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S. Shadley

The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing Two DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

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Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

A COUNTRY HOME.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
And a seat by the farmer's wood fireside,
Where the fire burns bright,
On a frosty night—
Where the jest, the song and the laugh are free:
Oh! the farmer's home is the home for me.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
Where the earth comes out as a blushing bride:
When her buds and flowers,
In the bright Spring hours,
Her bridal song ringing from fresh leaved trees,
And melody floats on the perfumed breeze.

In Summer a seat in a shady nook,
And close by the side of a purling brook,
Where the violet grows,
Or the pale swamp rose,
Fainting, sick, 'neath the sun's scorching beam,
Dips her pale petals in the cooling stream.

Oh! give me a home in the country wide,
In the golden days of a farmer's pride,
When his barns are filled
From the fields he's tilled,
And he feels that his yearly task is done,
And, smiling at winter, he beckons him on.

The Union---It Must be Preserved.

Written upon the Evacuation of Yorktown.

Come sound a loud chorus, a good time's before us,
For traitors are punished, and treason's put down;
Secession is ended, the stars re united,
Re-set are the brilliants of Liberty's crown.

The Union forever, it never shall sever;
No, "By the Eternal it must be preserved,"
Our fathers they made it, their children shall save it,
And the flag of our Union keep ever unfurled.

All hail to the heroes who fought and fell for us,
And saved our loved country from anarchy's sway,
May Heaven in future our government nurture,
Drive all such fanatical treason away.

Come *friends* of the Union, come join in *communion;*
Pledge life, fortune and honor in Liberty's cause,
Condemn all agitators, and other like traitors;
Stand firm to your Country, Constitution and Laws.

The Surrender of New Orleans.

Captain Bailey was the bearer of the first summons for the city of New Orleans to surrender, and on his way to the mayor's office was surrounded by a constantly swelling crowd, who hurrahed for Jeff. Davis and Beauregard, and shouted "Kill him!" Hang him to a lamp-post!" "Don't let him go back alive!" Every now and then, however, in the throng, his sleeve would be pulled, or his hand pressed, or a whisper dropped into his ear, such as "Glad to see you!" "Why didn't you come before!" He was escorted back in a carriage by two officers detailed for the purpose by Gen. Lovell, who entertained the crowd while he was safely making his way to the boat with vain-glorious assurances that he would never give up the city.

The Confederates expressed their regret that Flag Officer Farragut had not waited about a week longer to enable them to complete their operations for his defeat. The Mississippi, a much more formidable iron-clad battery than those which figured in the action, had been launched and would by that time have received her armament, and other defences would have been matured.

Twenty gunboats were found upon the stocks, and a raft of an extremely formidable character, made of logs wound around with chains, had been stretched across the river above the city, in preparation for Flag Officer Foote when he should come down stream.

MCCLELLAN can easily obtain the applause of the abolitionists. He may achieve nothing in military matters, but if he will run off a darkey or two from Virginia, he will be at once a great General, as Fremont is. McClellan will find still greater advantage in taking the negro manis. He can steal as much as he pleases. He and his friends can pocket the money, and still he will have hosts of admirers and apologists, who will insist on his title to the highest military and civil honors, although he may never show, by words or acts, any capacity in war and peace.

Artemus Ward in Washington.

The following, we believe, is the latest production of the famous "A. Ward," taken from Vanity Fair. To read it without laughing would be almost impossible:

My wife stood before the looking glass, a fussin up her hair.

"What you doin Betsy?" I inquired.

"Doin up my back hair," she replied.

"Betsy," sed I with a stern air, "Betsy you're too old to think of such frivolities as back hair."

"Too old! too old!" she screamed, "you Bald-heded idiot! You haint got hair enouff onto your hed to make a decent wig for a single bested grass hopper.

The Rook was severe but merited I shall hens4th let my wife's back hair alone. You heard me.

My little dawter is growin quite rapid, and begins to scrutinize clothin with young men inside of it, pretty clost. I observe, too, that, she twists pieces of paper round her hair at nights, and wont let me put my arm around her any more for feer I'll muss her. "Your mother wasnt fraid I'd muss her when she was your age, child," sed I one day with a sly twinkle into my dark bay eye. "No," replied my little dawter, "she probably liked it."

You aint goin to fool female Young America much. You may gamble on that.

But all this, which happened in Baldwinsville a week ago haint got nothing to do with Washington, from whither I write.

Washington, D. C. is the capitol of 'our once happy county'—if I may be allowed to koine a frase. The D C stands for Desperate Cusses, a numerosity which abounds here, the most of persess a romantic pashun for gratooitous drinks. And in this conjunction I will relate a incident. I notist for several days a large Hearse standin in front of the principal tavern on Pennsylvany Avenoo. "Can you tell me my fair Castillian," sed I to the boot black in the washer room—"can you tell me what those Hearse is kept standin out there for?"

"Well, you see our Bar business is great. You've no idea of the number of people who drink at our Bar durin' a day. You see those hearse is necessary."

I called on Secretary Wells of the Navy. You know he is quite a mariner himself, having once owned a Raft of logs on the Connethycut river. So I put on salers style and hollered: "Ahoy, shipmet! Tip us your grapplin irons."

"Yes—yes!" sed he nervously, "but mercy on us don't be so noisy."

"Ay, ay, my hearty! But let me sing about how Jack Stokes lost his gal—

"The reason why he couldn't gain her
Was becoz he's a drunken saler!"

"That's very good indeed," said the Secky, "but this is hardly the place to sing songs in, my friend."

"Air you well, Mr. Secky," sed I. "Is your liver all right? How's your koff?"

"God bless me!" sed the Secky, risin hastily and glarin wildly at me, "what do you mean?"

"O, nothin partickler. Only its one of the beauties of a republican form of government that a cabinet officer can pack up his trunk and get home whenever he's sick. Sure nothin don't ail your liver?" sed I pokin him putty vilent in the stummack.

I called on Abe. He received me kindly. I handed him my umbrellar and told him I'd have a check for it if he pleased.

"That," sed he, "puts me in mind of a little story. There was a man out in parts who was so mean that he took his wife's coffin out of the back winder for fear he would rub the paint off the doorway.

"Wall, about this time there was a man in an adjacant town who had a green cotton umbreller."

"Did it fit him well? Was it custom made? Was he measured for it?"

"Measured for what?" said Abe.

"The umbreller!"

"Wall, as I was sayin," continuerd the President, treatin the interruption with apparrent contempt, "this man sed he'd known that umbrella ever since it was a parasol. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes," sed I lafin in a raspectful manner, "but what has this man with the umbreller to do with the man who took his wife's coffin out of the back winder?"

"To be sure," sed Abe—"what was it? I must have got two stories mixed up, which puts me in mind of another lit—"

"Never mind, Your Excellency, I called to congratulate you on your career, which has been a honest and a good one—unscared and unmoved by Secesh in front of you and Abolish at the back of you—each one of which is a little wuss than the other if possible!

"Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty and vigger, merits all prase, but to keep his under garments on."

I took my departer. "Good bye, old sweetness!" sed Abe, shakin' me corgully by the hand.

"Ado, my Prahayrie flower!" I replied, and made my exit. "Twenty-five thousand dollars a year and found," I soliloquised, as I walked down the street, "is putty good wages for a man with a modest appytite, but I reckon that it is wuth it to run the White House.

I'm reconstructin' my Show. I've bo't a collection of life size wax figgers of our prominent Revolutionary forefathers. I bo't em at auction and got em cheap; they stand me about 2 dollars and fifty cents ($2.50) per Revolutionary forefather.

Ever as always yours, A. WARD.

The Animated Frying-Pan.

In Ireland a warming-pan is called a friar. Not many years ago, an unsophisticated girl took service in a hotel in the town of ——. Poor thing—she had never heard of a warming-pan in her life, though she regularly confessed to a friar (a priest) once a year.

It happened on a cold and drizzly night that a priest took lodgings at the inn. He had travelled far, and being weary, retired at an early hour. Soon after, the mistress of the house called the servant girl.

"Betty, put the friar into No. 6."

Up went Betty to the poor priest.

"Your reverence must go into No. 6, my mistress says."

"How, what?" asked he alarmed.

"Your reverence must go into No. 6."

There was no help for it, and the priest arose, donned a dressing gown and went into No. 6. In about fifteen minutes the mistress called to Betty.

"Put the friar into No. 4."

Betty said something about disturbing his reverence, which her mistress did not understand. So she told the girl, in a sharp voice to do as she was directed, and she would always do right. Up went Betty, and the unhappy priest, despite his angry protestations, was obliged to turn out of No. 6, and go into No. 4. But a little time elapsed ere the girl was told to put the friar into No. 8, and the poor priest thinking that everybody was mad in the house, and sturdily resolved to quit it the next morning, crept into the damp sheets of No. 8. But he was to enjoy no peace there. Betty was again directed to put the friar into No. 3, and with tears in her eyes she obeyed.

In about an hour the landlady concluded to go to bed herself, and the friar was ordered into her room. Wondering what it all meant, Betty roused up the priest, and told him he must go into No. 11.—The monk crossed himself, counted his beads, and went into No. 11.

It so happened that the husband of the land-lady was troubled with the green-eyed monster, jealousy. Going up to bed, therefore, before his wife, his suspicions were confirmed by seeing between his own sheets a man sound asleep. To rouse the sleeper, and kick him into the street, was the work of a moment. Nor was the mistake explained till next day, when the priest informed the inn keeper what outrages had been committed upon him, and he learned to his amazement, that he had been serving the whole night as a warming-pan.

A FAITHFUL DOG ON THE BATTLE FIELD.—Lieutenant Pfieff, killed at the battle of Shiloh, was buried at Chicago a few days ago In speaking of the funeral, the Times, of that city, remarks:

A beautiful and touching incident is connected with the manner in which Mrs. Pfieff was enabled to discover the place where her husband had been buried upon the battle-field. She visited the field, armed with a pass from General Halleck, but no one could possibly inform her of the place where he had been buried, as such a large number, of both friend and foe, had been interred upon the same ground. She remained about half a day, and was about giving up in despair, when she espied, at the distance of nearly half a mile, a large dog coming rapidly towards her, which she immediately recognized as the same which had accompanied her husband to the war. He approached her with the most intense manifestations of joy, and immediately indicated to her, as well as he was able, his desire that she should follow him. She did so, and he led the way to a distant part of the field, and stopped before a single grave. She caused it to be opened, and there found the body of her dead husband. It appears from the statement of some of the soldiers that at the time Lieutenant Pfieff fell this dog was by his side, and there remained, licking his wounds, until he was taken from the field and buried. He then took his station by the grave, and nothing could induce him to abandon it but for a sufficient length of time each day to satisfy his hunger, until, by some means, he was made aware of the presence of his mistress. Thus had he watched for twelve days by the grave of his slain master.—This is certainly one of the most wonderful instances of canine sagacity on record. When the body was being conveyed to this city this wonderful animal took up his position by the box containing the remains, and no persuasions could induce him to leave it until its arrival here.

A FEMALE MAJOR.—Governor Yates, of Illinois, has paid a rather unusual, but well-merited compliment to Mrs. Reynolds, wife of Lieutenant Reynolds, of the Seventeenth Illinois Regiment, and a resident of Peoria. Mrs. Reynolds has accompanied her husband through the greater part of the campaign through which the Seventeenth has passed, sharing with him the dangers and privations of a soldier's life. She was present at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and, like a ministering angel, attended to the wants of as many of the wounded and dying soldiers as she could, thus winning the gratitude and esteem of the brave fellows by whom she was surrounded. Governor Yates, hearing of her heroic and praiseworthy conduct, presented her with a commission as Major in the army, the document conferring the well-merited honor being made out with all due formality and having attached to it the great seal of the State.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO EX-GOVERNOR HICKS.

SPEECHES ON THE OCCASION.

The flag presentation and concert on Tuesday evening of last week in the Hall of the Maryland Institute was one of the most enthusiastic gatherings ever witnessed in Baltimore. Some extracts from the speeches made on the occasion are given below, and will doubtless be read with interest and gratification:

SPEECH OF REV. J. MCKENDREE REILLEY.

Honorable Sir—It becomes my agreeable duty to bear to you from Mrs. Remington, and the Union ladies of East Baltimore, a testimonial of their esteem for you as a patriotic Governor who, by your fidelity to your trust during the critical, trying period of your Gubernatorial term placed them and your native State under lasting obligations to you.

State after State enacted the solemn farce of withdrawing from the Union.—State after State ceased to be represented in our Congressional councils. State after State took possession of the Federal property within its limits. A bogus Congress met. A bogus Confederacy was formed. Rebel Commissioners impudently presented themselves for recognition before the very Government they had sworn to cherish, but had robbed and were now laboring to destroy. Treason, organized with all the machinery of political power, summoned an army to its aid, and installed its *chivalrous* conflict by firing on a starving garrison.

Maryland was invited to a place in the infamous sisterhood, and multitudes of her citizens seeing, or affecting to see, nought but ruin before them in case of refusal, were clamorous for the proffered position.

Patriot hearts began to tremble for Maryland. Her position on the dividing line of the loyal and disloyal States, and as the natural custodian of the National Capital, would make her a most fearful battle-ground. Why should their noble State be dragged into such a conflict? If she had suffered most from her connection with Southern institutions, she had complained least. With accumulated grievances, she had never discovered in secession the remedy for her ills.

And was this sacred power of association to be broken? Was Maryland to repudiate and insult the suggestions of all her antecedents? The patriotic instincts of these ladies penetrated the subject in all its vital features and led them earnestly to seek for data on which to predicate patriotic hope. Many around them, who had been most eulogistic of our Government—had shared largely its patronage, and sworn repeatedly to sustain it, now rallied to another ensign, sought to loose from the ancient moorings, and boldly claimed a virtue in their treason. A large number of their own sex were listening, as did mother Eve, to the voice of the serpent, and were blindly seeking to convert their Maryland Eden into a desert of woe. The prevailing spirit of our Legislature demanded the chance to insult their classic State House with their treasonable enactments.

The prudence of our Governor, who happened here in the midst of these events, under God saved the re-enactment in our streets of the horrors of the French Revolution. His preservation from the rage of an infuriated mob was an instance of Providence inspiring to the confidence of pious patriotism. His enemies exultingly proclaimed that at last they had made "Old Cæsar" bend, not dreaming in their jubilant frenzy that, like Sampson of old, he was only amusing the Philistines while he seized the pillars of their temple for its final overthrow.

You *are* here, standing on an elevation that did not disturb his prophetic dreams, on that mount serene which belongs only to virtuous men, and can be reached only by virtuous deeds. It cannot be otherwise, sir, than that you should enjoy your present position with its surroundings.—You bend not under the frown, your ears are greeted not by the curses of a betrayed people, your heart is torn not by an upbraiding conscience; but happy in the rectitude of your intentions, in your conscious fidelity to your responsibilities and in the recollection of your success in conducting the State from between Scylla and Charybidis to a safe mooring. You are here our honored guest, the object of affection to loyal women and men, the most honored son, if not the father of Maryland, under the folds of that flag you have most loved and best defended

One year ago the hall in which we are congregated was a Rebel barracks. A Union flag floated not nearer than Fort McHenry. Our port was effectually blockaded. Commerce had disappeared from our Bay and business from our streets.—Patriotism wore a downcast look and the civilized world awoke to the question: Is the American Union after all a failure? But now, how changed. The Rebel flag no longer pollutes our atmosphere. Our streets, as is this hall, are decorated with Union flags. A crowded auditory of Union citizens hail your presence with delight. Strong-hearted men chime to the music of the Union, while eyes of blue, surmounting cheeks of mingled lilly and vermilion, tell you that these ladies are for the Union to a man. The country is recovering from its shock; Rebel armies are retreating to find the last ditch, and there is not a State over which the old flag does not float.

REPLY OF EX-GOVERNOR HICKS.

I accept, sir, the beautiful present you bring me, prepared by the ladies of East Baltimore—a beautiful specimen of their handiwork. I prize it for its beauty and the tasty manner of its execution. More, sir, I *prize* it on account of the *donors.*—Nor can I fail to value it as an emblem of our national greatness; and here I pledge my life against its dishonor. It shall be the chief ornament at Appleby, my home, and shall there wave in kind remembrance of those who gave it, and in honor of our glorious Union, so distracted by the conduct of wicked men.

In the eloquent address delivered by you, you have indeed complimented me far beyond anything I deserve, and you estimate my poor services to the State of Maryland and to the country *too* highly. And here I might resume my seat and silently pour out the inexpressible gratitude of an overflowing heart. But, sir, the inquiry naturally comes up, and we ask why this display—why this demonstration by the loyal ladies of Baltimore, creditable to them, though undeserved by the subject of their favor? The answer is at hand. It is the outpouring of their patriotic devotion to the Union, the Constitution, and the Government established by the immortal Washington and his compeers. Nay, sir, we may go further, and say it is because that Government is in peril; and the tender ladies of the land have come forward to encourage and aid the sterner sex in sustaining the best Government and the most desirable country known to the world.

Sirs, the South could not allow that master-piece of workmanship, framed (by the immortal Clay) and accepted by a then greatly agitated people, to stand. (I allude to the Missouri Compromise.) Then came the breaking up of the Charleston Convention and its adjournment to your city, the result of that adjourned meeting you know. With the candidates in the field and a divided party, they secured the election of Mr. Lincoln, and then proceeded to break up the Government by seizing the property and men belonging to the General Government, in violation of law and good fellowship. Next, they sent Commissioners to treat with the Executives of the Border States, and I know how hard they labored to draw us, of Maryland from our safe abode, and make Maryland the breakwater for them by forcing the war on us. Then, the withdrawal of their representatives from the Congress of the country, taking them back to the sunny South to use the plunder of Floyd, Cobb & Co. Then came the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and with it the seige began.

Gentlemen, I do not stand here as the apologist of President Lincoln; I was no partisan of Mr. Lincoln. I was a Bell and Everett men, and did all in my power to defeat Mr. Lincoln's election: but when he had been elected in accordance with the Constitution, then, as a good citizen of the American Union, I felt it my duty to yield obedience to that Constitution which I had so often sworn to support and have always revered. My position during the more alarming state of things in our afflicted country brought to my knowledge many startling facts known only to myself, and did time allow, and the occasion being proper, I could facts unfold that would doubtless startle many of you. I only wish time and propriety justified the narrative, I would gladly give it.

Well a word in regard to your city standing to the State as the heart to the human system. I know the fact, ladies and gentleman, and do not ask you to take my word for it, as I have the written evidence of the fact, that while you were sleeping and safe, as you supposed, in your chambers, there were persons concocting and planning their nefarious schemes, that if carried out would have resulted, not only in the destruction of your property but of your lives. And there were citizens of your town, aided by many Virginians, who expected to make Maryland the slaughter-house while they were to steer clear. I speak that I know. I took my life in my hand, and although I had not a dollar of direct interest in your city, save what little money I had in my purse, and little it was, I stood by what I believed right, although Hickman, Covode & Co., charged me with making a speech under a Secession flag on the 19th of April, 1861, in your city, and I doubt if those creatures had been here on that occasion they would have done as did some of your citizens, having families and owning property here did—would have fled the city from fear, whilst I was here having all manner of evil said of me, and told by friends that there were men with ropes in their pockets with which to hang me. But, after all, your city is safe, and so am I, and we meet under circumstances somewhat different from those of the 19th of April, a little more than one year ago.

One word more in regard to the President and I close.

The President, very much to my surprise and chagrin, subcribed the Emancipation bill for the District of Columbia. No man regretted that subscription more than I did, but it has not destroyed my confidence in his honesty and his patriotism, and I am still willing to trust him. I do not believe he will violate his constitutional obligation.

I have detained you too long. I beg pardon, and pray that we may have one flag, one land, one heart, one nation, now and evermore.

Music Before the Battle.

The Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, which settled the fate of Southern Missouri, and probably of Arkansas also, was fought on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of March between a rebel army numbering upwards of 25,000 men, under Gens. Van Dorn, Price and McCulloch, and the Union forces under Gens Sigel and Asboth, numbering 13,000. The Confederate army had succeeded in surrounding our troops, and had thrown a large heavy force in their rear, to cut off all retreat. On Tuesday, the 6th, the attack of the rebels began, and throughout that day and next, the tide of success seemed to set in their favor The gallant Sigel had been twice cut off, and twice, after most desperate fighting, had hewn his way, with heavy loss, through the enemy's ranks. The evening of the second day came on, and the wearied troops after making arrangements for the decisive conflict of the next morning, lay down on their arms to obtain a little needed rest. Quiet settled down upon the camp, only disturbed by the groans of the wounded, and bustle of preparations for the coming day.

Suddenly there arose from the camp of the German regiments the notes of one of those plaintive airs of the Fatherland which that musical race carry with them into whatever clime they may wander.—Softly the strain floated over that bloody battle ground, the language unknown to most of the listeners but the melody carrying all memories back to the homes and the hearts whose fortunes hung in the balance of morrow. The effect was electric. What heroic resolves were kindled by that simple air, sung in that critical hour in the wilderness, no one can tell. We only know the next day's history.—Our forces won a great victory, and where the battle raged fiercest were the Germans who sang the previous night away.

WOMAN'S GRAVE.—We can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of calm indifference, but when we survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntary escapes us. With the holy name of woman, we associate every soft, tender and delicate affection. We think of her as the young and bashful virgin, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each impassioned feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tried with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave to which she must soon descend. There is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when called from existence her tears bedewhis grave. Can you look upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellence of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave In her may have shone the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the sterile path of existence, and felt for others as we now feel for her.

The Louisville Journal tells the following "good one" of General Buell:

A few days ago as Gen. Buell was riding on horseback through the streets of Nashville, an aristocratic lady, a Mrs. W., living in a fine large house, stood at an open door or window, waved a rebel flag toward him, and cried, "Harrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy!"—The General reined in his horse, turned toward the lady, touched his hat with all the courtesy and sauvity for which he is remarkable, and, surveying the fine house from top to bottom with the eye of a connoisseur, quietly remarked, "An excellent house for a hospital." In less than two hours every room was full of sick soldiers, and Mrs. W. was politely requested to take kind care of them.

JEFF DAVIS INVESTING.—A correspondent under date of April 15, writes from Paris as follows:—"Jeff. Davis is not so wholly devoted to the cause of the 'Confederacy,' that he neglects entirely to look out for his own individual one. On the contrary, with a prudence and foresight which certainly, under all the circumstances are decidely laudable, he has been providing for a contingency, which, from present appearances, will soon be converted into a reality. I have it from the most undoubted authority from a source which excludes the possibity of error, that he has, within the last four months, sent over two hundred thousand dollars to France, which is securely invested for him in French stocks."

FLAG OFFICER FARRAGUT.—Flag Officer Farragut, who is in command of the Mississippi squadron, is a Tennesseean by birth, and is doubtless anxious to visit Memphis. He married in Norfolk, but cut loose all his social connections there when Virginia passed the ordinance of Secession, saying to his friends that he had argued with them so long as argument could avail, and now, having to choose between them and his country, should bid them farewell.

DEATH OF REV. DR. NATHAN BANGS.—The Rev. Nathan Bangs, D.D., a venerable and distinguished minister of the M. E. Church, died in New York on Saturday the 3d inst. in the 84th year of his age.