

THE FREE CITIZEN.

E. A. WEBSTER, Editor and Proprietor.

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MY LITTLE LABORER.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender,
As any lady's fair;
Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender,
And curls of sunny hair;
A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty—
Yet with each rising sun
Begins his round of toil—a solemn duty
That must be daily done.

To-day he's building castle, house and tower,
With won't-us art and skill;
Or labors with his hammer by the hour,
With strong, determined will.
Atom, with little loaded cart he's plying
A brisk and driving trade;
Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow is trying
Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little being of burden,
He drags himself along;
And now his loud little voice is heard in
Boisterous shout and song;
Another hour is spent in busy toiling,
With hoop, and top, and ball,
And with a patience that is never-failing,
He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Tossing and turning, the day's hard labor over,
He tries to find repose;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,
I think 'mid gathering tears,
Of what the future may in store be keeping,
As work for manhood's years.

Must he with toil his daily bread be earning
In the world's busy mar;
Lift his little feet to be learning,
With patient, struggling heart?
Or shall my little architect be building
Some monument of fame
On which, in letters bright with glory's gilding,
The world may read his name?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation,
But shared with sweet content,
Perhaps a life in loftier, prouder station,
In selfish pleasure spent.
Perhaps the little feet may cross the portal
Of learning's lofty fame,
His life-work be to scatter truths immortal,
Among the sons of men.

A Clerical Episode.

"It's a very disagreeable duty," thought the Rev. Mr. Thornton, as he entered Mrs. Mason's parlor, "but as I've been thoughtless enough to make the promise, there's no way of avoiding it." Mr. Thornton was a young and rather handsome gentleman, whose thorough earnestness and sincerity, joined to a fair share of mental ability and a very large amount of kind-heartedness, had made him extremely popular with the people of the country town in which he was located, and with no one more so than with the lady whose house he had just entered. She considered him almost perfect, and would have been deeply insulted if he had heard anyone rashly calling in question the soundness of his judgment on any subject. On the present occasion he had come to fulfill a promise to her that he would call and have an interview with her niece, Miss Hattie Hallwell, who was spending a few weeks at her house.

Miss Hallwell was one of the reigning belles of a neighboring city, and her manner toward gentlemen, though not actually unkind-like, was far too free and unconstrained to suit her aunt's old-fashioned and rather narrow-minded ideas of propriety, and the latter had begged her minister to give the young lady some wholesome advice on the subject. After promising to comply, Mr. Thornton had become more and more conscious that he had placed himself in a very awkward position, and that the only result likely to ensue from this undertaking to advise Miss Hallwell was a great deal of displeasure on her part. And though unwilling to give way to what he feared might be a mere want of moral courage, he was a good deal embarrassed when the time came for the duty to be performed.

His embarrassment was by no means lessened when Miss Hallwell came into the room, looking really lovely in her handsome, dark-blue morning-dress, which enhanced, by contrast, the brightness of her blonde complexion and beautiful light hair. The truth was, she had made up her mind some days before that the minister was "the only civilized man in the whole stupid little town," and had taken some pains that morning to appear at her best before him.

She greeted him very cordially, and, as he noticed how frank and pleasant her manner really was, he was troubled by a still greater uneasiness about lecturing her on that point. But after some preliminary conversation—during which she noticed that he was very nervous and ill at ease—he made a determined effort to get through with his disagreeable task.

"Miss Hallwell," he said, "I am sure you know what a high regard I feel for you, and how very much interested I have become in you since you have been here."

"I'm very glad, indeed, that you like me so much, Mr. Thornton," she answered, with a charming smile.

He found it impossible to say anything more at first, and there was an awkward pause. Then, under a sense that something must be said, and not knowing exactly what it was to be, he went on in a strain that was rather stronger than the facts of the case warranted.

"I feel as if I were more than a friend to you," he said. "Indeed, I haven't seen anybody for a long time who excited my interest as you have done."

Here there was another pause, during which he became more embarrassed than ever, while his companion began to entertain a certain idea about his meaning.

"I want to ask you something," he said finally, in a hesitating way, "I'm afraid you'll think it very strange in me to say such a thing to you when I've only known you a few weeks; but I think you will—I mean, I hope—"

Here he came to a dead stop and was entirely at a loss how to go on.

But before he could put an end to his hesitation the lady herself suddenly brought matters to a climax in a way that put a very different aspect on the affair.

"Mr. Thornton," she said, with a

manner in which kind feeling was combined with decisive firmness, "I think I know what you want to say to me, and I'm sure it will be better to stop you before you say it. I believe you were going to ask me to marry you. I can always esteem and honor you very much; but it would be impossible for me to be more than your friend, even if I wished to, for I'll tell you frankly that I'm engaged to some one else."

If Miss Hallwell had suddenly spoken to him in pure Sanscrit or the choicest Iroquois, Mr. Thornton could not have been more astounded. He sat for a few moments in silent amazement. But the utter ridiculousness of the thing soon came to him in its full force, and, without any premonitory symptoms, he fell into a violent paroxysm of laughter. His efforts to control himself were quite useless, and one or two faint attempts which he made to speak were instantly smothered in a fresh outburst.

Miss Hallwell's astonishment was, at first, as great as his had been. She, too, soon recovered from that feeling; but, instead of being succeeded by mirth, it was followed, in her case, by a passionate fit of anger. With a look of ineffable scorn she got up, walked out of the parlor, and went straight to her own room. Mr. Thornton left the house feeling unable to make any explanation at that time. In the meantime Miss Hallwell indulged in numerous rather wild plans for being revenged upon the man who, she thought, had treated her so shamefully in return for her consideration and kindness. But at last she found relief in a flood of tears, and soon afterward was half-inclined to laugh at the whole affair herself.

She returned to the city a few days after this little episode; and one morning, when she had been at home nearly a week, she received the following note:

ERULANEUM, Jan. 2, 1875.

MY DEAR MISS HALLOWELL—I hardly know how to apologize for what must have seemed to you the most outrageous rudeness. But as the exact truth of the matter is all that an affair may excuse for me, I will give it. I called that morning at Mrs. Mason's request, having promised her to give you some advice about your manner to gentlemen; and feeling, after the promise was made, that you could hardly fail to consider such action very officious and unwarrantable, I was awkward and embarrassed, and conducted myself in a way which led to the very natural mistake you made. I beg you to believe that I am heartily sorry for having acted so foolishly throughout, and hope you will not refuse to number among your friends your sincere well-wisher.

Miss Hallwell's reply was an invitation to her wedding.—*Hearth and Home.*

How Some Men Have Risen

Twiced began as a brush maker, at journeyman's wages. Had he remained at his trade and continued honest, his native talent would have insured wealth—but he arose to a dizzy height, and then suddenly fell. "Hank Smith," who died in his official career of police commissioner, began as a driver on the Erie canal, and reached at one time a membership in the ring which gave him (as it was estimated) a million. Of this but little is left, and his widow is living in a distant village. The late police superintendent, Jourdan, began as a newspaper folder in the service of the Tribune. He was in the office of superintendent for three years, and left an estate worth, as it is said, \$200,000. The salary of this office is \$7,500, but the facility of receiving bribes enables the incumbent to get rich rapidly. It has been said that Jourdan knew the secret of the Nathan horror, and that an enormous fee secured a pledge of immunity in favor of the guilty parties.

Another man who has risen from poverty to wealth is Brown, the noted sexton of Grace church. He began life as a carpenter, but being of a portly turn he found the trade laborious, and obtained an appointment as inspector of carriages. Next he was made sexton of Grace church, and for twenty years he has had all the patronage of that rich society. He is extensively employed to manage social reunions and receptions, in which branch he is an adept. He has the run of all the fashionable young men, and many a \$5 note is handed him to refresh his memory when invitations are to be circulated. Such a man may assist a friend to an entrance into a certain class of society, if not into the best. In this manner Brown, though occupying a second-rate position, is in fact an autocrat among many of the fashionable world, at least in that which is next to the *creme de la creme*. Instead of shoveling the plane at \$15 a week, he now has a country seat, and is estimated at a quarter million.

Oliver Charlack, who is now president of the Long Island railroad, and is considered a millionaire, began business as the keeper of a grocery on the wharf, where the profits of the orgies of sailors and longshoremen gave him both money and political influence. Charlack was at one time a leader in the city government, and this was a rich source of plunder. Of course he became wealthy. These results, and others which could be referred to, show what curious changes occur amid the social revolutions of a great city.

—And we give it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.—*Swift.*

—Mrs. Swishelm lays down as broad principle regarding the male portion of the human race. "Only in his coffin is it safe for a woman to kiss any one man in a thousand."

Little Stories from the Scandinavian.

Translated by H. Hanson.

THE UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN.

It is justly said that God, parents and teachers can never be repaid for the kindness they have bestowed on any one. But alas! in this world it goes too often according to the well-known proverb, that a father can easier support six children than six children one father. Here we have such a narration about a father who, while living, gave all that he owned to his children and expected them to support him afterwards in his old age. But when he had lived a while with his eldest son he became tired of him, and said: "Father, last night my wife gave birth to a son, and where your arm chair stood the cradle must now stand. Will you not move over to my brother's? He has got more room than I have."

After a while, the second son also became tired of him, and said: "Father you always liked a warm room, and I have the headache from it; would you not like to go to my brother, who is a baker, he can stand it better."

The father went, and after he had stayed some time, the third son said: "In my house we are always running in and out, so you can never get your afternoon sleep; would you not rather go to sister Elma, who lives outside the city gate? You will be more quiet with her." The old man looked at the clock and said: "Very well, I will go and try and live with my daughters." "Wom n have generally a tenderer heart than men." But, after he had stayed a while, the daughter became anxious to get rid of him also, and pretended to be very much frightened whenever her father had to pass down the high stairway, either when going to church or anywhere else, and said: "At sister Maria's you need not go down any steps, as she lives on the first floor." The old man admitted that she was right, in order that everything should go on quietly and peacefully, and went to his second daughter's. When he had stayed a couple of days, he became a burden to her also, and she gave him to understand, through a third person, that her house, being too near the water, was too damp for a man who suffered with rheumatism; but her sister who was married to the sexton of St. John's graveyard had a dryer and healthier house.

So he went to the house of his youngest daughter, Laurina. He had stayed a very short time when her mother said to him: "Mother told Aunt Hilda, yesterday, that for you there were no better quarters than such as father was digging in the graveyard." When the aged parent heard these cruel words, his heart broke, and he fell back into his arm-chair and died. St. John's graveyard received him, and showed more mercy towards him than his six children had shown; there he can sleep undisturbed.

THE NOBLE-HEARTED SONS.

There lived once in Stockholm an old man of nearly a hundred winters. He was a tailor by profession and had twelve sons, who all had served under Charles XII. Once they got a few days' leave of absence from their regiments to go and see their old father, whom they found on their arrival without bread and nearly starving. "Father has no bread," said one of them, "yet he has given to Sweden twelve warriors!" "Our dear father must be helped; but how?" "Can't we find somebody who would be willing to lend us a little money?" asked the youngest, who had a good deal of faith in God and good-hearted people. "Try to borrow money, when we have nothing to give in security! What good will that do?" asked another. "Have we nothing at all?" asked the youngest; "my brothers, I will show you that we have. Our father is a tailor, and has carried on his trade a great many years, and is now about to die of starvation. This is sufficient proof of his honesty. We, his sons, have served for many years in the ranks of the Swedish army, and no one can yet show a stain upon our honor. Let us give this, our honor, as security; I think we might borrow a little money on such a pledge."

This idea won their general approval. The twelve brothers wrote and signed the following letter: "We, twelve Swedes, sons of a tailor who is nearly one hundred years of age, deprived of the necessary means of support, pray the directors of the national bank for the sum of two hundred dollars, to be used for the support of our old and helpless father. We pledge our honor as security, and promise to pay the above named sum to the bank within one year. This letter was handed to the directors. The sum asked for was given to them, and the letter torn to pieces; furthermore, the directors promised to take care of their old father as long as he lived. Scarcely had this happened before it was made known through the entire city, and rich and poor paid visits to the old white-headed man, and none went empty handed. The tailor was thus placed in good circumstances, and after his death left a small capital for each of his sons, a reward for their filial love.

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

One day, two young girls went to town. They were both daughters of a gardener. Each of them carried a basket full of fruit or flowers. As they went along, one of them became dissatisfied at the weight of her basket; the other went easily, singing all the time. "I cannot understand why you sing," said the first to her sister; "you are not any stronger than I am, and your basket is just as heavy as mine." "The reason is," said the other, smiling, "that I have put a little flower in my basket, which keeps me

from feeling its weight. Do you likewise."

"That must be a very costly flower," said her sister, "but I should like to own it very much; please tell me its name."

"The little flower," said the other, "which makes the heaviest burden easy, is called—Patience."

How to Keep the Children Pure

"Will you not use your influence in trying to deter large boys from contaminating the minds of small boys? Things which should be told in a wholesome manner and as solemn truths are distorted into vile shapes, and permanent injury is done to children's minds. Would it not be better for the body to be poisoned than the mind, that parents might see the harm done, and thereby be enabled to use cures and antidotes? But I am sorry to say that I think the trouble lies deeper than with the big boys. I have been looking around, and am quite sure that it does. A jury might acquit them with the verdict, more sinned against than sinning. It is the men that I am coming at, for just so long as they meet in groceries, on street corners, and in shops, telling stories unfit for the ears of their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, just so long big boys will listen and think it cunning to emulate the filthy example. Is it not a terrible thing to look into a young man's face and think of the impurities his mind must be loaded with unless he has strength to cast off the unclean thing and be a nobleman?"

No subject more vital in its bearing on the morals of the young could have place in this column, says the New York Tribune, in reply to the above letter. There are parents who recognize among the duties they owe their children that of instructing them with respect to the origin of life. This is left shrouded in impenetrable mystery, and all manner of lies are told in reply to the questions which at a very early age children will ask. The mother leaves this matter for her daughter to be told about by any chance schoolmate, who, with the few gains of truth she may communicate, is more than likely to sow tares that never can be weeded out. The innocent-hearted boy learns from his rough companions what his own father or mother should have told him with perfect simplicity and ingenuousness, and learns a great deal that they would never wish to have him know. Truth is sacred, and is pure and never corrupts any blood with it that contaminates. Every fact in human physiology can be so communicated to a pure mind that its delicacy shall not be in the least of feigned. The time to make these facts known is when the desire to inquire into them manifests itself, and the best teacher is the parent. As between husband and wife, so between parent and child there is no place for shame. Where virtue reigns shame cannot come.

A child thus taken into sacred intimacy with its parent will instinctively revolt from whatever is vulgar and base and obscene. At every period in the development of the young life the parent should be before everybody else in preparing and fortifying his son or daughter against the dangers which lie in his or her path. There is nothing that so strongly binds a child to virtue and honor and chastity, as perfect and unrestrained intimacy between it and the father and mother. We are careful about the sewage of our houses, about ventilating them, and see to it with diligence that every nook and corner is kept neat and sweet. Let us carry the same thing into character and open all the doors and windows of the soul by total frankness and transparent simplicity, that the pure air and sunshine of heaven may have access to them and keep them pure.

One word more. If home is made so attractive that boys and men prefer it to the corner groceries, an ounce of prevention will be found better than many pounds of cure.

A Prescription for the Cure of Drunkenness.

There is a curious prescription in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The recipe came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, father of Rev. Newman Hall and Capt. Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his utmost effort to regain himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription, which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquors, although he had for many years been led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterwards published, and by which so many have been assisted to reform, is as follows: "Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water, 11 grains; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; to be taken twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and partly supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

—Scientists now tell us that the inroads of grasshoppers into the north-west, of late years, is due mainly to the havoc made among the prairie hens, which are slaughtered by tens of thousands every year to gratify the epicures of this country and Europe. The prairie chickens used to "absorb" the grasshoppers before the latter reached the settlements, but they are no longer equal to the emergency.

The Volcanoes of Iceland.

Iceland is situated at the termination of the great volcanic line, skirting the extreme west of the Old World, which has existed since the Cretaceous period certainly, whilst the points of eruption appear to have traveled northwards. As all the rocks are igneous, or igneous derivatives, no stratigraphical arrangement can be made out. Basaltic lava streams are common in the vicinity of Reykjavik, though no active volcano exists in this part of the island, which is in the secondary stage of solfataras and hot springs. These solfataras are mere pits of bluish white siliceous mud, the result of decomposition of contiguous tufa. The principal gas exhaled is sulphuretted hydrogen. Their position changes. The hot springs are working out their own destruction by the accumulation of sinter; the composition of this varies in springs within a few yards of each other. The large rifts in the old lava at Thingval were attributed to the flowing away of the undercurrent of lava into a yet deeper depression, thus leaving the unsupported crust to sink down in the middle. All the lavas of Heekla are basaltic, and contain crystals of felspar and olivine. An ash and cinder forms the summit of the mountain. There were four craters; the longest one is an elliptical depression 250 feet deep, at the bottom of which lay snow, though some ashes and clay were still quite hot. The district of Mydals Jokull, containing the terrible volcano Kotlujia, is remarkable for the confused intermixture of aqueous and igneous ejections, producing agglomerates and tufas. Sand and hot water are the principal productions of Kotlujia itself, which has not been known to produce lava, though ancient felsitic lavas were noted at its base. These floods are produced, in addition to the melting of the Jokull, by the bursting of large cavities in which water has accumulated for years. Such a reservoir was noted in a small neighboring crater, at the bottom of which was a deep pool of turbid water, into which several small streams emptied themselves, but none ran out again. To Vatna Jokull the principal volcanic forces of Iceland seem now to have retreated. This is a vast tract of snow and ice which rests upon a nest of volcanoes, many of which have been in eruption during historical time. The Vatna rises from a series of basaltic plateaus. The existence of permanently active volcanoes in the unknown interior of this mass was considered not improbable.

How Fish May Be Improved.

It is now well known that the rich, delicate flavor of the white-fish in many western lakes comes from a celery-fed parasite on which it lives. This celery is the marine plant that gives to the canvas-back duck its glory among connoisseurs of the table. Here is a good hint in the line of fish culture. Why may not the common varieties be made table delicacies, for instance, by putting them on a mild diet of Worcester-shire sauce before they are served? It is the creosote and gas parasite, however—the deadly refuse of oil and paper mills—that should be first looked to. Clams and oysters and even fish are thus being foully impregnated and sometimes killed. The fish of the Genesee river were recently found so tainted with kerosene from oil mills as to render them unfit for food. A similar condition in the river Isar, producing an appeal from the fishermen of Munich to the government, has called out an eminent chemist, Prof. A. Wagner, who shows by experiments, that in water with one per cent. of gas refuse, fish die in six minutes, with one-half per cent. they die in thirty minutes, while one-tenth per cent. kills the hardest river fish in twenty-four hours. A partial guard against this, the professor suggests, is to allow a gradual discharge of the refuse into the stream, instead of the wholesale dumping now practiced.

An Italian Sunset.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times writes from Italy: "Last night we were driving slowly home, laden with flowers, after a warm, golden afternoon, when the air about us became suddenly glorified, and looking back we saw the most wonderful sunset of our lives. Driving to a commanding point we gazed at the marvelous scene, the setting sun and dazzling western clouds being only a part of it. The hills around Florence on every side were bathed in purple light, soft and tender, and exquisite as a dream, while the sky above, after the first blaze of western glory, was aglow with rosy light that flooded the heavens and rolled in billows over the hills and even seemed to touch our cheeks in its omnipresence. At home I have seen equally brilliant displays in the west; they have seemed like a far-off wonder in which I had no part—a panorama to be admired at a distance. Here the whole world seemed tremulous with color, sky and earth glowing together, and it was near us; we were in it. The very air we breathed was rosy red, and over all there was a softness, a poetry of color, an ecstasy of illumination perfectly indescribable, throwing such a glamour over us that when at last the light died out of everything we awakened as from a trance, and, breaking the long silence, exclaimed: 'So this is an Italian sunset! Well, I shall always feel that I have been in one!'"

—Mr. Hallwell, the Shakespearean enthusiast, has obtained leave to search the paneling of the house of Lady Barnard, the grand-daughter of the Bard, for Shakespeare's missing papers.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

'TIS ALL SHE WANTS:—
A seal-skin sack and a camel's hair shawl.
Diamonds, rubies and emeralds;
A brown stone house and marble hall,
And a beau to dance the German.

A front row box at the opera,
Whenever I wanted to go;
A neat coupe and landau, too,
And meals—a la Delmonico.

Then in summer go to Newport,
With dresses rich and many;
And to see my name in the fashion report,
While pa hands out the money.

—A Chicago man thinks that the worst speller ought to get the dictionary, and the winner should have a "wreath of sorrel, or some other garden sass, like them Greeks."

—The production of raisins from California grapes is a growing business and is strongly urged as likely to be of great profit. The white muscat of Alexandria is named as the best raisin grape.

—Among the numerous phases of crime daily developed, did you ever hear of anything equal to the act of the Jersey City man arrested for forgery, who says he did it in order to be sent to the state prison to escape from his wife!

As an illustration of the limitless number of combinations which the three primary colors are capable of, it may be interesting to know that in the Gobelin tapestry manufacture 28,000 distinct shadings of yarn are employed, each one distinguished by the practiced eye.

—A French soldier is to be punished with death for insulting an upstart officer. This gives Victor Hugo an opportunity to thus compare the case with that of Bazaine: "Having sold his flag, having surrendered his army, having betrayed his country—life; having struck his corporal—death!"

—Percie got a little tired of returning the bows of an uncomfortable polite man in his establishment, and finally gave the polite man this conundrum, at point blank range: "Sir, what would become of the hours if the minute-hand stopped to bow to the second-hand every time they met?"

—The Parisians devour 100,000,000 apples every winter. An eminent French physician thinks that the decrease of dyspepsia and bilious affections in Paris is owing to the increased consumption of this fruit, which he maintains, is an admirable prophylactic and tonic, as well as a very nourishing and easily-digested article of food.

—Mr. Valentine, the sculptor, has nearly completed the life-size recumbent statue of the late Gen. Lee, and it will be placed over the contemplated mausoleum at Lexington. Mr. Valentine modeled a bust of the general from life in 1870, and after the hero's death it was determined that he should be selected to execute the statue.

—"Well, Uncle Billy, don't you want any more civil rights?"—"Not anything no', I thank you," replied Billy. "Nearly done ruin'd now. Rev to pay my own doctor's bill, lost all my money in the Freedman's bank, n dber got forty acres an' de mule dey promised me, an' can't help myself to a little chicken, fryin' size, widout gwine to de penitentiary. Ise got 'nuff cibbill rights!"

JEAN VALJEAN—
A merry sight, fond of his care,
While he sings his songs and strokes his knees,
And light as the air which sways the leaves,
Is Jean Valjean, the cobbler.

"Through the summer's day he sits and sings
Of the olden days and of ancient things,
Of the dames of yore and of bygone kings—
Is Jean Valjean, the cobbler.

The birds are singing in every tree
Till the air is filled with the melody
Of song as light and gay and free
As Jean Valjean's, the cobbler.

With the waning shadows the bird in its nest,
And Jean in his cot, each seek the rest,
Which sweet sleep brings, with no cares opp-
ressed,
Ah! happy Jean, the cobbler.

—The London Sporting Gazette, referring to the statement that the Emperor William has forbidden the exportation of horses beyond the German frontier, says: "This startling announcement heralds a revolution, the results of which are likely to very seriously affect the horse trade in England, as three-fourths of the carriage and draft horses in London at this moment have been imported from Germany. Moreover, we are dependent on Germany in a very large degree for our troop-horses, and it is not clear where we shall obtain the necessary supply now that we are shut out from Germany, especially as both France and Spain are also in want of troop-horses, the former requiring 10,000, and the latter 5,000.

—In Brington church are two sepulchral stones, one bearing the date of 1616 over the grave of the father of Washington, the emigrant, in which his arms appear impaled with those of his wife. The other stone covers the remains of his uncle, and presents on a bass the simple family shield with the crescent appropriate to a younger brother. We have before us a transcript of this shield, and from it we are constrained to believe that the United States flag as seen now very certainly took its origin. In this shield are five horizontal stripes, of alternate gules and white, as are those of the national flag, while the three stars in the upper stripe have the parallel peculiarity of being five-pointed. All this may not be of interest to those who care very little whether George Washington had a grandfather or not, but then again there may be others who will not think any less of the father of the great republic because his ancestors fought against Cromwell and his Ironsides to keep Charles' head upon his shoulders.—*St. Louis Republican.*