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THE

Chestertown Transcript

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Selected Poetry.

The Old Homestead.

BY ALICE CAREY.

When skies are growing warm and bright,
And in the woodland bowers
The Spring-time in her pale, faint robes
Is calling up the flowers;
When all the little naked feet
The children in the morn
Go forth, and in the furrows drop
The seeds of yellow corn,
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors set open wide!

But when the happiest time is come
That to the year belongs,
When all the vases are filled with gold,
And all the air with songs;
When fields of yet unripened grain
And yet ungarnered stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of ampler threshing floors;
How pleasant from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Stands the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodsman plods with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung;
When low about her clay-built nest
The mother swallow trills,
And decorously slow, the cows
Are wending down the hills,
What a blessed picture of comfort
In the evening shadows red,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With its bounteous table spread.

And when the winds moan loudly,
When the woods are bare and brown,
And when the swallows' clay built nest
From the rafter crumbles down;
When all the untrod garden paths
Are heaped with frozen leaves,
And icicles, like silver spikes,
Are set along the eaves;
Then when the book from the shelf is brought,
And the fire-lights shine and play,
In the good old-fashioned homestead,
Is the farmer's holiday.

But whether the brooks be fringed with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never a song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberries
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine,
Is all to me as one,
For bright as the brightest sunshine
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

"Mother, I will be everything to you that I can be; I promise you that."

The boy lifted his head. A look of high resolve made the young brow manlike in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair locks. There was a world of love in that soul!—a love that was not only lip deep, but was proved by acts of self denial.

The words are beautiful enough to be repeated. Henry Locke smiled, because as he spoke there came tears to his mother's eyes. He had that morning been promised a place in a country store, five miles from the cot, or rather cabin, where they lived It was but a small pittance, but of late the mother had grown so feeble that she could earn nothing, could scarcely do the little that order and neatness called for at her hands.

One dollar a week! It was a very little sum, but better, much better than nothing. Besides, Henry was to have his meals with his employer, and could if he chose, sleep there. But he did not choose. For a glad smile from mother; for the tender Christian words that came from those pale lips, he was bravely willing, after the day's hard work, to walk the five miles, dark and tedious though the way was.

Often he came home bringing some little delicacy that he had earned, and which was sweet to the invalid because he brought it.

One night the sky was curtained with clouds. The widow looked from her little window, facing the hilly road along which the hay wagons went on their way to the city and said as the twilight deepened earlier than its wont, "he will not come to-night." The wind blew fiercely, and sent the limbs of the old apple trees rattling against the clap-boards, and threw the rain as with a spite over the little meadows, sheeting them and making dreary music. So the widow, quite confident that Henry would not venture out in that storm, read her Bible till her heart kindled with the holy words, and putting out her light, went to her rest.

She knew not how long she had slept when a voice awakened her. The sweet voice so dear to her was crying "Mother! Mother!" At first she thought it was a dream; but listening intently she heard blending with the wind that cry, and a sound against the latch greeted her. Instantly rising, she groped for a light, unfastened the door, and behold there stood Henry, a piteous sight indeed, covered with mire literally from head to foot. His face was wet, but the honest, happy smile was in no way abated.

"My boy, how could you come on such a night?" exclaimed the widow.

"Why, mother, storm couldn't keep me from you," was the hearty response. I've had the greatest time, though, you ever did see—lost my way, got into the creek, and it must be midnight; but I meant to come for S. gave me a trifle over to-night, and I knew you needed it."

"My dear boy?" sprung from the mother's full heart, with a tear or two that trickled down her pale cheeks.

"I wonder I haven't thought of it before," she added musingly. "After this I'll put a light in the window. To be sure it won't show far; but when you get to the hill it will be pleasant to see it and know that I am watching for you."

For three years the lamp was placed in the little window every night. People often remarked "as bright as Mother Locke's little window," and it became a favorite saying with the neighborhood.

At the end of that time young Henry was offered a good chance on board a whaling vessel, and he resolved to accept it. It cost him no one knew what a struggle to part with a being he loved with an almost worshipped affection. But he knew the time had to come when he must go forth into the world to do battle for himself and for her; and a sailor's life was his coveted calling.

"It seems to me, Henry," said the mother, when with a trembling lip she parted from him, "as if I must still put a light in the little window. I shall think sometimes that I hear the sound of your voice. O, Henry, Henry, if I could but light you over the stormy waters!"

The long voyage was ended; but another voyage was to end before that. The widow Locke was taken ill. Yet with unfailing regularity, with feeble step and trembling hand, nightly, the dear woman trimmed the little lamp and placed it in the window. Still, when the bended form could no longer totter about the cottage, when she lay helpless upon the bed and the neighbors came in to take care of her, she would say, "Put the little lamp in the window—my Harry will be thinking of it!"

Night after night, and ever until her eyes grew dim she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying sometimes—"Shall I live to hear his footsteps?" Will that feeble flame still burn when my life's light has gone out?"

"I have longed to see him," she said: I have prayed earnestly, but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world"

"Have you put the light in the window?" she asked suddenly, a few moments after. "It is growing dark."

Alas, it was not the light that was growing dark.

Her hands grew cold. Over her countenance came that mysterious shadow that falls but once on any mortal face.

"Oh! my boy," she whispered; tell him I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

The thrilling sentence was hardly spoken, when the shadow dropped from the sufferer's face, and it smiled in the calm majesty of death.

A funeral followed; humble hearts attended the body of one who was loved for her sincere goodness all through the hamlet; and on the hillside, in a little graveyard, she was buried.

Not many days after, a great ship came into the port of a busy city Among those who stepped from the decks none were more hopeful, more joyous, than Henry Locke. He had passed through the ordeal of the sea so far unscathed. No blight of immorality had so far fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if at every nightfall his feet had been turned towards the door of his mother's cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her. Strangely enough, he never dreamed that she might be dead. It did not occur to him that perhaps her silver locks were lying under the lid of the coffin. Oh, no, he only thought of the pleasant light of the window that her hands had trimmed for him. So he journeyed to his native town.

Yonder comes one who trudges on laggingly—a farmer in heavy boots and frock, his whip in his hand.

He cheers on his oxen, but suddenly stops amazed:

"I see you know me," said the young sailor, smiling. "Well, farmer Brown, how is—?"

"Know you? why how tall you have grown! So—" his eyes drop, his mouth trembles—"So you have got home?"

"Yes," and glad to get back again. "How is mother?"

"Your mother," he says, in a low, hesitating way, that telegraphs ill tidings before they are told in words.

"Yes, yes—is she well? Is she expecting me? Of course she is; we're late by a month full."

"Your mother, Henry. Well—the old lady"—he plays with his whip, or rather strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart?

"There—you need not speak!" cried the young man in a voice of sudden anguish, and recoiled almost staggering, from the farmer's side, and buried his face in his hands.

"Henry, my poor lad, your mother's."

"Don't, don't!" cried the other, showing now a face from which all color had fled. "Oh! my mother! my dearest mother!—she is gone, gone—and I am coming home so happy!"

For some moments he sobbed in agony. How dreary the world had grown. The flowers had lost their fragrance, the sun its warmth; his heart seemed dead.

"Henry, she left a message for you," said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

"A message for me?" It seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

"Yes," says she, so my dame told me, and so the minister said—"Tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

"Did she—oh did she say that? God bless you for telling me! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of Heaven? Yes, mother, I will think you are still waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years, but I knew the light was burning. I cannot see you now but I know the light is burning."

Slowly and reverently he went to the hill-side graveyard, and there he knelt and wept upon the lowly grave. But not there he sought her. A sweet vision was vouchsafed him. All robed in heavenly garments he saw the beautiful soul he called mother, and streaming from the brightness of her glorious home, a slender beam seemed to come trembling to his very feet. Then he knew the light was placed in the window of heaven.

Once more he knelt in the little room where he had left her. Nothing was moved; but, oh, how much was wanting! There on the window still stood the little lamp—that brought the tears afresh. But he took his mother's well worn Bible; and kneeling by her bedside, as if she could hear him, he consecrated himself to a life and work of righteousness.

From that cottage he went out into the world, carrying his grief as a sacred memorial, but seeing always, wherever his work led him, his waiting mother, and the lamp in the window of heaven.*

*The beautiful song, "A Light in the Window for Thee," was suggested by the above sketch.

Is the Negro a White Man?

From the La Crosse Democrat.

What our people need, to cure them of their negro fanaticism, and to dispel the delusion which has wrought so much mischief in our land, is, to make them understand the true character of the negro, and the great and striking differences which are to be found, throughout his whole system, in the intrinsic character and qualities of bone, muscle, blood, fibre, hair, and everything else that enters into his organization and composition, between him and ourselves. All this is a matter of fact, of scientific investigation, and not of sentiment. It is what can only be learned by the careful, thorough investigation of the naturalist, the man of science. At the head of this latter class, of the men of our day, stands Professor Agassiz. With no prejudices against the negro, but from his long residence in New England, and personal association and interchange of thought, with her leading men, more likely to partake of their views, politically, he has, nevertheless, risen above all these influences, and been faithful to truth and science, and gives his testimony as a calm, unbiassed observer, a cool and thoughtful philosopher, who scorns to conceal or pervert a fact, hit where and prove what it will. Candid, truth-loving white men, read the following, and ponder upon it, and cut it out, and lay it by, and read it again, and again ponder upon it, and repeat the process until you can make up your minds that the negro is not your equal, and that he should occupy the subordinate position which God evidently intended, and his nature has fitted him for, and that you will stand by your own high, noble, white race, and go for its supremacy over the negro everywhere:

"I have pointed out over a hundred specific differences between the bonal and nervous systems of the white man and the negro. Indeed, their frames are alike in no particular. There is not a bone in the negro's body which is relatively the same shape, size, articulation, or chemically the same composition as that of the white man; even the negro's blood is chemically a very different fluid than that which courses through the veins of the white man. The whole physical organism of the negro differs quite as much from the white man's as it does from that of the chimpanzee, that is, in his bones, muscle, and fibers. The chimpanzee has not much further to progress to become a negro than a negro to become a white man. This fact science inexorably demonstrates. Climate has no more to do with the difference between the white man and the negro than it has with that of the negro and the chimpanzee, or than it has between the horse and the ass, the eagle and the owl. Each is a distinct and separate creation. The negro is no more a negro by accident or misfortune than an owl is the sister of the eagle, or the ass is the brother of the horse. H w stupendous, and yet how simple is the doctrine that the Almighty Maker of the Universe has created different species of the lower animals to fill the different places and offices in the grand scenery of nature!"

A Nice Little Bill.

The impeachment trial will cost the working men a round sum. It will all be found in the bill. It will count in the tax levies. It is stated that the printing of the tickets of admission cost no less than $6,000. The expense of the trial is set down at $500,000. Certain witnesses cost the country $5,000 each. Gen. Rousseau netted some $9,000—a good job. The sum of ten cents a mile and ten dollars a day, was allowed for attendance. This is a nice array of items to make the tax-payers and poor working men of the country sweat for. This is a beautiful sum total to fleece from the already overburdened wealth-producers. Are the revolutionary spirits at the seat of government to be allowed to go on form one set of infamy to another, without being rebuked by an outraged people, too long patient under a growing despotism?—*Maine Democrat.*

A THRILLING SKETCH.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he won her.

We think the scene was Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax the stoutest heart to the uppermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer time. It was at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud, noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him to do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another; and shook their heads; but all admired the young man, and some of the young fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to show of such hazard, but he thought he would teach his inferiors a lesson.—The young man (the son of a small landed proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood respectful looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain considering who it was he had to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked in her face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such transport as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how dispensing with formality enables and makes greatful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale desirous and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task, and neither dared to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes on the crowd, (which, nevertheless, she beheld not) and now on her hands and finger's ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretext—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd; and, coming up her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand that she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, sir, to put an end to this mummery;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow, but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing; then ascends at a quicker rate; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow, but not feeble is his steps, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he stagers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seems to be more sure. He halts; but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him. See, he is almost at the top; he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front towards the top, it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward.—Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him; see, at last; he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden An enormous shout; he has won—he has won. Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron puts spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together; the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the spot. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, and lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practiced this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind; "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed!"

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and to keep them together. These people look close, they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their face upon them. "God forbid they should be parted more," said a venerable man; they can never be. He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looking up at the baron; "Sir, they are dead."

The Newspaper.

Some school teacher of excellent observation and long experience in his profession says that he has found it to be the universal fact that those scholars of all ages and both sexes who have the privilege of a newspaper at home, are better readers; can pronounce more correctly and read intelligently; can spell more accurately; define words with more precision; have more practical knowledge of geography, which is acquired in half the time necessary for other as the newspaper teaches them the location of the important places of the nations, and the current events of history; are better grammarians; can more readily comprehend and analyze the construction of language; can write their thoughts more smoothly, more fully, and more connectedly; and after a habitual reading of the newspaper can take a more decided part in conversation or debate, exhibit a wider and more varied knowledge of subjects, than those who are deprived of this advantage.

This is not a wonderful matter after all. The wonder is that there should be any occasion for laying down so obvious a proposition. Yet the silent, persistent influence of a newspaper is much greater than is generally realized or acknowledged and principally for the reason that it is so silent and unobstrusive. Thus the strong hold which a newspaper will take upon a family by means of its daily arrival and its regular reading, is illustrated by the difficulty which new journals find in displacing old ones, though they be one hundred or more per cent. better. This is more especially true in the old communities of the Eastern States where the habits and customs of the people have run longer in rigid moulds and channels and which are accordingly more difficult to break up and dissolve. But a good newspaper with all its faults, ought to be best with which a family comes in contact. It comes oftener than the school-instructor, for there are no holidays or vacations.—It stays longer, because the children abandon the school-master at the age of maturity, but still continue reading the newspaper. It epitomizes the world; even the poorest adds something to the intellectual possessions of the people; facts in science, truth in ethics, principles in government, theories in political economy, some truth, many false, but not all false, as they would be were it nor for the newspaper. It condenses and compresses information into readable and accessible shape, just as we have exhibited above, in a few lines, the testimony of school teacher, who, owing to newspaper inexperience, protraced his remarks into a short essay, divided and subdivided into an unnecessary diffuseness. The newspaper has the weakness of human nature, since it is the production of human beings; but it is rapidly rising into the great instructor of mankind.

The Bible.

I remember reading a deeply interesting tale in which a French gentleman brought his wife home one day a present. "What do think it is?" said he. He gave it into her hand, and she found it to be a Bible. Both were infidels. "The bookseller said no library would be complete without it, so I bought it as a piece of antiquity." The book was then laid on the shelf. Many months passed away.—One day the gentleman set alone in his study, full of sorrow; his first born baby was dead, and his wife very ill, her life despaired of; he rose and paced the room. Suddenly his eye glanced on the piece of antiquity. He took it down and carelessly turned over the pages. The first passages he saw were Job xiv: 1, 14; he closed the book angrily; yet his mind was disturbed. Days passed; the wife still lived, and the husband kept solitary in his library; but a change had come over him. Again he took up the Bible; he read hour after hour; midnight came on, and even day dawn, yet still he read. Another day and his wife revived. When permitted to see her, he told about the book he had been reading and that it had made him unhappy. She said: "We will burn the dismal book." "We must not burn it," he replied.

As weeks passed on, and the wife was getting better, she so wished to share her husband's distress of mind, that she persuaded him to bring the piece of antiquity to her chamber. She read it sometimes alone, sometimes with her husband, and seemed to find tranquility in it. She said one day to him, "If this book is true (as it surely is,) our condition is very happy." Time were on. Both read and studied this precious book, and found promise; light shone into their dark souls, and the piece of antiquity proved to them (as it will, with God's blessing, to all who read it,) truly a "lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path."

Our Mother.

From our earliest infancy we learn to cling to our mother. She is with us at all times. Night after night, while we are tossing upon a bed of pain, she watches over us with untiring and gentle care, thinking of nothing but that which relates to our comfort. Look upon the battle-field, after the conflict is over, and all is silent save an occasional moan from a dying soldier, and nought to light up the faces of the dying and dead but the pale light of the moon. Here and there we see a fluttering figure dart to and fro among the dead, now and then peering into the face of one who, she thinks, perhaps, may be her boy. What a picture of a mother's love is this? No rest for her until she finds her boy; and when he is found weltering in his life's blood, the mother bends over him, and sob after sob escapes from her agonized bosom. Let us look into the hospital. See that poor fellow as he lies upon his low couch, kind nurses are around administering to his wants, but what cares he for these? his mother is not there. But, look at him now! Why does his eyes light up and his whole frame quiver with joy? It is because his mother is coming to see him. Does not he love his mother? Yet how many of us turn with scorn from her wise advice and regard it only as talk; but, in after years, when we are thrown into the world and have only ourselves to depend upon for support, then it is we to mind the many lessons which she gave, and regret, when it is too late, that we did not follow her loving advice. Speak to the drunkard, or criminal, of his home and friends, you touch his heart; but speak to him of his mother, and recall to him the weary nights she watched over him while he was in pain, and you see a mist overspread his eyes—he will bow his head and think over the pleasant days of his childhood, remember then only as a delightful dream that is past and gone forever. In after years, as we stand beside the cold dead body of our beloved mother, the lesson which she taught us when we were young, and which we had before treated with contempt and scorn—these lessons we determine shall be our guiding star to heaven and to mother.

Radicals who Cannot Support Grant.

Anna Dickinson—"I am going to England to get out of advocating this bungler."

Mrs. Stanton.—"Grant says nothing, and knows less than nothing."

Wilson.—"I will never, so help me God, support any but temperance men for office."

Greeley.—"The Presidency requires a man of ideas and a statesman."

Colfax.—"I declare in advance no doubtful man shall have my ballot for President."

Old Thad.—"Never ask me to support a twaddler and a trimmer for office."

Geary.—"Drunkards, like pirates, are public enemies."

Frelinghuysen.—"The nation owes it to its self-respect to tolerate imbecility in politics no longer."

Wade.—"Grant knows nothing of politics. * * He can talk of nothing but horses."

Yates.—"I own I have been a drunkard; I will be one no longer, nor will I longer cast my lot with such men"

Be Polite at Home.

There are few families, we imagine, in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, father or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely at times, to his wife or sister, than he would dare to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the holiest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to women in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household,

This ought not to be so. The man who because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward and a mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentleman and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment, too often indulged in, between those bound together by the ties of blood, or the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

Don't Kill the Birds.

One of our cotemporaries enters the following plea for the birds:—Don't kill the birds that run up and down your apple trees. They are the conservators of orchards, and the arch enemies of bugs, grubs and worms. Some one told us, the other day, that the farmers' boys were shooting woodpeckers and sap-suckers, as if they were birds of prey; but what is poison to orchard trees. If you see row after row of round holes encircling an apple tree trunk, don't be alarmed, but thank Providence for the birds which took a grub out of every hole, perhaps. Many insects deposit their eggs in the interstices of the bark, and when they hatch out, they bore into the soft, spongy bark. The "sap-sucker," as he is erroneously called, seeks out the hidden places of the these pests, and gobbles them up. The wood-pecker alights on tree trunk, and darting sidewise, taps on the bark with his beak.—He is sounding the bark, and when he detects a hollow—and it must be a very small one if he don't detect it—he bores his way into the cavity and devours the tenant. You lose ten bushels of apples when you shoot a woodpecker. So don't kill the wood-peckers.

☞ During the battle of Antietam, a Confederate battery, stationed on a hill near a blacksmith shop, ran out of metal. While some was being brought, the gunners went into the shop, took hammers and iron, wrapped them in bagging, rammed them into their guns, and let fly at a Federal battery stationed on an opposite hill. A German artillerist in the battery, seeing the tools and iron flying so profusely, exclaimed: "Mein Gott! ve shall have to blackschmidt's shop te next time."

A DESCENDANT of Luther, the great Reformer, is now living in Hagerstown, Md. He is one of the eighth generation, in descent from his distinguished ancestor.

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