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The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

VOL. 25.—No. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864. WHOLE No. 1273.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two DOLLARS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements not exceeding eight lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

Advertisements inserted for three months, six months, or one year, at moderate rates.

OBITUARY NOTICES will be inserted at the rate of fifty cents for eight lines.

Job-Printing.—HAND-BILLS, BLANKS, CIRCULARS, &c.—We have an extensive assortment of new and beautiful JOB TYPE, and are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice on very reasonable terms.

1864. CLOTHING. 1864.

Winter Clothing.

Always First in the Field,
Always Acknowledged to be
THE CHEAPEST STORE IN CHESTERTOWN.

LEVI MASTBAUM,

HAS the honor to inform his friends and the public that he is now opening his first arrival of MEN AND BOYS' WINTER CLOTHING, manufactured expressly for the wants of this market, consisting of the

LATEST NOVELTIES IN
Fine and Medium OVER-COATS,
Fine and Medium BUSINESS SUITS,
Fine and Medium DRESS SUITS,
Fine and Medium Promenade Suits,
made up EQUAL TO CUSTOM WORK.

As heretofore he will adhere to the old maxim to sell with a small profit—to effect large sales—while I hate imposition, I shall court honest competition, feeling competent to compete with any other establishment in the State. My stock is the largest ever exhibited by any one house in the Town, and will be offered at LOW FIGURES.

GENTLEMEN

will always find a superb stock of the latest "AGONIES" in Furnishing Goods, comprising a full line of Ties, Scarfs, Cravats, Suspenders, Fine Shirts, Under Garments in all qualities, Handkerchiefs, Half Hose, &c., &c., and all other articles appertaining to a Gentleman's complete outfit.

Always in store a splendid variety of Men and Boys' fine and medium Soft Fur Hats.

LEVI MASTBAUM,
At the Old Established Corner Stand.

NOTE.—The above Goods having been mostly purchased as far back as the month of April, our patrons and the public will find this an additional inducement to call before purchasing elsewhere. L. M.

Chestertown, Sept. 17, 1864.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.

Handsome Styles Winter Shawls.

Balmoral Skirts, Poplins, DeLaines, Prints of Latest Patterns, &c.

WICKES & BRO. have now in store a large Stock of SEASONABLE GOODS, to which they are constantly making large accessions; seizing all occasions when prices are depreciating, and giving their customers all advantages of declines in prices.

A beautiful assortment of Fine

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

just opened, and to which they invite the Public's early attention.

BOOTS & SHOES of superior quality, and at prices which must give satisfaction.

Chestertown, Nov. 5, 1864.

MALLALIEU'S GOODS.

WICKES & BRO. are now constantly receiving from the Factory of Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro. large supplies of their FABRICS, KERSEYS, YARNS, &c., and respectfully call the early attention of their Farmer acquaintance to a beautiful line of fine CASSIMERES for full suits, goods unrivalled, both as regards beauty of finish and durability.

SACK FLANNELS,

and a large stock of Red, White, and Yellow WOOL FLANNELS; also, Heavy Shaker Flannel, all on hand and for sale at moderate advances, by WICKES & BRO.

Chestertown, Nov. 5, 1864.

MARYLAND, *Kent County Orphans' Court,* Nov. 29, 1864.—On the application of Edwin L. Usilton, Administrator of Edward P. Toulson, late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the *Kent News*, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 29th day of November, 1864. Test, JOS. P. IRELAND, Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

SEAL

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent Co., Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Edward P. Toulson, late of Kent County, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 9th day of May, 1865; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of November, 1864. EDWIN L. USILTON, d3-4t. Adm'r of Edward P. Toulson, dec'd.

CASSIMERE SHIRTS of handsome patterns and Gentlemen's Under-garments, now on hand at WICKES & BRO.'S.

Chestertown, Nov. 26, 1864.

LARD CANS, Sausage Cutters and Stuffers for sale at the Tin and Stove Store of nov26. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

COAL HODS, Shovels and Pokers, for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words leading.

What would the mothers do for work,
Were there no pants or jackets tearing?
Nor tiny dress 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.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls 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 charm,
Were there no babes to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

TIGHT CORSETS.

While we are growing very sensible, indeed, in the matter of dress, as far as Balmoral skirts, warm stockings, and high necks are concerned, we are degenerating in some matters quite as important.

The corset is now necessarily a part of a woman's wardrobe, and, alas! when a woman does begin to wear corsets, she will wear them too small, and will tug at the laces till her breath becomes short, and she feels it necessary to refrain from anything like a comfortable meal.

We say nothing against a well-shaped corset worn loose, but there lies the difficulty. All we can say is, don't squeeze, whatever you do; you may have small waists, but you are exposing yourself to a dozen misfortunes which are much worse than a large waist.

First, you will surely have dyspepsia, and be yellow and cross, and unhappy.

Secondly, your hands will grow red.

Thirdly, your nose.

Fourthly, you will be unable to walk a mile at a time.

Fifthly, dinner will be a misery.

Sixthly, your shoulder blades will increase in size and altitude.

Seventhly, you will break down at thirty or thereabouts and be a sickly old woman from that time forth.

If these truths do not frighten women from tight corsets, perhaps the information that gentlemen do not admire what dressmakers call a "pretty figure" so much as a natural one, may have some influence.

"I MEAN TO TAKE LIFE EASY."—Dr. ——, in his morning round came upon a thrifty farmer giving the last touch to his new house, picking up the broken shingles and scattered nails left by the carpenters. The doctor stopped and congratulated him on its final completion.

"Thank you sir," said the farmer; "it is a good house, and all I want. I have worked hard all my life for it, and now I mean to take life easy, and enjoy it."

"And I hope you will live long to enjoy it," cried the friendly doctor, making his parting bow and jogging on.

"Thank you, sir," rejoined the man.

Nor was the doctor out of sight before the alarmed cry of "Doctor, doctor!" caught his ear. Reining in his horse and looking around, he beheld a messenger from the farm house flying after him.—"Doctor, doctor, Mr. Winslow has just fallen from the roof and we are afraid he is dead." He hurried back, but to find fears quickly merged into certainty. No skill of doctor, or power of medicine, could restore him. He was dead and gone; called in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, to render up his final account.—Scarcely had he said to his soul, "Soul, thou has much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," before the soul was stripped of its posessions, and all that had been provided for it to delight in wrung from its embrace. How was it left? Destitute and soul-destruction who can adequately describe?—It is the not having, the "one thing needful," which constitutes the sinner's doom in the great hereafter.

Oh, what a place has that one word not, in the final inventory—"not having on the wedding garment;" "Sick and in prison, and ye visited me not."

Every thing here, and eternal beggary! Can we ponder too seriously upon such an issue?—*Christian Almanac for* 1865.

As a matter of-fact preacher was coming down the street the other day, a gentleman asked him, "Sir, can you tell how to find out the Sheriffs' office?" "Yes, sir, was the reply, "every time you earn five dollars, spend ten."

S. C. KNOTT and A. W. Shott fought a duel. The result was, that they changed conditions. Knott was shot, and Shott was not. It was better to be Shott than Knott.

THE AGRICULTURAL SITUATION.

SMALL FARMS AND HIGH TILLAGE.

We are about to have a talk with our readers upon the agricultural situation in this State consequent upon the radical change which has recently been made in our system of labour.

We do not propose to enter at all upon the policy or propriety of a change so sudden and so thorough, and, perhaps, we might justly add, so entirely, for the most part, unexpected to a large portion of the farming community. We express no opinion on this matter simply because we want to keep from our columns everything that relates to politics or political questions. Our sphere of duty is a narrower and, in some respects, a more useful one. Our special province is to elevate, as far as may be, the system of agriculture to a science; to lay before our readers every new theory and practical suggestion that has for its leading idea either the improvement of the soil or promises some advantage from which they would derive a benefit.

At the present time the labour question presses upon them heavily and affords them just cause for anxiety. The manly way in which it has been met by the farmers of Prince George and other counties offers a fair promise that the difficulty may at least be partially overcome by a more general adoption of the mode of hiring which they have proposed. There is, however, another matter upon which they have not touched; but which remains to be dealt with boldly and decidedly. The most serious fault of our friends has been that they have farmed too much land. We do not say *tilled* it, for that implies thorough cultivation, and such tillage as will produce the heaviest return from the smallest amount of land can never be carried out to perfection without an adequate number of field hands, and a corresponding ubundance of manure. The true remedy for a deficiency of laborers is to crop fewer acres; to substitute labor saving machinery to its utmost available extent, and by high manuring and careful cultivation to bring the acreable product of every field up to its maximum capacity. The averaged crop of wheat in the best farming districts of Europe may be safely set down at forty bushels to the acre. In many instances the product is still greater, and by spade husbandry sixty bushels to the acre have been raised. Now the natural quality of the soil there, is, if anything, inferior to the better class of wheat lands with us, yet with industry and perseverance and diligent care in the eradication of weeds, and by a concentration of labour and manure upon limited areas, they make one acre of land produce nearly as much grain as four acres yield with us.

Surely this is an example that is worthy to be followed by us, and especially is it at this time when our farmers must depend wholly upon hired labour, and when hands are also scarce and wages correspondingly high. It follows, too, if one hundred acres can be made to produce an amount of grain equal to the product of four hundred acres under ordinary circumstances, and if, by this system of high manuring and careful culture, the land is enriched and correspondingly increased in value; that we have in these facts a solution to the labour question, and in the sale of the surplus land thus thrown out of tillage, a means of renovating and permanently improving the remainder.—*Maryland Farmer.*

A TOUCH OF PETROLEUM.—Close to the lands of the Centre Oil Company there lives an old chap who is worth a mint.—Ignorant, of course, dumb luck has made him rich. His household pets consist of a terrier dog and stupid daughter, both of whom engage his attention. The former provided for, he determined to "accomplish his daughter." To this end he went to the city. He bought a piano and a harp, and a guitar, and a car load of music books, and so forth, winding up his business by engaging a first-class intellectual and musical tutor, with all of which he started for the "region." The documents were of course soon arranged for business. The tutor set to work and toiled like a Trojan, but with no success.—Despairing of ultimate triumph, the tutor went to the oil king and made a clean breast of it.

"Why, what the world's the matter?" asked the father.

"Well, answered the tutor, "Kitty has got a piano, and guitar, and harp, and music, and books, and all that, but she wants capacity—that's all."

"Well, by the Lord, Harry," cried the king, "if that's all, just buy it. I've got the stuff, and if money will get it she shall have capacity or anything else."

A FEW days since while the Union and rebel flag-of-truce boats were holding a conference at the entrance of Charleston harbor, a most beautiful phenomenon appeared to spectators standing upon the bluffs of Morris Island. A rainbow brightened into form on an overhanging cloud, its ends resting on the water on either side of the communing ships. It was a most sublime picture, and the spectators were pleased to regard it as a significant omen.

SYDNEY SMITH defines English benevolence to be "a strong impulse on the part of A, when he sees B in distress, to compel C to help him."

SICKNESS NOT CAUSELESS.

There can never be a disease without a cause; and almost always the cause is in the person who is ill; he has either done something which he ought not to have done, or he has omitted something which he should have attended to.

Another important item is, that sickness does not, as a general thing, come on suddenly; as seldom does it thus come as a house becomes enveloped in flames on the instant of the fire first breaking out. There is generally a spark; a tiny flame, a trifling blaze. It is so with disease, and promptitude is always an important element of safety and deliverance. A little child wakes up in the night with a disturbing cough, but which, after a while, passes off, and the parents feel relieved; the second night cough is more decided; the third it is croup, and in a few hours more darling is dead!

Had that child been kept warm in bed the whole day after the first coughing was noticed; had it been fed lightly, and got abundant warm sleep, it would have had no cough the second night, and the day after would have been well.

An incalculable amount of human suffering, and many lives would be saved every year, if two things were done uniformly. First, when any uncomfortable feeling is noticed, begin at once, trace the cause of it and avoid that cause ever after. Second, take means at once to remove the symptoms; among these the best are those which are most universally available and applicable, as rest, warmth, abstinence, a clean person and pure air.

When animals are ill they follow nature's instinct, and lie down to rest. Many a valuable life has been lost by the unwise efforts of the patient to "keep up" when the most fitting place was a warm bed and a quiet apartment.

Some persons attempt to "harden their constitutions" by exposing themselves to the cause which induces their sufferings, as if by so doing they could get accustomed to the exposure and ever thereafter endure it with a great pmount of impunity. A good constitution, like a good garment, lasts the longer by being taken care of. If a finger has been burned by putting it in the fire and is cured ever so well, it will be burned again as often as it is put in the fire; such a result is inevitable.—There is no such thing as hardening one's self against the cause of disease. What gives a man a cold to-day, will give him a cold to-morrow, and the next day and the next. What lies in the stomach a heavy weight to-day, will do the same to-morrow, not in a less degree, but in a greater, and as we get older, or get more under the influence of disease, lesser causes have greater effects; so that the older we get the greater need is there for increased efforts to avoid hardships and exposures, and be more prompt in rectifying any "symptons," by rest, warmth and abstinence.

FASCINATING ADONIS.—A good story is told of a chap in North Carolina, who went the entire figure in the way of courting all the girls who would have him, without asking for any of them to die off, as the law directs. After having married his thirteenth, some of his first loves came down upon him, and had him lodged in jail. But a person so fond of liberty, and who could get into Hymen's noose with such ease, found little difficulty in getting out of the "jug;" and the next news of him he was running at large, with a heavy reward offered for his apprehension. He was shortly recognized by a gentleman, who, anxious to get the reward, invited him to the house, desired him to sit down—called his wife to chat with him, as an inducement to detain him there—while he made some excuse for leaving him for a few moments, and started for a constable to arrest the runaway. What was the poor man's astonishment on returning with the constable, to find the gay Lothario—taking advantage of his short absence—*had absconded with his wife!* This made the fellow's stock of wives on hand fourteen.

A VERY GREAT RASCAL.—Two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Thomas Jones, were fond of dropping into Mr. Smith's parlor, and spending an hour or two with his only daughter Mary. One evening, when Brown and Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, in his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave father and mother, this pleasant home, with all its ease and comfort, and emigrate to the Far West with a young lawyer, who had but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him search out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify, and make delightful and happy, like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she whispered: "I thing I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, "there's Tom Jones, who's going to emigrate, and wants to get a wife; I'll mention it to him."

VIOLENCE.—The Albany "Dutchman" says that the man who got drunk on small beer, and then undertook to cut his throat with a mackeral, has had his sentence commuted.

"RECOLLECT, sir," said a bar-keeper to a customer who was about leaving without paying the "reckoning," "recollect, sir, if you loose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

FORTUNE-TELLING SWINDLES.

There are men and women in large cities who realize large incomes by this disreputable and fraudulent occupation.—Most of them are as ignorant as they are dishonest; but they are shrewd and cunning, and often succeed in duping persons of higher mental endowments than themselves. Numbers of young women, some of them respectably connected, habitually consult these vulgar seers and sibyls.—All the brood, without a single exception, ought to be subjected to the penalties prescribed by law for obtaining money under false pretences. The money out of which they swindle their foolish clients is, however, but a petty consideration in comparison with the mischief of which they (especially the female fortune-tellers) are sometimes the instruments. Let us suppose a case. A man about town, the reverse of a gentleman, though called by that much abused name by people who judge from appearances, pays his attentions, as the phrase is, to a respectable girl, with no intention of making her his wife. He wins her confidence, and as they chat familiarly together, he manages to introduce the subject of fortune-telling. He persuades her that some of the persons who practice it can really see into the future, and has many marvellous stories to relate in confirmation of their claims to supernatural prescience. The young girl laughingly declares she will test their skill, and names some advertising sorceress whom she proposes to visit in a day or two. In the mean time, he sees and *fees* the woman, and gives her his instructions.—Their nature, and the probable result of the machinations of the scoundrel and his bribed accomplice, we leave to conjecture; but were it propor to state in these columns all we have learned from good authority on the subject, no young female reading the facts, and jealous of her fair fame, would ever thereafter pass the threshold of a fortune-teller. It ought not to be necessary to tell any body in this land of churches and schools, where moral religious, and intellectual instruction is free to all, that foreknowledge belongs to the Creator alone, and that since the days when He inspired the prophets there has been no such thing as veritable divination. All fortune-tellers are impostors—all who believe in and act upon their stupid predictions are the dupes of vulgar fraud or of some vile plot against their peace and reputation.

REPORT OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.—Mr. McCulloch, Comptroller of the National Currency, reports that during the past year two hundred and eighty-two new National banks have been organized, and one hundred and sixty-eight State banks changed into National ones. The whole number of National banks now in existence is five hundred and eighty-four, divided among twenty-seven States and Territories. The aggregate capital is $108,964,597 28; the circulation $65,-864,650, and bonds on deposit $81,961,-450. In Maryland there are three National banks with an aggregate capital of $1,560,000, circulation $1,245,000, and bonds on deposit amounting to $1,400,000. The number of National banks in the District of Columbia is two, with a capital of $600,000; circulation $477,000, and bonds on deposit $534,000. Pennsylvania has the largest number of these banks (109;) New York 100; Connecticut and Iowa 20 each, Ohio 84; Massachusetts 67, and other States a smaller number.

The comptroller says that the apprehensions of a too rapid increase of National banks have been much lessened by the recent action of many State banks. The Legislature of Pennsylvania following the example of the Legislature of Massachusetts, Connecticut, &c., has recently authorized the banks of that State to reorganize, and the indications are now unmistakable that the time is not far distant when the people of the United States will be everywhere relieved of a bank note circulation of limited credit and uncertain value, and supplied with one of uniform credit and as solvent as the nation. It has been the earnest wish of the comptroller that this desirable result should be brought about through the agency of existing banks rather than by the organization of new ones, so that the national circulation might be introduced with as little increase of banking capital as possible.

PRAISE.—"Praise is not worth much," says a German writer, "and I always take care when I am its object to receive it as a pleasant sensation, as a metal which has not been assayed, and, if I do not use caution, as very probably a source of injury. Praise should always be considered a free will offering, rather than as a deserved reward."

AS KEEN AS STEEL.—"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins."

"Yes, very pleasant, indeed."

"Good day for the race."

"Race, what race."

"The human race."

"Oh, go along with your stupid jokes; get up a good one, like the one which I sold Day."

"Day, what Day?"

"The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

WHAT is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies; little kindnesses; pleasant words; genial smiles; a friendly letter, and good deeds.

MINE PIPE UND CUP.

Ven clouds are plack above,
Und mud is plack pelow,
'Tis den dat I do love,
A cloud of smoke to blow;—
I takes my meershaum down
I takes mine cider up,
And cares not who do frown
Upon mine pipe und cup!

Mine frow, she scold a bit,
When mine old pipe is seen,
Because sometimes I spit
Upon her floor so clean:
But dat is like de rain,
It doesn't last alvay,
She soon gets pleased again,
Und so I smokes away.

O! pless mine pipe and cup,
Und pless my scolding frow,
Der shmoke goes curling up
Almost as vite as shnow,
Und down the cider slips,
Yust like a loving kiss,
When lingering on der lips—
It is der soul of bliss.

THE NEWSPAPER AN AMERICAN CHARACTERISTIC.—An European traveller describes the United States as "a country where every man has a newspaper in his pocket." This is a very correct national characteristic, and a distinctive one from what any other nation could apply to itself. Every man in this country has not only a newspaper in his pocket but what is better, every man knows how to read and understand it. Newspapers have been so cheap in the United States that every individual could afford to take one, and he has been so long doing this that his daily journal has become as indispensable to him as his daily food. In fact, he could much better do without some article of daily consumption on his table than do without the daily food for his mind which a newspaper supplies, and which keeps the humblest man as well posted as his more wealthy neighbor in all matters affecting his political, social and moral good. It is the general diffusion of intelligence among the people through newspapers—that kind of intelligence which is the mose practical and most useful, because appertaining to all the movements of society, of which he is a living and breathing member—that gives such activity and earnestness to American life, and makes every individual nature self-dependent and thoroughly conscious of his manhood. The newspaper, may not represent the highest form of literary labor, but there is no question of the intellectual force which it creates by its action upon the popular mind. This begets a desire for knowledge of a more profound character, and creates intellectual tastes, not satisfied with skimming the mere surface of things, but feeling strong enough to penetrate nature's arcana, and steal her richest treasures to bestow as a blessing upon mankind. This reciprocal action thus stimulated, lifts the nation into a higher sphere of intellectual power, gives a vigor and force to the national energy, and urges it continually to new developments of national progress. Ephemeral as the newspaper may be in its character, the impressions it makes upon society are profound and lasting, and hence the greater necessity that they should always be of the right stamp.—*Phil. Ledger.*

THE INDIAN BUREAU.—The following is a statistical synopsis of the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs: At the present time there are thirteen superintendencies and fifty-eight agencies connected with the Indian service, and these have the charge of about two hundred different tribes. The number of Indians actually reported in the tables of population this year is a little over one hundred thousand. The number of Indians within the limits of the United States is estimated at about 300,000. The whole number of schools reported is forty-seven, and the number of scholars 1448. The tables show that there have been cultivated by the Indians this year 18,987 acres of land, and by the government, for and in connection with the Indians, 2678 acres, producing in the aggregate 472,385 bushels of the products of the field, an average of nearly five bushels of vegetables and grain to each of the 102,246 persons reported.

In addition to this, the Indians have made, during the past season, 432,471 pounds sugar and 2706 gallons sorghum syrup. Of fish sold there were 2067 barrels; furs valued at $87,587.

The amount of wealth in individual property owned by Indians is put down at $1,-851,404. With regard to the condition of the Indian Trust Fund, no important changes have been made since the last report.

In connection with the above facts it must be taken into consideration that in some of the superintendencies, especially the southern, where, before the rebellion, the tribes located south of the Arkansas were in a state of great prosperity, and far advanced in civilization, but who have been for the last two years exiles from their homes, scarcely anything has been done. The hostility which certain northwestern tribes have shown the last two years have also interfered materially with the progress in that quarter.

CHANGES IN THE CABINET.—Since Mr. Lincoln's inauguration in 1861, there have been five changes in his Cabinet: Mr. Stanton for Mr. Cameron, Mr. Usher for Mr. Smith, Mr. Fessenden for Mr. Chase, Mr. Dennison for Mr. Blair, and Mr. Speed for Mr. Bates

What a nice place Wisconsin must be. The State prison is empty—and the jailor is away on a furlough.