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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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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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-hal 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 interestin.

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 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.

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.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 15, 1876.

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.
Dec. 11, 1875.

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.

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 25 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 Alfonson 2½, 20c.; Keywest Partigas 12½; Rena Victoria 12½; Designia 5 to 12½; Partagas 5 to 10c.; La lus de Oriente 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.

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. K. ALDRIDGE.

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.

YOU can buy any part of Harness separate, from a Hame strap up to a set, at
n20. J. F. HOWARD'S, Court St.

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.*

☞ **COME AND SEE** ☜

THE LARGE STOCK

OF

New and Desirable Goods,

AT

F. H. HARPER'S,

IN

Still Pond, Kent Co.

To convince yourself of the shrinkage in the price of Goods, I ask and solicit your examination of my stock bought at bottom figures, which I propose to sell at a small margin.

Lot of Standard Prints,	7c. per yd	
Good article of Gingham	8c.	"
Mallalieu's Kersey	80c.	"
ALL WOOL.		
4-4 Appleon A. Muslin	10c.	"

In GROCERIES I Quote:

A. White Sugar - 11c.
C. Yellow standard 10c.
C. " - - - - 9c.

Tin Fruit Cans 75c. per Dozen.

I have a large and attractive stock of

Ready-Made CLOTHING.

UNDERSHIRTS
AS LOW AS 37½ CTS. A PIECE,
Not Shoddy stock either.

☞ REMEMBER THE PLACE: ☜

F. H. HARPER,

STILL POND.

☞ **Special Notice.**

That note now overdue, also that due 1 now overdue, PLEASE LET ME HAVE IT ONCE. I must have money. A hint I hope is sufficient.

F. H. HARPER,
Oct. 16—3m. STILLPOND.

NECK WEAR—Neck Ties, Windsor Scarfs, Bows of all colors, and Collars, all in linen and paper, of the best styles and quality at S. MERRITT & CO'S.
oc2. Bordley's Corner, Chestertown.

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

YOU can find a little of any and everything at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

Building on the Sand.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world hath done,
Since myrtles grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun;
But have a care ye young and fair,
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth!
For if you give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things;
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stop not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well;
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those that talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

A Touching Incident.

We know not when we have perused a more touching and beautiful little story than the following from the Hartford Courant:

It is but yesterday that a friend—a young gentleman of fine intellect, of a noble heart, and one well known to many of our readers—was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by everything that could make existence pleasant and happy—a wife that idolized him—children that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him—the summons came, and he lay upon the bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded placed a bridal ring upon his finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words privately engraven. The husband would never permit the giver to read them, telling her that the day would come when her wish should be gratified, and she should know the secret. Seven years glided away, and a day or two since when conscious that he must soon leave his wife forever, he called her to his bedside, and with his dying accents told her that the hour had at last come when she would see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and, though heart-stricken with grief, eagerly read these words—"I have loved thee on earth—I will meet thee in Heaven."

The Voice of a Man Dumb for Twenty Years Restored.

A very singular case has just come to light in the town of Woonsocket, in Rhode Island, which is just now the wonder in medical and scientific circles. About twenty years ago Frederick E. Luke, then a young man, well known in his native town, was suddenly deprived of the power of speech. For several years after he was in failing health, and it was never thought that he could live. During these twenty years he was obliged to make himself understood by his mother and brother, the only occupants of the house, by signs, using the letters of the alphabet. For the past four years his health has been improving, and he has been able to care for a small garden and materially assist his mother in the management of the household affairs. A few days ago a great change was noticed in him for the better. He felt the removal of a restriction in his mouth, and he was made sensibly aware that the impediment in his speech, which had made life a blank to him for twenty years, had disappeared. He leaped for joy, and went to his mother's room, informing her in an audible voice of the great change which had come over him. His enunciation as yet is not fully restored, but each day it is improving, and he is able to converse in a manner which can be understood by the many of his friends and relatives who visit his home to congratulate him upon the happy event. Some are of the opinion that the power of speech may again be taken away from him, but this is not probably from his present condition. The case will be presented to some of the most eminent physicians in the State for investigation, and their report will be looked forward to with peculiar interest.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE.—Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that every stroke some immortal passes to his Maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and, if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes. Half of all who live die before seventeen. Only one person in ten thousand lives to be one hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty. The married live longer than the single. There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only ninety-five weddings take place.

A CURE FOR DIPTHERIA.—A letter to the New York *Sun* says: "As there are so many people dying every day from this dreadful disease, I send the following remedy, hoping that it will save the lives of many unfortunates afflicted with that terrible disease. It saved my life in Warrenton, N. C., in 1858, and has proved efficacious in many other cases: Make a quart of red pepper tea, strong; add a tablespoon of common salt, sweeten with honey to suit the palate, and gargle as often as possible. Keep the vessel holding the gargle before the fire, and in extreme cases take one dose of castor oil.

A MAN whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday School kept his eyes wide open during prayer, and when one boy thrust a pin into another, he marched down the aisle, still praying, and cuffed that boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation,—the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.

A PLEASING INCIDENT.—A few days since Mrs. Kent, of Wythe county, Va., sent an agent to Christiansburg, where she formerly resided, with $2,100, which was distributed among her former slaves living there, the sum given to each being from $100 to $300.

VALLEY FORGE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Valley Forge was selected for the winter encampment because from it Washington could best protect the interior of the State from the incursions of the enemy quartered in Philadelphia. The army left Whitemarsh on the 11th of December, and reached Valley Forge on the 19th, 1777. The soldiers, many of them barefooted and in rags, had marched thither, leaving their bloody testimonials on nearly every foot of ground they had traversed. The day before, on the borders of the dreary region where they were to pass the long winter, was spent in religious services. Congress had directed it to be observed as a day of thanksgiving and praise. The ragged, suffering, weary soldiers, with their march over the frozen ground, were required on this bleak day, with a prospect full of gloom before them, to send up their voice of thanksgiving and praise. For what? There seemed need enough for fasting and prayer, for Heaven looked frowningly down upon them. They could ask—oh, how fervently—to be delivered from suffering and want and destitution, and the gloomy, remorseless winter before them, but to be thankful for them, who was equal to that? Still, Washington ordered the brigades to be assembled, with their chaplains, and religious services to be performed. But, alas, three thousand of them, or more than a quarter of the whole army, were either sick or too shoeless and ragged to appear on parade. These, in the wagons that stretched over the dreary fields, lay suffering and shivering in the straw, thinking that, to them at least, thanksgiving was a mockery. Their enemies were well fed and housed in the city near by, while the bleak hillside must be their home. Indeed, there was more earnest prayer that day than thanksgiving, by the patriotic chaplains who were to share with the soldiers the privations and sufferings of the coming winter—beseeching, earnest prayer to Him who alone could help and pour light on the all-enveloping darkness.

It was a solemn, not a joyful day, and when it ended, the army of eleven thousand strong marched on to the frozen hills where they were to spend the next three months, amid scenes and trials never to be forgotten while a single page in history is left for the record of true patriotism. In the orders issued by Washington, directing the work to be done, he told the soldiers he would share all their privations. The whole army was divided into groups of twelve, who were to build a hut or pen for themselves. Each one was to be sixteen by fourteen feet, filled in with clay, with a log fireplace lined with clay a foot and a half thick. The height was to be six feet and a half. Thus it will be seen they were mere hovels, barely high enough to stand up in, and, with the fireplace accoutrements, &c., would leave barely room sufficient for the twelve men to lie down in, packed closely side by side. To stimulate the disheartened soldiers to activity, Washington offered twelve dollars' reward for the first hut built in each regiment, and a hundred dollars to him who would discover the best substitute for boards (which were not to be had) for the roofs. Split oak slabs were selected, whose irregular surfaces could furnish only partial protection from the snow and rain. It was a cold, dreary day when the muskets were stacked, the knapsacks thrown aside, and those eleven thousand men, such as could work broke up into a hundred groups and scattered themselves through the woods. Soon the rapid blows of nearly ten thousand axes and the incessant crash of falling trees echoed on every side for miles around. From early dawn till the wintry night shut in, the work went on, and then the tired host lay down behind their piles of logs to break the force of the wind, or gathered, shivering, round their blazing camp fires that lit up with strange splendor the wintry forest. There was a small house near by, which Washington had selected for his own quarters, but he would not occupy it while his ragged soldiers were uncovered, and pitched his tent in their midst on the frozen ground. Streets were laid out, and, foot by foot, the city of huts went up, till over a thousand of them stretched away over the surrounding hills. Into these the "sons of liberty" crept and lay down in the straw.

What passed there for the next three months history will never tell us. It was written with the pen of suffering on individual hearts, but never found outward expression. We can only say that cold and suffering and starvation were there. Washington's wife joined him, and the wintry fields covered with hovels presented a sad spectacle as she came upon it, to share with her husband his privations and if possible lessen his cares through the long winter. Forage soon became scarce, and Washington was compelled to use the power conferred on him, and ordered all the grain within seventy miles to be threshed out; but he was environed with Tories, who burned up theirs rather than let it fall into his hands. The snow soon began to pile around them, while their clothes fell away in rags from their backs. Sickness increased from exposure, and, as if Heaven itself was determined to augment their misery, exhaust their heroic patience, and drive them to despair, the cold set in with a severity unknown for years. There were no more parades, no more drills, for there were scarcely enough left fit to perform mere camp duty. Sickness or rags shut them up in their foul hovels. The dreary days wore on, all alike in suffering. They varied only as the driving snow piled deeper round their huts, or the piercing cold increased, or food grew less. All day long, week in and week out, the wind as in roared by, or the morning and evening gun sending its dull echoes over the wintry hills, were the only music to cheer their loneliness. The dreary monotony of the scene was broken only by platoons of men, often several times a day, bearing, with reversed arms, a comrade to his grave beneath the snow, playing the mournful tune of "Roslyn Castle," as they marched slowly, heavily forward. Sometimes a naked soldier would borrow a blanket to flit to a neighboring hut, and then flit back again and crawl, like a frightened wild animal, out of sight. Along the snowy paths, Washington, sometimes with the young Marquis Lafayette by his side, would often slowly walk, with his heart breaking at the sights and sounds that met him at every step.

Into the midst of this desolation the noble Baron Steuben walked one day, decked with military honors won in the fields of Europe, and gazed, one can guess with what astonishment, on the army that he had given up home, ease and country, to link his fortunes with. At length forage gave out and gaunt famine stalked into the midst of this scene of woe and desolation. Not a hoof entered the camp and the welcome lowing of cattle ceased to be heard. Teams and men came in empty-handed. A foreign officer, walking amid the hovels, and seeing men with no covering but a blanket, flitting from one hut to another, and hearing through the crevices the soldiers muttering, "*No pay, no provisions, no rum*," said he then despaired of American Independence. Washington's heart at last became filled with fearful forebodings and he looked around him in dismay, and in a letter to General Clinton, in the middle of February, said: "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Yet he adds: "Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers." A noble compliment and nobly won. At the same time, Warren wrote to Greene: "The situation of the camp is such that, in all human probability, the army will dissolve. The horses are dying for want of forage. The country in the vicinity of the camp is exhausted. * * * What consequences have we rationally to expect?" Says Dr. Thatcher: "It is with great difficulty that men enough can be found in a condition fit to discharge the military camp duties from day to day, and for this purpose those who are *naked borrow from those who have clothes.*

What a picture is this, though sketched in mere outline by the Commander-in-chief and his officers! The imagination shrinks from filling up the frightful details. The army was slowly dying, not from the ravages of shot and shell, but from exposure, sickness and slow starvation. Night, moonless, starless night, had closed over that city of hovels. Even Washington, in whom "hope shone like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all other men," could not penetrate its all pervading blackness. It was at this time, when all human help seemed gone, that Mr. Potts, at whose house he was quartered, walking near a secluded thicket on his farm, heard a low voice, as of one in prayer, and, looking in saw Washington on his knees, tears on his cheeks, and his face upturned to heaven, beseeching, in agonized tones, that God would pity and save his suffering army and suffering country.

"Oh, would'st thou know his name
Who wandered thus alone!
Go read, in heaven's archives,
The prayer of Washington."

In the midst of all this darkness and suffering and almost despair, as if on purpose to crush one of the noblest hearts that ever beat in a human bosom, a conspiracy was set on foot in and out of Congress to disgrace him by removing him from the head of the army and compel him to serve in a subordinate capacity. False charges were raised; forged letters were published; yet he bore all in silence, lest in defending himself he should expose secrets that would injure his country. "*My country*" was ever uppermost in his thoughts and dearer to him than life itself. He could say of his country as David did of Jerusalem: "If I forget thee [oh, my country,] may my right hand forget its cunning." He was great "in the high places of the field," amid the storm and tumult of battle; he was great and noble as head of the nation; but he was greater still in his silent sufferings at Valley Forge.

But spring at length came, and with it partial relief, and such soldiers as could were compelled to take the field; and, as it wore on, news was received that made those hovels ring with shouts and loud huzzas. On the first day of May a horseman rode into camp with the tidings that France had recognized our independence and formed an alliance with us, and that ships and troops and money were on the way to our relief. Soldiers forgot their nakedness and shook their rags, like banners, in the air. Congress had appointed a thanksgiving as they moved into Valley Forge which seemed a mockery, but now they would have one of their own. Washington issued a proclamation, appointing the 7th on which "to acknowledge the divine goodness and celebrate the important event which we owe to his divine interposition." A general parade of the army was ordered, and the several brigade chaplains were directed to offer up prayer at the head of brigade and deliver a sermon to the soldiers. And never did more fervent acknowledgment of divine goodness ascend to heaven, and never were more earnest appeals made to the soldiers to stand true to their great leader and their country than were made that day by those patriotic chaplains. When the religious services were over, the artillery thundered forth its glad acclaim, answered by the rolling volleys of musketry, and "Long live Washington" and "Long live the King of France" again and again shook those rude hovels to their very foundations.

As Washington rode off the field, "Long live Washington" rent the air and continued to roll after him till his lessening form disappeared in the distance. Aye, long live Washington and long live Valley Forge in the memory and affections of the American people until patriot hearts shall cease to beat.

WHO KISSED HIM?—Horace Vernet was going from Versailles to Paris by railway. In the same compartment with him were two ladies, whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him minutely, and commented freely upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, the style of his dress, &c. They continued their annoyance, until finally the painter determined to put an end to these persecutions. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity, he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark! Presently they arrived at Paris, and Vernet on leaving them, said, "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"

A SCANDALOUS PRACTICE.

"Suppose," said an Iowa attorney to a witness whom he was cross-examining, "Suppose, sir, I should tell you that I could bring a dozen of your own neighbors who would swear they would not believe you under oath! What would you say to that?" And the witness replied very pleasantly, "I should say you lied."

It is not often that the tables are thus turned on a brow-beating and insolent attorney, for unfortunately the latter always has the advantage, and too often is disposed to press it unfairly. There are instances of this almost every day in our courts. A modest, quiet business man unused to standing before a great audience, is placed in the witness-box. He unluckily knows some important facts about a case on trial before an intelligent jury. He states these facts truthfully and without malice. They are, though not with any connivance on his part, fatal to the other side. The only remedy, therefore, is to destroy his evidence. Consequently an important little fellow, with bristling hair and pompous tone, prepares to extinguish him. Leaning back in his chair and glaring at the modest man, the attorney opens: "Now, sir, what is your name?" Of course he knows it, the jury knows it, the court knows it, but the attorney asks it again, as if it were of the greatest importance and the witness might deny his name on second thought. So he says, "Now, sir, what is your name?"

"Thomas Brown," responds the modest man.

"What?" screams the lawyer. "Speak up, can't you? You are not ashamed of your name, are you?"

"No, sir," replies Brown.

"Very well! Then speak up, so the jury can hear you. Now, sir, what is your interest in this case?" with a significant look at the jury.

"I have no interest in it," replies the witness.

The attorney looks horrified at the total depravity of the witness. He glances at the jury again, as much as to say:—"Gentleman, did you ever behold such turpitude?" and then goes on speaking deliberately, and emphasizing every word with a beck of his fore-finger, "Do you swear, sir, before this jury, and in presence of this court, and on your solemn oath, that you have no interest in this case?"

"Yes, sir," says Brown, blushing.

"Yes, you have, or yes, you have not?"

"I have not."

"Haven't you confessed within the past week to three different parties that you have an interest?"

"No, sir," replies Brown, trembling, and trying to think if he has ever uttered a word that could be tortured into such an admission.

"You swear before this jury," says the attorney, "that you never talked about this matter?"

"I did not say I had not talked," replied the witness.

"Ah, ha! Then you have talked!" exclaims the attorney. "I thought I could refresh your recollection."

"I only said"—continues the witness, desiring to explain; but he is stopped abruptly.

"Never mind what you say, sir. When I want to know what you said I will inquire of you. I understand you now to admit that you have talked about the matter. Is that right?"

"I simply talked"—

"Will you please answer my question?" thunders the attorney. "Have you talked, or have you not? Yes or no?"

"Yes, but"—

"That will do; you need not go on, sir. That is ample. At last you admit that you, a witness, an important witness, in this case, have been around the town discussing the matter! Do you think that is the proper thing, sir, for a witness to do?"

The witness, abashed and humiliated, remains silent.

"Will you answer, sir?" continues the lawyer, threateningly. "Do you come before this jury, expecting to be believed, while admitting that you have made this case the subject of hope and fear, and discussed it on the street?"

The witness tries to explain, but is told to "stand down," and leaves the box, feeling that in some way he has been made to appear like a rascally perjurer, when he is as absolutely free from bias or prejudice as the most disinterested spectator in the room. Any one who is at all familiar with our courts will see that the above is a very faint picture of the "badgering" to which witnesses are subjected. Indeed, a man giving his testimony might think he has escaped very easily if he met with nothing worse than this, and yet the imputations contained in the above would be resented with a blow in any other place than the courts. Such attacks are cowardly and disgraceful, and still they are permitted and winked at by our judges. We call upon the latter to begin the correction of this scandalous imposition. It is as much their duty to protect witnesses from gratuitous insult as it is to protect innocent men from unmerited punishment. The law is an honorable profession, a profession which should be exalted, not degraded. But is degraded sadly by such exhibitions. We have good reason to know that the best of its members despise such vulgar tricks and the men who resort to them, but there are hundreds of others who imagine that the highest evidence of a judicial mind is an ability to descend to billingsgate and personal vituperation, and especially to do this when the victim is defenceless and cannot respond. There is one power above lawyers and courts which can reform this practice if it cannot be reformed by voluntary action. The power is the people; and it may yet become necessary to demand a pledge from judicial candidates to put down this abusive practice as a condition precedent to their elevation to the bench.—*Inter-Ocean.*

AN EXPENSIVE OFFICE.—It is no small affair to hold the office of Mayor of London. A man of moderate fortune cannot perform the duties of the office, as, in addition to the $50,000 allowed him to pay his "expenses," he has to pay as much more from his private purse to pay for all the banquets and balls he is in duty bound to give, beside disbursing largely to public charities. About $100,000 will just take his Honor through the year.

THERE are five counties in Georgia in which there is not a hired man.

SHOT IN MID-AIR.

Some years ago, says a Canadian writer, the famous whirlpool—about half way between Niagara Falls and Lewiston—was, among other things, remarkable for the number of eagles that were frequently to be seen hovering over it, or seated in some of the lofty pines on its verge.—These majestic birds were doubtless attracted to this locality by the dead bodies of animals that had come over the Falls, and that were arrested here sometimes for days together; while the summit of the towering trees afforded a fine view of whatever wild fowl chanced to pass through the gorge of the river between the two lakes, Erie and Ontario.

But if this was a noted rendezvous for these monarchs of the air, it was no less so for their enemies, the hunters of the vicinity, who thought it no mean sport or feat to tumble them from their lofty perch with a single bullet; or, more difficult and exciting still, to suddenly recall them from mid-air with the leaden messenger, while making the first of those sublime spiral sweeps upward that carry them ultimately almost beyond the range of human vision.

I was an eye-witness of a feat of this latter description; but I confess the reminiscence is not a pleasant one. I had climbed the bank of the whirlpool, one morning, on the Canadian side, after an hour of the most miserable fishing, when I suddenly came upon an acquaintance who was one of the best hunters in the district. I saw that something was up, for he motioned me to halt and to be silent. He was too late, however, for I made some remark on catching a glimpse of him. The next instant I heard a sound as of the flapping of mighty pinions, and two eagles, that had just quitted their perch, were sailing in mid-air above us.

Their first sweep was out over the whirlpool; and, what I had never observed before in such flights, they were almost side by side. In the course of a few seconds they hung above us once more, when the hunter, stepping into an open space directly beneath them, took deliberate aim and fired. There was a wild and convulsive movement on the part of one of them, while the other seemed to stand perfectly still in the air. The former I supposed to have been wounded; but the marksman assured me that I was mistaken, as it was the other that was hurt mortally, and was coming down gradually. And now commenced a drama in the air, so touching that I shall never forget it. The bird that had not been touched flew about her wounded mate in such seeming agony, and with such a show of affection, that I could have wept for her. Although she could not but perceive us she seemed to disregard our proximity; and the hunter was now too much moved himself to take advantage of the fact. Soon some heavy drops of blood fell at my feet, and, in a few seconds afterwards, the vanquished monarch of the air reached the earth softly, within a single yard of me. When he observed us, he sought to gather up his drooping plumage and regain his feet, but was too weak to accomplish either; although in his last throes he eyed us with so fierce and defiant a glare that I felt relieved when he fell convulsively forward and expired with a feeble scream.

In the meantime the hunter had reloaded his rifle, and I was now scarcely sorry to find that he was bringing it to bear upon the solitary mate of his sad trophy that sat listlessly close by. There was a sharp ringing noise, and she fell dead to the earth with a heavy thud.—There was no pleasure or gleam of triumph in the eye of the hunter; for, as he gazed upon both the noble creatures, recently so full of life and vigor, he exclaimed mournfully, "I have shot my last eagle!"

FIRES CAUSED BY MATCHES.—Fire Inspector Holloway, in his report to the mayor and city council, states that twenty-three fires occurred in Baltimore during the past year by children playing with matches. The children in all cases were between three and four years of age, showing that the matches must have been lying around loosely and carelessly. Many matches, he says, are so easily ignited that it is unsafe to leave them within the reach of children. He does not recommend that their use be dispensed with, but that the safer kinds be used, and that people be more careful to keep them where children and rats and mice will not molest them. Parlor matches, he says, are more easily ignited than others, and liable to ignite by falling from a shelf to the floor.—*Sun.*

A JOLLY GAME.—"Blowing Cotton" is a sitting-room game of the jolliest sort.—Let as many as may sit around the table with hands folded and arms extended along the edge of the table, each person touching elbows with his on each side of him. Take a small piece of common cotton batting, picked up so as to make it as light and airy as possible. Let some one count "one, two, three," and then let each one blow his best to keep the cotton away from himself and drive it upon some one else. The person on whom it alights must pay a forfeit. No one must take up his arms to escape the cotton. When it alights, take it up, and start it anew. It will be a very sober set indeed who can play two or three rounds without indulging in the healthiest sort of uproarious laughter.

THE Rev. Mr. Shipman, of Norwich, says that he was once called to marry a man who was to be united to his fourth wife. As he approached the couple he said, as usual, "Please rise." The man fidgeted about on his chair, and finally remarked, "We've usually sot."

"THE excuse of the third man," said Mr. Moody, illustrating the parable of the guests who were backward in coming forward, "was more absurd than any—'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.' Now, why didn't he take his wife along with him."

A PIECE of wood cut from a trece is a good conductor; let it be heated and dried it becomes an insulator; let it be baked to charcoal, it becomes a good conductor again; burn it to ashes, and it becomes an insulator once more.

We are glad to hear it. Our druggist informs us that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup sells better than any other medicine, and always gives satisfaction.