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Jewelry, No. 902 CHESTNUT STREET...

GENUINE WALTHAM WATCHES, 18 Kent Gold or Silver Cases...

THE CECIL WHIG

VOL. XXX--NO. 46.

ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

WHOLE NO. 1,561.

LUMBER, BRADY & LINDSEY, DEALERS IN

Rough & Plained Lumber, AT CHESAPEAKE CITY, MD.

White Pine, Oak and Hemlock Bill Stuff, FLOORING BOARDS, FENCING BOARDS, PLASTERING LATH, PICKETS, WEATHER-BOARDING, SHINGLES, SHINGLING LATH, JOISTS and SCANTLING.

LUMBER! Having purchased the Lumber Yard of Hill & Alexander, 1 mi prepared to fill orders for all kinds of

SEASONED LUMBER, AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

LATHS, PICKETS, No. 1 CYPRESS and White Pine Shingles.

BILL STUFF, Cut to order at short notice and low rates.

WM. McCREERY, CARDS.

JAMES BLACK GROOME, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE: Main Street, opposite National Bank, Elkton, Md.

L. MARSHALL HAINES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE: Main Street, opposite National Bank, Elkton, Md.

REUBEN HAINES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE: Main Street, opposite National Bank, Elkton, Md.

DR. MUSGROVE, DENTIST, ELKTON, MARYLAND.

DR. J. H. FRAZER, DRUGGIST and CHEMIST, (OPPOSITE BROWN & BROS. STORE), ELKTON, Maryland.

JOHNSON & BENJAMIN, Support your Domestic Manufacturers, and keep the money in the country.

PROVIDENCE MILLS, CONTINUE TO MANUFACTURE BLANKETS, CLOTHS, KEISEYS, CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, JEANS, FLANNELS.

CASH PAID FOR WOOL, J. W. PURNER, (Successor to Joseph Wells & Son), At the Old Stand, East Elkton.

Fresh and Salt Meat, FRUITS and Vegetables, FLOUR, FEED & PROVISIONS.

GENERAL, Good Stock always on hand.

ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

GOING WEST, BY A. A. C.

Ellen, do you wish to displease me; do you care nothing for my love my child?" said Mrs. Grey, as she glanced at the book, and took a chair before the girl.

The heavy eyes lifted themselves to hers, there was a slight quivering about the parting lips, but no answer.

"Are you not well, Ellen? only tell me you are suffering and I will forgive you, as I have so often done before."

There was a spasmodic, a choking "No, no, no," and then the pale lips resolutely closed.

"I cannot understand you, Ellen, you are so mysterious. Oh, my child, why will you not let me love you? why will you sadden all our hearts by this sullen course of conduct, which you seem determined to persist in? My heart yearns over you, my child, my only sister's daughter. Come to me and tell me you love me, and that you have some reason for this acting."

She opened her arms, but Ellen shrank away, and covered her face with her hands.

"Well, Ellen," said Mrs. Grey, rising, after a long and painful silence, "if you will let me love you, I have offered you my love, asked your confidence, and you refuse both. It now only remains for me to do my duty, and painful as it will be, I shall endeavor to discharge it. Your intention, your idleness, your carelessness, I could forgive, but your dishonesty, your deception, your punishment, my admonitions, my reproaches, my warnings, have failed of any effect, and now, when you super-add to your misdemeanors a sullenness, that hardens itself against the voice of love, I fear that stolidity will soon deaden you to the voice of conscience—Ellen, you grieve me to the very heart, may God forgive you, poor child, and teach me to deal truly with you. Until I see some signs of change and repentance in you, you will no longer sit with the family, nor join in the sports of the children. I shall expect you to appear regularly at prayers, at your meals, and in the school-room, and at time you wish to see me, you will find me in my dressing-room, and may God put in your heart to see me soon and often." So saying, she turned and left the room.

There was a low wall as the door closed, Ellen sprang to her feet, and extended her arms as if she would have detained here, then suddenly clasping her head, she sank again on the sofa, crying, "Oh, that I could die, oh, that I could die!" soon exclaiming herself, she lay still and motionless, the only sign of consciousness being quick, convulsive shivers, following each other at short intervals. She had been lying thus perhaps half an hour, when a quick step was heard in the passage, and a heavy voice exclaimed: "Where is Ellen?"

The next instant the door was flung open and a bright, beautiful boy, of about fourteen, entered. The girl immediately sprang to her feet, and hurriedly attempted to smooth the tangled hair from her face.

"I am here, Eddie," she said, a warm flush mounting her cheeks. "Have you got back?"

"Yes," he cried, boisterously, "we had a splendid time, and got lots of fish, but see here, Ellen, I lost the watch!"

Ellen staggered, and turned deadly pale, she sat down on the sofa, to prevent herself from falling. "You didn't, Eddie?"

"Oh, no! I did, though, see here, the chain," he said, drawing the broken links from his pocket. "You see the confounded thing caught in my line some way, and jerked out the watch, and snap went the chain, and down to the bottom of the river went my watch, and that's the last of the hateful, old thing."

"Eddie! our father's watch!"

"Well, I can't help it if it was, what did you give it to me for?"

"Oh, Eddie," again falteringly entreated the trembling voice, "you said you would have it, and if I didn't get it for you, you would know I never did care anything about you. That my love did all pretence if I could not do that much for you. You know, Eddie, how you urged me to do it, and how I begged you not to make me do it."

"Well, it's no use to go over all that ridiculous now. I remember devilish well how glad a ghost you looked the night you slipped into Aunt's room and got it for me out of her drawer, while I watched on the stairs to whistle when any one was coming. I could not help giving a little squeak when I saw you get it hard and fast, and by Jing! how you did run!" he said, breaking out into a boisterous laugh.

"Alicia cast a lingering look at Ellen, as she stood pale and quiet before Mrs. Grey. Carrie whispered as she passed her mother, "Please, mamma, let Ellen go!" a shake of the head being the only reply, while Bertie, after arranging his desk, came forward with a troubled look on his face.

"Mamma," said he, "if you will permit me, I would rather stay and assist Cousin Ellen with her lesson, the boys will soon be home now," he said, glancing at the clock, "so I will mind much," he continued, as if in reply to Ellen's deprecating shake of the head.

"Very well, son," replied Mrs. Grey, an unconscious weariness in her tone. "Go to the library with Ellen. I will be with you in a few moments."

The children left the room, and Mrs. Grey's head sank on her hands. She remained in this position for several moments when at length her head was lifted, the weary look had left the face, but in its place there was one of care and perplexity.

"What shall I do?" she more than once murmured, then rising, she followed the children to the library. She met Bertie in the passage.

"Did you succeed in assisting Ellen, my son?" she asked cheerfully.

"No, mother, she said she preferred studying alone; and after trying in vain to persuade her to let me at least go over the lesson with her, I left her. 'But, mother,' she said, as the look of perplexity deepened upon her face, 'do not worry about her—I do not think you ought to punish yourself because she is so naughty. Come and walk out a little, it will help you.'"

"Thank you, darling," said Mrs. Grey, stooping and kissing the upturned face. "I will go to Ellen now—if she were suffering, I could better understand it, but day after day, these ommissions occur, and I have indulged her till indulgence has ceased to be a virtue."

"I must," she said, compressing her lips, and striving to speak calmly, "I must try to reverse my measures. But you, my dear child, in punishing the guilty, I do not wish to mar the pleasure of the innocent."

The child moved slowly away, after giving his mother a pleading look, and as she entered the room, Ellen was in the act of rising from the sofa where she had thrown herself before her aunt's entrance.

Her book lay on the floor by her side.

The words were burdened with a world of reproachful meaning.

"Well, you don't! what did you do the day I snatched the cake that Aunt had told you to watch, and what did you do when I pulled that nectarine from the orchard?"

"I bore the blame, Eddie, but oh, it was cruel! Aunt had just finished being the cake for the expected company for supper, and left me to watch it, and you know you ran in crying, 'give me some,' and I told you Aunt had left me in charge of it, and I was frightened, and ran away, and when Aunt came in it's better to believe me, and then she asked me why I left it when she had entrusted it to me, and I would not answer. And as to the nectarine, I was the last one seen in the garden, and I was looked upon as the guilty one."

"Because you had such a hateful way of turning red over anything; you know you did not do it, and why did you not say so?"

"I did, Eddie," said Ellen, softly, "but I was suspected of being a liar and a thief. Aunt Lucy told me so much to-day."

"She didn't, Ellen?"

"The girl did not reply, save by a weary sigh.

"That don't make you one, Nellie," he said, coaxingly, putting his arm around her, "but get out of this scrape like a good sister, and I'll make it better for you. I'll tell you how to do—don't say anything about it, and somebody else will have to bear the brunt of it."

"Oh, Eddie, that is worse. Fannie clears up Aunt's room, and the blame will fall on her."

"Well, what of that; they can't prove it."

"They did not prove it on me, and oh, I would rather be dead," said Ellen, wistfully.

"Palaw!" said the boy, a bright color mounting into his face, he sat moodily silent for a few moments.

"Well, Ellen, if you think more of Fanny than of me, you can go and tell Uncle Grey the whole story; but remember, I won't be here to hear it, for I swear I'll run away this night!" he said, starting up. "I'm not going to let you have anything to do with the watch, and then be punished like a child. I don't intend to submit to it, and I won't, neither."

"Hush, Eddie, hush, and I will do anything you ask," cried the frightened girl, throwing her arm around his neck, "only promise me you won't leave me."

"Well, Nelly, well," he replied, kissing her; "but you must not get into trouble, you have been in enough for my sake now, heaven knows," he said, a spark of generous feeling flashing up. It can't hurt Fanny, and it will all blow over in a few days."

"Never mind, Eddie, I will manage it," said the girl, growing very pale, "one thing you must promise me, though," she said.

"A hundred, if you wish, my dear good sister," he said, eagerly.

"Promise me you will quit saying such low words to Ellen; and give up that Tom Jones, who is no better than a pig."

"Hah! that is the thing I'm afraid of. Well, we'll see about it. Don't forget your promise about this though," he said, touching the chain, "and now I must go, the girls want me to fix their croquet ground. So cheer up, little heart, it'll all blow over, and dry your eyes and come and have a game."

He kissed her, and was gone.

(Concluded next week.)

Letter from Rockville, Md. ROCKVILLE, Md., June 12, 1871.

MR. EDITOR: Supposing a few lines might find space in your paper, I propose to write of nothing special, but of general "observations," as T. T. says.

This town, located as it is several hundred feet above, and 14 miles north of Washington, among the hills, is noted for its general healthfulness, particularly by the old and the feeble. On almost every hill is seen the stately home of some shoddy war stricker, whose patriotism, if professed, would have been found in his pocket, and who, through stulticity, or Government favor, occupies a high position.

Yet there remains visible, here and there, marks of the war and traces of vandalism, in lonely chimneys and unenclosed farms, in consequence of this vicinity having been the camping-ground of the armies, and a part of the fleet in which Wiley operated; you will recollect that it occurred here a burning fight on the 22d of August, 1862, here, dwells John H. Surratt, a friend of a school; a Mr. Johnson, (col'd.), who claims to have aided in the person of the arrest of J. Wiley Booth; Hon. Jos. H. Bradley, of Fisher fame, &c., &c.

Until Wednesday last, it was unusually dry here; the prospect for an oats crop hopeless; but the timely coming of two hours of a perfect torrent of rain, seems to have given them new life, and the yield promises well, while the straw must be very short. Wheat, too, must be short in straw, as well as grain; will yield, perhaps, half a crop—say 10 to 12 bushels, while corn you can tell nothing about this year, not a single ear yet. The wheat and grass cuttings both commence to-day, and the services of four horses will not be needed to any reaper or mower.

This, like your town, would be a great country for a man of money to harvest in. We have a shaver here, with blue, red and white pole, gathering them in at 100 per cent. But they need another shaver and grabber here, at about 25 per cent, who would reap a harvest twelve months in the year; whose business should be known and represented by capital unlimited. Greenbacks are very, very scarce. People agreeable, aristocratic in the extreme, many preferring the companionship of the extravagant mule and old army saddle to the stiff horse and buggy of days past—doubtless the effect of the driving the war: certainly not of reduced circumstances; for were they in need, would they not grow helms, or put up some fence to protect crops?—No, he is fascinated with the gentle jog-trot or rabbit gallop, and the accompaniment of double spur, which denotes danger ahead or behind; (generally more of the latter) and he cries no more—"A horse! my kingdom for a horse!" OBSERVER.

GOOD HEALTH—Good health is the clear blue sky of the soul on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face, and the most beautiful of a noble mind. It is like green grass in a landscape harmonizing in every color, mellowing the light, softening the hues of the bark, or like a lute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, swelling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA. The Journey to the Jordan and the Dead Sea requires about five days, provided you extend it—as it should by all means be done—to Bethelham and Haboron. It is an excursion on which one needs company for the purposes of companionship and safety; for you have to pass through a most desolate and dispiriting region, and the Bedonko lose no opportunity to way-lay travelers when they have any reasonable hope of escape. I was, therefore, very glad to learn that two boardman at our hotel—the Rev. Dr. G. E. Boardman, of Philadelphia, and a congenial layman of the same city, Dr. Darby—were proposing to start at the same time that I had determined to do, and we accordingly arranged to make the tour together. At the appointed hour, our dogman George announced horses, tents, provisions, and everything else ready. We went out of the Jaffa gate, and wound around the north side of the old wall, leaving to our left the hill on which the Romans encamped, and from which they descended and took the city. We crossed the now dried brook Nitron, and, after gradually ascending one of the outer slopes of the Mount of Olives, found ourselves in Bethany. They will show you almost anything you ask for there, and so beautifully has tradition dealt with this place, that you will be led to the top of the house in which Mary and Martha lived, and down a slippery and break-neck stoneway into the tomb of Lazarus.

I inquired of some of the villagers who stood around if any children there were called by either of these three names, and learned in reply that there was one child in the place called Martha, but none who had the name of Mary or Lazarus. Bethany must impress every one who is attracted to this country by an interest in sacred associations; for it was the favorite home of our Lord when in Judea. We had come up the very rocky hill from Jerusalem which he ascended on the day of his ascension, the city by seeking the society of the little domestic circle at Bethany. There is one point in the approach to Jerusalem from Bethany where the whole city breaks suddenly upon the eye; going eastward, as we were, we were suddenly lost sight of it—Here it would seem certain that Christ, the temple and the city starting as by magic before him, wept over it and uttered his lamentation for its sins. Down this way he was surrounded by the multitude as he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and on either side of these still build rocks stood the people, who cried: "Hosanna to the Son of David!" How could I help thinking, as my horse was slowly picking his way up the rocky acclivity, and occasionally stumbling over the loose stones that he had never seen, and sunk into the memorable words: "I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

Song of Summer. Sweet summer is coming, the insects are humming, The birds are all wooing, and building their homes;

The wild flowers are blooming, the garden perfuming, And woodland and meadows invite us to roam.

The bright spheres are chiming; the sun brightly smiling; Looks down upon earth with a love-beaming eye;

Whist! who in her gladness, forgets winter's sadness! And sends up her odors and songs to the sky.

The stream of the mountain, escaped from its fountain, Skips, dancing like childhood, along through the plain;

All the voices, her ten thousand voices, Awake now that summer is coming again.

Age, weary with duty, and youth in fresh beauty, 'E'en the pale with disease, now come forth at the sound;

Each heart swells with pleasure, the miser his treasure, Forgets, for the while, his sad gaze around.

Oh nature! what feelings thy glorious revellings Awake, as we low at thy shrine and adore!

The Power that upholds thee, whose love 'er'infolds thee, Renewing thy life as each year passes o'er.

The Jordan and the Dead Sea. The Journey to the Jordan and the Dead Sea requires about five days, provided you extend it—as it should by all means be done—to Bethelham and Haboron. It is an excursion on which one needs company for the purposes of companionship and safety; for you have to pass through a most desolate and dispiriting region, and the Bedonko lose no opportunity to way-lay travelers when they have any reasonable hope of escape. I was, therefore, very glad to learn that two boardman at our hotel—the Rev. Dr. G. E. Boardman, of Philadelphia, and a congenial layman of the same city, Dr. Darby—were proposing to start at the same time that I had determined to do, and we accordingly arranged to make the tour together. At the appointed hour, our dogman George announced horses, tents, provisions, and everything else ready. We went out of the Jaffa gate, and wound around the north side of the old wall, leaving to our left the hill on which the Romans encamped, and from which they descended and took the city. We crossed the now dried brook Nitron, and, after gradually ascending one of the outer slopes of the Mount of Olives, found ourselves in Bethany. They will show you almost anything you ask for there, and so beautifully has tradition dealt with this place, that you will be led to the top of the house in which Mary and Martha lived, and down a slippery and break-neck stoneway into the tomb of Lazarus.

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If mothers are healthy and are surrounded by intelligent friends who will guard them from over-work and excitement, it seems most safe for teething babies to depend mainly upon their mother's milk for nourishment; but many a case of cholera infantum has resulted from some severe physical strain or mental agitation of the mother; and because of this intimate connection between mother and child, it is, perhaps, best that a teething child should not be too dependent upon the breast. A watchful mother can refuse to nurse her babe for several hours after an unavoidable excitement, drawing off the milk by artificial means and giving her child more wholesome food. My heart aches as I write this, because our race is still in such ignorance and wickedness as to make it almost impossible for mothers to give their babes a fair start in life, in respect to health and happy temperament. It is not uncommon for teething children to suffer great distress just before a passage of urine, and mothers are sometimes in entire ignorance of the cause of their cries. If the teething and crying ceases after this discharge, there is little doubt, in respect to the sort of pain. For this I know nothing better (and in all this matter I speak from experience as well as inquiry) than warm sitz-baths. If the child is accustomed to wake in the night with this distress, try the warm bath before putting it to bed—Simply to immerse the feet in warm water and hold them there a few minutes, afterward drying them and guarding them from cold, is often sufficient to prevent this trouble returning. Water that feels only warm to your hand may be very hot for tender little feet. As children go, in these degenerate days, the mother of a teething child has almost constant work and anxiety night and day, in the simple care of her babe, and should be relieved from other labors, and encouraged to take needed rest and out-door exercise. If people were wise just here—in the case of young children and the mother of young children—statistics would show a much smaller proportion of deaths of infants under three years of age. At present not half the human race live beyond the age of five.

American Agriculturist.

THE CRUSADES OF THE "NEW INNOCENTS." One of the most remarkable episodes which took place in the middle ages has been neglected by the historians—Gibbon and Mitman not even mentioning it in their pages. It was called the children's crusade, and took place in the thirteenth century. It was made up of two separate movements, one in France and the other in Germany, originating from a common impulse, but differing in particulars. A peasant boy of Cloyes, France, Stephen by name, and twelve years old, in the year 1212, believed himself commanded by a vision of the Saviour to preach a crusade to the boys of France, promising them, under divine leadership, an assured triumph. A letter was given him to the King of France, Philip Augustus, ordering him to assist the novel enterprise. Stephen made his way to Paris, preaching everywhere on the road, showed his letter to the King, and established himself at St. Denis. Crowds followed him. His fame spread throughout France. He worked miracles, or was supposed to, and was called the prophet—Mimic prophets—children like himself—were sent through the kingdom, preaching from the text: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath thou perfected praise, because of thine enemies, that thou mayest still the enemy and the avenger." Children, including girls, marched through the towns with banners and torches, singing: "Lord, restore Christendom, restore to us the true and holy cross." Thirty thousand marched from Vendome in June, of whom twenty thousand reached Marsailles, three hundred miles distant. Here they expected the sea to divide and make a road for them, as it did for the Israelites of old, but it did not. Many were disappointed and returned home. Two merchants, however, offered to fit out ships for them, and five thousand of the youthful heroes landed and embarked for the Promised Land.

While this was going on, a boy, Nicholas, was preaching the crusade at Cologne. He collected an army of children, like those of the French Stephen, but containing a greater proportion of children of high birth, and of girls. They marched seven hundred miles over Mount Cenis to Geneva, countering on the way a succession of hardships and cruel deaths. Of the thirty thousand who set out with Nicholas, only seven thousand reached Geneva. They all looked for the sea to open to them, but it did not. Some returned home, some of the pretending merchants turned out to be slave-dealers, who had bargained to sell the children to the Sultan of Tunis, and some of the children were sold to the Sultan of Tunis, and some returned to Europe. Not one so far as the old priest knew, could ever be tempted to apostasy. The priests at the call's court had piled their promises on with threats and promises to induce them to renounce their faith. They one day all refused, and eighteen were put to death on the spot, some by drowning, some by arrows. The rest were reserved for a more tedious and trying martyrdom.

In all, some one hundred thousand children were sent out on the crusade, and Pope Gregory IX. had the "Church of the New Innocents" erected in memory of the little martyrs on the island of St. Pietro.

THE BABY'S "SECOND SUMMER." The little one is teething; and unless it has a strong constitution, and proper food, clothing, and attention, it is often very peevish, and shows symptoms of illness that call for careful nursing.

Its bowels will probably be "loose," and that is all right, provided this looseness does not become downright diarrhea, or take on a dysenteric appearance. Constipation is more dangerous than simple looseness—more likely to be accompanied by convulsions or diseases of the head.

To check a diarrhoea suddenly, may throw the disturbance to the head, and cause a malady more dangerous and difficult to cure. I have invariably found that an injection of cool (not shockingly cold) water, immediately following every passage of the bowels that had a stinky appearance, mitigated this symptom of dysentery. It simply washes and cools the lining of the intestine which the slimy stools to be morbidly irritated. If farther treatment seems necessary to prevent dysentery, wrap a bandage of double coarse linen (a folded towel) around the child's abdomen, and over this a double dry towel. Wet this compress again before it becomes dry, unless the child is sleeping. If the child prevent low diseases in children, be careful to keep their lower limbs warm—Of course nothing is more important than the diet, which should be plain and nutritious, and given as regularly as possible—Nature calls for bone-making material, and the nursing mother's food or the food of the weaned baby should not be lacking in this element. Any food that requires much chewing is clearly improper for it.

If mothers are healthy and are surrounded by intelligent friends who will guard them from over-work and excitement, it seems most safe for teething babies to depend mainly upon their mother's milk for nourishment; but many a case of cholera infantum has resulted from some severe physical strain or mental agitation of the mother; and because of this intimate connection between mother and child, it is, perhaps, best that a teething child should not be too dependent upon the breast. A watchful mother can refuse to nurse her babe for several hours after an unavoidable excitement, drawing off the milk by artificial means and giving her child more wholesome food. My heart aches as I write this, because our race is still in such ignorance and wickedness as to make it almost impossible for mothers to give their babes a fair start in life, in respect to health and happy temperament. It is not uncommon for teething children to suffer great distress just before a passage of urine, and mothers are sometimes in entire ignorance of the cause of their cries. If the teething and crying ceases after this discharge, there is little doubt, in respect to the sort of pain. For this I know nothing better (and in all this matter I speak from experience as well as inquiry) than warm sitz-baths. If the child is accustomed to wake in the night with this distress, try the warm bath before putting it to bed—Simply to immerse the feet in warm water and hold them there a few minutes, afterward drying them and guarding them from cold, is often sufficient to prevent this trouble returning. Water that feels only warm to your hand may be very hot for tender little feet. As children go, in these degenerate days, the mother of a teething child has almost constant work and anxiety night and day, in the simple care of her babe, and should be relieved from other labors, and encouraged to take needed rest and out-door exercise. If people were wise just here—in the case of young children and the mother of young children—statistics would show a much smaller proportion of deaths of infants under three years of age. At present not half the human race live beyond the age of five.

American Agriculturist.

THE CRUSADES OF THE "NEW INNOCENTS." One of the most remarkable episodes which took place in the middle ages has been neglected by the historians—Gibbon and Mitman not even mentioning it in their pages. It was called the children's crusade, and took place in the thirteenth century. It was made up of two separate movements, one in France and the other in Germany, originating from a common impulse, but differing in particulars. A peasant boy of Cloyes, France, Stephen by name, and twelve years old, in the year 1212, believed himself commanded by a vision of the Saviour to preach a crusade to the boys of France, promising them, under divine leadership, an assured triumph. A letter was given him to the King of France, Philip Augustus, ordering him to assist the novel enterprise. Stephen made his way to Paris, preaching everywhere on the road, showed his letter to the King, and established himself at St. Denis. Crowds followed him. His fame spread throughout France. He worked miracles, or was supposed to, and was called the prophet—Mimic prophets—children like himself—were sent through the kingdom, preaching from the text: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hath thou perfected praise, because of thine enemies, that thou mayest still the enemy and the avenger." Children, including girls, marched through the towns with banners and torches, singing: "Lord, restore Christendom, restore to us the true and holy cross." Thirty thousand marched from Vendome in June, of whom twenty thousand reached Marsailles, three hundred miles distant. Here they expected the sea to divide and make a road for them, as it did for the Israelites of old, but it did not. Many were disappointed and returned home. Two merchants, however, offered to fit out ships for them, and five thousand of the youthful heroes landed and embarked for the Promised Land.

While this was going on, a boy, Nicholas, was preaching the crusade at Cologne. He collected an army of children, like those of the French Stephen, but containing a greater proportion of children of high birth, and of girls. They marched seven hundred miles over Mount Cenis to Geneva, countering on the way a succession of hardships and cruel deaths. Of the thirty thousand who set out with Nicholas, only seven thousand reached Geneva. They all looked for the sea to open to them, but it did not. Some returned home, some of the pretending merchants turned out to be slave-dealers, who had bargained to sell the children to the Sultan of Tunis, and some of the children were sold to the Sultan of Tunis, and some returned to Europe. Not one so far as the old priest knew, could ever be tempted to apostasy. The priests at the call's court had piled their promises on with threats and promises to induce them to renounce their faith. They one day all refused, and eighteen were put to death on the spot, some by drowning, some by arrows. The rest were reserved for a more tedious and trying martyrdom.

In all, some one hundred thousand children were sent out on the crusade, and Pope Gregory IX. had the "Church of the New Innocents" erected in memory of the little martyrs on the island of St. Pietro.

THE BABY'S "SECOND SUMMER." The little one is teething; and unless it has a strong constitution, and proper food, clothing, and attention, it is often very peevish, and shows symptoms of illness that call for careful nursing.

Its bowels will probably be "loose," and that