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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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-half advertising rates.

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

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

CARRIAGE AND HARNESS

BAZAAR

FOURTH ST., BETWEEN FRENCH AND WALNUT, WILMINGTON, DEL.

J. & W. MERRICK, Proprietors,

Respectfully inform the public that they have for sale a Large and well selected Stock of desirable CARRIAGES, HARNESS, AND SLEIGHS. They always will have the latest and most Fashionable Styles in Stock.

Through the large experience of the senior member in the carriage manufacture, and buying everything for cash, they are enabled to sell at the most reasonable prices, and give satisfaction in every transaction.

It will be to the advantage of wholesale and retail buyers to examine our extensive collection.

In a short time they will, in connection with their regular sale of Carriages and Harness, have a public sale of Carriages, Horses and Harness, every Saturday morning.

They will, at any time, buy or advance cash on Carriages, Harness, &c., or sell on commission.

J. & W. MERRICK.

February 6, 1875—tf.

CHESTERTOWN

CARRIAGE

MANUFACTORY!

GEO. E. LAMBERT,

Is now prepared, at his factory on Cross St., Chestertown, to furnish CARRIAGES of various styles, viz:

JAGGERS,
ROCKAWAYS,
GERMANTOWNS,
TOP and NO-TOP
BUGGIES,

Also, EXPRESS WAGONS.

They are all made of the very best material, by first-class workmen, and will be sold at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

REPAIRING,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

done at short notice, on reasonable terms. All work in this line, as in the manufacturing department, have my personal supervision, and every effort is made to please.

CARRIAGE SMITHING.

I am prepared to do Carriage Smithing of every kind, and can guarantee first class work also in this line.

☞ Those who may be thinking of purchasing or repairing, will find it to their interest to give me a call.

GEO. E. LAMBERT.

Feb. 20, 1875.

C. H. J. SPARKS,

MASSEY'S, KENT CO.,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

Drugs, Paints, Oils,

Poultry, Produce, &c.,

AND EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS TO BE FOUND IN A

First Class Country Store.

☞ A FULL, SELECT and FRESH Stock of Goods just received and opened for the HOLIDAYS.

On and after January 1st, 1875, we purpose SELLING FOR CASH ONLY, which will enable us to sell a great deal cheaper than where credit has to be given.

Persons having accounts on our books will please call and settle promptly before January 1st, 1875. dec19-tf.

Special Notice!

HARNESS TO SUIT ALL,
at greatly REDUCED PRICES!
Fom $10 to $35 PER SET,
NOW ON HAND.

New Plow Bridles,

90 CENTS to $2.25. NEW PLOUGH AND DRAUGHT COLLARS, $1.10 to $2.15.

All kinds of STRAP WORK for Harness.

EVERY PART OF HARNESS CAN BE ALWAYS FOUND ON HAND.

GOOD STOCK OF

Riding Saddles

on hand, which will be sold Cheap for CASH.

All Kinds of Harness MADE TO ORDER.

Whips, Bitts, Horse Boots, Bone Rattlers, Back Bands, Riding Bridles, Martingales, Crippers, Single and Double Reins, and a full assortment of everything connected with the business at CITY PRICES, at

JOHN F. HOWARD'S,

Opposite the Voshell House.

☞ ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING done at the Shortest Notice and at Reduced Prices.

Feb. 6. JOHN F. HOWARD.

ORPHANS' COURT NOTICE.

ORDERED, That the Register of Wills give notice by advertisement, to all

Executors, Administrators, and Guardians,

who may have accounts or statements due or overdue before this Court, that they must

Come Forward at Once,

and file the necessary statements and vouchers in order that their accounts may be passed, thereby saving the cost of a legal process.

By order,
WILLIAM STEVENS, Register.

Feb. 20, 1875—3t.

Removed to Media.

Swithin C. Shortlidge Boarding School for young men and boys, is now open at Media, Pa., 13 miles from Philadelphia, is one of the finest school buildings in the State, heated in all stories, and lighted with gas, building 100 by 50 feet, porch all around, 55 lodging rooms, large school room with five class rooms, ample bath and water closet accommodations, 10 trains daily from Philadelphia. Thorough instruction, home care, good table guaranteed. Special attention to backward pupils. S. C. SHORTLIDGE, (Harvard A. M.) Media, Pa.

Public Sale of Store Goods,

VESSEL, &c.

BY order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned as surviving partner and administrator of HANSON CREW, will sell at public sale at the Store House at the Head of Still Pond Creek, on

THURSDAY, March 18th, 1875,

Commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.,

The Store Goods

In the said store house, in which said Hanson Crew had a half interest, consisting of

Dry Goods,
Groceries.
Boots,
SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,
Ready made Clothing
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,
WOODENWARE, HARDWARE,
STONEWARE, SPICES,

and such other articles as are generally kept in a Country Store.

ALSO,

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

ON THE SAME DAY, NEAR THE STORE HOUSE, WILL BE OFFERED

THE SCHOONER

"MEDORA,"

Of Thirty to Thirty-five Tons burthen,

with new sails and everything in complete order. Also, 100 COTTON BAGS, and TWO WHEELBARROWS.

Also, ONE SMALL BATEAU and Oars.

ALSO,

14 Shares in the Barnard Wharf Co.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under cash; over $10, eight months credit with note and approved security.

JAS. R. CREW, Adm'r,
and Surviving Partner.

U. A. C. GARRETT, Auctioneer.

March 6, 1875—ts.

VENDUE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER OF THE Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned, as administrator of JOSEPH R. APSLEY, will offer at Public Sale at the late residence of said deceased, near Edesville, on

Wednesday, the 17th of March, 1875,

The following property, to wit:

TWO HORSES

And ONE COLT.

2 MILCH COWS,

INTEREST IN

NINETEEN SHEEP on Shares,

11 HEAD of FINE SHOATS,

1 Horse Cart and Harness, 1 Wagon and Harness, 1 old Carriage, one Sleigh, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, &c., and general variety of

Household & Kitchen FURNITURE.

Also, interest in 35 bus. Wheat seeded; lot of Corn Blades, lot of Bacon, &c.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under, cash; all over that amount a credit of six months, with note and approved security. No property to be removed till the terms complied with.

B. B. ADKINSON, Adm'r.

U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r.

March 6, 1875—ts.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Cabinet making and Undertaking business established Oct. 1, 1872, at Kennedyville, in the name of Jacob Sutton, are hereby notified that payment of all indebtedness to the above named business, either by open account, note, due-bill, or otherwise, must be made to the undersigned, who has the authority under the will of his father to collect all debts due the Undertaking and Cabinet making business.

All persons indebted to the above named business are requested to make immediate payment, otherwise the accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection, as it is essential to have money to carry on business.

T. BENTON SUTTON.

The Undertaking and Cabinet Making BUSINESS,

will still be continued at the old stand, where COFFINS and PATENT BURIAL CASES of the finest styles and finish will be furnished at the shortest notice.

All kinds of FURNITURE neatly repaired.

Orders for buryings should be sent in as early as possible after death, as much time is required for preparation in many cases.

The undersigned may as heretofore always be found at the shop, and will use his every exertion to accommodate and please.

T. B. SUTTON.

Kennedyville, Feb. 20—3t.

TAKE NOTICE!

Those who have failed thus far to settle their accounts due the late firm of JOHN T. DODD & SON, are notified that an immediate settlement is necessary. I have forborne to resort to legal process to compel settlements but will be forced to this course in every case remaining unsettled much longer.

☞ ALL PAYMENTS, whether on account of business with the late firm or with myself, must be paid to the undersigned personally, until further notice. No other receipt will be recognized.

JOHN N. DODD.

Chestertown, Jan. 30, 1875—tf.

LIME, LIME!

THE undersigned, as agent for William B. Rambo, will furnish the Farmers of Kent county with a SUPERIOR QUALITY of

SCHUYLKILL LIME,

delivered at any Station on the Kent Co. Rail Road, or by boat on the Sassafras or Chester rivers.

Address G. W. JONES,
Jan. 30—3m. Kennedyville.

W. STEWART'S *SUPERIOR AXES,*
And home-made Axe helves, for sale at
Jan. 16. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

We're Not All Here.

We're not all here—a broken band
Now gathered round our hearth;
A light is from our household gone,
And hushed are joy and mirth.
The voice we loved is silent now,
We see his vacant chair.
All dreary are our souls and sad,
For, oh! we're not all here.

We're not all here—one year ago,
When sunny Spring was seen,
And budding flowers and bright green grass
Appeared where frost had been;
When through the deep and leafy wood
Was heard the robin's lay,
All of us *then* were full of cheer,
But *here* we cannot stay.

A flower has faded in our bower,
And death's fell blow and gloom
Was cast upon our peaceful home,
And blighted manhood's bloom
With nature's death-song mingled then
A note, low, sad and drear;
And now how sorrowful is the strain,
For, oh! we're not all here.

We're not all here—oh! never more,
While we on earth remain,
Our little band of love shall be
United here again.
Those peaceful, happy days have fled,
And we are lonely now;
Sorrow hath cast its shadowy gloom
On many a peaceful brow.

We're not all here—yet would we wish
To call him back again?
We joy to know that he is free
From sorrow, grief and pain.
'Tis sweet to feel he is at home
Among the glorious bless'd—
And though in weariness we roam
His is eternal rest.

We're not all here—yet, Saviour grant
Our little band of love
Unbroken may be found at last
In that bright home above!
The golden chain—the severed links
Be all united there;
And gazing on the loved we'll cry
We're *all*, oh! yes, *all* here.

SHORT ESSAYS.

WHO is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

CHARITY is never lost; it may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

GENEROSITY during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death. One proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

SELF.—Say nothing respecting yourself either good, bad, or indifferent—nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

VALUE OF TIME.—As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time.

HONESTY.—There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but all things considered, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to be honest.

BEARING TROUBLE.—There are persons who emerge from every affliction and trouble and vexation, purified like fine gold from out of the furnace. There are others—and they are more numerous—who are embittered and soured, and made despondent and apathetic. We think the latter belong to the class that try to stand alone during the storms of life, instead of looking above for aid. When one can truly say, "He doeth all things well," the sting is taken out of affliction, and courage is given to bear what the future has in store. This, we think, makes the difference between these two classes.

SLOW PAY, AND THE RESULTS.

Many persons are "slow pay" from an idea that if men get their board and lodging they ought to be content, and think it half a favor to pay at all. "The idea," says Mr. S., "of a fellow's being in such a hurry for his wages, when he knows it is safe, and he will get it all some time." But is this a fair view? Suppose you had to pay in advance, how would you like your employee to work only a few days at a time, simply coming to make up his month *some time?* But the case is the reverse; you obtain the work in advance, and when it has been done—a month's work in a month's time—is it right to take three months to pay him in? It is very apt to make a man lose interest in his work, and confidence in you, for the man will argue: If the boss cannot pay me now, when he owes me a little, is he likely to pay when he owes more? As the debt increases, so does the feeling, and the man becomes lazy and indifferent, often insolent—three things no one ought to put up with, but the slow pay is often helpless, for probably he has no easy method of raising the sum he owes. No one who has not tried can tell how quickly even ten dollars a month counts up if it is let lie.

Some farmers don't pay, for fear of their help leaving them. This is not only unjust to the help, but hurtful to those who do it. If a man wants to go, let him; it may trouble you somewhat at the time, but he is apt to give more trouble if he stays against his will. The excuse of being too poor to pay up is contemptible.—If you have not the money and do not expect to have it, don't hire any men.—Slow payment is an excellent incentive to dishonesty. A man works, not only for his board, but for money to supply him a thousand little things. If he has not cash for these, and you won't give it when he wants it—ten to one a good many vegetables, some fruit and an occasional fowl will go, and not into your pocket, and I do not suppose your man to be very bad, but simply of the common run.

Never let a man ask for his money; the day his time is up, hand him his pay. If he is a good workman, add a few words of praise—it won't hurt him. If he is good-for-nothing—kindly show him the gate.

A MONTANA editor bemoans the calamities of 1874 in the following touching strain: "First, that Beecher business; then the grasshoppers, then the democratic victories, and now an increased tax on whiskey. What is this poor country coming to?"

SOME people don't get enough of themselves every day, so they keep a journal.—*Beecher.*

That's not so bad as writing letters.

HATTY HYDE.

I am Hatty Hyde, an old maid, or at least, not a young one, and I intend to remain so.

But I came very near getting married last spring, and I will tell you how it happened.

I am thirty-five, and not absolutely ugly—at least, when I look in the glass, I see reflected there a good fresh complexion, sparkling hazel eyes, and an abundance of brown hair.

I might have married two or three times, only I wasn't really in love.

But when Clarence Raymond came down to spend the vacation with his aunt—Mrs. Richmond—I must confess to a little womanly flutter around the heart, for he was tall and handsome, and, in short, just the hero of romance that I had always dreamed about.

"Hatty," said Mrs. Richford—we were quite confidential friends, and called one another Hattie and Pamela, and borrowed each other's books, and all sorts of things, "Hatty, I think Clarence rather fancies you."

"Do you?" said I, feeling the tell-tale blushes come into my face, and my heart begin to thump beneath the pretty lace tuckers of Valenciennes and pink ribbon that I had taken to wearing every day.

"I am certain of it," said Mrs. Richford; "and how nice it will be to have you for a cousin."

That evening Clarence asked me if I would marry him, and of course I said—

"Yes."

It was very nice to be engaged.

He gave me a lovely cameo ring, choicer and more antique than any diamond could have been.

It had been his mother's ring, he said, and he repeated the most delicious poetry, and vowed that it expressed the very sentiments of his heart.

And we had wanderings in the cool, fern scented woods, and moonlight talks on the porch, and I began to wonder whether I should be married in white satin or a dove colored travelling dress, and pink ribbons in my hat.

One evening, just after Clarence had returned to his unavoidable engagement in the city, old Uncle Elnathan came to visit me.

Uncle Elnathan was one of those people of whom we are apt to ask, "why were they ever created?"

He was a venerable old gentleman, with long silver hair, that fell over the collar of his bottle green coat, and cloth gaiters that irresistably reminded one of a black pussy-cat, and he took snuff and talked through his nose.

"Harriet," said Uncle Elnathan, "is this true?"

"Is what true, Uncle?"

"All this fol-de-rol about you being engaged to a man ten years younger than yourself. Harriet! Harriet! I thought you had better sense."

"It's only five years, uncle," said I, pouting, "and I suppose I have a right to get engaged without sending to you for a permit."

"Harriet, this is not the subject to be flippant about," said Uncle Elnathan.—"You may depend upon it, that this young man is a mere fortune hunter. You have property, Harriet, and he has found it out."

"Uncle," I cried, starting up, "I will not listen tamely to such aspersions upon the character of one who—"

"Well, my dear, you needn't get excited," said the intolerable old gentleman, tapping his hand upon the lid of his silver snuff box.

"You are not a child, Harriet, nor yet a sentimental school girl. Let's talk the matter calmly over."

"I decline to discuss it, sir," was my dignified reply. "My mind is made up, and no amount of meddling interference can induce me to alter it."

So my uncle went away, silver hair, snuff-box, pussy-gaiters, and all, and I sat down to make a memorandum of the things I should require for my wedding outfit.

For I had resolved to make an especial journey to London on that business.

Ah, the delight of revelling over counters full of choice, filmy laces, billows of bridal silk, oceans of tulle!—it brought the color to my cheeks only to think of it.

And besides, was it not necessary that Clarence's wife should have all that custom required?

I didn't care for myself so much, but I was determined not to disgrace Clarence.

So one radiant September day, when the sky was as blue as the bluest ribbon, and the very leaves hung motionless in the yellow atmosphere, like little ships at anchor in a sea of gold, I took the early train from B——, with a purse full of money buttoned into an under pocket of my polonaise.

I had read all sorts of horrid stories about pickpockets, and I didn't mean to part with my bank notes except for value received.

I felt a little fluttered at first, and scarcely ventured to look around me, for it seemed as if everybody must know that I was going to London to buy my wedding outfit.

If I attempt to tell you anything about the adventures of that day, I know I shan't succeed.

Women could perhaps understand how I felt in the fairy land of those great circles of fashion that exist only in London—glittering halls where the poor sewing-girl, or the laborer's wife, are treated with as much consideration and respect as the millionaire's lady, or the young damsel who can't get on a glove for the diamond ring on her finger.

I bought the wedding dress, white rep silk and a veil of tulle, suspended from a garland of orange blossoms, and I selected a blue silk and a peach colored silk, and a maroon silk, and dear me! what is the use of cataloguing them all?

Other girls have been brides-elect before me, and they all know just how it all was.

And as for those who haven't just let 'em wait until their turn comes.

And then as the sun began to decline on its western way, I felt excessively and unromantically hungry.

"Is there a nice ladies' dining-room near here?" I asked.

One of the shopmen went with me to the door to point out a glittering establishment, with its windows full of hothouse fruits, and morsels of *paces* and delicately tinted cakes.

Dear me! London is the place to feel one's insignificance.

I do no think that I, Hatty Hyde, ever felt so small in the whole course of my life as I did walking over the floor of M. Rechamier's Parisian restaurant, with a waiter running on before to point out a marble table sparkling with cut-glass and silver, and another following on behind carrying my travelling bag and parasol; while an elegant Frenchman, curled and perfumed, stood in the middle of the floor bowing as if he were under eternal obligations to me for so much as coming into his establishment.

I sat down, feeling very much as if I were an imposter, venturing meekly to look around a little after the waiter had simmered away.

Then, for the first time, I noticed a superbly-dressed young lady, one or two tables beyond, in a lovely hat, with a long, lilac willow plume, and hair like a shower of gold.

"Oh, how pretty she is," thought I.

"How proud her lover must be of her."

I leaned the least bit in the world forward, to see the young man in question.

Good heaven!

It was my Clarence.

And as I sat staring, completely concealed from his view by the golden hair and the lilac willow plume, I could hear his light, peculiar laugh.

"You wouldn't have me yourself, Kate," said he; "you have only yourself to blame for it."

"That's no reason you need throw yourself away," pouted the lady.

"She's a desperate old maid," said Clarence, "old as the hills and twice as antiquated. But she's got the money. A man in my position has got to look out for money, you know, Kate. Would you like to see her photograph?"

And then the two heads were close together for an instant, and the young lady's rippling laugh mingled with Clarence's mellower tones.

"The idea of carrying such a thing as that next to your heart!" said she.

"It does seem rather outrageous, don't it?" said he. "But when we are married, all that sort of thing will be over. I'll see that she finds her level."

"Yes, when!" thought I, now thoroughly disenchanted.

And I got up and hurried out of the restaurant, nearly stumbling, in my haste, over the waiter, bearing on a tray a dish of oysters, and a cup of coffee.

"I—I've changed my mind," said I, flinging a sovereign towards him; "never mind those oysters."

I took the next train to B——, and wrote a scratching note to Clarence the same evening.

Do you want to know what was in it?

Of course, like all women's letters, the best part of it was in the postcript.

"Our engagement is at an end."

H. H.

"P. S.—The next time you examine ladies' photographs in a crowded restaurant, it might be well to examine your neighbors."

Clarence had some sense after all.

He never came near me with useless apologies.

I gave the wedding dress to little Dorothy Miller, who was to be married in October, and couldn't afford a *trosseau.*

I suppose I shall wear out the blue and the peach color and the maroon in time.

"Oh, I forgot to say that Mrs. Richford was very angry.

It seemed that Clarence had promised to pay her a hundred pounds that he had borrowed of her, when he got hold of my money.

And I am thankful from the bottom of my heart that I still remain Hatty Hyde.

FOUR IN HAND.

Under the title of "Four in Hand" a correspondent of the Boston *Journal* gives the following description of equipages that may be seen in New York:

"A panic in New York is seen more readily on the road than elsewhere. When times are good and speculation sharp, common men indulge in the extravagance of fast trotters and four-in-hands. A long run of reverse in Wall street drives snobs back to the hackney-coach or their feet. Those who drive through Central Park will meet to-day with but one four in hand. This driven by Col. Charles H. Delevan, son of the late General Delevan. The turnout is worth looking at. Four black horses, worthy of an emperor; gold mounted harness; driver and footman in costume, each wearing a sable fur cape; with every extravagance known to a gay Parisian turnout mark this establishment. Our wealthy men do not deal much in horseflesh. Jay Gould indulges in a private coupe, in which he rides down town. William B. Astor, I presume, was never on the road in his life. Till within a few years he invariably walked to his business and to his home. He has grown very stout and heavy, stoops and puts his foot down with a thud. He comes to Prince street in a heavy, lumbering coach, and stops a few blocks off from his office. One might set his watch at his going out, so regular is he. Vanderbilt takes his recreation by an afternoon drive on the Harlem Lane. He is as regular as the town clock in all he does—riding, walking, eating, sleeping. Rain or shine, cold or hot, at a given hour he goes on to the road. He drives a high-set, three-quarter buggy, and a thin, under-sized horse, that has the speed in him. No matter who is in his house, at a given hour he takes his candle and goes to bed. A man worth eighty millions can go to bed when he has a mind to. Moses Taylor, whose dividends in coal and railroad stock are said to have reached one million dollars on the first of January, does not ride at all. He keeps a carriage for his wife, because a carriage is part of an establishment. He has no recreation but work. It is said he keeps a duplicate set of books. One set he writes with his own hand at his house. If his down-town business place should burn up he would not be embarrassed an hour. He is never seen on the road, has no taste for watering places in the summer—seashore or mountain—but keeps steadily at work from Christmas to Christmas.

"SHE is a perfect Amazon," said a pupil in one of our schools of his teacher yesterday, to a companion. "Yes?" said the other, who was better versed in geography than history, "I noticed she had an awful big mouth."—*Bridgeport Farmer.*

THE Millerites now keep the day on which they are going up a profound secret.

A REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

PREACHED ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE SEPTEMBER 10, 1777, IN THE PRESENCE OF WASHINGTON AND HIS ARMY, AT CHADD'S FORD.

Editor of Pittsburgh Gazette:

When quite a lad and a young man I often heard my good old father, James Cooper, who was in the battle of Brandywine in the Revolutionary war, talk much about a sermon preached the evening before the fight at Chadd's Ford, September 1777. My father was then twenty years old, and a sargeant in Captain John Wilkins' company, the father of all the old stock of the Wilkinses, and the first justice of the peace appointed in Pittsburgh. I think to publish this sermon would be something new to the present generation.

Your old friend,

SAMUEL COOPER.

"THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY THE SWORD."

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN:—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat; alike we have endured toil and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, the outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the camp fire, shared the same rough soldiers' fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gave signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley, on the eve of battle; while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights, the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom have we gathered together. God grant that it may not be for the last time. It is a solemn time. Brethren, does not the awful voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of this hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff—the breeze has died away along the plane of Chadd's Ford—the plane that spreads before us glistening in sunlight—the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence, on the eve of the bloodshed and strife of the morrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolated plane, the blood soddened valley, the burned farmhouse, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer—let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer—let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to her withered breast that affords no sustenance, let her answer, with the death rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer! It was but a day past and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods arose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin; and golden fields of corn peered forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest. Now! God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext—under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our planes, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plane of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near! Think me not in vain when I tell you that beyond that cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud, and the blacker storm, of a Divine Retribution! They may conquer us to-morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field, but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Aye, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space—if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge, and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance of the Eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect—a blight will be upon his children, and on his people. Great God! how dread the punishment.

Soldiers, I look around among your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-morrow morning we go forth to battle, for need I tell you that your unworthy minister will go with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle. Need I exhort you to fight the good fight—to fight for your homesteads, for your wives, and your children? You will go forth to battle to-morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.—And in the hour of battle, when all around is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon-glare and the musket-flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The Eternal God fights for you—he rides on the battle cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge. The Awful and the Infinite fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones.

You have taken the sword for truth, for justice, and right; and to you the promise is, be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword, in defiance of all that man holds dear—in blasphemy of God; they shall perish by the sword.

And now brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow—God rest the souls of the fallen—many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night. Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their shadows over the green of the meadow; around us are the tents of the continental host, the half suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tread of soldiers to and fro; now the confusion, and now the stillness which mark the eve of battle.—When we meet again, may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in Heaven grant it.

Mourning for the Emperor of China.

The Emperor of China being dead, says the London *Week y Dispatch*, all his subjects, according to their rank, will be required to mourn his decease. On the proclamation of the Governor of the Province, the Mandarins under him not only put on mourning, but paint out the decorations on their house walls, and wrap their sedan chairs in black cloth. The common people have to shave their heads, and also perform certain ceremonies prescribed especially for them; but as for the Mandarans and local gentry, on a second proclamation from the Governor of the Province they meet together on certain appointed days, in a particular temple, to "lift up their lamentations" for the departed monarch whom most of these mourners never once beheld. The mode of their proceeding is in this wise: The Mandarins, gentry and others, entitled to take part in the ceremonial, having clustered inside the temple, slowly and silently take up each one the position prescribed for him, according to his rank, on a raised platform previously prepared. This done, a professor of ceremony appears upon the scene. Everything being ready, the professor, amid profound silence, calls out in a commanding tone, "Kneel down!"—Immediately one hundred individuals, more or less, being the highest in rank and power in the province, simultaneously fall prostrate. Then the next order comes: "Knock your heads once on the ground," which the company immediately do. Again and again the foreheads tap the floor, and yet a third time they are required to kneel and knock. The professor, while they are still on their hands and knees, now commands them to "begin their lamentations;" whereupon these adult, rational beings commence to moan and weep in a whimpering, subdued tone of voice. This having been kept up for a minute or so, all are ordered to "stop their crying," "rise up," and "disperse from their places," which, by this time, they seem not unwilling to do. Thus ends the ceremony of "three bowings and nine knockings." The funniest thing connected with the whole business, that until the Emperor's death has been officially announced from Pekin, nobody is supposed to be sorry. A steamer commonly brings the news down to a province long before the Governor's official despatch arrives, and thus, though the Emperor's decease is perfectly well known, everybody surprisingly commands his feelings, and goes about his business as usual. It is only when the Governor sends forth his public announcement that the land is convulsed with sudden and universal sorrow. Happy is the monarch whom his people delight to honor.

LONELINESS OF THE OCEAN.—One who has never travelled upon the ocean expects to find it somewhat thickly populated. He thinks of the vast travel and traffic that goes over the waters, and he is ready to imagine that the great deep is alive with this hurrying to and fro of nations. He reads of lands whose commerce whitens every sea, and he is ready to think that the ocean itself is as full of sails as the harbor of some mighty metropolis. But he finds his mistake. As he leaves the land, the ships begin to disappear; as he goes on his way they soon all vanish, and there is nothing about him but the blue sea and the bended sky. Sometimes he may meet or overtake a solitary ship through the day; but then, again, there will be many days when not a single sail will cross the ocean. There are spaces measured by thousands of miles over which no ship has ever passed. The idea of a nation's commerce whitening every sea is the wildest fancy. If all the ships that ever have been built were brought together in a single fleet, they would fill but a hand's breadth of the ocean. The space, therefore, that man and his works occupy on the sea is so small in its extent that the hold on it by its power is slight and superficial. Both together are as nothing. The ocean covers three-fourths of the surface of the globe; and by far the greater portion of this vast expanse is, and ever has been, entirely free from his presence and visitation.

THAT ROOSTER'S BIRTH.—The rooster as a political emblem had its origin in the memorable presidential canvass of 1840, between Harrison and Tyler, the whig candidates, and Van Buren and Johnson, the democratic nominees. In the summer of that year a special election for some purpose was held in one of the counties of Indiana, which resulted in a Van Buren victory. A democrat, not acquainted with Mr. Chapman, then the editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, wrote a letter to a friend in Indianapolis in which he advised him to state the result, and he added these words: "Tell Chapman to crow." Chapman did crow, and as a significant illustration he brought out a picture of chanticleer. The democrats had a few opportunities of crowing afterward in that year, but subsequently the rooster was adopted as the emblem of democratic success, and as such has remained.

DAVID CROCKETT, after returning home from his first trip to New York, gave his backwoods audience *his* idea of the first gentleman in the metropolis: "Philip Hone is the most gentlemanly man in New York, boys, and I'll tell you how I know it. When he asks you to drink he don't hand you a glass—he puts the decanter on the table, and walks off to the window and looks out until you have finished."

A CASE of sickening cruelty on the part of the Sheriff of San Antonia, Texas, toward a prisoner confined in jail, is reported. The prisoner was held for murder, and when a circus came to town the other day, the Sheriff refused to allow the man to attend. Public indignation at San Antonia is naturally aroused by this barbarous and heartless innovation.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

A SCHOOL in Vermont is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. A few days ago he called out: "That boy that I am looking at will step out on the floor." Immediately twenty-seven lads walked out in front of the astonished pedagogue.

A RUNNING FIGHT.

HOW A TEXAS COWBOY GOT THE BEST OF SEVEN WELL-ARMED INDIANS.

Lute McCab lives about fifteen miles above Gort Griffin, Texas, at the "Stone Ranch," at the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. One afternoon last month he was out as usual, "rounding up" the cattle, and was riding leisurely along, little dreaming that a band of bloodthirsty and savage Indians were concealed in a cluster of bushes just before him, eagerly awaiting his approach. They were seven in number, three mounted and four on foot.—Awaiting until he had come within twenty or thirty paces of them, Lute was startled by the sudden discharge of their guns, the whistling of balls, and their demoniac war whoop. The splinters torn from the breech of his carbine flew up into his face, his horse, uttering a loud groan, sprung up high in the air, and then wheeling, ran; while Lute himself was fortunate enough to escape with only a flesh wound in the leg. With that quick instinct which a sudden danger often inspires, Lute in an instant had his pistol drawn, and half turning in his saddle, began emptying its contents at his pursurers. The mounted Indians were dashing after him at full speed, and firing their revolvers as they came. The four had ascended a small eminence, and were firing with their rifles. A ball from one of the former scraped Lute's head and carried off his hat. Lute says he at first thought the top of his skull had been torn open, but was satisfied on that point when, after feeling for his brains, he failed to find them.

In the mean time his own firing had not been without effect. He first shot down two of the horses the Indians were riding, then as he fired again he saw the belt around the third mounted Indian fall from his body, and immedaately after the Indian fell himself. The other two Indians ran to his assistance, while one of those further behind caught his horse. During this time, as was afterwards ascertained, he had run about 300 yards, had emptied his pistol, returned it to the holster, and just drawn his Winchester carbine, when a shot from one of the Indians on the eminence went through his horse's loins and brought him down. Lute lost no time in seeking a shelter in an excavation among the rocks.

His dog during his flight had kept close to his horse's heels, and now followed him to the edge of his place of shelter, where he took up his position and began to furiously bay the Indians. No amount of persuasion could induce this faithful animal to come down and share his master's shelter, but he kept at his post, exposed to a constant fire until a shot from one of the Indians ended his guard duty forever.

Four of the Indians, having secured places of shelter within 100 yards of him, kept up a pretty constant fire, which was returned by Lute for an hour or more, until the approach of night, when the Indians disappeared, and Lute, cautiously creeping from his hiding place made his way home. The splinters of rocks torn up by the balls, striking near his head, considerably lacerated his face.

The next morning an examination of the ground was made by several parties. The three dead horses were found; the trappings on none of them had been disturbed, showing that the Indians must have left hurriedly, as it is their custom to secure these things whenever possible. The belt mentioned above, with pistol holster attached, also found where Lute had reported he had seen it fall. In front it was but a narrow strip of leather, and bore the mark of the pistol ball which had rent it in twain. Under the river bank a bloody blanket was found, on which the wounded Indian had evidently been lying; also several cloth and bandages saturated in blood. From all these signs there can be but little doubt that the Indian received a mortal wound, and died under the bank while Lute was being held in his hiding place, to prevent his going home and giving the alarm. From the empty cartridge hulls found on the ground, it is evident that the Indians were supplied with needle guns and Smith & Wesson pistols.

How it Feels to Ride in an Ice-Boat.

"Bob" Tunnard of West Troy, has bought an ice-boat, which he claims is fast enough to make all the other ice-boats in the vicinity "take a back seat." If any of our staid citizens are desirous of enjoy-the sensation of riding in an ice-boat, we can tell them just now how to do it. First, secure