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Professional Cards.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 3rd day of July, 1866, formed a Copartnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.

References given, when required. Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St Mary's County, Maryland.

ROBERT C. COMBS
JAS. S. DOWNS.

July 5, 1866—1y.

Law Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned have formed a law copartnership under the name of Maddox & Crane. They will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and also in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State or the Government. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their charge.

Address, Maddox & Crane, Leonardtown St. Mary's county, Md.

G. FRED. MADDOX,
J. PARRAN CRANE,

Dec. 25, 1867—tf.

Law Co-Partnership

The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 1st day of December, 1869, associated themselves to practice their profession under the name and style of

BLAKISTONE & MORGAN.

They will practice in St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special and prompt attention will be paid to the collection of claims. One or both can always be found at their office in Leonard Town. Address, Blakistone & Morgan, Leonard Town P. O., St. Mary's County, Md.

JAMES T. BLAKISTONE,
JOSEPH F. MORGAN,

Dec. 2, 1869—tf.

JAS. H. WILSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Feb 10, 1870—tf.

D. S. BRISCOE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown,
St. Mary's Co. Md.

may 9, 1867—tf.

J. F. MATTHEWS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,

Will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince Georges.

Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Maryland
Oct 3, 1867—tf.

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may 27, 1869—tf.

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(Formerly of the National Hotel

April 12, 1867—tf.

TRIGAUD.

A SOUVENIR OF THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

On the 18th of October, 1812, Napoleon, accompanied by the Prince d' Eckmuhl, better known as Marshal Davoust, commanding the first division, commenced that eventful retreat from Moscow, so disastrous to the immense army that had followed him. At the close of a march that had been rendered more difficult by the state of the roads and continued rain, the Emperor arrived on the 23rd, at Borowsk, and there passed the night. The next morning, while indicating the order of march so as to gain Maroo-Jaro-slavitz, where he depended on making some stay, he learned that, at the distance of four leagues before him, the Delzian division, under the Prince Eugene, had found that village, with the surrounding woods and heights, unoccupied. This was an important position to maintain; for the Russian General Kutusoff, who marched parallel with the French army, might possibly seize on it, and thus cut off the route to Kalouga. Wishing to assure himself of the taking possession of this point, the Emperor rode to the quarter from whence it was expected the Russian General would make the attack; and despite the torrents of rain, tranquilly examined the ground which might ere long become a field of battle. Suddenly the sound of brisk firing struck on his ear.—He became restless; and, pressing his horse, ascended a hillock to reconnoitre, but the belt of wood intercepted any extended view.

"Can the Russians have been beforehand with us?" demanded he of Davoust, who had not quitted his side. "We have not marched quick enough. I should not wish to repass the left wing of Kutusoff."

"Sire," replied the Prince of d'Echmulhl, "perhaps, in the manœuvre prescribed by your majesty, the troops may have manifested a little of that dulness which usually accompanies great fatigue."

"Believe you so, Monsieur le Marshal? Nevertheless, we have already passed more than six leagues."

"It is true, sire; but Moscow is not more than one hundred and sixty verts from Marco-Jaro slavitz. Four days march are sufficient to clear that distance, and this is our sixth day. Kutusoff has been in advance of us."

"It is then a battle," said Napoleon, impatiently, as the cannons were heard more distinctly, and seemed to be approaching. "Go, Davoust, go; quicken your troops, and infuse a little more spirit into them; for we must act now—not to conquer but solely to preserve."

Notwithstanding the haste with which the Marshal executed the orders of the Emperor, he did not arrive on the scene of the action until the success of the French troops had been assured. However, the combat raged with fury at the extremity of the village, and when the second division of the first corps, commanded by Fryant, attempted to take possession of the heights, the Russian cannon played upon them with redoubled vigor. Davoust immediately despatched one of his aides-de-camp, the Colonel Koblinski, to Prince Eugene; but in traversing the line, that officer was struck by a bullet, which shattered his thigh, and instantly fell from his horse.

On the night of that brilliant combat the Prince d'Eckmuhl was still uncertain of the fate of his aide-de-camp, and sought him on the field of battle, which presented a most horrible spectacle. Delzon and his brother general had also fallen while leading the last attack. While sadly thinking on the blighted hopes of his Emperor, and mourning the sad fate of his brave companions, the attention of Davoust was arrested by the voice of a soldier, who, covered with blood, and endeavoring to extricate himself from a heap of carnage that surrounded him, feebly exclaimed, "Heavens! have my friends left me here to die without succor?"

It 'was Koblinski. Davoust immediately recognized him, and leaping from his horse, gently raised him in his arms, cheered his drooping spirits and despatched a messenger for the surgeon general. On his arrival with his assistants he examined the wounds, and a glance with the Marshal, told more eloquently than words could convey, how slight were the hopes entertained for the recovery of the unfortunate Pole.

"It is a soldier's fate," said Davoust, with emotion. "Gentlemen, exert your skill to the utmost."

The effect of the bullet had been such as to make amputation necessary, which the brave Pole bore with fortitude, the prince remaining by his side during the operation. The wound being dressed, he embraced the sufferer, and spoke in tones of hope and encouragement; and having recommended him to the care of a few whom he could confide in, mounted his horse to join the Emperor, who waited with impatience.

After attending a council of war, composed of the principal generals of the army, and having received instructions as to the future line of march, Davoust retired to his quarters. Already the two first divisions of the two first corps were in movement, when an officer, whom he had sent to enquire after the state of Koblinski, returned and informed that he still survived, and with proper care, might recover. The Marshal was overjoyed at the intelligence, but he was perplexed as to the best means of conveying him to Smolensk, the wagons being in the rear, and already filled to excess. A sudden thought started to his mind, and placing himself in front of the forty-eight regiment as they defiled, he addressed a company of old grenadiers of the first battalion:

"Grenadiers," said he, "my aide-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, was yesterday severely wounded while showing an example of courage and obedience. He is a Pole. Would you wish to leave him to the Russians?"

"No, no! Long live the Pole!" cried the soldiers.

"Vive l' Emperour!" cried they who had not fully comprehended the words of the Marshal.

"Listen, then," said Davoust. "Are there amongst this company, which I have selected, four men who are willing to undertake the responsible task which I shall impose?"

At this invitation a grenadier stepping from the ranks, exclaimed, briskly, "Here!" He was immediately followed by a dozen others; all the company did the same.

The marshal addressing the man who had first spoken, demanded his name.

"Joseph Trigaud."

"Well Trigaud, it is to you that I confide my aide-de-camp. Thou and thy comrades shall be answerable for him.—Soldiers guard him as you would your colors!"

"Yes, yes! Vive l' Empereur! We are responsible!" cried all the grenadiers.

A litter was immediately constructed, on which the Pole was laid and carried to the centre of the company, which soon after continued its march.

In the meantime, the retreat of the main body of the army, commenced at first in good order, soon presented, from the intensity of the cold, a frightful aspect of disorganization, selfishness and misery. The company of grenadiers slowly pursued their course, and were soon isolated amidst the immense plains covered with the wrecks of the army. Sometimes in a square, with the litter of Koblinski in the centre, they repulsed with the bayonet the dragoons of Miloradowitch, or returned the unexpected attacks of Platow with a withering fire—ever acting on the defensive but always calm, silent, and steady. By these means their numbers had gradually diminished; and when on the 30th of October, they reached the Viazma, out of the entire company of grenadiers, not more than thirty survived. Still these brave men, abandoned and left to themselves, preserved amidst the general discontent, that moral force, which conquers even events. It was their honor and not their lives that they sought to defend. It was sufficient for them that one of the most illustrious marshals of the Emperor had said to them, "To your honor and bravery I confide my aid-de-camp; you are to restore him to me." These words had acted as a talisman, which had not lost its force under the pressure of misery, privation and even death.

After three weeks of continual hardship, the few men who remained of the heroic and devoted company scouted with disdain, and looked upon as an affront the repeated prayers and solicitations of the Pole, who seeing himself the cause of so many sacrifices and sufferings, had besought them to relieve themselves by at once putting an end to his misery.

"Thou art but a coward," said he to Trigaud "who will not dare to do what I ask—to shoot me through the head."

"Colonel," said Trigaud with stoical indifference, "you may charge me with such, if you please, but I laugh at it.—Dead or alive, we shall carry you to Smolensk. It is the order of the Marshal, and he ever requires that his order should be obeyed."

"If you had buried me yesterday in the snow when attacked by the Cossacks, I should ere to-day have suffered no more."

"The Cossacks would have disinterred and have burned you alive," replied Trigaud, who during the previous night had made his own body a protection to the wounded man. "These eaters of candles would rejoice to have your skin; but they must take mine first—it is ready for them. Oh the savages."

"You are but a coward," repeated the Pole in a feverish transport which shook the litter on which he lay.

"Be calm, be calm, my colonel; you know that the carbines of the marshal have ere now taught the necessity of obedience. Why then do you wrong us by speaking these disagreeable things?—However it is all equal to me, I shall not reply to you."

He who had spoken thus nearly perished, with all his companions, in the passage of the Voss, while endeavoring to protect the sacred deposit confided to them. The waters of the torrent were within twenty-four hours changed into sharp and bristling masses of ice; owing to that circumstances, but a few of the grenadiers reached the opposite bank.—Some days subsequently, when Trigaud awoke after a few hours' repose, he found that but four of his companions survived, the others having perished from the stupefying effects of the frost—a miniature of what the great body of the army was at that moment suffering, and which has left in the military annals of Napoleon such horrible reminiscences. Before the day closed they distinguished on the edge of the gloomy horizon, a line of houses, the route of which was marked by the dead bodies left by the immense army which had preceded them. It was Smolensk, the land of promise—where the things looked to as great luxuries as might be procured—a fire, shelter, and a little bread. A cry [illegible] five brave men, who [illegible] litter of Koblinski. [illegible] to rise no more [illegible] town; a fourth [illegible] fate; and but one [illegible] was left to brave the [illegible] Havel now inanimate body [illegible] being able to carry him [illegible] some men at a distance [illegible] to his assistance. [illegible] his aid, and he reached [illegible] few hours, after tremendous [illegible] ing, fatigue and misery [illegible] is true, the only survivor [illegible] but he cared not, since [illegible] the promise made to the [illegible] muhl.

The next day Trigaud [illegible] marshal had arrived [illegible] that the [illegible] ously, and was [illegible] seated [illegible] Mary's [illegible] the very suburbs [illegible] the skeletons of horses which had been converted into food, were scattered in every street, and the doors and windows of the houses had long since been consumed as firewood for the frozen and famishing soldiery. It was in one of the houses in the outskirts of the town that prince d'Eckmuhl had established his quarters, and thither Trigaud, assisted by some soldiers, bore the insensible body of Koblinski, and laid it on some straw in the door-way. On entering the house, he perceived an officer on guard at an outer room, enveloped in the ragged remains of a cuirasier's cloak, of whom he demanded to speak with the marshal.

'What seek you of him?' asked the officer, without changing his posture.

'I come to render an account of a mission with which he charged me at Moro-Jaro-slavitz, and to deliver up the deposit confided to me.'

'The prince is at this moment in council, you can remain and rest yourself until it is concluded.'

"Certainly," said Trigaud, who spoke in a tone of sadness: 'but mayhap, in the meantime, you would make known to him that the grenadiers of the second company of the forty-eighth regiment of the line, Fryant's division, first corps, to whom he entrusted the care of his aide-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, have fulfilled his orders, and that the company are waiting the honor of passing under his inspection.'

At the name of Koblinski, Davoust, who had entered and heard the latter part of the of the conversation, but had not recognized in the worn and emaciated being before him the once noble looking grenadier, advanced, and demanded of him, 'Where is my aide-de-camp.'

'He is here, at the door.'

'And thy company,' said Davoust hastily.

At these words Trigaud took the posture of a soldier without arms, placed his heels in a line, and slowly raising his head, replied in a grave voice, 'All present, my marshal!'

'I have demanded where are the company of the forty-eighth,' repeated the prince in a tone of impatience.

'I have replied, Here!' and Trigaud placed the back of his hand to his forehead.

'But thy comrades,—where are they?'

'Ah, that is different, my marshal.—You ask where I have left my comrades? That is your question—is it not.

Davoust made a sigh in the affirmative, impatiently striking his foot on the ground.

'Well, that is soon told. The last of them are at the bottom of the Voss close by; the remainder are under the snow. All!'

'How. All?'

'All, without an exception,' replied the soldier, as his haggard and sunken eyes filled with tears.

The prince could not repress a movement of terror and pity, seizing the arm of Trigaud convulsively, he repeated in an agitated tone—'all, say you?'

'Yes, all except me,—I am the last.'

Without speaking, Davoust moved to the place where Koblinski lay, while Trigaud raising himself to his full height, proudly exclaimed. 'He is here alive, it was I who brought him!'

☞ Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and, therefore, is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, and singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven and rise above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconsistent, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of his wings, till the creature was forced to sit down and pant and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel.

CHINAMAN'S IDEA OF A TRIAL IN ENGLAND.—A Chinese thus describes a trial in the English law courts: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

☞ It is good sense for a young lady to use an excuse for not learning French, that one tongue is sufficient for any woman!

THE DUCHESS DE BERRY.

A cable despatch announces that the legitimist journals in Paris are mourning the death of the Duchess de Berry.—This remarkable woman, the mother of Henri V., commonly known as the Count de Chambord, the Bourbon pretender to the French throne, was a daughter of Francis I. of Naples. The Princess Caroline Ferdinande Louise was born in Palermo, November 5, 1798. When but [illegible] the age of 17 she was married to the Duke de Berry, son of the then reigning King of France, Charles X.—The young bride was lively and engaging in manner, generous in disposition, and fond of art, literature, and pleasure—all of which combined to render her popular with the French people. Her husband was of a congenial nature, and her marriel life opened pleasantly. On the 21st of September, 1819, she gave birth to a daughter, her first child.

Five months later that dreadful tragedy occurred that convulsed France—the assassination of the Duke de Berry. The assassin, named Louvel, was a fanatical Bonapartist who in striking down the Prince hoped thereby to end the French Bourbon dynasty in the person of the only member who could perpetuate the race. The daughter just mentioned could not inherit the throne under the Salic law, and no son had yet been born to the Duke. The murder took place at the portal of the Opera House in Paris.—The unfortunate Prince was handing his wife to her carriage when Louvel stabbed him in the right side. He was carried to the parlor in the building and expired shortly after, surrounded by the royal family. But the purpose of the assassin was frustrated. The Duchess was pregnant with another child, and seven months after, on the 29th of September, 1820, she gave birth to the present Count de Chambord.

The revolution of 1830 brought forth unexpected qualities in the Duchess de Berry. She displayed a resoluteness and courage which the nation, until then, little suspected her of possessing. In the midst of the bloody contests in the streets between the troops and the soldiery, conscious of her popularity, she resolved to go boldly to the Hotel de Ville, throw herself into the arms of the people, and trust to their loyalty to proclaim her son King of France. Had she been permitted to take this step, it is probable that the insurgents would have rallied around her, for the rising was not so much against the rule of the dynasty as against an unpopular ministry; but the timid counsel of the old king prevailed with the family. The decisive moment was lost. The revolution triumphed, and in a few hours the Bourbons were in flight for the frontiers.

The Duchess followed her family to their exile in Holyrood, in England, but remained with them only a few months. She went to Sardinia, from which, at the demand of the new Orleanist rulers in Paris, she was expelled. Her headquarters were then transferred to Rome, where she became the centre of all the legitimist intrigues to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France. In 1832 she conceived the rash project of returning to France and instigating a rising of the friends of her family. She landed on the French coast, April 21, 1832, and passed the first night in the open air, wrapped in a cloak, and with only two followers. A few days later she entered La Vendee in the disguise of a peasant woman. Her first proclamation to call the legitimists to arms, in the name of Henri V., was dated May 19. An undisciplined army rallied around her: and she fought a battle with the government troops near Vieille-Vigne. During the firing, and without fear of the bullets, the heroic woman was on the field attending the wounded. But her followers were easily routed, and she became a a fugitive.

After a series of hair-breadth escapes and exciting adventures, sufficient to afford material for a volume of romance, she was captured in the house of a partisan in the city of Nantes. For several hours she had been concealed in a fireplace with three other persons and though a fire was lighted and several times her dress was in flames, she did not surrender until the sufferings of her companions demanded the humiliation. She was confined in the prison of Blaye, and the rigor with which she was treated by the government provoked excited discussions in the French Chambers. For some weeks Paris newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets were wild with the subject, and a number of duels grew out of it. Finally, to the astonishment of the legitimists, the Duchess gave birth in prison to a daughter. The Orleanists hoped in consequence of this to fix a terrible disgrace upon the prisoner, but she published a document in which she confessed to having contracted a secret marriage with an Italian nobleman a year before. She was at once released.

This ended the political career of the Duchess de Berry. She retired to her beautiful palace in Venice, where for twenty years she lived happily and serenely with her second husband, the Duke de la Gracia, by whom she had five children. She became a widow for a second time in 1864. The latter part of her life has been passed upon a princely estate in Styria. Her son, the last of the French Bourbons, whom the legitimists still fondly call King Henri, lives at Frohsdorf, in lower Austria.

An old lady going with astonishment upon an elephant in a menagerie, asked the keeper, "What kind of a beast is that eating hay with his tail?"

☞ A fashionable clergyman in Chicago warns the sinners of his congregation that if they don't repent they can go to the "place of eternal amusement." Certainly a mild way of putting it.

AT NIGHT.—Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches:

"It is night now: and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch, here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two.—The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

AN INTERESTING CASE.—The argument of the case of Wm. N. Dalton against Mrs. V. A. Abell, administratrix of Wm. H. Williams, deceased, and guardian for her minor children, was resumed. This case arises out of the failure of the administratrix to sell, in obedience to the order of the Orphans' Court, made in 1859, certain slaves of the value of $12,000 or $15,000, belonging to the estate, which slaves were afterwards emancipated, the petitioner claiming that the administratrix should be charged with the appraised value of those slaves. This and other minor matters by way of surcharging the accounts of the administratrix and guardian, are the allegations of the petitioner. Judge Leach and Mr. Edward argued for the petitioner, and Mr. McPherson and Mr. J. E. Williams for Mrs. Abell.—*Star.*

☞ Editors do not always think of their smart things on the spur of the moment; but one of them down in New England got in a good repartee the other day. Daniel Pratt, a great hero, came with his customary interrogation, "I am the great American traveler. Who travel," was all the reply he got.

☞ How many apples did our first parents eat in the garden? Two, of course. Adam 2.

TOP GEAR, NEVERMORE.—The body, in its place. No one who notes the changes boundary comes back to tell. The living, indeed, visits the land of shadows, and [illegible] but since it may be as a token of margins, life beyond, thus closely blending horizons. The great sun comes and goes in the heavens, the breathless stars of the eternal [illegible] nightly passage across the upper deeps, but toses overboard no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but do not [illegible] no syllable of their commanding [illegible] gives passage to the heavenly [illegible]. Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither feet nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes were closed in tears last long sleep long years ago, died with [illegible] in her wonder-stricken [illegible] a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and [illegible] folded over a triumphant [illegible] that her lips were past [illegible] nothing of the [illegible]

A NEW SAFETY BUOY.—A curious application of the spontaneous inflammability of phosphureted hydrogen gas, when brought in contact with the air, has been made to a life-saving apparatus and to buoys.

Something like a fuse is attached to the buoy, composed of a proper mixture of phosphide of calcium. In case of a man overboard, the life preserver is thrown into the water, the moment the fuse becomes wet it begins to give off a gas which takes fire in the air, and the faster it becomes the more gas and the brighter the light produced.

The light can be made to last an hour, so that persons swimming can easily find, and attach themselves to the buoy, and the rescuing boats have a beacon to which to direct their course. It is proposed to have a number of such life preservers on every large ship.

The phosphide of zinc could be used as a substitute for the calcium compound, and the invention capable of application for a display of fireworks on the water.

HOME COURTESIES.—I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of nine years, there were only three that could be designated as happy families; and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love, as the lack of care to manifest it.—The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-aches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home circles. "Not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it." Not more than three happy homes in twenty!—and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated! Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

SENSIBLE.—The following is stolen from a comic almanac:

"Stop grumbling. Get up two hours earlier in the morning, and begin to do something out of your regular profession. Mind your own business, and with all your might let other people's alone.—Live within your means. Sell your horses. Give away or sell your dog. Smoke your cigars through an air stove. Eat with moderation and go to bed early.—Talk less of your own peculiar gifts and virtues, and more of your friend and neighbor's. Be cheerful. Fulfill your promises. Pay your debts. Be yourself as you would see in others. Be a good man and stop your grumbling."

ICEBERG ALARM.—Mr. Charles Dion, proposes to place an apparatus on board of steamers and other vessels, so arranged as to sound an alarm on approaching the vicinity of an iceberg. The device is arranged on the bottom of the vessel, and is of such a nature that when the keel strikes any very cold strata of water the alarm is sounded.

It is well known that icebergs refrigerate the water around them to a considerable distance. Mr. Dion's instrument will exhibit the exact temperature of the water below the vessel at all times.

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of a stairs in a house, the counsel asked him;

"Which way do the stairs run?"

The witness very innocently replied "One way they run up stairs, but the other way they run down stairs."

The learned counsel winked both eyes and then took a look at the ceiling.

"Doctor, how came you the Squire Lucas to be such great friends?"

"Why, you know, unbeknown to himself, I attended his wife when she was attacked with the diptheria, and was unable to cure her."

☞ A bright-eyed four-year-old got his little prayer mixed up the other night. Imagine the [illegible] to hear his darling [illegible] "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my bonds to break."