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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.
PLUMMER & 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 may be charged. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising

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No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious and other purposes, must be paid for the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

LAW CARDS.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12-y.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.

Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm. JESSE K. HINES, MARION deK. SMITH. oc3-tf.

L. M. Bean. R. J. Foard.

BEAN & FOARD,
MASSEYS, MD.,
GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Coal, Lime, Hardware, Seeds,
FERTILIZERS,
Agricultural Implements, &c.

☞ Highest cash prices paid for Grain on Railroads and Sassafras and Chester rivers.

☞ By a strict personal attention to business we hope to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Nov. 10. 1875—3m.

BURNS & SLOAN
Lumber Dealers,
OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF
BALTIMORE.
YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,
OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF
BUILDING
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
DOORS,
SASH,
BRICKS,
OAK, ASH, WALNUT,
AT THE LOWEST RATES.
IN LOTS TO SUIT.

Another Arrival from Philadelphia!

LADIES if you want Cheap Buttoned Gaiters and Balmorals, you can find them at
JOS. H. THOMPSON'S,
Under the Kent News office.

Ladies' Lasting Fox But Gaiters		$2 50 to 2 75
" Pebble Goat "	"	3 00
" Balmorals "	"	2 25
" Morocco Bals "	"	2 25
" " Lace Boots		1 75 to 2 00
" " Grain Bal's		2 00
Women's A Call		1 75
Misses Button Gaiters		2 25 to 2 50
" Lasting Fox		2 00 to 2 25
" Lace Boots		1 25 to 1 75

Infant's Shoes at all prices.
Gents' and Ladies' Gums.
☞ Give me a call.
Dec. 25, 1875. JOS. H. THOMPSON

PERFUMERY.

A nice stock of French and English Perfumery at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, Middletown, Del. Heliotrope, Jasmine, White Rose, Jockey Club, Musk, Patchouly, etc — Also Sachet Powder of the following perfumes: White Rose, Heliotrope, Jockey Club and Violet. Sept. 18, 1875—tf.

HOME WORK!
Gents' Fine Boots,
Shoes and Gaiters.
Ladies,' Misses' and Children's Shoes
JAMES A. SHAW,
CHESTERTOWN,

HAS now on hand a good supply of the best Leather, and is prepared to make to order all kinds of BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, in the very best manner, at short notice. His work cannot be surpassed for beauty of style or durability of make, as his numerous patrons in this community will testify.

If you want an extra pair of
Fine Boots, Shoes or Gaiters,
For Spring and Summer wear,
Call at SHAW'S, on Court Street,
and he will be sure to please you.

A good stock of Boots and Shoes of his own make kept on hand and sold at low prices.
JAMES A. SHAW,
May 8, 1875. Court Street.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,
IS MAKING
SPECIAL ABATEMENTS
IN PRICES OF
BLANKETS, CASSIMERS,
AND
HEAVY FLANNELS,

Fruit of the Loom Bleh'd Muslin..... 11½c.
Wamsutta " " ..... 15c.

☞ Special attention is invited to a large stock of Alpacas.
Jan. 15, 1876. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

JAS. H. SMITH,
DEALER IN
CONFECTIONERY, Foreign Fruits,
NUTS, CAKES AND CRACKERS,
Imported and Domestic CIGARS,
TOBACCO, &c.
November 20, 1875.
JUST RECEIVED
NEW FOREIGN FRUITS,
RAISINS, CURRANTS,
LEMONS, ORANGES,
CITRON, PRUNES,
FIGS, NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits, Spices,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW
Worcestershire Sauce, French Mustard, Toilet Soap, Combs, Brushes, Pocket Books, Toys, Jewelry, Lamp Fixings, Lamps, Glass-ware,
Cocoa, Chocolate and Flavoring Extracts.
TOBACCO from 75 cts. to $2.
CIGARS, from 2½ cts. to 25 cts.
We name following Brands and Prices:
La Angelita Dr A 25c.; Flor Del Fumar 5c to 20c.; Principe Alfonso 9½, 20c.; Keywest Partigas 12½; Rema Victoria 12½; Designia 5 to 12½; Partagas 5 to 10c.; La luz de Orient 5c.; Flor de Alma 5c.; La Carolina 5c.; Flor de Cuba 6 for 25c; Flor del Fumar 6 for 25c.; Henry Clay 6 for 25c.; Our Friend 6 for 25c.; Joys 6 for 25; Twins 6 for 25c.; Victory 6 for 25c.; Emperor 3c.; Nice and Safe, 2 for 5c.
☞ Give me a call.
Nov. 20, 1875. J. H. SMITH.

1876. 1876.
H. A. SPARKS.
PRICE LIST:

FRENCH CANDIES	35c. per lb.
VERY BEST "	45c. "
PLAIN single pound	22c. "
" 5 lb. or more	20c. "

ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS,
NUTS, RAISINS, &c., &c.,
at the same rates.

TOBACCO, TOBACCO!
AN ELEGANT TOBACCO at 75c. per pound, sells elsewhere at 85c.
TWIST, at 90, sells at $1.00.
EMMA VIRGINIA $1.50, equal to Gravely at $2.00.
CIGARS, CIGARS, CIGARS!
I make a speciality of a
FIVE CENT CIGAR,
and am determined to sell THE BEST.
TRY THE
"Islanita Cubanna,"
for sale *only* by myself. Cigars of various kinds and prices. Pipes, Stems, &c.
Pictures, Frames, Coral,
WAX FLOWERS,
MOTTOES on perforated board, &c.
Come and see them.
☞ N B.—I challenge comparison with any goods in town, as I am determined to keep the best and sell at small profits.
H. A. SPARKS,
Between T. W. Eliason and E. T. Willis'.
Jan 15, 1876.

A NEW SKYLIGHT
IN CHESTERTOWN.

THE subscriber has fitted up a First Class SKYLIGHT ROOM, adjoining Mr. J. K. Aldridge's Hardware Store, and respectfully informs the citizens of Kent and adjoining counties that he is prepared to take all kinds of
PICTURES.
All work first class. He feels confident he can give satisfaction in quality, style and price of Pictures, as no pains will be spared to secure correct likenesses and artistic work.

Old pictures copied and enlarged. Also, Photograph Views of Buildings taken in nice style. FRAMES of all kinds furnished to order. Give him a call and you will be pleased.
oc30-tf. D. S. LEWIS.

FARMERS Save your orders until you go to Middletown, and buy your Drugs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Lamp Chimneys, Sponges, Chamois, &c, at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, (Barr's old stand.) Promp, and polite attention to all. sep18-tf.

FRESH BUCKWHEAT and HOMINY, at
nov13. *THOMPSON'S, Up Town.*

YOU can buy any part of Harness separate, from a Hame strap up to a set, at
a20. J. F. HOWARD'S, Court St.

Corn Planting and Truck Growing.
HUBBARD'S
IMPROVED
STAR BONE PHOSPHATE
Manufactured by
HUBBARD BROS.,
—AT—
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,
And WYOMING, DEL.

THIS Phosphate has merits commensurate with its reputation, which is equal to any in the market, and is sold at a much less price, which is a matter of great consideration.

Farmers who pay cash for our Phosphate on delivery, or in 30 days from date of bill, will find that money is worth to them much more than legal interest, showing a decided advantage both to the farmer and to the manufacturer, who is working upon a small margin above the actual cost per ton.

The satisfactory results from its use can only be attributed to the large percentage of actual Fertilizer, essentially Bone, employed in its manufacture, making it undoubtedly the BEST MANURE FOR ALL CROPS. Farmers will also derive great benefit from its use to prevent Frenching in corn, and the annoyance of the troublesome insect that so many of our farmers have to contend with.

In view of the increasing demand for this Fertilizer, we have doubled our facilities for manufacturing, and shall be able to furnish in early Spring in such quantities as may be required. We ask but one trial to convince all of the valuable properties contained in our Phosphate as a Crop producer, and pledge ourselves to keep it up to the present high standard, believing that our success depends upon the quality of our Fertilizer.

☞ In order to avoid disappointment and delay we advise that all orders be sent in early.
Address
HUBBARD BROS.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD., and WYOMING, DEL.
P. S.—Send for circulars and certificates.
Jan. 29, 1876—3m.

Nursery Stock.
APPLE, PEAR, PEACH and CHERRY TREES, and SMALL FRUIT PLANTS, by the 100, 1,000, or 10,000.

I have for SPRING PLANTING the most extensive, and choicest assortment of Fruit Trees and Plants I have ever before offered to planters.

APPLE TREES.
The growers of this valuable and profitable Fruit in Mayland generally have been sadly disappointed in getting trees from the north; as winter varieties there, when planted here, mature their fruit too early in the fall to keep through the winter with us. For this reason, and to secure reliable winter keeping apples, I grew my Apple Nursery on my farm in Va., 300 miles south of here.

I have a choice selection, which cannot fail to give satisfaction, and have grafted largely of a variety called Smith's Horse (not the old Horse apple.) The fruit can be picked nearly as early as the Early Harvest, and being double its size, commands readily from $5 to $7 per bbl.

PEACH TREES.
Almost all my Peach Trees were budded from bearing trees, grown on my own and two adjoining farms, the buds being taken from the trees while the fruit was on them, leaving no doubt in my mind that my stock is true to name.

I have not a long list of varieties; have budded chiefly of late, most approved canning sorts, including three very valuable new varieties for canning, very popular in Del., ripening with and after Smock.

I also have a large stock of Early Beatrice. I united this variety last summer; several of my friends in Kent saw the fruit, and can testify that it was fully ten days earlier than Hale's; a high colored, showy, firm peach. I think it well worthy extensive cultivation.

PEAR TREES.
I have secured a large stock of St. and Dwf. Pear Trees from a reliable source in N. York, and can furnish in quantities of the most approved varieties. No better Pear Trees can be grown anywhere than in N. York.

CHERRY TREES.
I have but few varieties of this fruit, and the planter suits but few for profit.

Small Fruit Plants.
I have large supply on hand, and recommend but few varieties. My extensive experience as a fruit grower enables me to judge of the merits of the many kinds in the market. I have rejected two thirds of them as not worthy of cultivation.

Catalogue mailed on application.
N. BARNARD,
Jan. 8, 1876-4m. *Still Pond, Md.*

Kennedyville Ahead!!
$10,000
Is offered for the arrest of the great criminal, "BOSS TWEED," and although he has fled from justice, I am enabled to offer
Another New Stock
At PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!

PRINTS—Cocheco and Pacific.....10c.
Other domestic 6c. up.
MUSLINS from 6c. up.
CANTON and WOOL FLANNELS,
KERSEYS, &c.,
☞ As low as the lowest. ☜
A full line of BOOTS AND SHOES at bottom prices.
A New Stock of CLOTHING
among which are some OVER-COATS, at PANIC PRICES.
GROCERIES.
Sugars from 9 to 13 cts. Soaps 40 to 80 cts.
Best Mince Meat at 14c. Coffee 25 to 30 cts.
Raisins, Currants and Spices for Mince Pies.
Best Pearl Hominy.
Also a full line of
FRESH CONFECTIONERY,
Which includes French and Common Candies, Fruits, Nuts, etc., for Christmas.
☞ LARD CANS $1.00 ☜
And almost everything that ought to be found at a country store.
I will also pay the highest price for GRAIN, Dried Fruit, Eggs, Butter, Lard and Bacon.
Also, for well dressed POULTRY in good condition, and—
All this AT THE POST OFFICE AT KENNEDYVILLE
JOS. E. WEER, P. M.
Dec. 11, 1875.

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!
MY stock is very large and selling such lower than we have since we commenced the Hardware business.
Call and be convinced.
Nov. 20. J. K. ALDRIDGE

IRENE.

IRENE was beautiful, young and fair,
With violet eyes and golden hair,
Rose bud lips, and teeth of pearl,
An innocent and happy girl.

Her graceful form was a Painter's dream,
A Lily bending to kiss the stream,
Aurora bathing in rosy light
Seemed the vision that met your sight.

The birds in the woodbine hushed their song,
To catch her breath, as she moved along,
Like a robe of perfume the wild grape flower
Covered her path with their sea green showers.

Every one loved her, all around
Listened and smiled at her voice's sound;
Pet of the household was Irene,
Loaded with gifts as an Orient Queen.

Alas! for Earth it is fair and sweet,
A serpent coiled round Irene's feet,
A breath of perfume filled the air,
Poison, the subtlest, was floating there.

The path that wound round her father's hall
Felt two shadows upon it fall,
A boat shot out from the pebbly shore,
The pet of the house was seen no more.

Out on the wild Moor next she fled,
The midnight sky not a star ray shed,
Betrayed and lost, oh! can it be
A pearl is dimmed in its purity.

Yet poor Irene thou art not all lost
Out in the tempest wildly tossed,
Shunned by good women, honest men
Shrinking to touch thy skirts' vile hem.

Flying from alleys and lanes of sin
One cool drop from the pure to win,
Hell hounds follow to tare thy breast,
Thy heart is throbbing in wild unrest.

Not a star in the frowning sky,
Oh, oh! on for thy soul's sake fly;
In thy breast is a burning flame,
On thy cheek is the blush of shame.

Broken-hearted, lost, betrayed.
Christ heard Magdalene when she praved;
The hell hounds now from thy breast have flown,
For Christ too hears thy penitent moan.

Thou hast found the riven rock at last,
There's a streak in the sky, the night is past.
Over thy wounds pure waters play,
Tears have washed thy remorse away.

'Tis morn, and the Shepherd has come to see,
The lost lamb that wandered o'er brake and lea,
With his silver horn and golden crook
The dying girl heard him wind up the brook.

On a bank of flowers her young limbs lay,
Covered over with milk white spray;
The Saviour lifted her spirit form
And tenderly placed it above earth's storm.

* * * * *

Irene is safe in a fadeless bower
Where the old home love will unblighted flower;
No serpent is there to beguile the pure
For Christ himself is "The Open Door."

MATILDA CANBY.
Wilmington, Del., Jan. 19, 1876.

A BACHELOR'S REVERY.

BLAZE—SIGNIFYING CHEER.

I pushed my chair back; drew up another; stretched out my feet cosily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked into the leaping and dancing flame.

Love is a flame, ruminated I; and (glancing round the room) how a flame brightens up a man's habitation!

"Carlo," said I, calling up my dog into the light, "good fellow, Carlo!" And I patted him kindly, and he wagged his tail, and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my face; then strode away—turned to look again, and lay down to sleep.

"Pho, the brute!" said I; "it is not enough, after all, to like a dog."

If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running round the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams; and if you could reach an arm around that chair back, without fear of giving offence, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your other hand those little, white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach—and so, talk softly and low in the presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for; if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image (dream call it rather,) would it not be far pleasanter than this cold single night-sitting, counting the sticks, reckoning the length of the blaze, and the height of the falling snow?

And if some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour you could whisper into listening, because loving ears—ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper—ears ever indulgent, because eager to praise; and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood-fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke—how far better than to be waxing black and sour over pestilential humors—alone—your very dog asleep!

And if when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illumining that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes, how far better than to feel it slumbering and going out, heavy, lifeless and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you—coming you know not whither—would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress or endearing word upon that fondest and most dear one, than in patting your glossy coated dog, or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it! How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver and grow weak, before that girl-brow, an eye of innocence! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm and quick blood and life renew itself in such presence!

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of the room. The shadows the flames made were playing like fairy forms over floor and wall and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance.—Surely imagination would be stronger and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God speed!

Her face would make a halo, rich as a rainbow, atop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares; and darkness, that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread and float away—chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend—poor fellow!—dies; never mind, that gentle clasp of *her* fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep—it is worth ten friends!

It is more; *she*, she says, will be a sister; and the waving curls as she leans upon your shoulder touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes—God has sent his angel, surely.

Your mother, alas for it, she is gone. Is there any bitterness to a youth alone and homeless, like this?

But you are not homeless; you are not alone; *she* is there; her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again, to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then those children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with their prattle now—they are yours! Toss away there on the greensward; never mind the hyasinths, the snow-drops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish; flower, tree, gum, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with the tenderest jealousy, and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of any cold lecture to teach thankfulness; your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf and greenness, to turn thought kindly and thankfully; for ever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit—for which eye, heart and soul are full of unknown and unspoken, because unspeakable thank-offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down, no lonely moanings and wicked curses at careless-stepping nurses. *The* step is noiseless, and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn or withdrawn by the magic of that ether presence; and the soft, cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend watchers, merely come in to steal a word away from that outer world which is pulling at in the skirts; but ever the sad, shaded brow of her whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief—if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling away under the growing heart.

So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself; striving with everything gross, even now as it clings to grossness. Love would make its strength native and progressive Earth's cares would fly. Joys would double; susceptibilities be quickened; love master itself, and, having made the mastery, stretch onward and upward toward Infinitude.

And if the end came, and sickness brought that follower—Great Follower—which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart and the hand of Love, ever near, are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumphs, which circleth all, and centreth in all—Love Infinite and Divine!

Kind hands—none but *hers*—will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp and heavy on it; and her fingers—none but hers—will lie in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens and hardens for the ground. *Her* tears—you could feel no others if oceans fell—will warm your drooping features once more to life; once more your eye, lighted in joyous triumph, will kindle in her smile, and then—

The fire fell upon the hearth; the blaze gave a last leap—a flicker—then another—caught a little remaining twig—blazed up—wavered—went out.

There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone, with only my dog for company.

The Belles of the Bible.

It is an interesting fact, and true to a great extent, that the styles of dress and ornaments of the Hebrew ladies of the present day—and in fact the prevailing toilet of all ladies—are much the same as during the time of Solomon. With all the changes and variations of centuries, the gradations of chignons and crinolines, we now find much of the simple grace and symmetry of ancient Greece.

The Scriptures narrate a great many things about the style of dress worn in the time of Solomon, and in the laws of Moses several directions are given concerning garments worn by the Israelites. In the book of Judges, the girls of that period are described by Deborah as "A prey of colors of needle-work;" while Samuel says, "Their clothing is of silk and purple." In the frequent intercourse between the Jewish and other nations, the ladies, tired of their primitive simplicity, sought the fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phœnicians, and the luxurious Persians. Even patient Job became impatient at the dresses, and Isaiah denounces the "women of the period living for nothing but dress and flirtation," with the one desire to "see and be seen."

The tunica worn by the ladies in the time of Solomon was much like the polonaise of to-day, and the belts with fancy clasps now worn are about the same as the leather girdles and silver buckles of old. We also find recorded that trains were worn to dresses, and that camel's hair shawls were common. Embroidered mantles, fastened with golden pins, are also spoken of. The hair was also oiled, dyed, and put up in coils; little curls were let hang over the forehead, and, strange to say, the girls of Solomon's time, it is stated, used paint.

Veils were worn, and sandals were made of blue and violet-colored leather, with fancy latchets. Solomon, as is related, said to a Shunamite, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" Hair nets were worn, and ear-rings of all forms and much value were common.—Bracelets on the right arm, strings of pearl and heavy gold chains around the neck, rings on the fingers, and other ornaments, were all worn by the ancient Hebrew ladies.

DEATH OF REVERDY JOHNSON.

PARTICULARS OF THE SAD OCCURRENCE.

The cause of the sudden and tragic death of Mr. Reverdy Johnson on Thursday evening of last week, at the executive mansion, in Annapolis, remains as much a matter of conjecture as at the moment he was found bleeding and dead on the stones of the carriage-way, near the house. The fatal occurrence to one so universally admired and loved, says the Baltimore *Sun* of Saturday, created a shock in every household, and prompted yesterday the tenderest inquiries, both personal and by wire, and of friend to friend, in every precinct of the State capital, where the form and voice of Mr. Johnson were so well known.

THEORY OF HIS DEATH.

It seems to be the general impression among those about the Governor's mansion that Mr. Johnson's sudden wish to leave the dining-room and the pleasant company there assembled arose from a feeling of oppression, the nature of which he would not admit to himself. He was well known to have been impatient of any service, however kindly offered, that implied a recognition of infirmity. When he suddenly desired to go into the parlor from the dining-room there is no doubt it was to obtain relief from threatening pressure, and when he had induced Gov. Carroll to return to his other guests, who were smoking and chatting, Mr. Johnson sought the fresh outside air in hope of getting relief, but was overtaken by vertigo or a partial apoplectic stroke, fell, and met his sad death.

THE PREMISES WHERE HE FELL.

It is difficult to describe how the accident occurred without giving some idea of the premises. Mr. Johnson descended from the main door of the executive mansion facing east, through a porch and down five or six steps to the brick walk, turned to his left down a grassy slope, defended by a low parapet wall, to the carriage way, which passes under the porch. Here, in what is a carriage area, he seems to have stumbled or fallen forward, striking his head against the granite base of the mansion, leaving blood stains on the stones, fractured his skull, and died without pain.

OPINIONS OF MEDICAL MEN.

Dr W. G. Tuck furnishes a certificate that Mr. Johnson's death was occasioned by an accidental fall in the yard of the executive mansion.

Dr. Lewis H. Steiner, Senator from Frederick county, Md., and chief inspector of the sanitary commission of the army of the Potomac during the late war, says: "Mr. Johnson either stumbled over a piece of coal on being seized with vertigo or incipient symptoms of apoplexy, and striving to save himself moved towards the west, staggering along by the northerly side of the executive mansion, at each step his body gaining additional momentum, so that having reached the door leading into the basement he swayed around to the south and fell, striking his head against a sharp corner of the granite base course of the house, which gave the first wound on the head; reaching the pavement, made of rough cobble stones, a second wound was received on the head. At this instant, probably, the bones of the nose were fractured and one joint of the second finger of the right hand was dislocated. Whether after struggles account for the abrasions of the knees and the fingers of the left hand cannot be positively asserted, although it is probable. The wounds in the scalp were accompanied with fractures of the external bones of the cranium, accompanied with probable rupture of some of the arteries of the face.—Death must have resulted almost instantly.

ATTACKS OF VERTIGO.

Mr. Chas. J. M. Gwinn and Mr. Chas. G. Kerr, sons-in-law, believe that Mr. Johnson was seized with vertigo and fell, and the belief is enforced by the knowledge that while in Rawleigh, returning from his labors in the kuklux trials of South Carolina, some years ago, he had an attack of vertigo, which was then considered as a premonitory symptom of more serious trouble to be dreaded in the future.

HONORABLE ESCORT.

Only the intimate friends of Mr. Johnson and his family were admitted to see the remains at the executive mansion during the day. Jenkins, the Baltimore undertaker, went down with an ice-casket by the morning train, and the body was placed in it for preservation and transportation to Baltimore. An invitation was sent out to friends, members of the judiciary, the bar, the Legislature, and citizens of Annapolis to join in escort from the executive mansion at three o'clock to the depot. When the hour arrived the House of Delegates and the Senate of Maryland met at the capitol, and headed by their officers, Speaker L. C. Smith and Daniel Fields, President of the Senate, walked by twos to the Governor's mansion, where they were joined by the Appeals Court judges, Chief Judge Bartol, officers of the Naval Academy and citizens. The body was placed in a hearse and moved to the depot, followed on the sidewalk by upwards of 400 gentlemen, headed by Gov. John Lee Carroll and Admiral Rogers, Commander Terry, and other naval officers, representing as a whole all the departments of the State government, and the navy of the United States and private citizens.

DEPARTURE FROM ANNAPOLIS.

At the depot the casket was transferred to a parlor coach draped in mourning, furnished especially by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. In the parlor compartments of this car were only Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Jr., Mr. Jas. Morris, (grandson,) Messrs. Gwinn and Kerr, with one or two others, and Mr. Jenkins, the undertaker.

ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS IN BALTIMORE.

The special car reached Camden station at 5.25 P. M. A large concourse of people thronged the depot, and remained in respectful silence that was as eloquent as demonstrativeness on other and more fitting occasions, while the casket was borne from the parlor coach through the depot to the hearse in front, followed by the gentlemen who had accompanied it from the State capital. The remains were conveyed from the depot to the residence of Mr. Johnson, No. 118 Park avenue.

Comments of the Press.

In announcing the death of Mr. Johnson, the New York *Herald* says:

"The death of Reverdy Johnson removes from among us a man whose purity of life was always unquestioned amid the sharpest criticisms on his public course; whose broad learning and legal acumen placed him among the very first of American jurists, and whose career, despite his occasional failures to interpret the desires of his countrymen, will be long and honorably remembered by the State of his birth and the nation at large."

The New York *Tribune* says:

"The death of Mr. Reverdy Johnson is a source of profound personal grief to many who never sympathized with his political views, and had little in common with many of his personal associations. That he was a very great lawyer, a liberal statesman, and a chivalric gentleman everybody knew. On these points his reputation is secure. Long before his death he had come to enjoy that sort of posthumous fame that is to be found in the universal and consenting judgment of his contemporaries of all parties and creeds. In the Supreme Court, since the death of Judge Curtis, of Boston, there was no man named beside him.

"In the Senate, in the old days, all parties united in recognizing him as, on a large class of questions, an absolute authority. In the cultured society of two great capitals he was for many years one of the central figures; and there are many circles, absolutely removed from politics and law, where the news that Reverdy Johnson is dead will be received with more sadness than the story of a national calamity would inspire. He was a great jurist, an honest man—true to his State, his country, his friends, and every duty—the soul of honor and of generosity.—He made his mistakes, as everybody does—his diplomatic career especially was full of them—but the men who differed from him most earnestly will be to-day among his sincerest mourners."

The New York *Times* says:

"Born in Maryland, and always accustomed to the usages of slavery, Reverdy Johnson was nevertheless broad enough in his political principles to accede gracefully and generously to the destruction of that ancient institution, even when men less personally interested were reluctant. He was true to the constitution and the Union, and though his mind, peculiarly given to the consideration of abstruse theories of law, sometimes made his progress seem slow, in the rapid movements of a war-like period, he was always found at last on the right side of the national cause.

"A leading lawyer in State and United States courts, prominent in the Maryland Legislature and the United States Senate, a member of President Taylor's cabinet, called upon for legal counsel by various administrations, and once minister to England, Mr Johnson certainly exhibited great abilities, as well as abundant versatility of talent. Personally he was a gentleman of high and chivalrous instincts, without fear of reproach, kindly and generous. His death adds another name to the long list of noted men lost to the republic since the close of the late civil war."

The New York *World* says:

"The death of Reverdy Johnson removes a man who was distinguished in public life longer ago than any other American now left living. His services in the Senate began over thirty years ago, and much before that time he was known all over the country as a Whig politician and an eminent lawyer. His political career, long and successful as it was, however, was always subordinated to his professional career."

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

"Mr. Johnson would have been eminent as a jurist and a statesman in any age or country. The strength and solidity of his judgment were fortified by the depth and accuracy of his legal knowledge and the largeness of his experience. He was the last of that race of great constitutional lawyers and statesmen of whom Webster was the chief."

PROF. SWING'S THEORY OF LIFE.—Professor Swing preached a sermon to young men in Chicago recently, and gave his theory of life thus: "Throw down the god money from its pedestal, trample that senseless idol under foot, set up all the higher ideals, a neat home, vines of one's own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of genius, a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love in return, a hundred pleasures that bring no pestilence, a devotion to the right that will never swerve, a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of faith and love, and to such a philosophy earth will give up what joy it knows."

SINGULAR BAPTISM AND SUDDEN DEATH.—Abraham Eisenhaner, of Bethel township, Lebanon county, Pa., became converted during the recent revival in that vicinity, and was induced to join a sect which believes that immersion only is baptism. Mr. Eisenhaner being a consumptive and too feeble to be taken to a water course for the purpose of baptism, it was decided to perform the solemn ceremony in the house. A trough used for scalding hogs was secured and filled with lukewarm water. Mr. Eisenhaner was then placed therein and dipped three times with the usual ceremonies accompaning, after which he was taken out and placed in bed. He then remarked that he was going to change shirts, in which he was assisted, after which he suddenly died.

BONNER, of the New York *Ledger*, is responsible for much of the prevailing distress. For years young people have been reading his delusive romances and his advice to marry young, and now there are thousands of people with large families on their hands and nothing to eat but New York *Ledgers*.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A CHICAGO alderman tried for three hours to think of George Washington's last name, but he couldn't do it. He said he knew it was George, and that the man had something to do with the Mexican war, but he couldn't remember further.—*Detroit Press.*

A FRENCHMAN, having heard the phrase, "I've got other fish to fry," very readily learned its application. One evening, after escorting a young lady home, and being invited to walk in, he thought of the above expression, and excused himself by saying, "I tank you—I must fry some fish."

A BUFFALO man dreamed that he was going over the Falls, and he had his wife by the throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she struck at an Indian.

Sketch of Gen. O. E. Babcock.

Gen. Orville E. Babcock, who is now undergoing trial at St. Louis, Mo., on the charge of complicity in the great whiskey ring frauds, is about thirty-six years of age and a native of Vermont. When about sixteen years old he was appointed a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated as third in his class on May 6, 1861. He was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the corps of engineers May 6, 1861, and promoted to second lieutenant on the same day, in the same corps, and assigned to duty in Washington. He served during the late civil war from 1861 to 1866. During May, 1861, he was engaged in drilling volunteers who came to Washington, and in June he devoted considerable attention to the construction of the defenses around Washington, at a time when it was apprehended that the Confederate forces would capture the capital.

In July and August of that year he served as aid-de-camp to General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, and from that time till November he superintended the construction of defenses around the capital, in obedience to orders from the War Department. November 17, 1861, he was promoted to first lieutenant of engineers, and in Gen. Bank's forward movement on Winchester, in November and December, he was constructing works at Harper's Ferry and guarding the pontoon bridge across the Potomac. He next served through the peninsular campaign, and was breveted captain for gallant and meritorious services at the siege of Yorktown. He was promoted to chief engineer of the left division of the army of the Potomac in December, 1862, and to lieutenant colonel of staff in January, 1863. He superintended the construction of defenses around Louisville, and in Kentucky, and was sent with Grant as captain of a corps of engineers, in which capacity he served at the siege of Vicksburg. He was commissioned lieutenant colonel of staff to Lieutenant General Grant March 29, 1864, and breveted lieutenant colonel May 6, 1864, for gallant services. He was with Grant through the battle of the Wilderness, and, in fact, has followed his fortunes since he was first assigned to Grant. He bore dispatches between Gaant and Sherman while the latter was on his march to the sea, and was, on July 25, 1866, commissioned colonel for gallant services during the war. He remained on Gen Grant's staff until the latter was elected President, when he was chosen private secretary and confidential adviser. Under an act of Congress he was appointed by the Secretary of War commissioner of public buildings for the District of Columbia, which bore with it the position of colonel of engineers. With his services at the White House the public is familiar. He has been general superintendent there, relieving the President of social duties falling upon him.

The Bashful Pair.

When two young people who have a hankering for each other meet for the first time at a social gathering the following colloquy ensues:

He (timidly)—"Fine weather we are having." (Raining like thunder outside.)

She (bashfully)—"Yes; very."

He (after a pause of five minutes)—"How do you enjoy yourself this evening?"

She—"Am having an exquisite time." (Fib No. 1)

He (nervously)—"Think it will rain all night?"

She (doubtingly)—"I don't know, do you!" He (tremulo)—"No—yes—well, no." After five more minutes of suspense and twitching of fingers, the bashful youth again coaxes his courage up.

He—"Been vaccinated?"

She (blushing)—"Yes."

He (courageously)—"Did it took?"

She (with a sickly smile)—"No." Another pause ensues—more nervousnes, and the interesting conversation goes back to the weather:

He—"What do you think of the rain?"

She (intelligently)—"I don't know."

Thus encouraged, the youth attempts to look sheep's eyes at his sweetheart, at the same time she tries a glance over her shoulder. They detect each other and blush simultaneously. And so the pleasant interview is kept up until some friend relieves the embarrassment of both by separating them. A valentine or philopena is next in order and the business is settled.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a school master who had an odd way of catching the idle boys. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to their case.'"

Ah! thought I to myself, there is Jo