PORT ROYAL

STANDARD AND COMMERCIAL.

VOL. IV. NO. 24. BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1876. $2.00 per Annum. Single Copy 5 Cents.

Rest in the Grave.

Rest in the grave!—but rest is for the weary,
And her slight limbs were hardly girt for toil;
Rest is for lives worn out, deserted, dreary,
Which have no brightness left for death to spoil.

We yearn for rest, when power and passion wasted
Have left to memory nothing but regret;
She sleeps, while life's best pleasures, all untasted,
Had scarce approached her rosy lips as yet.

Her child-like eyes still lacked their crowning sweetness;
Her form was ripening to more perfect grace.
She died, with the pathetic incompleteness
Of beauty's promise on her pallid face.

What undeveloped gifts, what powers untested,
Perchance with her have passed away from earth;
What germs of thought in that young brain arrested
May never grow and quicken and have birth!

She knew not love, who might have loved so truly,
Though love dreams stirred her fancy, faint and fleet;
Her soul's ethereal wings were budding newly,
Her woman's heart had scarce begun to beat.

We drink the sweets of life, we drink the bitter,
And death to us would almost seem a boon;
But why, to her, for whom glad life were fitter,
Should darkness come ere day had reached its noon?

No answer, save the echo of our weeping,
Which from the woodland and the moor is heard,
Where, in the springtime, ruthless storm winds sweeping
Have slain the unborn flower and new-fledged bird.

Miss Marchmont's Romance.

Several years ago Helen Marchmont and I were schoolmates. We were reared amid the brown hills of New Hampshire, far up toward the spires of the White mountains.

At sixteen, Helen was the belle of the village, the liveliest at all our merry-makings, and the admired of both old and young. Indeed, in my whole life, I have seldom seen one more beautiful than Helen Marchmont, at the time of which I speak. Traces of her loveliness yet remain, but so marred by years and sorrow, that few who knew her then would recognize her in the pale, sad woman of to-day.

Before Helen was seventeen she had many offers of marriage from young men highly esteemed by her friends, but she encouraged them not; her whole affections were given to Arthur Richardson, the only son of a poor widow who resided in our vicinity.

He loved Helen with his whole soul, but he could not brook the idea of taking her from a home of comfort, if not of luxury, to the stern life of toil and poverty which lay spread out before him. Many and fierce were the struggles between love and reason; but his pride conquered every other feeling, and it all ended in his espousing the resolution of going to sea. A brother of his dead father was largely engaged in the India trade, and this uncle gave him the supercargo's situation on board a merchant vessel which traded between New York and Singapore. It was very hard to leave his widowed mother to her loneliness; very hard to part with Helen; but Richardson had before him the prospect of carving his way to fortune, and the thought of what should come afterward buoyed him up through the solemn parting. His heart was full, but he left his native village without a sigh or a tear.

Helen was very grave and quiet for some months after his departure, but soon her natural sunshiny disposition emerged from the cloud, and again she was the life and pride of the village. Arthur had been absent two years; and one fine September morning, as Helen and I were picking over the ripe whortleberries we had gathered on the mountain the previous day, the yard gate opened hurriedly, and in another moment Helen was in the arms of her lover! He had returned for a brief visit of ten days; then he was to go away once more, to be absent eighteen months only, and then—the happy blush on Helen's cheek spoke eloquently of what would take place.

While he had been away Arthur had prospered. A little more of successful labor, and he would give Helen a home of luxury and gratify her every wish. The morning of his departure arrived. When he came to bid her farewell, he put into her hand a package, saying:

"Dear Helen, I want you to wear this to please me. It is my choice, for it is just the color of your own bright hair. And some serene Sabbath day I shall come home to find my darling in the dress brought her from beyond the sea." And folding her to his bosom with many a passionate kiss, Arthur Richardson went away once more. When Helen opened the package she found amid the folds of tissue paper a piece of soft, glistening brown India satin. She laid it away carefully; and although I often questioned her as to when it was to make its appearance in our little church, she always smiled quietly and evaded the subject. But I knew very well that she intended it should be her bridal robe, and she would not have it made until near the time of Arthur's expected return.

The probationary eighteen months rolled away—daily was the good ship Sarah Jane expected to arrive in port.

The Sarah Jane was expected on Tuesday, and by Saturday night we might look for Arthur in Milville. Railways were things unknown, or comparatively so, in our region, and the journey from Boston must be performed in an old fashioned stage coach. Saturday came—a clear, cloudless day in April, and by special invitation I went over to pass the time with Helen, until Arthur's arrival. She was flushed and smiling, a little anxious, but very happy, and so beautiful! I could scarcely keep my admiring eyes off her face all through the cool bright afternoon, and when, at eventide, she arrayed herself in the brown satin, and with a crimson shawl around her stood by my side on the eastern piazza awaiting the coming of the stage, I could not refrain from clasping my arms around her, and exclaiming: "Dear Helen, how beautiful you are!" She smiled her own sweet, gentle smile, as she replied:

"I am glad of it, Mary; glad for his sake."

The sun set—the shadows deepened and thickened. I remember that the wind, which had been all day a western zephyr, changed to the east, and blew up cold, white columns of mist from the river; and the blue translucent heavens were clothed in the vestments of purple gray.

We both went down and leaned on the gate that opened upon the highway. Not a doubt crossed her mind; she looked for his coming with the tender faith with which a child waits its mother's good-night kiss. The lumbering old coach came slowly up the hill.

"But he was lost"—

"So we all supposed. But it turned out quite differently. He returned about twelve months ago. The ship in which he expected to sail to New York was captured by a piratical craft, and Arthur Richardson was thrown into a Spanish dungeon, from which he did not make his escape for ten years; and then he was taken to Australia by the captain of an immigrant ship. There he labored incessantly to retrieve his shattered fortune, writing often to Helen letters full of love and trust, which, of course, owing to her change of residence, she never received. After three years he found himself a rich man, and without delay he set out for the States. He visited Milville, to find only his mother's grave, and to hear the tidings that Helen had wedded a gentleman in the city, whither she had gone at the death of her parents. Heartsick and reckless of himself, the wanderer took refuge in the far West, and engaged in trade. Coming about a year ago to the city to purchase a supply of goods, he met her in the street. A recognition ensued—explanations and revelations; and a happy wedding was the result."

But the coachman's cheery "Good even, girls," fell on ears that heard not, for as the vacant stage rattled by a cold trembling seized upon Helen, and it required all my strength to support her into the house.

From that hour hope was dead in her heart. She gave up all! But contrary to the expectations of every one, just a year from the day she had expected to be wedded, she rallied, and in time she was once more able to move about the house.

Two years afterward, Helen, by the death of her parents, was left alone. Mrs. Richardson had died some months previously. There was no tie to bind Helen to Milville, so she disposed of the old homestead. Arthur Richardson never came back; the vessel in which he sailed was never heard from after she left Singapore, and in all probability his grave was made in the ocean depths.

Though many wealthy and gifted men bowed before Helen Marchmont, she remained faithful to her first love. And every Sabbath, in memory of this lost love, she wore his parting gift—the brown satin dress.

Two years ago, while I was a visitor at Mrs. Greene's house, I remembered the story of Miss Marchmont, and hastened to inquire of my hostess concerning the beautiful heroine. A smile lightened up the lady's face as I mentioned the name.

"Miss Marchmont no longer exists," she said.

"Dead!" I exclaimed, shocked by her reply.

"Not dead, but married! and more than that—she is the wife of her first and only love!"

The Egg Trick.

Procure a large egg—Brahma eggs are the best—and on the large end draw a cross with a lead pencil, and on the opposite end draw a smaller cross in ink. Place the egg—after showing the children the marks, and permitting them to examine it carefully, so they will know it the next time they see it—upon the head of the oldest boy present, or if there is a grandfather present with a bald head, balance the egg on his head. Then let one of the company take a large book and see if he can strike the egg hard enough to break it. To the supprise of everybody the egg will be suppressed at the first blow. Then you can show the person on whose head it was balanced the two crosses marked upon the shell to prove it was the same egg he saw in its entirety, but he probably will be too cross to have much interest in the matter. This is not a very difficult trick, and can be quite easily learned, but care should be exercised in the selection of the egg.

A Great Moral Lesson.

A long chap, with a piping voice, entered a saloon and gaining the attention of the half dozen loafers therein congregated, he said:

"Gentlemen, how many of you will drink at my expense?"

"I will," was repeated by the seven in chorus.

"This proves to you, gentlemen," continued the vagrant, putting down a nickel for his own beer, "how little can be depended on first impressions. You love me now, filled with anticipations of a square drink. Your anticipations will be blasted, and then you will hate me. Let this be a great moral lesson to you."

They put him out in a hurry, but the great moral lesson was there just the same.

A Radical Change.—The Norwich *Bulletin* says: There have been some radical changes in the last century. A hundred years ago they kissed a lady's hand; now you kiss her lips—that is, of course, if you happen to be behind a woodpile and nobody is looking, and you don't want to disappoint her. It may take a hundred years to get from her hand to her mouth, but we never felt that the time was misspent.

SPRING CATTLE DRIVING.

Extent of the Western Trade—This Season's "Drive"—Almost a Half Million Texas Beeves Coming to Market.

The live stock trade of the Southwest has become a matter of millions. The herd is king. Drovers and "cow-boys" go about with a masterly swagger, and are the most popular as well as the best envied class to be found. While the average herd runs from two to three thousand head, there are those that number from twenty-five thousand to seventy-five thousand, and the owners of such, like Abram of old, may be set down as decidedly "rich in cattle." It is now getting to be the time of year for the annual "drives" from Texas into Kansas and Colorado, preparatory to marketing beeves for the Eastern trade. From April until November the "trail" fairly swarms. The cattle have been "rounded up" as soon as the young grass begins to start, and assorted according to their brand. This is necessary because while feeding through the winter they roam at large, and the herds stray apart and get mixed. After the "round up" each drover takes his own to a separate "range" or pasture. Then the process of "cutting out" takes place. This is the selection of such as are designed for the market. The next step is to get the "long-horns" upon the road for "trail." When once upon the way they follow on without much trouble. The greatest danger is from "stampeding" during storms, or through the efforts of highwaymen, who often take this method to steal cattle. A herd of two or three thousand upon the trail often presents a fine sight, tramping in Indian file, and stringing out for a distance of a mile or more over the prairie.

When the cattle are fairly upon the trail they are allowed to feed along leisurely upon the spring grasses. The distance to be made in these "drives" is generally from 250 to 350 miles, and it takes from thirty to forty days. When they reach the vicinity of a shipping point they are often herded out several weeks until good prices prevail; then they are hurried forward to Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, and other points. Middlemen are always on hand, and herds frequently change hands *en route*, and more commonly at the shipping point. Then there are numberless commission agents who undertake to negotiate sales. The most of these are located at Kansas City, which figures largely in this trade. Her stock yards are a busy scene from June to December. In 1871 there were received 120,827 head of cattle; in 1872, 236,802; in 1873, 227,169; in 1874, 207,069, and in 1875, 169,391. While the number last year was less than previous years, the cattle were better and brought a higher price. The total receipts of the past five years have been over one million head, a large share of which were reshipped or driven to Chicago, St. Louis, and points in the Mississippi valley, for beef.

The annual drives from Texas run from 350,000 to 500,000 head. All of these do not go into market, but work their way across the plains into Colorado and Wyoming. The stockmen in these Territories give a good deal of care to breeding and improving the quality of cattle. The old buffalo ranges have gradually been encroached upon, and stock thrives and fattens so well that the herds now graze over a large portion of the plains, and the principal shipping points are in the very midst of what was not long ago designated as the Great American Desert. The numerous springs and creeks are found to give sufficient water, and the buffalo grass throughout the entire year is sufficiently nutritious to keep the herds looking fat and sleek.

It is now ten years since Texas cattle, or "the long-horns," began to appear in large numbers on the Northern markets. Since 1867 over 3,000,000 head have been driven into Kansas, and shipped to Chicago and St. Louis. Large numbers also have been herded in western Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska and Wyoming. In looking over our future beef supply, good judges place the number of cattle now in Texas at 3,500,000, with half as many more upon the Western plains, distributed as follows: Western Kansas, 450,000; Colorado, 600,000; Nebraska, 375,000; Wyoming, 200,000; New Mexico, 150,000.

Revelations by the Microscope.

There is a story that an eminent microscopist had a bit of substance submitted to him to decide what it was. To an unaided eye it might be a morsel of skin which a baggage smasher had knocked off the corner of a smoothly worn hair trunk. The savant appealed to his microscope. Entirely ignorant of this tiny bit of matter, except as he had taken counsel with his instrument, the wise man declared that it was the skin of a human being, and that, judging by the fine hair on it, it was from the so called naked portion of the body, and, further, that it once belonged to a fair complexioned person. The strange facts now made known to the man of science were these: That a thousand years before, a Danish marauder had robbed an English church. In the pious wrath of the old fashioned piety the robber was flayed (let us hope that he was killed first), and the skin was nailed to the church door. Except as tradition or archæological lore had it, the affair had been forgotten for hundreds of years. Time, the great erodent, had long ago utterly removed the offensive thing. Still, however, the church door held to its marks of the great shame, for the broad-headed nails remained. Somebody extracted one, and underneath its flint head was this atomic remnant of that ancient Scandinavian malefactor's pelf, that fair skinned robber from the north.

John Cottrell, of Clark county, Ill., drove his two stepsons, aged seven and ten years, out into a cold snow storm. They started, scantily clad, for an uncle's residence fifteen miles distant. The younger was exhausted when half the journey had been made, and fell down in the road. The other tried to carry him, but could not; and then laid him under the shelter of a fence, and trudged on until he came to a house where he was taken in. The seven-year-old was dead when found.

Going Home.

The damp air came chilly up from the river late in the afternoon, says the Reading (Pa.) *Eagle*. Around the bend at the Wyomissing, near the cave at the mill on the opposite side of the Schuylkill, an aged colored man was sitting on stone, eating an "evening" meal that had no doubt been begged from a neighboring farmhouse. The stranger was a type of the real, genuine Southern slave. His hair was gray, his form rather bent, his little eyes encamped in a cluster of wrinkles; his nose broad, and an expression of honesty, kindness of heart, geniality that could not be hid, but that burst resplendent through a cloud of sorrow that seemed to mantle him from his old black hat to the well worn boots on his feet.

"My name is Henry, sah, Uncle Henry dey used to call me when I was livin' whar I was raised," was the reply he made to the reporter's question.

"Dat was down in Georgia, sah, a long time ago. I'm been gittin' around de Norf since de war, but I'se gwine to try to go along home agin, if I can, before dese old bones wear out an' dere's nuffin left o' me."

"Want to go back South again, do you?"

"Yes, sah. It kind o' creeps in my bones to go home again. I call it home, but it's a long ways off. Was born thirty miles below Savannah, and belonged to Colonel Higgins, Colonel Archibald Higgins, of the Pine Hill plantation. Ever been dar?"

Uncle Henry was told "no."

"I'm been to many places in God's garden, sah, but nowy, in my old years, I dun no sich a place like de old home down dar. When General Sherman done gone away from Atlanta, massa was killed an' de darkeys was freed. I cum Norf wid my son, but he's dead, sah, and dars no mo' room for me heah. I've got chilern livin' down dar some'ers, least dey was livin' when we cum Norf."

"Can you sing 'Way down upon the Suwanee river,' Uncle Henry?" The old man's eyes fairly sparkled and glistened in tears as he replied:

"Dat good old toon, how could I ever forgit it? No, indeed, not me forgit! Dat was writ years ago, sah, but when I sing it now, away from old home, I 'magine it was writ fo' me right now. Oh, I tell you, massa, dares plenty darkies in de world singing dat old toon what's jes' like dis here old uncle, got no home, and wishin' dey was back again wid massa and missis. Swanee ribber, far, far way"— And the aged traveler wiped away tears with his coat sleeve as his memory ran back in the years that are past to the happy days he spent among the sugar cane and cotton in the sunny land of Georgia. It was a sad picture and one not met with often. He spoke of many other good old songs the darkies used to sing, and would have continued his story further had not the shades of evening suggested a departure. Uncle Henry was "helped" along, but whither he drifted, or whether he will ever reach "dat good old home" he spoke of, is hard to tell.

"Good-bye, sah, de Lord bless you's all," were the last words he said as our carriage left him far back in the twilight.

Hints About the Fashions.

A pocket slung over the shoulder is the latest novelty in little girls' fashions. Hats are either worn low on the forehead or else very far back on the head.

Black satin ties are taking the place of white batiste ones for gentlemen in full dress.

Gentlemen's white vests are cut quite low this season, while the woolen ones are high.

An odd pair of stockings has a wreath of gay embroidered flowers winding around the leg.

Some elegant silk stockings have a large bouquet of gay flowers embroidered on the instep.

Bed spreads, with pillow shams to match, are made of white guipure lace and colored satin.

Pocket handkerchiefs, neckties, and breakfast caps are all seen in cream-colored muslin.

Cream colored batiste neckties, hemstitched in the pointed ends, are worn with dark toilets.

A novelty in camisoles for boys is made of white linen, with colored linen collars and cuffs.

Black velvet pockets suspended from the waist are to be worn this summer with light dresses.

The fashionable colors for gentlemen's underwear for the summer are light gray and light brown.

The suits of larger girls have overskirts, which are merely large aprons shirred to form a fan behind.

Turbans and straw sailor hats will both be worn by school girls from ten to twelve years of age.

A handsome fan is made of white ivory and white satin, the satin being covered with black silk lace.

Basket suitings, cream, blue and French gray are very fashionable for little girls' and misses' dresses.

Silver necklaces in the form of flowers and leaves, with the same kind of a pendant, are quite new.

Pretty fringes are made in color, the upper twist of the tassel of chenille; the tassel itself is of satin.

Coral jewelry is increasing in favor of late, as it looks very pretty with the cream lace, so much worn.

Waists with three plaits back and front, will still be worn this summer for cambric or calico dresses.

The new chatelaine has three chains, one with a tablet attached, one with a pencil, and one for the fan.

Lace scarfs for the neck are generally about two yards and a half long, and three-eighths of a yard wide.

Among the favorite suits for spring and summer for gentlemen and boys are some of dark blue flannel.

The new striped stockings have the stripes only half way round, and only from the instep half way up the leg.

A new fringe has a deep net heading tied so as to form small shells; to each shell are attached three silk tassels.

The newest dog collars and porte-bonheurs are made of several strings of very small beads, either gold or silver.

Chemisettes to be worn with thin summer dresses have no sleeves, only a band across the shoulders, with lace on either side.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Fourteenth of April, 1776—Washington's Arrival in New York City.

One hundred years ago Gen. Washington arrived in New York, coming by way of Providence, Norwich and New London, and transferring his headquarters from Boston to New York city. Gen. Charles Lee had been in New York since the fourth of February, and had done much toward fortifying the city, erecting batteries up the Hudson and East rivers as far as Houston street, and throwing up entrenchments at Gowanus and on Governor's island. Sir Henry Clinton had looked in on the city and sailed away again with his squadron, and it was not until July 9 that Gen. Howe landed his troops on Staten Island. The aggregate American force in the city and vicinity was 10,000 men, of whom only 8,000 were fit for duty. These troops were without pay, and many had neither uniforms nor arms.

When Washington first came to the city he made his headquarters at the De Peyster mansion, 180 Pearl street, opposite Cedar—a part of which was standing until quite recently. There he remained until May 23, when he went to Philadelphia on a summons to confer with Congress. Returning, he went to the Kennedy House at No. 1 Broadway, where he remained until the city was evacuated in September. There were no holidays then at headquarters. Gen. Washington writes of himself:

"I give in to no kind of amusements myself, and consequently those about me can have none, but are confined from morning until evening, hearing and answering applications and letters."

Though Mrs. Washington and the wives of the other generals were here, there was little social intercourse. The wealthy people of the city were nearly all loyalists, and would rather have welcomed Howe than Washington. "We all live here," writes a lady of New York, "like nuns shut up in a nunnery. No society in the town, for there are none to visit; neither can we go in or out after a certain hour without the countersign." Another correspondent writes: "When you are informed that New York is deserted by its old inhabitants and filled with soldiers from New England, Philadelphia, Jersey, etc., you will naturally conclude the environs of it are not very safe from so undisciplined a multitude as our provincials are represented to be; but I do believe there are very few instances of so great a number of men together, with so little mischief done by them. They have all the simplicity of plowmen in their manners, and seem quite strangers to the vices of older soldiers."

As Gen. Greene one day passed through the Commons (now the City Hall park) he saw a youthful soldier training a provincial company of artillery. The boyish captain was only twenty years old, but he was full of fire and vigor, and showed no little knowledge of military science. Greene stopped, admired, and invited him to his quarters, subsequently giving him an introduction to the commander-in-chief. The boy soldier was Alexander H. Hamilton. Every New Yorker knows his subsequent story.

New York at this time was a tory city. Its leading men generally thought it was safer to adhere to the king. Its business interests were averse to change. The committee of safety had opposed the entrance of the Continental troops, and had advised that they be kept within the limits of Connecticut. Lee had assured them that he would respect their wishes, but at the same time added:

"If the British ships of war are quiet, I shall be quiet; but I declare solemnly that if they make a pretext of my presence to fire on the town, the first house set in flames by their guns shall be the funeral pile of some of their best friends."

In a letter to Washington the fiery Virginia soldier said that he found the provincial Congress of New York "wofully hysterical." The committee of one hundred, organized the year before, embraced not only all the leading patriots of the city, but some who afterward became decided tories. Isaac Low was chairman of the committee, and its leading members were John Jay, John Alsop, Philip Livingston, James Duane, Isaac Roosevelt, Samuel Verplanck, John Morton, Leonard Lispenard, Nicholas Hoffman, John Broome, Nicholas Bogart, Alexander McDougal, John Lasher, James Beekman, John Morin Scott, Comfort Sands, John Lamb, Peter Goelet and James Desbrosses.

The Centennial Chorus.

Over twelve hundred applications have been made by singers who are willing or desirous to take part in the chorus on the opening day of the Centennial, and on the fourth of July. Between eight hundred and nine hundred will be selected. The rehearsals are not open to the public. For the opening exercises there will be the cantata composed for the occasion by Mr. Buck, to which words have been furnished by Mr. Sidney Lanier, the Southern poet, the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah" and Wagner's grand "Centennial March." A far more elaborate programme will be presented on the fourth of July. The best talent has been selected from the various musical societies. An organ is to be placed in the north transept of the main building as an accompaniment for the grand chorus; and it is also stated that a second organ will be placed at the western end of the building, and a third at the eastern end.

Arranging It.

The wife of George I. Amsdell, a weathy Albany brewer, obtained a divorce from him in 1870. She was granted $50,000 alimony, of which $20,000 was paid in cash, and the rest in a mortgage. In 1874 they were remarried, and the wife gave back the mortgage. In 1875 they were ready to part again. The wife began a suit to recover the mortgage. Mr. John T. Hoffman was made a referee in the case, and he has decided that the second marriage was null and void, as Mr. Amsdell had no right to marry again while his divorced wife lived. Therefore a new mortgage must be given to her, and the arrearage of interest paid.

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

Its First Meeting in Philadelphia—The Selection of George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

In September, 1774, the delegates from eleven provinces assembled in Carpenters' hall, the State house being occupied by the Assembly. The venerable Peyton Randolph was chosen president, and the man of truth, Charles Thompson, secretary. There was much hesitation as to whether the Congress should be opened with prayer or what form of prayer would suit Quakers, Churchmen, and Presbyterians. Mr. Duche was finally chosen to open the session, and, in full canonicals, read the usual petitions and the thirty-fifth Psalm. The news of the cannonade of Boston had just reached the Assembly. "It seemed," writes John Adams, in a letter to his wife dated September 18, 1774, "as if Heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning." When its sublime invocation of God's help in extremity had been read, Mr. Duche broke into an extemporaneous prayer, which brought tears into the eyes of every man present, and made them one by an electric sympathy. Charles Thompson afterward related that a profound silence ensued after the prayer, so deep was the sense of responsibility upon each man present.

The members of the Congress were entertained by the gentlemen of the city at a grand banquet in the State house, at innumerable stately feasts at private houses, and finally by the Assembly in a public dinner, where the first toast was the king, and the next Mr. Hancock. John Hancock comes early to the front as a most noticeable figure against the background of this blurred and confused time, not only from the steadiness of his loyalty when so many paused irresolute, but from a certain dramatic instinct in the man which lifted him to the height of every occasion as on a pedestal.

Young Colonel Washington, from Virginia, also a delegate to the First Congress, was totally lacking in any apprehension of stage effect. It was wholly owing to the simplicity and sad sobriety of his manner that he made (in an artist's view) so magnificent a figure-head for the new republic. His steady, slow habit of motion, his taciturnity and grave, unsmiling reserve, belonged, his contemporaries tell us, to his previous life in the backwoods as surveyor and soldier. The pretty young girls of Philadelphia complained that the Virginian colonel listened to their lively sallies without a smile; but the simple, sorrowful gravity appears to us to befit the leader of a revolution which was as yet a bloody experiment better than courtly grimaces and a fluent smile.

A writer gives an incident of the day (June 15, 1875) upon which Colonel Washington was elected by Congress to the command of the army. Dr. Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, John Langdon, and Thomas Jefferson gave a dinner to him that evening in an inn of fashionable resort somewhere upon the Gray's Ferry road. After dinner was over Jefferson rose, and, with a few significant words, proposed the health of "George Washington, Commander-in-chief of the American armies." Washington had bowed and opened his lips to make the customary courteous reply, but as his new title was given to him for the first time, he lost color, a solemn awe crept into his face. "At that moment he suddenly realized, as we did," says Dr. Rush, "the awful responsibility of our undertaking, and all the insuperable difficulties which lay before us. The shock was great. The guests had all risen and held their glasses to their lips ready to drink. Each one slowly replaced his glass without touching a drop, and thoughtfully sat down. For some moments the solemn silence was unbroken." It was, of a surety, a time for prayer rather than the drinking of toasts.—*Harper's Magazine.*

How the Oyster Grows.

Mr. Frank Buckland thus explains the manner in which the oyster builds his shell:

The body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all. Yet what a marvelous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame. When an oyster is first born he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him.

For some unknown reason, he always fixes himself on his round shell, never by his flat shell, and being once fixed he begins to grow; but he only grows in summer. Inspect an oyster shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so do the markings on an oyster tell us how many years he has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea.

Suppose the oyster under inspection was born June 15, 1870, he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In summer, 1871, he would more than double his size. In 1873 and 1874 he would again go on building, till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in 1875; so that he is plainly five and a half years old. The way in which an oyster grows his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—*i. e.*, his lungs—but also his feeding organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with its four lips.

When the warm, calm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell, and, by means of his beard, begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very, very fine particles of carbonate of lime, till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper, and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more, till at last the new shell is as hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing their shells they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound on the finger from an oyster shell is often very dangerous.

Just about this season of the year a good many women imagine that they know how to whitewash a ceiling as well as any man who ever wore boots.

Grandma and Jo.

Our grandmother, dear, has snow white hair,
And she loves to sit in her easy chair;

And Jo loves to climb on grandma's lap,
To play with the strings of her snow white cap.

And grandmother's voice is broken and slow,
And sweet are the words she says to Jo.

If grandmother ever had any care
She has laid it down out of sight somewhere;

And now all she does is to say her prayer
And sit where the sunshine gilds her hair,

And play and whisper to little Jo
As the shadows of evening come and go.

Being so near to the heavenly shore
Grandmother never weeps any more.

At twilight she fancies lost loved ones call
Sweet voiced from chamber, parlor or hall.

Perhaps the last strain of some heavenly choir
Falls on grandmother's ear as she sits by the fire.

But she only kisses dear little Jo,
And whispers: "Soon, little sweet, we shall know;

"But Charlie, Willie, Grandpa and Jack,
I am almost sure, child, are coming back."

Items of Interest.

"Let no single man escape" is the leap year motto of the ladies.

Sunday boots squeak worse than every day ones. So do Sunday Christians.

Over $18,000,000 are invested in various enterprises of the grangers in the United States.

Paris proposes to name one of her streets "Feb. 20," in honor of the late Republican victory at the polls.

A tract of 7,000 acres of land on Maple river, Dakota, has been purchased by Eastern capitalists for a great wheat farm.

They tried to get rid of the pastor of an Illinois church by reducing his salary to $200 per year, but he took the motion kindly and replied: "Why, I lived through last year on $75 in cash and a bag of meal!"

The mayor of Fordwich, England, is dead, after an uninterrupted tenure of office for twenty-eight years. It is the rule in the borough, if any person refused to accept the office of mayor, to pull down his house.

The price of cattle in Texas is about as follows: Yearlings, $4 and $4.50; two-year olds, mixed, $6.50 and $8; cows, $7 and $9; beeves, $14 and $15. But large herds are often gathered up at figures much lower than these.

In Anoka, Minn., recently, a six-year-old girl was overheard telling her playmate that she had attended a church sociable the evening before, and that a little boy had kissed her while they were engaged in a play, but she said: "That's no harm, 'cause it was our preacher's boy, you know."

An old Scotch laird, at an election ball, had attired himself in splendor for the occasion. The candidate, who was going round, of course, [illegible] civilities, said: "I dinna ken ye, [illegible] so braw." "Na," said the old squire, "and I daresay ye'll no ken me for another seven years!"

"Toxophobia" is that peculiar state of mania which makes a person believe that he is being poisoned. The number of persons affected with this curious dementia is much larger than would be supposed. In about sixty cases recorded in an English medical journal, only two were obviously insane in other respects.

Thus talks an old farmer about his boys: "From sixteen to twenty they knew more than I did; at twenty-five they knew as much; at thirty they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be forty they will acknowledge that the old man does know something."

The editor of the St. Thomas (Can.) *Times* says that he found two young fox cubs that he placed under the care of a cat, and that not only did the cat adopt them, but the old fox comes to the door every night to leave food for them. One night the fond parent left seventeen chickens that he had contracted for at the residences of neighbors.

"It does not speak well for the intelligence of the public," says the London *Lancet*, "that the stamp duty on patent medicines during last year yielded an increase of £13,849 over the produce of the previous year. It is scarcely credible that the passion for consuming unknown quantities of unknown drugs should be so strong as the thriving trade in nostrums indicates."

"You see, some people has good luck, and some people bad luck. Now, I remember once I was walking along the street with Tom Jellicks, and he went down one side of it and I went down the other. We hadn't got more'n half way down when he found a pocketbook with $216 in it, and I stepped on a woman's dress and got acquainted with my present wife. It was always so," he said, with a sigh, "that Tom Jellicks was the luckiest man in the world, and I never had no luck."

During a recent performance at a Paris theater, a man and his wife had a quarrel on the stage—the woman in a rage of jealousy, the man trying to pursuade her that she was too suspicious and too passionate. Both were acting with great spirit, when the wife moved her arm too near a candle, and her muslin dress was in flames in an instant. Both actors kept their presence of mind, however. The husband extinguished the fire, and, proceeding with his part, interpolated: "You see, my dear, I was right; you are ready to flare up for the least thing."

Caution.—"How had you the audacity, John," said a Scottish laird to his servant, "to go and tell some people that I was a mean fellow and no gentleman?" "Na, na, sir," was the candid answer, "you'll no catch me at the like o' that. I aye keep my thoughts to mysel'."