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Kent News.

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

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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 in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

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No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or 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:

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c. executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

MAURY'S
WALL MAPS.

THESE celebrated and beautiful maps prepared by that most able and eminent of American Geographers, Com. M. F. MAURY, are admirably suited for every day use in every school of the country. They are not only adapted to all the purposes of study and reference, but as works of art, they become the most appropriate ornaments that can be placed upon the walls of a school room.

☞ The full set of eight maps, colored, bound, and mounted on rollers, with heavy cloth backs, furnished for $10.

COLIN F. STAM,
s27. Chestertown.

HOWELL'S POINT Nurseries!

WE now have now the largest stock of TREES for this Fall's and next Spring's sales we have ever had, consisting of about

200,000 Peach Trees

A Choice Selection of APPLE, PEAR, and CHERRY TREES.

Also, a variety of Raspberry, Blackberry and other plants.

We have selected with great care the choicest varieties of Canning Peaches and Southern Winter Apples. Also, the most profitable market kinds of St. and Dwarf Pears. Pay us a visit before purchasing elsewhere. Catalogues now ready.

N. BARNARD,
sep20-3m. Still Pond, Kent co., Md.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

SCHOOL BOOKS!

SPELLERS, READERS, HISTORIES, GRAMMARS, Dictionaries, Arithmetics, Physiologies, Geographies, Algebras, and many other Books necessary to the Scholar and Student. All the above are furnished at a discount especially arranged by the School Board of Kent co.

Slates, Pencils,

PENS, COPY BOOKS, INK, PAPER, Sponges, Crayons, Blackboard Erasers, Composition and Blank Books, Celestial and Terrestial Globes, all of these are offered at exceedingly low prices.

COLIN F. STAM,
Sept. 27. *Druggist.*

E. T. COMEGYS,

Millington, Kent Co., Md.,

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND DEALER IN

Coal, Lime,

FERTILIZERS,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR

GRAIN

at the different stations on the Kent and Queen Anne's Railroad. jy12-tf.

J. H. THOMPSON'S

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

IN STORE, just received, one of the best stocks of goods for

FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

BOOTS and SHOES for Men,
BOOTS and SHOES for Boys,

Boots and Shoes for Ladies' Misses and Children, all bought at close prices, and will be sold low for the money, necessity compelling the measure.

☞ Don't forget the place:

J. H. THOMPSON,
sep13. *Under "Kent News" Office.*

NEW TIN STORE!

WM. A. BISCOE

Has commenced business at the old Barber stand on Princes st., opposite the Post Office, Chestertown, and is prepared to do TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING, Repair Tin-ware, put up Stoves, and do all work in his line.

A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. Orders left at J. W. Hines' will receive prompt attention.

ag23-6m. WM. A. BISCOE.

Eureka Fan Mill!

THE undersigned is agent for the celebrated EUREKA MILL, manufactured by B. Cortrite, Norwalk, Ohio, to which was awarded the highest premium at the Centennial Exhibition. It is guaranteed to clean wheat better than any other Fan in the market, and to give general satisfaction. Sample can be seen at his Hotel porch in Chestertown.

☞ Terms easy.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, Agt.
July 26, 1879—3m.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Special attention given to laying out and dividing land and drawing plots. Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md. will be promptly attended to. May be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons.

Or address COMEGYS BROWN,
apr13. Chestertown, Md.

DR. C. M. GILPIN,

DENTIST,

Having located in Chestertown, offers his professional services to the public.
febl-tf.

J. B. Merritt, M. D.,

HANESVILLE, MD.

OFFICE at Calvin E. Allen's. s27m

MOTHERS!—look after the Children, and always keep a bottle of *Reed's Syrup of Blackberry Root* on hand. It is an almost instantaneous cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and excellent for Children teething.

For sale at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

State of Maryland,

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 1st, 1879.

IN pursuance of the requirements of Section 6, of Article 60, of the Code of Public General Laws, as amended at January Session, 1876, Chapter 206, and which reads as follows:

"That the Comptroller shall furnish each officer of the State whose accounts are in arrears, at least sixty days prior to a general election, a full statement of his accounts, and in default of his accounting for such deficiencies within thirty days, then it shall be the duty of the Comptroller to have published weekly for one month, in one or more newspapers in the county or city in which said defaulters have hell, or may be holding office, and in no other newspapers, the names and titles of said officers, with the amount of said deficiencies and the cost of advertisement of the account of each such defaulter may be recovered in the name of the State, against the official bond of such defaulter. But no defaulter, whose accounts have remained unsettled for over five years shall be advertised."

I herewith publish the following list of accounting officers in Kent county who are in arrears to the State of Maryland, and liable to publication under said law, together with the amount due by each as of this day.

THOMAS J. KEATING,
Comptroller of the Treasury.

	Year.	Principal.	Interest.
Rich'd H. Corbaley, late coll.	1877	397.94	11.61
Same do. do.	1878	1188.53	36.57
H. E. Cooper, do	1878	69.78	
Philip Meiders, late Sheriff	76-77	27.00	2.06
D.C. Blackiston Clerk. To report since first Mond'y in Mch 1879. Am't of licenses unaccounted for to Sept. 1, 179.....		5,448.00	
Same, protested checks.....		689.56	
		6,137.56	

Oct. 11, 879—1m.

Order Nisi.

John W. Frazier and others,
versus
Ebn W. Frazier and others.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County.

ORDERED, this 21st day of October, 1879 that the sales of those portions of the Real Estate of Caroline Frazier, late of Kent county, deceased, made and reported by JAMES A. PEARCE, Trustee, by virtue of a Decree of this Court, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3d day of December next,—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of November ext.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $2,32.50.

ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOS. J. SHALLCROSS,
R. B. WILLSON,
Judges of Orphans' Court.

True Copy—Attest:
WM. STEVENS,
oct25-3t Reg. of Wills.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

ESTATE of EDWARD WILKINS.

On application, ordered that E. M. WILKINS and R. S. EMORY, administrators of Edw. Wilkins, late of Kent county, deceased, give notice by advertisement that a dividend of the personal estate of said deceased will be made in this Court on TUESDAY, November 18, 1879.

Test: WM. STEVENS,
Register of Wills.

NOTICE.—The Creditors of Edward Wilkins are notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before Tuesday, the 11th day of Nov., 1879, or they will be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate.

E. M. WILKINS,
R. S. EMORY,
Oct. 2, 1879—4t. Adm'rs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

LEMUEL ELBURN,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 21st day of May, 880, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of October, 1879.

B. B. ADKINSON,
Oct. 5, 1879—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county letters of administration c. t. a. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

GEORGE VICKERS,

late of Kent county, Md., dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 21st of May, 1880, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, 1879.

H. W. VICKERS,
Oct. 25, 1879—4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

Notice of Final Dividend.

ESTATE of WM. CHAMBERS, col'd.

On application ordered that F. H. HARPER, administrator of Wm. Chambers, col., dec'd, give notice by advertisement, that a dividend on the personal estate of said deceased will be made in this court on TUESDAY, the 11th day of November, 1879.

Test: WM. STEVENS,
Register of Wills.

NOTICE.—The creditors of Wm. Chambers are notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before Tuesday, Nov'br 4, 1879, or they will be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate.

F. H. HARPER,
Oct. 11—4t. Administrator.

TO THE DEMOCRACY OF KENT COUNTY.

It is a fact that there seems to be some dissatisfaction in regard to some of the candidates on the local ticket, the cause of which, we believe is more imaginary than real. Yet we are not disposed to quarrel with those who differ with us about mere matters of taste. We desire to call the attention of Democrats to the fact, that we have a great national fight to come off next year, when the contest will be one, perhaps, involving the liberties of the people of this nation, and in order to save the eight votes of Maryland on the side of liberty and good government, it is vital in this contest now being waged in Maryland that Hon. Wm. T. Hamilton should receive the vote of every Democrat in the State.

The Republicans are carrying on a still hunt for the gubernatorial chair, and unless Democrats are on their guard the result of the election may be different from their expectations. A powerful fight will be made for the election of a Republican Governor. The Legislature will be so divided that the Democrats will perhaps have less than two-thirds, so that, with a Republican Governor, much of the Legislature of the State could be shaped, controlled or restricted in the interest of that party.

We say, then, to all Democrats, turn out and vote for Hamilton and the whole ticket, so that all may be made safe and beyond dispute or controversy. Our little discontents, bickerings and disappointments will amount to but little in comparison to the humiliation of defeat.

Then let all Democrats be up and doing to secure a complete victory—without which we are unworthy of the name of Democrats.

THE OUTLOOK FOR 1880.

It has been the custom since the Ohio election for the Republic organs and orators to claim the election of the Republican candidate for President in 1880. Basing their calculations on the result of that election, the claims they make are unworthy of consideration. Ohio was Republican in 1875 and 1876 and it has been in 1878 and 1879, and probably will be in 1880; no worse condition, it will be seen, the year of and previous to the Presidential election in 1880 than it was in 1876, and yet the Democratic candidate was elected in 1876, and may be in 1880, without the aid of Ohio. In the other elections this year the Republicans have not carried a single State they did not control in 1876, and it is conceded are necessary for their success in 1880. In Maine and California and probably Ohio, also States necessary for their success, that party is in the minority and may be found so in 1880; while in the West, Illinois and Wisconsin may be set down as doubtful States, if the opposition is well managed and under gallant leaders.

New York is the key to the situation, and only by losing it next year can the Democracy be defeated. The election there this year can scarcely be considered as indicating the result next, unless the democrats should have an unlooked for success. The Republicans, except the followers of Curtis, who may scratch Cornell, are united, and Evarts and Sherman are advocating the man for Governor who, a year ago, they declered unfit to be Collector of the port. The Democracy, on the contrary, are devided, and have two candidates in the field, one of which, the bolter, is the leader of Tammany and controller of the party's stronghold in the State. It would be a little less than marvelous if the Democrats succeed there this year. If they do, or if Cornell receives less votes than Robinson and Kelley combined, the State can be counted in the Democratic column next year and on the side of the President elect.

State Taxes.

When the Republicans had control of the State of Maryland in 1865 and 1866 the State taxes were 30 cents on $100.

In 1867 the Democrats came into power and reduced taxes one-third and fixed the rate at 20 cents on $100.

That is higher than they have been since. Now the Republicans want to get back into power again.

The question is do the taxpayers want them to get back?

BALTIMORE.

The Baltimore *Sun* referring to Collector Thomas' charge of unfairness in the recent registration says:

"Instead of three thousand improperly put of the lists, only some five hundred have yet applied to have their names restored to the lists, about one-half of whom on the day of election received certificates and voted. In regard to what Mr. Thomas is stated to have said as to the democratic majority in Baltimore, the probabilities are that instead of its being a "democratic city by between two and three thousand," it would show a much larger majority than that of Wednesday whenever the issue is one of purely national politics. The impression is very general in this community that if there ever was a fair election in this city such a one was had on Wednesday. No credible or reputable person has been heard to impeach either the honesty or intelligence of any of the judges of election."

JAMES GORDON BENNETT's income from the Herald is said to be $1,500 per day. But for the benefit of those about embarking in the newspaper business, we would say that they must not expect to make *more* than $1,000 a day for the first year.

A SCATHING LETTER!

Senator Hill's Unmerciful Handling of a "Bloody Shirt" Agitator!

"The Republican Party the most Dangerous Party the Union ever had, because IT LIVES ON SECTIONALISM."

Mr. S. B. Chittenden, of Brooklyn, member of Congress from the third district of New York, was lately so imprudent as to address an "open letter" in the New York Tribune to Senator B. H. Hill, of Georgia. To this Mr. Hill replies in an open letter published in the New York World. Mr. Hill's letter is temperate, it is rational; on some points it rends asunder the sophistry of the outcry against the South in a more effectual way than has lately been done.

The feeling of distrust, abuse, and hate of the South in the stalwarts of the North, Senator Hill thinks, assumes all the symptoms of a mania. It pervades everything. It is found everywhere. "It is beyond reason, and I fear beyond remedy. I see no evidence," he adds, "that the North is weary of sectional strife. *The republican party lives on and thrives by this sectional strife. Bad men speculate on it, and demagogues ply it as the best means of getting office.*" Mr. Chittenden had said that "if there be anything so bedded in our history that it can never be got out, it is the fact that Southern ideas and Southern men have generally opposed *the American spirit as represented* by the people who planted and rooted our institutions and thrift in the hard and thorough discipline of New England." To this Mr. Hill replies incisively that he had supposed our thrift was due to the natural advantages of the soil and climate of the country which we settled, to the industry of the people, and the protection and encouragement afforded them by the unprecedented constitutional system of dual federal and free local governments, which Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Pinckney, Rutledge and a great number of Southern men had much to do in "planting and rooting" in this country. Mr. Hill further said that he despised sectionalism. He did not believe that any one section of the country had the monopoly of either its vices or its virtues. But history teaches two facts indisputably, and these are:

"First—That slavery was 'planted' in this country from Africa and 'rooted' in the South through the hard and thorough discipline of New England!' Second—That secession was both 'planted and rooted' as a doctrine in our constitutional system by New England, and was taught, advocated and threatened as a constitutional remedy for State grievances by leading New England statesman many years before it was ever whispered in the South."

The first threat of secession was during the first term of Washington's administration, on the question of the war debts of the New England States. This Jefferson settled, says Mr. Hill by a "trade," in which the New England States got their money and the Southern members got the national capital located on the Potomac. "For two generations afterwards," adds the Senator, "the favorite method of saving the Union was by giving the North the money and the South the honors. Under this process the North has grown so great that she insists upon having all the money and all the honors, and upon treating the South as criminals and traitors." Mr. Hill goes into and examines the financial relations of the two sections in the same energetic vein. He reminds Mr. Chittenden that in recounting how much New York has lost by the South he neglects to give the opposite page of the ledger and show what New York has made by the South, and by slavery in the South especially, which the entire North never refused to profit by, even while condemning most loudly. As to the bugbear of Southern domination, Mr. Hill said it was not creditable to Northern intelligence to urge it. "The South is and must remain the weaker section. She has no interest in sectionalism, but every interest in true constitutional nationalism. The South can have strength in the future only in advocating the soundest of sound principles for the national credit, the national honor and the national prosperity, and in sending her ablest men to Congress to maintain such principles." In conclusion Mr. Hill says that the South and Southern men have forever abandoned secession, but they will never consent to admit themselves to be traitors. They will not starve the government, but they will preserve their self-respect and the respect of all brave and honorable men everywhere and for all time. Mr. Hill says he believes the secessionists to have been the most damaging enemies the South ever had, but he at the same time believes that "*the republican party is the most dangerous enemy the Union ever had,*" because "it lives on sectionalism," and he concludes thus:

"Is it strange that leaders who have grown rich and powerful by sectionalism should desire to make a solid North against a solid South, and thus perpetuate their fortunes and power? But it will be strange if an intelligent people cannot penetrate such a transparent purpose and prevent its accomplishment. I hope and believe the present will prove a year of purgation to the democracy, and cleansing the party of its internal feuds and its running after issues, will recall it to sound principles and a healthy condition for 1880. If so, we shall be able to present a man for the Presidency whose nomination will be an honor to the party, whose election will be an honor to the people, and whose wise and patriotic administration will inspire confidence in all good men, will maintain the national honor and the national credit and advance both; from whose presence rogues will retire abashed, and under whose influence sectionalism will wither forever."

☞On Tuesday

NEXT, every Democrat in Kent County should see to it that he performs his *whole duty* to his party—his County—his State *There is but one way to do this*— that is by earnest, zealous effort for the success of the WHOLE Democratic ticket.

The Hon. Jas. A. Gary in 1866.

The above named gentleman who spoke here last week, was a member of a Republican State Convention that met in Baltimore on the 6th of June 1866, he being a delegate from Howard county, and one of the most influential men in it. The following resolutions appeared in their platform of *principles*, addressed to the people of Maryland:

"*Resolved*, That the question of negro suffrage is not an issue in the State of Maryland, but is raised by the enemies of the Union party for the purpose of dividing and distracting it, and by this means to ultimately enable rebels to vote.

Resolved, That we are pledged to the maintenance of the present constitution of Maryland, which expressly and *emphatically prohibits* both *rebel suffrage* and *negro suffrage*; and we are equally determined to uphold the registry law, *which disfranchises rebels and excludes negroes from voting*, and have no desire or intention of rescinding or abolishing either the constitution or the registry law."

About Taxation.

Are the people of Maryland burthened by State taxation? Radicals speaking would have us believe that they are. But the fact plain and simple is that since 1872 there has been no *direct tax* levied for support of the State Government. The State tax of 18¾ cents on $100 is devoted to the support of the public schools and the payment of the interest on the public debt. Excepting Democratic Delaware, where the income is equal to the expenditures and there is no tax, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Tennessee, Maryland's tax rate is lower than that of any State in the Union. Nebraska levies at the rate of 63¾, Nevada 90, Illinois 56, Kansas 55, Ohio 29, and Vermont 30. And these are all "good Republican States."

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON NO-PARTY MEN.—Rev. Mr. Beecher was at a meeting addressed by Senator Conkling, in Brooklyn, recently, and after the Senator sat down Mr. Beecher was loudly called for. In his response he referred as follows to the necessity for parties and politicians:

"There is no such thing as administration of government except by the administration of parties, and they are as much a part of our political machinery as our laws and institutions. They are founded in necessity and all talk against parties and machinery and politicians and management, is the talk of men who do not care what they say in accomplishing a purpose, or of men who do not know what they mean, or of men who do not mean anything, because they do not know anything. [Laughter.] You cannot have administration under free institutions without parties; you cannot have parties without organization; you cannot have organization without engineers and managers. It is said, however, that the running of the machine must be broken up or stopped. Whenever you will run freight trains and passenger trains successfully without engineers, letting the engine take care of itself, or letting the passengers do it, then you may run parties so." [Laughter.]

"TAKE the Republicans away from the polls, where would the colored man be?" asks an exchange. Answer: Under the influence of his friends, the Democrats; those who educate his children and give him employment. If the Republicans hadn't stolen the funds of the Freedman's Bank, how much richer would many of the poor negroes be than they are? Who will answer?

A TIPSY Radical who perhaps felt that the time for renewing the persecution of Democrats had arrived, thus delivered himself in one of Elkton's eating houses on Saturday: "I know five Union soldiers at home who are drawing pensions but who vote the Democratic ticket; I'll have their pay stopped!"—*Cecil Dem.*

HON. WM. T. HAMILTON is making a glorious canvass of the State, and is being met everywhere with the heartiest and most enthusiastic reception. The people's candidate is receiving the hearty support of the people, and a full vote and large majority may be looked for.

BOB INGERSOLL says a great many clever things, but nothing neater, in its way than this, addressed to a friend who had just turned his fortieth birthday:

"So you have reached the edge of the autumn, where thoughts grow sad and memories wither like the leaves. In a little while, after a few brief days, we will reach on life's highway the inn where all are welcome guests, and where the only salutation ever heard is 'Good night.'"

All other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philosophy, sink under it.

No house is big enough for two wits to live together.

SINBAD THE SAILOR AGAIN.

Sinbad gets into Trouble—The Political Powwows—Dick, Bob, the Whale, the Doctor, "id et omne," &c.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You will bear me witness, as all the world must, that I have merely been giving you the most remarkable narrative of a native of the Cannibal Islands. *Remarkable* in this, that the incidents related bear so close a resemblance to those going on around *us*. Now, the narrative has been romantic and eminently innocent. We have endeavored to blend the picturesque with the beautiful and the good in equal proportions and harmonious unity. There can be no mistak in this. When we have spoken of men it has been to extol their excellencies—the triumph of mind over matter—genius as distinguished from the prosy. Some men are born *smart*—naturally talented; others are a kind of mudsils. The smart men will always get ahead of the mudsils, and the smart *women* have a place in history too. For instance, Rachel fooling old Laban. Beautiful young ladies marrying superannuated, disagreeable old men *with the rocks*; killing the old foolish fellow off soon and clasping the fond youth of her early affection in a speedy matrimonial embrace, and pouring the old man's wealth and herself into the young man's tender lap. *There* is fun for you, Messrs. Editors. We warm with the subject. Jingo! it makes our mouth water—it does sure. A beautiful lady, round and plump, and our lap full of gold and girl! Chimboray! cotopaxie! shot towers! Cleopatra's needle! to what elevation would not hilarious emotional sentimentalism carry us!

"Give me agates for my meat,
Give me Cantharids to eat;
From air and oceans bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes."

But sentiment, alas! is nothing but sentiment. Poor Sinbad has nothing to do with sentiment. There can be no beautiful ladies for him—nor laps full of gold and girl. A wanderer over the face of the earth. You will soon gaze on him, Messrs. Editors, "no more forever"—without wife, children, friends, he can exclaim with Legar, the Indian chief, "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human being."

But to business. Sinbad merely on a voyage, stopping at the Cannibal Islands, and hearing the narrative of a native—"this and nothing more." Sinbad awoke one morning and the landlady said, "Your name is in the newspapers, and if the truth is stated *there* your presence *here* is no longer agreeable, and she classically told me if it was so, I had better go and not "stand on the order of my going, but go at once." This was pretty rough, coming though it did from a very polished and refined lady and clothed in Shakespearean language. We are very fond of literature, both sacred and profane, but when you want to kick a poor fellow out it is perhaps just as well to say "*Get up and go*," and it is a great saving of breath. Such language as that lady's reminds me of an endearing expression they use at police stations, watch-houses and the like. When they "*lick*" a man within an inch of his life they say they *reprimanded* him. She handed me the paper, which I took with a trembling hand, and read "Independent, Republican, Reform, Bustamenty, Balm of Gilead, Universal Panacea, Gasoline, Barnum's What is It, &c." Horror of horrors! had that concern got hold of me? I shook like an aspen leaf, while the old lady, with argus eyes, read guilt in every lineament of my face, at least she thought so. But *I knew* that she thought so. Waiting until I had perused the article "Sweetmeats" through, she calmly said, "I pause for a reply." It was a time in which my mental and physical existence, corporation and individuality seemed merged into a conglomerate mass of holy and diabolical susceptibilities. The old lady seemed a goddess of dignity with a cross of diabolism. I felt that I could either marry or poison her—I didn't care which. She was so magnificent, yet so dreadful. Her eyes seemed to dilate and scintillate as they glared on me, until they assumed the proportions and brilliancy of Drummond's lights, from that to huge moons of frosty nights, and then blinding suns. "Oh, most terrible, magnificent, adorable madam!" I said, "listen unto me and to my story give ear. That whole yarn headed "Sweetmeats" is an unadulterated falsehood." "Stop," said she, "you must not use such vulgar language in my presence. I don't object to cursing and swearing in *reason*—the first gentlemen of the Islands indulge in that—but I don't like your *adjectives*. "Well," said I, "we will amend the expression *thusly*—we will call the statement a pure lie, made out of whole cloth—a diabolical concoction. How will that do?" "Excellent; beautiful, harmonious, polished, refined—happy expression," and she arose from the breakfast table, went to a cupboard and brought me out a lot of gum drops which she kept in store for a toothless old beau of hers—for the old lady was human, if she was dignified. "Proceed," said she. "If I have found favor in your eyes, most illustrious spinster," I continued boldly, "that whole story is to be taken allegorically. [She smiled approvingly.] Men never change—"the heart that once loves loves on forever.' The old lady sighed—we had touched a sympathetic cord. "Sinbad never joined a Dashaway organization. He has been a Dashaway on the briny wave and the ocean billow all his adult life, and a 'temperance man; indeed, Jack loves his grog too well. Local option, rings, etc. Sinbad leaves all these to the sanctimonious individuals who, playing the game of politics and legerdemain, mix the sacred with the naughty and take the chances of "who shall and who shall until the gunpowder runs out of the heels of their boots."

This peroration of mine did the business. She snatched me to her buzzum and gave me the first hug of my life, and it had nearly been the last one (in fact, I intend that it shall be) for I felt everything within me recede like an ebb tide. It was a critical moment for *me*, though doubtless one of enjoyment to *her*. From a careful reading of history and the experience of others, I am led to infer that old ladies indulge themselves perhaps beyond what they should in the way of a sympathetic embrace when they get a chance at a fellow. This is to be accounted for in part by the scarcity of their opportunities as well as the pent-up, gushing impulses of these ancient daughters of Eve. If I am wrong in my innocent conclusions do, Messrs. Editors, please correct me, because I want to be a very just person, and am an ardent admirer of the fair sex. Proceeding to the cupboard she brought out a knitting needle about as big as a marling spike and, brandishing it with tragic ferocity, she exclaimed: "Sinbad, twin dove of my inside heart, show me those Hottentots, helots, No. 2 what nots, who have traduced you, and if I don't put them through a course of "sprouts" compared to which the vegetable decoction which Xantippe tendered to ancient Socrates would be as the roar of a pimginnet to the buzz of a rhinoceros. I will drive this dagger into the tenderest recesses of their unexplored corporations, clear up to the hub. I swear it, Sinbad, by the piper that played before Moses, I do." "Forbear, desist, most fearful and fascinating Queen of the Cannibal Islands. You know not what you do. This No. 2 Reform Universal Panacea concern is composed in part of most excellent gentlemen, pious and moral beyond all others; sanctified and purified, and who are able to adopt the language of one formerly who thanked the Father that he was not as other men, *heretics* and *infidels*, etc. Among them, to be sure, are to be found publicans and sinners in large numbers, but you know, goddess, *ten* righteous men could have saved that ancient wicked city. In this concern there were 44 at the beginning, and many smaller angels have been added since. And again, their zeal, faith, confidence, &c., are so great that the holy alliance with the unregenerated has inflated the mass until now it has assumed the proportions and ingredients of an exaggerated balloon, full of gas and combustion. Were you to stab it with your fearful incisor the whole thing would collapse, like a Christmas bladder about daybreak. Just think of the consequences and the perfume." This last remark seemed to have more weight than all that I had said. "You are right, sugar-lump," she remarked, and she took a pinch of snuff to divert her thoughts, and put the overgrown knitting needle away.

We parted with an affectionate kiss, as I wished to attend the meeting of the Unterrified and Unwashed Dimi-locofocos. The Governor elect soon put in an appearance, a fine, burly, farmer-like old patriarch. He said fellow-citizens, I have travelled far to enter into sweet response and to stir you up, knowing, to be sure, that you did not need it: but you know I love you, and those we love we like to nestle up to, and especially so when our country is in peril, as it undoubtedly is just now, and can only be saved, if at all, by *my election*. It is very questionable if its salvation is possible even then. So arouse yourselves, put on your war paint, sharpen up your tomahawks, and make everything howl on the 4th of November. I understand the Party of Africa is now run by a trio of our brethren, ancient, honorable and fully experienced in our peculiar tactics, but whose heads have become *sore*, and they are hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt. Ignoble descendants of illustrious fathers. Brethren, I pray you make it hotter than hel-hail Columbia for them and their allies, the Whale and the little whales, the black and tan and the whole crowd of conglomeration of fish, flesh and fowl, Jew and Ashbod, Balm of Gilead, Universal Panacea Party, for of all the combinations that have been permitted to afflict the earth this is the jodogdest. And now, fellow-citizens, in alluding to national affairs, let us cultivate peace and build up the waste places of the South—*let us forget the past*. Nevertheless, I make an exception of election seasons and occasions. When these occur, our memories should be very active to remember how we were excluded from the ballot boxes by these atrocious children of Abraham. The devil fly away with them; amen. The band struck up "Shoo fly, don't bother me." With a shout like a thousand bulls of Basham the crowd broke for the roast oysters and *so forth*, which were liberally provided. Messrs. Editors, it is a waste of time and words to remark that my delight was only exceeded by the length of my legs and the *time* I made after the so forth and oysters. Full of admiration for the patriots which abound on every side and every party, I called in and on the International Reform Conglomeration Panacea mass-meeting. The platform was occupied by magnates of the first water. The venerable financier, with a weight of years and unsullied reputation, occupied the chair, and Anglo-Saxons were around him. Beneath, upon the ground, seated on benches, and standing, were the cohorts of the Whale and discontented Demi-es and the Whale himself, uneasy. The hoped for, but very improbable, future Governor or gubernatorial candidate appeared—a business man, with eyeglasses, gold chain and animated discourse.—"Fellow-citizens, I come not to deliver a speech, but to talk. I am not a politician, nevertheless it might be proven upon me that I am. It was so proven on an exemplary citizen that he stole sheep. So, fellow-citizens, it is very clear that we know not ourselves, for we are what we are not, and we are not what we are." A shout of approval rose which rent the skies. The court-house rocked to its foundation, and the inkstands were upset and the ink ran out, and so did the Clerk, Register of Wills and the whole caboodle. [Typical of the hegira which will occur on the 5th of November, proximo.] Dick (up the spout) added *his* voice, which, coming through the trio, was greatly and harmoniously augmented, like a huge dinner-horn. We asked him what was the fuss. He said his condition was intolerable and filthy: that water was scarce and coming out of the Whale's belly, and no chance to clean himself: he smelled worse than a ton of fertilizer. Bob flew round the crowd, gesticulating violently, and swore (but not profanely) that he would re-form somebody without delay or he would die in the attempt. The Whale spouted, the little whales blubbered, and they had cause to do so, for the great whale slashed his tail about fearfully, smashing benches and small whales, while his dreadful eyes glared on the sore-heads—Dick, the two Williams, Thomas, etc., all of whom chattered like caged monkeys, and vowed fearful vows, and made arithmetical calculations of the number of barrels which would be needed for the oil of the whale when they should get possession of his carcass. Your humble servant forgot his humanity and seemed transformed into a sunbeam of glorious ecstacy; the "and so forth" had done a great work for him. The band struck up

"Marbrook is a beautiful damsel,
With eyes as black as charcoal."

The unregenerated made a break for the local option (?) while the saints confined themselves to 4 oz. bottles on the sly; perhaps, however, they might have been medicine or smelling bottles for their wives or daughters. William the Conqueror stepped over to inquire if any one was hurt, while the good Doctor stroked his beard composedly, while with his loving eyes closed on the sinful things of time, he ejaculated: "Smite the Amalakites! Give the sons of Belial rats! Chase wickedness out of the nation and destroy corruption forever! Come, brethren, let us form and re-form. Cuss (not profanely) and discuss Ethiopia and the Whale. Stay round the corner, befogged, but we glorious, most glorious, No. 2, the regenerated, reformed, Balm of Gilead, march on to glorious — ahem, sir!"

SINBAD.

Weary Women.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfuls her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not do her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-broker toil—toil that is never ended and never begins—without moking life a tread-mill of labor—then, for the sake of humanity, let the work stop.

Better to live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes existence endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is by this very labor unfitted for the duties of home. She should be the heaven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful and intelligent guide of the one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirits and hopefulness, and more than all her youth—the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her, for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself.

To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her sere and yellow before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, her very nature is changed by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired nands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to guide and train her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and intense longing is for the rest and sleep that very probably will not some; and, even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished to live as best she can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.

The wild oats of youth change into the briars of manhood.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Let us always be cheerful; if life is a burden, let it be a burden of song.

A house without newspapers and books is like a house without windows.

Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

Memory seldom fails when its office is to show us the sepulchre of our buried hopes.

The despairing dread companionship, and in solitary caves hide away their spirits.

The act upon a determination made in anger is like embarking on a vessel during a storm.

Almost Incredible.

What must be regarded as a very remarkable thing occurred in Lancaster, Pa., the other day. There was a stranger in town who wanted to get married, and the lady with whom he was boarding—a widow—undertook the management of the affair. She called in the girls of the neighborhood, one after another, until ten had passed in review before the fellow, but none of them seemed to answer. The eleventh girl was more unfortunate, for she met his requirements, and she, doubtless relying upon the representations of the widow, accepted him. Her name was Ida Breneman, and he gave his name as Eugene de Lyon. They were married, and as a matter of course he has since disappeared, and it is ascertained that he has a wife at Harrisburg. The marriage of young women to men who have wives in another part of the country is not an uncommon thing, but it is a new feature of the business to set up the girls of a neighborhood for a stranger to take his pick from. It bears pretty heavily upon one's credulity to believe that such a thing could happen in a civilized community, but in this instance there doesn't appear to be any doubt that the facts are as stated. It is the hardest thing possible to make young women believe that she doesn't know everything in this world, and the average of the sex have a way of their own of resenting any kindly advice that may be offered them. Most of them live long enough, however, to find out just how little they really do know, but what one learns is hardly ever of any advantage to another.

A Negro Turning White.

Mr. Barnum, wherever he is, must by this time be pricking up his ears like a war-horse, and saying, "Ha! ha!" A white negro has turned up, or rather a black white man, or—well, have it whichever way you please. He lives at Westminister, Md. In youth—for he is now some sixty-eight years old—Abraham Ireland was as black as the ace of spades. At that time he was the slave of Amos Lowe, in Baltimore county. He worked for forty years in a tan yard, preserving during most of the time a commendable uniformity of hue. It is not even said that he became black and tan before he became white. Like his parents, he was a pure negro without admixture of any sort soever. But twenty-two years ago he began to turn white; and now his whole face and body to the waiste are asserted to be actually white with only a relief here and there in the shape of dark spots resembling freckles. Some say that