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THE CECIL WHIG.

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ANNOUNCEMENT!
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FOR THE
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HOLIDAYS!

HOLIDAYS!

HOLIDAYS!

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L E V V H S S
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LLLLLL EEEEEE V H SSSSS

Dec. 14, 1872.

HOMER, COLLADAY & CO.,

1412 AND 1414 CHESTNUT STREET,

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OUR CLOSING OUT SALE OF

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COMPOSED OF

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OFFERED THIS SEASON, AT

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Such as we can Confidently Recommend are offered.

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Selecting from our Superb Stock at Comparatively NOMINAL PRICES.

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Cucumber Wood Pumps.

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MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.

Sold by all Druggists.

Feb 1, 1873—23w

THE SAND HILL CRANE.

Grus canadensis.

From the American Sportsman.

Wilson supposes this to be the young of the great, or whooping crane, *Grus Americana;* while Nuttal in our opinion a better authority, describes it as a distinct species. Our acquaintance with this bird inclines us decidedly to the latter opinion. Besides the great difference in size, the white crane standing near a foot taller, the color of the naked skin of the head, and of the bill, is sufficiently different to mark them as distinct species. The brown crane has the head of a reddish brown and the bill blackish, while the whooping crane has the bill of a wax yellow, and the head oranged colored.

Again, out of large flocks of these birds, which passing the summer in Illinois, are to be seen all over the State, to one hundred of the brown cranes you would hardly find two of the white kind; and, it seems to us, that as it resorts to our prairies to breed, that if it were the young of the whooping crane, the old white fathers and grandfathers would sometimes come west to visit their descendants; especially as they can pass from the Carolinas to Illinois in a few hours, and that free of cost; a circumstance which is apt to weigh with people at a certain time of life.

The brown crane arrives in Illinois in May, and takes up in the sloughs or swamps in which its favorite food abounds; for our crane resembles the Frenchman in this among other things, that his most extreme delicacy is a fat frog.

The nest is made in an elevated spot in a swamp, generally built in a tussock of grass, to raise it somewhat above the ground. The eggs are two in number, of an olive green, spotted with brown, and about the size of that of a goose.

When the young are half grown, they are of a bluish or slate color, and are very easily tamed. Though one of the wildest and most wary of birds, when in a state of domestication it becomes so tame as to walk about the house and feed from the table, which its long neck and legs enable it to do with ease.

Between one and two years old, the crane assumes its brown color, which sometimes so nearly resembles the peleage of the deer, that in the long grass the bird is often mistaken for the beast.

At the latter end of summer the crane abandons his reptile diet, and resorting to the corn fields, becomes fat and savory food, equal to the Canada goose, and nearly as good a bird as the wild turkey.

At the approach of cold weather he takes himself off to the South, to visit his possible grandsire, and probable cousin, the whooping crane, whose melody of voice our bird possesses in some degree.

Our crane is a very vigorous and courageous bird, and when attacked defends itself so desperately with his five inch dagger, that we think he would be a match for any bird of prey, except the eagle. Of this we once had an ocular proof, when we first came into the country and were unacquainted with the habits of the varmints. Riding over the prairies in September, we came upon a flock of full grown brown cranes, and drove within easy shot of them. We fired from the wagon at the nearest, and he fell; the others took wing. We leaped from the wagon to secure our easy prey, when to our astonishment, instead of allowing himself to be quietly bagged, the crane came at us at the *pas de charge*, with flapping wings and levelled beak. As the bird stands about four feet high, this was a new experience to one who had shot nothing larger or more formidable than a grouse. We gave him the second barrel, but either the shot, No. 8 were too small to penetrate his feathers, or in our haste and confusion we missed him altogether. We now began to think that discretion was the better part of valor, and would have been willing to cry quits with Mr. Crane, but his dander was up, as well as his feathers, and whatever may be his affinity to the white crane, he certainly showed no white feather. There was nothing for it but a fight. So we aimed a blow at his head with the butt of the gun, which he dodged, and returned with a pass of the long beak at our eyes. Fortunately, we had taken some years before, a few lessons in the art of self defense; so we cleverly stopped the dagger thrust, and seizing the crane by the neck, after a severe struggle, succeeded in throwing him on the ground, and putting our knee on his neck. Then with a pocket knife, we finished him. During this time we were so sorely buffeted by his wings, and scratched we determined to be careful how we meddled with a sand hill crane.

We once saw a tame crane whip a couple of good sized dogs which came into the yard where it was kept. The dogs attacked it on sight, but the crane very coolly waiting their approach, flew up some ten feet perpendicularly into the air, and descended on their backs, dealing such savage stabs with his beak, that the dogs fled, howling with pain and terror.

A tame crane is useful about a farm as a destroyer of insects and vermin, as well as a very amusing pet. Nothing can be more ludicrous than its appearance as it gravely stalks with long strides behind its master, gesticulating in the most grotesque manner, and looking like a sort of feathered Don Quixote. It is, however, rather dangerous to children, whom, when irritated it does not hesitate to attack.

In a wild state this crane has another Gallican habit. It dances. In unfrequented places, where safe from observation, the cranes will arrange themselves into regular cotillions and country dances, and caper by the hour together, indulging in the most fantastic movements of the head and body, and presenting a most amusing caricature of a human dancing party. We once witnessed an exhibition of this kind from an ambush, where the performers were some twenty or thirty in number, and if we had the power of Cruickshank to put it on paper, you would agree with us that it was a sight not to be forgotten.

AN OLD STORY NEWLY TOLD.

BY OLIVER J. BURKE.

Robert, Earl of Kingston, was born in 1754, and was married when Lord Kingsborough, at fifteen years of age, to Caroline, sole daughter and heiress of Richard Fitz-Gerald, of Mount Ophaly, in the county of Kildare, Ireland. The lady was younger still, and was possessed of great mental and personal attractions. She had a brother to whom she was greatly attached, who had died without any lawful issue, but who had left a natural son, Henry Gerald Fitz-Gerald. Pitying his forlorn condition, Lady Kingsborough had him reared with as much care as if he had been her own son. She saw to his wants, which she invariably supplied, and did all in her power to make him forget the unhappy situation in which he was place. In a word, she brought him up with her own children.—She obtained a commission for him in the line, and he soon attained, by reason not alone of his great interest, but his great talents, the position of Colonel of his regiment.

Among the children of Lord and Lady Kingsborough, with whom he was, unfornately, too intimate, there was Mary, the third daughter, remarkable for her graceful figure, for the soft and pleasing expression of her countenance, and for the beauty of her hair, which grew in such luxuriance, as to attract the notice of all who saw her. Happy would it have been for this thoughtless and innocent child if Henry Fitz-Gerald, the illegitimate son of her uncle, had never been admitted under the shadow of her father's roof. He was then married; he had won the affections of a lovely and accomplished girl, but forgetful alike of his marriage vows, and of every feeling of gratitude to his noble benefactors, he fixed his eyes on her whom by the laws of God and man he was bound to protect. At length he acquired such an influence over her that it was impossible she could elude his grasp. Wherever she went Colonel Fitz-Gerald was sure to be somewhere near at hand. At theatres, at concerts, and at balls, his attentions were unremitting; he danced with her, sat by her side, saw her to the carriage, and did everything that man could do to subdue the mind of her, little more than a child, to his own wicked purposes. Rumors were soon set afloat that Colonel Fitz Gerald's attentions to the Honorable Miss Kingsborough were not those that might be expected from a married man to an unmarried and interesting young girl. These rumors were unheeded by Lord and Lady Kingsborough.

"It was impossible," they said, "that a man so benefited as the Colonel had been should commit a crime which, detestable enough in any one, would in his particular case imply a degree of villainy almost beyond example."

Thus they reasoned with themselves, and would hear of nothing that would throw a shadow on the honor of Colonel Fitz-Gerald, or on the fair name of their darling child.

In the Summer, however, of 1795, the Honorable Mary Kingsborough disappeared from her home, to the horror of her father and mother, who then resided near London. A note left on her dressing-table, had informed them that she had fled from home with the intention of drowning herself in the Thames. The river was dragged for miles on both sides of where her bonnet and shawl were found on the bank, but the search proved unavailing. Her family were now impressed with the conviction that the unhappy young lady had committed suicide; but as time wore on, his lordship began calmly to reflect on his daughter's disappearance. He could see no reason for her committing self-destruction, and he therefore resolved to double his efforts to get back his lost child. A circumstance soon occurred which impressed him with the idea that his daughter still lived; he had met a post-boy, who had informed him that, some short time ago, while driving a gentleman, whom he never saw before, on the road to London, from a town in his lordship's neighborhood, his attention was attracted by the appearance of a young lady who was walking alone.—The gentleman ordered the carriage to stop, and invited the lady to take a seat beside him, who at once, as if it was prearranged, accepted the invitation, and on their arrival in London they parted from him in each other's company, but to what part of the city they directed their course he was entirely ignorant.

Lord Kingsborough now had the clue, and he was determined to follow it up.—Advertisements appeared in every paper in England, offering great rewards for any information that would restore the unfortunate young lady to her parents: she was faithfully described in the public prints, especial attention being directed to the profusion of her long and flowing hair.—The friends of the family were assiduous in their attentions, and they failed not to state their convictions that the young lady had eloped with Colonel Fitz-Gerald. Indignant at the charge, the Colonel joined in the search, and when all proved fruitless, no one was louder in lamentations than he was.

"He could not rest," he said, "till she was found, for in no other way could his innocence of the deed be sufficiently established."

The apparent sincerity of his protestations, his ceaseless endeavors to find her, his numerous calls at the house, his unwearied attentions and agonizing protestations disarmed the most suspicious. He was admitted to the family councils, proposed plans, and acted the part of a loving and grateful relative so admirably that none could for one instant suppose that the lady was at that very moment in his own safe keeping.

The hour of retribution at length came. A young girl waited one morning on Lady Kingsborough, and informed her ladyship that her attention was drawn, by the continued advertisements she had seen in the public newspapers, to the circumstance of a young lady having eloped with a gentleman from her father's house. Now, she was a servant at a lodging-house in Clayton street, Kingston, to which place a gentleman had brought a young lady, answering in every particular to the description given of her in the public placards and newspaper advertisements.

"Her hair," she said, "was the most lovely she had ever seen, and fell about her shoulders in great and rich profusion. She was, however, astonished beyond measure to see her, a few mornings before that time, cutting away those locks with a pair of scissors, her eyes being suffused with tears. She then felt convinced that the strange visitor was no other than the daughter of Lord Kingsborough."

Having gone on to describe, to the best of her ability, the appearance of the handsome gentleman who was in the habit of visiting her alone, the drawing-room door was thrown open, and in walked Colonel Fitz-Gerald on his daily mission.

"Oh!" the girl hysterically screamed, "that is he—there is the very gentleman who visits the strange lady. He it is who brought her to our house."

Astounded at the unexpected exclamation, Colonel Fitz-Gerald was so taken by surprise that he dashed from the room without uttering a single word of contradiction or explanation; and no concession that he could make would or could expose his unexampled villany so plainly as his rush from that house on that day. Lord Kingsborough's second son, (Colonel King, afterward Lord Lorton,) fired with indignation at the idea that the man who might have been a peasant but for his family—that he, the heartless scoundrel, who owed them everything that he was worth living for in life, should thus seduce his lovely and accomplished sister, and bring disgrace on the name and house of Kingsborough, resolved to have instant satisfaction. He sent him a hostile message, Colonel Fitz-Gerald accepted the challenge, observing at the same time that his character was so blasted by the late affair that he had no chance of getting a second, but that he was sure to be on the ground.

It was on the 1st of October, 1797, that the duelists met. Colonel Fitz-Gerald was, as he stated, unable to find a second, and he fought without one. Four shots were exchanged, and then Fitz-Gerald made an effort to address Colonel Kingsborough; but this was cut short at once by him exclaiming:

"You are a damned villain; I wont hear a word you have to offer."

Colonel Kingsborough's ammunition was then exhausted; but so deadly was the animosity on both sides that they had appointed to meet on the following morning. Before, however, the appointed time, both parties were put under arrest by the police.

The young lady was now recovered by her father from her seducer, and conveyed to Mitchelstown Castle, in the south of Ireland, far, as it was vainly supposed, from the influence of Colonel Fitz-Gerald. But his plans were already laid; he had bribed one of the maid servants who accompanied her to Ireland, and through her did he obtain information of the place of the lady's retreat. Disguising himself as best he could, he had the unblushing effrontery to set up at the very inn at Mitchelstown, for the sole purpose of again carrying off his unhappy victim. The inn-keeper, who was a follower of the Kingsboroughs, lost no time in acquainting Lord Kingsborough of the stranger's presence, and of the danger his daughter was in. His lordship hastened to the hotel at Mitchelstown, and then discovered that on that morning the stranger had taken his departure for Kilworth Hotel. Retracing his steps, he arrived at Kilworth after sunset, and there learnt that a stranger had come there only a few hours before; and at once sent the waiter to his room, with a message that a gentleman wished to see him on urgent business. The door was locked, and he roughly replied from within that he did not wish to be disturbed. What must have been the indignation of the father and brother on hearing the well-known voice of Colonel Fitz Gerald himself.—They never for one moment believed that he could have the audacity to come to their own town at Mitchelstown, though they were inclined to believe that the stranger was some emissary connected with the Colonel.

In a moment the door was smashed open. Smarting under the wrongs his family had received from this heartless villain, the Hon. Colonel Kingsborough rushed at him as he was seizing his pistols. A violent struggle ensued. Lord Kingsborough, who saw his son's danger, raised his pistol, took sure and deadly aim, and shot Fitz-Gerald dead on the spot. There are old men still living who remember the excitement caused by this well-merited murder. Not the ghastly horrors of the French revolution, not even the expected French invasion, nor the deeds of blood with which the minds of men were then familiar, drew away the public attention from the Kingston tragedy, as it was truly called. And to answer for this murder Lord Kingsborough, then Earl of Kingston, was placed at the Bar of the Irish House of Peers.

On the 18th of May, 1798, the trial took place. The Lords' chamber being too confined, the House of Commons was selected as the most fitting place for the trial.—The procession to the House was marshaled by the Ulster King of Arms. First came the Masters in Chancery, then the 12 judges, in their scarlet and ermine robes; then the younger sons of the peers, next the elder sons, then the peers themselves, and last of all came Lord Clare, walking in solitary and stately dignity, as Lord High Steward of the House of Lords.

When the usual formalities were gone through the noble prisoner was brought to the bar, and then, according to the ancient usage, knelt before his judges. He was at once directed to rise by Lord Clare, who in tones of majesty, thus addressed him from the woolsack:

"Robert, Earl of Kingston, you are brought here to answer one of the most serious charges that can be made against any man, the murder of a fellow-subject.—The solemnity and awful appearance of this Judicature must naturally discompose and embarrass your lordship. It may, therefore, not be improper for me to remind your lordship that you are to be tried by the laws of a free country, framed for the protection of innocence, and the punishment of guilt alone; and it must be a great consolation to you to reflect that you are to receive a trial before the supreme judicature of the nation—that you are to be tried by your peers, upon whose unbiased judgment and candor you can have the firmest reliance, more particularly as they are to pass judgment upon you under the solemn and inviolable obligation of their honors. It will also be a consolation to you to know that the benignity of our law has distinguished the crime of homicide into different classes. If it arise from accident, from inevitable necessity, or without malice, it does not fall within the crime of murder; and if these distinctions be warranted by evidence, you will be at liberty to take advantage of them. Before I conclude, I am commanded by the House to inform your lordship, and all others who may have occasion to address the court during the trial, that the address must be to the lords in general, and not to any lord in particular."

The trial then proceeded, and the unanimous verdict of the peers was, "Not guilty, upon their honors;" and after some farther ceremonials, Lord Clare declared the commission dissolved.

Let me now tell, in a few words, the subsequent history of the unhappy and honorable Mary King. It was decided by her friends to place her, under a feigned name, in the family of a Welsh clergyman, who himself was to be kept in utter ignorance of her real name and position. She was received into the house of those simple-minded people, with whom she soon became a favorite. Her powers of conversation though tinged with sadness, still remained.

But where was the play of her bright lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.

It was an evening when the pitiless storm of rain pattered against the windows of her humble refuge, that the conversation turned on the misfortunes of real life, not unfrequently exceeding those conjured up by the heated imagination of the novelist or the poet. Before she well knew of the line of story she had entered upon, she so entranced her listeners with the sad story of her own life, the actors being called by fictitious names, that the company hung in breathless anxiety on every word she uttered. She told them how the seducer had unlimited intercourse in the house of his benefactor, and how basely he repaid the confidence that was reposed in him, by taking her from her father's house and subjecting her to the agonies of despair.—For hours did she keep the attention of the family riveted on the words she then uttered. At length the clergyman's eldest son, a young man, who had already loved her, and who could no longer refrain from tears, burst into exclamations of horror at the barbarity of the betrayer.

"Behold," said she, overcome by the warmth of her feelings, "I, myself, am the person for whom you express so deep an interest. I am the much-wronged woman; and now I suppose you will drive me from under your roof."

Such, however, was not the case. Her misfortunes were ended; a life of happiness was before her at last. She confided her heart and hand to that young man. Times went over, and during their long married life nothing occurred to throw a shadow on her path. Not many years ago she died, universally respected, in the land where she sought for and obtained a home.

For The Cecil Whig.

ARE WE TRULY ALIVE?

Sights and sounds when they become familiar, cease to be wonderful. We look out into the infinite and the unknown, at the vast systems of worlds, and suns, and planets, which all adown the centuries have continued in their courses with such unerring certainty, and, while we may admire with brute admiration, we fail to recognize the complexity, the greatness, and yet the beauty of the design. We see nothing to attract, to ennoble, or to elevate. Our thoughts and tendencies are all earthward. In some combination of matter we think that we possess the highest, aye, the very prototype of loveliness. We see more to praise in the cut of the overskirt, or in the latest style of wearing the hair, than we do in the style and formation of the universe. There is more to interest in the progress which the bird dog makes towards perfection, than there is in the education and perfection of ourselves. Some can discourse learnedly upon shot, and the kind most suitable for "ducking" purposes; some can evolve subtle theories by which to account for the peculiarities of certain birds, yet few can answer the simplest historical or grammatical question. They think only of the present and its pleasures, and fail to remember that the "to-be" is to come, demanding of them more substantial attributes. They would rather gather around their neighbor's stove than study the great authors. About these self-same stoves they gently (?) hint at the characters of others, and set afloat malicious rumors which they style "delicious titbits," while their eyes sparkle with pleasure as they secretly gloat over the writhings of their victims. And at their right hands they have *Philip Quilibet* to work the "rumors" into shape, thus giving to

"Airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name."

In them is concentrated the very essence of Communistic doctrines, without the bravery or the energy to declare it. In the future you will find them on the side which secretly, for it dare not openly, avows its pleasure in the cause and acts of that ism which implants the spirit of destruction within the breasts of its defenders; of that ism which howls forth in the demoniacal yells of Parisian mobs for the abolition of religion, of property, of family, and even of the nation; of that ism which gives to the world as models of its civilization, the smouldering ruins of Tuileries, and the unsightly stumps of Vendome columns.—These are the enemies of society. Mankind is too apt to obtain its idea of greatness and power from great men. All the great mechanical and chemical forces which have been in operation since the world began, producing new combinations of grandeur and sublimity, serve as nothing compared with the man who has achieved success. Around this one revolve the lesser lights, each striving to surpass the other in acts of servility. These are the useless parasites which abound in every community, the world over, and from which our own is not free. And yet I can pluck a lily, and holding it up, exclaim, in the words of Holy Writ—"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—This little flower expresses in its very self the transcendent powers of Him who made it. Bodied forth and symbolized *in* it are the thoughts of purity and virtue, crystalized and ennobled *by* it are our feelings of humanity.

Power is Energy. Energy is Life. Life inevitably controls and directs Power and Force. But the Epicurean fails to see this. He eates and sleeps and wakes, but for no purpose other than pleasure. Beauty never conducts him to heaven. Were he stationed on the Alps, and could he see the sun rise upon the world as if upon a new creation, the grandeur of clouds decked in rainbows, the rosy ocean of vapor, with many mountain tops rising around like islands of light, the profundity, the sublimity, the combination of the lovely and the everlasting, and whatever of beauty in form and hue, the light of heaven might reveal, his uncultivated mind would not be elevated above its own chaos. These are the drones, the burdens of society.

In every community there are two classes of men. Of the first class there are some who, while all around them animate and inanimate creation is swelling the grand choral hymn of praise, yet are as ignorant of the fact at their exit from this breathing life, as at their entrance into it. Some acquire just knowledge enough to fall in love with their own bodies, and so the *thought* of leaving them is death. Some possess a refined discernment of all that is beautiful in form, exquisite in design, and wonderful in construction, and by studying these they acquire a classical taste, while their standard reaches scarcely to the heighth of human excellence, since they look not beyond the grosser elements that might combine to please their fancies, and form the doubtful Elysium which they wish to be eternal.

But the second class is of a sturdier and yet of a more spiritual order. These latter are men not merely of sense and sentiment, but of heart and soul, with affections and faculties all devoutly and therefore benevolently and wisely active, according to the knowledge which they rejoice to own as proceeding from Him who formed them for Himself.

From what we have written we may collect that what we need in our midst are men of this latter class; men of energy, stamina and independence, and withal men of refinement and elevated tastes.

We need more of that friendly and social intercourse, more of that mutual aid and assistance which alone will support and sustain enterprise. What we need to obliterate is that miserable spirit of caste which has divided our community into petty cliques, constituting each family a critic and a cynic. We have in our midst too many chronic sneerers, too many old maids peeping from behind partly drawn curtains, in short to many tattlers and manufacturers of slander.

The faults and foibles which we have mentioned are the weights which drag us down and hold us in the mire. Our ambition and all our aspirations never rise above the mud. And as long as these materialistic tendencies, and these longings after dollars and cents exist, railroad meetings and editorial encouragements will fail to achieve the desired object.

Are we truly alive? LEX.

For The Cecil Whig.

FROM THE WEST.

It seems passing strange to one born and bred in the East to hear men calmly discussing the expediency of burning corn instead of coal, and assuring each other that the thing is done successfully in Iowa and Nabraska.

Why, I remember when I was a child, how we were religiously instructed to take every grain from the cob before we dared commit said cob to the flames, assured that if we burned a single grain we would live to see the day we would want it, and the inference was that in that day when we should want it, we wouldn't be able to get it.

I think it is something of this sort that makes the farmers of the West loath to universally adopt the practice of using corn for fuel. Yet they declare their determination not to sell a bushel, at the prevailing prices—15 and 20 cents per bushel. The railroad monopolies are universally blamed for the existing state of affairs, and in many Counties of this State, indignation meetings are being held and various modes of redress discussed. Some are for violent measures, some are for increasing the number of roads, and other timid spirits, advocate the petitioning of the various Legislative bodies.

"Yes," exclaim others, "this state of things is likely to be remedied either by Congress or our own Legislatures after the disclosures of the Credit Mobilier scandal, and while our Legislators ride about, each one carrying in his pocket a railroad pass for himself and family."

"But let us elect honest men!"

"But where are they to be found?" and echo answers, where?"

We think we could answer satisfactorily the question raised by the despairing Western farmers and repeated by echo; but modesty forbids, however, modesty don't pay at all in this brazen age; so here goes the answer—elect school ma'ms—there's where you'd find your honest men and get all your wrongs redressed without even the trouble of signing a petition to that effect. But while you laugh to scorn, and sanction the imprisonment of the "Women's rights" agitators, and even refuse to pay a women the same wages that you pay a blockhead in pantaloons, for teaching your brats, in books and good manners, why, you deserve all you get, so you do. You deserve to be robbed by railroad companies, and laughed at by successful politicians, whom your votes have enabled to sit in the Legislative Halls and carry railroad passes in their pockets.

The country press, you maybe sure, pitches into the discussion quite lively, and I doubt not every poor devil of an Editor secretly thanks God that such a controversy exists now that Stokes is convicted and Epizootic or Zotoeptic, and the Boston fire have grown a little stale, even in this remote region.

Meanwhile the question is unsolved, and look where you will as you ride across the prairies you will see great pens of corn out in the open fields. These pens are for the most part just built of rails and the corn is thrown into them and left without covering all winter. Corn here is never cut up, but the ears are jerked off the stalk and out of the husk at the same time, and a corn field thus mutilated, affords excellent herding ground for cattle.

Notwithstanding the high price of flour, very little corn is used in this State in the manufacture of bread, this strikes your correspondent as a great mistake; but I suppose everybody knows his or her own business.

In attempting a description of the village, near where I am at present residing, I sigh for the pen of a Dickens, his genius alone could do it justice, and I am satisfied that if he had lived in this vicinity six months, out of the grotesquely humorous material here to be found, he would have manufactured a novel that would have so far surpassed the famous "Pickwick Papers" that the latter would have never more been heard of.

Ye shouting Methodists have here built them a little meeting house and one of the ordained, weekly preaches the old-fashioned doctrine of fire and brimstone. He is a character in his way, wears a red wig and blue glasses and has lost two teeth in front.

This embryo city was christened Glenwood, but from the circumstance of two men holding a free fight in the street while the bystanders shouted to them to "pitch in" the ancient name of Glenwood is lost utterly and the village is known, wherever it is known, by the euphonious title of "Pitch In." "Pinch In," our merry host calls it. Indeed the name suits it admirably, for it looks as though it had been pitched down from some unknown height, and then pitched into shape with a pitch-fork. The minister, he of the red wig and blue goggles always designates it as "Glenwood;" asking fiercely if anybody "knows why God shouldn't bless us poor sinners here at *Glenwood;*" while everybody in the congregation who doesn't live in the town snickers and smirks.

Here in a little dwelling, about the size that we generally build in the East to imprison a big shanghai preparatory to fattening, ye big round justice holds forth. Three lawsuits per week on an average, I am told. Here embryo lawyers plead in the negative and affirmative, with an eloquence, which often causes the belligerents to shed tears, shake hands and repair to a neighboring saloon for "drinks all around."

The sleighing has been fine, and enjoyed accordingly. The broad prairies are splendid race-courses; racing is splendid sport when you come in ahead, but when you have to fall to the rear it is rather thin.—Long as the American Eagle screams so that he can be heard from grand mounts icy Green to the great desert of Sahara, lying around the renowned city of Timbuctoo, will the young spirit of America, and those who are not so young, be muchly given to racing, even if they do get beat.

I have read Miss Biddle's essays upon educational topics with profound satisfaction and much edification. When shall we have another communication from Gray Beard? His letters from the new South are very interesting. A. A. C.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

OMAHA, Neb., Jan. 18, 1873.

DEAR WHIG:—We have not been able for sometime to collect items sufficient to make a respectable news letter. Twelve months ago we could give an account of the fearful snow storms west of the Missouri, with delays of railroad trains immersed in snow-drifts from 10 to 30 feet deep; thermometer at 20 degrees below zero; the heroic exploits of railroad employees; the self-sacrifice of the passengers; short rations and efforts to reach the snow-bound trains by pack mules; the smashing up of immense engines and snow-plows; now and then the pleasure of a California train getting thus far east and one reaching San Francisco, with all the various surmisings with regard to the continuation of winter in the mountains through Wyoming and Utah.

Now we are bereft of every miraculous feat of passengers walking hundreds of miles in order to reach the advancing trains to expedite their transit, and in lieu thereof the trains from the west report pleasant weather, with very little snow, and arrive mostly on time, unless a broken piston or some derangement of machinery otherwise causes a slight delay of trains. And now we are compelled to look East for accounts of deep snows, delayed trains with an occasional collision or telescoping or plunging through a bridge, or over an embankment.

The Union Pacific Company prepared, previous to the approach of winter, immense snow-plows and other apparatus to successfully battle with the elements, after increasing their show-sheds to some fifty miles and fence to four hundred miles, all of which seem to have failed to induce the weather-king to make an attack; and we hope this preparation may have the effect to ward off an attack this winter at least; although there is yet time before Spring to give every precautionary movement a test of capacity.

The comparative favorable winter has afforded the company an opportunity to perfect work under construction and to further extend their laterals in Colorado Territory, as well as make some valuable connections with the Burlington & Missouri River road, which will hereafter be known as the Chicago, Burlington & Pacific. In a few days they will have a through line from Omaha to St. Louis, by various connections with roads on the south side of the Missouri river, showing the indomitable energy and perseverance of those two companies, all of which we have no doubt will be amply rewarded by the increase of business over those popular roads.

The reports from the mines in Utah, Nevada, Montana and Colorado, still offer inducements to treasure seekers, and we see it requires an enlargement of the Smelting and Refining works which have been in successful operation here for sometime. We presume the next improvement of this Company will be a white lead manufactory, which is very much needed, the Company having to ship their crude lead East to be manufactured.

Civil Service has been effecting some of the Government employee's nervous systems; while the use of too much of the *ardent* has had a *prostrating influence* on some few others. When will men learn to be wise?

We were glad to meet Mr. Lewis, son of the late Andrew Lewis, of Lancaster county, Pa., who, with his mother and three brothers, are now in Iowa, near Council Bluffs, at her son in-law's, John G. Smith. The daughters of Mrs. Lewis were all here before she brought the balance of her family to make their homes in the West. They will engage in farming, as soon as they select suitable locations. Such citizens are an acquisition to any State, East or West. We wish for more of this kind.

Yours fraternally,
OCCASIONAL.

SKATING.

There is no finer, more manly, graceful, and invigorating sport than skating, and it is a thousand pities that fashion or prudence should have cast some discredit on its enjoyment and hindered its universal popularity. It gives endless scope for personal courage, endurance, skill, and taste. One can't get tired of it, for it is an art whose possibilities are boundless, and whose minute and finer developments are infinite in subtlety and bewildering in their complex variety. To the accomplished figure-skater of to-day, the blundering, straight-ahead operator of twenty years ago, who made it his pride to skate so many miles in so many minutes, to cut a ring backwards and jump over a log on the ice, is as the pianist of a traveling show to Taussig or Rubinstein. It makes our home-keeping youth acquainted with the fresh joy of keen wintry air and smiling wintry landscape, of amber sunsets and rich brown hill-sides, and dim gray twilight and frosty moon-rise. There is a timorous ecstasy in the first breathless essay of "outward edge," such as the hero may feel in going into battle, and the first successful "backward five" may aptly prefigure all later triumph and achievement. Nowhere can our young people—boys and girls together—meet in more healthy, natural, and hearty relations than on the ice. Nowhere can a manly young fellow—we say it without shadow of silly sentimentality—so commend himself to the regard of a frank, kindly girl as by his patient, considerate, and helpful care in a series of first skating lessons. Nowhere is a fine, courageous, spirited girl more attractive than in the modest but fearless determination with which she addresses herself to better the instruction of her more robust companion. Young eyes will light up at the glance of other eyes, we know; young hearts will beat responsive to other hearts, why not a thousand times better under