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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
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.

ADVERTISEMENTS occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, 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 dispatch.

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.

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.

New Harness Store!

JOS. W. EDWARDS

RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and the public generally that he has again commenced the Harness making business at his old stand opposite the Voshell House, and has now in store a fine assortment of

SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
WHIPS, HORSE BLANKETS,
Sleigh Bells, all kinds of OIL for Harness,
all kinds of BITTS, &c.

HARNESS manufactured to order out of the best material, by good workmen. Repairing of every description done at short notice.

Having had some eighteen or twenty years experience in the business, I flatter myself that I can give general satisfaction, and shall spare no effort to please all who favor me with their patronage. Give me a call.
d26-tf. J. W. EDWARDS.

NEW STORE.

WILLIAM S. ELBURN

HAS opened a New Store in Chestertown, opposite the Kent National Bank, where he has now on hand and for sale

A CHOICE VARIETY OF
CONFECTIONERY, &c.,
at low prices, such as
FRENCH AND COMMON CANDIES, FIGS, RASINS, PRUNES, DATES, LEMONS, ORANGES, and NUTS of all kinds.

☞I have also made arrangements to supply the reading public with some of the best

Weekly Papers and Periodicals

published, and shall keep on hand the NEW YORK LEDGER, MERCURY, DAY BOOK, HARPER'S WEEKLY, &c.

I have also a variety of BOOKS for sale or hire. WM. S. ELBURN.
Jan. 9, 1869—y.

Chestertown Bakery
AND CANDY MANUFACTORY!

Corner High and Queen Sts.

CANDY AT CITY PRICES!
CANDY AT CITY PRICES!
ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRENTS, RAISINS, ALMONDS, FILBERTS, WALNUTS, GROUND NUTS,
AT CITY PRICES.
KISSES, TAFFE, CAKES, BREAD, &c.,
At City Prices.

☞To get the worth of your money, call at HUDGINS' BAKERY and supply yourselves for Christmas at City prices. d5.

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.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

JOHN H. REDUE,
(adjoining the Bank,)
has just opened a fine assortment of GOODS embracing
TOYS of every description.
CANDIES, French and Common,
RAISINS, ORANGES, FIGS,
CITRON, CURRENTS, NUTS,
APPLES, &c., &c., &c.
Everything calculated to please the little folks' may here be found, together with articles suitable for presents, &c. A call is solicited.
d19. JOHN H. REDUE.

CALL
AND EXAMINE
The Splendid Assortment
OF
Watches, Jewelry,
CHAINS,
SILVER AND SILVER PLATED WARE,
at
d13. E. T. WILLIS'.

Mules! Mules!

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

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 29. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869. No. 39.

To My Friends and the Public.

FEARING that I may not be able to undergo the arduous duties of my profession, I have this day associated with me Dr. J. A. PERKINS. From my knowledge of Dr. Perkins, I without hesitation recommend him to my patients. If any one should object to the services of either, they will so state when sending, that anything unpleasant may be avoided. The one preferred will give all or most attention. Consultations will be held without the consultation fee. Our charges will correspond with those who practise around us. We herewith offer our services and pledge our best efforts to discharge our duty.
T. H. WHALAND.

N. B.—I shall proceed to settle my old books, by legal process, upon all accounts remaining unsettled for more than two years.
Jan. 23, 1869—tf. T. H. W.

STOP AND THINK!

All the material we use, the wages of workmen, and the necessaries of life, all require the cash, and yet some of our accounts have been standing since 1866. Now, if our customers will think of this matter, they will see that it is out of the question for us to pay the cash for all we buy, and wait for an indefinite period for our money. We now call upon ALL who are indebted to us to settle, either by note or cash, as it is necessary for us to close our books.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Jan 23, 1869—4t.

CASH SYSTEM!

I take this method of informing my customers and the public generally that, hereafter, I shall sell for

CASH OR TRADE,

or to prompt paying customers only, on three months time.

I also embrace this opportunity to return my thanks for the liberal patronage received in the past, and respectfully ask a continuance of the same. A choice assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS for sale very low.
C. W. WARREN,
Jan. 9, 1869. Kennedyville.

The Hanesville Manufacturing
AND
REPAIR SHOPS.

SITUATED in the rear of Mr. A. L. Vannort's Store at Hanesville, supplied with ample Stock and Material, are now prepared to build to order NEW WORK, or make any repairs in their line of business. All kinds of

Blacksmithing and Wheelwrighting

done at short notice in the best manner. Particular attention paid to Carriage and Machine work. FARMING IMPLEMENTS constantly on hand. Wagons, Carts, Drays, &c., built to order with neatness and dispatch.

Having secured the services of an excellent HORSE SHOER, that important branch will not be neglected. Both branches of the business are in the charge of competent mechanics who are *able* and *willing* to accommodate

Self Interest is a Great Thing!

Secure the BEST and CHEAPEST.

I buy all my material exclusively for CASH, and can therefore afford to furnish the BEST ARTICLE at the LOWEST PRICE.

☞The BOOKS of the establishment are in the possession of Mr. A. L. VANNORT, my authorized agent, to whom all payments on account are respectfully requested to be made.
Jan. 23, 1869. E. A. VANNORT.

PRESSEY'S PIONEER
STUMP PULLER,
AND ROCK LIFTER.

THE undersigned having purchased the Right to manufacture and sell in Kent county, G. W. PRESSEY'S

PIONEER STUMP PULLER
AND ROCK LIFTER,

is prepared to fill orders for the same. This machine has been tested in the presence of many citizens of this county, who were fully convinced that it would do all its inventor claimed. They are manufactured in two sizes—large size $120, small $60.

All orders addressed to WM. H. LECATES or STEPHEN LECATES, at Chestertown, will receive prompt attention.
jan30-3m. WM. H. LECATES.

BEEF! BEEF!

R. S. USILTON, BUTCHER, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he may be found every day during the winter (Sundays excepted) at the store formerly occupied by John L. Stam, Esq., where he will be pleased to supply all in want with BEEF of the best quality, at lowest prices.

He returns thanks for the liberal patronage received in the past, and hopes by constant personal attention to business, and renewed efforts to please, to secure a continuance of public favor. ☞WANTED, all kinds of HIDES, Beef, Sheep and Calf, for which the highest cash price will be paid.
jan9-2m. R. S. USILTON.

A. H. ROCKWELL'S
EATING HOUSE.
CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned having opened an Eating House on the corner opposite the jail, is prepared to accommodate the public with

OYSTERS, Beef Steak, Tea and Coffee, &c.,

gotten up in the very best style. I will spare no effort to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

OYSTERS by the quart or gallon supplied to families. A. H. ROCKWELL.
Dec. 12, 1868.

SETTLE UP!

All persons indebted to TURKHEIMER & CATLIN will call and settle their bills on or before the 15th day of February next. We are in need of money and are compelled to make collections. TURKHEIMER & CATLIN.
Jan. 16, 1869—5t.

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.

A CARD.

JOHN O. SLAY will attend to professional business, during the temporary absence of G. VICKERS, at their office in Chestertown. VICKERS & SLAY.
Dec. 12, 1868—8t.

FOR SALE.

FOUR YOUNG HORSES,
three and four years old next Spring. Apply to ISAAC PARSONS,
jan23-3t. near Smithville.

The Gathering Home.

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one,
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one,
Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white garments they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb doth love his chosen to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one:
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely and wild;
Yet they reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to the river side,
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one.
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream
Now, and again, through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods all the banks overflow,
Sometimes in ripples and small waves go,
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look unto Thee,
One by one.
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.
The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the place where our feet may hold,
Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light,
One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,
One by one,
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast our fears and cares to the wind,
Saviour, Redeemer, with Thee full in view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one.

GOOD-BYE.

The editor of the New York *Register* comments upon these simple words, so common, and yet so full of solemn and tender meaning, as follows:

"How many emotions cluster around that word! How full of sadness, and to us how full of sorrow it sounds! It is with us a consecrated word. We heard it once within the year as we hope never to hear it again. It was in the chamber of death, in the still hour of night's noon. The curtains to the windows were all closed, the lights were all shaded, and we stood in the dim, solemn twilight with others around the bed of the dying. The damps of death were on her pale young brow, and coldness was on her lips, as we kissed her for the last time while living. 'Good-bye, my daughter,' we whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came from her dying lips. We know not that she ever spoke more, but 'Good-bye' was the last we ever heard of her sweet voice. We hear that sorrowful word often, and often as we sit alone, busied with the memories of the past. We hear it in the silence of the night, in the house of nervous wakefulness, as we lie upon our bed thinking of the loved and the lost to us. We hear it in our dreams, when her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in loveliness and beauty. We hear it when we sit beside her grave in the cemetery, where she sleeps alone, with no kindred as yet by her side. She was the hope of our life, the prop to lean on when age should come upon us, and life should be running to its dregs. The hope and the prop is gone, and we care not how soon we go down to sleep beside our darling, beneath the shadow of the trees in the city of the dead."

A Short Sermon for Parents.

It is said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had endeavored early to teach him three things—obedience, diligence, and truth. No better advice can be given to any parent. Teach your child to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. One of the successful parents that I have known said that this point was usually settled between him and his children before they were three months old. But it requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience; and especially to do it in such a way as not to be hurtful to the strength of the child's character.—Teach your child to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost any virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than the idea which some parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing. Innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as well as in other things; but let him learn early to be useful. As to truth, it is the one essential thing. Let every thing else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it what dependence can you place in your child.—And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of prevarication or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lessons of deception!

BEAUTIFUL.—When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past years grow deeper, and as life nears to a close, it is pleasant to look back thro' the vista of time upon the joys and sorrows of early years. If we have a home to shelter or rejoice with us, and friends who are gathered around our fireside, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and soothed away in the twilight of life, whilst the bright sunny spot we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feelings or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of age.

IT is the lot of humanity to err at times, as the drunken man said when he mistook his pig pen for his own bed-room.

AT THE TOP OF A CHIMNEY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

A man will go blind, and mad too, from fear; I have seen it happen, and if you don't mind listening I will tell you the story. I was apprenticed to a builder when I left school, and soon got to like the trade very much, especially when the work was perilous, and gave me a chance to outdo the other lads in daring.

'Spider' was my nickname in those days, given partly on account of my long legs, for I had outgrown my proportions, and partly because they said I could crawl along a roof like my namesake.

When I was about three and twenty, I was working with the famous Mr. ——, and went down to Swansea with his picked hands, to carry out a contract he had taken in that town. While there I fell in love with the prettiest girl I had seen in Wales, and that is saying a good deal.—For a time I fancied she liked me, and that I was getting along very well with my love making, but I soon found my mistake, for an old lover of her's joined our men, and Mary gave me the cold shoulder directly. You may believe this sweetheart of her's (who was Ben. Lloyd) and I were not the best friends in the world, but I am not the sort of fellow to harbor malice, and when the biddings to the wedding went around, and I knew that my chance was gone, I made the best of it; I kept my sore heart to myself, and determined to beat down jealousy by being chums with Ben.

I went to the wedding; and there were not many days that I did not steal half an hour to sit by his fireside, which was as bright and cosy and homelike as you'd wish to see—Mary being the soul of order and industry. It is not perhaps the usual way to drive out envy, to go and look at the happiness another man has done you out of, but you know the proverb says, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison;" and so it was, I got to look upon Mary as a sort of sister, and Ben had no cause for jealousy, although there were plenty evil tongues ready to put him up to it.

The contract was nearly up, when a lightning conductor was to be put upon one of the highest chimneys over at Llanelly spring, and the owner of the work offered our master the job.

"It's just the sort of thing for you, Harry," said Mr. ——, when he told us of it.

I touched my cap and accepted it offhand, and then Ben stepped up and said he'd volunteer to be the second man, two being required.

"All right," said the master, "you are the steadiest headed fellows I have. The price is a good one and every penny of it shall be divided between you. We'll not fix a day for the work but take the first calm morning, and get it done quietly."

So it was, that some four or five mornings after, we found ourselves st Llanelly, and all ready for the start. The kite by which the line attached to the block was to be sent over the chimney, was flown, and did its work well; the rope which was to haul up the creadle was ready, and stepping in, Ben and I began the ascent.

There had been very few people about when we went into the yard, but when we got higher I saw that the news had spread and that the streets were filling with sight-seers.

"There's plenty of star-gazers, Ben," said I, waving my cap to them. "I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run."

"Can't you keep quiet?" answered Ben in a strange tone, and turning to look, I saw that he was deadly pale and sat in the bottom of the cradle, huddled up together, with his eyes fast shut.

"You are not frightened, old chap?" I asked.

"What's that to you?"

"Oh, nothing; only we are getting up pretty quickly, and you'd have a better head for work if you'd get gradually used to the height.

He said nothing and never moved.—Then looking up, I saw we were close to the top—a few yards more, and we would be there, yet those who were turning the windlass were winding with unabated speed. A sudden chill ran through my blood, and sent my flesh creeping. They had miscalculated the distance, and with the force they were winding at the rope must inevitably break when the cradle came in contact with the block. There was no time to attempt a signal, only an instant to point out the danger to Ben, and then to get hold of the rope, and by going hand over hand, reach the coping before the cradle came up. This was done almost quicker than I can tell you—Ben, following.

The cradle came on; then as I anticipated, the rope gave a shrill, pinging sound, like a rifle ball passing through the air, and snapped. Down went the cradle, and there we were left, nearly 300 feet in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping barely eighteen inches wide.

Ben, shrieked out that he was a dead man, and cried: "Tell me where I can kneel. Harry; show me where I can pray to Almighty God, for I cannot die this way?"

"Hush lad," I said, "don't lose heart; God can hear you just as well sitting as kneeling; and if you try to get up, you'll tumble to a moral certainty. Think of Mary, man, and keep up"

But he only shook and swayed more and more, groaning and crying out that he was lost; and I could see that if he did not mind he would overbalance.

"Get hold of the rod," I said, thinking that, even sprung as it was, the touch of it would give him courage.

"Where is it, boy?" he said hoarsely; and then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his eyes were drawn together, squinting and bloodshot, and I knew that the fright had driven him blind. So pushing myself to him, I placed my arm round his waist and worked round to the rod which I put in his hand; and then I looked below, to see whether they were trying to help us; but there was no sign. The yard was full of people, all running hither and thither; and as I afterwards knew, all in the greatest consternation: the cradle having fallen on one of the overseers of the works, killing him on the spot, and so occupying the attention of those near, that we unfortunates were for the time forgotten. I was straining my eyes, in hope of seeing some effort made to help us, when I was startled by a horrible yell, and brought to a sense of new danger, for looking round, I saw Ben, champing with his teeth and foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating in an unearthly war. Fear had not only blinded him, but crazed his brain.

Scarcely had I time to comprehend this, when he began edging his way towards me; and every hair on my head seemed to stand on end, as I moved away keeping as far off as I could, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should hear me, for see me he could not—that was my only consolation. Once—twice—thrice—he followed me round the mouth of that horrible chimney; then, no doubt thinking I had fallen over, he gave up the search, and began trying to get on his feet.—What could I now do to save his life?—To touch him was certain death to myself as well as him, for he would inevitably seize me, and we would both go over together. To let him stand up was to witness his equally certain destruction.

I thought of poor Mary, and I remembered if he died, she might get to care for me. The devil put that thought in my mind, I suppose; but thank God, there was a stronger than Satan, near, and at the risk of my life, I roared out, "Sit still, or you will fall Ben. Lloyd!"

He crouched down and held on with clenched teeth, shivering and shaking.—In after-days, he told me that he thought it was my spirit sent to warn and save him.

"Sit still," I repeated from time to time, watching with aching eyes and brain for some sign of aid. Each minute seemed to be an hour. My lips grew dry, my tongue literally clove to my mouth, and the perspiration running down blinded me. At last—at last—home came. The crowd began to gather in the yard, people were running in from distant lanes, and a sea of faces was turned upward; then some one who had got a speaking trumpet, shouted, "Keep heart boys, we'll save you!" A few minutes more and the kite began to rise; higher and higher it came, on and on. How I watched the whitewinged messenger, comparing it in my heart to an angel; and surely, as an angel was it permitted to come to us poor sinners, hanging on the verge of eternity. Up it came, nearer and nearer, guided by the skilful flyer. The slack rope crossed the chimney and we were saved.

I could not shout hurrah, even had I dared; but in every beat of my heart was a thanksgiving to the God I had never truly known till that hour, and whose merciful providence I can never doubt again.

The block was fixed, the cradle came up again, and Ben, obeying my order, got in. I followed; but no sooner did I touch him than he began trying to get out. I got hold of him, and taking it into his head that I was attempting to throw him over, he struggled and fought like the madman he was—grappling, tearing with his teeth, shouting, shrieking and praying all the way down, and the cradle strained and cracked, swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. As we came near the ground I could hear the roar of voices, and an occasional cheer; then suddenly all was silent, for they heard Ben's cries, and when the cradle touched the ground, scarcely a man dare look in.—The first who did, saw a horrible sight, for, exhausted by the struggle and excitement, as soon as the cradle stopped I fainted, and Ben, feeling my hands relax, had fastened his teeth into my neck.

No wonder they fell back with blanched faces; they saw that Ben. was crazed; but they thought that he had killed me, for, as they said, he was worrying me like a dog.

At last the master got to us and pulled Ben. off me, I soon came round; but it was a long time before he got well, poor fellow; and when he did come out of the asylum he was never fit for his old trade again, so he and Mary went to Australia, and the last that I heard of them was that Ben. had got a couple of thousand sheep, and was doing capitally.

I gave up the trade, too, soon after, finding that I got queer in the head when I tried to face any height. So, you see that morning's work changed two men's lives.

TALENTS.—Disappointed men, who think that they have talents, and who hint that their talents have not been properly rewarded, usually finish their career by writing their own history; but in detailing their misfortunes, they only let us into the secret of their mistakes, and, in accusing their patrons of blindness, make it appear that they ought rather to have accused them of sagacity; since it would seem that they saw too much, rather than too little—namely, that second-rate performances were too often made the basis for first-rate pretensions.

YOUTH is fed by poetry and imagination; mature age by realities; as plants draw all their nourishment from the air until they bear fruit, and afterwards from the ground only.

Horace Greeley to Boys.

Hon. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, delivered an address to the New York newsboys last Sunday evening. The following abstract of it contains much wholesome advice:

As the result of many years' experience he believed a man should not be poor all his life, and unless poverty was the result of misfortune, it was unjustifiable. By riches he meant enough to satisfy all proper wants and guard against contingencies. He believed every boy before him could be rich and ought to be rich. He cited John Jacob Astor, who founded the great Astor Library, as an example of a poor boy who had by industry and honesty succeeded in life. It was honesty and industry, said Mr. Greeley, that gave Astor his success, and it is the patient, plodding, careful, industrious men that succeed.—Stephen Girard, who had by his great wealth left a noble college to the country, was another example of industry and perseverance. He advised the boys to begin by saving ten cents, and adding as often as possible, and the boy who should save $100 by the time he was 21 years old would pretty surely be a rich man. He told the boys men got rich by doing right, and not by doing wrong. Men who sold rum or kept gambling houses didn't often get rich, and none of them were ever able to found a library like Mr. Astor, or endow a college like Girard. He believed one thing essential in getting rich was to be an honest man. The most of the men who had become rich since he had been in New York were honest. All the thieves in New York had never acquired as much wealth as John Jacob Astor. Evil causes did not lead to wealth, although they might seem to do so.

Another thing necessary in order to get rich was to be temperate. He had known many men with great abilities and fine prospects to fail because of intemperance. If they resolve to be rich they must stop drinking; or if they had not commenced, they must not begin. They ought also to resolve to be industrious, and when resolved on that, make up their minds to learn a trade. Mr. Greeley spoke at length on the evils of being without a trade, and related his own experience, and his satisfaction at having followed out an impulse which he formed at ten years of age, to be a printer. He would have every boy before him either learn a trade or become a farmer. He commended farming as a healthy and honorable employment, saying that if he could have his life to live over again he would be a farmer. He concluded by speaking of the grand opportunities afforded in this country for mechanics, and especially for farmers, under the homestead law, and urged the boys to resolve to embrace those opportunities, and while they sought to live in accordance with the moral teachings they received, to gain riches and honor, and true manhood.

Don't Wish to Insult Her.

The apology was cool, but it certainly should have been satisfactory.

Bill R—— is known all over, and Bill was at the ball in all his glory. All his necessaries for pleasure were on hand—good music, pretty girls and excellent whiskey. The evening passed off rapidly, as it always does, and Bill had, at about one o'clock, become pretty happy. Stepping up to a young lady, he requested the pleasure of dancing with her—she replied that she was engaged.

"Well," said Bill, "are you engaged for the next set?"

She said she was.

"Can I dance with you the next, then?"

"I am engaged for that, also."

"Can I dance with you to-night?"

"No," with some hesitancy.

"Go to Boston!" said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

After a few moments Bill was accosted by a brother of the young lady, who charged him with insulting his sister.

Bill denies; but professes himself willing to apologize, if he has done wrong, and accordingly steps up to the young lady, when the following conversation ensued:

"Miss L——, I understand I have insulted you."

"You have, sir."

"What did I say, Miss L——?"

"You told me to go to Boston."

"Well," said Bill, "I have come to tell you that you needn't go."

A TALE OF LOVE.—One quiet day in leafy June, when bees and birds were all in tune, two lovers walked beneath the moon. The night was fair—so was the maid; they walked and talked beneath the shade, with none to harm or make afraid. Her name was Sue and his was Jim, and he was fat and she was slim; he took to her and she to him. Says Jim to Sue: "By all the snakes that squirm among the brush and brakes, I love you better'n buckwheat cakes." Says she to Jim:—"Since you've begun it, and been and come and gone and done it, I like you next to a new bonnit." Says Jim to Sue: "My heart you've busted; but I have always gals mistrusted." Says Sue to Jim: "I will be true; if you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two." Says Jim to Sue: "Through thick and thin, for your true lover count me in; I'll court no other gal ag'in." Jim leaned to Sue; Sue leaned to Jim; his nose just touched her jockey brim; four lips met—went—ahem! ahem! And then—and *then*—and THEN—and THEN! Oh! gals! beware of men in June, and underneath the silver moon, when frogs and crickets are in tune, lest you get your names in the papers soon!

THE U. S. Mint went into operation in 1793, and the first gold and silver coin were issued in that year.

Ought Congress to Meddle with the Suffrage?

The New York Post (rep.) thus answers this question:

"There is one answer to all the arguments of Mr. Boutwell and others who desire that Congress shall fix the suffrage in the States; and that is, that we should never have done fixing it.

"It is of very great importance to the country that such a question as this of the suffrage should be settled once for all, or should at any rate be removed permanently out of the domain of general politics.—But Mr. Boutwell's plan would keep it there forever.

"For, if one Congress may enact general suffrage, the next may limit the suffrage; and as the question is a convenient one for politicians who wish to avoid really important issues and questions, we should have one or the other party forever making the suffrage question the "great issue of the times," and one Congress after the other tinkering at this question and wasting time over it, to the injury of the whole country and of every interest.

"It seems to us that this single objection is sufficient to condemn the whole plan. It might be added that it is unconstitutional, contrary to the established policy of the government, and a peculiarly irritating interference with the reserved rights of the States. But all these arguments would, in these times, fall upon dull ears in Congress; and we will not urge them.

"The objection that what one Congress does another may undo, and that it is hardly wise for the friends of general suffrage to whet a knife which may at some early day be used to cut their own throats, will perhaps strike the more prudent of them as having sufficient force to persuade them to caution. However just the proposition that the suffrage should be general and impartial—and the Evening Post has always supported that and always will—this way is the one way in which this policy ought not to be carried. To make Congress enact it is to make the suffrage—the very source of power and the substance of republican government—the sport of every political convention, and to turn it into an object of strife between parties.

"THE COMING SHIP."—*A Rival of the Great Eastern.*—The "coming ship," as the intended rival of the Great Eastern is designated, has at present been exhibited, in model only, in San Francisco. It is to be of the same size as the Great Eastern, except that instead of 28 feet it will draw only 18 feet, and it will carry proportionally less tonnage. It is destined to carry four times as many passengers as any present style of ship, and to substitute for bunks regular beds; it will also give four times the space to a state-room. The San Francisco Times says: The present mode of bunking passengers is unworthy of the age. Sea-sickness, if preventible by construction, should be rendered obselete.—This desideratum is attained in Thomas Silver's coming ship; it is secured by the proportions of the ship, and by there being 30 feet less of the hull out of water than in the Great Eastern, but the motion is rendered almost imperceptible by a new device. The state-rooms, instead of being at the outside limits of the vessel, are amid ships; that is, along the centre line of the ship, where the roll is scarcely perceptible. The saloon is to be 500 feet long, and clear of obstructions. It is not for dining. Instead of a public table, there are to be two competing restaurants at the extremities adjoining the saloons. The ship will sell passage only, the board being payable as meals are ordered. It is contemplated to carry second-class passengers and third-class in the same way.—The present first-class bunks will be for third-class berths.

TUNNEL UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.—The tunnel which is proposed under the English channel at Dover, it is asserted, will have to be bored through a chalk formation, and though the actual perforation will be easy, yet the pressure of the sea upon the yielding rock will be immense. In building the Thames tunnel, the water burst through the roof several times, and Brunel, the engineer, nearly lost his life during one of these irruptions of the river. In the event of a violent storm the danger of a break would be imminent, and the workmen, having to run several miles to obtain a refuge, would have but poor opportunity to escape. The difficulty of ventilating such a tunnel must prove to be very great. But, notwithstanding these serious objections, three eminent English engineers have pronounced the plan to be feasible, and the estimated cost, forty-five million dollars, to be reasonable.

A BALLOON VOYAGE TO EUROPE.—The notion of an aerial voyage to Europe has been revived by M. Chevalier, a celebrated French aeronant, who has just arrived in New York. He proposes starting from New York next April or May. M. Chevalier, we are told, once made the journey from Paris to the Russian frontier, a distance of over 700 miles, in less than five hours. Upon another occasion he crossed St. George's Channel from Dublin, and has accomplished, without injury, several ascensions in France and England. The air ship in which the experiment is to be attempted is called L'Esperance. Its height is 95 feet, its diameter 150 feet, and it requires 120,000 cubic feet of gas to inflate it. Attached to the ship is an enclosed car capable of carrying about fifty persons, with provisions for a ten days' voyage. M. Chevalier contemplates extending invitations to several members of the press to accompany him.

A LITTLE girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball, and have her dress trimmed in bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would blow while she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother, "your father will do that when he discovers I have bought them."

A LADY was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied, "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the Sons in the course of a few weeks." Sensible to the last.

"CHARLEY, I was much shocked to hear you singing, "Pop goes the weasel" in church." "Well, mamma, I heard everybody else singing, and it was the only tune I knew."

A true picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that is only a few inches beyond his reach.