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Kent News.

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

Vol. 41. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881. No. 45.

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

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 or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:

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

Legal Notices.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent Co.

IN THE MATTER of the PETITION of ANNIE T. SPRY, one of the administrators of George T. Spry, deceased, for leave to retire from and resign her appointment as administratrix.

ORPHANS' COURT, Feb. 24, 1881.

ORDERED by the Orphans' Court for Kent county, that Annie T. Spry, one of the administrators of George T. Spry, deceased, be released and discharged from the further performance of the duties of said appointment, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of March, 1881; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Kent county for three successive weeks prior to March 15, 1881.

ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOS. J. SHALLCROSS,
R. B. WILLSON, JUDGES.

Attest: J. C. SLAUGHTER, Reg. of Wills.
Feb. 26—3t.

Ratification Notice.

Edward Crew and others,
versus
James R. Crew and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, January Term, 1881.

ORDERED that the resale made and reported by JAS. A. PEARCE, Trustee for the sale of the real estate mentioned in the proceedings of this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the seventh day of April, 1881, Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the seventh day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $1200.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy.—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
Feb. 5, 1881—4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN T. SKIRVEN,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 9th day of August, 1881, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under our hands this 7th day of February, 1881.

THOMAS W. SKIRVEN,
J. WALTER SKIRVEN,
WASHINGTON G. SKIRVEN,
Feb. 12, 1881—4t. Exec'rs.

Law Cards.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. y.

JOSEPH S. HEUISLER,
—AND—
CHARLES W. HEUISLER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery,
OFFICES:—No. 18, Law Buildings, and 43 Lexington st., BALTIMORE.
☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the city of Baltimore, and in the adjacent counties. fe28y.

DR. C. P. GILPIN,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public. OFFICE—High st., Chestertown, opposite Masonic Hall. d6-tf.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.
☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address
COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

Roofing & Spouting,

TINWARE AND STOVES.

WM. A. BISCOE, Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of

ROOFING and SPOUTING

at the very lowest prices for cash.

TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work, Stovepipe, Lard Cans, fire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.

REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty
☞ A share of public patronage solicited.
W. A. BISCOE,
Nov. 6. CHESTERTOWN.

Bargains! Bargains!

MEN'S HEAVY BOOTS

SELLING AT COST!

For the next THIRTY DAYS I will sell Men's HEAVY BOOTS AT COST, in order to make room for Spring Stock.
☞ Look to your interest, and call and see us.
T. D. PIERCE,
NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
Opposite the Bank, Chestertown.
jan22-m.

GO TO J. W. PERKINS', Lynch's, if you want to buy Bargains in Bed Comforts, Blankets, Fine Toilet Sets, Glass Sets, China Chamber Sets, Nickle-Plated Clocks, Silk Handkerchiefs for Gents and Ladies, Jewelry, Cutlery &c.

NEW YORK BUCKWHEAT by the lb. or sack; Hominy, Beans, Dried Apples and Peaches, at city prices, at
d18. WHEATLEY BROS', up town.

NEW GROCERY STORE

UP TOWN!

WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.

Our stock comprises

SUGAR, COFFEE,

TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at

WHALAND'S,
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

THE CELEBRATED
Hyland & Co.
FARM WAGON!

To our Friends and the Public:

In introducing these Wagons on the Peninsula we feel that we are doing something to benefit the public.

It is an acknowledged fact that most Wagons are built of green material.

Ours are built of the VERY BEST and most THOROUGHLY SEASONED MATERIALS, and the workmanship

Cannot be Excelled!

☞ We recommend them to be in every respect an article superior to any other Wagon built or sold on the Peninsula, and know their use will demonstrate this fact.

We are located in the midst of an excellent Timber country. We carry a very large stock of thoroughly seasoned Oak, Ash, Hickory and other Lumber adapted to our business, and are prepared to make any size or style WAGON or CART at short notice, and will give, when desired, a guarantee on every Wagon and Cart we sell.

☞ Farmers and Carters please give us a call. Yours, truly,
W. A. HYLAND & CO.
Feb. 5, 1881.

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
WHEELWRIGHTING.

NEW SHOPS IN CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned having taken charge of the new Shops in Chestertown, adjoining Mr. Geo. E. Lambert's Carriage factory, and having laid in a supply of good material, is prepared to do all kinds of BLACKSMITHING and WHEELWRIGHTING in the best manner and at the lowest prices.

We Make to Order:

WAGONS, CARTS, DEARBORNS, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, and Farm Implements generally, and do all kinds REPAIRING at short notice.

HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.

We have one of the best Horse-shoers on the Peninsula, and we guarantee to do all work in this line as good and as cheap as can be done anywhere.
☞ We earnestly solicit a share of public patronage. HENRY S. DEFORD.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

J. C. HUTCHISON, JR., of Middletown, Del.
WALTER S. HILL, of Kennedyville, Md.

HUTCHISON & HILL,
Wholesale FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
Peaches, Berries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, &c.
No. 242 North Delaware Avenue,
feb5-3m* PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN T. GALE,
Wholesale Commission Merchant,
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME,
Live Stock, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
254 NORTH WATER STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
jan8-6m.

NOTICE!

Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP

For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.

J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST,
Proprietor,
d18-3m* Rock Hall, Md.

Renovating Feathers.

THE undersigned has located in Chestertown, on the corner of High and Mill Streets, for the purpose of renovating by a patent process and the use of steam

FEATHER BEDS, MATTRASSES,
&c., &c.

By the means employed all the dirt is removed, the feathers are thoroughly renovated, rendered pure and fresh, and so enlivened that old beds are made almost as good as new.

For particulars apply to
J. C. MUMMERT,
fe12-tf. Gardner Building.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

For Coughs, Colds and Lung Affection,
"PULMONA,"
For sale at M. A. TOULSON'S,
d11. Ag't for Kent & Queen Anne's.

REMINISCENCES.

"With trembling fingers did we weave
The Holly round the Christmas hearth."

Shall I never again tread those dear natal bowers
Where youth was a day-dream that smiled among flowers?
There I roved with my brothers where violets grew,
Arbutus and daisies, we gathered there too.
Near a wood flowed a spring that sparkled as bright
As the stars that bespangle the clear wanes at night.
And the goblet we drank from—a gourd by a string—
Was tied to a tree waving over the spring.
If our play-house hath vanished, still scattered round
Must still be some traces of toys to be found:
Some small bits of china, a shell or a stone,
To deepen the picture of days that have flown.
The pathway we made through the peach-orchard groves,
Where a thousand young warblers first told of their loves;
And the old wooden steps at the crossing, can they
Have broken and fallen and mouldered away?
Methinks I hear floating the soft mellow voice
That made our young hearts like a wind harp rejoice;
It said, "Come, dear children, get fruit or some cake,
You are hungry, I know, for the dinner is late."
Those lips are now mute, and that soft voice hath fled;
All is silent and lone round the grave of the dead:
But the spot where she lived—e'en the chair's resting place,
Where sat our fair mother—time cannot erase.
Sadly sweet the remembrance these pencilings wreathe,
And so vivid they seem on a canvas to breathe:
On a bench that sat under a cool locust shade
I fancy my mother still holding her babe;
And my father's fond smile to the prattler gay
Whose little eyes danced as she watched us at play;
One by one oft the household at evening would meet,
To enjoy the cool fruit on that old rural seat.
I can scarcely believe that this sketch of the past
So alive in my mind could have burned out its last;
That never again can the broad blazing hearth
Hear those kindred notes echo, cemented by birth.
How delightful it was, when the rude wind swept round,
In the arms of our parents to feel we were bound.
There they told or read stories of some valiant knight,
While we children sat by in amaze and delight.
Farewell airy musings, past shadows that sweep
Through the heart's aching channel, too wild and too deep.
We are parted, like pilgrims we sadly do roam
Searching vainly to find again childhood's sweet home.

Flow on, noble river, bloom gaily, spring flowers,
Adding beauty each year to our old natal bowers.
MATILDA CANBY.
Wilmington, Delaware.

A WISE LITTLE WOMAN.

Louisa Clare had gone out for a walk quite early that morning, and, as it was Saturday, she had lingered over her enjoyment of the beautiful day, the fresh, sweet air, and the cool breeze from the sea. Louisa was a school teacher, and, I'm quite sure, not one of the noisy, wild young creatures whom she thought to guide in the paths of knowledge enjoyed the weekly holiday as she did.

But even Saturday was not all holiday—she had brought home exercises to correct, and copy books to look over, and she began to reflect that she could not afford to stay out much longer, even on holiday morning.

She had sat down to rest—for her long walk had tired her—on a seat formed by an old tree-trunk that had lain long enough to be all green and moss-covered, and only a little way in front of her the sea washed up against the rough, shingly beach. Louisa still lingered, and flung little loose stones into the water, and as each skimmed the surface and disappeared she thought, "Now, I must really go—this will be the last."

Then, with an effort, she rose, and turned resolutely toward home, and as she did so she became aware of the figure of a man at a little distance.

He was walking rapidly toward her, and though she scarcely recognized him, she was conscious of a familiar look about his appearance—his figure, his walk—although he looked like some one she ought to remember, yet could not. As he came quite close, she uttered an exclamation which signified at once recognition and surprise, and she stood still, staring at him and wondering.

It was Mr. Glover—Glover the millionaire, as some people called him; but he was scarcely worth $1,000,000, although he was, past all doubt, the great man and the rich man of the place. Among other things he was a power in the school where Louisa taught, and in that way she had seen him occasionally, and had even exchanged words with him now and then. But never in all her experience had she seen Mr. Glover—or any one else—look as that gentleman now looked. His face wore the pallor of the dead; his eyes were wild and haggard; his dress disordered, and his movements uncertain and shaky, like a drunken man's. He would have passed her by, unconscious of her presence, without a look, but Lousia stepped forward, laid her hand heavily on his arm, and called him sharply by name.

In long years after she often said that something told her she must do so.

Mr. Glover stopped and looked at her stupidly, as though the sound of his own name was strange to him, and he was trying to think what it had to do with him or why it was spoken to him.

Louisa was frightened at herself, as well as at him, and began to tremble; and then her eyes filled up with tears that presently rolled down over her checks.

"Oh, Mr. Glover," she sobbed, "what is the matter—what is the matter?"

And then Mr. Glover—who was a good deal of a gentleman by nature—seeing a woman in tears, forgot his own trouble and looked at her attentively.

"Why, it is Miss Clare—little Miss Clare, the school ma'am," he said, as he recognized her. "And what is the matter with you, my dear! Why do you cry; who has been annoying you?"

"No one—oh, no indeed—and there's nothing the matter except that you seem to be in such deep trouble, sir, and—I was afraid."

"And that's why you are afraid—you cry for me?" asked Mr. Glover; "can it be possible?"

He sat down on the moss-covered tree-trunk where Louisa had been resting, and motioning to her to do so also, he said:

"Sit down, Miss Clare, sit down."

Louisa obeyed instantly.

"Are you very unhappy, Miss Clare?" asked Mr. Glover.

"Unhappy, sir—about what?"

"Oh! nothing in particular. I mean merely in a general way."

"I am not unhappy at all, sir."

"Is it possible? And yet your salary—let me think. I believe it is something about $300 a year they give you?"

"Just $308 a year sir."

"And yet you are not unhappy?"

"Very seldom. I am very happy, on the contrary. Ah! sir—it is not alone the possession of money that makes people happy."

And then, fearing that she had said something so personal it might be rude—for Mr. Glover was so rich and so evidently not happy—Louisa felt the color mount to her cheeks, and her eyes immediately dropped before the intent gaze of her companion.

"Do you think a man might ever be happy, and yet quite poor?" asked Mr. Glover—"so poor that, compared with what he had been, his position would be one almost of poverty?"

"Oh! yes," said Louisa, with a gentle confidence in her own words; "I am quite sure of that; for what does the most extravagant wealth give more than one can enjoy simply by having enough? One can only eat or drink or sleep enough—at least one ought not to do so any more than enough," she added with a smile; "and those who do are happier for it."

Mr. Glover looked at her as though she had solved the great poblem of existence.

"What a wise little woman!" he said; and then drawing a pistol from his pocket he rose, took a few steps forward, and flung ths weapon from him with such force that it went singing through the air and fell into the water beyond.

Louisa had started up with a scarcely repressed cry of fright; but as Mr. Glover returned and reseated himself, she sat down beside him.

"Miss Clare," he said, earnestly and gratefully, "you have saved me from committing a great crime. I came out here to kill myself with that pistol you have seen me throw away; and but for your intervention, the tears in your gentle eyes, and the hopeful courage in your voice, I would have done it. I will tell you now—what all the world will know to-morrow—I am a ruined man. But I will not die like a coward; I will live and face the music, as they say. God-bye, you wise little woman. You have saved a life—more, perhaps—you have saved an immortal soul this morning, simply by being the brave, contented, hopeful being that you are. Good-bye!"

He wrung her hand hard enough to bring the tears in her eyes, and turned away, while Louisa went home rather dizzy, her heart in a whirl, and altogether too much amazed by the scene just ended to think much about her own share in it.

When the state of Mr. Glover's money affairs became public, there was the usual nine days' wonder. He yielded everything to his creditors, and found that they were more easily satisfied than he could have hoped for; they even left him a little house which was once rented at a low rate to Louisa Clare's mother, and which Louisa in her wildest dreams of future grandeur had once or twice wished might some day become hers. Beyond that he had absolutely nothing, but he was still an able man. He had failed honorably, and people were willing to trust him.

And after it was all over he went one day to see Louisa, and told her that he found she was right; his state of mind was far from desperate. Indeed he was almost happy.

After that he went to see the little school-teacher quite often, indeed so often that he seriously interfered with her duties; and when she came to know him quite well she used to tell him so, with the sauciest toss of her head, and a faint blush on her pink cheeks.

"I can't help it, dear," said Mr. Glover—he often called her so for he was many years older than Louisa, and she was such a child-like little creature.—"You are my counselor—my comforter—my all in the world! More than any wealth, or houses or land—and though it looks as if I was going to be a rich man again sometime, Louisa, it will be nothing to me without the wisest little woman in the world to show me what to do with my money, and the best way to make it a real source of happiness to myself and others."

So it came to pass that Louisa said "Yes," being much entreated, and went to live in the house she had vaguely dreamed of for years before.

The Sand Blast.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common sand-blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a grave-stone. You cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer; then you cut in the wax the name, date, &c., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast, and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the raised letters.

Take a piece of French plate glass, say two feet by six, cover it with fine lace, and pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace, and you have every delicate and beautiful figure raised upon the glass.

In this way beautiful figures of every kind are cut in glass and at a small expense. Workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron or stone. But they must look out for finger-nails, for they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away, but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe.

You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance—even glass—but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, or fine lace or even the human hand.

THE late Wm. North wrote this sentiment—and it has passed into a proverb:

"We had rather see the whole world get drunk of its own free-will than one man kept sober by compulsion."

Here is one on 'tother side:

I had rather see my son kept sober by compulsion his life through than to see him of his own free will GET DRUNK ONCE!

THERE scarce can be named one quality that is amiable in a woman which is not becoming in a man, not excepting even modesty and gentleness of nature.

THE INAUGURATION.

Scenes and Incidents at the National Capitol.

ROUSING WELCOME to GEN. HANCOCK.

The following interesting account of the inauguration ceremonies at Washington March 4th, is a synopsis of the Baltimore Sun's excellent report.

Multitudes of people attended from every section of the country. Civil and military dignitaries, and representatives of every rank, class, and color, assembled to do honor to the event. At early dawn the weather was most unpropitious for public proceedings. The night before had witnessed the unusual combination of a snow storm attended by thunder and lightning. Snow and sleet had covered the ground, only to be succeeded by a fall of rain, which, mingled with the snow and sleet, made the face of the earth beneath as inclement as the clouded skies above. Morning rose dull out of the eastern clouds, and left the sun behind them, but at 10 the sun made his face visible through clouds, and almost at the same moment a brisk gale swept the streets, carrying away many decorations which had been loosely fastened. Now the lines began to form on Pennsylvania and New York avenues, but until a late hour there were great gaps in the line. As the lines formed and all vehicles were sent from the avenue the crowd grew each moment denser, but did not reach its maximum until some time later, when Gen. Garfield passed on his way to the inauguration. By this time the sun had pierced the clouds and lit the city, but there were still clouds and occasional snow flakes.

THE PROCESSION.

At 11 o'clock the first division, Gen. Ayres, escorted the presidential party to the Capitol. The line formed adjacent to the White House, and the President and ex-President having taken their places in carriages and ridden into line, the march proceeded as follows: Two platoons city police, Maj. Brock, Gen. Ayres and aids, United States artillery, twelve companies, with regulation overcoats, moving as regulars always do; United States marines, four companies, in overcoats, a solid mass of marching men. The President elect and the President, with suits, in open carriages, escorted and surrounded by the Cleveland Troop, whose showy chasseurs' uniform, with yellow braid and helmets with flowing plumes, made a handsome display, and wherever the procession passed divided applause with the President. Then came a delegation of Knights Templar and some platoons of the Grand Army. Then came the battalions of naval cadets, of Annapolis, with regulation caps, navy-blue overcoats and white leggings, making a fine show and winning marked attention. One battalion of the cadets drilled as infantry and another section appeared as artillery, and drew and maneuvered four light brass howitzers. Two field batteries of United States light artillery followed, horses and men alike moving steadily and with precision. The Washington Light Infantry Battalion, with their handsome white Austrian uniform; the Hampton Cadets, colored, from the State school at Hampton, Va., followed, then came the Lanston Guards, of Norfolk, Va., colored; then the Capital City Guards, colored, of this city, in gray uniform, and the Washington Cadets, colored, in blue, with representatives from two colored companies, the Thomasville Blues and the Rome Star Guards, of Georgia; the National Rifles, Capt. Burnsides, of this city, in heavy dark overcoats and shakos, moving like veterans; the United States signal corp marched next, carrying a Gatling gun, and displaying in wagons a full complement of tools and material for a field telegraph and the other appliances of the signal service. Two batteries of United States artillery followed, and then a body of colored troops made the rear of the division.

The first division passed the fourth division, Gen. Field extending and saluting, on the south side of the avenue, Ninth to Seventh street. At Seventh street the third division, Gen. Fletcher, began its salute to the moving column, and extending its saluting lines eastward on Pennsylvania avenue, then southward, encircling the Capitol grounds as far as Gen. Butler's mansion on New Jersey avenue. Meanwhile, the second division, General Hartranft, was massed to the northeast of the Capitol, extending in a semi-circle from Gen. Butler's house to North Capitol street. The first division having escorted the President-elect and his suite to the door of the Capitol, took position on the right of the second division, and so the line remained while the inauguration took place.

During this time Pennsylvania avenue was not unduly crowded. The long lines of seats, tier on tier, had few occupants; most of the small private stands were well filled generally with ladies, and while there was a throng of people on the avenue, there was no need of crowding, and nothing like a jam. There were some cheers as the ex-President rode along, and this ripple of acclamation followed his carriage until he reached the shadow of the Capitol.

At no time during its march did the line extead its length on one street. Indeed, there was no grand unbroken avenue where this would have been possible, except Massachusetts avenue, and even there the line is broken by a park, thro' which, however, a new portion of the avenue is continued. This avenue, when completed, will allow a procession to extend unbroken four miles. The line is estimated to have contained 20,000 military and 25,000 in all, and was 3.05 in passing a given point.

THE SCENE IN THE SENATE.

Senators arrived very slowly, and at half an hour after the time fixed for the expiration of the recess, when the Vice-President called to order, there were not more than a handful present. There was another lull of half an hour before a quorum arrived. The first new Senator to present himself was Eugene Hale, who stood in the door of one of the cloakrooms and gazed around eagerly and wistfully, as if he could scarcely wait for the time to be sworn in. At half-past ten the doors of the galleries were thrown open, and in a very few minutes they were filled with those who, by begging or buying, had secured tickets, and had been clamoring for admission from an early hour. More than three-fourths were ladies, and they ran down the steps and into seats like school-boys let loose.

Mrs. Hayes came in, having in charge Gen. Garfield's mother, wife and two daughters, and with them took seats in the front row next to the diplomatic gallery. Mrs. Hayes sat between the two Mrs. Garfields—a handsome, showy woman, her great wealth of coal-black hair, brushed low down on the forehead, making a marked contrast with the snow-white bonnet which adorned her head. In her hand she carried a large boquet of white flowers. Mrs. Garfield, the mother, a plain little lady in style and dress, demure as a Quakeress, her attire of black being relieved only by short white strings to her bonnet, surveyed the scene with curious concern. Mrs. Garfield, the wife, is also much plainer in looks and attire than Mrs. Hayes, but with the expression of genuine womanly qualities shining in her countenance. She held a red boquet. The young ladies were also dressed with an entire absence of any attempt at display, and were too busy in taking in everything themselves to be conscious that they were all so much observed.

The proceedings of the Senate were conducted with great difficulty; the buzz and hum of conversation, which the Vice-President for a wonder made no effort to restrain, drowning the voices of the Senators and clerks. The members of the Senate were all ranged on the democratic side. Gen. Hancock was the first person of consequence to enter the chamber, coming in very quietly and unostentatiously, attended only by Col. Mitchell, one of his aides. His massive and towering figure, in his Major-General's uniform, was instantly discovered, and a round of applause rolled from one end of the galleries to the other, and was caught up on the floor, Senators participating as heartily as any others. Senators almost tumbled over each other in the rush to salute him, and Senator Conkling was one of the first to take his hand and wring it heartily. The republicans paid him equally as much court as the democrats. General Hancock was smiling, but perfectly serene. When he took his seat, on one of the sofas to the left of the Vice-President, Senators of both parties continued to crowd around him, and apparently to vie with each other in testifying their respect and esteem. Mrs. Garfield, from the gallery above, bent upon the centre of so much homage a curious but kindly gaze. Vice-President Wheeler left the chair to pay his respects. Shortly after General Phil. Sheridan entered from a side door, and walking over took his seat by Gen. Hancock, and as they warmly shook each other's hands the applause rang out again.

The diplomatic gallery was occupied almost entirely by the ladies of that corp, as upon this occasion seats on the floor were provided for the male members. When the diplomatic corps was announced it was seen that it was turning out in much larger force than ever before. Sir Edward Thornton, dean of the corps, was at the head, and as they marched in, resplendent in gold and gilt, in stars and ribbons, the tout ensemble was quite attractive. There were twenty-eight ambassadors and ministers, and over forty secretaries and attaches. The Chinese minister, with his extensive retinue, attracted the most attention. Mr. Bartlett, the American secretary, had them in charge. They wore magnificent corded silk and satin purple and white gowns, and wide flowing jackets with black silk caps, surmounted by gay feathers on their heads.

The justices of the Supreme Court came soon after the diplomatic corps, clad in their long silk gowns, and accompanied by the justices on the retired list, Swayne and Strong, in ordinary attire. The justices were preceded by the clerk, having in his hand the Bible on which the President was to take the oath of office. As is customary, the Senate rose and received them standing. As they seated themselves the Chief Justice and Gen. Hancock exchanged cordial bows. The hand of the clock now pointed to within three minutes of noon and the presidential party had not arrived. Mr. Bassett, the white-haired major domo, as he has so many times before, got up on a chair and with his big stick turned the hands back ten minutes. This action, which was seen by every one, drew forth laughter and applause, causing the old gentleman to blush to the eyes.

It was not long after this when the presidential party entered the chamber, and was watched with intense interest on all sides. They were escorted by the committee of arrangements, Senators Bayard and Hamlin preceding President Hayes and Gen. Garfield, and Senator Pendleton following with Gen. Arthur. Behind them came the members of the cabinet. The party presented a striking and notable appearance as with slow and dignified bearing they walked down the aisle to the place prepared for them. Mr. Hayes, Gen. Garfield and Gen. Arthur are all men of extraordinarily fine physique and of perfect self-possession.

On reaching the space immediately in front of the Secretary's desk, where seats had been placed for them, President Hayes and General Garfield turned and faced the whole vast assembly. General Garfield cast a swift look all around, and then, with quiet and deliberate movement, took his seat, the entire assembly having risen and remained standing. Applause ensued, which, while it had the air of genuineness, was not so spontaneous or sympathetic as that which greeted Gen. Hancock. One of Gen. Garfield's daughters joined in the applause for an instant, and then remembering herself, stopped with a start.

Gen. Arthur, escorted by Senator Pendleton, and guided by the sergeant-at-arms, walked past the seats of the President and President-elect up the steps to the Vice-President's chair, when Vice-President Wheeler presented him to the Senate as the Vice-President elect. Gen. Arthur, in an easy, graceful style, and as if he had been accustomed to Senators all his life, addressed the Senate. His words were well timed, and his manly bearing was impressive, and many Senators were evidently surprised to find that the new Vice-President was likely to prove as prompt and efficient as the retiring presiding officer. When he concluded applause, led by Senator Conkling, succeeded. Gen. Arthur then announced his readiness to take the oath of office. It was administered by ex-President Wheeler, who thereupon delivered his valedictory.

For an hour or two members of the House had been straggling in separately, but the House now filed into the Senate chamber as a body, with Speaker Randall in the lead. Mr. Randall was given a chair by the side of the new Vice-President. There was not at this time a vacant chair in the chamber, and the members of the house stood behind in solid mass, pressed close against the wall. Some could not even get within the doors. The new session of the Senate was then opened with prayer by the chaplain, all those on the floor rising. President Hayes stood with his head up and hands in front of him. Gen. Garfield stood with his head reverently bowed and his hands clasped behind him. Of all those in the gallery, the only ones who stood were his wife, his mother and Mrs. Hayes, and all of whom were deeply moved.

It was a striking and a suggestive spectacle, as in the midst of the deepest silence the man of God spoke the words of peace and love in behalf of fifty millions of free people and of their chosen ruler. It was not the less striking and impressive that the gallant soldier who had been the competitor of the man who was to be invested with the civic crown was there, yielding a willing acquiescence to the voice of the people, and participating in the ceremonies incident to the occasion. There also were many of the great leaders of that party which was in opposition to the President-elect, indicating the same cheerful concurrence in the lawfully ascertained will of the majority. The contrast, so different from the scene which was exhibited four years ago, when he was the central figure, must have struck Mr. Hayes with great force.

The proclamation of the President convening the Senate in extra session was next read by the secretary, and the next business was the swearing in of the new Senators. They were called in alphabetical order, and were sworn in in groups of eight. Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, who was escorted by his colleague, Gov. Groome, was, with his smooth face, the youngest looking Senator of the whole lot. Interest centred principally in Mr. Fair, of Nevada, and Gen. Mahone, of Virginia. The latter did not make his appearance at all, and much disappointment was exhibited that the man upon whose fiat is supposed to depend the political complexion of the Senate would not show himself. Mr. Fair, of Nevada, is a plain, substantial looking man, with hair and beard ever so lightly tinged with gray. He does not look as if he was at all proud because he owns a dozen or more silver mines.

As the Senators were sworn in, before retiring from the circle formed around the Vice-President, they exchanged salutations and shook hands with him. Curiosity was evinced to see whether Mr. Bayard, who to-day entered on his third term, and Mr. Sherman, would follow the example of their colleagues. Mr. Bayard did not. He coolly turned on his heel and walked off, but Mr. Sherman stood up to the rack. He extended his hand to Gen. Arthur, who took it, but to those who were watching closely it was quite plain that the shake was not like that of friends and brothers. This concluded the ceremonies in the Senate chamber. Those present proceeded to the main portico.

THE FINAL CEREMONY.

The head of the procession reached the east portico of the Capitol at 11.30. Upon arriving there Gen. Garfield, President Hayes and Gen. Sherman went into the Senate chamber, as indicated above. Soon there was an immense assemblage gathered in front of the stand which had been erected on the portico. This increased until its proportions were so great that it filled all the space between the Senate and House wings of the building, extending far out into the parking. Thers were at least twenty-five thousand persons in sight, all the porticos of the Capitol and portions of the space being packed. The outer porticos of the dome also held a great number, who, in their anxiety to witness the scenes below, were glad to get even such an exposed place. The wind coming from the northwest, those on the main portico were sheltered in a great degree. Out on the raised platform stood the chair in which Washington sat when he was inaugurated President on April 30, 1789, the ceremony taking place in New York. The chair was brought on here specially for the occasion.

It was a half hour after noon when Gen. Garfield appeared on the platform. He was greeted with great applause. On his right walked President Hayes, Chief-Justice Waite being on his left. They took seats in the same order, Gen. Garfield occupying the Washington chair. Immediately in his rear his aged mother was provided with a seat; Mrs. Gen. Garfield sat on her left, and Mrs. President Hayes on her right. Mrs. Garfield is the first woman who has seen her son inaugurated President, an instance of the kind never occurring before in the history of the country. The excitement of the occasion affected her so much that she could hardly sit up in her chair, and finally was compelled to lean back, a high-backed and cushioned chair having been provided for her.

Near by sat Vice-President Arthur, the retiring Vice-President Wheeler sitting next to him. Speaker Randall had a position alongside of him. The judges of the Supreme Court, the members of the Senate and House, and officers of the army and navy were provided with seats in the rear. Hundreds of elegantly dressed ladies were among the crowd. At 12.40 Senator Pendleton advanced to the front, extending his hand to Gen. Garfield, which was intended as an introduction. Gen. Garfield, with the manuscript of his inaugural in his hand, arose and delivered it, the delivery being very distinct.

THE OATH ADMINISTERED.

The address being concluded, Chief-Justice Waite administered the oath of office to him. The President kissed the Bible, the particular place where his lips touched being the first, second and third verses of the 21st chapter of Proverbs. After receiving the congratulations of many on the platform, the new President went to his carriage and took his place in the procession, He only rode up as far as the White House.

The "Star of Bethlehem."

Much discussion has taken place of late in reference to a so-called "Star of Bethlehem." Many newspapers have recently devoted much space to the subject, and for the benefit of those interested we give the following by an able writer in the National Teacher, Chicago:

A Prof. C. A. Grimmer, of Kingston, Jamaica, has brought himself into some notoriety by some remarkable utterances relative to what he calls "The Star of Bethlehem." He predicts that in 1887, it will be seen in "Cassiopeia's Chair," and will be accompanied by a total eclipse of the sun and moon. He avers that it will be seen even at noonday, shining with a quick and flashing light during the entire year, and then gradually decreasing in brightness until its total disappearance. Its periodicity he places at exactly 315 years. All of this is nothing strange, at least to those who are not astronomers. The marvel comes in, in his declaration that this is the star that shone so brightly B. C. 4, illuminating the heavens when Christ was born. We have been asked how much truth there is in all this. We answer, that astronomers are looking for the appearance of a famous temporary star sometime within the present decade in the direction of Cassiopeia. It has been seen at intervals of 319 and 308 years, its recorded appearances being in the years A. D. 945, 1264, 1572. At its last outburst, it became suddenly brighter than Jupiter, was visible to the keen-sighted at noon, and at night penetrated by its raidence clouds that hid other stars. It appears then: 1. That the exact year of its return can not certainly be predicted. 2. That it has not appeared at regular intervals of 315 years. 3. That the Jamaica astronomer is not posted in Scripture any better than he is in astronomy—for they do not speak of any star illuminating the heavens the night that Christ was born! The magi followed a star to Bethlehem, but that occurred some two years after the nativity. Our Kingston celestial astronomer will have to try again.

ROOM IN HEAVEN.

"And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth, and he measured the city with the reed 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." Rev. 2: 16.

There are some who never think of heaven. In their mind a thought of the better country would starve for every loneliness. Others think of it occasionally, when the voice of sweet music steals upon their ear, or Providence or the preacher lifts them above earth. But when they do think of it, how poor and meagre their thoughts; to them it is a narrow, circumscribed spot in the universe, a small place just large enough for their church, but too small to admit within its pearly enclosure, even the good beyond their communion. Such were not the views entertained by John when, on the lonely isle, he saw, in grand panoramic view, the heavenly city.

John was in the spirit on the mountain of holy contemplation, and he had a delightful conversation with one of the royal surveyors of the heavenly country. He says, verse 15, "And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the walls thereof." The idea he gives to us is, that there was solidity, firmness, durability and strength all combined with indescribable beauty, surpassing grandeur and infinite glory.

The city, as he saw it, was in the form of a magnificent cube, of vast dimensions. The surveyor had the golden reed, and he measured the city in the presence of his visitor. It was 12,000 furlongs (stadii) long, and 12,000 furlongs broad, and 12,000 furlongs high. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.

In this view of the great city we are quite in harmony with the rabincal book. I need not occupy room with quotations.

In almost every other theory proposed great violence is done to the Greek text. In this interpretation the sense is natural and grammatical construction respected.

We take the passage as it reads, "12,000 furlongs," which, when reduced to feet and cubed, is 948, 938,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet, the half of which we reserve for the throne of glory and the heavenly court. Half the remainder I reserve for the angels' thrones, dominions, principalities and