OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, February 21, 1876.

THE RICH MEN.

Daniel Drew, the great stock gambler, is sick and will probably go hence before long. He gave, last year, over $100,000 to Methodist seminaries and churches, and as an off-set gave the bar privileges on all his boats to his son. Daniel is a shrewd old gentleman—he has whipped everything that ever stood up before him, but he will find his match in grim Death. And then what will become of his property? Where, then, will be his railroads, steamboats and stocks? Drew is estimated at $15,000,000, which is quite enough to ruin all his children.

Commodore Vanderbilt, a greater man than Drew, has had his affairs in readiness for a sudden departure these two years. The old gentleman is hale and hearty, but he has had a number of very close calls. The public are never permitted to know when these men are sick. If Vanderbilt should die, the vast interest he controls would be so demoralized that no one could foresee the end. A rumor that he is ill sends his stock down ten per cent. in a minute, and its authoritative contradiction restores it just as quickly. He cannot last long, however, and when he does go under there will be a smash such as the country never saw. He has taken advantage of this fact to manipulate the market himself. Occasionally more of the stock of his various roads have gone out of his hands than he desired, and to get them back cheaply he would take his room for a day, and let it leak out that he was ill. His brokers would step in when they were down and buy up as much as he needed for his purposes, when the old gentleman would appear on the street as smiling as ever. A very talented old man is Cornelius.

TRAMPS AND VAGRANTS.

The country is infested with tramps and vagrants, and as the city enjoys the presence of four times as many as usual, the question is where do they all come from? Never in the history of New York were there so many as now. The streets are full of beggars, who pester you at every turn with their importunities, and the back areas are crowded with them. Some few make a show of some kind of business, but as a rule that pretext is not observed, but they come at you with a bold, and, generally, impudent demand for charity. If you give, what you give is converted into rum in the shortest possible time, and then the station-house furnishes a lodging for the vagrant. The taxes the city pays for these vermin is something enormous. There are over 50,000 professional thieves in the city, and when the semi-thieves, those who live unlawfully, but manage to keep out of the hands of the law, is added, the sum total is something awful to contemplate. It is a pity that some plan for compelling those sturdy villians to earn their own living could not be devised. The attention of the public is being called to it, and doubtless the Legislature will give the city the relief it so much needs. If they could only be arrested and compelled to work on the public works, or on the streets, it would be immense saving to the city and would do away with a nuisance that has grown into vast proportions, and is daily increasing. Mendicancy is so much easier here than in Europe that thousands come here to ply their vocation. Every steamer, and every sail-vessel as well brings its assortment of thieves and vagrants, to reinforce our native product. Congress will be petitioned this winter to take some steps to prevent New York being made the receptacle of the crime and pauperism of the Old World. But wether it can be done is doubtful. There is no doubt but that something ought to be done, for the nuisance is well-nigh unbearable.

IN WALL STREET.

Wall street is as old as the city, but its habitues are not so ancient. The average stay of a man in that street is very brief. He may make a great deal of money one year, but he is morally certain to lose it the next, and ninety per cent. of them go out poor. The oldest man in the street has only been there twenty-seven years, and he has said that length of time by doing a strictly commission business, and never taking a risk. The office that this man now occupies he paid $150 per year for at the begining of his career. Now, he is paying 4,500 for the same premises. He has one building that he rents for more money each year than the premises cost him fifteen years ago. The majority of the men on the street are young, twenty-one to thirty being the ages of three-fourths of them. A man can't live long in that street, for the life is one of too much excitement. It is the wildest form of gambling known, for there is no cessation or relief. When the speculator has put all on a certain stock it may take a week for the result to be known, and that week he carries around with him a load of anxiety. It is with him at his meals, it walks beside him and sleeps with him, or rather won't let him sleep. He has all staked on events which he cannot control, and he has to simply wait in suspense till the matter is decided for or against him. Of course to carry this load he invariably resorts to stimulants, and the upshot of the matter is an early death-bed, and seldom a very pleasant one. But the places of those who drop out are filled by a new stock, and the game goes on forever. The business is pure gambling—Wall street doesn't earn a dollar or produce one. It is simply wagering money that stocks will go up or down, and in most cases the money wagered belongs to some one else. A lie that will influence a stock is considered virtuous, and perjury is not discreditable unless it fails to produce the desired effect. In brief, it there is a sin that has not been adopted in Wall street, you may be sure it is only because it could not be utilized.

THE BEECHER TROUBLE.

The statement of Henry C. Bowen, that he believed Henry Ward Beecher to be a perjurer and adulterer, created a profound impression, particularly as every body knows that Mr. Bowen is in a position to know more of the inside of the case than any man living, and especially as he is the enemy of Tilton. It puts the matter in such a shape that Mr. Beecher cannot ignore it. Mr. Bowen is an entirely responsible man, and a statement so broad and sweeping must be met, otherwise, the public will have a right to belive it to be true. And now come other men who say that Mr. Bowen desires to be forced to tell what he knows in a court of justice, for the reason that he has in his safe documents that substantiate all that he asserted and a great deal more. Mr. Beecher, so far, has done nothing about it, but he cannot long remain silent. Bowen is determined to force it to an issue, and the result will be the opening up of the fight from a new side. And this time it will be settled. Bowen is a man of means, and has no reason to like Beecher, or Plymouth Church, for that matter, and he will follow it to the bitter end. On Thursday night, Mr. Bowen appeared before a committee of Plymouth Church, and proposed to appear before a committee of disinterested men, and prove the truth of what he had asserted, but this committee declined. Then Bowen said that in ten days he would appear before a committee of the Church, and prove it. As they cannot decline this, it is very probable that we shall have another summer of Beecher to divide interest with the Centennial.

THE GREAT FIRE,

which destroyed $4,000,000 of property on the coner of Grand and Broadway, Tuesday night, shows that New York is as shammily built as Chicago was. The buildings destroyed were among the finest in the city, externally, but when fire touched them they proved to be the cheapest flimsiest structures imaginable. Light thin walls, with pine joists and flooring. It only took an hour for a whole block to go up. It is a shame for insurance companies to put insurance on such traps. Had the buildings been properly built the fire never would have got out of the building in which it originated. There was no wind, the fire department, the best in the world, was promptly at work, and the fire, when discovered, had made but little headway, but yet, before it could be subdued, a whole block was consumed.

The death of young Beers, of the fire department, was a very sad thing. He was not on duty that night, but was spending the evening with the young lady to whom he was to have been married in a few weeks. He heard the alarm, and without waiting a moment, rushed to the fire, his betrothed following him as far as the police would permit her. Ten minutes after, a wall fell, burying Beers in the ruins. The poor girl saw the catastrophe, and was carried to her home a raving maniac. The builders of those buildings are directly responsible for at least eight lives.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

The crowds that go to hear Moody and Sankey at the Hippodrome are wonderful. There seems to be a good many christains left in the city yet, for the vast audiences are still mainly composed of them.

The idea of the Evangelists is to work for a revival among the Churches first so that their members will be prepared to help in the work of reaching sinners. Those who scoff are those who stay away, for it is impossible to put ones self under the influence of the meetings and not to be affected. The quiet in which the multitudes drift into their seats, the silence of prayer, the singing of thousands, hushed and full of feeling, felt rather than heard, some times stir the most unimpressible. Whether they will accomplish any permanent good is questionable—that they succeed in producing an intense feeling for the time there can be no doubt. Their audiences increase in number every meeting, and it could be kept up forever.

PIETRO.

American Jurisprudence.

Horace White, in one of his letters from Europe, writes as follows: The disclosures of rascality in public life, of which the American press has for a long time been full, have not escaped notice, though I must set it down as an extraordinary mark of international comity that I have not seen any, except the most distant, allusion to them in any new-paper, either English or Continental. A more prolific source of disfavor arises from the growing distrust of our judicial proceedings. I have been asked over and over again why it is so difficult in America to punish a rascal or recover stolen property. "The hardest thing for our people to understand," said a Frankfort banker who has large interests in New York, "is why justice cannot be depended on in your courts. I know of several cases at this moment where large sacrifices are being made in the way of settlement with sharpers, rather than run the risk of long delay, heavy costs, and uncertain verdicts in American tribunals. It is this uncertainty, quite as much as the failure of recent speculative investments in America, that deters German capitalists from putting more money at risk on your side of the water. I suppose you treat us as well as you treat each other. In fact I know you do; but you must reform your code, weed out your technicalities, and find some way to get better juries."

Mr. White says our eminent legal hair-splitters will be shocked to learn that in the effete monarchy where the above colloquy took place a flaw in the indictment is of no advantage whatever to a criminal; that the efforts of courts are directed to expediting rather than hindering the course of justice; and that a man worth $100,000 is as liable to go to jail, if guilty, as a tramp without a groschen in his pocket. He adds:

An Antwerp merchant worth some 10,000,000 francs and having influential connections was recently detected in some heavy frauds upon the revenue. Within a fortnight's time he had been indicted, tried by a jury of his peers, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 1,000,000 francs. How the foundations of society would be shaken if this had happened in Chicago, and what public-spirited effort would be made to secure the poor man's pardon!

An Anecdote of Washington.

John Cochrane sends the following to the New York *Sun:*

After the Revolutionary war Washington and many of the army officers, then living in New York, met frequently at dinner at each other's houses. My grandfather, Dr. John Cochrane (Surgeon and Director-General of the military hospital of the army), attending at one of these, had directed his son, my uncle, then a lad, to come in the evening to escort him home.

As the son of the doctor he was admitted to the dining-room, where, in the midst of their hilarity, he saw Gov. Morris, who was talking, turn suddenly toward Washington, next to whom he was seated, and clapping him on the back heard him cry out: "Wasn't it so, my old boy?"

Washington, my uncle said, sat unmoved, and a deathlike silence fell upon the whole company, which soon after quietly broke up.

It was understood that the scene was occasioned by a wager that a liberty could be taken with Washington.

Tweed has solved the problems of rapid transit, large profits, and no returns.

KIM'S LAST WHIPPING.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

There was once a wretched little unpainted schoolhouse, standing in a sand bank all summer, and in a snow bank all winter, waiting for a strong north wind to blow it over.

"Say, what will you sell that schoolhouse for?" asked a traveler of a little boy who stood on one foot on the rickety door step.

"For a bunch of matches," answered the b y, quick as thought.

The man laughed and rode on.

The boy was Kimball Prince, the rogue of the town of Skoodac, District No. 3, and the try patience of all his teachers. He was a handsome lad, ten years of age. I don't mean to say that he was always ten years old, but that was his age when Miss Pentecost whipped him and there is where our story begins.

Now Miss Pentecost taught the school that summer of District No. 3 She liked Kim—everybody liked Kim, but that was no reason why he should be allowed to tie the girls together by the hair—they wore long braids in those days—or fire paper balls or eat choke cherries, or stick pins in the seats to make the A B C scholars cry "O!" when they were not saying their letters. Miss Pentecost never winked at fashionable at that period, she whipped Kim regularly three times a week. It was considered the most direct way of reaching the conscience.

But Kim never could remember a whipping more than a day and a half, or at the longest three days, and Miss Pentecost began to grow discouraged. Must Kim always go on doing mischief and neglecting his lessons—a boy who could learn so well if he chose? She knew his mother—a poor widow, with a large family of children—and was sure Mrs. Prince could not afford to send Kim to school merely to play.

"What can I do to make an impression on that child?" thought Miss Pentecost one day as she tied the strings of her gingham "log cabin" under her chin, and stepped out of the schoolhouse.

Just then she heard those words spoken by Kim with great energy and a flourish of fists:

"Tell you it's true, Bob Whiting, for my mother said so; and if mother says it's so, it's so, if it ain't so!"

Miss Pentecost laughed all to herself, and passed on through the sand bank into the dusty road. When she had gone as far as the big willow, she paused a little, and laughed again.

"I like to hear a boy talk so about his mother, even if it is nonsence Kim is an affectionate little fellow, and I shouldn't wonder if he is a pretty good son. Anyway, I've got an idea, and I mean to try it, and see how it will work."

Next day was the time for one of Kim's regular whippings. He had been more trying than usual, and Miss Pentecost sent Bob Whiting out for a remarkably strong birch rod, which could better express her feelings than the old one, that stood in the corner. She spent some time in trimming the new twig, though she was careful to leave a few small knots on it to give emphasis to the blows.

"I don't think I ever saw a better birch rod," said she, as she looked at it with critical admiration.

"Now, Kimball, you may take off your jacket."

He was so used to taking it off that he usually kept half the buttons unfastened to save time.

Miss Pentecost gave him an unusual hard whipping, and after it he cried till he could hardly see. He thought that was enough, and it was what the boys call a "square thing." but that evening, as he was running out of the schoolhouse whistling, Miss Pentecost called him to her desk.

"Well, Kimball, I've whipped you very hard to day."

Kim thought there was no room for a doubt of that fact.

"Yes'm," he responded meekly.

"Look at this stick. Didn't I take pains to get a good one?"

"Yes'm," said Kim; but he didn't gaze at it as if he loved it.

"Do you know, Kimball, it is very hard work to whip you? It lames my arm and it hurts my feelings. Really, I can't afford to do it, day after day, for nothing."

Kim looked up in surprise. This was a new view of the matter.

"You understand me, Kimball? I can't afford to do it any more for nothing. Why, there is not another boy in school that I've whipped as often as you; and this time I must be paid for it. Don't you think that's fair?"

"Yes'm," said Kim, his eyes black and shining as watermelon seeds.

"Well, Kimball, I think it's worth about twenty-five cents, and I don't want you to come to school to-morrow without bringing me the money. Tell your mother about it, and tell her if you don't bring it I shall have to send you home for it. Good night, and don't forget what I say."

"Yes'm."

"What did she do to you this time?" inquired Joe Fuller, who had been waiting outside.

"O, go 'long, now; she didn't do anything to me," replied Kim, sheepishly. "Come, let's go down to the pond and catch mud-suckers."

Next morning about school time, Kim stole along into the shed kitched, and hung about the cheese tub, where his mother was cutting curd.

"Why don't you start for school? You'll be late, my son."

"The mistress whipped me yesterday," muttered Kim, helping himself to a lump of curd.

"Did she? Well I've no doubt you deserved it There, go, and see if you can't be a better boy to-day."

"But, mother—"

"Well, what?"

"Why, you see, the mistress—"

"Well, speak out quickly sonny; I'm in a hurry."

"Why, you see, mother, she wants twenty-five cents for whipping me."

"Twenty-fine cents?"

"She says it lamed her arm," said Kim, hanging his head, "She says she can't whip me for nothing, and if I don't bring it she'll send me home."

Mrs. Price looked down at the curly headed culprit with a twinkle of fun in her eyes—and she had black eyes, very much like Kim's

"Well, sonny, go and get my purse out of the end cupboard. If I am poor, it shan't be said that I don't do all I can for my children's education."

Kim brought the purse—a red worsted one with steel rings.

"Yes, here is a silver quarter with the pillars on it. We are out of gingerbread, and I was going to spend it for molasses; but never mind. I don't blame Miss Pentecost. I know it was hard work to whip you, and she deserves the money."

"Thank you, Kimball," said Miss Pentecost, in a low voice, when she received the bright quarter. "Didn't your mother think I deserved it?"

"Yes'm," and his chin sunk down into the hollow of his neck.

"I thought she would. Well, now, my dear, I shall carry this quarter home, and keep it; and the next time I whip you, you must bring me another one. Do you understand me?"

Kim scowled down at his little bare toes, and tried to stick them into a crack in the floor. Why this was getting serious. Would the woman keep on crying "quarters" forever? His mother had had all she could do to support the family before; but what would they do now?

"You may take your seat," added Miss Pentecost, still in a tone, so that no one could hear, but with a smile that exasperated poor Kim. "It is dreadful that you will be so naughty; but, you see, the more I whip you, the more money I shall get; and perhaps before the summer is over I shall have enough to buy a new dress."

"No ma'am," thought Kim, shutting his teeth together. "Catch me letting mother buy a dress for you! Why, we have got to go without gingerbread to-day. You won't get another chance to whip me for one long while, ma'am—now see."

To avoid whippings it was necessary to study, fr Kim was a boy that must be doing something. He saw Bob Whiting go to sleep and longed to drop a cherry into his mouth. He saw Joe Fuller sauntering down the aisle, looking straight before him. It was the "cutest chance" to trip him up; but Kim resisted these allurements and fifty more, and got his geography lesson so well that Miss Pentecost patted him on the head and said, "that's my good boy," which would have been delightful to him if only he could have forgotten that gingerbread.

Next day he tried studying again and got to the head of his spelling class.

"Why, I haven't had a whipping since Tuesday," thought he, Saturday noon, as he ran home with the silver medal of honor on his neck.

After that he seemed somehow to fall into the habit of studying. Studying is a habit, let me tell you, just as much as playing, although I suppose it is rather harder to acquire.

The little fellow's will was aroused, and that was precisely what he wanted. In short, Kim had had his last whipping from Miss Pentecost or anybody else, and instead of being her most troublesome boy, became her best scholar.

"I shan't be able to buy that dress after all," said she the night before she left Skoodac; "but Kim, dear boy, I know you are glad."

"Yes'm," replied Kim, meeting her eye with a smile.

"I'll keep this quarter to remember you by; your mother wishes me to."

"Yes'm."

Kimball Prince is now one of the wealthiest and most respected citizens in his native State.

"And that man," said 'Squire Hathaway the other day, in his Fourth of July oration, "was educated over here in Skoodac, boys in that little black schoolhouse, that is so miserable that, when a few years ago it took fire it wouldn't burn.

Mr. Kimball Prince returned from Europe last May, with his wife, and I heard Mrs. Hathaway say—she was once Miss Pentecost—that she thought her last whipping made a man of him."

"He wanted that old quarter of a dollar," said Mrs, Hathaway, laughing; "but I could not part with it; so he cut it in two, and we have each got half."

The Cry of "Infidel" and "Atheist."

The principal weapons in the combat are worth examining. They are very easily examined. You may pick them up on any of the battle fields of science; but on that field they were used with more effect than on almost any other. These weapons are two epithets: "Infidel" and "Atheist." The battle fields of science are thickly strewn with these. They have been used against almost every man who has ever done anything for his fellow men. The list of those who have been denounced as infidel and atheist includes almost all great men of science—general scholars, inventors, philanthropists. The deepest Christian life, the most noble Christian character have not availed to shield combatants. Christians like Isaac Newton and Pascal and John Lock and John Milton, and even Howard and Fenelon, have had these weapons hurled against them. Of all proofs of the existence of a God, those of Descartes have been wrong most thoroughly into the minds of modern men; and yet the Protestant theologians of Holland sought to bring him to torture and to death by the charge of atheism. These can hardly be classed with civilized weapons. They are burning arrows. They set fire to great masses of popular prejudices; smoke rises to obscure the real questions, fire bursts forth at times to destroy the attacked party. They are poisoned weapons. They go to the hearts of loving women, they alienate dear children. They injure the man after life is ended, for they leave poisoned wounds in the hearts of those who loved him best—fears for his eternal happiness—dread of the Divine displeasure. Of course, in these days, these weapons, though often effective in disturbing good men, and in scaring good women, are somewhat blunted. Indeed, they not unfrequently injure assailants more than assailed; so it was not in the days of Galileo. These weapons were then in all their sharpness and venom.—*President White, in Popular Science Monthly for February.*

According to the estimates of the secretary of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture, hawks, foxes, and other birds and beasts of prey destroy more than half the chickens and turkeys hatched out in the State.

A Buffalo man dreamed that he was going over the Falls, and he had his wife by the throat when he woke up. Next night she had a dream, and broke his nose as she struck at an Indian.

William McGuire has been imprisoned in Philadelphia for having bitten off the nose of William Rose. A Rose without a nose will not smell as sweet.

Catch not too soon at an offense, nor give too easy way to anger, the one shows a weak judgment, the other a perverse nature.

The English Rifle Association has accepted the challenge of the New York Rifle Association to organize a term in the contest for the championship of the world.

Gen. Sherman's Speech.

At a recent reunion of the New England Society in New York, Gen. Sherman made an interesting speech from which we extract the following:

"This great land extends from ocean to ocean. It is deasly populated in other parts, and the little army of 25,000 men is the connecting link between the future and the past. They have a task to perform the same as our Pilgrim Fathers had, and some future generation will look forward to them as they did, and even at Fort Laramie, I hope there may be a banquet then somewhat the same as there is here to-night. [Applause.] The Army is now one of peace, and should lead our hearts to peace. It does. There was a space a few years ago when everyone was in war, when we were struggling for our existence, and I need hardly refer to it. I appeal to you all, and believe you will say that there was never such an example since the time of Christ that the conquering race gave to the conquered the same rights that they themselves possessed. [Applause.] The very moment the war ceased, that very moment we shared with them our food, gave them employment, and took them to the protection of that flag which is to be the common flag of our home. [Applause.] I say again—and I believe I say what others will echo with me—that every Southern man that will come with us heart and hand to build up this nation, to make it as it were the very perfection of all civilized nations; where property is secure, where life is secure, and where contracts are enforced and where honesty is enforced from the highest down to the lowest—I say they are as welcome as if they were born on the surface of Plymouth Rock. [Applause.] But let them cherish one thought of hostility, let them have anything in reserve—any boast of their old Confederacy—a storm will rise over their heads tenfold as fierce as the last one which swept over this land. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I am speaking now for an army scattered all over this continent—not of the regular army, for that is a small body of men now—but for an army of men—for the muscle, and bone, and brain which now agitates America. [Applause.] We see ourselves to-day in a sort of apathetic position. I hear more complaints in New York than I ever heard in my life—and I used to live here—of hard times, of dull times. I don't see it, but I hav'nt had the means of looking behind the counter, nor inside your ledgers But the country at large is not unprosperous. There is more land cultivated than ever before. There is more mines developed every day than ever before. There is more room for the unoccupied than ever before. I will guarantee honest employment for 40,000,000 more people if they will only come over from Europe, not if they hang around the cities to become only clerks or porters. Now the trouble with this country is that the people have flocked too much in the cities. Come out West! There is plenty of wheat there and plenty to drink. [laughter.] We will treat you all kindly. You wont have such good wine as you have at Delmonico's, but we will give you an ample meal and a hearty welcome. I do not suppose any of you merchants will go there, but you can tell your firiends that there is plenty of vacant land in Colorado, in Kansas, in Nebraska, and in Wyoming for all the unemployed men that now infest your cities. Now, gentlemen, I have said probably more than I ought to have said, [cries of "No, no," "Go on,"] but of course, being somewhat of a rover, wandering about the earth, and looking at things as they occur to me with my own eyes and ears, and when I hear your people in New York complaining of hard times, and see so many people riding out in carraiges like princes, I cannot understand it all It don't seem to be natural at all. If the Plymouth fathers had had one-tenth of what each and every one of the citizens of New York has to-day, they would have counted themselves rich; and if the people of New York and America will only practise the economy, or one-half the economy of the Pilgrim fathers, the national debt will be extinguished in ten years—in five years. [Cries of "Good, good"] as to specie payment it will come as a matter of course. If, however, this great nation of forty millions of people, by the wisdom of Congress deem it hard and oppressive to maintain 25,000 soldiers to keep the peace among the Indians and mong our border people—if they deem it extravengant—let it be done; let us go back to our own civil employments, turn our swords into pruning hooks, and I myself will give the example of going back and earning my own living as I did before the war. But I hope this great nation will not forget the lesson of Washington, who bade them always to be prepared; let the danger be ever so little, to be prepared for the danger and to maintain not only the nucleus of an army but the knowledge of the art of war, and the art of naval war, too, and preserve it as something and above price, so that we won't have again to submit to the mortification of sending to Germany for men to drill our soldiers in our next war.

Privileges of Leap Year.

"Young ladies have the privilege of saying anything they please during leap year," she said eyeing him out of one corner of her eye with a sweet look.

His heart gave a great bound, and while he wondered if she was going to ask the question which he had so long desired and feared to do, he answered "Yes."

"And the young men must not refuse," said she.

"No, no! How could they?" sighed he.

"Well, then," said she, will you——"

He fell on his knees and said: "Anything, anything, you ask, darling."

"Wait till I get through. Will you take a walk, an not hang around our house so much?"

And he walked.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A singular grain of wheat, accidentally dropped in a garden in Hoveringham, England, last spring produced 93 ears and over 3,000 grains of wheat: probably the largest yield ever known, but showing what good soil and good cultivation can accomplish.

Reports from Constantinople give details of the persecutions of the Armenian Christians by their Turkish rulers. Many are professing Islaimism to escape outrage.

The wife of the Marquis of Bute was recently delivered of twins—a pair of Butes, as it were.—*Detroit Evening News.*

"A Plea for the Chicken Hawk."

John C. Diaville of Salisbury township, who has frequently delighted the readers of the *Inquirer* with his well written articles, makes the following plea for the chicken hawk, in the January number of the Lancaster Farmer:

In the discussion of the bird question at the last meetihg of the Lancaster County Agricultural and Horticultural Society, while it was agreed that all other birds should be protected by law from the gunner, the society seemed unanimous in their verdict that the chicken hawk should be the target of every rifle and shot gun in the country. At one time I entertained similar views in regard to the chicken hawk but I have not shot one for years, being fully convinced that he is a friend to the farmer.

Darwin shows how, in many cases, the crop of clover seed is dependent on the supply of cats in the neighborhood. Humble bees distribute the pollen on the clover bloom; field mice destroy the young humble bees; cats catch the mice. But the chicken hawk is a better mouser than the cat. Nothing hurts the eye of the farmer worse than to see great bare spots in his grass fields, where field mice have worked under the snow and destroyed the roots of the clover.

I have a fine large hawk that every day sits for hours perched on a horrizontal dead branch of an old chestnut tree in the field. He forms a fine, clear cut picture against the wintry sky as he sits there motionless as a statue. Now and then he swoops down and takes up a mouse, with, perhaps, some dead grass, in his talons. I would not exchange him for the best game cock or the best Bramah in the country. True, he sometimes catches a rabit pr a partridge, or bears off a pullet for his crop, but he is fully entitled to these as part pay for his services as a mouser.

It is true that, viewed from a sentimental standpoint, birds of prey afford but few traits to challenge our admiration. But science teaches their use, and when science and sentiment come in conflict, we are bound to accept the surer results of the former.

The crow is also a much maligned bird, but thanks to his sagacity, this "bird of ill omen" generally escapes the shots of his persecutors. The crow is represented as living to a great age. Tennyson alludes to this in the sonorous line—

"As the many wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home."

The crow has a decided taste for "grubs," and does good service in the corn field in early spring. I have known this bird to hook cutworms out of a hill of corn with its beek, and leave the grain untouched.

I once was very much amused at one of these ebony birds that found a nest of hen's eggs near a neighbor's barn. I saw him roll the eggs out of the nest and then fly off to a grove near by. Presently two crows returned from the wood, and had a happy time eating the eggs. I judged that one of these was the crow that found the eggs and the other was his wife, though I cannot be qualified that such was the fact. Perhaps it was another crow's wife. If my first conjecture in regard to their consanguinity was right, the bird certainly showed more solicitude for the comfort of his *alt frau* than some husbands I know of. I feel kindly towards these black scavengers, and throw the butchering offal where they can get it. They get terribly hungry when the ground is covered with snow.

Mont St. Michel.

And what is St. Michel? A sanctuary from time immemorial. Its rocky summit rising into the air—first crowned with Druidical remains, later with a Roman temple, and lastly with a Christian church—has been in turn the shrine of the legend, the romance, and the religion of at least twenty centuries. Though not always isolated, it was always sacred. The remains of the vast forest of Quoquelunde, as late as the sixth century, still stretched from the main land to the rocky mount. In the seventh century the remnants of it disappeared before the inroads of the rapid tide, but a wooded slope on the north-east side of the island still recalls the ancient homes of the Druids; and the earth, in many parts, is riddled through and through with countless warrens, made by the lineal descendents, no doubt, of the old forest rabbits of the mainland. As we look up at the wondrous pile from the sands, and note the mighty walls and towers behind which nestles for protection the little town, the eye measures those ancient granite masses, as solid and collossal as the rock on which they stand, and is fairly bewildered at the abrupt elevation, one above the other, of castle and monastery, until, on the summit of the whole, a vast cathedral, wonderful to behold even in its decadence, leaps into the air with flying buttress, pinnacle, and spire. And who built it, and how was it built? We know where the granite came from; but how were the immense blocks floated over from the neighboring Rochers de Cancales, hardly visible in the remote distance? How were they got across that shallow, trencherous tide, or how, when the sea went out, were they prevented from sinking into the sands? These are light matters, as the student of St. Michel's Mount will soon learn. Was not the great Archangel watching over the destinies of his shrine? A string of miracles, a group of shining legends, light up the pages of its eventful history. As we read far back in the past, the colors seem all fresh, like the gold azure of the ancient missals on the yellow parchment of the monastery itself. The good Bishop St. Paterne, of Avranches (sixth century,) sent through the forest of Quoquelunde his band of pious workmen, who cleared part of the rock, and founded two churches to Sts. Symphorien and Stephen, and a monastery. St. Scubilion was the first abbot, but the Christian legend begins only after the washing away of the forest in the seventh century. Then it was that St Michael twice visited St. Aubert, (A. D. 708.) Bishop Avranches, and pointed to the isolated rock as his chosen sanctuary. The holy man, mistrusting such visions, opened his Bible and meditated on St. John's words, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." Again he fell asleep, and this time St. Micnael pushed him roughly with one finger on one side of his head (*pulsatur austerius,*) upbraiding him with his sluggish incredulity; and the Bishop arose to found a church endowed with its own lands, and destined to become one of the most famous pilgrimages in Christendom.—*Good Words.*

Come to JESUS now.

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,

From January 11, 1875, to January 11, 1876.

GEORGE M. NEFF, Treasurer of Somerset County, in account with said County.

DR.

To cash received from collectors of State and county rates and levies, as follows: [Outstanding State and county taxes for the years 1873 and 1874 included.]

Collectors.	Districts.	Year.	State Tax.	County Tax.
Gillian C. Lint	Dale City borough	1873	$ 29 49	
George W. Benford	Somerset borough	"		$ 14 14
John A. Walker	Addison	1874	2 67	486 86
Tobias A. Miller	Allegheny	"	19 00	70 91
Simon P. Fritz	Brothersvalley	"		555 46
Jacob Mussman	Conemaugh	"	14 61	875 91
Frederick Shallis	Jefferson	"	43 15	292 93
Adam R. Shafer	Jenner	"	17 35	153 68
John Davis	Lower Turkeyfoot	"	66 52	528 20
Detrich Kreger	Middlecreek	"	1 31	392 09
John A. Phillippi	Milford	"	17 64	801 72
Gillian L. Miller	Meyersdale borough	"	81 04	347 37
William Scott	New Centreville borough	"	19 83	18 34
Simon Berkey	Paint	"	3 84	109 21
Edgar Kyle	Quemahoning	"	12 22	694 57
Albert G. Kolb	Salisbury borough	"	4 93	34 67
John Sipe	Shade	"	9 72	232 55
George M. Saylor	Somerset borough	"		823 75
Herman Stahl	Somerset	"		792 50
Josiah Kimmel	Stonycreek	"	36 80	592 18
William Brubaker	Stoystown borough	"	27	124 82
Frederick P. Walker	Summit	"	9 40	361 23
Daniel Swarner	Upper Turkeyfoot	"	6 70	78 01
John H. Benford	Ursina borough	"	2 93	148 71
John A. Walker	Addison	1875		1,192 45
George G. Walker	Allegheny	"		551 00
Frederick Swope	Berlin borough	"		411 50
Henry Hay	Brothersvalley	"		1,231 08
Daniel Hoffman	Conemaugh	"		1,054 53
Newton Tissue	Confluence borough	"		296 58
Jacob S. Livengood	Elklick	"		1,255 00
Conrad Eichenour	Greenville	"		301 47
Abm. B. Howard	Jefferson	"		705 62
Frederick G. Neff	Jenner	"		1,362 89
W. S. Matthews	Jennerville borough	"		48 61
George Geiger	Larimer	"		229 34
Frederick Dumbold	Lower Turkeyfoot	"		349 00
Jeremiah Whipkey	Middlecreek	"		389 20
Zachariah Snyder	Milford	"		1,426 27
Alexander Walker	Meyersdale borough	"		300 00
William Gillespie	New Baltimore borough	"		67 07
William Flick	New Centreville borough	"		65 25
Samuel J. Boyer	Northampton	"		269 00
Tobias Lehman	Paint	"		479 00
Benjamin Bowman	Quemahoning	"		819 28
S. J. Livengood	Salisbury borough	"		232 30
Jonathan Yoder	Shade	"		797 32
H. A. Flick	Somerset borough	"		482 55
Frederick Weller	Somerset	"		2,221 25
Jacob Troutman	Southampton	"		292 75
John M. Scrock	Stonycreek	"		748 53
Paul H. Schlag	Stoystown borough	"		107 71
Augustus Mulary	Summit	"		633 67
George W. Anderson	Upper Turkeyfoot	"		174 80
Herman Younkin	Ursina borough	"		687 72
William O. Earhart	Wellersburg borough	"		175 58
			$ 392 86	
To amount of State tax for 1873 and 1874				392 86
" cash borrowed from Olinger, order No. 447				1,000 00
" " received from E. Kimmel				5 00
" " " " H. B. Younkin				1 00
" " " redemption money on unseated lands				29 81
" balance in hands of Treasurer at last settlement				4,808 13
Total				$33,189 46

CR.

By cash paid on orders issued by County Commissioners, as follows:

By amount paid on bridge building	$8,149 91
" " " assessors	942 04
" " " Commissioners' attorney, W. H. Postlethwaite	105 00
" " " Commissioners' clerk, Jacob Neff	477 60
" " " County Auditors—	
J. J. Speicher	36 00
J. J. Weller	36 00
D. S. Miller	36 00
By amount paid County Commissioners—	
V. J. Miller	445 00
F. J. Countryman	387 00
O. W. Boyer	357 00
" " " Auditors' clerk and statements	8 00
" " " for constables' returns	692 37
" " " for election expenses	1,247 19
" " " for fox and wild cat scalps	991 95
" " " for fuel	50 00
" " " for printing	1,284 25
" " " grand jurors	755 18
" " " traverse jurors	3,140 06
" " " tipstaves and janitor	686 00
" " " jury commissioners	35 78
" " " for dockets and stationery	281 92
" " " money refunded	66 18
" " " of county script destroyed	14 00
By amount paid for inquisitions	12 00
" " " for repairs	378 00
" " " reform school	214 79
" " " road and bridge views and sales	704 55
" " " on miscellaneous orders	220 62
" " " stenographer	50 00
" " " for erecting meridian line	77 40
" " " for merchandise for prisoners	148 68
" " " Sheriff's bill, O. Knepper, in part	247 85
" " " Prothonotary's bill, E. M. Schrock	340 40
" " " penitentiary	194 40
" " " for damages	112 50
" " " for commonwealth costs	1,041 52
" " " of borrowed money	1,000 00
" " " of money refunded to State	93 34
" " " of redemption money paid out	29 81
" " " paid for township lines	41 60
" " " on Poor-house order	6,380 33
" " " out on school and road orders on unseated lands	504 51
" " " State tax, paid out of county funds	175 06
" " " Treasurer's commission on $22,289 03, at 2½ per cent	867 25
" balance in hands of Treasurer due county	91 82
Totals	$33,189 46 $33,189 46

We, the undersigned Auditors of Somerset County, do hereby certify that in pursuance of the 47th section of the act entitled "An act relating to the counties and townships," &c., passed the 15th day of April, A. D. 1834, we met at the Commissioners' office in the borough of Somerset and did audit, adjust, and settle the account of GEORGE M. NEFF, Esq., Treasurer of Somerset County, with the county, for the year 1875, and that the said account as above stated is correct, and that we find a balance due the said county from the said treasurer of ninety-one dollars and eighty-two cents (91.82).

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 15th day of January, A. D. 1876.

Attest—
JOHN J. SCHELL, Clerk.

SAMUEL S. MILLER, [L. S.]
SAMUEL SMITH, [L. S.]
GEORGE A. THOMPSON, [L. S.]
County Auditors.

MILITIA FINES,

DISTRIBUTED TO THE SEVERAL SCHOOL DISTRICTS OF SOMERSET COUNTY.

GEORGE M. NEFF, Treasurer of Somerset County, in account with said county for militia fines:

Dr.		Cr.	
To outstanding militia fines for 1873 and 1874	$ 695 48	By additional exonerations allowed for 1874	$ 138 93
To aggregate militia fines for 1875	1 291 84	By additional commissions for 1874	29 89
		By exonerations allowed collectors for 1875	325 22
		By commissions allowed collectors for 1875	19 17