THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1871. NO. 33.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS,

Musical Instruments

AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

Of Every Description.

Read the following:

GUITARS from $4 to $60.
VIOLINS from $2 to $60.
ACCORDEONS $3 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $30.

Violoncellos, Drums, Fifes, Cornets, Concertinas, Flageolets, Mouth Organs, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

INSTRUCTION BOOKS

For every Musical Instrument, at publishers prices—from thirty cents to six dollars.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL Music Books,

Glee, Opera and Sacred Chorus Books,

IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

Sheet Music

FOR EVERY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

☞ Music, Music Books, and small articles, mailed to any address, free of postage.

Excellent assortment of Piano Stools covered with Hair Cloth, Red and Green Rep and Plush—from $5 to $12.

A choice lot of German, French and Italian

GUITAR, VIOLIN, BANJO AND VIOLONCELLO STRINGS,

fifteen cents each, and upwards.

TUNING FORKS, TUNING HAMMERS, PEGS, ROSIN, BRIDGES, REEDS, BOW HAIR, MUSIC PAPER, MUSIC FOLIOS, MUSIC WHAT-NOTS, VIOLIN AND GUITAR CASES: Agent for

TILTON'S PATENT GOLD MEDAL GUITAR

The most excellent and durable Guitar in the World; tone rich, full, brilliant.

HARMONICS,

Loud and clear. Price from $30 to $60, in in Case, with extra set of Strings.

ENCLOSE the price you wish to pay for anything in our line, and you will receive the article, by earliest conveyance, the same and as much to your advantage as if you made the selection in person.

CATALOGUES

and information sent free, on application.

REMEMBER, it is no more trouble or expense to send Music one thousand miles than it is one mile: therefore, send directly to us, and save both trouble and expense.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

No. 178 West Baltimore street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

May 14, 1870—y.

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS M. GREEN,

88 *W. Baltimore Street, near Holliday.*

Sept. 25, 1869—y.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

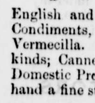
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Come Running, but don't Fall, to

Robt. E. Holtz's Carriage Factory,

WILLIS' CROSS ROADS,

Where you can have built to order, of the best material, and in the very latest styles,



BUGGIES, SULKIES, JAGGERS, ROCKAWAYS, PHAETONS, GERMANTOWNS, DOG CARTS, EXPRESS WAGONS and ROAD WAGONS.

Painting, Trimming and Repairing,

Done with neatness and dispatch.



I will also carry on the WHEELWRIGHT SHOP *at Hanesville,* where I will do all kinds of work in that line, and build to order agons, Carts, Drays, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators. All kinds of Repairing done with neatness and dispatch, and



20 PER CENT. LOWER

THAN YOU CAN GET DONE ELSEWHERE, AND *Guaranteed at that!*

LOOK WHAT A SAVING THAT WILL BE!

☞ Feeling sure that I can give satisfaction, I most respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

ROBERT E. HOLTZ,

Willis' Cross Roads and Hanesville,

Apr. 9, 1870—y. Kent Co.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

COME ONE, COME ALL! AND PAY

J. K. ALDRIDGE

WHAT YOU OWE HIM! He has a large amount of money to pay on the 31st of this month, and earnestly requests those that owe him to call and settle on or before that time. Pay up and save extra expense, for he is determined to close all accounts by the first of the coming New Year, J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Dec. 17, 1870.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

Feb. 13, 1870— y.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT

SUCCESSORS TO

Cox & Brown,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.

Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 16, 1868—y.

500 Cord of Wood for Sale.

THE subscribers have in their *WOOD YARD* on Cannon street, Chestertown,

WOOD OF ALL KINDS,

which will be sawed to any length desired, and delivered at short notice. Having a circular Saw in the Yard, they are prepared to fill all orders with punctuality and despatch.

Fine sawed and delivered at $6 per cord
Oak " " 7 " "
Hickory " " 8 " "

Orders respectfully solicited.

S. L. & S. W. RALEIGH.

October 22, 1870—4m.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

Combination Burning Fluid,

THE CHEAPEST, SAFEST, AND BEST article, for illuminating purposes, ever offered to this community.

Only 25 cents per Gallon, retail: Wholesale, 20 cts. per gallon.

E. F. PERKINS, ESQ., has been using the above named oil for some months, and allows me to use his name as a reference.

Having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell this oil in Kent county, parties may rely upon being always able to obtain it from me, either wholesale or retail.

Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c.

A good assortment of all kinds of Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c., of good quality, and for sale very low. Don't forget the place:

H. O. PAYNE'S OIL STORE,

Queen street, near the pump.

☞ *All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted, either for Cash or Trade.*

Chestertown, March 19, 1870—y.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

THE subscriber has been appointed Collector of Taxes for the third election district of this county, he has given bond for the faithful and prompt collection thereof he has received his books and hereby notifies the tax payers of the third district that they taxes are due and that he intends to collect them, by the voluntary act of the parties if he can, but promptly by the law if he must.

Can be found every day of the week (Sundays excepted) at his place of business at Smithville. WM. V. LUCAS,

July 16, 1870-tf. Coll. Third District.

THE SLOOP CAMBRIDGE,

CAPTAIN MILLS,



Will sail from BARNARD'S wharf to Baltimore, or other points when desired; stopping and receiving freight from points on Sassafras River, Still Pond, and Worton Creeks, and vicinity: as may suit customers.

Through punctuality and promptness in business, I hope to receive a fair share of public patronage. N. BARNARD.

Sept. 10, 1870—tf

New Fall and Winter Goods! AT GALENA.

HAVING just returned from the City with a well selected stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, QUEENSWARE, HARDWARE, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS,

all of which I will sell at the *Lowest Living Profits,* for cash, or to short time buyers. I have selected my stock with care, and hope to suit all who give me a call.

READY MADE CLOTHING

such as Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, Undershirts and Drawers, on hand, and made to order, and on reasonable terms. A Lot of

Eight Day and Thirty Hour Clocks,

on hand and for sale low.

☞ Give me a call, and if you don't see what you want, ask for it.

C. L. NICKLE,

Oct. 29, 1870—3m. *Galena.*

FOR SALE,

TWO BUILDING LOTS,

in Chestertown, eligibly situated. Apply to March 26. E. F. PERKINS.

NOTICE.

Cut this out and keep it for Reference.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,

95 N. Charles Street,

AND BUY ALL YOUR

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES, NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.

He can sell them

Cheaper than any one!

And you can

Pay your expenses in your purchases!

☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.

Do not forget the Number!

W. H. RINGGOLD,

95 N. Charles st., 3 doors South of Mulberry.

Baltimore, Sept. 24, 1870.

J. Bell & Bro.,

BUCK NECK WHARF,

INVITE the attention of Farmers to their LARGE STOCK OF FERTILIZERS:

Soluble Pacific Guano: Terms, $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, cash.

Zell's Ammoniated Phosphate of Bones. $60 per ton of 2000 pounds: 90 days time.

Wilson's Super Phosphate of Lime. $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, on 90 days time.

Wattson & Clark's Crosdale. $54 cash or $56 on 12 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Bower's Complete Manure. $52 cash or $56 on 4 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Sphagnine, the Great Delaware Fertilizer. $40 cash, $42 on 6 months, or $44 on 10 months time, per ton of 2000 pounds.

Bone Flour, a pure article, $36 per ton.

Land Plaster; also,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

At prices to suit the times, viz: Bickford & Huffman Grain Drills, with Guano and Seed Attachments; Tripple Screen Dixie Grain Fans, Fodder Cutters, Corn Shellers, &c.

J. BELL & BRO.,

Sept. 24—tf. Buck Neck Wharf.

NEW STORE AND New Goods AT BUCK NECK WHARF.

J. BELL & BRO. invite the attention of the public to their well selected assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, HARDWARE, &c.

FLOUR by the barrel at city prices.

☞ ALL GOODS SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.

J. BELL & BRO.

Sept. 24, 1870—tf.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURING.

The undersigned having removed to and opened a Boot and Shoe shop on High street, adjoining the Millinery Store of Mrs. C. R. Fiddis, is prepared to make, in the best workmanlike manner, Ladies and Gentlemen's

BOOTS AND SHOES, OF ALL STYLES.

My old customers and the public generally are invited to give me a call.

JOHN A. FIDDIS

Chestertown, Jan. 8, 1870—y.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

NO longer any need of the perplexity of having Clothes half washed, worn, torn, and buttonless, soap wasted, and one or two days consumed in washing, by the old washboard system when you can buy

DOTY'S WASHER

LATELY MUCH IMPROVED,

and the new

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER.

Hear what leading Journals say:

"It is worth one dollar per week in any family."—*New York Tribune.*

"We do not hesitate to give it the preference."—*American Agriculturist.*

"It really merits all the good that can be said of it."—*Rural New Yorker.*

A host of other papers say just as much in favor of the *WASHER AND WRINGER.* You have only to use them to appreciate them, as they are REAL GEMS in the way of getting washing done *expeditiously* and *satisfactorily.*

☞ The best of testimonials could be given from many to whom I have sold the Washer and Wringer, I however deem it unnecessary.

I have the SOLE AGENCY for Kent County.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

Machines delivered in any part of the county.

For Circular, containing full particulars, address

G. W. COVINGTON,

STILL POND,

Kent County, Md.

August 20, 1870—3m.

FLOUR AND MEAL STORE,

ON THE CORNER

OPPOSITE T. B. HYNSON'S.

FLOUR 7, 8, 8.50, and $9 per barrel—from 5 to 2 cents per pound retail. Buckwheat by the bag or pound.

CORN MEAL,
CHOPPED CORN,
BRAN, SHORTS,
And other CHOPS.

Dyspepsia Flour made to order.

☞ *Buy where you can get the Cheapest.*

Call at **BACCHUS'.**

Dec. 10, 1870.

Selected Poetry.

THE RIVER.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

Beautiful river,
With sunlight aquiver,
Rippling, and dimpling, and sparkling forever!
Where the cool forests meet,
Kissing the mountain's feet,
Thou, through the valley sweet,
Hast'ning with footsteps fleet,
Loitering never!

Musical river,
Rhythmical ever,
Pathetic, passionate, discordant never,
Ah! I remember well,
Better than tongue can tell,
How, like a fairy bell,
Ringing its silvery knell,
Came thy soft, trem'lous tones floating forever!

Beautiful river—
Bless we thy Giver—
Useful and busy as beautiful ever!
Where the tall chimney's kneel,
Turning the giant wheel,
Whirling the rapid reel,
Floating the vessel's keel,
Indolent never!

Wonderful river,
Despairing never,
Thou dost teach man what he can to endeavor!
Yet at his weakness mock,
And, with mad, fleecy flock,
Down over walls of rock,
Plunging with thund'rous shock,
Exultant, all conqu'ring, rush on forever!

Icy-cold river,
Thou dost oft sever
Hearts of affection, to meet again never!
Children and mother,
Sister and brother,
Many a loved one from arms of her lover;
Thou, in a stately march,
Under the bridge's arch,
Sweeping majestic, and holding thy breath,
As mortals, in
Silence, sweep under the archway of Death!

Mystical river,
With moonbeams aquiver,
Or, darkling with shadows, still flowing ever!
So, on Life's billow
Shine we or shiver,
Sparkling with gladness, or under grief's willow,
Dashed over rocks or with moss for our pillow—
Still onward flowing,
Unknown unknowing,
Whitherward going,
Save to the Giver,
Omniscient of life and the beautiful river!

Appleton's Journal.

The Lieutenant's Lesson.

Some five years ago I was lieutenant in a marching regiment, and quartered in a large garrison-town in England. My duties consisted of the usual round of morning and afternoon parades, visiting the men's dinners and teas, and other regular work. In addition to this, we had occasionally to mount guard, and to pass twenty-four hours in a sort of half-imprisonment.

It one of the regulations of the service that when officers or men are on guard they should always be in a state of readiness to "fall in" on a parade at a moment's notice. If you feel very sleepy, and desire rest, you must take it whilst you are buttoned up to the throat, and strapped down at the heels; a lounge in an armchair, or probably a little horizontal refreshment upon a sofa, are the extent of rest which an officer on guard is *supposed* to indulge in.

Among my brother-subalterns in garrison, it was our usual practice to infringe upon this strict letter of the law; and when the principal part of our duty had been accomplished, we used to indulge ourselves by divesting our limbs of this armor, and seeking refreshment between the sheets of a little camp-bed that was placed in the inner guard-room.

It was part of the duties of an officer on guard to visit all the sentries during the night, the time for visiting them being usually an hour or so after the field officer had visited the guard,—the field-officer being a colonel or major who was on duty for the day, and who came once by day and once by night to visit the guards, and to see that all was as it should be. There was no exact limit to the number of times that this field-officer might visit the guards, but it was the usual thing, and had become almost a custom, for him to come once by day and once by night, so that after the last visit the subaltern usually waited an hour or so, walked round the limits of his post, visited all his sentries, and then turned into bed.

It was on a bitter cold morning in January that my turn for guard came on. I marched my men to their post, relieved the old guard, and then, having gone through the regular duty and dined, endeavored to pass the time until the field-officer had visited me. The previous evening I had been at a ball in the town, and in consequence was very tired and sleepy, and looked with considerable longing to the period when I could refresh myself by unrobing and enjoying a good snooze.

At length I heard the welcome challenge:

"Who comes there?" which was answered by the response, "Rounds!" "What rounds?" "Guard rounds!" and "Guard turn out!" was a signal which I willingly obeyed, for I knew that in about one hour afterwards I should be in the arms of the god of sleep.

Slipping on my cloak and cap, and grasping my sword, I placed myself in front of the guard, and received the field-officer, who briefly asked me if all was correct, directed me to dismiss my guard, and rode off without saying "Good night."—a proceeding that I thought rather formal. Giving directions to the sergeant to call me in an hour, for the purpose of visiting the sentries, I threw myself into my arm-chair, and tried to read a novel.—The time passed very quickly, as I had a nap or two, and the sergeant soon appeared with a lantern to conduct me round the sentries.

It was a terrible night, the wind blowing hard, whilst the snow and sleet were driving along before it. The thermometer was several degrees below freezing, and I felt that I deserved much from my country for performing so conscientiously my arduous duties. The sentries were very much scattered, and I had to walk nearly two miles to visit them all. I accomplished my task, however, and returned to the guard-room, where I treated myself to a stiff glass of grog, and throwing off my regimentals, I jumped into bed, feeling that I really deserved the luxury.

In a few minutes I was fast asleep, not even dreaming of any of my fair partners of the ball, but sound asleep. Suddenly I became conscious of a great noise, which sounded like a drum being beaten. At first I did not realize my position, and could not remember where I was, but at last it flashed across me that I was on guard, and that something was the matter. Jumping out of bed, I called to know who was there.

The sergeant answered in a great hurry, saying, "Sir, the field officer of the day is coming, and the guard is turning out."

I rushed to my boots, and pulled them on over my unstockened feet; thrust my sword arm into my large regimental clock, which I pulled over me; jammed my forage-cap on my head, and grasping my sword, looked to the outward observer as though "fit for parade."

I was just in time to receive the field-officer, who again asked me if my guard was correct. I answered, rather in a tone of surprise, and said, "Yes, sir, all correct." I could not imagine why my guard should be visited twice, as such a proceeding was very unusual, and perhaps my tone seemed to imply that I was surprised. Whether it was that, or whether a treacherous gust of wind removed the folds of my cloak, and exhibited the slightest taste in life of the end of my night-shirt, I know not; but the field-officer, instead of riding off when he received my answer, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and said, "Now, sir, I want you to accompany me round the sentries."

Had he told me that he wanted me to accompany him to the regions below, I should scarce have been more horror-struck, for already I had found the change of temperature between a warm bed in a warm room and the outside air; and to walk two miles on a windy, frosty night, with no raiment besides boots, night-shirt, and cloak, was really suffering for one's country, and no mistake. I dared not show the slightest hesitation, however for fear the state of my attire might be suspected, though I would have given a week's pay to have escaped for only five minutes. A non-commissioned officer was ready with a lantern, and we started on a tour of inspection.

The field-officer asked several questions connected with the position and duties of the sentries, to which I gave answers as well as the chattering of my teeth would permit me. The most nervous work, however, was passing the gas lamps, which were placed at intervals of one or two hundred yards. The wind was blowing so fresh that it was with difficulty I could hold my cloak around me, and conceal the absence of my undergarments. Every now and then an extra gust of wind would come round a corner, and quite defeat all the precautions which I had adopted to encounter the steady gale. I managed to dodge in the shade as much as possible, and more than once ran the risk of being kicked by the field officer's horse, as I slunk behind him when the gas-light might have revealed too much.

It was terribly cold, to be sure, the wind and snow almost numbing my limbs. I had a kind of faint hope that the field-officer might think that I belonged to a Highland regiment, and if he did observe the scantiness of my attire, might believe that the kilt would explain it. I struggled and shivered on, knowing that all things must have an end, and that my "rounds" must come to an end before long. But I feared that I should not again get warm during the night.

We had nearly completed our tour, and were within a few hundred yards of the guard-room, when we passed the field-officer's quarters. I fondly hoped that he would not pass them, and that he would dismiss me at the door, but I was rather surprised to see a blaze of light come from the windows, and to hear the sound of music. It was evident that there was a "hop" going on inside, and I already began to tremble, from a sort of instinct than even worse misfortunes were yet to attend me.

My premonitions were true, for upon reaching his door, my persecutor, in quite a cheerful tone, said, "Well, we've had a cold tour; you must now come in, and take a glass of wine, and perhaps a waltz will warm you."

"I'm really much obliged," I hastily answered, "but I should not like to leave my guard."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man; the guard will be all right; you *must* come in."—This "must" he said in quite a determined tone.

I felt desperate, and again declared that I thought I should be wrong to leave my guard.

"I'll take the responsibility," said the demon; "so come along;" saying which, he grasped my arm, and almost dragged me into the porch of his quarters.

When we entered the house, and were exposed to the light of the hall-lamps, I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the eye of the officer, and I began to wonder whether he really knew of my predicament and wished to have his joke. He, however, gave no other intimations that I saw, but quickly took off his cloak, and said that I had better do the same. Seeing me hesitate, he said, "Come, look alive; off with it."

Further remonstrance, I found, would be useless, so that there was no help for me but a full confession. Summoning my courage, and fearing to hesitate, I blurted out, "Colonel, I have no trowsers on."

"The deuce you haven't! he said.—"Well, you'd better go and put them on, and then come here as soon as possible, and have a glass of something warm."

I rushed out of his quarters, half determined not to return. I was fully awake now, and shivered like a half-drowned dog; but no sooner had I dressed myself than the colonel's servant came over to say that a quadrille was waiting for me.

I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and entered the drawing-room, where a party of about fifty had assembled. It was evident by the titters of the young ladies, the grins of the men, and the subdued smiles of the dowagers, that my story was known.

The colonel had told it as a good joke to the major, who had whispered it to his wife; she had breathed it into the ear of two of her friends and in about ten minutes every person in the room knew that a young subaltern had unwillingly gone his rounds in his night-shirt.

As long as I stayed in that garrison I was a standing joke. When the girls saw me they always looked away and smiled, and it seemed as impossible for me to obtain a serious answer from any of them as for a clown to preach a sermon. They even seemed afraid to dance with me, fearing, as I afterwards heard, to look at my legs, lest I might be deficient in some article of raiment. I soon exchanged and went into another regiment; and years afterwards heard my own adventure related in a crowded room, all the details of the story being true except the name of the performer,—my misfortune having been attributed to an unfortunate fellow who died in India.

I never went to bed on guard after that night.

Wonderful Human Curiosities.

Last week there was on exhibition every afternoon and evening at the Masonic Temple, Charles street, several wonderful human curiosities, including a two-headed girl, or rather two colored girls, possessing but one body, a giantess, a bearded woman and a noble giant. The girls are really an astonishing spectacle. They were on exhibition in Baltimore three or four years ago, when they were quite small, and then elicited considerable comment. Now they have nearly arrived at maturity. They move about easily and even gracefully, dance well, sing well, chat, and seem to enjoy life as well as any one. One appears to be physically stronger than the other and better developed, though both appear to be equally bright mentally. They are joined together at the small of the back, and in walking one moves forward nearly straight, while the other is compelled to a sidewise movement. There is at the juncture of the trunk, so it is said, but one spinal column. The nervous system seems to be identical, but each possesses individual consciousness, and each does her own thinking. On the other hand, the appetite is the same. When one is hungry the other is the same, though the digestive organs are independent As they move about they look like two bright, young copper-colored girls of fourteen years of age, placed nearly back to back, and tied together about the middle, in the same dress, which is cut short, so as to display the movements of four feet. The busts of each are very nearly symmetrical; the heads and necks, shoulders and arms are perfect. The faces are round, bright and intelligent, eyes large and clear, lips thick, hair curly and glossy, but not very long, nor yet woolly. The stronger one is able to carry the other; but this is not done in the exhibitions, though the twain walked when bidden to do so, upon two feet. Ordinarily they walk at such an inclination as to appear to be leaning against each other, and in sitting down or rising, or in performing any other habitual or mechanical movement, they seem to have but one common will. Above the juncture, too, sensation appears to be independent; below the juncture it is common. A touch upon the foot of one will be felt and attract the attention of the other. This was demonstrated. They are natives of North Carolina, born slaves, but have been well bred, as is clearly shown in their easy, self-possessed manners. They have fair culture in the ordinary branches of knowledge, though the musical culture has been neglected. The physiognomic characteristics are the same as of many of the "brown people" of some of the far Southern States, who came originally from the French West India Islands. It is the intention of their present exhibitors to take them to Europe in a very short time.

The giantess, who really deserves first mention, is known as Miss Anna Swann. She is from Nova Scotia, eight feet and one inch high, and weighs 440 pounds. She has been in Baltimore several times and says she would like very much to take a lengthy promenade. She has traveled extensively. The tallest man in the exhibition room appeared to be below medium size beside her. She walks gracefully, and wears a sweeping train, which adds to her majestic height. The giant, Mr., or rather Captain M. V. Bates, who is nearly a match in height, promenades with Miss Swann, dressed in a resplendent uniform. He is symmetrically formed, and as the fair young lady leans gently upon his arm the pair look the very picture of titantic majesty. Captain Bates was born in Kentucky. He goes with Miss Swann and the twin girls to Europe. Madam Hallan is the bearded lady. She is from New York State, and has been on exhibition in this city before, and has traveled extensively throughout this country. Altogether, the show is one of the most curious exhibitions ever presented in this city.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

BY MARY RILEY SMITH.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath a crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet in their wee, red slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod, and smile, as they pass.

Just here, in *my* cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patch on his faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking,
At my toiling, every day.

Sometimes, when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleepy darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses, all;
But that some may crown the forehead
Of *my* loved one, as they fall.

And when I draw the stocking
From his little tired feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs so round and sweet.
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And frown that my GOD withholds them,
From *mine,* so pure and fair.

May GOD forgive my envy!
I knew not what I said;
My heart is crushed, and humbled;
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin,
As they carried it out to-day;
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window;
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor;
The roses of health are blushing
On my darling's cheek to-day;
But baby is *gone* from the window
Of the house over the way!

Springfield, Ill., Nov., 1870.

Mitrailleuses Manufactured in America for England.

The British War Department has ordered sixty batteries of the small Gatling mitrailleuse. It has a bore of 0.42 inch, and weighs 3 cwt. 2 qrs. 12 lbs., the weight of the gun carriage being 4 cwt. 3 qrs. 7 lbs. The lead bullet weighs 380 grains, and the charge of powder 80 grains. Each battery will have a hitting, wounding and killing power amongst broken infantry on uneven ground, at ranges from 200 yards to 1,000 yards, of 900 a minute; but in close column of infantry a battery would shoot 1,200 men a minute. Within ordinary rifle range, or up to 1,400 yards, the small Gatling was found more effective than field-guns; but with longer ranges the field-guns had the best of it. The new gun possesses a maximum of destructive power, with a minimum of weight and size, is easy to manœuvre, and can be fired with accuracy of aim, without recoil, thousands of times.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The official returns made by the several annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States held during 1870 furnish the following interesting statistics:—Bishops, 8; annual conferences, 72; preachers, 9,193; local preachers, 11,404; total preachers of all grades, 21,234; members in full connection, 1,173,099; members on probation, 194,035; total lay members, 1,367,134; number of churches, 13,373; number of parsonages, 4,179; value of church edifices, $52,614,591; value of parsonages, $7,293,513; number of Sunday schools, 16,912; Sunday school teachers, 189,412; Sunday school scholars, 1,221,398; benevolent collections, $967,862. These figures do not include the statistics of the foreign missions in China, Bulgaria and South America, the official returns from which have not yet been received.

☞ Hearing a physican remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well, I dunno 'bout that—I've blowed my nose a number of times, but never broke it yet."

Handle rough sided men carefully. It pays to take a little when you are opening chestnut burs.

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