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# The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 49. FREDERICK CITY, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1870. NO. 19.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisements in same proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (ff), and charged for accordingly

JOB PRINTING

Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—we will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

## Professional Cards.

**Carlton Shafer.**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office.
july8 6m pd

**John B. Tyler.**
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

**I. Thomas Jones.**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick city, Md.
OFFICE—West Second St., next door to Internal Revenue Office. [may6

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
**Shellman & Wood,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

**E. Louis Lowe,**
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street, NEW YORK.
june 22

**Francis Brengle.**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

**James McSherry, Jr.,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

**Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.**
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

**B. F. M. Hurley,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

**William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

REMOVAL.
MILTON G. URNER,
*Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.*
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same.
apr8 3m MILTON G. URNER.

**Dr. R. T. Hammond,**
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

**Dr. John W. Getzendanner,**
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-ly

**Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,**
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McSherry, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—ly

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

Dentistry.
A BEAUTIFUL Set of Teeth, with plumpers to fill out the cheek and restore youthful appearance, from $10 to $20. Partial sets from $4 to $10. White Crystal and Silver fillings $1. Pure Gold fillings $2. T. H. SCHAEFFER,
nov19 No. 21 North Market St.

**Dentistry.**
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

**Dr. Edward Nelson,**
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞ Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E 3t

**County Surveyor.**
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 ly

*Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.*
THE next Session of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH, (15th.)
☞ Applications for admission should be made to
WM. D. COOKE, Principal,
aug20 tf E Frederick city, Md.

**Notice.**
I HAVE made arrangements to get NORTHERN ICE, and will be prepared to supply my customers and the public, and hope to receive a liberal share of their patronage. JOHN MURDOCK.
apr15 tf

OREIDE!
Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
*West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.*
apr15 tf

STILL AHEAD.
THE greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
*GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS*
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

MUSIC ordered daily at HENDERSON'S.

## Drugs, Medicines, &c.

PATENT OR PROPRIETARY MEDICINES, all kinds of Pills, Tonics, Sarsaparillas, Blood Purifiers and Cough Medicines, likely to be called for at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

**Drug Store.**
PASSAPAE & CO.,
*DRUGGISTS,*
*S. E. Corner Market and Ptrick Sts., Frederick, Md.*
Successors to Luther M. Schaeffer, through Keyser & Co.
WE would very respectfully inform the citizens of Frederick and surrounding neighborhood that we have purchased the very old and well established Drug Store of Messrs. Keyser & Co., where we will continue the same business in all its branches; almost every day we are receiving new supplies of the freshest and purest Medicines, purchased in the Northern cities, and of the most reliable Druggists. Also, Toilet Soaps, English, French and American; Lilly White, Extracts, Rouges, Powder Puffs and Boxes, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Combs, Sachet Powders, genuine German Cologne and a nice assortment of everything generally kept in a retail Drug Store, and as low or lower than they can be purchased in any market.
Eagle Baking Powdes for sale here.
Prescriptions compounded with great care. PASSAPAE & CO.,
S. E. Corner Market and Patrick Sts.,
july1 6m Frederick, Md.

HAIR TONICS AND RESTORERS.—All the leading preparations for the Hair, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store,
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

NEW DRUG
AND
*FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.*
L. M. SCHAEFFER,
Respectfully announces to his friends in Town and Country, that he has recently opened an entirely new, complete and
First-class Drug Store,
*In Market St., opposite Market House.*
His long experience in the business in this city and in Philadelphia, and his determination to keep only
**PURE AND GENUINE MEDICINES,**
will, it is hoped, receive the attention and encouragement of his friends. All the Patent or Proprietary Medicines likely to be called for, will always be kept on hand, and in addition he will be constantly supplied with the most approved
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Physicians' prescriptions compounded with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
L. M. SCHAEFFER, Druggist,
Opposite the Market House,
july1 Frederick, Md.

TOILET REQUISITES.—Hair, Tooth, Nail and Infant Brushes, Combs of all kinds, Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Powders, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
july1 Opposite Market House.

Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
CELEBRATED
PREPARATION
FOR
**CLEANSING THE BLOOD.**
The long and favorably known Preparation of Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON, for cleansing the Blood, needs at this day no recommendation at our hands, its virtues having been established by the thousands of cases where it has given relief in the
**Most difficult forms of Chronic Diseases,**
during the last sixty years. So highly indeed is it esteemed, that the demand is constantly increasing not only at home, but we are daily receiving applications for it from the most remote sections of the country—North, East, South and West. To meet this demand, as well as to prevent the public from being imposed upon, we have determined to put this Preparation in such a form that it may be within reach of everybody everywhere.
Other Preparations, far inferior to the genuine, having been put out by certain parties, have been mistaken by some for our own, and as a matter of course the old Preparation of D. Fahrney & Son has been made to suffer some in reputation; therefore, to prevent this mistake, as well as to meet the increasing demand mentioned above, we have concluded to send the medicine out in liquid form. Not recommending it to cure all diseases the human body is heir to, but as a Family Medicine, and for all diseases originating from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, it has no equal; and will cure the following diseases:
Scrofula, Cutaneous Diseases, Erysipelas, Boils, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, Tetter Affections, Old and Stubborn Ulcers, Rheumatic Affections, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick-headache, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, General Debility,
Mercurial Diseases, Foul Stomach, together with all other Disorders arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, &c., &c.
Prepared by Drs. D. Fahrney & Son, Boonsboro', Md., and Dr. P. D. Fahrney, Keedysville, Md. Sold by all Druggists and Merchant generally. All genuine is signed thus: D. FAHRNEY & SON.
☞ Be sure and call for Drs. D. Fahrney & Son.
For sale by Williamson & Beckenbaugh.
feb18 6m pd

CITY HOTEL,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.,
F. B. CARLIN, Proprietor,
THIS popular and well-known Hotel, having been thoroughly renovated offers many advantages to the traveling public.—The exterior of the Hotel, which is now four stories, presents a beautiful appearance, and will compare favorably with any structure of the kind in the State. The entire arrangements of the Hotel are in keeping with its outward appearance, and is supplied with every modern improvement and convenience, and has been newly furnished throughout at a very heavy cost. No pains or expenses will be omitted to promote the comfort of guests.
The enviable reputation the Hotel has acquired since the undersigned has taken charge of it, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of his ability to please all who may favor him with their patronage.
There is attached to the Hotel a spacious Billiard Room, newly fitted up, a Barber Shop, Bath House, &c.
Attentive and polite servants will always be in attendance to wait upon guests during the day or at any hour of the night.
Respectfully, FRANK B. CARLIN,
sep17 tf Proprietor.

New Goods,
*GREAT BARGAINS.*
Notice the following low prices:
Brown Sugars, 10, 11 and 13½ cents.
Syrups, 37½, 40, 50 and 60.
New Mackerel, $5.00 per half barrel.
Potomac Herring very cheap.
Also, a large assortment of China, Glass, Earthen and Woodenware, at astonishing low prices. A very fine stock of
**LIQUORS,**
at prices that will compare with any house in the city. Call and be convinced of the bargains that are being offered.
Respectfully,
june17 JOS. TREGELLAS & CO.

*JUST RECEIVED.*
A Large assortment of the latest Improved
COOKING STOVES,
which will be sold to suit the time, CHEAP FOR CASH, at the
"FREDERICK STOVE HOUSE,"
mar18 BY ERNEST A. C. FOX.

*OAK SHINGLES AND PALINGS*
FOR SALE. Enquire at
may6 THIS OFFICE.

CAST STEEL.—Round, Octagon and Square, for sale by A. G. QUYNN.

[From Appleton's Journal.]

## DICKENS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Methinks the air
Throbs with the tolling of harmonious bells,
Rang by the hands of spirits; everywhere
We feel the presence of a soft dispair.
And thrill to voices of divine farwells!

Sweet Fancy lost!
Wandering in darkness now, make silvery moan,
While Pathos, pale and shodowy like a ghost,
Sobs upon Humor's breast, that mourns HIM most,
The wizard king who leaves them all—alone!

Wan Gemii throng
From earth's four quarters hurrying, mount and mart,
Pure woodland peace, the city's din and wrong,
Each titling low a fond funereal song,
Each sadly bowed o'er that grand silent, heart.

The children's tears
Mingle with manhood's woe that falls like rain;
Low lieth one who towered above his peers,
And nevermore thro' all the fruitful years
Our eyes shall greet the master's like again.

Creations fine,
His prodigal offspring crowd so thickly round
That Wit falls foul of Sorrow, Cupids twine
Warm arms with Avarice, and Love's strength divine
Hath vanquished Hate on Hate's own chosen ground.

Tho' gone, his ART
Triumphant spans the theatening clouds of death,
Its rainbow hues forever pulse and start,
Steeped in the life-blood of the human heart,
And woven in heavens beyond Time's stormy breath!

## INCIDENT IN ARKANSAS LIFE

BY JUDGE ARRINGTON.

I shall never forget my first vision of William Denton. It was in the court house of Little Rock, Arkansas, in the summer of 1834. The occasion itself possessed a terrible interest, well calculated to fix it in the memory all its circumstances. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and very beautiful girl on an indictment for murder. The judge waited at the moment for the Sheriff to bring in the prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude eagerly watched the door for the expected advent, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose remarkable appearance riveted universal attention. Here is his portrait, done as accurately as pen can sketch it.

A figure tall, lean and sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a brow massive, soaring, and smooth as polished marble, intersected by a large blue vein forked like the tongue of a serpent; eyes reddish yellow, resembling a wrathful eagle's eye—as brilliant and as fearfully piercing; and finally, a mouth, slight, cold and sneering—the living embodiment of unbreathed curses! He was habited in leather, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with beads of every color in the rainbow.

Elbowing his way proudly and slowly through the throng, and seemingly unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon that needed explanation, the singular being advanced, and with the haughty air of a king taking his throne, seated himself within the bar, crowded as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves far superior to these old and famous masters.

The contrast between the disdainful countenance and outlandish garb of the stranger excited especially the risibility of the lawyers, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which soon grew louder and swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains, who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice.

Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it. Turning his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look of infinite scorn, he ejaculated the single word—"Savages!"

No pen can describe the unspeakable malice, the defiant force which he threw into that term; no language can express the infernal *furore* of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper.—But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips, laying a horrible emphasis on the "s" both at the beginning and ending of the word. It was a mixed growl, intermediate betwixt the growl of a red tiger and the hiss of a rattlesnake—"Savages!" It cured everybody of the disposition to laugh.

The general gaze, however, was then diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive even a cynic mad, for hers was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enamelled with fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. We might feel it in the flashes of her countenance, clear as sunlight, brilliant as the iris; in the classic contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut with an artist's chisel; in her hair of rich ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in her eyes, blue as the heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, dreamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in her figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's or a seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so frank, so serene, so like starlight; and yet thrilling the soul as a shock of electricity.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calmly took her place before the bar of her judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the Court could scarcely repress from swelling into deafening cheers. The murmur was followed by a great unearthly groan from a solitary bosom, as of some one in mortal anguish.

All eyes were centered on the stranger, and all were struck with surprise and wonder, for his features writhed as if in torture—torture that his rain of tears could not assuage. But what could be the cause of this sudden emotion? Could any connection exist between him, the apparently rude hunter, and that fairy girl, more beautiful than a blossom of summer, and in countenance celestial as a star?

The judge turned to the prisoner—"Emma Greenleaf, the Court has been informed that your counsel, Col. Linton, is sick, and cannot attend. Have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of the nightengale, and clear as the song of the skylark—"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, *to be sick;* but God will defend the innocent."

At this response, so touching in its pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause and the rest wept. On the instant, however, the leather-robed stranger, whose aspect had previously excited so much merriment, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded several inches from the floor, uttered a wild shriek, and then stood pale and trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from the grave.

All could now perceive that there must be some mysterious connection between the two, and the scene assumed the profound interest of a genuine romance. The stranger addressed the Court in accents as sonorous as the tone of an organ.

"May it please your honor, I will defend the legal rights of the lady."

"What," exclaimed the astonished judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is immaterial and irrevalent," replied the stranger, with a sneer, "as your statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" asked the judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was her answer, as a long-drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

"What is your name, as it must be placed on the record?" interrogated the judge.

"William Denton," said the stranger.

The case immediately progressed.—We will briefly epotomise the substance of the evidence. About twelve months previous, the defendant arrived in town and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a small room back of her shop, and all alone, she prepared the various articles of her trade with unwearied toil and consummate taste.—Her habits were secluded, modest, and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to escape notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by those gay fire-flies of fashion, the business of whose life is everywhere seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all alike with unutterable scorn and loathing.

Among these disappointed admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear.—Hiram Shore belonged to a family at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave and revengeful, and a duellist of established and terrible fame. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and had shared the fate of all her other woers—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock, on Christmas night, 1833, the people of Little Rock were startled by a loud scream, as of some one in mortal terror; while following that, with hardly an interval, came successive reports of firearms—one, two, three—a dozen deafening explosions. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sounds emanated, and pushed back the unfastened door.

A dreadful scene was here presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, and her lips parted with an awful smile!

And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom lilerally riddled with shot, lay the all-dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence:

"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to h—ll!" and instantly expired.

"In God's name, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it!" said the beautiful milliner, in her sweet, silvery accents. "I did it to save my honor."

Such is a brief abstract of the essential circumstances, developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleadings began.

First of all, Flower, Pike, and Ashley (all famous lawyers at that time in the Southwest) spoke in succession for the prosecution. They about equally partitioned their eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her advocate, covering the latter with such sarcastic wit, raillery, and ridicule as made it a matter of doubt whether he or his client was the party on trial.

As to Denton, however, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hand, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When his time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took a position almost touching the foreman of the jury, he then commenced in a whisper, but in a a whisper so wild, peculiar, and indescribly distinct as to fill the hall from floor to galleries.

At the outset he dealt in pure logic, annalysing and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of crystal, through which the innocence of his client shone luminous as a sunbeam, while the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction.—That thrilling whisper, and concentrated argument, and language simple as a child's had satisfied the demands of the intellect, and this, too, in only twenty minutes. It was like the work of a mathematical demonstration.

He then changed his posture so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and, like a raging lion, rushed upon his adversaries, tearing and rending their sophistries into atoms. His sallow face glowing like a red-hot iron, the forked blue veins swelled and wreathed on his brow, his eyes resembled live coals, and his voice was like the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such appalling denunciation. It was like Jove's eagle charging a flock of crows. And yet in the highest tempest of his fury he seemed wonderfully calm. He employed no gestures save one—the flash of a long, bony fore-finger directly at the pallid face of his legal foes. He painted their venality and unmanly baseness in coalescing for money to crush a friendless female, till a sort of stifled wrath broke from the multitude, and some of the sworn panel cried "Shame!" And thus the orator has carried another point—had aroused a perfect storm of indignation against the persecutors of the prisoner—and this also in about twenty minutes.

He changed his theme once more.—His voice grew mournful as a funeral dirge, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with a special application in the case of his client, till half the audience wept like children.

But it was in the peroration that he reached the zenith both of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair appeared to stand on the end; his nerves shook as with the palsy; he tossed his hands wildly toward heaven, each finger spread apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to h—ll!" His emphasis on the word hell embodied the elements of all horror. It was the wail of immeasurable despair—a wild howl of infinite torture. No language can depict its effect on all who heard it. Men groaned, women shrieked, and one poor mother was borne away in convulsions. The entire speech occupied but an hour.

The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box, and three tremendous cheers shook the court house from dome to corner stone, testifying the joy of the people. At the same moment the beautiful milliner bounded to her feet and clasped the triumphant advocate in her arms, exclaiming—

"Oh, my husband! my dear husband!"

Denton smiled, seized her hand, whispered a word in her ear, and the two left the bar together; proceeding to the landing, they embarked on a steamboat bound for New Orleans.

It seems that they had previously parted on account of his causeless jealousy, after which she had assumed a false name and came to Little Rock.—How he learned her danger, I could never ascertain.

They returned to Texas. The husband was a Colonel in the revolution, and escaped its perils only to fall the next year in a terrible fight with the Camanches. A new country in the cross-timbers, a county of wild woods romantic as his own eloquence, and of sun bright prairie beautiful as his own Emma's sweet face, commemorates his name—the name of a transcendant star that set too soon, which else had now been the first luminary in the political sky of Texas, if not in the circle of the whole Union, for he was nature's Demosthenes of the western woods.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND THE CONDUCTOR.—The following good story is told of the Rev. H. Ward Beecher:

It seems Beecher had observed the injustice of obliging men to work on Sundays, and preached a sermon on it. Next day he entered into a conversation with a car driver, while riding to Fulton Ferry, and asked him if he did not think that some plan might be adopted to dispense with the need of running the cars all day Sunday. The driver being entirely ignorant of the name and nature of his interrogative friend, made a frank reply:

"Yes, sir; I think there might. But there's no hope of it so long as they keep that d—d Beecher theatre open in Brooklyn. The cars have to run to accommodate that.

The driver's "home thrust" was considered so good that Beecher told it himself.

A precocious boy in a public school out West, who stands high in geography, was recently asked by his teacher where Africa was located. He promptly answered, All over the United States.

## Thrilling Revolutionary Tale.

God is everywhere. His words are in the heart. He is on the battle field and in our peaceful home. Praise his holy name.

It was in the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of battle, as the noonday sun came through the thick clustered leaves; that two men met in deadly conflict near the reef which rose, like some primeval world, at least a thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.

The man with dark brown face, grey eyes flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form, clad in a blue frock of the Revoiution, is a Continental named Warren.

The other, with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costumes of a Tory refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli, named Delancy.

They met by accident, and how they fought; not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knife, they struggled, twining and twisting on the green sward.

At last the tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the Continental on his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face.

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the Tory, as the knee was pressed on his breast. "Spare me, I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot, in a tone of deadly hate, "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli; even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife in his heart. I will give you the quarter of Paoli.

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate; he paused for a moment, and then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with a rapid staide, dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering ever the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, and that awful gulf yawning below.—"Mercy! I have a wife and child at home—spare me!"

The Continental, with muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed his bitter sneer in his face.

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night at Paoli that wife was a widow; those children fatherless. Ask mercy from them!"

The proposal made by the Continental in mockery and bitter hate, was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken Tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, and to have the privilege of begging for his life. Another moment of serious thought and the patriotic soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms still tighter, placed him on his feet, and led him through the woods. A quiet cottage embossed among the trees broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearthstone, sat the widow and her two children.

She sat there, a matronly womann of about twenty-eight years, with a face faded by care; a deep dark eye, and long black hair, hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark haired boy of six years, on the other side, a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open upon the mother's knee. And the pale-faced Tory flung himself on his knees, and confessed that he had murdered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands.

"Spare me for the sake of my wife and child!"

He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart; but not one relenting gleam softened her face.

"The Lord shall judge between us," she said, in a cold, icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart. "Look, the Bible is in my lap. I will close the valume, and let my little son place his finger at random upon a line, and by that you shall live or die."

This was a strange proposal, made in good faith, of a mad and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the Tory, pale as ashes, was in deep thought—then in a faint voice he signified his consent.

Raising her eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to her son, whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible and opened its holy pages at random, and placed his fingers upon a line. There was a silence. The Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilated eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with a face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap in his throat.

Then, in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short, yet terrible:

"That man shall surely die."

Look! the brother springs forward to plunge the knife into the murderer's heart. The Tory, pinioned as he clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, and without knowing what she was doing, the little girl opened the Bible, as it lay upon her mother's knee. She turned her face away, and placed her finger upon a line.

The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturbed the stillness. The widow and dark haired boy are breathless. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those around her, stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on the lines of life or death.

At length, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes upon the page, and read. It was from the New Testament:

"Love your enemies."

"O! book of terrible majesty, and childlike love, of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture, it never shone more strongly than there in that lonely hut of Wissahicon, when it saw the murderer's heart.

Now, look how wonderful are the ways of Heaven. That very night, as the widow sat by her fireside—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eyelids thinking of her husband, who now lay on the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in her arms.

He had fallen in Paoli, but not in death. He was alive, and his wife panting on his bosom.

That night there was prayer and thanksgiving in the wood embowered cottage on the Wissahicon.

## The Position of France--Who is to Blame?

No statement touching the war is more flagrantly impudent and unjust than that accredited to the London Times—that "France, without a shadow of excuse or justification, plunges Europe into war." On the contrary, regarding the situation from an impartial standpoint, it does not appear that France is without justification; so far from it, in fact it appears that France could not without humiliation stand in any other position than that she now holds. France had to "put her foot down" somewhere in regard to Prussian encroachment, just as Europe, rather more than half a century since, was compelled to draw a line of limit for the ambition of the great Corsican. Indeed, Prussia now holds toward the peace of Europe the same relation relatively that the great Corsican held; it is an ambitious, restless, turbulent power, which respects no law but that of immediate force, and essays the career of supreme arbiter of the Continent. Naturally Prussian machinations since 1866 have had special relation to France, because France is the only obstacle, and the latest of these machinations was that toward the Spanish throne. France knew the true source of the movement and went at once to Berlin, ignoring such mere tools as Leopold and Prim. Upon the demand of France the King of Prussia withdrew the consent he had given to Hohenzollern to accept the throne of Spain. Was that enough? Suppose that France, upon this satisfaction, had sent her troops into garrison again and relinquished her war appropriation.—The last drum tap would not have passed from the public ear before some other German prince, under the patronage of Prussia, would have come up for the vacant throne; and then whatever the King of Prussia might have pledged or promised, in view of the candidacy of Hohenzollern would not have covered that case. Neither would the pledge with regard to Hohenzollern and the withdrawal of that offensive candidate have committed Prussia against future intriguing in Spain in any other shape. France, therefore in order not to be ridiculous, had to assume a position and demand a pledge that would cover every possible point in the case. It was not merely the candidacy of Hohenzollern that she objected to; it was not even the candidacy of any German prince; it was the appearance of Prussia beyond the Pyrenees; it was the assumption of this Power to pass her natural limits in Europe and to appear in Spain as if it were a German duchy, to bargain for thrones under the very nose of France. France was fully justified in making an indignant protest against this; and because it had occurred once she was justified in assuming that it would occur again; and, therefore, in demanding from Prussia such a formal, open renunciation as would serve for a guarantee and settle the matter definitely. This is her demand, and this renunciation Prussia refuses to make, although in withdrawing the assent given to Hohenzollern she recognized the right of France to interfere. The fact is Prussia placed herself in a false position when she ventured where France had the right to call her in question, as she had in this Spanish matter; and because Prussia was in a false position France has her on the hip, diplomatically speaking; and we should not be surprised to see Prussia even yet concede the demand of France, and thus prevent war.

"Dan," said a little four-year old, "give me sixpence to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother.

"Who is it Dan?" asked the little fellow.

"You," was the reply.

"Then give me sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts"

His brother could not resist.

"Sambo, whar you get dat watch you wore to meetin' lass Sunday?"

"How you know I hab a watch?"

"Bekaus I seed de chain hang out of de pocket in front."

"Go way, nigger, s'pose you see a halter round my neck, you think dar is a horse inside ob me?"

Zach Chandler says he both likes and fears Kentucky. He means by this that he likes her whiskey and fears her hemp.

## The Colored Cadet--His Hardships at West Point.

The following letter from J. W. Smith, the colored cadet at West Point, to his home folks at Hartford, Conn., certainly makes out pretty hard times for that young pioneer:

*West Point*, N. Y., June 29, 1870.—Your kind letter should have been answered long ere this, but really I have been harrased with examination, and the insults and ill-treatment of these cadets that I could not write or do anything else scarcely. I passed examination all right and got in, but my companion, Howard, failed and was rejected. Since he went away I have been lonely indeed, and now these fellows appear to be trying their utmost to run me off, and I fear they will succeed if they continue as they have begun. We went into camp yesterday, and not a moment has passed since then but some one of them has been cursing and abusing me. All night they were around my tent, cursing and swearing at me so that I did not sleep two hours all night.

It is just the same at the table, and what I get to eat I must snatch for like a dog. I don't wish to resign if I can get along at all; but I don't think it will be best for me to stay and take all the abuses and insults that are heaped upon me. The examination was very hard this year—harder than ever before—and since I have been successful in getting in I will stay as long as I possibly can. One of the cadets refused to drill the squad because I was in it, and they reduced him from a corporal to a private for disobedience of orders, and they are all mad about that. The one who drills the squad now is the meanest specimen of humanity I ever saw. After marching us out to the drill ground this morning he said to me, "Stand off one side from the line, you d—d black son of a b—h. You are two near that white man. I want you to remember you are not on an equal footing with the white men in your class, and what you learn here you will have to pick up, for I wont teach you a d—d thing." And thus he kept me standing until the captain came round inspecting, when he pretended that he put me there to teach me a movement which I had never practiced before. And I could say nothing at all, or I would have been locked up for disobedience of orders or disrespect to "superior officers." If it ever happens again I shall deny it to his face and then resign.

If I complain of their conduct to the the commandant I must prove the charges or nothing can be done; and where am I to find one from so many to testify in my behalf? If this afternoon's drill is conducted as this mornings was, you need not be astonished at hearing that I have resigned. I have born insult upon insult until I am completely worn out. I have written a plenty of bad news, and I wish I had some good news for you, but alas! it seems to be getting worse and worse. I forgot to tell you that out of ninety-one appointees, five failed physically, forty-seven failed mentally, leaving thirty-nine admitted. They had prepared it to fix the colored candidates, but it proved most disastrous to the whites.

J. W. SMITH.

DURATION OF THE LATE EUROPEAN WARS.—In the Crimean war of 1853-6, Turkey declared war against Russia October 5, 1853. Russia declared war against Turkey November 1. France and England declared war against Russia March 27-28, 1854. The battle of the Alma was fought September 20; battle of Balaclava, October, 25; battle Inkerman, November 5. Sardinia joined the allies January 26, 1855. The Malakhoff was taken by the French, September 8. Sweden joined the allies November 21; and hostilities were suspended February 29, 1856. The war between the Western Powers and Russia lasted two years lacking one month.

The Italian war of 1859 was begun by the rejection of the Austrian ultimatum by Sardinia April 26. The Austrians crossed the Ticino April 27. The French entered Genoa May 3. The battle of Montebello was fought May 20; battle of Magenta May 30-31, and battle of Solferino June 24. The peace of Villa-Franca was signed July 11. Hostilities were active but ten weeks.

The Schleswig Holstein war of 1864 began by the invasion of Schleswig by the Prussians February 1. The Prussians took Duppel April 18, and Alsen July 9. Treaty of peace between Denmark and Germany signed at Vienna October 30. Actual hostilities covered a space of twenty two weeks.

The German-Italian war of 1866 was begun by Prussia June 14. Italy declared War against Austria June 20. The battle of Custoza was fought June 24, and the battle of Sadowa July 3. The treaty of peace between Prussia and Austria was signed at Prague August 23, and between Austria and Italy at Vienna October 4. Actual hostilities between the belligerents lasted only five weeks.

A reporter of the Memphis Avalanche, who was on the steamer Lee during a portion of the recent race, "found that the coal on board was bituminous, and that it was all in nice lumps, not less than a pound each, with resin scattered through it, just as one would scatter bran through chopped feed. One of the hands informed the reporter that the pine knots were nearly all out, but it was a pleasure to discover that there were at least twenty barrels of coal oil still unused. This oil was used with judicious calmness. A man of judgment and nerve