CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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EVERMORE.

BY PHILIP FRASER.

Now I stand upon the border,
Looking to the farther shore,
To the regions where Time ceaseth,
Where begins the evermore;
Striving with my mortal vision
To pierce through the mists between,
To behold the Fields Elysian,
Waters still, and pastures green.

Reaching forward to the loved ones,
Waiting just beyond the tide,
Clinging to the loved ones near me,
Loving loved ones at my side;
Hesitating if to linger,
Fearing, trembling to go o'er,
Till appears Death's index finger,
Pointing to the Evermore.

Now I seem to hear their voices,
Seem to see their forms of light,
Calling, shimmering in the dimness,
Dimness dark'ning into night.
O the void, the aching sorrow,
These have left within my breast,
Hopeless but that some to-morrow,
Find me with them in their rest.

Jesus, lead me through the valley,
Give me comfort 'midst the gloom,
And the full assurance give me,
As my feet draw near the tomb,
That these loving loved ones near me,
When they reach the farther shore,
Shall be gathered, not a lost one,
To that blissful Evermore.

WHAT FIVE DOLLARS PAID.

Mr. Herriot was sitting in his office one day when a lad entered and handed him a small slip of paper. It was a bill of five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon. It isn't convenient to-day."

The boy retired.

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five dollar bill in his pocket, but he felt as if he couldn't part with it. He didn't like to be entirely out of money. So acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Heriot for the next five minutes. Yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man, and needed the money as soon as earned. He was not unadvised of the fact.

"I almost wish I had sent the five dollars," said Mr. Heriot at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

He mused still further.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "it's Grant's money, and not mine; and what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Heriot took up his hat and left the office.

"Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as the boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"Didn't get the money?"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't Mr. Heriot in?"

"Yes sir; but he said it was not convenient to-day."

"Oh, dear, I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now arisen and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant. "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow, and I'll try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure, Heriot came in, and after some words of apology, paid the bill.

"Run and get this bill changed," said the shoemaker to his boy, the moment this customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as soon as the change was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to Mr. Weaver, across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning, and sorry that I had not as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Edelsth, but assure you I have not," said Mr. Weaver the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow, and you shall have the money a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I have not a cent to bless myself with, and I owe so much at the other's where I deal, that he won't trust me for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he didn't have it when you sent for it a while ago."

How the faces of both the tailor and the needle-woman brightened instantly, as if a beam of sunshine had penetrated into the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman whose need he had been able to supply distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needle-woman two went to the grocer, on account of her debt with him; half was paid to an old needy colored woman, who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Weaver's return from the tailor's to get her dues, and thus be able to provide an evening's and morning's meal for herself and children. The other half dollar was paid to the baker when he called in the eveing to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus, the poor needle-woman had been enabled to discharge four debts, and at the same time re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty handed, from the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened as she came in, but there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said, "I am sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was great, for the smile she had forced into life instantly faded and was succeeded by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half choked voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"Oh! yes ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all round her feet to keep them warm, but she was coughing dreadful from the cold of the room."

"Haven't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an expression of pain was about passing her lips, when the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" This exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of

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day leaving San Francisco by the steamer. Everybody else was taking leave of friends—but he did not know a soul in the crowd. Ashamed of his loneliness, as the boat sheered off he called out in a loud voice "Good-bye, Colonel!" and to his great delight, every man on the wharf took off his hat and shouted, "Good-bye, Colonel, good-bye!"

Every person on the staff of the London Times has held his place nine years, while some have been connected with the paper twenty-two years.

APPOMATTOX.

THE TRUE STORY OF GEN. LEE'S SURRENDER.

[Correspondence of Richmond Dispatch.]

"The situation" at Appomattox on the 9th of April, 1865, when General Lee sent a flag of truce to ask an interview with General Grant, was simply this: There were only 7,500 jaded, famished Confederates, with arms in their hands, nearly surrounded by *eighty thousand* Federal soldiers already in position, with reinforcements constantly arriving. Gordon fell back through the village and moved to meet an attack of Sheridan on the flank, while General Chamberlayne lead the advance corpse of the Army of the James into the Courthouse. A battery of the Richmond Howitzers, which had been engaged at Big Bethel in 1861, stationed in the yard of Mr. Peers, on the extreme northeast corner of the village, fired the last gun of the day, and withdrew as the blue waves were encircling it. The Federal picket line was advanced beyond the village, and that little band of heroic spirits seemed about to be immolated when suddenly the white flag was displayed and the firing ceased.—There have been published so many sensational reports of the meeting between the two commanders that I am glad to be able to refute them by giving

GENERAL LEE'S OWN ACCOUNT OF WHAT OCCURRED,

as he gave it to some friends at his house in Lexington, but a few days before his last illness. He said that he had for duty that morning not eight thousand men, and that when he learned from Gordon that there was a heavy infantry force in his front, he decided to see General Grant and ascertain the terms upon which he could end the contest. But before going to meet him he left orders with Longstreet and Gordon to hold their commands in readiness, determined as he was, to cut his way through, or perish in the attempt, if such terms were not granted as he thought his army entitled to demand. He met General Grant between the picket lines, in the open field, about two hundred yards below Appomattox Courthouse.

THE HISTORIC APPLE-TREE.

"You met under an apple-tree, did you not, General?" asked a gentleman present. "No, sir!" was the reply; "we did not meet under an apple-tree, and I saw no tree near. It was in an open field not far from the main road." [This explodes the "historic apple-tree" about which so much has been said. A gentleman who was within a few feet of the two generals when they met pointed out to me the exact spot. The apple-tree, which was cut to pieces, and even the roots of which were dug up and carried off by relic hunters, was fully a quarter of a mile from the place of meeting, and the only historic incident that could be attached to it was that General Lee rested under its shade a few minutes while waiting for the return of his flag of truce. The only tree near the place of meeting was a small locust thorn, which is still standing about twenty yards from the spot.]

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN LEE AND GRANT.

Gen. Lee said that when he met Gen. Grant they exchanged polite salutations, and he stated to him at once that he desired a conference in reference to the subject matter of their correspondence.—"General Grant returned you your sword did he not General?" one of the company asked. The old hero straightening himself up, replied in the most emphatic tones; "No, sir! he did not. He had no opportunity of doing so. I was determined that the side-arms of officers should be exempt by the terms of surrender, and I of course did not offer mine. All that was said about swords was that General Grant apologized to me for not wearing his own sword, saying that it had gone off in his baggage, and he had been unable to get it in time." [This spoils a great deal of rhetoric about "Grant's magnanimity in returning Lee's sword," and renders as absurd as it is false the attempt of northern artists to put the scene on canvass or into statuary. Even Grant's connivance at this so-called "historic scene" will not have it, when the world knows that General Robert E. Lee said *nothing of the sort occurred.*] General Lee stated in this conversation that he was accompanied when he met Grant only by Col. Charles Marshall of his personal staff, who went with one of General Grant's staff to find a suitable room in which to hold their conference; that they were first shown to a vacant house, and declining to use that, were conducted by Major McClean to his house and shown into his parlor. Gen. Grant was accompanied by several of his staff officers, and several of his generals (among them Sheridan and Ord) entered the room and participated in the slight general conversation that occurred. The two generals went aside and sat at a table to confer together, when Gen. Lee opened the conversation by saying: "General I deem it due to proper candor and frankness to say at the very beginning of this interview that I am not willing even to discuss any terms of surrender inconsistent with

THE HONOR OF MY ARMY,

which I am determined to maintain to the last." Grant replied: "I have no idea of proposing dishonorable terms, General, but I would be glad if you would state what you consider honorable terms." General Lee then briefly stated the terms upon which he would be willing to surrender. Grant expressed himself as satisfied with them, and Lee requested that he would formally reduce the propositions to writing.—Grant at once did so with a common lead-pencil, and handed the paper to Lee who read it carefully and without comment except to say that most of the horses were the private property of the men riding them. General Grant replied that such would be exempt from surrender, and the paper was then handed to Colonel Badeau (Grant's Secretary,) and copies in ink made by him and Colonel Marshall. While this was being done there were inquiries after the health of mutual acquaintances, but nothing bearing on the surrender, except that General Lee said that he had on his hands some two or three thousand prisoners, for whom he had no rations. Sheridan at once said: "I have rations for twenty-five thousand men."

General Grant having signed his note, General Lee conferred with Col. Marshall who wrote his brief note of acceptance of the terms of surrender offered, Gen. Lee striking out the sentence "I have the honor to reply to your communication," and substituting "I have received your letter of this date."

This terminated the interview, and Gen. Lee rode back to his head-quarters, which were three-quarters of a mile northeast of the Court-house.

I have thus given the substance, and for the most part, the exact language of Gen. Lee's own account of the surrender. It will appear from this that a great deal that has been said about

"GRANT'S MAGNANIMITY"

in proposing terms of surrender, and Lee's "warm thanks for the liberal terms accorded," originated simply in the imagination of the writers. The truth is Grant proposed the only terms which Lee would have accepted; and he knew too well the mettle of that great captain and the heroic remnant of the army which had so often defeated him not to rejoice at an opportunity of covering himself with glory by accepting almost any terms of surrender. I have gathered a number of

INCIDENTS OF THE SURRENDER

which interested me and may be of interest to your readers. Soon after Gen. Lee left the McClean House, owned by the same gentleman at whose house, near Bull Run, Beauregard had his headquarters during the battle of July 18, 1861,

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Courthouse, had served with great gallantry on General Gordon's staff—and eagerly asked if the enemy had sent in to surrender their force on that road, thinking that in flanking us Grant had pushed a part of his force too far. They had no dream that *they* were to be surrendered. But gradually the truth broke upon them and great was their chagrin when these high-mettled victors in the last battle of the Army of Northern Virginia learned that they must "yield to overwhelming numbers and resources" that after all their marches, battles, victories, hardships, and sufferings, the cause they loved better than life itself, must succumb to brute force. Many bosoms heaved with emotion, and

"Something on the soldiers cheeks
Washed off the stain of powder."

After the flag of truce was raised a Federal scout was shot through mistake by his own men, when trying to stop the firing, and a New York major, under the influence of liquor met his death by galloping up to a Confederate battery and demanding its surrender.

The women and children of Appomattox Courthouse had all left their homes during the battle of the morning, and upon their return had to pass through Custar's cavalry. "Miss Fanny" himself was very rude to them, and permitted his men to kiss them as they passed.

Per contra it affords me pleasuse to say that many of the Federal officers and men were very courteous and considerate.—The citizens of the village speak in especially high terms of General Chamberlayne (since Governor of Maine,) who was delicately considerate of the feelings of the people, gentlemanly in his bearing, and generous towards the vanquished.—When the arms were being stacked

A GALLANT COLOR-BEARER,

as he delivered up the tattered remnant of his flag, burst into tears and said to the Federal soldiers' who received it: "Boys this is not the first time that you have seen that flag. I have borne it in the very fore-front of the battle on many a victorious field, and I had rather die than surrender it now." "Brave fellow," said Gen. Chamberlayne, who heard the remark, "I admire your noble spirit, and only regret that I have not the authority to bid you keep your flag and carry it home as a precious heirloom."

THE CALM DIGNITY OF GENERAL LEE, amid these trying scenes, the deep emotion with which the men heard his noble farewell address, and crowded around to shake his hand—how they were thrilled by his simple words: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more." Gordon's noble farewell speech—the tender parting of comrades who had been bound so closely together by common hardships, sufferings, dangers, and victories, and now, by this sad blighting of cherished hopes, were all vividly recalled as I gazed on the very spots where they occurred, but are too familiar to be detailed now.

I was amused to learn that the Federal soldiers and tourists not only carried off all of the "historic apple-tree," but a whole apple-orchard as well, and was reminded of hearing of a gallant Richmond soldier who sold to Northern visitors after his return home

WAGON-LOADS OF THE "APPOMATTOX APPLE-TREE,"

which he regularly gathered from a Henrico orchard.

I noted with much pleasure that the noble women of Appomattox have gathered the Confederate dead into a neatly kept cemetery on the road to Appomattox Station, not far from the grove in which Grant established his headquarters.

I cannot close this sketch without quoting the language of that splendid soldier and unconquerable patriot, Gen. Jubal A. Early, in his noble oration on Gen. Lee: "Finally, from mere exhaustion, *less than eight thousand* men with arms in their hands, of the noblest army that had ever fought "in all the tide of time," were surrendered at Appomattox to an army of *one hundred and fifty thousand men;* the sword of Robert E. Lee, without a blemish upon it, was sheathed forever, and the flag, to which he added such lustre was furled, to be henceforth embalmed in the affectionate remembrance of those who had remained faithful during all our trials, and will do so to the end."

I have never been a "relic-hunter." (I prize the blanket under which I slept the night of the first battle of Manassas,) but I plucked some thorns from the tree near which Lee met Grant which I propose to weave into a wreath of evergreen and immortelles, taken from General Lee's bier the day we laid him in the vault at Lexington, and to encircle them with the motto:

"*The thorns of Appomattox covered with the Immortelles and Evergreens of Lee's last great victory.*"

For the Maryland Farmer.

UTILIZATION OF COAL ASHES.

In the "Farmer" for March, I expressed my opinion of the value of coal ashes, uncombined, as a fertilizer, and feel satisfied that my statements are corroborated by practical experience and chemical analysis.

But I think that they may be used to better advantage by composting, or manipulating, with other substances.

Coal ashes, we have stated, has a great affinity for ammonia and will absorb it; it is therefore a valuable addition to all fermenting and decomposing heaps generating this gas so valuable to the farmers.

Coal ashes is rarely obtained in sufficiently large quanities to mix with large banks of barn-yard manure, but for the earth closet, hen-house and kitchen waste compost heap, any family using one coal fire, can have a moderate supply to be used less sparingly than if it were abundant.

For using under the hen roosts it is invaluable. Sift your ashes into a barrel and remove to the hennery; every day or two sprinkle the surface covered by the dropping of the fowls, with the ashes, according to the supply. By this means all unpleasant and unhealthy odors are absorbed, and the valuable plant food developed during the process of slow fermentations, retained. Thus treated the house will remain sweet and clean even during the summer months.

The compound of ashes and hen manure will be found friable and easily distributed at any time, and as valuable as the guano. Indeed, one part hen dung is better than the pure dung, if left in a heap, as much of its valuable ingredients are lost in the active fermentation which will undoubtedly take place if not freely mixed with some absorbent.

In the spring this accumulation can be used with great profit upon corn roots or any crop, and act in a manner to surprise those who have never tried it. I have never been able to notice any better results with Peruvian guano, or the best commercial fertilizers.

For the earth closet nothing is better, nothing more readily obtained, than coal ashes, for those who burn coal.

In view of the great convenience in their use and the great saving of a great waste, I may be justified in urging upon all the simple means by which they may effect the perfect deodorization and disinfecting of human fæces, and convert what is usually a great source of annoyance and waste into a valuable manure and source of profit.

One great obstacle to the rapid introdurtion of the earth closet is to be sought in the idea that people dread the difficulty of obtaining a suitable absorbent in the proper state of preparation. Whenever coal is used for fuel, this obstacle is entirely removed, as the ashes is just the *very best material* that can be procured. Where ashes is scarce it may be used five times over, and seem to be perfectly inoffensive in the end.

As to the value of this manure, no one doubts its efficacy; it is always in demand, and the article manufactured in cities and sold by companies is not half as effective as the home-made article, as its bulk is considerably increased by the addition of an unnecessary amount of earth, rubbish, &c., not containing much fertilizing qualities.

On the heap of waste compost, usually formed near the kitchen, the ashes must be sprinkled over the whole mass every four days.

In saving the ashes, it will be best to sift under cover and keep them perfectly dry, as in that condition they are a better absorbent. But if heaps are about the premises, sift and expose to the sun, when a day of two's sun will make them very dry.

Aside from the ease with which this very valuable material is provided to increase our stock of home-made fertilizer, there is a further advantage in the regular sifting of the cinders that the system requires. A great deal of half burned coal, that would otherwise be thrown away, is thus economized for a second burning, and the ashes themselves, instead of accumulating to on purpose, are made very valuable for use no the farm or garden. E. A. VANNORT, M. D.

CORRECT WAY TO SWEEP A CARPET.—There are three ways to sweep a carpet—one right and two wrong ways. One wrong way is to hold the broom nearly in front of the operator, with the handle inclined backward toward him, then press down as a forward thrust is given, thus heave the heaviest dirt half way across the room, while the light particles are sent whirling about, covering, as they settle, every article of furniture.

Another wrong way to sweep a carpet is to move the broom forward with a heavy, drawing stroke, by which the material to be removed is pressed into the carpet rather than worked gently along on the surface. If either of these wrong ways is adopted, the broom will wear out the carpet more than it is worn by the occupants of the dwelling. When a sweeper collects a dust-pan full of the nap of the carpet every time it is swept, a new one will soon be required.

The right way to sweep is to incline the handle a little forward, then give a light drawing stroke, allowing the broom to hardly touch the carpet. Not one-half the weight of the broom should be allowed to press on the carpet as the dirt is moved forward. Let the dirt be moved and rolled along very lightly. If a generous supply of tea-grounds, small bits of wet paper, or clean and wet sawdust can be spread over the carpet before the sweeping is commenced, all the fine dirt will adhere to the wet material. A little smart woman, who is a terror to dirt, will frequently hurl it about the room as if it were impelled by a whirlwind, and when the task is ended her dust-pan will contain scarcely enough to pay for sweeping. But by using a good broom having a long elastic brush, touching the carpet very lightly, it will scarcely require the strength of a child to sweep a large parlor in a few minutes. Scarcely one housekeeper in fifty understands how to sweep a carpet correctly.—*Rural Home.*

A San Francisco gentleman recently brought home a new Chinese servant, and the lady of the house inquired his name. "Yung Hoo Win," was the reply. "Oh!" said she, "I cannot call you that; I will call you Charley." "What is your name?" he asked in return. "My name is Mrs. John Browing." "Welle, I calle you John!" exclaimed the Celestial.

A man advertises for a competent person to engage in the sale of a new medicine, and adds that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker."

THE SISTERS.

Once there lived near the fields and woods of a small village a poor woman who had three daughters. Though good, she was so simple, that she was ready to believe all that people told her.

One day a peddler came to her house, and tried to get her to buy a wooden clock; but she said she had one already; then he tried to make her buy some tin-ware; but she told him he was well supplied; and at last he offered to tell her fortune and that of her three daughters for a quarter of a dollar.

This seemed to the poor woman very cheap, for she was not wise enough to know that a foolish thing is dear at any price. So she consented to give him a quarter of a dollar if he would tell them all their fortunes.

'Here are my three little girls—Anna, Bella, and Celia—said the mother.

'Why don't you call them A, B and C?' asked the peddler; 'that would save time, and time is money, you know. Come here, Anne, and give me your hand.'

Then Anna gave him her hand; and he looked at the lines on the palm, and said,

'You, Anna, are born to great riches. Dear me! How rich you will be! What piles of gold I see hid away for you to handle!'

Then Bella came forward and gave the peddler her hand; and he looked at the lines of the palms and said, 'Well, I declare! what a golden family you are going to be! Nothing but gold, gold, gold, can I find in these lines. There, Bella, your fortune is told.'

Little Celia now let him take her hand; and, as he looked at her palm, he put on his spectacles, saying, 'These lines are so fine, that I ought to charge double price for studying them. However a bargain is a bargain. You, Celia, are going to be the richest of all.'

'And how is it with me?' asked the good mother, holding out her hand, and at the same time paying the peddler his quarter of a dollar.

'Oh!' said he, looking carelessly at her hand, and then taking up his pack, 'you are rich enough already!'

And with these words the saucy peddler put the money in his pocket and departed.

That next summer, on a lovely day in June, the three sisters strolled out near the edge of a wood to pick wild flowers and make dandelion chains.

As they sat on a bank under a tree, they began to talk of the peddler and the fortunes he had promised. They were too wise to believe what he had said; and they laughed merrily at his impudence.

'To think of his telling mother that she was rich enough already!' said Celia.

'An idea strikes me,' said Anna. 'The peddler was right after all—right in a certain sence. What he meant was, that mother was rich in love. By gold he meant love, which is something better than gold, you know.'

'Yes,' said Bella; and, when he said we should be rich, he meant we should dearly love one another. And don't we love one another? And isn't this little Celia the richest of all in love? Yes, I now see what the peddler meant, and I do not grudge him his quarter of a dollar. We are all rich, oh, very rich, in love!'

Then the sisters rose and sauntered home with arms around one another's necks to tell their mother of the bright discovery which they had made.—*The Nursery.*

☞ Sam Long, a well-known circus clown, tells the following story of Henry Clay:—"I remember once we entered Lexington in procession, and it just happened that Henry Clay was driving in at the same time. I brought up the rear of the procession, riding a mule. As he was directly behind me, I turned my face to the ass' tail and sang out "Here we are, fellow citizens, Wisdom led by Folly." The people laughed and shouted, and old Harry seemed greatly amused. The next day at the circus I made him a speech, in which I advised him to be President of the United States, and take me in his cabinet. That night he sent me a bottle of the finest wine I ever tasted, with his compliments, saying "from the poorest fool to the best clown in the United States." Ah! sir, there was a great man for you."

☞ It is related that a New Hampshire minister recently portrayed the history of Jonah after the following style: "I seem to see Jonah passing along the road to Nineveh; I seem to see him entering the ticket office, buy his ticket and pay for it; I seem to see him walk upon the vessel; I seem to see them lift their anchor and the stately ship move gradually out upon the broad Atlantic."

An agricultural paper says strawberry beds may be protected from birds, by running a wire along the walk to which a cat is chained. Her movements up and down the length of the wire will keep the birds away. Where there is no chain, the wire can be run through the cat, and heated to a temperature that will fill the cat with a longing to keep moving.

Hawthorn paid a pretty compliment when he said of Miss Bremer, that she was "a most amiable little woman, worthy to be a maiden-aunt of the whole human race."

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