msa_sc2901_scm1622-0577 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 31. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871. No. 42.

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.

J. A. CATLIN'S

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS'

CLOTHING HALL!

Corner of High and Cross Streets,

CHESTERTOWN.

MUST BE SOLD THE ENTIRE STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING,

REGARDLESS OF COST!

To make room for my

EXTENSIVE SPRING STOCK.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Chestertown, Feb. 11, 1871.

Read! Reflect and Remember!

NEW STORE! NEW STOCK!

FAIR PRICES!

MISS S. S. CALDER respectfully informs her friends and the public generally that she has removed to the room adjoining W. A. Vickers' store, and has just received and will constantly keep on hand an assortment of the following:

VELVETEENS, COLORED SILKS, SATIN, SILK VELVET, RIBBONS, NOTIONS, &c.

DRESS TRIMMINGS of all kinds.

☞ DRESS MAKING and Machine Stitching at moderate prices. Give me a call.

feb11-tf. S. S. CALDER.

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

All manner of persons having

CLOCKS, WATCHES or JEWELRY TO REPAIR,

Can have the same repaired with dispatch at

WM. G. RUSSELL'S,

Adjoining the store of T. W. Ellison & Son. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction or no charge made. Charges moderate.

Be particular and ask for W. G. RUSSELL'S.

Feb. 4, 1871—tf.

FOR SALE:

600 Acres of Rappahannock Lands

THESE LANDS all lie immediately on the RIVER, are fertile, easily tilled, and well adapted to TRUCKING and FRUIT.

MARL in abundance—farm under fence and well improved with Buildings.

A YOUNG ORCHARD of 1,600 Fruit Trees coming into bearing.

For particulars, price, &c., address

J. L. SMITH,

n19 3m* Harmony P. O., Middlesex Co., Va.

MILLING.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has taken possession of his Mill, and will conduct it, he hopes, more to the satisfaction of the public than for some time past. He is in treaty for a very superior Miller, and soon as the Spring opens will make some improvements which must render her equal to any Mill on the Eastern Shore.

He hopes whenever there is any cause of complaint to be at once notified of the same.—By strict attention or supervision, and competent workmen, he hopes soon to be able to re-establish her former reputation.

jan7tf. THOS. H. WHALAND.

NOTICE.

The undersigned as agent for Mary Ann Harrison, is prepared to furnish WOOD sawed and split to order in any quantities He is conducting the wood yard formerly belonging to S. S. Usilton, and has on hand a large supply of GOOD WOOD which he is prepared to furnish at reasonable rates.

The patronage of old customers and of the public generally is solicited.

ENOCH HARRISON, Agent.

Nov. 12-3m.

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.

CEMETERY NOTICE.

Persons wishing to improve their Lots in Public Cemeteries and Private Burial Grounds, will do well before purchasing elsewhere, to call and examine our large and new stock of

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS, MONUMENTAL TABLET HEAD AND FOOT STONES VASES AND STATUARY,

All of new and beautifully proportioned designs, at the STEAM MARBLE WORKS of GADDESS BROS.,

ap3-y. Sharp and German sts., Baltimore.

TO MOTHERS.

Liebig's FOOD for INFANTS.

This valuable and popular Food for Infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at

jan7-tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

NATURAL MINERAL WATER FOR THE DEBILITATED.

VICHY, KISSENGEN, CONGRESS and other Waters, for sale at

jan7-tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

GREAT OFFER!—Choice CIGARS and CHEWING TOBACCO, for sale at

jan7tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

Valuable Farm at Private Sale.

THE undersigned as agent for Mr. Joseph Merritt, offers for sale his VALUABLE ESTATE, containing

About 200 ACRES OF ARABLE LAND,

in a high state of cultivation. This farm is 2½ miles from Chestertown, on the main road to Worton Station, and one mile from the latter Station. This farm is in excellent condition, fencing good—and the buildings ample and nearly new.

A Young and Flourishing Orchard

Of PEACH and APPLE TREES, in good bearing.

For terms and other information apply to

GEORGE VICKERS, Agent.

Chestertown, Feb. 25, 1871—ts.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM

In Kent Co., near Kennedyville.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at the Hotel of D. U. Dewees, in Kennedyville, Kent county, Maryland, on

WEDNESDAY,

The Fifteenth day of MARCH, 1871, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 1 o'clock, P. M., all that Farm, known as the

MAXWELL or DUNLAP FARM,

and now occupied by Lewis C. Justis, and containing

381 ACRES,

1 ROOD AND 16 PERCHES, *MORE OR LESS.*

This Farm lays about one mile from Kennedyville, the present terminus of the Kent Co. Railroad, and adjoins the lands of the late Daniel Jones, Dr. T. C. Kennard and others.

The farm is divided into five fields, and is under good fencing—all the road lines being enclosed by a good Osage Hedge. About 65 acres are in Meadow and Wood; the balance all arable. The soil is a medium clay, kind and productive; has been well limed, and is in a high state of cultivation. No portion of Kent county is more thrifty and improving, or more accessible to the markets of both Philadelphia and Baltimore, there being a daily boat to Baltimore touching at Turner's Creek two and a half miles from this farm. The Kent County Railroad, as extended, cuts one corner of the farm, giving opportunity for delivery of lime, &c., on the farm; and the track is now laid four miles below Kennedyville and will soon be completed.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

Are a Two-Story

BRICK DWELLING,

in good condition—three rooms and a kitchen down stairs, and four rooms up stairs. There are the usual outbuildings.

THE TERMS OF SALE

are $1,000 cash on the day of sale, and the balance in three equal instalments in six, eighteen and thirty-six months from the day of sale—the credit payments to be secured by the purchaser's bond, with approved security, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser. Stamps and deed at expense of purchaser

J. A. PEARCE, TRUSTEE.

Chestertown, Feb. 18, 1871—ts.

GOOD HARNESS

MADE AND SOLD AT

J. F. HOWARD'S HARNESS STORE FOR $20.

Chestertown, Jan. 7, 1871.

FOR SALE,

300,000 Giant Asparagus Roots,

Two years old, $1 per hundred, $4 for 500, $7 per 1000. Two thousand Conover's Colossal Asparagus at $3 per hundred.

Orders filed in rotation and filled as soon as roots can be planted in March. Terms cash with order. W. F. MASSEY,

jan7tf. Chestertown.

NEW STORE.

FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS!

MISS MARTHA EARNEST has rented the store room lately occupied by the Misses Middleton & Wyatt, and has just opened a well selected stock of

FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

which she is prepared to sell at prices to suit the times. Her stock consists in part of the following articles: Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests, Corsets at $1.25, French Corsets $2.00, Ladies' & Children's Hose, Kid Gloves, white and colored, Sash Ribbons, Handsome Ribbon, Bows; all qualities of Ladies' Handkerchiefs; Laces, both imitation and real; Cambric Edge and Inserting, white and colored Tarleton, Velvet Ribbon, Dress Buttons, Black Net and Green Berage for veils, Clouds, infants' and children's Hoods, Collars and Cuffs, and in short every article usually kept in a FANCY AND NOTION STORE.

☞ She respectfully invites an examination of her stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. MARTHA EARNEST.

Jan. 7, 1871—tf.

EXPOSITION at T. W. WICKES' DRUG STORE!

BAZIN & BARNES' MAGNOLIO and FLORIDA WATERS—the most lasting, agreeable and Refreshing of all PERFUMES for the Handkerchief, at the Toilet and in the Bath. jan7tf.

TO RENT, for the year 1871, my DWELLING HOUSE and LIVERY STABLES, with lot attached, on Cross street, in Chestertown, recently occupied by John W. Rasin. Also, a Three Acre LOT, near the upper part of the town. For terms apply to R. HYNSON, Esq.

jan7-tf. D. A. BENJAMIN.

FOR RENT, for the ensuing year, *The Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops,* known as the "Hanesville Manufacturing and Repair Shops." Also a commodious and comfortable DWELLING. A full sett of Blacksmith Tools for sale. Apply to

E. A. VANNORT.

oc22-tf. Hanesville, Kent county, Md.

FOR RENT, for the year 1871, the DWELLING HOUSE on Cross street, in Chestertown, now occupied by Mr. William Cannon. For terms, apply to

WM. VANNORT.

n19-tf

THE MERRY LAUGH.

I love to hear a merry laugh,
Out ringing wild and free,
As floats the music of the winds
Across the sunny sea.

The merry laugh goes hand in hand
With happiness and mirth;
And as its silvery-toned command
Joy nestless round each hearth.

The merry laugh bespeaks a heart
With noble feelings warm;
One that will bravely do its part
In sunshine or in storm.

The music of a merry laugh
Sets aged hearts aglow;
The smiles gleam o'er the wrinkled brow
Like sunset on the snow.

Then let the merry laugh ring out
Upon the balmy air,
And let its gladness put to route
The bold intruder—Care.

EDUCATION.

There are few terms of more indefinite meaning than the one which heads my communication. Some suppose it consists in learning to read, write and cipher; while others contend that no young man can be deemed educated, or at least *well* educated, until he has dubbed A. M. at a College, (be it a one-horse institution,) has passed a term at some academy, or has become a licentiate in one of the learned professions. This latter class seem to be *unmindful of quackery.* Another class *seemingly think* education consists in the *rapid change of books.* My definition varies from all, and comprises more than either.

I define education: a *knowledge* of our religious, moral, political, social and relative duties, and the *habitual performance* of them.

The apprentice, for example, who has merely acquired the names of tools which belong to a trade, may as well be deemed to have learnt that trade, as the boy to be educated who has merely obtained *school instruction.* The tools are the *means* by which the apprentice, by attention and industry, is to acquire a knowledge of his trade, and his reputation as a mechanic will depend upon the fidelity and skill with which he employs them. Schooling is to the mental what tools are to physical powers—the means of becoming useful to one's self and to society at large—and in both cases success and distinction are wisely made to depend upon individual exertion.

I would just here say, that some parents are unfortunately impressed with the opinion, that the teacher's mind is a *reservoir* of knowledge, and no exertion on the part of their children is necessary, but, that the teacher can, at *his will,* deal out to them daily a *certain* amount. If this were correct the teacher would have to be very cautious lest he be seriously charged with *overdoing it.*

Now, the parents who thus believe, are generally those who have much fault to find with the teacher, and many good teachers are not unfrequently disgraced through the ignorance of such parents. The child making no exertion, because of the carelessness of his parents to give him proper attention while at home—or it may be he is taught that none is necessary—is a burden to the teacher and a disgrace to the school.

If parents would only look at instruction from *reason's standpoint,* (I mean, of course, those who are capable of reasoning,) they would be compelled to acknowledge that the teacher who does *the most* for his scholars, is not the best. But he who induces them to do the most for themselves should receive the crown of honor for his success. And when all parents take this view of school instruction, the *bar* which has separated the teacher and parent to a great extent will be removed—then will commence the uninterrupted march of rapid progression.

Education has never reached the standard of respect which is due it, and for the reason that so little importance has been attached to it by its enemies, ignorance and conceit, hand in hand they go. This enemy is ever on the alert—sometimes visiting school rooms—seeking opportunities to thunder forth their ignorant opinions of how things should be done, and claiming great injustice done them if one so much as dare differ. The Bible teaches that "a man may be wiser in *his own* conceit than ten men that can render a reason."

The great end of education is not to train men to *get a living,* as some really believe. This is plain, because life was given for a higher end than simply to toil for its own prolongation.

I would not be misunderstood. I believe that a comfortable subsistence is indeed very important to the purposes of life, be this what it may; and unless a man be trained to get a comfortable support, his prospect of improvement and happiness are poor; but, if his education aims at nothing more, his life will turn to little account, "for man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

It will be seen from my definition, that I consider education as having but commenced after school days are past, and the boy, leaving school, must learn by study and reflection those high duties of manhood which are to have an important bearing upon his future happiness and prosperity. The mind must be disciplined by reading, observation and reflection; habits are also to be fixed. Practice is necessary for one to perfect himself in any undertaking; it is as necessary to make a fluent orator or a graceful writer, as it is in cutting well a coat, or shoeing a horse. And I venture the assertion, that the practice of every virtue will bring its reward in one shape or another, and that indulgence in vice will be followed by some corresponding suffering in mind or body.

Man enjoys animal propensities in common with the brute creation, but the higher feelings—the moral sentiments, the pleasures of intellect—belong peculiarly to man, and he rises in the scale of beings in proportion as he cultivates and improves these peculiar gifts of his Creator.

A word to the teachers of Kent county.—We are occupying honorable positions; let us not forget that responsibility is attached to honor. If we do our duty we shall send forth a light that will cheer and improve every farm, workshop and family hearth in our neighborhood; and in scattering this light in every direction, we can produce no stronger evidence that *our common schools are the guardians of freedom and strength of country.* Strike from existence these intellectual fountains, which are daily pouring light and liberty over the land, and all is night—the darkness of midnight and barbarism. B.

PAPER petticoats have come into fashion, the following advertisement whereof appears in England: "Madame Percale begs leave to call the attention of ladies about to visit the seaside to her new and richly embroidered paper petticoats at one shilling each. Each petticoat contains an installment of a new novel of great domestic interest, by Anthony Trollope, entitled 'Tucks and Frills.' The story will be complete in fifty weekly petticoats."

"WHAT have you to remark, madam, about my singing?" said a gentleman to a lady. "Nothing, sir," replied the lady; "it is not remarkable."

WHEN you hear a man say "Life is but a dream," tread on his corns and wake him up. Life is real.

Written for the "Kent News."

A "Confederate Cavalryman's" Diary.

The winter of '62 and '63 finds the First Regiment Maryland Cavalry guarding the famous Shenandoah Valley from the ravages of the Federal army. How well this was done, is known by the inhabitants of that delightful region, who ever felt secure when the "Maryland boys" were "down the Valley." The long cold winter's days and nights were passed on "picket duty," scouting and skirmishing—the superior heroism of these men, the knowledge of every road and by-path, enabling them at all times to defeat the enemy in their many *raids.* During this eventful winter, while in camp, our time was passed in drilling and caring for our horses, our gallant and lamented teader, Col. Ridgely Brown, being ever mindful of his men's comfort and the welfare of their tried steeds.

When in the early part of April, 1863, orders were received to prepare for a vigorous campaign, our men were delighted that they would soon meet the foe. Soon tents were struck and we entered upon the campaign in fine spirits, the regiment numbering some four hundred men, finely mounted and equipped. Crossing the Valley through the mountain passes, we continued our march, fording the South branch of the Potomac river on the 22d of April. On the following day we met the enemy, an Illinois regiment, who were guarding a pass in the mountains known as Greenland Gap. It was found impossible to continue our march until we dislodged this stubborn band of federals, and this we found no easy task, they being concealed within several *block houses.*—Having no artillery, we were compelled te charge them. Protected as they were, several attempts were made to storm their stronghold, in which we were repulsed with heavy loss. In one of these assaults, whilst gallantly doing his duty, J. Chapman Spencer, a gallant young fellow from Kent, was struck by a minnie ball in his throat, and with one groan he fell dead. This was his first and last encounter. We could not fail to admire his courage and daring. His youth and open, generous heart had endeared him to all his comrades. Soon another charge was ordered, and wading the stream, many of us waist deep in water, we captured the enemy, but in so doing lost many brave men and more were badly wounded. Every officer of our regiment, with two exceptions, was wounded. Our orders now were to march on, and here in this cold, dreary mountain gap we must leave our dead and dying comrades, who, ere the next day's close, might fall into the hands of our enemy. Of all the trials and hardships of a soldier's life, there is none like this; and many a brave man who would charge a thousand foe, if need be, would quail to think of this as his lot. And with heavy hearts and many regrets we move on, many of us with clothes frozen stiff, and continued our march thus until the next day's sun warmed and thawed our garments. Can you realize this? 'tis true.

Soon we cross the upper Potomac and invade Maryland. To our band is given the privilege of charging Oakland, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which we did about noon on the following day.—'Twas indeed a grand sight, and yet not a desperate charge, for we only found a few hundred Home Guards, who, without firing a gun, ran for the woods and their cellars. We captured the town and several of the "guards," who were "frightened to death." We had some *fun* there, erecting the gallows, getting rope and preparing to hang the Home Guards, to frighten them the more, when, after assurances of their fidelity to the South, endorsed by their sisters and sweethearts, and promises of good behaviour, &c., we released them on *parole,* not being desirous of them as prisoners. In this little town of Oakland we found a very pretty "rebel girl." The writer remembers seeing the picture of a Federal officer on the table. We asked who it was. She gave his name, and declared he was "a vile Yankee," &c., and threw the picture on the floor and with her pretty little foot broke it in a thousand pieces. Since the war this same rebel girl has wedded a Yankee General.

[To be continued.]

INGRATITUDE, BASE INGRATITUDE.—The following sad truths are clipped from an exchange, which also clipped it from an exchange:

"It is strange how closely people read the papers. We never say anthing that anybody don't like but what we soon hear of it, and everybody tells us about it. But, if once in a while we happen to say a good thing, we never hear that—no body seems to notice that. We may pay some man a hundred compliments, and give him a dozen puffs, and he takes it as a tribute to his greatness and never thinks anything about it—never thinks it does him any good. But if we happen to say something that this very man don't like, or something that he imagines reflects on him or his character, see how quickly he flies off and gets mad about it. All our evil is duly charged to us, but we never, apparently, get any credit for what good we do."

NEARLY every editor or publisher has his own racy story, touching manuscripts and their authors. Mr. Field, in his *Whispering Galaxy,* contributes to the current stock this reminiscence of his business day: "I once told him (Hawthorne) of a young woman who brought in a manuscript and said, as she placed it in my hands, 'I don't know what to do with myself sometimes, I'm so filled with mammoth thoughts.' A series of convulsive efforts to suppress explosive laughter followed, which I remember to this day."

BEECHER ON HAPPINESS.

The following is a synopsis of Rev. H. W. Beecher's lecture on "Happiness," which he recently delivered in New York:

What an organ is, said the lecturer, in a vast cathedral in the hands of an ignorant player, is the soul of man when badly played, so as to give forth more noise than music. There is a great deal of happiness in individual lives. Childhood has a great deal of happiness, of a lower grade, but far more enjoyable than that which lies higher and is called more refined. The elysium of animals lies at the beginning of life. To an imaginative child the world is a great picture-gallery—a museum of wonder. Childhood believes, while manhood doubts; and this predominance of imagination over reason is one of the elements of happiness. I do not belong to the grumblers nor cynics of any school. Life is a very grand and real thing, and with all its evils is well worth living. And yet the great art of happiness is imperfectly learned at best. Happiness is too often put to school to moralists and maxim hunters. It is the result of temperament and organization. We know how to become wise, good, strong, but this does not make happiness. Excellent rules have been given for happiness, but they are at best half truths. One suggests occupation; another leisure, as a constituent element. An heiress waiting at the window to be bought; a minister without a congregation; a lawyer without a case; these need occupation in order to be happy; but the overworked merchant or lawyer, and the care-worn statesman need leisure as well.—The hygienic professor will say that perfect health, a rightly adjusted occupation, and moderation in desire, constitute happiness. But every man carries within himself his own natural laws. Every faculty has its own sphere, and every sphere its own law. The faculties of the mind are but a score or more, and each is affected by physical laws.

What, then, is your definition? I am asked. I have no scheme. Ordinary, organic happiness is too low toned for the majority of men, and I doubt whether any will ever realize the happiness of which religious novices and romantic enthusiasts dream. Happiness consists in the harmony of all our conditions. First, it is a normal product of the nervous organization. Men think of happiness as something without rather than within, and hence they seek for it in travel, society and occupation, rather than within themselves. It is the man that carries happiness into the circumstances, and the latter only act as excitants. Happiness is the vibration of the nerve itself, and occasion brings nothing but the stimulus. Soil and climate—that is, organization and circumstances—must co-operate in the production of happiness. Secondly, men cannot experience pleasure indefinitely. Every man has two fathers, organization and education, and what the second can do depends upon the first.—Pleasurable excitement in moderate degree and variation of kind, that is law. Dissipation is an excess or excitement beyond what we can bear, and may be intellectual and religious as well as physical. Excitability is the raw material out of which happiness is produced, and each man's capacity for it can be appropriately registered. There is a predisposition in some men to enjoy, and in others to suffer. Some men seem to secrete acid and others sugar. Blessed be the saccharine! Thirdly, as sensibility increases excitability decreases. At the bottom happiness wastes and wears, but at the top it has the elements of immortality. Men derive excitability from their lower, and happiness from their higher natures, and it all depends on where we place the dynamic centre of life.

The most dismal instruments of torture are fashionable amusements, and most of all fashionable parties. Such meetings put the worst side out. They are so expensive that only rich men—thank God—can afford them. They are rare wherever society needs more frequent gatherings, conducted more simply and economically. There is more pleasure in one of the swinging pic-nics in the country than in 100 city parties. These extravagant gatherings only stand in the way of smaller and more numerous ones. The impression is universal that poverty and misery, and wealth and felicity are synonymous. Men are not made happy by what they have, but by what they are, and experience is gradually teaching our people how to derive happiness, in public and private, out of wealth and prosperity.

Religion as a happiness-making power I have reserved until the last. If we estimate religion by the force of its creeds, and by the number of its sects, we shall have to question its resources of happiness when we consider the bitterness, the persecution and the war that it has caused. The Church, as an institution, has produced full as much war as it has cured. But if we include the gracious fruits of the Spirit—love, hope, peace, long-suffering, charity, meekness, temperance—how rich in happiness it has been! As a philanthropy, as a personal experience, it has produced endless enjoyment; and looking at it in its best estate, nothing has given so much to man here, or promised him so much hereafter as true and unfeigned religion.

THE INDIANS.—Advices from all parts of Arizona represent the Apaches to be unusually active. Reports of men killed, horses, mules, and cattle run off, and farmers plundered, come in from all directions. Many farmers are abandoning the country in despair. Several mass-meetings have been held at Tucson to consider the situation.

GEN. PLEASONTON IN A FIX.

How Mrs. Woodhull Interviewed Him.

Donn Piatt tells the following in his Washington letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial:*

I heard a good story last night anent our new Commissioner of Internal Revenue. I told you in a former letter that the vehement female committee of eighteen, all strong-minded, was here in perpetual session, sitting in solemn conclave in Brother Senator Pomeroy's committee-room, from which the sensitive and blushing Scott Smith was driven by their discussions. These females do not propose to lose anything through lack of energy and activity. They rush about in the liveliest manner, capturing the men brutes on all sides, and strengthening their cause very much as Samson carried out the gates—through sheer force. They do not seem to have read the Right Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's beautiful little story of the rose-bud. Instead of wooing with a gentle persuasion of the south wind they come upon a fellow with the force of a hurricane.

The other day General Pleasonton, a delicate, sensitive little gentleman, was dressing for dinner. He had divested himself of every garment except the one spoken of by Hood in that melancholy poem called "The Song of the Shirt."—He was sailing about under bare poles, when he heard a knock at the door, and supposing it to be his man—who ought to have been there, and was not—he sang out, "Come in." To his utter consternation, that constitutional female known as Mrs. Woodhull, with a peaked hat and a man's overcoat, terminating in unmistakable crinoline, stalked in. As she did not immediately stalk out, but stood looking at the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in the abstract, the last named gentleman, hiding behind an armchair, stuttered out, "Excuse me, madam!"

"I want to see you on business, General Pleasonton."

"Well, madam, won't you be so good as to come to my office. I am not in a condition to see any one on business just now, and I beg of you to desist and come to the Bureau."

"I don't care anything about your condition, General Pleasonton; but it is a matter of some importance that I wish to see you upon, and this is as good an opportunity as any."

"My G—! madam," exclaimed the agonized Commissioner, shifting his financial person from one leg to the other, "won't you permit me to dress for dinner?"

"I have no objection to your dressing for dinner, but what I want to know is, what are you going to do about this Vanderbilt case? That Vanderbilt case is a great outrage, sir, and I can see that somebody is to be swindled out of half a million of dollars," and here followed a statement of the Vanderbilt case, that occupied just twenty minutes by the clock, and was very forcible and emphatic. At the end of it, when the strong-minded Woodhull paused for breath, the Commissioner said:

"I don't know anything about the Vanderbilt case, madam. I have not looked at a single paper. I have not heard anything but what you have told me. I have not had time. My God, I don't have time to get on my breeches. I don't want to be rude, but I wish you would go away and let me dress."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and Pleasonton yelled louder than ever he gave command to a battalion, "Come in." The door opened, and the substantial figure and handsome face of our Commodore Alden appeared upon the entrance. So soon as he did this, the Commissioner chassezed from the rear of his arm chair to the back of a sofa, and Alden thinking that he was intruding upon some tender scene between the General and the female, beat a hasty retreat. But the Commissioner was not to be forsaken, and he ran to the door, jerked it open, and with the tail end of his linen flying in the wind, seized Commodore Alden, and brought him back, when the cool and courageous Woodhull rose in a majestic manner, and wished them a good day. Pleasonton sank exhausted into a chair, and begged Alden for a little brandy, to try and rally from this tremendous attack of woman's rights made upon him.

"With the brief garment of a weak defence
He stood appalled."

A MAN died suddenly in Wilkesbarre, a few days ago, and at the coroner's inquest one of the friends of the deceased person said he "did not know that his friend had any chronic disease, but he was a queer man, addicted to taciturnity, and having a great many idiosyncrasies." The jury, after careful deliberation, said it believed that was what killed him. All the doctors in Wilkesbarre looked through their medical books without finding a description of any such excresence or tubercle as an "idiosyncrasy," and then they made a *post mortem* examination of the man to hunt for one of them. They reported that, if he really had any idiosyncrasies in him, they must have burst and disappeared before his death; and, in their opinion, he died from the effects of taking taciturnity too often. They said they hoped it would be an awful warning to the young to abstain from intoxicating drinks.

A DREADFUL PUNISHMENT.—The age of miracles evidently has not ceased. A man went into a revival meeting in Lyonville, Ill., a short time since, and was making fun of the penitents, when he fell to the floor, and was carried out in an insensible condition. A few days after he attempted to renew his sport in the same place, when he was stricken with paralysis, and, at last accounts, he had no use of tongue or limbs.

LIFE ON MOUNT WASHINGTON—*Suffering for Science.*—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal,* who has recently been sojourning with the scientific party at the summit of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, in a dispatch from the Tip-Top House, dated Feb. 10 says:

"Our temporary sojourn with the scientific party on Mount Washington is likely to give us varied experiences of life in the clouds. To-day is a marked contrast with yesterday in respect to every condition of the atmosphere. The falling of the barometer last evening indicated a coming change, and the weatherwise were able to predict a high wind, which surely enough came. During the night the wind, which had shifted round to the northwest, reached a force that was estimated at eighty miles an hour or more. This is nearly double the velocity of the highest wind ever registered in low altitudes, but is much less than has been noticed here several times this season. Under the fierce attacks of rude Boreas, the depot shakes, quivers and creaks in a manner that would drive all sleep from the eyes of persons with weak nerves.—The occupants of Mount Washington do not come under this head, and all sleep quite soundly. There was a sort of lull in the wind toward morning, and at seven o'clock its velocity was ascertained to be fifty miles per hour, the thermometer standing at zero. Soon after it increased in fury, and the cold also grew a little more intense. At 10½ o'clock the temperature was 2 deg. below zero, and the velocity of the wind was eighty-seven miles per hour. At 12 o'clock the temperature was 2 deg. below zero, and the wind's velocity had lessened to forty-eight miles per hour. The building creaks and rattles like a ship in a storm. It is an impossibility to stand up against the terrific blasts, and out-door exercise is at a discount. Within doors everything is as comfortable as need be. The summit has been enveloped in clouds, since Wednesday noon.

"None of us have ventured out of doors, except to take observations of the wind's velocity with the anemometer, save once, when Prof. Huntington went out to remove a ladder from the side of the building. In taking wind observations, the operator would go only a rod or so from the door, so as to expose the instrument fully, and then it was necessary to sit down or lie down, for no person could stand for a single moment against such a terrible assault. A perfect shower of ice and fragments of front-work fly across the summit, and one is in as much danger as when exposed to a shower of brickbats. A terrific bombardment of the house has been kept up through the day. Between 6 and 7 o'clock one of the double windows, although protected by wooden bars without, was struck by one of the missiles and broken. The damage was soon repaired by nailing boards over the aperture from within. At 2 o'clock P. M. the wind's velocity was eighty-eight miles per hour; at 3 had decreased to seventy-six miles, and the observation just made brings it up again to eighty-eight miles."

THE HORSE DISEASE.—The Annapolis *Republican* says: "For several months past the skill of our farmers has been baffled over a disease that has proved a terror and destruction to many valuable horses throughout our county, and many remedies tried, and all to no avail. Week after week we have to report the death of some valuable animal in our county, under most mysterious circumstances.—The animals, before their attack, are comparitively well and hearty. A gentleman residing in the fourth district of this county lost a valuable horse, which dropped dead on the road while he was riding it to Patuxent, a distance of less than a mile. The horse previous to his leaving home was in comparatively good health. Mr. C. S. Nichols, residing in the second district, also lost a valuable horse from the same disease. The horse was put into the stable over night, apparently well and hearty, and was found dead the next morning. This disease has become a source of great annoyance to our farmers, and fears are entertained that unless a remedy or preventive can soon be discovered, a great scarcity of horses will soon exist in our county.

SAD CASE.—A very singular and touching case has just occurred in the fishing village of Inver, near Tain, in the family of James Frazer, alias Stow, fishermen. Frazer recently buried his second wife, making the eighteenth death in his family since his first mariage. By his first wife he had fourteen children, ten of whom he has buried. By the second wife he had eleven children, of whom six are dead; so that he has, in a comparatively short period, followed to the grave his two wives and sixteen of his twenty-five children, making in all eighteen deaths since his first marriage. The poor man, who is now unable to support himself, has still alive four of his first and five of his second wife's children.

NO SMOKING ALLOWED.—Old Doctor Stearns, of New London, in his latter years, kept a drug store. A gentleman one day purchased a cigar of the Doctor, and, lighting it began to smoke.

"Please do not smoke in the store," said Dr. S., politely, "it is against our rule."

"But you *sell* cigars," rejoined the gentleman,—"sell em to smoke, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, we sell cigars," replied the doctor a little sharply,—"and *we sell physic; but we don't allow it to operate in the store.*"

THE testimony of a daughter of the parties to a recent Indiana divorce suit seems conclusive: "Father got mad because mother starched his stockings. Mother picked up the stockings and hit father on the head with them, and it sounded as though they were sticks of wood. Father then stuffed a hot wheat cake down mother's throat, and then mother set the dog on father, and twisted the dog's tail to make him bite harder."

AN old fellow who took part in the late rebellion was one day blowing in the village tavern, to a crowd of admiring listeners, and boasting of his many bloody exploits, when he was interrupted by the question: "I say, old Joe, how many rebels did you kill during the war?" "How many rebels did I kill, sir; how many did I kill? Well, I don't know just 'zactly how many, but I know this much, I killed as many of them as they did o' me."