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To a Friend.

By every hope my life has e'er been weaving,
By all the future holds in store for me,
By every heartless method of deceiving,
By all we trust our lives are yet to be—
I'll not forget thee.

When solemn prayer, upon the soft air breathing,
Wakes every holy impulse of the soul,
When friends my brow with garlands bright
Are wreathing,
Or sorrow's tempests fiercely o'er me roll—
I'll not forget thee.

And when in chains bright sleep has softly bound me,
And dreams of friends fit through my rest-
ing mind,
And guardian angels hover close around me,
To bring me thoughts of one forever kind—
I'll not forget thee.

And oh, should some, their truth to me repeating,
Take back from me the treasure of their love,
And some dark angel stand a-eying
To draw my faith in Him who rules above—
I'll not forget thee.

Should cruel fate keep us forever parted,
Till life's bright lamp is burning dim and low,
And each shall think of each as one departed,
To clasp the hand of one more below—
I'll never forget thee.

SALLY WATSON'S RIDE.

"Sally, can't you go over to Uncle Eben's this afternoon and bring home those pigs? There are seven in the litter he promised me, and they are getting quite large. I must finish getting the wheat in, and he does not want to feed them any longer. The pen is ready."

Sally, a bright looking girl of about fourteen, raised herself from the tub over which she leaned, and said, as she wiped down her arms with her hands: "How, father?"

Mr. Watson had come in for his ten o'clock snack after his early breakfast. He stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, a bowl of coffee in one hand, and a huge piece of apple pie in the other. He took a bite of the latter, and struck off coffee before he answered.

"In the light wagon, I stopped at Eben's yesterday as I came from meeting, and he said he would put them up securely in a couple of old coops that would stand in the back of the wagon. You can have Dolly; we are not using her. What do you say, mother; can you spare her?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Watson, a neat, brisk little woman, who came in, basket in hand, from hanging up the clothes; "I can spare her, but I'll not let you go with her. You said you only wanted a half-dozen; and there are seven."

"Yes, and you can buy your Sunday suit with the money it brings." He pulled her ear when he went out again to his work.

"My! Sally gave a little nod of her head as she began briskly rubbing her ears. "I'm sure I'll make it fat. Jane Burns got sixteen dollars for the one her father had in October, and she was warm and soft, and the country beautiful. The road lay through the woods, steep in places, running up hills and down again in little valleys, through which many a creek babbled; it was not fenced off, and the wild grape and paw-paw were almost with reach, and they rode along. The trees had just begun to turn. The sugar maple swayed gently to the light breeze, scattering a crimson cloud to the earth; the Virginia creeper embraced the huge trunks, or flung out long, graceful branches of purple, and the hickories and walnuts, the occasional sound of dropping nuts was heard.

Dolly trotted along briskly, and the children talked of the wonderful animals they had seen the Saturday before—for a traveling menagerie had halted on some fields near the village, and the whole population for miles around had turned out to visit it. Lot, who was a boy of eight, had been most impressed by the bears, but Patty, who was younger, seemed to have been most fascinated with the big snake.

"Then they were talking 'o' apensus," when they would do it a bear or snake was to attack them there in the woods. Lot was extremely valiant; he thrust about with a stick, showing how he would put him to flight, and in the midst of their talk they reached their uncle's house, having met but one person on the road, a man, as it happened, with the big snake.

They made but a short stay, as it was getting late, and, with the pigs cooped and stowed in the back of the wagon, which had no top and was open all around, started for home.

Seated on the floor, Lot and Patty poked bits of apples through the slats of the coop to the young porkers, speculating upon their appearance and advising Sally which to take for her own. Lot would have the black one if he were she, because it was the biggest, but Patty thought the little spotted one was 'o' cunning.

They were about a mile from the village at the top of a long hill, when Lot, who had exhausted his supply of apple bits, and for the last fifteen minutes had been poking the pigs, delighted to hear them squeal, suddenly gave them such a thrust that Sally bade him stop the

mile of road they had to pass over to reach home after leaving the village near for the better part through a wood. Sally was too alarmed to venture there alone, and a couple of men, who had hastily seized some weapon, accompanied her. So excited were they that every cracking noise in the trees put them on the alert; and once they exclaimed: "There he is!" throwing the poor children into new alarm.

Mr. Watson was incredulous when Lot burst out with: "Oh, father, we have been chased by a bear—no, not a bear—a dreadful wild thing!" and he would have thought Sally the victim of her own fears, had they not told him a panther had escaped from the menagerie; then he was most thankful for their deliverance.

Dolly was blanketed and cared for, and they went to supper, Lot's tongue going all the time about "the bear." Sally could not eat, she was still un-nerved, and Patty could only pity the poor little pigs.

For a long time Sally had an uncomfortable feeling in the woods, although the panther was caught on the next day and returned to its cage.—*St. Nicholas.*

How It Would Work.

A gray haired impostor, who has been in the house of correction time and again for drunkenness, and who has no kin in Detroit, entered a store on Grand River street and said to the proprietor: "Have you a boy?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Did he get anything in his stocking?"

"Yes."

"And was he glad?"

"He was."

"I also have a boy," continued the old man in a broken voice, "but he didn't get anything in his stocking. I am poor, and many times we haven't bread in the house, to say nothing of Christmas presents."

"I can't help that, as I see!" said the merchant.

"Say, see here," whispered the old man, bending forward, "give me a quarter and I'll buy a tin horse and a monkey and a Noah's ark, and the night before New Year's I'll slip 'em into the boy's stocking. He'll ask me: 'Father, whose liberality of heart brought me those beautiful things?' And I will answer: 'Mr. So-and-So, on Grand River street.'"

"I can't do it," replied the merchant.

"And the boy will say: 'God bless Mr. So-and-So.'"

"No—can't do it."

"And I will add: 'Yes, God bless him for his big heart, and may his trade amount to \$10,000 per day.'"

"I can't give you anything—come, clear out," said the annoyed merchant.

"I would work splendidly," whispered the old man.

"I say no!" shouted the merchant.

"All right for you!" said the old man, as he got hold of the door knob.

"Your conduct has alienated all my affections in one minute, and I'll never buy a yard of cloth of you in my life! I was going to ask the price of that yarn there, but now I won't!"

Propagation of Disease.

There are few more mysterious travelers than tines and diseases. A new tune comes out, and six weeks later it may be heard whistled by boys in some obscure and distant village, to which it has found its way in some manner best known to itself. It is the same with diseases, which creep over the country silently, swiftly and surely, although their means of transit baffle the skill of the most intelligent members of the medical profession to divine. A new theory has now been started, that the foot-and-mouth disease, which is so prevalent among cattle, is conveyed from one district to another, notwithstanding all the precautions taken against its spread, by birds. A wood pigeon has, according to the *Elgin Courier*, been lately shot near Elgin, which has been declared by veterinary surgeons and competent medical authorities to have been evidently affected by foot-and-mouth disease at the time of its death. The body of the unfortunate bird has, it is stated, been sent to an hospital, and may throw new light on the subject. Another disagreeable notion has also arisen that soap is an active agent in the propagation of disease. The New York physicians have arrived at the conclusion that a terrible amount of illness is occasioned by the impurities contained in soap, especially in scented soap.

Idiocy in the United States.

The number of idiots in the United States, according to the census of 1870, was 24,627, of whom 14,485 were males and 10,142 females; 3,188 were colored, and 1,645 foreign born. But the number of their progeny is so large that it cannot be ascertained with any satisfactory degree of accuracy. The census statistics are untrustworthy, both from the different standards adopted by enumerators, and from the difficulty in persuading parents, from whom the returns are usually obtained, that their children are idiots. Some of the worst cases in idiot asylums were brought there by their friends, not as idiots, but as being a little peculiar in their habits. The effort has been made in several States to obtain returns from physicians, clergymen and town officers, but with very moderate success. So far as these returns go, however, they show a much greater prevalence of idiocy than has been commonly supposed; and it is now generally conceded by competent judges that the number of idiots is greater than that of the deaf and dumb or the blind, and as great as that of the insane, the proportion being not less than one in 1,000 of the population. Assuming this ratio, the number of idiots in the United States would be more than 88,000.

Canon Girdlestone writes: "During my ten years' residence in Devonshire I induced many farmers, much to their own advantage as well as to the advantage of their men, to adopt, whenever it was possible, a system of piece work. By this, as well as by migration and other means, the condition of the Devonshire peasant has been much improved."

Hot Springs on Mount Shasta.

A very remarkable feature of Mount Shasta, California, is the collection of hot springs two hundred feet below the top. The extreme summit is a steep ridge not more than two hundred or three hundred feet through on a level with the springs, and composed of shattered lava, which looks as though any water falling in rain or formed by melting snow upon it would immediately run out through the cracks. There is in the material nothing which, when brought in contact with the air or moisture, would cause heat by chemical action. Yet at the bottom of the steep ridge, which at the foot is not more than two hundred yards through, there is a little flat of half an acre, full of hot springs, most of them very small, and the largest not more than three feet across. They have a temperature of one hundred degrees, and their water is strong with sulphur acid various minerals.

In some the water bubbles up violently, and there are openings in the earth from which hot steam rushes out with great force and considerable noise. One of these vents sends out a jet of steam six feet in diameter. The water and the carbonic acid remain their heat through winter as well as summer, notwithstanding the severe cold that may prevail there. On the first of October the thermometer was below the freezing point at both sunrise and sunset, and the temperature, notwithstanding the almost constant cold resulting from the snow, ice and high elevation, the great heat supplied from the heart of the mountain does not give way. The waters of these springs must be forced up by a power, which, although small in comparison, still suggests the mighty forces that piled up the cone to a height of eight thousand feet above the adjacent ridges, and from its now extinct crater poured out the lava that covered hundreds of square miles with desolation.

Fashion Notes.

For trimming evening and silk dresses, a fashion journal says, point d'arch and the Valenciennes are in great demand; indeed it is difficult to decide which has the preference.

Fancy aprons for home morning toilet are again popular. They are made in a variety of ways and of a variety of materials. Among the most desirable are counted those of Swiss muslin, made with padding, or of fine white muslin, and finished with side plaitings and fluted ruffles edged with lace, and black silk ones trimmed with velvet and French lace.

Solid colors are preferred to stripes in hosiery. Black merino and black silk stockings are fashionable, and white and unbleached ones continue to find goodly numbers of wearers.

Unnumbered kid gloves retain their old favor, coming either in pearl, gray, wood and buff colors. White ones are being introduced for more dressy occasions, and are occasionally worn for evening.

Black silk suits are more worn this season than any other fabric would be, because of the low prices of silk. Two dollars and twenty-five cents and \$2.50 per yard will now purchase a fine close-grained pure silk, which quality other seasons has sold for \$3 and \$4. Very desirable qualities now costing \$2 and \$2.50 are now offered at \$1.50 and \$1.75. Ready-made black silk costumes, trimmed with handsome tassel fringe with netted heading, or with plaitings, etc., are offered for \$80, \$90 and \$100. These dresses are often made with velvet sleeves and velvet trimmings when not worn over the velvet.

Black cashmere overdresses, with silk skirts, are considered very desirable and convenient dresses, and in consequence there has been a great improvement in the color and texture of cashmere.

These are made with the curieuse fringe and are very comfortable, and in the many models of the popular polka-dotted. Stout ladies find the latter best suited to their wants, while those with trim figures can wear either with equal fitness.

A Steam Horse.

An ingenious Californian has invented a new method of employing steam as the motive power in the propulsion of a horse, which he proposed to himself in making this invention was a simple one, inasmuch as he did not intend to do away with railway tracks nor to change the pattern of the street cars now in use. What he tried to do was to devise a locomotive which would not frighten horses, and he fancied that he has fully accomplished his purpose by building a locomotive in what he regards as the likeness of a horse.

The new steam horse resembles the ordinary style of animal so far as its head and shoulders are concerned. There, however, its resemblance abruptly ends. The iron animal is devoid of legs, for which are substituted wheels, just visible at the foot of an iron petticoat. Where the hind quarters of a well constructed horse ought to be, the inventive Californian has placed a cab, resembling in its appearance a sedan chair. The steam horse is harnessed with a cow-catcher, a headlight, and a bell, but has built with immovable cars, and no tail whatever, it is unable to express its emotions except by the inequine process of whistling.

A New Swindle.

A new swindle, extensively practiced through the country, is the sale of worthless, dry goods by trickery. A peddler calls upon a farmer and shows a large bundle of assorted cloth, and represents himself as the agent of a bankrupt firm in England. He says that, under a special provision of the revenue laws, remnants in packages of not less than \$150 each may be imported free of duty, and saving about seventy per cent. The purchase of a lot really pays double instead of half the value of the goods.

Hot Springs on Mount Shasta.

A representative of one of the business houses of Nashville, Tenn., had an unexpected and thrilling adventure at a residence within two hundred miles of Nashville, a few night ago. Overtaken by darkness, and being alone in a locality which had been the scene of several deeds of horror in days gone by, he was naturally very anxious to reach some shelter from the fury of the storm. After riding rapidly for an hour, he detected a light gleaming from a farmhouse a few rods distant. His approach being heralded by a watchful dog, a man came to the door, and after our commercial friend had explained the cause of his visit, the servant conducted him to the door of the parlor, and knocking at it, returned and took the horse to the stable. The rap at the door was answered by a young lady, to whom the Nashville young man related his mission, and was invited in.

The lady explained the reason of her being alone by saying that her parents had been summoned to the bedside of a sick neighbor, and she was left to take care of the house. The hours swiftly glided by, and the young man was allowed to a room by the servant who had cared for his weary steed.

Taking a seat beside the cheerful fire he sat until after "the witching time of night," thinking of home, but principally of his new female friend, and listening to the deep mutterings of the distant thunder, and the beating of the rain against the window. In the midst of his meditations he was startled by a scream, which seemingly proceeded from the parlor down stairs. Hastily grasping his revolver, he dashed down stairs and sprang into the parlor, just as a bullet whizzed past his head. By the reflection of the fire he observed the lady struggling with the man who had met him at the door upon his arrival at the house. With a well directed blow he hurled him across the room, and as the assailant sprang through the door, several leaden missiles followed him in quick succession.

Turning his attention to the young lady, he discovered that she had fainted. Water was applied to her lips, and he was soon very much gratified to see her open her eyes. In a few moments she had fully recovered, and after thanking him for his opportunity and related her story. She had fallen asleep, and a slumberer until she suddenly awoke and saw the servant endeavoring to open her father's desk, in which a large sum of money was kept. Being of a timid nature, she had picked a pistol under her pillow, which she retained and grasping this she rushed to the door, and when she saw him draw a glittering knife from his belt, she screamed. He sprang toward her, but she eluded him and ran around the room, until he was following. He finally caught her, and as the young man entered the door she fired at her assailant, but missed him.

It is perhaps needless to say that the young couple chatted away until the return of the parents in the morning. They had remained in the room at their neighbor's house all night on account of the storm, and when their daughter recounted her adventure, it was no wonder that the old folks were very grateful to her deliverer.

In compliance with the request of the trio, the young man remained much longer than he at first intended. But before he left he obtained the promise of the lady to devote the life he had saved to making him happy as long as he lives.

Family Bill of Fare.

The *Hanoverian* says the following bill of fare is that actually used in a family of nine persons, at a weekly outlay of \$25:

SUNDAY.
BREAKFAST.—Tea of coffee, beefsteak, fried mashed potatoes, fried hominy, French rolls and coffee.
DINNER.—Turkey, cranberry, stewed tomatoes, baked potatoes.
TEA.—Tea, preserves, cheese, cake, tea and coffee.
MONDAY.
BREAKFAST.—Tea of coffee, mince chops fried, potatoes, boiled calf head, French rolls and coffee.
LUNCHEON.—Cold turkey, baked apples, baked potatoes, tea and rolls.
DINNER.—Roast beef, mashed turnips, mashed potatoes, apple sauce, tea and cake.
TUESDAY.
BREAKFAST.—Pork steak, boiled hominy, fried potatoes, rolls and toast, coffee or tea.
LUNCHEON.—Cold turkey, baked apples, apple sauce, tea, French rolls.
DINNER.—Cold roast beef, clam fritters, potatoes, tomatoes, tea and coffee.
WEDNESDAY.
BREAKFAST.—Beefsteak, mashed potatoes, fried hominy, tea and coffee, buckwheat cakes, rolls.
LUNCHEON.—Soup made from roast meat bones, baked potatoes, cold turkey, rolls and tea.
DINNER.—Boiled mutton with parsley in butter, mashed turnips, mashed potatoes, roast apple, rice pudding.
THURSDAY.
BREAKFAST.—Mutton chop, potatoes cut up and stewed in milk, boiled calf head, rolls and toast, tea and coffee.
LUNCHEON.—Stewed mutton, baked potatoes, apple sauce, tea and cake.
DINNER.—Chicken, baked apples, mashed potatoes, fried parsnips, tea and cake.
FRIDAY.
BREAKFAST.—Cornish cakes, eggs boiled, potatoes, boiled hominy, buckwheat cakes, tea and coffee.
LUNCHEON.—Cold chicken, potatoes, baked apples, tea and rolls.
DINNER.—Bluefish, tomatoes, potatoes, baked apples, tea and cake.
SATURDAY.
BREAKFAST.—Beefsteak, potatoes fried, fried hominy, rolls and toast, tea and coffee.
LUNCHEON.—Stewed oysters, baked potatoes, rolls and tea, apple sauce.
DINNER.—Cornish beef, cabbage, mashed potatoes, tomatoes, tea and apple pie.

SAVED BY A DRUMMER.

Winning a Bride from the Grasp of a Midnight Robber.

A representative of one of the business houses of Nashville, Tenn., had an unexpected and thrilling adventure at a residence within two hundred miles of Nashville, a few night ago. Overtaken by darkness, and being alone in a locality which had been the scene of several deeds of horror in days gone by, he was naturally very anxious to reach some shelter from the fury of the storm. After riding rapidly for an hour, he detected a light gleaming from a farmhouse a few rods distant. His approach being heralded by a watchful dog, a man came to the door, and after our commercial friend had explained the cause of his visit, the servant conducted him to the door of the parlor, and knocking at it, returned and took the horse to the stable. The rap at the door was answered by a young lady, to whom the Nashville young man related his mission, and was invited in.

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Items of Interest.

He has a good memory who at this season remembers the poor.

Scotch saying—a door plant w' a man's name on't a warty good thing, but a dinner plant w' a man's dinner on't a better.

Many folks are so anxious for sorrow that they are not only willing to hold their own nose to the grindstone of life, but are willing to turn the mean thing besides.

The laws are generally equal to all circumstances. In order to get jurymen whose minds have not been made up, men are selected with very little mind to make up.

A Nevada Chinaman cut down six telegraph poles for firewood and used the wire to make fox traps. He was last seen going up a hill. There was a man after him.

We hear of a merchant who rejoices that this is centennial year, for he says that he has a number of customers who settle their accounts only once in a hundred years.

Isn't it a little odd that while all decent men are horrified when they hear of a wife being whipped, they should do nothing but laugh at a husband who is whipped by his wife?

Of the one hundred and seventy-eight Congressional clerks who died last year, four were over eighty years old, and only six under forty. The average age was over sixty-four years.

Some time in October last the Mississippi river began eating into the Illinois shore, two or three miles above Cairo, and the process has continued until the city is threatened with serious danger. A paper talks about a youngster, aged six, who went to a neighbor's house and remarked: "Will you please let me see your parlor carpet, for auntie says it makes her most sick every time she comes here!"

"I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth," says William Hazlitt; "I hate to see a load of band-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them."

The *Courier-Journal* properly ranks Mr. Fruits and Mrs. Fruits, of Indiana, among the first fruits of the earth, the one being 113 and the other 111 years old. The old gentleman neither smokes nor chews, of course.

Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work.

Says the *Detroit Free Press*: "On the third of January Michigan farmers were plowing their fields. On the tenth of January they were using crowbars to dig the plows out of the furrows. Is it any wonder that we all love America?"

M. Dumas, in advising that a young girl should be taught what dangers surround her, says: "She would know, it is true, what a young girl ought not to do, but, on the other hand, she should know what a young girl ought not to do."

A Portland (Me.) Irish boy has just come into a fortune of \$90,000, being the value of some property in Dublin which he had inherited from his father, who, before his departure for Ireland, the heir was arrested for an assault on his sister with a hatchet.

At a late prayer meeting one of the brethren directed attention to a stranger who was sitting by himself near the door, and asked why he wasn't invited to pray. "Because," reprovingly observed a lesson, "this wasn't no place for practical jokes. That man's the president of a gas company."

A remarkable incident is reported from England. The Rev. Isaac Hanks, for many years minister of an independent chapel in Malmesbury, fell down dead in his pulpit just as he had given out his text, which was: "But man die and wath away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

A number of years ago a young Iowa farmer dislocated his limb, which was not properly reduced, and left his leg two inches short, which was lengthened out with cork sole and heel. A few days ago a wagon ran against him, the wheel striking him on the defective hip, and knocking him over. When he arose his leg was two inches too long, and he was obliged to remove his cork extension. He walked home immediately.

In a Boarding House

Somebody who knows gives this picture of a boarding house: "When a new boarder comes to my house, he or she is a gentleman or lady, that person is regarded with great suspicion, and for a few days, at any rate, all the old boarders keep close together, get uncommonly intimate, and conspire, by rude staring and stage whispering, to make the new comer as uncomfortable as possible. They loudly introduce her new guests to all the others on the first opportunity, taking occasion to accompany each introduction with a brief biography of the person introduced. This she often supplements afterwards with mysterious hints as to the family connections and business prospects of her guests, which leaves the stranger in a more uncomfortable condition than ever, until by companionship and that close intimacy which is the most objectionable feature of boarding house life, he gets to know everybody's business, and everybody gets to know his, and mutual rivalry or mutual antagonism is engendered, when everything goes on as usual."

Rats in the Somersetshire Floods.

During the recent heavy floods that laid under water an area of land in Somersetshire, England, twenty miles across, the rats were driven from their haunts in vast numbers. Some of them found refuge on the trees and others took possession of deserted houses. One instance is recorded where a laborer had occasion to visit his cottage to rescue some property left behind. He moored his boat to the chamber window, and was about to enter, when he found the room filled with a swarm of rats, which were so ravenous with hunger that they were like a pack of wolves. Their savage demonstrations compelled the man to beat a hasty retreat to save himself from being eaten alive.

JANUARY, 1776.

It is remarkable that the first month of this centennial year closely resembled that of 1776. The journals of that year speak of the unusual mildness of the season. It was even said that the lack of the usual ice in Boston harbor prevented Washington from crossing his forces and attempting a surprise on the city, and the Americans were enabled to continually send forth vessels from all parts of the harbor to the West Indies for manna of war. The mild season enabled Gen. Schuyler, in these first days of January, to dispatch his well-planned little expedition up the Mohawk valley to surprise the Highlanders, under Johnson. This officer, one of the ablest in our history, was then exceedingly popular, but a combination of unlucky circumstances and of sectional prejudices deprived him subsequently of the glory, which was entirely his, of the first great victory of the war.

The first of January, 1776, had been signaled by the barbarous burning of an old historic town, Norfolk, in Virginia, by Lord Dunmore. This had only intensified the bitterness of the feelings of the citizens against the British government. All parts of the country were in much the same state of feeling toward the royal administration which the border States were in here toward the central government in 1861. Many of the conservative and the loyal dreaded to break the old ties with the parent country. The interests of law and order seemed to many on the side of the crown. The sentiments, from long tradition and from family and historical connection with the old country, bound them to the royal party. Families like the Delanceys and the Phillipses, in New York State, the latter of whom owned land almost from Yorkers to the Highlands, feared to risk their large property interests in a rebellion which seemed to have no chance of success. In New York city many of the wealthy families stood by the crown; Queens county remained loyal; the old Dutch families around the city were often averse to joining the revolutionary movement of the New England. Even in New England itself, one town, Portsmouth, N. H., refused to join the popular movement, and set up a government of its own. It looked at one time as if the future of the republic, which should declare itself independent of Great Britain, would consist of New England, and Franklin even had the courage to write that, if New England formed a separate confederation against the crown, he would throw in his fortunes with her. New York, during this first winter of the war, remained in a condition of semi-neutrality, the British ships lying in the harbor without molesting the city, and the Americans sending out, unimpeded, their small craft to obtain supplies from the West Indies.

The more revolutionary spirits of New England were indignant at this apathy and Lee, with one of his battle-brained expeditions from Connecticut to New York city, came very near exposing the town to the horrors of battle. The historic names of the State being already on the side of the most determined revolutionists—the Jays, Livingstons, Van Rensselaers, Schuylers, Hamiltons, and others; and as a general thing those with the largest interest in the country were found ready to risk the most.

It was in these January days that the letters of the time relate the incident of a force played by the British officers in Boston, called "Forcing the Blockade," wherein Washington was pictured in a ludicrous garb, but which was suddenly interrupted by the hurried announcement by the sergeant of the great war, were fortifying the hills around the city." This was supposed by the addressee to be a well-acted part of the farce, and it was only the confusion and departure of the actors which showed that the play had become a reality. Washington, during that January, managed to disappear so the soldiers of his army so well that his 9,000 was amplified, in popular belief, to 20,000, and this impression, though he was utterly destitute of ammunition, with his mastery of occupation of Dorchester heights, compelled, a little later, the evacuation of the city. It was in January, if we are not mistaken, that the new flag of thirteen stripes of red and white, but without the stars, was first unfurled in the Continental army, near Boston. The winter was full, to the colonies, of anxiety, excitement, and danger. It was evidently the opening of a great war, and great change in the world's history. Few could predict whether disaster or success would be the result.

Santa Claus Appears.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* tells this touching little Christmas story: Two little twin girls living on Center street, with hunger and suffering with the cold and damp of a dreary, dismal day, begged their mother for bread. The poor mother looked sorrowfully upon her little darlings and told them there was not a morsel in the house, not even so much as a crust of bread. But she told them that if they would only come she would sell "the bag of rags," and that would buy them something to eat. Encouraged by this conditional promise, the little girls ceased crying and said they would watch for the rag man accordingly they went out doors and sat for an hour upon the steps, watching for the little wagon which children know so well. The little girls were just large enough to go to Sunday school, and had learned a few verses of some songs, which they sang together, as they sat in the cold, until finally the wagon and the man who cried out: "Rags—ole rag," came in sight, when they ran to their mother and repeated the fact with as much joy in their countenances as though a fortune had dropped down into their midst. The mother sold the rags and the little family had a comfortable dinner that day.

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