The Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

Of TEN LINES or less will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, Three Dollars; Six months, Six Dollars; One Year, Ten Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c &c., &c., &c.,

Cheap for Cash and at short notice.

THE POPULAR
CLOTHING HOUSE.

BOYS' JACKETS,
BOYS' COATS,
BOYS' PANTS,
MEN'S FINE CLOTH COATS,
MEN'S SACK COATS.
MEN'S ENGLISH WALKING COATS.
MEN'S FRENCH SACK COATS.
Men's Spring Overcoats,
MEN'S BLACK PANTS.
MEN'S FANCY PANTS.
WE HAVE THE BEST
AND FINEST STOCK OF
MEN'S & BOY'S CLOTHING
IN THE CITY.
Together with a
SUPERIOR STOCK OF
Piece Goods
FOR
CUSTOM WORK,
At Less Than Gold Rates!

CHAS. H. STEWART
WITH
Smith Bro's. & Co.,
Marble Hall Clothing House,
40 West Baltimore St.
March 25, 1865—y

A CARD
To the Farmers of Kent Co.

A CUSTOM has obtained in the Grain trade of Baltimore, from which the farmers have suffered, and to which I as a Grain seller am unwilling longer to submit. It is no uncommon thing for a Commission Merchant to have Grain consigned to him and the first intimation he receives that the Grain is in the market is a return made to him by another Commission Merchant for so many bushels of Grain sold at a price that he does not know whether it is right or not, as he does not see the Grain. I suppose the custom originated in this way:—When samples of Grain are mixed they could not be delivered if sold separately, and in that case the agent having the largest lot has the right to sell; but when Grain is separate this is not necessary, except for the convenience of the Captain. I do not recognize the right of any Captain to hand over to another party without my consent, a sample of Grain to sell that is consigned to me. I prefer to have the control of my own Grain, and the privilege of determining myself, whether or not it is to my interest, or the interest of my customer, to have it sold by another Commission Merchant who has no interest in it.

Farmers who send me their Grain to sell are requested in all cases to direct the Captain to deliver me the sample.

B. B. PERKINS,
Commission Merchant,
and Farmers' Agent,
No. 8 BOWLY'S WHARF,
Corn Exchange Building.
August 26, 1865—tf.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

SUGAR and BREAD BOXES for sale by
May 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.
COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERHANTS,
No. 70 South Street,
BALTIMORE.
October 21, 1865—y

W. E. WOODDY. J. F. M. WOODALL.
WOODDY & WOODALL,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
No. 14 Bowly's Wharf,
(UP STAIRS,)
BALTIMORE.
Special attention given to the sale of Grain. Oct. 21, 1865—y

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, WILLIAM P. FRANCIS, WILLIAM T. TOMLINSON.
TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and *Country Produce generally,*
No. 96 Light Street Wharf.
Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise, promptly filled.
Baltimore, November 4, 1865—y

V. P. HINES. W. H. WEST.
HINES & WEST,
No. 90 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Hay, Potatoes,
Onions, Apples, Dried Fruits, Eggs, Fish, Cattle, Wood, Hoop-Poles, &c., &c.
April 1, 1865—tf

B. B. Perkins,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 8 Bowley's Wharf,
Under Corn Exchange,
Will give PERSONAL ATTENTION to the sale of all Grain consigned to him.
Baltimore, August 19, 1865.

WALTER T. HURTT,
PRACTICAL
HAT AND CAP
MANUFACTURER
AND DEALER IN STRAW GOODS,
No. 38 N. Green Street,
BALTIMORE.
Offers inducements to the Citizens and Merchants of Kent and the adjoining counties. Call and examine our stock.
September 23, 1865—6m

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
211 West Baltimore Street,
Jan. 7, 1865—y BALTIMORE.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!
AT THE
CHEAP CASH STORE
IN KENNEDYVILLE,
SUCH AS *WOOL DELAINES, Calico, Muslins, Cassimeres, Satinetts and Mallalieu Kersey;* HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes,
Ladies Wool Hoods, Childrens Hoods,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Also, a good assortment of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware, and all kinds of Goods generally kept in a country store,
At the Lowest Cash Prices!
Particular attention paid to TRADE, and liberal prices paid.
CHARLES W. WARREN.
Kennedyville, October 28, 1865.

The Steamer Commerce
WILL LEAVE PORT DEPOSIT ON *MONDAYS* at 12 o'clock, for PHILADELPHIA, touching at Betterton and Wharves on Elk River, arriving at Philadelphia Tuesday morning.

Leave Philadelphia on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for Wilson's Point, arriving Thursday morning.

Leave WILSON'S POINT on Thursday at 10 o'clock, A. M., for Philadelphia—arrive in Philadelphia Friday.

Leave Philadelphia Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock for Port DePosit, arriving on Sunday morning.

ABEL J. REES, Agent.
Oct. 21, 1865—tf.

Hardware.
HORSE SHOES, Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps, Building Hardware, Nails, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Cotton Cards, Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks.

GOOD NEWS!
GREAT BARGAINS.—We are now offering decided Bargains and no mistake, especially in Cotton Goods. We respectfully call attention to our large and splendid Stock of DRESS GOODS of every grade, including Fancy Silks, Black do., Shawls, Trimmings and Fancy Goods. Go to the "People's Popular Store" of W. A. VICKERS.
Nov. 25, 1865.

COAL.
Baltimore Company,
Shomokin (Soft) for Cooking.
APPLY TO MR. WM. H. PALMER, at the Wharf, Chestertown.
Dec. 2, 1865—4m. R. J. RUTH.

The Poet.

MY FRIEND.

Written by Col. W. S. HAWKINS, C. S. A., (prisoner of war at Camp Chase) a friend of a fellow-prisoner who was engaged to be married to a Southern lady. She proved faithless to him. The letter arrived soon after his death, and was answered by Col. H. in the following lines:

I.

Your letter came, but came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own;
Ah, sudden change! from prison bars
Unto the Great White Throne.
And yet, I think he would have stayed
For one more day of pain,
Could he have read these tardy words
Which you have sent in vain.

II.

Why did you wait, fair lady,
Through so many a weary hour?
Had you other lovers with you,
In that silken, dainty bower?
Did others bow before your charms
And twine bright garlands there?
And yet, I ween, in all the throng
His spirit had no peer.

III.

I wish that you were by me now
As I draw the sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore
Awhile before he died.
Yet the sorrow that you gave him
Still has left its weary trace,
And a meek and saintly sadness
Dwells upon that pallid face.

IV.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me
The Winter's cold to Spring;"
Ah! trust of thoughtless maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing!
For when these valleys fair, in May,
Once more with blooms shall wave,
The Northern violets shall blow
Above his humble grave.

V.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear;
Though to the last, he kissed with love
This tress of your soft hair.
I did not put it where he said,
For when the angels come,
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in his tomb.

VI.

I've read your letter, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it; fearful thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For a trifle, light and small;
What manly forms are often held
In folly's flimsy thrall.

VII.

You shall not pity him, for now
He's past your hope and fear;
Although I wish that you could stand
With me beside his bier.
Still, I forgive you; Heaven knows
For mercy you'll have need,
Since God his awful judgment sends
On each unworthy deed.

VIII.

To-night, the cold wind whistles by,
As I my vigils keep
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude, plank coffin holds him now,
Yet Death gives always grace;
And I had rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

IX.

To-night your rooms are very gay,
With wit, and wine, and song;
And you are smiling just as if
You never did a wrong.
Your hand, so fair, that none would think
It penned these words of pain;
Your skin, so white—would, God, your soul
Were half so free of stain!

X.

I'd rather be this dear, dear friend,
Than you in all your glee;
For you are held in grievous bonds,
While he's forever free.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve
In that which is to come;
He chose his way; you, your's; let God
Pronounce the fitting doom!

CAMP CHASE, December, 1864.

Test of Love.

As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. "Why," said she, "do you follow me?" "Because I have fallen in love with you." "Why so? My sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am; go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, turned and said: "Why did you tell me a story?" The woman answered: "Neither did you tell me the truth. If you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman?"

The President and Congress.

It is stated that letters from influential conservatives in the New England States are pouring into Washington urging their Senators and Representatives to avoid a rupture with the Executive, and to abide, as far as possible, by the policy he has seen fit to mark out for the restoration of the Union.

Farmers' Column.

How to Choose a Cow.

There is always some risk in buying a cow, of whose previous character and history we know nothing, for there are no infallible signs of excellence. A rough, scrawny, coarse, ill-shapen cow is often a noble milker. Yet there are a few points generally agreed upon by experienced farmers, which it is well to consider before purchasing. A small boned head and light horns are better than large. Long legs make too wide a gap betwixt udder and milk pail, and long-legged cows are seldom quiet feeders, but wander about too much. A slender rather than a thick neck, a straight back, wide ribs, and broad brisket, are to be sought for. The body of the cow should be large in proportion to head, neck, and legs, though not excessively large; and the hind quarters if large out of proportion indicate good milking qualities. Medium sized cows, all things considered, prove the best milkers for the amount of food they consume. The color of the hair has nothing probably to do with the milking qualities, and good looks should be regarded but little in purchasing dairy animals. As to the color of the skin, a bright yellow, approaching that of gold coins, creamy color within the ears—this and good rich milk are very apt to go together; and withal a soft, flexible hide, loose over the ribs and rump, is also to be sought. The udder should be large, soft, and full of veins, which ramify over it, with full-sized milk veins stretching forward along the belly, and the teats should be large and not crowded together. Test the cow's disposition and inquire about it. Irritable and nervous cows are unpleasant to handle, and almost always scanty milkers. Something can be ascertained from the looks and motions. Large, mild eyes, easy quiet motions when driven, and gentleness when handled, indicate good nature. What the butchers term "good handling" is an important quality in a milch cow, for it indicates not only good milking properties, but easy fattening, when service in the dairy is over.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Cutting Grafts.

Those who expect to use quantities of grafts in spring may find it most convenient to cut them now, and not be compelled to perform it hurriedly, with perhaps the omission of what they most want, just before using. Very severe winters sometimes injure the shoots, or when apparently uninjured, their vigor of growth is lessened, and they do not start so readily. This may prove the turning point between the growing and dying of a graft. Plums and pears are more apt to be thus affected. By cutting them early in winter, all danger of this kind is avoided.

When grafts are cut early in winter, they should be tied in moderate sized bundles, by means of a band of brass around each end and in the middle. The name should be written on a small strip of wood not over half an inch wide, which should be tied up with the grafts. As a precaution they should be written on both sides. A common lead pencil may be used for this purpose, and if the wood is first moistened on the surface, or still better, rubbed very thinly with white paint, the name will be more durable. The natural moisture of the grafts should be exactly preserved the winter through; to effect which purpose they are most conveniently packed in boxes in the cellar. The best substance to pack them in is damp moss finely broken up or pulverized. If it cannot be obtained from swamps, the green moss from woods answers equally well. The grafts should be completely and compactly embedded in this moss. If this cannot be obtained, slightly moist sawdust will answer, provided the boxes are small or holding not over a bushel, to prevent injury by heating. They should be occasionally examined to see if the proper degree of moisture is maintained. Moist sand will also answer the same purpose. Grafts may be also kept buried in the following manner: Place them in a box open at the top, filling it till within a few inches of the top. Secure them here by cross pieces, then dig a hole on a very dry spot of ground, invert the box and bury them. The natural moisture of the earth will keep them just right.—*Country Gentleman.*

Proposed New Sunday Law in Maryland.

The bill of Mr. Thomas J. Tull, of Baltimore city, in the House of Delegates, relating to the general observance of Sunday in the State of Maryland, has been favorably reported from the committe on ways and means. The bill provides that no person in the State, in neither cities nor counties, shall sell, or if a dealer give away, on Sundays, any tobacco, cigars, candy, soda or mineral water, spirituous or fermented liquors, cordials, lager beer, wine, cider or any other goods, wares or merchandise whatsoever; the penalties for violating the same to be indictment in any court in this State having criminal jurisdiction; and upon conviction the payment of not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars in the discretion of the court for the first offense; for the second offense a fine of not less than fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, imprisonment not less than thirty days and revocation of license; and for the third offense a fine double that imposed by the second conviction, imprisonment sixty days and revocation of license. The bill also provides against the keeping open of dancing saloons, opera houses or ten pin alleys on Sundays under like penalties.

"AH, dear doctor, how is my wife to-day?' The doctor shook his head and said, 'you must prepare for the worst.'—'What!' said the husband, 'do you think she is likely to get over it?

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men.

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be reserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterward became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them.—One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The holy St. Augustine having to preach in a distant town, took with him a guide, who by some unaccountable means mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterwards discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with the design of murdering him.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years, fell into the pit of a soap boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman just entering the yard, observed the top of his head, and delivered him.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burthen safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his unsatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leister a young soldier about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterward became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant it was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued the roof of the house, where he had been, fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch Reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit any one else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of a series of marvelous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man of war. He arrived too late, the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his then undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner he must have perished with the rest on board.

Evelyn was sauntering one day along a meadow near Says Court, when he looked in at the window of a thatched cottage, and saw a young man carving one of Tintoretto's cartoons. He entered, admired the work, and soon recommended the artist to Charless II. Thus the name of Gibbons became known. Milton sees a wretched "mystery" in Italy, and conceives the plan of "Paradise Lost." The plague breaks out in London; he retires to Chalfont, and the simple question of a Quaker friend calls forth "Paradise Regained." Gibbon muses among the ruins of Roman grandeur; and the Decline and Fall of the mighty Empire breaks in long perspective on his view. A Welsh harper thrills the chords at Cambridge, and Gray, fired with sudden emotion, writes the conclusion of the "Bard." Lady Austen points to a sofa, and Cowper creates the "Task."

The history of nations, as of individuals, hangs on threads. Robert Bruce was about to join a crusade when a spider, struggling to fix his web to the ceiling, gave him a lesson in perseverance, and remaining in his own land, he routed the army of Edward II. at Bannockburn, and achieved the independence of the Scottish crown. Cromwell was about to set sail for America, and clear forests with his ax, when a royal edict forbade emigration in unlicensed ships. Had he embarked the day before, he would never have been Lord Protector, nor Charles Stuart have laid his head on the block.

The fleet of William of Orange had been driven westward to Torbay. To return in the teeth of the wind was impossible, and Plymouth, the next port, was garrisoned by Lord Bath. The Royal fleet was out of the Thames and hastening down the Channel. "You may go to prayers, Doctor," said Russell to Burnet; "all is over." But it was not so. A soft breeze sprung up from the south, and the sun shone forth. The fleet turned back, William landed, and the Stuart dynasty ceased to reign.

The Centenary of American Methodism.

St. Paul's M. E. Church, corner East Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue, was last evening crowded with a large and highly fashionable auditory, consisting in the main of our fellow-citizens of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, drawn thither to join in the exercises of thanksgiving commemorative of the contenary anniversary of the establishment of that sect in America. The real contenary of Methodism—the laspe of a hundred years since the orign of this denomination—occurred in 1839, and was duly celebrated in Europe in that year. In 1766 Rev. Philip Embury, the first regularly appointed minister of the Methodist Church that ever practised the duties of his calling in this country, established a small congregation in the city of New York, and from that atomic beginning has grown up in the United States the immense denomination that is to-day spread every-where over our vast territory, rivaling (if not, indeed, outstripping) in point of numbers any other sect of Christians among us. The lapse of one hundred years from that time very properly drew forth from our Methodist fellow-citizens feelings of thanksgiving and joy for the wonderful spread of their denominational teaching, and this joy and thanksgiving were aggregated last evening by the anniversary occasion which assembled them together within the spacious edifice bearing the name of the great apostle to the Gentiles. The building was crowded to repletion, the aisles being filled with those who were unable to obtain seats, while the galleries, to use a common phrase, fairly bent down under the numbers that had assembled therein to listen to the exercises.

The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society.

The Hon. James Harlan of Iowa, Secretary of the Interior, presided, and, after the prayer, made a short address, in which he summarily reviewed the rise and progress of the Methodist Church in America, speaking in glowing terms of the trials and troubles of the early pioneers of that faith on these shores, and contrasting the early Methodism in the Colonies with the immense power and importance which now pertained to that denomination He spoke most cheeringly, too, of the future prospects for the Methodist Church in this country, and predicted that, great as had been its progress during the past century, the century to come would far outstrip it in point of power and influence. He congratulated his coreligionists on being enabled to assemble together this evening to celebrate this centenary anniversary, which would ever be a marked event in the history of the Methodist denomination; and when their descendants in 1966 should celebrate the second centenary they would look back to this time with feelings of peculiar pride and pleasure.

He then introduced to the audience as the first speaker the Rev. Bishop Janes. The bishop, after alluding to the occasion which brought them together, and briefly tracing the history of the Methodist Church in our country, devoted the major part of his address to the state of the Church in Europe, particularly in Ireland, of which country the Rev. Mr. Embury, the founder of the denomination in America, was a native. He spoke of the debt which the Church owed to Ireland, and instanced the number of prominent preachers of this denomination that were natives of the "Green Isle." He dwelt at some length on the trials and disappointments that these energetic missionaries to America had to encounter in pursuing the object which brought them hither, and thanked God for the victory they had achieved over every obstacle that lay in their path-way. He alluded also to the efforts of the German Methodists in the establishment of the Church in Faderland, whose zeal in the cause he pronounced worthy of all praise.

The Rev. Bishop Simpson followed.—His remarks were mainly to the effect that the Church should do something, as a Church, in forever making this event in her history, an event which would hereafter be held in rememberance. He desired that some monument should speak to the whole country of the thankfulness with which the hearts of the Methodists were filled at being allowed to celebrate this centenary anniversary. In thus memorializing the occasion they would be but following out the precedents set by the early church, which, on the occurrence of great events, invariably set up some monument to send its history down through coming ages to generation after generation. He knew of no better memorial that could be erected in honor of this occasion than the originating of a fund to be used by the church under the supervision of wise and discreet trustees for furthering the education of those intended for the Methodist ministry. He set forth the connectional characteristics of the Methodist Church, having its itinerating clergy, its peculiar moral literature, its admirable system of Sabbath schools, which was being copied by the other Protestant churches, and said that the only thing now lacking to complete and perfect the organization of Methodism was the pecuniary power within the Church to aid in and secure the education of candidates for the ministry. He felt satisfied that the masses of the denomination would readily come forward in urging on this great and much needed work, and by this means prove to coming generations that we in our day were not unmindful of the wants of the Church, nor unwilling to aid in supplying them.

The Rev. Dr. McCintock delivered the closing address. He fully concurred in the idea that had just been broached by Bishop Simpson, and he hoped the audience would take it home with them and act upon it. Standing, as they did now, on a bridge of time, as it were, with the past century with all its trials and all its triumphs on the one hand, and the coming century, with its womb full of great events, it became them, while thankful for the past, to look boldly into the future and ask:—"What can we do?" There was much to be done, but nothing was of more practical importance than the proper education of a ministry in the manner suggested.

The Rev. Dr. dwelt for some time on the necessity of the adopting of some measure for the insuring of this object, and closed his able address by predicting for the church in the future the most triumphant success, if the means at her command were properly used.

The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Holdich and the vast audience dispersed.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

A Bull Race.

Some forty years ago the members of a race course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published notice of a race, one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, "free for anything with four legs and hair on." A man in the neighborhood named Hays had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him around the track a number of times on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable, so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground on horseback—on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had dried an ox hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode to the judge's stand and offered to enter his bull for the race but the owners of the horses objected.—Hays appealed to the terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had "four legs and hair on," and that therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of swearing, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run, and he was entered accordingly. When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places. The horse-racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought it would be over as soon as the horses started. When the signal was given, they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the side of the bull, who bounded off with a terrible bawl at no trifling speed—the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race-course before. The horses all flew the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and none of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays.—A general row ensued; but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of the purse; and, if it had not been for Hays's horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did. Upon this Hays told them that he could beat any of their horses any how, and if they would put up one hundred dollars against the purse he had won, he would take off the ox-hide and leave the tip-horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave his bull another touch with his spur, and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses remembering the dread sound, thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again in spite of the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again and won the money. Bully for the bull!

Confiscated Communion Plate.

Rev. C. C. Pinckney, of Charleston, S. C., writes that at the capture of Columbia by Sherman, the communion service of his carried off. It had been sent there for safety. Each piece was engraved "Grace Church, Charleston." The record book, one hundred years old, is also lost, and was "last seen going North." He asks that friends who hear of them may notify him. The Communion Plate of St. Michael's, Charleston, the gift of Queen Anne, and that of Trinity Church, Columbia, was also captured, or else was destroyed in the fire on that occasion.—*Boston Traveler.*

Gen. Grant and the Radicals.

A correspondent of a Northern paper says General Grant has lost caste with the Radicals since his report on the affairs of the South. Of course he has, but has gained much in favor with honest and right-thinking people of the whole country. The prejudices of many of the radicals are stronger than their love of justice, and they seem to legislate to gratify their prejudices rather than to do what is right.

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