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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.

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Kent News.

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

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Rates of Advertising:

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 at one-half advertising rates.

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.
oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH

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 Calf		1 75
Misses Button Gaiter	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.

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 fruited 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 wants but few for profit.

Small Fruit Plants.

I have a 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.

Catalogues 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 do. from 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. Syrups 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 prices 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 much lower than we have since we commenced the Hardware business.
Call and be convinced.
Nov. 20. J. E. ALDRIDGE.

A
NEW STOCK of GOODS
JUST RECEIVED THIS WEEK
AT
J. B. Sappington's

A FULL LINE OF THE
Latest Style PRINTS
Heavy unbleached Muslins, 6¼, 8, 10 and 12c. per yard.
Bleached Muslins 6¼, 8 and 10c. per yard.
Fruit of the Loom, *yard wide*, 12½ cts. a yard; 11½ cts. by the Bolt.
Bed Tickings 10 to 30 cts. a yard, and
Everything in the Dry Goods line Proportionately Cheap.

A CHOICE STOCK OF
GROCERIES,
Consisting of Green, Roasted and Ground Coffees, Sugars, Teas, Spices, Syrups, Molasses, Lard, Salt, &c.
SALT FISH, by the barrel, at city prices.

TOBACCO and CIGARS.
TOBACCO, good and sound, only 68c. a lb. Very fine at 85c. to $1.00 a pound.
GOOD CIGARS at $2 a box.
Garrett's Scotch Snuff, 75c. a pound.
Starr's Rappee Snuff, 80c. a pound.
Blackwell's Genuine Durham SMOKING TOBACCO, the best sold.

A FULL LINE OF
Queensware, Stoneware & Glassware,
Tumblers, Goblets, Sugar, Butter, Pickle, Preserve and Cream Sets.
Stand and Hand Lamps and Lamp Fixtures, all very cheap.
A FRESH SUPPLY OF
Gambril's Flour,
Received this week, which we are selling at a very small advance on first wholesale cost.
Fair Extra Flour at $6 50 a barrel.
Super Flour at $5 00 a barrel.
OUR STOCK OF
Ladies' and Misses' Shoes,
Men's and Boys' Boots and Shoes,
Cannot be excelled for DURABILITY and LOW PRICES.
☞ Please give us a Call, ☜
and we will show you Good Goods at LOW PRICES.
☞ Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon, Corn, &c., wanted in exchange for Goods, or Cash paid if desired. Cash paid for FUR.
CALL AT THE OLD STAND, opposite Geo. E. Lambert's Carriage Shop.
J. B. SAPPINGTON.
Chtertown, Feb. 19, 1876.

CLOSING OUT
WINTER STOCK
We are now closing out our entire stock of
WINTER CLOTHING
At GREATLY REDUCED PRICES for the Cash!
If you want BARGAINS call at once, as we are fully determined to close them out.
Fine Beaver OVER-COATS
worth $28, we are selling for $23, and all other goods in like proportion.
Call early before they are all gone.
SMERRITT & CO.,
Boréy's Corner, Chestertown.
Jan. 1, 1876.

RATIFICAION NOTICE.
In the Orphans' Cort for Kent county, FEBRUARY 8, 1876.
ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Alexander Winn, dec'd, made and reported by WILLIAM WILSON, executor, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 8th day of April next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county, once in each of the successive weeks before the 7th day of March next.
The Report states the amount of sales to be Seven hundred and forty-five dollars.
ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOMAS J. HALLCROSS,
RICHARD BRILLSON,
Judges of the Orphans Court Kent co.
True copy,—Test:
WILLIAM STEVENS,
Feb. 12—4t. Reg. of Wills.

TAKE NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS indebted to the Book accounts or notes, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same. Some of these have been long standing, and we have waited patiently, and now hope indebted will call and settle, for we must have money to pay our bills which are now due
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Jan. 15, 1876—tf.

TO PHYSICIANS.
A splendid and paying practice for sale. No better opening for Drug Store. Gyas. fish, wild geese and duck all the year rnd.—Price $1,000, including book accounts medicines, &c. A rare chance.
Apply to DR. J. ZACK TAYLR,
fe5-3t. Deal's Island Md.

THE NANCY BELL.

FROM "LITTELL'S LIVING AGE."

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

"Oh I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell,
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned,
(There was seventy-seven o' soul):
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel;
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question: 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*'!

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
Which he never forgot, and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round, and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark and play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

The Double-Barrelled Sermon.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

A pastor was wanted for the Church of St. Catherine, in the ancient town of Z—, in Germany. Being a position of some influence, there were many candidates, who had to submit their respective qualifications to a discriminating body of church members, in whom the election was vested. The objection to an election in such a matter is, that the successful candidate is obliged, in the case of a contest, to begin his ministration by having a majority to please, and a minority to win who he has already displeased; the latter being the easiest operation of the two to a man of proper independence.—But on this occasion there was something worse than even that; for the elective body made the crucial test of fitness for the pastorship, the candidates ability to tickle their ears in the delivery of a sermon.

Not that these unexcitable followers of Luther were bad judges of a discourse, though perhaps they were on the whole disposed to like that one the best which displayed most of cleverness; but the essential viciousness of such a mode of judging was, that it was grounded on the assumption that preaching makes the pastor as "manners make the man."

At Z——, however, there was a peculiarity in their mode of operation, which is unknown among ourselves. With us, when "trial sermons" are preached, the electors are content to have one at a time; but at Z—— it was the custom to have them in pairs; not both at once, but first one and then the other in the course of the same sitting or service. Possibly there was some advantage in this system to the judges, though not to the preacher whose turn came last. Whether it was done for the purpose of aiding the light judgment, of the friction of a more immediate comparison, or simply to clear off candidates the more quickly and to save time, can not be known, but such was the system.

Several pairs had thus presented themselves, Sunday after Sunday, and been rejected. The judges were hard to please, or satisfy, or tickle. Still fresh candidates came up, and every week the committee (as we should say) "sat upon" a pair of them.

It was late on Saturday evening when a young clergyman, dusty with many a weary mile of walking, and of very ordinary appearance, entered the quiet inn that stood near the Church of St. Catherine, at Z——, requested a bed for two nights, and instantly retired, supperless, to his chamber.

He was Ernst Wohlmann, pastor of the little village at Salbach, some twenty miles away, and he had come to enter the lists, that is, the pulpit, the next day, and measure himself with some unknown competitor before the searching eyes and critical eyes of lay judges. Poverty will never, as a rule, in the long run, secure pastors of the right sort; that is, men who will really influence all classes of their flocks, rich and poor, educated and ignorant. It is by no means, as Bishop Wilberforce once said, a seive, through which will be bolted all the wordly-minded and ambitious. Rather is it a snare, which honest men of independent spirit will avoid, and so make room for the lowest, who can afford to be poor, and to whom the position of pastor is in itself the greatest promotion. Of this, the prevailing state of things in Germany Ernst Wohlmann was by no means a nice specimen.

The poor pastor was soon in bed, for he was very tired; but sleep refused to come to him. The next day's sermon possessed him, and he closed his eyes in vain. He had not the singleness of purpose that would enable a man, having done his best, to leave such a matter in better hands; he had yielded to the temptation which a vicious system had set in his way, to prepare a sermon, not to do good to others, but to gain his own advancement, to please his hearers rather than edify them. There it lay, the painfully elaborated discourse, on the table. How he had worked at it! How often he had rewritten it! How carefully he had rounded its periods, and balanced its antithesis, and polished up its illustrations! Not that he was going to read it; that was not permitted. It was to be delivered "without book." But that was nothing to him; for he was possessed of a remarkable memory, and had learned it easily by heart. Yet would it do? Was it up to the mark? Could he not improve this or that part of it which he felt was weak? Who could the man be that was to be paired off against him? And in the midst of these troublous cogitations he was beginning at length to fall asleep, when he heard a sound that woke him up more effectually than a trumpet below his window would have done; and sat up to listen with all his ears.

Yes, there could be no doubt of it; somebody was preaching a sermon in the adjoining bed-room. A suspicion flashed across his mind, and he was out of bed in an instant, while in another his ear was glued to the wall. Wall it was not; nothing but a thin partition of lath and plaster. He could hear as distinctly as if they were in the same room. The face, to say nothing of the figure, of Pastor Wohlmann, was a perfect study, as he listened for full three-quarters of an hour to a sweet toned voice delivering, as if already in the pulpit, another of to-morrow's sermons. It looked for all the world as if the inquisition had invented another torture, even to nail a man in scantiest clothing by his ear to a wall, to hear the doom of all his hopes pronounced, so despairingly did poor Wohlmann's face become.

At last the sermon was concluded, and all was silent. The wretched man raised himself from his stooping posture, and stood for some moments like one entranced. Then he whisperingly spoke:

"Not the least chance; nothing to compare with it! Such a sermon I never heard! It seems burnt to my brain; can almost remember every word; eh? eh?"

And something evidently suggested itself to the mind of Pastor Wohlmann.—The downcast body changed suddenly into one of lively eagerness; and he smiled unhandsomely.

"Oh! if my brother could only preach that sermon over again! Then I could—hush! there he is."

Again the ear was applied to the partition, and for another three-quarters of an hour did that ear intently drink in every word of the revival sermon from beginning to end.

"That will do; I have it," said he, as he laid him down again to sleep; "now if the pastor will only let me have the first turn tomorrow!"

It was better, certainly, and more consistent, to leave the matter thus with the heathen goddesses.

The Sunday morning came, the Church of St. Catherine was filled with hearers, for there was something of the excitement that commonly attends "shooting of ties;" the Christian *parcæ* were present to a man (if that liberty may be taken with gender) in the persons of the judges, and for the first time the two competitors eyed each other, as they sat side beside in a sort of pew, like gladiators before the contest.—The glance of Ernst Wohlman was restless and unfriendly, but the eye of Carl Richter was placid and beaming with benevolence.

Who was to preach first? Only one knew how much depended on that. It was a desperate venture, and the fates whom he had invoked gave the lot in favor of Ernst Wohlmann.

He mounted the pulpit first. To all appearances his manner was collected and his delivery natural, though a critical eye might have detected constraint in the one and haste in the other. All listened with rapt attention, as with consummate impudence he began, went through, and concluded, exactly word for word, the very striking sermon that was not his own.—The impression he made was most favorable. Nods of approval were interchanged, phlematic burghers rose from their seats to catch every word; and as the preacher's voice ceased, a medley of suppressed coughs and throat-clearings, and other sounds, bore witness to the power of his stolen eloquence.

But what of gentle Carl Richter all the while? When his own text was given out he started, then smiled at the odd coincidence; but when his very words came pouring forth, he opened his mouth and stared at the preacher like one bedazed. Was it his own voice as well as his own words? Was it a case of transmigration? Was his voice in the pulpit while his body was sitting there? For a quarter of an hour at least he completely lost himself. Then the truth began partially to break upon him, his sermon had been stolen from him, he little fancied how. The preacher, alas! was vending stolen wares. Then the question arose, what should he do when his turn came? Should he excuse himself from preaching and denounce the imposition? Or should he choose another text, and make an impromptu address? Or should he stick to his own, and give them the sermon again?

Carl Richter was a man of simple mind, that is not a fool, O Mr Worldly-wise, but one who ruled himself by simple reference to the right and the wrong. It was his own sermon and he had come there to preach it. Never mind about results; let the people grin and scuffle, and stare, and reject him if they liked. So before the sermon was ended, the good man had made up his mind strictly that the congregation, *coute que coute*, should have it again.

As Ernst Wohlmann descended in triumph, Carl Richter gave him a look of gentle reproach that would have withered him, only the knave took good care to avoid those pitying eyes. A hymn was sung, and after that the second preacher began.

It was now the turn of the congregation to be struck with amazement. All raised their heads with a sort of a jerk; some smiled, and others looked around with an incredulous air. They "hemm'd" and blew their noses and fidgeted in their seats, but to no purpose. Onward went the placid preacher; and his voice was so sweet, and his way so winning; feeling what he said, no pretending to feel it, giving them his own mind and heart, not thieving from another, that in a little time all was hushed again, and the congregation gave ear more than ever they had done before.

And how was it settled?

The grave church-members who had to decide the matter were quite unanimous about it. Ernst Wohlmann, they said, had certainly given them a remarkably fine sermon; but the man who could, like Carl Richter, after once hearing a sermon, deliver it again with such perfect accuracy, and with such sweetness of unction, must be so clever that *he* was the pastor for them; and him, accordingly, they elected.

It was a sound and righteous conclusion, and never did they regret having come to it. Yet the reasoning by which they arrived thereat, affords a fresh illustration of the correctness of Lord Bacon's rule, to hold fast your conclusions, but never to give your reasons for them, because, in nine cases out of ten, while your conclusions are right, your reasons will be wrong.

Naked for Forty Years.

Incredible as the following may appear, says the Carleton Place *Herald*, it is an authentic fact to which hundreds can bear testimony:

About forty years ago a young man named Wilson, residing near the town of Perth, conceived the lunatic idea of leading a hermit's life. The youth had from his early age showed symptoms of derangement, and this proceeding on his part was not considered strange by his friends. The chosen place of his hermitage was about three-quarters of a mile from his parental homestead, in the recess of a dense bush, where he erected a small hovel, and furnished it with an old log canoe, which he used to sleep in.—Divesting himself of all clothing, he has ever since remained perfectly nude, with the exception of a tattered remnant of a shirt, which his fancy leads him to retain In this nude state for forty years he has lived, walking in the depth of winter through the snow, and yet he has never been known to have received a frost bite. When he requires a drink he walks deliberately into the river, it mattering not to him what season of the year it may be, and wades out till the water reaches his waist, and then he stoops and quenches his thirst. His food is brought to him by his friends, and when given to him is eaten with the voraciousness of an animal, which he now resembles more than a man, his body being as heavily coated with hair as that of a cow. He never shows a dangerous disposition, and chatters in monosyllables. When people cross his path he invariably begs for tobacco, for which he has evident partiality, and in chattering tones will utter "bacca" until his request is granted. His hair is long, gray, and unkempt, falling far over his shoulders, and his beard, which is similar, reaches down below his waist. He is now between sixty and seventy years of age, and is possibly the only living being ever known to have lived year after year perfectly naked and exposed to all the inclemencies of weather which mark our Canadian winters.

A Musical Mouse.

A Mr. William Stevens, living at Union Corner, Md., is the happy possessor of a musical mouse. According to the statement of our informant, Mr. S.'s household has been kept in profound wonder and amazement for a long time by the sweet strains of an unseen warbler, the music being precisely like that of a Canary bird. At various and uncertain hours of the day and night, and in different localities in the house, the mysterious melody would break out, puzzling and delighting the inmates. After awhile the mystery was partially solved—at last it was discovered that the sweet singer was a mouse; and straightway plans were adopted for the capture of his mouseship. A trap, temptingly baited with a morsel of savory cheese did the work, and a few mornings ago Mr. Stevens' family awoke to find their singing mouse a prisoner.—This minstrel mouse is not unlike others of its species in its physical appearance, except in the item of color. Though in durance vile, the little animal is apparently contented and happy, and continues to warble as cheerily as ever. He has been transferred to a neat little cage and entertains the family, and numerous visitor who are attracted by the curiosity, with almost constant warbling. Our informant says that the singing is precisely that of a Canary bird and that no one would imagine otherwise than that he was listening to a fine specimen of this popular feathered chorister.—*Milford News.*

SCENE at a Brooklyn wedding breakfast: Company all seated about the table. A pause in the general conversation. Happy husband, to his wife's seven-year-old sister at the other end of the room: "Well, Julie, you have a new brother now."—Julia: "Yes, but mother said to papa the other day that she was afraid you would never amount to much, but that it seemed to be Sarah's last chance." Intense silence for a moment, followed by a rapid play of knives and forks.

THE constitution of Pennsylvania, adopted in 1776, had this laudable provision: "Whenever an office, thro' increase of fees or otherwise, becomes so profitable as to occasion many to apply for it, the profits ought to be lessened by the Legislature."

LOVE is shown by actions, not by words.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION.

The President's Housekeeper—Vandals at the White House—Reception Day—How to go There in Regulation Style—Private Parlor—Red, Green and Blue Rooms—A Reception.

The following interesting article is from the pen of "Ione," the Baltimore *Sun's* Washington correspondent, and under date of Feb 19, 1876:

In making a round of official visits it is always proper to begin by paying your respects to the wife of the President, who devotes herself on Saturday afternoons to the reception of her friends and the public generally. Mrs. Grant's young ladyhood was spent in St. Louis, where her father was for many years a prominent citizen, and whose hospitable mansion was made attractive by his daughters, she thus acquired experience in that most difficult of arts, the art of entertaining, and her tact and refined manners have combined to render her a great favorite here among all classes of society. Added to these qualities, those reliable authorities, the oldest residents, unite in according to her the praise of being the *best housekeeper* who has presided over the White House for many years. This last is certainly a high encomium, for it requires no little executive ability to keep in order a vast establishment like the presidential mansion, and to so order affairs that there shall never be a particle of dust on the carpets, never a blur or speck on the windows, nor the least symptom of disorder or confusion anywhere.

It is a pity that her energetic supervision cannot always be exercised over that class of visitors who sometimes stroll thro' the rooms, so that she might expose and check the vandalism that exhibits itself in tearing out bits of the elegant lace curtains for relics. It seems a strange fancy to indulge in, but there are often to be found those who thus mutilate the elaborately embroidered hangings of the White House windows. It is highly probable that they are the very people who go to

MOUNT VERNON

and cut pieces of wood from the window frames, and otherwise disfigure a house that should be forever sacred from all desecrating touch.

But this is a digression. If you desire to make one of the procession that is filing up to the White House door—many in carriages, but more enjoying the lovely afternoon and going on foot—there are no preliminaries necessary, but just as you are, in walking dress, or more elegant attire, you can pass up the semi-circular walk and take your station in the line that is already formed, and which is slowly moving through the long hall into

THE RED ROOM.

This room is Mrs. Grant's private parlor, and has been recently refurnished in most perfect taste. It has lost some of the distinctive adornments that gave it its name, but the panels of the walls are still outlined in narrow velvet and gilt, and in the curtains and upholstering of the new furniture, a broad band of the same colored velvet forms a beautiful contrast to the light brocaded figures of the satin damask. Handsome ottomans and several fancy chairs give a pleasing variety to the furniture; one of light blue satin, over which are scattered rosebuds of all shades, and another of vivid scarlet covered with quaint Japanese embroidery being especially noticeable. A fire screen displays the American colors and the eagle, in the rarest of silk embroidery, and the ornaments in the room are of great historical interest and value. A pair of exquisite porcelain vases were presented to one of the Presidents by the French government, many years ago, and are ornamented with scenes in the life of Charlotte Corday. A fine French gilt clock, surmounted by a bust of Minerva, stands on the mantel, and near one of the windows is a curious Japanese cabinet, which was one of the presents sent from Japan during Buchanan's administration.

A grand piano, near the entrance to the Blue Room, with maroon cover embroidered in gold, and a harp, similarly covered, in one corner of the room, reminds us of Mrs. Fred. Grant's decided musical talent, which is often exercised for the pleasure of Mrs. Grant's guests. Over the piano hangs the large family picture, painted by Cogswell in 1867, representing the President in the uniform of a Lieutenant General, standing at the left of Mrs. Grant, who is seated on a lawn, beyond which rise a number of forest trees. A little in front of Mrs Grant and at her right is the youngest son, Jesse, in a Tartan plaid suit, holding a croquet mallet; and back of these figures are the other children; Ulysses, Jr., beside his mother's chair, and farther in the background Nellie on her pony, with her brother Fred, in cadet uniform, holding the bridle. The likenesses are very good, but the President and Mrs. Grant have both changed somewhat, while Fred has grown taller and more manly, and "our Nellie," (her pet name among all her relatives,) is a happy wife and mother far over the sea.

Below this painting, and resting on the piano, is the well known chromo of "The barefoot boy," whose roguish glance seems to follow you as you pass from the room and enter

THE BLUE ROOM.

This room is circular in form and extremely beautiful in all its appointments, and here Mrs. Grant always stands at her receptions. The walls are frescoed, the prevailing color being blue, and the furniture is heavily gilt and covered with a lovely shade of blue satin damask, which looks equally well both by daylight and gaslight. To-day a blaze of radiance from the handsome chandelier floods the room, which is reflected a thousand times in the swaying crystal prisms, and daylight is excluded by the heavy blue damask curtains that drape the windows, their sweeping folds softened by the tapestry of snowy lace.

THE PRESIDENT

has come down to assist his wife, and you are first introduced to him by his son Fred, who is doing the honors, in place of Marshal Sharpe. The President repeats your name to his wife, and she, in turn, introduces you to Mrs. Fred. Grant and her sister, Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, who is now visiting her. Mrs. Grant wears the same dress in which she appeared on New Year's day—a black gros grain trimmed with thread lace, and worn over a gold-colored silk skirt. Mrs. Fred. Grant's dress is of the palest tea-rose tint, elaborately trimmed with point lace, and looped with garlands of many colored roses. Mrs. Palmer is a beautiful woman, and her natural graces are enhanced by a toilet of the faintest shade of green silk, which has a silvery sheen, and is embroidered with wreaths in silver bullion. The flowers worn are scarlet geraniums, a spray of which rests among the puffs of her hair, and her ornaments are diamonds of almost fabulous value. The sisters resemble each other strongly, and both wear their hair Chicago fashion, parted on one side, and coiled in a French twist high on their heads, where it is arranged in puffs, which style shows the satiny lustre of the black tresses and heightens the brilliancy of the complexion.

The blue room is crowded with the *elite* of the city, who have stopped awhile to exchange compliments, but the stream of humanity still swells and flows through the room, breaking into scattered groups as it reaches

THE GREEN ROOM.

Here there is some relief from the crush, and it is pleasant to rest awhile before undertaking the tour of the famous east room, which presents a throng of moving figures that it seems almost formidable to encounter. The furniture of this room is rosewood, covered with dark green, and the principal color of the walls and carpet is the same. Full length portraits of Washington, Lincoln and Fillmore are in this room; also a portrait of Jefferson. The one of Washington was painted by Stuart, and during the siege of the city by the British it was cut from the frame by a colored servant, who carried it to Tenallytown, and thus saved it from destruction. The clock and mantel ornaments are of ebony and malachite, thus harmonizing in color with the rest of the furniture, and the mirrors are surmounted by the United States shield. Following the crowd into

THE EAST ROOM

you seem to have suddenly emerged from the gloom of a cathedral into the light of day, so striking is the contrast presented by the difference in color and hangings. The room is divided into three sections by graceful columns of white and gold, and the prevailing tint is pale French gray, illumined by a profusion of gilding. Very elegant chandeliers of cut-glass depend from the centre of each section, and glistens in the sunlight which streams through the southern windows. The gray of the furniture is relieved and brightened by puffs of maroon velvet, and the curtains are also trimmed with the same, besides being further enriched with heavy passementerie roseties and bordering.

If you station yourself on the eastern side of this room you can obtain an excellent view of those who are moving through the rooms, as well as through the vestibule, which is divided from the entrance hall by ground glass screens.—Members of the cabinet and their wives, foreign ministers and other dignitaries are permitted to pass through this vestibule into the blue room, thus obviating unnecessary delay.

Secretaries Fish, Belknap and Robeson and their wives have all come to pay their respects, and Senators and Representatives bring their wives and daughters, or pay a compliment to one of their constituents by escorting the lady members of his family to a White House reception.

LADY THORNTON,

the Japanese minister and his wife, the wife of the Danish minister, and others of distinction among the resident foreigners, are also seen, and sometimes two or three little girls, with shy, modest glances, will make pretty dancing-room curtesies as they pass the President and his wife.—They have evidently been attracted by the gathering, and have yielded to a sudden impulse to join it; and such bright little groups always find a cordial welcome. *Boys* do not often relinguish the joys of their Saturday holiday in order to indulge in such *rubbish*, as they would doubtless term it, but occasionally a manly little fellow will play beau to his grown up sister, and blushing make his best bow to the President while he stumbles over his sister's train, almost into Mrs Grant's arms; or a curly-haired boy will cling to his grandmother's hand, and fondly imagine that he is taking care of her in the crowd. When you grow fatigued with standing quietly in one place you can make your way through the vestibule into

THE STATE DINING-ROOM,

and from there into the billiard-room, which is close to the

CONSERVATORIES.

These are filled with the choicest flowers, and many of the guests are wandering about, admiring the long, graceful sprays of smilax, the gay scarlet of geraniums, the odorous cups of snowy calla lillies, the waxen blooms of camelias, and the slender, plumy frouds of different varieties of ferns, with numberless other rare and beautiful blossoms.

But the time for departure has come, and as we leave the porch the scene is like a panorama. Carriages are dashing to the steps and away again, and joyous parties stroll in different directions through the grounds—soon leaving the White House to the quiet repose of evening, that is slowly settling down upon it.

BOYTON IN THE MISSIPPI.—Capt. Boyton, who successfully swam the English channel, and who more recently swam the Mississippi from Alton to St. Louis, a distance of twenty-five miles, affording the people of the latter city an opportunity of witnessing some of his surprising feats on Saturday. He entered the Mississippi, in which huge cakes of ice were floating, gun in hand, and frequently got on the ice and shot at the gulls that were hovering around. At other times he would dive under the ice and come up on the other side. After being in the river for an hour and a half Capt. Boyton left the water without having suffered any inconvenience.

WHAT THE WIFE DID FOR HIM.—Oliver Wendell Holmes falls into nautical phraseology to the following effect: "I have known more than one genius, high-decked, fullfreighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close in his shadow and clung to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down the stream, and been heard of no more."

DURING leap-year every woman has an inalienable right to make love and the fire in the morning.