Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1868. NO. 31.

JUST OUT.



THE undersigned have just completed the

BALTIMORE COOK,

and confidently offer it to the people of Kent county as the *best* and *cheapest* Cooking Stove in the market.

Call and examine our new stock of Dwelling, Church, and School Stoves, which we always *guarantee* to be as represented.

DORGAN & CO.,
S. E. cor. Light and Lombard sts.,
Sept. 5, 1868—4m. BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Sewing Machine Mart.

THE Public have long desired the establishment of a Mart where all kinds of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Findings could be had; where they could see and compare the workings of one machine with another, and select from the different makes, the Machine best suited to the use to which they desire to apply it.

FRED. W. WILD,
78 *W. Baltimore Street.*

☞ Sewing Machines repaired and adjusted by skillful mechanics, and a fair remunerative compensation only will be charged for the time and skill expended in the work.

The Great American Combination Button Hole Overseaming and

SEWING MACHINE,

Is warranted to execute in the best manner every variety of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Gathering, Quilting, Over-seaming, Embroidering on the edge, and in addition makes beautiful Button and Eyelet holes in all fabrics. It has no equal, being absolutely the best Family Machine in the world, and intrinsically the cheapest, for it is two Machines combined in one by a simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement.

Circulars with full particulars and samples of work done on this machine, can be had on application at the sales room of

FRED. W. WILD,
78 *W. Baltimore street,*
Over Eisenbrandt's Music Store.
AGENTS WANTED.
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

BOWER'S

COMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY HENRY BOWER,

PHILADELPHIA,

MADE FROM

Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted Free from Adulteration.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who have used it, also by distinguished Chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. Each.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
39 South Water and 40 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.

For Sale by WM. REYNOLDS,
79 South Street,
July 18. BALTIMORE, MD.

MORO PHILLIPS'
GENUINE IMPROVED
SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturers' Depots,

No. 27 N. Front Street, Philadelphia,
AND
No. 95 South Street, Baltimore.

And by Dealers in general throughout the Country.

The SOMBRERO GUANO of which MORO PHILLIPS' PHOSPHATE is and always has been manufactured, (and of which he has sole control for the United States,) contains fifty per cent. more Bone Phosphate than Raw Bone, therefore it is more durable. The addition of Ammonia gives it greater fertilizing value.

Over seven years' experience has proved to the Farmer that it makes a heavier grain than even stable manure, and is not only active but lasting.

Price $56 00 per ton, 2,000 lbs.
Discount to dealers.

MORO PHILLIPS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.
Philadelphia, August 29, 1868—3m.

USE

WINSLOW'S DYSPEPSIA CURE,

the best remedy extant for Dyspepsia, Scrofulous diseases, general debility, &c.

Sold everywhere.

USE

MURDOCH'S ANTI-BILLOUS PILLS,

for Bilious Complaints, Colds, &c.,

Sold everywhere.

USE

CASPAR'S FROST LOTION,

Sold everywhere.

BURROUGH BROS.
Wholesale Agent,
Light St, near Pratt, Baltimore, Md.
Oct. 31, 1868—y.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON,
Grain Commission Merchants.

General Agents for

ANDREW COE'S
Super-Phosphate of Lime.

BEST ARTICLE IN USE

Letter from A. L. Carter.

MONASKIN, Lancaster Co., Va., August 10, 1868.

Messrs. HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Baltimore, Md.

Gentlemen:—I purchased two tons Andrew Coe's Phosphate last fall and applied it in comparison with A No. 1 Peruvian Guano, each drilled in with wheat, at the rate of about 150 pounds per acre, on similar land. The growth of straw was greater where the guano was applied, but the yield of wheat greater and quality better where I used the Phosphate. I also purchased two tons last spring to experiment on oats and corn. The growth of oats was very fine, the corn looks well and bids fair to yield heavily. I shall want more to apply to wheat this fall.

Very respectfully, A. L. CARTER.

Letter from Hon. E. J. Henkle.

Anne Arundel County, Aug. 8th, 1868

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

Gentlemen:—I have used Andrew Coe's Super-Phosphate of Lime on my corn crop for two successive years, and take great pleasure in testifying to its merits. My crop last year was bettter filled in the ear and heavier than I ever raised before. The soil was of inferior quality, and I could only attribute the success of the crop to the effects of the fertilizer. I have used it again this year and it promises equally good results. It is, in my opinion, the most popular and best manufactured fertilizer in use in this community.

Very truly yours, E. J. HENKLE.

Letter from Michael Graybill.

Amsterdam, Va., July 31, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

I used Andrew Coe's Phosphate by the side of No. 1 Peruvian, and I could see no difference between the two; both did well. I will want some again this fall. Very respectfully yours, MICHAEL GRAYBILL.

Letter from Jesse Slingluff, Esq., President of the Commercial and Farmers Bank.

Baltimore, August 4th, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I used on my wheat last fall your Super-Phosphate of Lime, and found it to do well. I most cheerfully recommend farmers to use it, as a first-rate fertilizer.

Very respectfully yours,
JESSE SLINGLUFF,
Baltimore county, Md.

Letter from Basil S. Benson.

Anne Arundel Co., Md., July 13, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I have bought twenty-six tons of your Phosphate and used it on my fall and spring crops, and it is the best fertilizer that I have ever used. Yours, truly,
BASIL S. BENSON.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Agents,
No. 10 Camden St., Baltimore, Md.
August 29, 1868.

CORTLAN & CO.,
216 & 218 Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.,
IMPORTERS.

CHINA,
Glass & Earthenware,
TABLE CUTLERY AND FAMILY HARDWARE,
PLATED TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.
Forks, Spoons, Casters
And Butter Tubs,
Britannia and Block Tinware,
Fenders, Shovel & Tongs, Standards,
And House Furnishing Goods
OF EVERY VARIETY.

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATTERN, and beautiful in DESIGN. The stock having been bought MUCH UNDER former prices on account of the depression in trade, will be offered to customers at a corresponding reduction.

CORTLAN & CO.
Baltimore, August 29, 1868—y

Wood and Coal.

THE Subscriber has in his yard and is prepared to supply Oak, Hickory and Pine fire wood at regular prices. He also gives notice that he will be prepared in a few months to furnish *Coal of all sizes and quality.* Persons wishing to engage their coal, will be supplied as cheap as it can be furnished in this market.

W. H. HAMILTON.
13-tf.

Henry C. Kennard.

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR,

apr4-6m BALTIMORE.

Mules, Mules!

One Pair MULES and Horse, for sale by N. BARNARD,
Sept. 19—tf Still Pond, Md.

LUMBER. LUMBER.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by
T. W. ELIASON & SON.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS.
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint.
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,

and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imagining of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE *Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The* TONIC *is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.*

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1868.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable combination of stimulants in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

Yours with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,
Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of quack medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a valuable preparation. In some cases it may do all and more than is claimed for it. I would not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*

Yours very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Chestnut street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Be not fooled to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Selected Poetry.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow
To keep the thrilling love cords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet towards slumber tending;
No little knees in prayer to bend,
Or lips the sweet words lending.

What would the mother do for work
Were there no pants or jacket tearing?
No tiny dresses to embroider?
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting,
No merry shouts as home they rush,
No precious morsel for their tasting.

The sterner soul would get more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime towards which we reach,
Through time's mysterious dim unfolding
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice, in whom we trust,
When, in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charms,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

THE GHOST OF 1780.

"Hiram, do not go; I implore you do not. Why will you break my heart and your poor mother's by such cruel conduct? Do you not see that her life is bound up in yours? that she could not survive were harm to come to her son? The separation and cruel suspense would kill her, I fear, without the aid of other horrors.—Oh, Hiram I am pleading for your poor old mother! I havn't said a word for myself, dearest; not a single word, though my own heart is breaking. Hiram, give it up!"

And the wreathed girl hid her face on on her lover's shoulder, and wept bitterly.

"My dear child, is it possible that I am mistaken in your courage, your endurance, your patriotism? What, Sarah! am I dreaming? Let those infernal redcoats dictate terms to us? No, indeed! Every man should be up an doing! It is because I love my mother, my home, and my promised bride, that I propose to shoulder a musket—*not* because I am particularly fond of fighting. Sarah, it is no use!" as the young man noted the fast-falling tears "Come, dear, be brave! Wipe away those foolish tears, and bid me go to the defense of my country.—Something tells me, derrest, that you will have need of all the pluck and fortitude you possess. Sarah, those tears are womanly, not cowardly, I know; but you must steel your heart against all emotion. Learn to be quiet, earnest and wise, darling—'wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove.' Take that for your motto, and if your soul grows sick of waiting, of hope deferred, of trials, persecutions, suspense, remember that the cause is a glorious one! remember what depends upon the women of America! To their heroism, their endurance and toil, Sarah, shall we look for signal success. If I could honorably remain to protect you and my darling mother, I would do so; but *you* know I cannot; and, Sarah, you would not wish me to attempt anything sneaking or in the least dishonorable; I am sure you would not. Mother is old, but I trust she will live to see the day when peace shall again be restored, the country prosperous and happy, and you and I, dearest, husband and wife! So be kind to each other, cultivate hopefulness, and, above all, be cheerful in your intercourse with her."

"But, Hiram, just think! here is not one chance in a hundred that you will escape death, even, to say nothing of the horrors resulting from the loss of limb, suffering privation you will be exposed to? Oh, Lord, I can never endure it! Hiram, I plead for *myself* now. Take me in your arms; tell me you will not leave. Don't you see that my heart is breaking?"

"Tempt me no more! Listen; no persuasion, entreaty or tears can have the least effect upon my resolve! It is foolish for me again to go over the story of my love; you have heard it full often. But I swear to you, Sarah, as much as that love is to me—constituting, as it does, the warmest and richest part of my life—I would cast it under my feet did it come between me and the love I bear my country."

"You might have left that unsaid, Hiram; that to the refinement of cruelty, and the *ne plus ultra* of patriotism. But my love for you, dearest, would lead me quite differently. Think you I could voluntarily deprive my darling of love and comfort? Think you I could even speak the word that might separate us for ever? I never realized till now, how much was contained in these two words, 'woman's love.'"

And the woman's face grew hard as she lifted her head from its resting-place.

"No, darling? But I have; I knew how boundless and self-sacrificing it was! I knew just how much negation, of suffering, it comprehended, long before this.—But you are weak unnerved now, and it is no wonder. Events like these make the strongest tremble; and if I whisper to you now that my only misery, my only anxiety, is for the loved ones I leave behind me, will you not think better of my devotion? I shall not make a very brilliant warrior, Sarah, I fear; but the thoughts of you, of mother, our homes, and our precious country, must stimulate my soul to deeds of valor. Now, dearest, good-bye, and may a kind heavenly Father protect and guard you till my return!"

One last, long, lingering kiss and Hiram Trowbridge the betrothed of sweet Sarah Reed, was gone.

The war of the Revolution had now been satisfactorily opened by the famous battle of Lexington, and the American determined to prosecute it with vigor. At this time, General Gage, not exactly satisfied with his circumscribed position at Boston, determined to cut through the militia and take up a defensive station in the country.

The Americans, determined to circumvent this, sent a thousand men by night to occupy Bunker Hill. The British were utterly dismayed when they discovered the arrangement of troops, and saw the necessity of immediately driving them away. Among our brave leaders were such men as Prescott, Putman, Warren, and among the men who had the honor of being private soldiers on that always to be remembered and revered occasion was Hiram Trowbridge. Here there were no idle hands, not a single coward heart.—Here fell the gallant General Warren, shot through the head by a British soldier, who had previously been a warm personal friend; and here Hiram, by his coolness and bravery, distinguished himself, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and became a loved and honored officer.

So affairs progressed: we are all familiar with the historical events of those troublous times. One battle followed another, but still no harm came to Hiram; he seemed to lead a charmed life.

Sarah grew more hopeful in regard to her lover; but the poor child was so surrounded, so shrouded by difficulties, that she grew to be alarmed for herself and parents, whose sole comfort and dependence she was.

The old Reed homestead was situated on the out-skirts of Norfolk, and within a short walking distance of the home of Widow Trowbridge. Many were the hours that Sarah spent with the afflicted woman. Provisions were high and scarce, and it required the utmost care and economy in the preparation of food to keep soul and body together

Mrs Trowbridge had never rallied from the despair which the parting from her oldest son occasioned, so the moments spent in her society by her son's betrothed were not very happy ones; no word of cheer or comfort ever passed her lips.

"Dear Mrs. Trowbridge," said Sarah, one day, after an unsuccessful attempt to cheer her sadness, "this is not right.—Hiram would be displeased should he know how miserable you make yourself on his account. Just see how cheering his last few words were: 'More victory, my darlings. Take care of yourselves. I was never in my life in better health or spirits, God bless you.' Men pure, disterested, patriotic, like Hiram, the Lord will protect. He never will be so unjust as to take our only hope away, and He so good and kind. Do have a little more faith, my dear——"

And Sarah hesitated.

"Call me mother, child," and the stricken woman ran her fingers nervously through the beautiful locks of the kneeling woman. "You are just as much my son's wife and my daughter as through the minister had joined your hands in wedlock.—I would I had more faith, dear, for all our sakes; but do you not know that it is just such men as my Hiram, just such God-fearing, earnest, noble men, that are always selected for the shafts of death?—'A bright and shining mark' He loves, and knowing this, what may I expect for my son, than whom there never was a better?"

Sarah walked home from this interview, as on all preceding ones, with a heavy heart. Her own soul whispered these things constantly, and it was hard to be compelled to find confirmation in another.

A few days after this conversation, Gen. Tryan passed through Connecticut with with several hundred men, plundered New Haven, and burned both Norwalk and Fairfield.

Mrs. Trowbridge's home was destroyed with the rest, every article of wearing apparel stolen, provisions knapsacked, and the aged woman, more dead than alive, sought shelter with the Reeds, whose house, strange to relate from its more isolated position escaped the notice of the marauders. Ay, these *were* times that tried men's souls, sure enough, and proved the material too. Mrs. Trowbridge rapidly failed; a sort of mental imbecility followed this last most crushing misfortune, and Sarah was compelled to realize that her days were numbered.

The regiment of which her lover was an officer was stationed within a few miles of his home, and the noble girl contrived to send him word of his mother's condition, and request his presence for a few hours.

Leave of absence was granted, and the poor fellow arrived just in time to receive one look of recognition, one loving embrace from his idolized parent. He might not even remain long enough to follow the remains to their last resting-place.

"I have only you left now, darling," he whispered, pressing his betrothed to his heart. "God grant that *you* may be spared me! "Oh, but this is terrible!" as he glanced again at the lifeless form before him. "War! cruel and desolating, how I despise thee! "Oh, Sarah, to think my furlough expires in another hour? I may not even stay to know that my precious mother is decently buried!—This is the hardest of all!"

Poor Sarah, with a bursting heart, did all she could to soothe her lover; promised that everything should be attended to, as far it laid in her power; and then, almost fainting with grief and anxiety, saw the joy and sunshine of her soul again depart for the scene of deadly conflict. No words can paint such grief as this.

The next news received by Sarah of her lover was to this effect: His regiment had been ordered to South Carolina, and the chances of communication were now more uncertain than ever. It is probably well remembered by all our readers on the 12th of May, 1780, Charleston, after a gallant and protracted defense by General Lincoln, surrendered to the British—a defeat which filled the whole country with sadness and indignation.

On the morning of this eventful day, Sarah, as was her wont, was busily engaged in her domestic duties. She was housekeeper, servant and dutiful daughter, all combined. Some way, on this occasion the girl was unusually buoyant.—Her step seemed to have gained the old time elasticity, and Mr. Reed was surprised to hear snatches of song occasionally escape her, as she tripped lightly around.

"I don't like to hear that not a bit. I'd much rather the girl would cry than sing. It means no good when a mood changes so suddenly." Mr. Reed whispered to himself.

"Sarah, what are you singing for?—Have you forgot all about poor Hiram?" inquired the old gentleman, hoping to draw out an explanation.

"No father; no indeed. Forget Hiram! You must be crazy, dear! But, let me tell you how I feel—just as if he was near me—just as I used to when he lingered longer than usual to bid me good bye—darling old Hiram!"

The young girl tried to hide the happy tears, and her father walked out of the kitchen "I have seen the like of this before. The boy is dead. I know he is. How quickly that mood must change! Oh, Sarah, my poor child!" groaned the loving parent.

But Sarah hummed on; no shadow darkened her soul. Love was life, and life was love. Hiram loved her—Hiram was good, and the Lord would spare him! So far, had passed through unscathed, and she would never doubt again.

Just as these thoughts were flooding her heart with joyousness, the garden-gate opened, and Sarah stood transfixed. Hiram certainly, dressed in his clothes, but pale as death—pale; but smiling!

The kitchen-door opened slowly, and her lover entered. Not a word escaped him; but his countenance glowed with affection and seraphic contentment.

"Hiram, my dear, my darling, speak to me!"

Still no reply. Unaccountably, Sarah felt herself rooted to the spot. She attempted to move, but the attempt was useless.

"Hiram, come to me. Why do you look so strangely? Have you, then, ceased to love me, dearest?"

"Never, through all eternity, my own! Just fallen, Sarah, at the battle of Charleston!" and the figure glided quickly away.

One long, piercing shriek startled Mr. Reed from his reverie. The form of his daughter, pale and lifeless, lay stretched upon the floor. The vital spark had almost fled. She recovered sufficiently to relate the incident to her father; but, before night of the same day, Sarah Reed was a corpse.

The event was entirely corroborated by subsequent news. Hiram Trowbridge *was mortally* wounded on the morning of the 12th of May, 1780.

Sunday in London.

"Monadnock," in his London letter to the New York *Times*, draws the following picture of Sunday in a portion of the British metropolis:

For a large portion of the poor classes of London, Sunday is a great trading day—a weekly fair on which they make the bulk of their purchases. From early until noon, and more or less through the day, whole streets and quarters of the metropolis are turned into noisy, open markets. All the shops are open, costermongers throng the sidewalks, bread, meat, groceries, clothing, fish, vegetables, crockery-ware, cheap jewelry, all sorts of things bought by the lower classes are cried and sold. The crowd, three-fourths women, is impassable. It is ragged and dirty as well. The noise is deafening. In vain the church bells are ringing; they are not heard or heeded. At one o'clock the public houses are opened, and the thirsty crowd rushes in them for gin and beer. The squares and streets of the fashionable quarters are as quiet as any one would desire. The shops in the better class of business streets are all closed, except confectioners' and tobacconists'—segars and sugar plums being necessarily sold on Sunday; but just turn out of Holborn into Leather Lane, or visit the New Cut, in Lambeth, and half a dozen other localities, on Sunday morning, and you will see and hear what no one can describe.

As to the people who market on Sunday, it is the only day on which they have leisure and money to make their purchases. A million of people in London never go to church on Sunday. They eat, drink and sleep. For a vast number it is the only day on which they have anything like a decent meal, or any relaxation from their weary tasks.

A LADY on separating from her husband changed her religion, being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world as well as in the next.

Eloquent Extract.

Writing the closing scenes in the history of Gen. Lee's army, J. Quitman Moore, Esq., thus thrills a chord that will vibrate forever—thus bequeathes a gem to the literature of the South:—"There stood the mournful remnants of that once glorious army, that had dipped its conquering banners in the crimson tide of eight and twenty sanguinary battles, and strewn its heroic slain from the feet of the Pennsylvania mountains to the gates of its own capital city; that gave Manassas to Beauregard, and twined the fame of the Seven Pines' battle in the laurel wreath of Johnston; that had caused the waters of the Shenadoah eternally to murmur the name of Stonewall Jackson; and, stretching its right arm to the distant West, had planted victory on the drooping banners of Bragg; that had witnessed four gigantic campaigns, and through all their shiftings and tragic scenes, and under all difficulties and dangers, had remained steadfast and faithful to the last. And, after having witnessed the rising of the Southern constellation, as it loomed up brightly on the horizon of war, pursuing, to its splendid zenith, the fiery path of Mars, now beheld, not unmoved, its declining splendors going down in the gloom of eternal night. And he, its illustrious chief, whose lofty plume was ever its rallying point in battle, and around whom its affections warmly clustered, now commended it for its past devotion, and bade it adieu forever. Slowly and sadly he rode from that mournful field, and the cause that he fought for was beneath the foot of Power. Few were the eyes that grew not moist at witnessing that departure. It was the agony of a great cause finding expression in the sublime soul of its great defender. And, though that cause be dead, yet will its memory continue to live, and ever honored will be those names that were sacrificed at its altars. And, on the scroll of fame, no name among the list of eminent worthies will shine in a purer, serener, or more resplendent light than that of Robert Edmund Lee. His fame is monumental. His name will be placed by the side of those great captains of history—of Marlborough and Saxe, of Tilly and Eugene; and as long as the fame of the Southern struggle shall linger in tradition and song, will his memory be cherished by the descendants of the Southern race; while his character will stand up in the twilight of history, like some grand old cathedral, lifting itself in imperishable beauty above the objects of earth, majestic in its vast proportions, awful in its solemn stateliness, sublime in its severe simplicity."

Sir Cresswell Cresswell.

The following anecdote concerning Sir Cresswell Cresswell is from a paper contributed by Mr. Cooke to a volume, entitled "The Church and the World," which has been recently published in London:

Sir Cresswell was undoubtedly the terror of attorneys, and of the very outer Bar; but his objurgations were seldom or never unjustified. The slovenly manner in which attorneys used, in the infancy of the court, to get up their cases, was wonderful; and he used to rate them for it in downright English. With gentlemen of the Bar who made, as they sometimes would do, outrageous applications, he used to adopt another course. He would assume the blandest and most benevolent manner, and say; "Mr. ——, I am quite sure you would not ask this unless you had first satisfied yourself that there were weighty precedents in your favor; you will have the goodness to state them to the Court." Of course the victim would be speechless, and then would come the solemn glibe: "Well, Mr. ——, the Court is all attention!" Once he contrived to bestow upon the whole Bar, or at least, upon that portion of it which had briefs, a witty and ingenious warning against the sin of prolixity. A witness, deposing to the habits of a testator who was suspected of insanity, said that he used to repeat what he had said "over and over again." Sir Cresswell instantly saw an opening for a *mot* and interposed somewhat on this wise:

Sir Cresswell—"You said, witness, that the testator kept repeating what he had said over and over again?"

Witness—"Yes, my lord."

Sir Cresswell—"If he had only said it once, would what he said have been sensible?"

Witness—"I don't know but what it it would, my lord.'

Sir Cresswell—"Gentlemen of the Bar will please to take notice, that to keep repeating even a sane thing over and over again, *is evidence of insanity.*" "An immortal truth" which is as applicable, perhaps, to the pulpit as to the Bar.

AN Irishman in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not, writes thus:

"If ye don't love me, plaze send back the letther widout breaking the seal."

A MODEST DUN.—A tailor presented his account to a gentleman for settlement. "I'll *look over* your bill," said the gentleman.

"Very good," said the tailor; "but pray don't *overlook* it."

A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. 'Why, then, do you sleep without your shoes?' was the reply.

A Medical student says he has never so been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw-bone.

☞ Spend little—pay cash.

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