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For The Cecil Whig.

ABSENT.

Through each silent room I wander
With a lingering step and slow,—
Every chamber seemeth haunted,
With words and tones of long ago.
When the Summer blushed with roses
Faded now beneath the snow,—
And another drinks the music
Of thy soft tones breathing low.
All the dreary *now* forgetting
And the happy past recalling
Seem my pulses once more thrilling
To thy footstep's welcome falling.
Like the Summer without sunshine,
Like the feast without the song—
So to me without thy presence
Oh! the hours are sad and long.
Close the gates of joy forever
When we pass their threshold o'er,
We again shall meet but never
Know the happiness of yore.

A. A. C.

THE LEG.

In the autumn of 1872, the surgeon, Louis Thevenet, of Calasis, received an anonymous letter requiring his attendance on the following day at a certain house not far from the town, and requesting him to bring with him the necessary instruments for amputating a limb. Thevenet was at that period renowned far and wide for his skill, and it was by no means uncommon for patients to send for him from England, in order to be guided by his judgment in cases of more than ordinary importance.—He had been long attached to the army, and, though of somewhat uncouth manner, was universally beloved on account of the kindness of his disposition.

Thevenet puzzled a long time over the anonymous communication. Both time and place were indicated with greatest exactness; at such an hour, and at such a spot, would he be expected, but, as before observed, the letter bore no signature.—"A hoax, in all probability," was the conclusion he arrived at, and he resolved not to go.

Three days afterward he received a similar invitation, though couched in more pressing terms, with the announcement that a carriage would be at his door at nine the next morning, to convey him to the appointed spot.

Scarcely had the clock finished striking the hour of nine on the following morning, when a handsome open carriage drove to the surgeon's door; he made no further hesitation, but entered it. As he got in it, he inquired of the coachman whither he was going to drive him, and the man replied in the English language. "I do not meddle with things that are no business of mine."

"Oh ho! so I have to do with an Englishman, you surly dog," replied Thevenet.

The coach arrived at length at the appointed house. "Whom am I to see—who lives here—who is ill?" asked Thevenet of the coachman, as he left the carriage. The man repeated his former answer, and was thanked for his civility in terms very much resembling those above quoted.

He was received at the door by a handsome young man, about twenty-eight years, who conducted him up a staircase to a large room. His accent betrayed him to be a native of Great Britain. Thevenet addressed him in English, and was replied to with politeness.

"You desired my attendance," said the surgeon.

"I am very grateful for the trouble you have taken to visit me. Pray, rest yourself; here are refreshments of all kinds, if you wish anything before performing the operation."

"First of all, sir, let me see and examine the patient; possibly it may not be necessary to proceed to amputation."

"It will be necessary, Monsieur Thevenet. Let me entreat you to be seated. I have the fullest confidence in you—listen to me. Here is a purse containing a hundred guineas they are yours when the operation is over, let the result be what it may. If, on the contrary, you refuse to fulfill my wishes—you see this loaded pistol—you are in my power, and, as sure as you are alive, I'll shoot you dead on the spot."

"Sir, your pistol does not in the least alarm me. What is it you require? Tell me at once, without further preface, for what purpose have I been summoned here?"

"You must cut off my right leg."

"With all my heart, sir, and your head as well, if you please; but if I am not mistaken your leg appears perfectly sound. You sprang up the staircase just now with all the agility of a rope-dancer. What is the matter with your leg?"

"Nothing whatsoever, only off it must come."

"Sir, you are a fool!"

"That, Monsieur Thevenet, is no business of yours."

"Sir, you are a stranger to me, and I should like to have proofs of you being of sound mind."

"Monsieur Thevenet, will you grant my request?"

"First, sir, give me some reason for inflicting so wanton a mutilation on you."

"I cannot disclose the truth to you at present: all shall be communicated in due time. Allow me to ask you if you consider me a man of honor?"

"A man of honor does not present a pistol to his surgeon's head. I have duties to perform even toward you, who are a total stranger to me. Without it be strictly necessary, I will not consent to mutilate you. If you are bent on becoming the assassin of an innocent father of a family—fire!"

"'Tis well, Monsieur Thevenet," answered the Englishman, taking up the pistol, "I will not be your murderer, but I will still compel you to remove my leg.—What my entreaties have failed to obtain, what neither the hope of reward, nor the fear of death has succeeded in extorting from you, I will owe to your passion. I will lodge a ball in my leg, here, before your very eyes."

The young man sat down, and deliberately placed the muzzle immediately above his knee. Monsieur Thevenet rushed toward him in hope of preventing him from effecting his mad design. "Stir from your seat?" exclaimed the Englishman, "and I pull the trigger. Answer me once more; will you put me to the needless pain—will you, by your refusal, compel me to increase the sufferings I have to endure?"

"Sir, once more you are a fool. But be it as you wish—I consent to take it off."

The necessary preparations were soon made. The leg was removed; and in a tolerably short space of time the patient was restored to health. He gave his surgeon a munificent fee, and felt his esteem for him increase each day. With tears of gratitude in his eyes he thanked him for relieving him of his limb, and sailed for England fully equipped with a wooden leg.

About eighteen months after these events Monsieur Thevenet received a letter from England to the following effect:

"Enclosed is an order on Monsieur Panchaud of Paris for two hundred and fifty guineas, which I beg you to accept in token of my heartfelt gratitude. By depriving me of a limb, which formed the sole obstacle to my earthly bliss, you have rendered me the happiest of mortals! Best of men! at length shall you be made acquainted with the real grounds of what you were pleased to term my mad whim.

"Shortly after my last return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with the person of Emily Harley; I fell desperately in love with her. Her wealth and family connections made my relations as eager for the match as myself, though I saw but her beauty and angelical disposition. I yoked myself to the car of her admirers. Alas! my dear Thevenet, I was fortunate of all my rivals; she loved me—and me only; she avowed her affections, and rejected me!—In vain did I press my suit, in vain did her parents and friends intercede for me—she remained inexorable.

"For a long time did I fail to discover the cause of her refusal to become mine; to make one happy whom she owned to loving to distraction. At length one of her sisters revealed the mystery. Miss Harley was a marvel of beauty, but, strange to relate, was born with but one leg, and this blemish rendered her averse to becoming my wife, as she feared I might look on her with aversion.

"My resolution was soon formed. I determined there should be no disparity between us, and, thanks to you, worthy Thevenet, it exists no longer.

"I returned to London with my wooden leg, and at once betook myself to Miss Harley. The report had circulated (set on foot by a letter I had previously dispatched to England) that I had injured my leg by a fall from my horse, and that amputation was necessary; I became the object of universal pity. Emily fainted away at our first meeting. She remained for a long time inconsolable, but at length consented to our marriage. On the day after our union did I for the first time disclose to her the sacrifice I had made to gain her hand. Her love for me became even yet more tender. Oh, Thevenet! to obtain my Emily I would even lose ten more legs, without the least compunction or regret.

"My gratitude toward you can only end with my life. Come to London an pay us a visit; and when once you have seen my angel-wife, I defy you to say again that I am a fool. CHARLES TEMPLE."

Monsieur Thevenet showed the letter to his friends, after having related all the preceding circumstances, and he never told the story without a burst of laughter, as he wound it up with, "He is as much a fool as ever!"

The following was his answer to the above:—

SIR:—I am obliged to you for your munificent present, for such I must term a sum so much exceeding the value of my humble services.

"I congratulate you on your marriage with your accomplished countrywoman.—True, a leg is a heavy price to pay for the possession of a fair and virtuous wife; yet not too heavy, if the result prove in favor of the change. It cost Adam a rib from his body to be blessed with Eve; many other men, since him, have lost their ribs for their fair ones; some even have forfeited their heads.

"Notwithstanding your protestations, you must allow me to retain my original opinion. Very probably you are right at present, for you are still in all the rapture of the honeymoon. I am right, too, but with this difference, that it requires time to be convinced of the justice of my opinion; for it is over long ere we admit the truth of ideas that clasp with our own.

"Have a care, sir, for I strongly suspect that ere two years are flown, you will begin to wish that the amputation had been performed *below* the knee joint. In three years it will strike you that you might very well have compounded for the loss of the foot only. In four years you will think that the sacrifice of your great toe might have very well sufficed, and before the expiration of the fifth year, you will begrudge even your little toe. After six years, I am afraid the pairing of your nails will seem to you all that was necessary.

"I have said all this without prejudice to your wife's merits. Beauty and virtue are not so fleeting as the judgment of man. In my youth I would have laid down my life for the beloved one, but I never would have lost my leg for her; the loss of the one I would never have repented, but each day I should have repined over the sacrifice of the other. Had I ever consented to such sacrifice, I should say, Thevenet, you were a fool! and herewith I have the honor, &c.

L. THEVENET."

In the year 1793, during the reign of terror, Monsieur Thevenet, who had been denounced as an aristocrat by some aspiring member of his profession, fled to London in order to escape the equalizing propensities of the guillotine. When there desiring to increase his acquaintance, he inquired for the residence of Sir Charles Temple.

He was directed to his mansion, and was announced to his master. Seated in an easy chair by the fireside, a foaming tankard of porter by his elbow, and twenty newspapers strewed about him, appeared a portly gentleman, whose size would scarcely allow him to quit his chair.

"Ha! right welcome, Monsieur Thevenet!" exclaimed the portly gentleman, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple; "do not be offended with me if I resume my seat, but my cursed wooden leg is always in my way. In all probability, my worthy friend, you are come to ascertain if my hour of conviction has arrived?"

"I am here as a fugitive from my native land, and claim your protection!"

"You must take up your abode with me, for, of a verity, you are a wise man. By this time, Thevenet, I would have been an admiral of the blue, if this infernal wooden leg had not incapacitated me from serving my country. Here am I reading in the papers news of the most stirring kind, and cursing my stars that I can take no part in all is going on. Come, say something consoling to me."

"Your excellent lady is far better adapted than I to play the comforter."

"Don't mention her. Her wooden leg hinders her from dancing, so she has devoted herself to cards and scandal; there is not possible dealing with her; but she is a good enough woman in her way."

"Then, after all, I was right?"

"Most indubitably so, my dear Thevenet; but enough of that. I committed an egregious blunder. Had I but my leg back again, not a nail-paring of it would I part with. Between ourselves, be it said, I was a fool; but keep this piece of truth to yourself."

SITTING UP WITH HER.

She was expecting him Sunday night; the parlor curtains were down, the old folks notified that it was healthy to go to bed at eight o'clock and Johnny bribed with a cent to permit himself to be tucked away at sundown. He sneaked up the path, one eye on the dog and the other watching for the "old man," who didn't like him any too well, gave a faint knock at the door, and it was opened and he was escorted into the parlor. He said he couldn't stay but a minute, though he didn't mean to go home for hours. She wanted to know how his mother was; if his father had returned from York State; if his brother Bill's rheumatism was any better; and he went over and sat down on the sofa so as not to strain his voice. Then conversation flagged, and he played with his hat, and she nibbled at the sofa tidy. He finally said it was a beautiful evening, and she replied that her grandfather had predicted a snowstorm. He said he guessed it wouldn't snow, as the moon was not crooked enough to hang a powder horn on the end, and she said she didn't believe it would either. This mutual understanding seemed to give them both courage, and then he wanted to know if she had seen Bill Jones lately. She hadn't, she said, and she didn't want to. Then they went on talking about the donation visit which was to be given before long to Elder Berry, and he carelessly dropped his hand on hers—his right hand, while his left arm sneaked along the sofa and got behind her shoulders. She pretended not to notice it, and he looked down at his boots, and wanted to know if she thought mutton tallow rotted out faster than lard and lampblack. She couldn't say, but she had an idea that it did. He had just commenced to hook fingers with her, when she discovered something ailed the lamp. She rose up and turned the light down a half, making the room look dim. It took him five minutes to get hold of her fingers again, and she pretended to want to draw her hand away all the time. After a long pause he lowered his voice to a whisper, and said he didn't see what made folks love each other. She bit her handkerchief and admitted her ignorance. He said that he could name a dozen young men who were going to get married right away, and his left arm fell down and gave her a hug. Then he went over and looked out of the window, to make sure that it was or was not going to snow, and coming back, he turned the light down a little more, and then sat down and wanted to know if she didn't want to rest herself by leaning her head on his shoulder.

Ah, me! We have all been there, and who of us cared a cent when the old clock struck twelve, and we five miles from home? The old man was fast asleep, the watch-dog gone a visiting, and the handsomest girl in the country didn't see why we need be in a hurry.

Perhaps I shouldn't have written of this, but as I was going by Saunders's the other day, thinking of the night I heard him whisper in her ear at the spelling school, that he'd love her very shadow as long as he lived, he raised the window and called to her, as she was picking up chips in the road:

"Sue Sanders, come in here and find the b'ar's grease for my sore heel, or I'll break every bone in your body."—*Danbury News.*

For The Cecil Whig.

"AFTER THE HOLIDAYS."

When I was a child I remember I used to wish that all the days of life were holidays. That one went down each morning to find his stocking filled with toys and goodies, and prepared to spend the day in sport and feasting. Often I used to indulge in dreaming of the possibility of sometime meeting Santa Claus; and persuading him to come oftener than just once a year.

But with childish days have passed away childish things; especially has passed away the desire that life were all holiday, we have learned to find more enjoyment in one day of good solid labor, than can be found in a week of idleness. Still it is refreshing to see the unfeigned pleasure with which the children anticipate the holidays, even though we know by our own experience that only half the pleasure they anticipate will come to them.

The teachers of the Western States generally improved the holidays by holding State and county Institutes.

The State Teachers' Convention of Illinois, held at Bloomington, was a grand success. Many able addresses were delivered by both men and women, and we doubt not that every teacher's heart in attendance, was strengthened and cheered by the words of hope and encouragement breathed forth from the lips of eloquence. Notwithstanding all this, all the boasted improvement and advancement of the age, the plain practical work to be accomplished by the teacher must ever remain the same. Enthusiasm without disorder, quiet without dullness, progress without overexertion, are the ends for which he and she must labor who would rise to success in this most arduous and precarious profession.

By the way there is a name growing eminent here in educational circles which we of Cecil are quite familiar with, a name which once figured in the columns of *The Whig* in connection with a most disgraceful story. The present prominent position occupied by the gentleman in question reminds one of the story told of the boy who came out West and wrote back to his father, "come out West, awful mean men get into office out here."

So the holidays are past once more.—Again the school-bell is ringing out on the frosty Winter air, and the happy children, (God bless them?) are hastening down the street to meet their teachers once more and to resume their studies. Oh! parents strengthen the teacher's hands. Ours is your labors without your reward; your responsibility, your solicitude are ours, uncheered unlightened by the deathless love which God has given you for your offspring.

A. A. C.

Buckley, Ill., January 4th, 1874.

BIBLE RIDDLE, OR, THE WONDERFUL PROPHET.—He is not Noah, nor Noah's son, nor a Levite, nor John the Baptist, nor yet the Wandering Jew; for he was with Noah in the ark; the scriptures make mention of him, particularly in St. John, St. Mark and St. Luke, so that we may believe he is no impostor. He knows no parents. He never lay upon his mother's breast. His beard is such as no man ever wore, he goes bare footed and bare legged like a grave old friar. He wears no hat in summer or winter, but often appears with a crown upon his head. His coat is neither knit or spun, nor made with hair, silk linen, wool, bark or sheepskin, yet it abounds with a variety of colors and fits close to the skin. He is wonderfully temperate; he never drinks anything but water. He would rather take his dinner in a farmer's barn than in a king's palace. He is very watchful, he sleeps not in bed but sits in a singular kind of chair with his clothes on. He was alive at the crucifixion; nearly all the world has heard him. He once preached a short sermon which convinced man of his sin, and caused him to weep bitterly. He never was married yet he had favorites whom he loved dearly, for if he had but one morsel of meat he divided it among them. Though he never rides on horseback he is in some respects a horseman. He is an advocate of early rising though he never retires to bed; His prophecies are so true that the moment you hear his voice you may know what is approaching. Now who is this prophet and what did he fortell?

The Ducks of Chesapeake Bay and Its Tributaries.

BY O. D. FOULKS.

From the American Sportsman.

Green-winged teal (Nettion Carolinensis); male, head and neck all round, chestnut; chin, black; the region around the eye and along the side of the head in a broad stripe, rich green, passing into a bluish black patch across the nape; under parts, white; lower portion of neck all round, sides of breast and body, long feathers of flanks and scapulars finely branded with black and greyish white; speculum, broad and rich green; wing coverts plain greyish brown, the greater coverts tipped with buff; a white crescent in front of the bend of the wing: crissum black, with a triangular patch of buffy white on each side; lower portion of the green stripe on each side of the head blackish, with a dull edge of whitish below. Female with the wings as in the male. The under parts white, with spots on the lower neck; above dark brown; feathers edged with grey; length, 14 inches; wing, 7.40; stretch of wings, 21.50.

The teal, like the former three species, feeds along the muddy shores and in the marshes. They decoy very poorly, but when once they intend to alight, they will do so whether you show yourself or not, they will also allow a boat to approach very near before taking wing. This duck is very common in the early fall and late spring, flying in small bunches of from six to fifteen.

English teal (Nettion Crecca) similar in size and general appearance to the green-wing, but with no white crescent in front of the bend of the wing; the border of the green on the side of the head is quite distinctly whitish, instead of being merely pale, as in the other. This is one of the rarest ducks that feed in Chesapeake bay. It is considered by naturalists only accidental in America, and is confined to the eastern coast. I shot one out of a bunch of four in the spring of 1871, since then have seen two brought in by the duckers around Havre de Grace. Should any of the readers of this article chance upon an English teal, I would advise him to have it mounted, as the rarity of the specimen will more than compensate him for the trouble.

Blue wing teal (Querquedula Discors); male, head and neck above grey: top of head, black, with white crescent in front of the eye. Under parts from the middle of the neck purplish grey; each feather with spots of black; forepart of back with feathers brown, with two undulating narrow bands of purplish grey. Feathers on the flank bounded with dark brown and purplish grey. Back behind and tail, greenish brown; crissum, black. Wing coverts and some of the outer webs of scapulars, blue; other scapulars, velvet black or green, streaked with pale reddish buff. Speculum, glossy green; the outer greater wing coverts, white; the middle of under surface of the wing, and a patch on each side of base of tail, white. Females with top of head brown; the wing coverts blue and white as in the male. Upper part of throat, dirty yellowish white.—Under parts whitish, with obscure brown spots. Back, brown. Length, 16 inches; wing 7.10ths. Stretch of wings, 24. Habits, and action over decoys, similar to the green wing teal.

Shoveler, spoonbill. Spatula Clypeata), male. Head and neck green: fore part and sides of the breast, with greater portion of scapulars, and the sides of the base of the tail white; rest of under parts dull purplish chestnut; crissum, rump, and upper tail coverts, black, the latter glossed with green. Wing coverts blue; the speculum grass green, edged very narrowly behind with black, and then with white. Female with the wings similar, but with the blue of coverts and scapulars less distinct.—Head and neck brownish yellow, spotted with dusky. Length, 20 inches; wing, 32.25. This is rather a common duck in the Chesapeake bay, feeding along the muddy shores of the marshes. It decoys well, especially if the tide has fallen off enough to leave part of your stools on the shore. It is most frequently shot by persons decoying for black ducks.

Gadwall; grey duck, (Chaulelasmus Streperus), male. Head and neck brownish white, each feather spotted with dusky; top of head tinged with reddish. Lower part of neck, with fore part of breast, and back blackish, with narrow bands of white. The sides of body finely waved with black and white. Middle wing coverts, chestnut, greater velvet black, speculum pure white, bordered by hoary grey, succeeded by black; crissum, upper tail coverts and bill, black. Inside of wing pure white. Female with bill dusky, edged with reddish, wings somewhat like the male, but with the chestnut more restricted. Length, 22 inches; wing, 10.50; stretch of wing, 35.50. This duck is not common as the former, at least not so much seen, as it confines itself more to salt marshes. It is, however, frequently shot in the river, decoying in the same manner as the shoveler.

CONTRARY CHICKENS.

Mr. Cobleigh, of Nelson street, bought three hens Saturday night, and put them under a box until he could build a coop. Sunday morning he saw one of them in the street, and bestowing a brief curse on the somebody who had overturned the box and jeopardized his property, he started out after it to drive it back into the yard. It took fifteen minutes to convince him that that hen could not be driven into that yard, and then he attempted to catch it. Three times he rose up with his hands full of feathers and his chin full of sand, but still that hen eluded him. Once he got it cornered, and thought sure he had it, but it flew straight up over his head and flapped its wings in his face, and filled his eyes with dust. O, how mad Mr. Cobleigh was. It was Sunday morning. The bells were ringing, people were starting to church, and there he was in the street, with no coat or hat on, and with nothing but slippers on his feet, and every once in a while one of them would come off and fly through the air, and his naked foot would come in contact with the cruel gravel before he could stop himself. Then he would have to hop back on one foot after that slipper, while the hen stood on the walk and cloctured, and the little Sunday-school children stopped and laughed, and their parents reproved them and laughed too.

Finally the hen got away from him and started down street at a wonderful speed for a hen, and he started after her, his face redder than ever, and every time he cleared a rod he would stop and hop back two after one of those slippers. When he reached the corner of Essex street he jumped out of both slippers at once, but instead of stopping to go back he picked up a stick of wood and kept on. Then, as the hen dodged into a gateway, he hurled the stick, and broke the leg of a strange dog, which added its piercing "ky-yi" to the entertainment. But Cobleigh didn't stop. He tore into the yard after his property, in his bare feet, and chased the hen into a wood-pile, and caught it, just as the owner of the premises came out and wanted to know what Cobleigh was going to do with *his* hen, and what he meant, anyway, by getting drunk and kicking up such a hullabaloo in a peaceful neighborhood. Cobleigh first thought he would knock the man down with an ax, and what he could not eat of him bury under a barn, but the new comer succeeded in proving to Cobleigh that the hen was his, and then the miserable man burst into tears, and limped back home, where he found the three hens under the box.—*Danbury News.*

KIT CARSON'S BEAR ADVENTURE.

Late one afternoon, just after the litte party had gone into camp, Kit, having lingered somewhat behind, suddenly rode into the camp ground, and leaped from his horse, giving it in care of one of the men. With his rifle he then started in pursuit of game for supper. He walked on about one mile from the camp, and there came upon the fresh tracks of some elk. Following up the trail, he discovered the game grazing on the side of the hill. In the neighborhood of the animals there were some low and scraggy pine trees. Moving along with great care, he finally gained the cover of the trees, which brought him in close proximity to the elk, and within certain range of his rifle. This care was the more necessary, as his party had been without meat diet for some time, and began to be greatly in need thereof. These everywary animals saw, or scented him; or at any rate, became conscious of approaching danger from some cause, before he could reach the spot from which he desired to take his aim. They had commenced moving; and in another instant would have bounded away out of reach of his rifle. His eye and piece, however, were too quick for them. Bringing his piece into position, and without dwelling upon his aim, he sped a bullet after the largest and fatest of the noble game before him. He had wisely allowed for the first leap, for his shot caught the nimble animal in mid-air, and brought him to the earth.

The echoing sound of the shot had hardly died away when Carson heard a terrible roar from the woods directly behind him. Instantly turning his head to note the source of this sound, the meaning and cause of which he well knew by his experienced woodman's ear, he saw two huge and angry grizzly bears. As his eye first rested upon these unwelcome guests, they were bounding toward him. There was not much time for Kit to scratch his head and cogitate. In fact, one instant spent in thought then would have proved his death warrant, without hope of a reprieve.

Messrs. Bruin evidently considered their domain most unjustly intruded upon. The gentle elk and deer mayhap were their dancing boys and girls; and, like many a petty king in savage land, they dined late and were enjoying a scenic treat of their ballet troupe. At all events, Kit required no second thought to perceive that the monarchs of the American forest were unpleasantly angry, and were fast nearing him with rapid strides. Dropping his rifle, the little leaden bullet of which would now have been worth to him its weight in gold, if it could by some magic wand have been transferred from the heart of the elk back into its breech, he bounded from his position, in close imitation of the elks, but with better success. The trees! he hoped and prayed, as he fairly flew over the ground, with the bears in hot chaste, for one quick grasp at a sturdy sapling.

By good fortune, or special Providence, his hope or prayer was answered. Grasping a lower limb, he swung his body up into the first tier of branches just as passing Bruin brushed against one of his legs. Bears climb trees, and Kit Carson was not ignorant of the fact. Instantly drawing his keen-edged hunting knife, he cut away for dear life at a thick, short branch. His knife and his energy conquered the cutting just as Messrs. Bruin had gathered themselves up for an ascent a proceeding on their part to which Mr. Carson would not give ascent. Mr. Carson was well acquainted with the Messrs. Bruin's pride in, and extreme consideration for, their noses. A few sharp raps made with the severed branch upon the noses of the ascending bears, while it fairly made them to howl with pain and rage, caused them hastily to beat a retreat.

This scene of ascending, getting their noses tickled, and again descending howling with pain and rage, now kept Mr. Carson and Messrs. Bruin actively busy for some time. The huge monsters and monarchs of the mountains were determined not to give it up so. Such a full and fair chase, and to be beaten by a single white man on their own domain! This evidently galled their sensitive natures. It is true the roaring of the bears in his rear had stimulated Mr. Carson in the race, so much so that he undoubtedly ran at the top of his speed; and being naturally, as well as by long practice, very fleet of foot, he had managed to outstrip his pursuers in the race. It is true he had made short work of climbing the trees, and here again had very innocently beaten the bears at their own game, and one in which they took great pride. It is probable that the bears were in too good a condition to run well. Had it been early spring time, they would have doubtless been much lower in flesh. That was their own fault, too; they should have known that racing time can not be made on high condition. After leaving their hibernating quarters, they should have been less given to a sumptuous habit at the table.

Affairs were, however, by no manner of means settled. They had the daring trespasser on their domain treed, and almost within their reach; and, indeed, to keep out of the way of their uncomely claws, Kit was obliged to gather himself up in the smallest possible space and cling to the topmost boughs. The bears now allowed themselves a short respite for breathing, during which they gave vent to their wrath by many shrill screeches. Then they renewed their endeaver to force the hunter from his resting place. Mounted on their hind paws, they would reach for him; but the blows with the stick, applied freely to their noses, would make them desist. In vain did they exhaust every means to force the man to descend; he was not to be driven or coaxed. The hard knocks they had sustained upon their noses had now aroused them almost to madness. Together they made one desperate effort to tear Kit from the tree. As in all their previous attempts, they were foiled, and their ardor dampened and cooled by the drumming operations upon their noses, which this time was so freely and strongly applied upon one of them as to make him lachrymate and cry out with pain. One at a time they departed; but it was not until they had been out of sight and hearing for some time that Kit considered it was safe to venture down from the tree; when he hastened to regain and immediately reload his rifle.

THE DEAN DEFIANT.

From the Independent.

Those weak-kneed Episcopalians in this country who have been frightened by the clamor of the High Churchman into the feeling that all who participated in the late notable "joint communion" were guilty of abetting the sin of schism, and of promoting infidelity, should read the speech made by the Dean of Canterbury at the meeting of the London Branch of the Evangelical Alliance.

Dean Smith is comfortably unconscious of having done any wrong in the matter. The ululations of Tozer, the plaint of Potter, and the long roll of Drumm have all failed to arouse in him any sense of alarm or any feeling of guilt. He recognizes the fact that he has been soundly berated by his sacerdotal brethren; but thinks that better men have been worse treated for the same cause, and even says that he has been scolded less than he expected.—"When," says the Dean, "I compare the measure of abuse that has been dealt out to me with what was dealt out to my venerable predecessor, Dr. Alford, when he did much the same thing at Berlin, at a previous meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, I cannot but think there really has been in this country a growing feeling of the necessity of Christian union among us." It is evident that the scholar of Canterbury knows how to extract sunbeams from pickled cucumbers.

These complaints have not, however, he says, been joined in "by any person of rank or influence in this country," and he then goes right on to mention the *Church Times* as one of those who have assailed him, which puts his estimate of that newspaper in very definite terms. His reply to the charge that he is an anarchical person, a breaker of laws and rules, is so good that we shall quote his own words:

"As regards the laws and rules, I do not know what they are. If a law violated my Christian principles, I should stand to my Christian principles, and whatever the consequences, I would break the law. [Loud applause.] As long as a law is on neutral ground I feel myself bound to attend to that law; but there is no canon whatever in the Episcopal Church of America that forbade me taking part in that communion at New York. If there was such, it would be for me to consider how far I was bound by it. I broke no law and no rule whatsoever in being present at the communion. Here in England it may be that we have to pay a penalty for our position as members of the Established Church. It is not all gain on our side. ['Hear, hear,' and applause.] There is a loss, as well as a gain. But in America there is no such thing. There is no Established Church. [Loud and prolonged cheers.] All the communities there are equal in the sight of the law, and each one can make its own laws, its own canons, its own constitution. I am here as an Episcopalian. ['Hear, hear.'] I do not conceal my principals. ['Hear, hear,' and applause.] Nor do I consider that I at all compromised those principles by being present at that communion with a great many others who were not so."

It would seem that when a Dean of Canterbury talks out in meeting like that, with the scarcely concealed approval of the Primate of All England, Low Churchmen in this country might muster up courage to say that their souls are their own, and that fraternal acts like that of the "joint communion" are not only expedient but lawful.

Here is another point upon which the Dean is equally explicit. Our readers will find it no new doctrine:

"I believe there is no stronger profanation of the Lord's Supper than to turn it into a test of the communion to which you belong. I believe, if there is one thing on which we might all of us unite, it is in showing forth our faith in the death of our blessed Lord; and we misuse the death of our Lord (that great proof of his love) when we turn it into an occasion for hate and discord—when it is turned into a test. It was so once in this country; but we have abolished th Test Acts, and we look back to that time with shame. And why should we maintain in our own minds that which we as a nation abandoned? The Lord's Supper should be the thing to draw us together, not a thing to keep us apart. [Hear, hear.]"

With the following excellent passage—which is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness, and which we commend as such to Churchmen of every altitude in this country—we conclude our excerpts from Dean Smith's plucky speech:

"It was a moment of very great pleasure that there, as a member of the Episcopal Church of England, I should meet with men whom I love, and join personally, like my friends, Dr. Stoughton and Dr. Angus, with the representatives of all the different churches in this great feast of love. It is with very great sorrow that I have seen that the Episcopalian Church should find fault that there should be only one member of their body (there were a great many more, however) present there. It is just as great an act of love for Dr. Stoughton and others to take the communion with me as it is for me to take the communion with them. ['Hear, hear,' and loud applause.] They are making just the same concession as I was making, doing what I was endeavoring to do—find some common ground on which we were all to meet as brethren. [Renewed applause.] Their communities have not found fault with them; they have not been exposed to obloquy and censure, because they took part in it; and it is a painful thing that the community to which I myself belong should be so narrow in their views as that they should not see that there is something greater than any one particular community and church, and that is the Universal Church of Christ. [Loud applause.]"

Startling Facts.

Mr. Charles Brace, who for twenty years has labored for homeless and friendless children of New York City, estimates these neglected, dangerous waifs at from twenty to thirty thousand. In his semi-monthly, "The Dark Side of New York, from Fifth Avenue to the Five Points," now being published, Frederick Gerhard says: "If we would seek the cause of the existence of such an army of unfortunate street children, it will be found in drink. Where the parents are living, they are found invariably to be addicted to drinking; and where they are not living, it is because drinking killed them, and thus the children were left helpless and destitute. There is evidence on all sides of this. All will acknowledge that industry and thrift will succeed in earning a competency almost anywhere, but when we find in a city like ours as many as seven thousand five hundred drinking saloons, (eleven thousand places where liquor is sold,) it is evident there must be something different from industry operating somewhere. The money spent in drink by the poor would lift them a long way out of poverty. The money spent in drink every year in New York is certainly as much as fifteen millions of dollars, of which thirty per cent comes out of the pockets of people who live in garrets, cellars and tenement houses, or who seek shelter in police stations. *If the money thus squandered was wisely used, the advantages of a home and education could be given to every one of the street children.*"

THE ASHANTEES.

Of the wealth of the Ashantees the wildest ideas seem to prevail. It appears to be generally believed that if our troops find their way to Coomassie they will secure a booty sufficiently large to compensate them for the hardships they may have to undergo in getting there. That gold is plentiful is notorious. The soil of Ashantee is said to be impregnated with this precious metal, and considerable quantities have been procured from the sand of the streets of Coomassie. The mines are undoubtedly rich and imperfectly worked; some of them, indeed, through the superstitions of the people, are not worked at all. The King of Ashantee is probably the wealthiest man in Western Africa. For, he may not indiscriminately confiscate the property of his subjects to his own use, yet his revenues are considerable. To him falls all the unwrought gold of which his people die possessed. To him is paid a heavy tax on all the gold that is manufactured into ornaments. A large percentage of the gold which is taken from the mines finds its way into his treasury. He receives the tribute from the subjected provinces, as well as the duty that is levied on all gold found in the market of Coomassie, and on all merchandise brought into his kingdom. Another great source of his wealth arises from the confiscation of the property of those who have been publicly convicted of witch craft. There is nothing more universally believed in than this mysterious art, which is supposed to make its possessor almost omnipotent, and there is nothing more deprecated than the suspicion of possessing it. Nevertheless, many of the most wealthy people of the land are annually found guilty of practising witchcraft, and the bulk of their property goes to the King. It is the same everywhere in Africa. But lately a cattle disease has been very virulent in Zululand. Ketchwayo had hitherto discountenanced punishments for witchcraft, and had considerably lessened the number of executions for that crime. But his own cattle died, while those of some of his wealthier subjects lived; and it was very soon discovered by the medicine men that his losses were owing to witchcraft, and that the possessors of the healthful cattle were the guilty parties. This discovery proved fatal to them, and led to a considerable increase in the number of Ketchwayo's cattle.

On certain occasions the King of Ashantee makes a display of his riches, and encourages his great men to do the same. Clothed in robes of silk and laden with jewels of gold, he sits upon a throne which is heavy with gold adornments. His attendants surround him almost as gorgeously attired as himself, and bearing in their hands the wealth of his treasure-house, which consists of vessels and implements of gold that are probably more than equal in value to any war indemnity we may think proper to impose.

In emulation of their King, all who have wealth at least once in their lives make an ostentatious display of it; and there are those who have seen such displays, who declare, that as the King of Ashantee is the richest potentate, so is Coomassie the richest town in Western Africa.

Besides gold, the country has natural resources, which, if properly developed, would make it prolific in the production of all things necessary for home consumption and valuable for exportation. The present products of the soil are Indian corn, peas, beans, yams, pumpkins, bananas, melons, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, manioc, and sugar-cane, besides many other articles of food, and many kinds of fruit. Cotton, indigo, and coffee might be grown to any extent.

The commerce of Ashantee with the coast is not great, but with the interior of Africa it is considerable. The chief exports are gold-dust, ivory, and the guranut, which is a species of bean, greatly prized by the Mohammedans of the interior for its tonic qualities, and is also used by them as others of their faith use the betel-nut—if the two be not identical.

The Ashantees are not generally industrious—a warlike people seldom are; but they are skillful in the manufacture of gold ornaments, which art they have learned from the people at the coast and from the half-caste Moors from the interior. They are also workers in iron, and make their own knives swords, and agricultural implements. And, in common with many others of their race, they fabricate cotton cloths, which, however, are not so delicate as the fine linen of ancient Egypt.

The houses of the Ashantees differ from those found in many other parts of Africa. The circular hut, so common in the eastern and southern regions of the Continent, is not known to them. On the contrary, the Ashantee houses are rectangular in shape, with high clay walls, and are sometimes more than one story high. The walls and doors are usually painted with a species of chalk, and pictures of animals and grotesque figures of all kinds are drawn upon them.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

—A certain doctor, who sometimes drank a good deal at dinner, was summoned one evening to see a lady patient when he was more than "half seas over," and conscious that he was so. On feeling her pulse and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered "Drunk, by Jove!" Next morning, recollecting the circumstances, he was greatly vexed; and just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer to the lady, a letter was put in his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition which she was in when he visited her," and entreated him to keep the matter a secret in consideration of the enclosed—a $100 bill.

HOW TO GET A HUSBAND.—Take of modesty a large portion, unite it with urbanity and good humor, to which add good sense, plenty of love, which, with a virtuous heart and a pretty face, will surely succeed.

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