21-3t. JOHN T. BRAMBLE

Stage to Buck Neck.

On and after Monday, Oct. 26, my stage will run from Chestertown to connect with Steamer THOMAS COLLYER, leaving Chestertown on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 9½ o'clock, A. M. Passengers conveyed from the boat to Chestertown.

FARE $1.25, through to Baltimore.

oc24-tf. JAMES SHUSTER.

THE TEAR.

When a man begins his pilgrimage on earth
Forth springs the tear, the partner of his birth—
And with the kiss that bids him welcome here
The mother's rapture trembles in the tear.

As years glide by and man maturer grows,
With passion's fire his youthful bosom glows;
The virgin's eyes reveal that he is dear
And "I love thee" speaks eloquent the tear.

How fair the tear on her fair cheek descried
When on her loved ones look the future bride:
The twain made one, illusions disappear,
And toil and trouble bring the bitter tear.

Yet, when man's hopes seem crumbling into dust
The wife points upward, full of holy trust,
To heaven's bright azure, to the starry sphere,
And 'O despair not!' speaks the glistening tear.

The man grows old; the parting hour's at hand;
Around his couch his sorrowing kindred stand;
Then, as love's final tribute, pure and clear
Flows from each eye the fond, regretful tear.

Lit with a glory borrowed from above,
On all the old man bends a glance of love—
The last strife comes, and life's goal yet more near,
"We'll meet again" prophetic speaks the tear.

Wanted at the Cross Roads.

I was in a hurry to reach home. No wonder, for it was the wildest night I had ever known, and the country over which I took my way as bad as country roads in general. Consequently I was walking at a great rate, with the collar of my rough coat over my ears, and a comforter tied over my soft hat and under my chin to keep it on and to protect my ears, when suddenly a man stood full in my path and caught me by the arm.

"Hullo!" said he, "you're just in time; you're wanted at the cross roads to-night!"

The voice was the voice of a ruffian.

I fancied myself attacked by a highwayman. I stood quite still, and strove to show by my manner that I was able to protect myself.

"What the deuce am I wanted at the cross roads for?" said I; "unless I choose it will be a hard matter to get me there."

But instead of producing a gistol and demanding my money or my life, the man answered in an altered tone:

"Beg pardon, I made a mistake. I thought it was my brother, and I wanted to frighten him. Bad night, sir."

"Very," said I.

"You know the time, sir?" he asked.

"It was seven when I left the train at L——," I said.

"Thank ye sir. Good night."

"Good night," said I.

If his object had been robbery, probably he had decided from my rough appearance that I was too poor a man to be worth the trouble. I went homeward, and soon found myself under shelter, and partaking of a warm and savory supper.

My mother was there and my brother Ben. Ben was a great strapping fellow, who could beat any other boy of his age for miles around, if it came to wrestling or boxing, and as good natured a boy as ever lived. When supper was over, and we had chatted for an hour, we went up stairs together. We share one room together. The moment Ben's head touched the pillow he always went to sleep. That night I followed his example. But I did not sleep long without a dream—a dream in which I felt a rough grip on my arm, and was aroused by a cry in my ears:

"Wake up! You are wanted at the cross roads"

It was so real, so palpable, that when I started broad awake I actually believed that some one was in the room—the man who intended robbery and violence. But when I had arisen and lit my lamp the room was empty, except myself and Ben, who lay snoring on his pillow.

I went to the door; it was locked. I went to the window; the rain against the panes was all I heard. I even went across the passage to my mother's room. She was awake! there had been no unusual sound, she was sure.

Only a dream born of my meeting the strange man in the road, I felt had awakened me. I went to bed and fell asleep again. Again I was awakened by the same words; this time shrieked in my ear by an unearthly voice:

"Wake up! wake up! You are wanted at the cross roads."

I was on my feet once more, and caught Ben's hand as he came over towards my Bed.

"What ails you?" he cried.

"Nothing," said I. "Did you hear a voice?"

"Yours," said Ben, "yelling woke me up; you fairly frightened me"

"Ben," said I, "wait till I light a lamp; I heard another voice. There must be some one in the house or outside."

So I again lit the lamp, but we searched in vain.

"Nightmare," said Ben when I told him my story.

"Ben," said I, "what is there at the cross roads?"

"A house," said Ben. He lived in the neighborhood a long while and I not long. "One little house, beside two oak trees and a fence. An old man lives there; a rich man, and a bit of a miser they say His grand-daughter keeps house for him."

"Ben, that fellow may have meant harm to them. I may be wanted at the cross roads."

"Brother," said Ben, "go to sleep; you had a night mare," and Ben plunged in between the blankets and was soon snoring again.

I also, in ten minutes, slept as soundly as before, but the awakening soon came again.

I opened my eyes to see a girl standing at the foot of my bed. A girl in white robes, with golden hair all about her shoulders, who wrung her hands and cried: "Oh, wake up, you are wanted at the cross roads."

This time I started out of bed, bathed in a cold perspiration. I trembled like a leaf. I had no doubt that I had received supernatural warning.

"Ben," I cried, "Ben, for the third time I have been told that I am wanted at the cross roads, and I am going."

And I began to dress myself as speedily as possible, listening the while to the storm raging wilder and wilder than at any other period since its commencement.

Ben remonstrated with me in vain. At last he began to huddle on his clothes.

"If you have gone mad I must go with you and take care of you," he said.

"But fancy another man going out in a storm like this to the cross roads, because a nightmare caused him to do so, and what would you think of him?"

I said nothing. All I could have answered would have been:

"I am compelled to go; I must go. I dare not refuse, whatever may be thought of me."

In ten minutes we were splashing thro' the mud and rain along the road. It was perfectly dark; now and then a blazed red star in the distance told us that a lamp was beaming through the rain in some cottage window, but otherwise we would not have been conscious of our proximity to any habitation whatever. At last, nearing the spot where the road from S—— crosses the road to P——, we were indeed in as solitary a place as can be imagined.

The house, which abutted on the very angle of the roads, called in familiar parlance the Cross Roads, was the only one for some distance in either direction, and certainly on such a night we were not likely to meet many travelers.

All was quiet as the grave. We stood quite still. In a moment Ben broke out in one of his loudest laughs.

"Well," he said, "how now?" Will you go home now, and have another nightmare?"

But hardly had the words escaped his lips, when a shriek broke on the air, and a woman's voice plainly coming from the interior of the cottage, cried:

"Help! help! help!"

"Ben," said I, "we are wanted at the cross roads," and then understanding each other, without more words we made our way to a window, through which a light shone. A muslin curtain draped the panes but through it we saw an awful sight.

An old man lay on the floor, and over him bent a ruffian, clutching his throat and holding a pistol to his ear, while another man grasped the shrieking girl by the arm—a girl in a floating night dress—with such long golden hair as belonged to the girl of my vision. Not a moment was to be wasted. Ben flung his weight against the slender lattice and crushed it in, and we had grappled the ruffians before they knew whence the attack came, or how many foes were upon them.

I do not intend to describe the struggle; indeed, I could not, if I would. But we were strong men, and inspired by the cries of the helpless old man and the terrified girl. We soon had one of the villains bound, and the other lying prostrate on the floor.

Then Ben started for assistance, and before morning both were lodged in jail. Ben admitted, as we shook each other by the hand, that "we were wanted at the cross roads."

The old man was not a miser, but he had saved a few thousand dollars for his old age, and living more plainly than he need have done, gave rise to the rumor, and so brought the burglars to the cross roads in the hope of booty.

The girl, a beautiful creature of seventeen, was his grand-daughter; and as no story is acceptable to the lady reader without a flavor of romance, I will tell them, that she became in after years, not my wife, but the wife of my darling brother Ben.

Fastidious.

MISS TABBY is somewhat fastidious. Hear her:

I do not like a man that's tall;
A man that's short is worse than all.
I much abhor a man that's fat:
A man that's lean is worse than that.
A young man is a constant pest—
An old man would my room infest.
A man of sense I could not rule—
And yet I would not wed a fool.
All these I most sincerely hate,
And yet I love the marriage state.

A YOUNG MAN laboring over the gradual encroachments of woman-kind on masculine territory in the matter of dress, breaks into song as follows:

"They took our coats, at first we hardly missed 'em;
And then they aped our dickeys and cravats;
They stole our sacks—we only laughed and kissed them.
Emboldened then they stole our very hats,
Until by slow and sure degrees, the witches
Have taken all—our coats, hats, boots and breeches.

DURING the war, a Georgia soldier, while in camp near the house of his sweet-heart, sent her a bouquet with a card attached, upon which was the following poetic effusion:

"Except this bokay from a fellar
Who oft has hurd the kannons beller,
Has listened to the fife's a tooten,
And helped to do a heep of shooten;
Has seen the war clouds darkly rise,
Like fifty buzzards when they flize,
Who now is bigger than his dad,
And wants to marry mity bad."

GOOD ADVICE.—Never chase your hat when it blows off in a gale of wind; just stand still, and you will see half-a-dozen persons in pursuit of it. When one has captured it, walk leisurely toward him, receive it with grateful acknowledgments, and place it on your head. He will invariably act as if you had done him a favor.

IF having been hinted to the barrister, who was worrying the court with a long and dull argument, that he ought to bring it to a close, he angrily replied: "I will speak as long as I please!" "You have spoken longer than you *please* already," said his antagonist.

SMALL TALK.

It is a very common thing to speak with contempt of "small talk," as it is called, especially among young men of education, who are just beginning to think of the more serious affairs of life and philosophy, and who are anxious to converse in the drawing room upon "improving" subjects. Now, small talk is a necessity of social life. It holds as important a place in the easy intercourse of society as oil does in the steam engine. Grant that men and women are social beings, and that the various relations and pleasantries of society are necessary to our happiness, and the value of small talk cannot be denied.—Two mere philosophers may sit together for hours, and if the weighty thoughts of either condescend to the use of their tongues, their conversation, ten to one, will be weary, stale and flat, if not, indeed, unprofitable. Introduce a little small talk—jokes, quips, anecdotes, nonsense—and thought moves easily, conversation becomes recreation; even philosophy finds its place, is actually graceful and pleases as well as instructs. What is any social gathering without small talk? An unmitigated bore. Not that we would have nothing but small talk, as is too frequently the case, perhaps, in society; but this is the only medium by which those who meet but seldom can become acquainted; and it is the surest way of calling out pleasant thoughts and pithy suggestions upon more serious and important subjects.

We suspect that in most cases of professed contempt for small talk among ambitious young men there is a little mixture of the sour grape element. They lack the energy to overcome the natural tendency of the adolescent human male to relapse into silence at every opportunity suggested by the conclusion of a "subject." The position is an awkward one, and as the only remedy, small talk is out of reach, contempt for it is a very natural result. The female adolescent, fortunately for the comfort of both sexes, is generally gifted with small talk by nature, and often comes to the assistance of her embarrassed "co-relative" in a very fascinating and peculiarly womanly way by doing the talking herself. Here, as everywhere, the kindly and beneficient foresight of nature commands our unlimited admiration.

But small talk has its degrees like everything else. There is some talk so excessively minute that microscopic examination fails to disclose any sense. A frequent mistake of young men who are gifted with this very essential social convenience is the idea that ladies in society are not constituted to appreciate anything except small talk, and the smallest kind of small talk at that. "My dear sir," said a lady friend of ours to a gentleman, "you talk to us ladies as if we were fools, and you think we want you to do it; I have just overheard you talking very sensibly to another gentleman, and now you turn around to me and begin to talk nonsense." She was fully as frank, perhaps, as she was polite; but what she said was a very excellent hint.

Small talk, too, has its own proper times and places. The public lecture, for instance is not a proper place; and at the most delicate air in an opera, is hardly a proper time to indulge it. But in its place and time it is pleasing and appropriate; and, for our part, an hour of small talk with an intelligent woman is decidedly preferable to many other forms of amusement.

THE TEETH OF THE HORSE.—A horse has forty teeth—twenty-four double teeth, or grinders, four tushes, or single file teeth, and twelve front teeth, called gatherers. As a general thing, mares have no tushes. Between two and three years old, the colt sheds his four middle teeth—two above and two below. After three years old two other teeth are changed, one on each side of those formerly shed; he now has eight colt's teeth and eight horse's teeth; when four years of age he cuts four new teeth. At five years old the horse sheds his remaining colt's teeth, four in number, when his tushes appear. At six years of age his tushes are up, appearing white, small and sharp, while a small circle of young growing teeth is observable. The mouth is now complete. At eight years of age the teeth have filled up, the horse is aged, and his mouth is said to be full.

A COLORED firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassment recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following notice:—"De disholution of co-parsnips heretofore resisting twixt me and Moses Jones in de barber profession, am heretofo resolved. Pussons who oes must pay de scriber: Dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolved."

"THIS animal," said the itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same back again, making in all twenty-eight feet.—He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT one day met an Irish beggar in the street, who asked him for sixpence. Sir Walter could not find one, and so gave him a shilling, saying, with a laugh: "But mind, now, you owe me sixpence." "Och, sure enough!" said the beggar; "and God grant that you may live till I pay it."

A GOOD old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a shopkeeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him, "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy business."

CHINESE METHOD OF CATCHING DUCKS. As we are familiar with the art of cooking ducks, it may also be interesting to our readers to know one of the methods the Chinese have for catching these valuable birds. When a flock of ducks are seen alighting on a piece of water, the fowler secretes himself from the birds' view, with a number of gourds, with the inside scooped out, which he quietly lets float in their midst. At first they are afraid of the gourds, but soon become familiar, seeing they are harmless, and rub their bills against them playfully, free from dread. As soon as the fowler perceives this, he scoops out a gourd large enough to contain his head, and, wading slowly into the water, lets only the gourd appear upon the surface of the stream.—The unsuspicious ducks approach their destroyer without the alighest degree of fear; he then catches them by the legs, jerks them under the water, and fastens them to his belt, and returns quietly to the shore.

SACRIFICE OF LAND IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The Weldon News says: It is surprising to know the immense quantity of land in this immediate section which has changed hands within the last twelve months, under executions, and which is still in the market. The matter is conducted in such a manner that but few outside of those immediately interested know anything of it, and we do not ourselves know of one-tenth of the sales that have taken place. Under existing laws, it is only necessary for the notice of sale to be posted at one or two public places, the sale is made under the hammer, the property goes for almost nothing, a deed of sale is given, and thus men are made poor and homeless in a day.—And still these executions are showered out by the dozen. We long for the day when our people can feel safe in the possession of their property.

AT a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, there was exhibited a mass of ice, eight inches thick, and twenty feet long and broad, frozen artificially, in a few moments, by a new process, and one capable of supplying blocks three feet in thickness equally well. The refrigerative salt was the nitrate of ammonia, and the method consisted in freezing the water into the shape of hollow cylinders, with walls about four-tenths of an inch thick, and of varying diameter, so that one could be slipped inside the other up to almost any desired extent.—When thus brought into opposition they readily freeze together, especially with the addition of some water, and produce a solid mass.

THERE is a real idol temple erected and formally established in the United States, at Portland, Oregon. The building is completed, and the Chinamen are actively engaged in furnishing it. The vestibule contains two large oil globes, inside of which lamps are burning, so as to show to advantage the heathenish figures painted on the outside. One of the transparencies represents celestial warriors or saints, some on foot and some on horseback, who go round and round, propelled in some manner by a current of heated air.

MR. CHASE ON THE SECEDED STATES.—The New York *Times* publishes a letter, written in April last, from Chief Justice Chase to Hon. H. W. Hilliard, of Alabama. In it Mr. Chase says that he agrees with Mr. Hilliard that the seceding States "have never been other than States within the Union since they became parties to the federal government, and that the failure to maintain their assertions of independence in the conflict of arms which followed left them States still within the Union." This is certainly anti-radical doctrine.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD SAUSAGE.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph communicates the following receipt for making first-rate sausage:

To every twelve pounds take three tablespoons of salt not much heaped, three tablespoons black pepper, eight tablespoons of sage and a teaspoon half full of red pepper.

Good sausage is splendid with buckwheat cakes in winter, and I got this receipt from a friend whose sausage is always good, as long as it lasts.

A CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two spoonsful of white sugar; grate a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

THE finest idea of a thunderstom extant is when O'Fogarty came home tight. He came into the room among his wife and daughters, and just then tumbled over the cradle and fell heavily to the floor. After a while he rose and said: "Wife, are you hurt?" "No." "Girls are you hurt?" "No." "Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

EXPERIMENTS recently made at Chenoa, Illinois, in drying corn by hot air, and thereby getting it to an early market, and obtaining the first prices of the season, are, it is said, repaid by a perfect success. Two drying-houses are already in operation and another will be added.

"IN England, no man thinks of blacking his own boots," said a haughty Briton once to Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calf-skin gaiters.

"Whose boots does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe, as he spit on the brush.

THAT MANSION.—The Boston Post says that though the President's house may not be the best contrived mansion that could be built for a man and his wife, a great many respectable families are always anxious to occupy it, notwithstanding its inconveniences.

A GENIUS out West was invited to take a game of poker, but refused, saying:—"No, I thankee; I played poker once, and had to wear naukeen pants all the next Winter. I have had no taste for that amusement since."

"I'll bring you down to the hard pan of truth, sir!" said a lawyer to the "opposing counsel." "Very well," was the reply; "that's the pan, I suppose, that you just flashed in!"

A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, [illegible] on the ground, that he never did like sweet things.