The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. V. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1866. NO. 3.

THE
Chestertown Transcript
Is published every Saturday, at Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,
Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

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. ☜

COUGH NO MORE. DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

CURE for PILES. DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

Doctor Strickland's TONIC. DYSPEPSIA. DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation of Roots and Herbs, with antiacids and carminatives to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by all Druggists everywhere at $1 per bottle. Jan. 20, 1866—y

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
COMMISSION AGENTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
OYSTERS,
Grain, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
152 Pratt Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
T. H. Burgess, C. H. Bramble, V. B. Hines.

NOTICE TO FRUIT GROWERS.

"OM past experience, the facilities now in our possession and our extensive acquaintance with the principal PACKERS and DEALERS in Fruit—we can at all times command the HIGHEST PRICES for all

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

consigned to us for sale, and respectfully solicit consignments.

☞ Prompt returns made, and particular attention given to the return of Boxes.

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
No. 152 PRATT STREET.
Baltimore, March 17, 1866—tf.

W. H. WEST,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
132 West Pratt street, Baltimore.

Particular attention given to the sale of
GRAIN
And all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Shipping Orders promptly attended to.

REFERENCES:
Messrs. Jno. A. Stephens & Bro., Balt.
" Norris & Pusey, "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, Kent County.
J. S. Hurlock, Esq., " "
R. C. Johnson, " " "
Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro., Queen Anne's Co.
Baltimore, March 31, 1866—y.

SHEUBROOK, WOODALL & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain & all kinds of Country Produce,
No. 124 Light St. Wharf,
Opposite the Wharf of Slaughter's Steamboat Line,
BALTIMORE.

☞ All consignments are thankfully received and promptly attended to,
February 10, 1866—t021.

SLAUGHTER'S
LINE OF STEAMERS.



STEAMER "CHESTER,"
Capt. S. L. Young,

Will leave Baltimore for Crumpton every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, touching at all the landings on the River, returning the alternate days.

THE STEAMER ARROW

THE LATEST MODE FOR SAVING GREENBACKS is to buy the CHEAPEST and BEST GOODS in the market.

The undersigned takes great pleasure in recommending his large stock of NEW GOODS both for CHEAPNESS and QUALITY. Thinking there is room for a *CHEAP CASHSTORE* in Chestertown, we have established one at J. R. Chance & Sons "CHEAP CORNER," where all classes of Goods will be sold VERY LOW for Cash, by the Piece or Pattern.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Thanking our friends for past favors, we solicit their further attendance.

H. W. VICKERS,
May 5, 1866. CHEAP CORNER.

SPRING SHAWLS.

BEAUTIFUL lot of Cheap Spring Shawls, Grenadines, Black Shawls, &c.

H. W. VICKERS,
May 5, 1866. CHEAP CORNER.

New Goods,
AT KENNEDYVILLE, Md.

A LARGE STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS just received.

GOOD CALICOES AT 12½ CENTS!

☞ *And all other Goods at the Reduced Prices!*

Persons wanting Goods will do well to call and examine my Stock before going elsewhere.

TERMS.—CASH, OR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

C. W. WARREN,
Kennedyville, Kent County, Md.
April 14, 1866.

Hoop Skirts,

BRADLEY'S DOUBLE SPRING, considered among the best and most agreeable to the wearer, now in use—just received and for sale by

April 14. WICKES & BRO.

COAL OIL
At 90 cents a Gallon!

A prime article, at H. W. VICKERS'
March 3, 1866. Cheap Corner.

CHEAP CORNER HARDWARE STORE.

A beautiful assortment of American, German and English HARDWARE constantly on hand at Cheap Corner. Largest Stock of TABLE CUTLERY ever offered in Chestertown.

CARPENTER'S TOOLS constantly kept at H. W. VICKERS,
Feb. 10, 1866. Cheap Corner.

Hats! Shoes!!

A FULL LINE of Men's and Boys' HATS, for Spring wear, some of them of quite Nobby styles: a general assortment of SHOES, among others, GENTS. CALF BOOTS and SUMMER BALMORALS, and a complete stock of superior MONROES and BROGANS for *Plowing* and other *Farm Work*, all offered for sale at low figures, by

April 14. WICKES & BRO.

CAKE TURNERS, Egg Whips, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Wire Ladles, Skimmers, Iron and Tin Dippers, Dust Pans, Coffee and Tea Pots, Candle Sticks, Lamps and Lanterns, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store.

May 14 *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

CASSIMERE SUITS,
At 15, 18, 20 to $25.
April 14, 1866. I. FRANK.

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg leave to inform the Farmers of Kent and adjoining Counties that they are prepared to do all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINE REPAIRING, at short notice.

They also put up in good order the celebrated *PENNINGTON IMPROVED REAPER*, which is of Central Draught, runs easy for four horses, and will cut from 25 to 30 acres per day; it cuts a 6 ft. 6 in. swath, and can have a MOWER attached in a few minutes. It gives general satisfaction, as has been certified to by many able farmers of Kent and Cecil counties.

They also build HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS, of modern style, which in good wheat will thresh and clean from 4 to 6 hundred bushels per day.

They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

Mill Spindles, Shafts and Picks made and repaired to order, and in good style.

Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth, Farm Hinges, Harrows, &c., for sale wholesale and retail, and on reasonable terms.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.
Galena, March 31, 1866—tf.

JAMES R. CHANCE. JNO. F. OSBOURN.

AUCTION NOTICE.

BY CHANCE & OSBOURN,
AUCTIONEERS
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 85 West Baltimore Street,
Below Sun Iron Building.

WE respectfully call the attention of all Merchants to our extensive Auction Rooms, where we are daily receiving

Goods of all Descriptions,

for public and private sales. Call and see us.

CHANCE & OSBOURN,
Auction and Commission Merchants,
85 West Balt. St., near Holliday.
April 14, 1866—6m.

HARRY MCCOY. WM. I. RASIN.

McCOY & RASIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 66 South St., Baltimore.

PROMPT attention paid to the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. All orders for the purchase of Farming Implements, Seeds, Groceries, &c., promptly attended to. Dec. 2, 1865—y.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.

COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERHANTS,
No. 70 South Street,
BALTIMORE.
October 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

The great fall
IN GOODS!

HAVING taken advantage of the last Great Fall in all kinds of Goods, we are prepared to offer GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

CALICOES 10, 12, 15, 18, 20.
DELAINES 25, 28.
BLEACHED MUSLINS 12½.
GOOD QUALITY UNBLEACH'D 15.

Beautiful assortment of

MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.

Large assortment of NOTIONS.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Bought of the Manufacturers.

The largest assortment of HARDWARE ever offered. Chisels, Hatchets, Planes, Augurs, Hinges, Butts, Saws, &c., &c. Call especial attention to our fine stock of TABLE AND POCKET KNIVES.

Oil Cloths.

Floor and Table Oil Cloths—latest styles.

CARPETS.—Cottage Carpet 45c. per yd.

DO NOT FAIL to call and examine our *Large and Cheap Stock of Goods* just received.

H. W. VICKERS,
April 14, 1866. "Cheap Corner."

PLOUGHS AND CASTINGS.

W. A. VICKERS has had made to order a large lot of CASTINGS, acknowledged by all Farmers to be superior to any ever offered in this market. Old Castings will be taken in exchange.

VICKERS was the first to knock down the price of Dry Goods, &c.: he is still offering GREAT BARGAINS! Go to the PEOPLE'S POPULAR STORE. April 7.

Axes! Axes!!

OF STEWART'S BEST MAKE, *Jersey Pattern* and *warranted*, just received and for sale low by

WICKES & BRO.
Chestertown, October 21, 1865.

A GENERAL STOCK OF WOODEN WARE, TIN WARE, CHINA AND CROCKERY, HARDWARE, &c., &c., &c., all recently laid in by

WICKES & BRO.
Chestertown, April 14, 1866.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by

May 14, 1865. J. K. ALDRIDGE

The Poet.

The Latest Popular Nonsense.

The following highly elegant and intellectual production is said to be the "very latest" in London. It is sung, whistled, danced, hummed and grunted by everybody old enough to walk:

THE HORRIBLE TALE.

Oh! it's a horrible tale I'm going to tell,
Of a sad misfortune that befell
A family that once resided
In the very self-same street that I did.

Oh! it is such a horrible tale,
It's sure to make your cheeks turn pale,
Your eyes with tears will be over-run;
Wigglety, wagglety, wigglety wum.

They never saw any company
Tho' a highly respectable family,
Till each grew more sadder and sadder,
And each was affrighted at the other's shadow.

They pulled down the blinds to keep out the light
Till everything was dark as night;
And as they were determined on suiciding,
I'll tell you the manner they respectively died in.

One day as the father in the garden did walk,
He cut his throat with a piece of chalk;
The mother an end to her life did put
By hanging herself in the water butt.

The youngest daughter on bended knees,
She poisoned herself with toasted cheese;
The youngest son, a determined fellow,
Blew out his brains with an old umbrella.

The gard'ner came in and saw the blood,
He run himself through with a piece of rhubub,
His wife saw the sight and it turned her savage,
She burnt herself to death with a red pickled cabbage.

The old tom cat as he sat by the fire,
Bit a piece off the fender and then did expire,
The flies on the ceiling, their case was the wors'n,
For they blew themselves up with spontaneous combustion.

The old cow in the old cow shed,
Took up the pitchfork and knock'd off her head,
The little donkey hearing the row,
Knocked out his brains with the head of the cow.

O! it is such a horrible tale,
It's sure to make your cheeks turn pale,
Your eyes with tears will be over-run;
Wigglety, wagglety, wigglety, wum.

A Lawyer that had Testimony Enough.

A story is told of a very eminent lawyer in New York receiving a severe reprimand from a witness on the stand whom he was attempting to browbeat. It was necessary that Mr. A— should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age. The following dialogue ensued:

"How old are you?"

"Seventy-two years."

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant as it was twenty years ago, is it?"

"I don't know but it is."

"State some circumstances which occurred, say twelve years ago, and we shall be able to see how well you remember."

"I appeal to your honor, if I am to be interrogated in this manner—it is insolent?"

"Yes, sir; state it," said the Judge.

"Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago, you studied law in Judge B—'s office, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me: "Mr. D—, my son is to be examined tomorrow, and I wish you would lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothing." I remember also, sir, that from that day to this, he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it had been but yesterday."

The lawyer said, considerably abashed: "That will do, sir:" to which the witness replied—

"I presume it will."

Neck-Twisting in Church.

A good story is told of an old parson who was sorely annoyed by a habit his people had acquired (and which prevails by the way in all other churches, even now and hereabouts, to some extent) of twisting their necks around every time anybody entered the door, and passed up the aisle of the meeting house, to see what manner of person it might be.

Wearied with the annoyance, the old man exclaimed, on Sunday:

"Brethren, if you will only cease turning your heads round whenever the door opens, and will keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you, as I preach, who it is comes in."

Accordingly he went on with the services, and presently made a stop as one of the deacons entered, saying—

"That is Deacon ——, who keeps the grocery opposite."

And thus he announced, in turn, the advent of each individual, proceeding the while with his sermon as composedly as the circumstances would admit, when at last a stranger came in, when he cried out—

"A little old man in green spectacles, and a drab overcoat—don't know him—you can all turn round and look for yourselves this time."

It is hardly necessary to add that the good man carried his point, and there was but little neck-twisting seen in his congregation after that day.

Funeral of Lt. Gen. Scott.

The funeral of the late Lt. Gen. Winfield Scott, which took place at West Point, N. Y., on the 1st inst., was attended by a large number of distinguished military and naval officers and eminent civilians. It is estimated that about 15,000 persons were present on the occasion. The Newark Advertiser has the subjoined account of the solemnities:

The religious services took place in the chapel, but the building was too small to admit more than a small portion of the thousands who were present. The ceremonies within doors were only the simple and solemn office for the dead of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and were participated in by the more distinguished of the persons present. Outside the chapel the procession was formed in readiness, with the grim, eagle-faced Gen. Meade at its head. Soon the doors were opened, and the splendid enffin containing the honored remains of the old hero was borne out and placed in full view on an open catafalque of most appropriate construction. It was an artillery carriage with a gracefully draped platform, the "fifth wheel" locked on behind as usual, being one that had served through Mexico in Duncan's battery, and having the names of the battles in which it had taken part painted upon it.

We need not go into the details of the procession. With the brave and stern General Meade at its head and bands playing mournful dirges, it swept on around the parade in stately order, cadets, soldiers, a battery of artillery, the clergy—Right Rev. Bishop Potter, of New York, Chaplain French, Rev. Mr. Warren, of Elizabeth, and Rev. Mr Hoffman—and then the body. The pall-bearers were Vice Admiral Farragut, Rear Admiral Palmer, Commodore Ringgold, Major General Cullum, Major General Townsend, Major General Sandford, Major General Van Vliet, Major General Delafield and Major General Meigs. Next came the horse, a heavy and aged charger, worn out like his master, and draped in mourning. The servants, the mourners, the Congressional delegation, officers of the post, of the volunteers and militia, of the navy, and of the general staff of the army, followed. Then came the Governors of States, and well to the rear came the living hero, Gen. Grant.

The scene was one to live in the memory, as the line, not so imposing as many we have seen, but containing so many of historical fame and distinguished worth, swept along past the monument of the gallant Kosciusco, and winding slowly around the beautiful parade, returned nearly to the point of starting before it turned aside to the cemetery in which lies buried so much of the nation's precious dust. All the time as the column moved the minute gun sent its mournful thunder, reverberating along the mountain sides. At the grave, Bishop Potter and Chaplain French repeated the service of the church, and at last the coffin was lowered, the earth scattered and rattled above it, the volleys were fired, and that was the last of the old chieftain. The bands struck up their liveliest airs, and the crowd thronged back to the landing.

The occasion was one to be remembered for its simplicity, the beautiful scenery that surrounded it, the historic interest of the spot itself, and more than all, for the great gathering there of the best and bravest of the land. There was grim "Lord George" Meade, looking in sweeter temper than usual; kindly old Farragut; Grant, always quiet and self-possessed; Anderson, of Sumter fame, helping himself along with a cane; Howard, Schofield, Thomas, Ringgold, Worden—men who had won undying fame at the cannon's mouth—and with them, grander than all others in fuss and feathers, a score of major generals of the quartermaster's, adjutant general's and commissary departments, who had achieved their stars as chief clerks of bureaus in Washington. Among the civilians were the President of the United States Senate, the Speaker of the House and the delegation from Congress.

☞ The Express, whose editor ought to know, say that Thad. Stevens' religious belief is at a very low ebb indeed. The Radical leader of the House of Representatives, according to The Express, is an Infield, a Universalist and a Rationalist rolled into one, and believes in nothing. There is no doubt whatever that heaven will have nothing to do with him. Satan will reject him, for fear, if he should be allowed to pass the gate, that he will propose a "plan" for the reconstruction of the infernal regions. In these contingencies, therefore, it is a subject for profound speculation with philosophers as to the ultimate destination of Stevens. We commend his case to parsons of his political persuasion.—*N. Y. News.*

☞ John Randolph is said, upon one occasion, to have visited a race course near the city of New York. A flash-looking stranger offered to bet him $500 upon the result of the race, and, introducing his companion, said: "Mr. Randolph, my friend here, Squire Tompkins, will hold the stakes." "But, sir," squeaked the orator of the Roanoke, "who will hold Squire Tompkins after I give him my money?"

☞ "Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen."

"O, yaw," was the reply, I know de reason for dat; *mine mudder was a woman.*"

☞ They are registering hogs in Wheeling; whether a test oath is required is not stated.

How Jack Became a Democrat.

Jach was a red-hot abolitionist, and his chief pleasure seemed in making the fact as notorious as possible. His friends and associates, with one consent, pronounced Jack a bore and a nuisance.

One day, Jack met at the house of a friend a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. Attracted by her loveliness, and captivated by her intelligence, he became assiduous in his attentions, forgot for a while his "principles," and without inquiring what might have been the political preference of his lady-love, imprudently proposed, was accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed, when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject, by casually speaking of himself as a Republican.

"What?" exclaimed his wife, turning sharply and suddenly toward him, "are you a Republican?"

"Yes," replied Jack, "I am a regular out-and-outer, double-dyed and twisted in the wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then," interrupted his wife; "I am a Democrat, I am; I will never sleep with a man professing the doctrines you do."

Jack was rather speechless from amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor was horrible; she must be jesting. He remonstrated, but in vain; tried persuasion, 'twas no go; she was in earnest, and the only alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy, or a separate bed in the other room.

Jack did not hesitate. To abjure the established doctrines which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was ridiculous and absurd, and, throwing himself from the bed, he quit the apartment.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened; but whenever Jack ventured to allude to the night previous, there was a laughter-imp in her eye, which bespoke her power and extinguished hope.

A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time called on his pride to support him in the struggle, which he now found was getting desperate.

The second day was a repetition of the first. No allusion was made to the subject on either side. There was a quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her to a surrender must be abandoned.

The third night he was alone! His reflections were yet more serious than the previous nights; what they were, of course, was only known to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided; for at about midnight three distinct raps were made at his wife's door. No answer. The signal was repeated in a louder tone; still all was silent. A third time the door shook with the violent attacks.

"Who's there?" cried the voice of his wife, as if aroused from a deep sleep.

"Your husband, the best Democrat you ever saw."

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and ear, not the eye and printed page. The first mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We frequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered. An audience will listen closely from beginning to end of an address which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is true of children. They will learn with pleasure at the hands of parents what they deem it drudgery to learn in books; and even if they had the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent, if they enjoy in childhood and youth the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let the parents talk much, and talk well, at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be, in some respects, a wise man, but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter; dull, silent and uninteresting at home among their children. If they had not mental activity and mental stores for both, let them first provide for their own household. It is better to instruct children and make them happy at home, than to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up there;" and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

☞ An Irish paper says that one expected and curious effect of the cattle disease in England has been to raise the value of goats to an extraordinary degree. These hitherto despised animals are now exported in considerable numbers from Ireland, and have been sold in several English counties at from four to five pounds each, the ordinary price being not over ten shillings.

A GUARDED ACCOUNT OF IT.—A man asked the cause of his father's death, answered that, "while he was addressing a large out-door assemblage of people, who were listening to his remarks with the deepest interest, a portion of the platform on which he was standing gave way beneath him, whereby he was precipitated several feet with such violence as to break his neck." His father was *hung*.

Wife Murder in Delaware.

A murder almost as revolting in some of its details as that of the Deering family, has come to light at Mt. Pleasant, Delaware. The murderer is one A. P. Armstrong, a thrifty farmer in that neighborhood and his wife the victim. This couple had not lived happily for several years, and their disagreements were the frequent cause of her absenting herself from home for several days at a time. Owing to this habit, the murder which it now seems was committed on Saturday the 19th, ult., was not discovered or ever suspected until Sunday the 27th. Her absence and the fact that none of her friends with whom she usually stayed away from home knew of her whereabouts, attracted the attention of neighbors, and led to a questioning of Mr. Armstrong whose answers only seemed to confirm their suspicions of foul play. Accordingly a general search was instituted in which the brutal husband assumed to take a leading part. Parties scattered in all directions, and searched closely every spot where the missing woman might possibly be concealed, gradually contracting their search toward the house. The first evidence they discovered was some loose dirt in one of the stalls of the stable. This Mr. A. explained by saying that he had recently filled up a hole in the stall. The party, not satisfied with the explanation, began digging, and soon exhumed a large quantity of the missing woman's clothes. The husband was immediately taken in custody, and the interest in the search for the woman increased. Some persons passing the hog pen discovered traces of fresh dirt, and immediately the floor of the pen was torn up, when part of a foot appeared. The monster had dug a hole under the pen, thrown his victim head foremost into it, and covered her over with the filth of the pen. In his haste he had not entirely buried his victim, and thus was revealed the results of his crime. The woman was found in a nearly nude state, her skull crushed and a stab inflicted in her back and breast. She left twin infants only four months old. The hardihood of a man who could remain quietly at home after having committed a deed so diabolical seems incredible. Even Probst, after the first few hours, seemed anxious to quit the scene of his malefaction.

The Highlander's Prayer.

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer, charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight, stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which, at that period, covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which in the immediate neighborhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer. "Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian. The Highlander replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud that we may all hear you." The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger—the help of him, who in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and thoughts and wishes as they arose.—"You may go sir," said the officer, as he concluded; "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy tonight." "His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who have never attended drill, always get on ill at review."
—*Hugh Miller.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS has an income of $60,000 a year. He sits under polished mahogany, eats off beautiful china and solid silver, and buries his slippers in the soft pile of velvet carpets fit for the parlor of a prince. He had never been known to deny himself for purposes of charity.—If, during the war, he contributed to raise a regiment or support a soldier's family, we have yet to learn it. If he has made any donation from his abundant wealth to the fund for supporting the negroes of the South, we stand ready to record the fact upon sufficient proof.

☞ Judge Jeffries when on the bench, told an old fellow, with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

DELICIOUS JAM.—Getting half squeezed to death in a crowd of angels in crinoline

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