The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. IV. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1866. NO. 47.

THE
Chestertown Transcript
Is published every Saturday, at
Chestertown, Kent County, Md.,
Office, Court Street.

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES or less will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, Three Dollars: Six months, Six Dollars: One Year, Ten Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

Cheap for Cash, and at short notice.

COUGH no MORE. DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

CURE for PILES. DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

Doctor Strickland's TONIC. DYSPEPSIA. DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation of Roots and Herbs, with antiacids and carminatives to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by all Druggists everywhere at $1 per bottle. Jan. 20, 1866—y

PROSPECTUS OF
The Cosmopolite.

ON the first of January we commenced the publication in the City of Baltimore of a
MONTHLY LITERARY MAGAZINE.

There is no publication of this character now issued South of New York City, and the closing of the war has left a large portion of the people of the country with no literary representative.

The COSMOPOLITE will be devoted to Literature, Art, Review, Scientific Papers and General Reading, and we shall number among its contributors some of the first literary men of the South, with others from the North and from London and Paris.

All matter not original will be carefully selected from the newest and best of the English, French and German publications; and its Editors will spare no effort or expense to make it rank with the *very first* Magazines of the country.

As its name imports, we have established THE COSMOPOLITE upon no sectional basis. We hope to make it the organ of general literature alone, and will be unimluenced by any party or clique whatever.

It will be mailed to subscribers in any part of the country upon receipt of the following

SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copies, for one year,	$ 4 00
Five " " " "	18 00
Ten " " " "	33 00

THE COSMOPOLITE will be generally distributed among the Merchants and Planters of the South, and we will add, for their information, a few advertisements, at moderate rates. Liberal deductions will be made to booksellers and news dealers. Address

DE LEON & CO.,
P. O. Box 226, Baltimore, Md.
January 20, 1866.

WALTER T. HURTT,
PRACTICAL
HAT AND CAP
MANUFACTURER
AND DEALER IN STRAW GOODS,
No. 38 N. Green Street,
BALTIMORE,

Offers inducements to the Citizens and Merchants of Kent and the adjoining counties. Call and examine our stock.
September 23, 1865—6m

SUGAR and BREAD BOXES for sale by
May 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

HARRY MCCOY. WM. I. RASIN.
McCOY & RASIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 66 South St., Baltimore.

PROMPT attention paid to the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. All orders for the purchase of Farming Implements, Seeds, Groceries, &c., promptly attended to. Dec. 2, 1865—y.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.
COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 70 South Street,
BALTIMORE.
October 21, 1865—y

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, WILLIAM P. FRANCIS, WILLIAM T. TOMLINSON.
TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and *Country Produce generally,*
No. 96 Light Street Wharf.

Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise, promptly filled.
Baltimore, November 4, 1865—y

SHEUBROOK, WOODALL & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain & all kinds of Country Produce,
No. 124 Light St. Wharf,
Opposite the Wharf of Slaughter's Steamboat Line,
BALTIMORE.

All consignments are thankfully received and promptly attended to.
February 10, 1866—t021.

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM

Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
212 West Baltimore Street,
Jan. 7, 1865—y BALTIMORE.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Hartman,
MER HANT TAILOR,
No. 276 West Baltimore St.
BALTIMORE.

OUR Stock consists of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings of every grade, style and texture, which we are prepared to make up at reasonable prices, and in every variety of style to suit the occasion or taste of the wearer.

All Goods and Garments warranted to be what they are represented, or returnable at the pleasure of the purchaser.

The citizens of Kent and the Eastern Shore counties are requested to give him a call. March 11, 1865.

SPRING MILLINERY.
Mrs. C. R. TIDDIS
HAS just returned from the City with a varied assortment of SPRING MILLINERY, selected with care,
Purchased at REDUCED PRICES!
and will be sold low. Her stock comprises
The Latest Styles of BONNETS, HATS,
RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS, &c., &c.
They are now opened, and the Ladies of the Town and County are invited to call and examine them. April 14—3t

FOR SALE.

THE HOMESTEAD PORTION of the
MILLER FARM,
Containing 196 Acres,
of which 175 Acres are arable,
Balance in Wood and Marsh.

Pleasantly situated on Swan Creek, within full view of the Chesapeake Bay, adjoining Swan Point, noted for OYSTERS, FISH and DUCKS. Convenient to Churches, School, Steamboat, Stores and Shops.

The Lawn, beautifully Shaded,
running down to the water, where Lime, Grain and all the products of the farm can be landed.

Dwelling
OLD BUT VERY COMFORTABLE.
OUT BUILDINGS
Sufficient for the Farm, with two Pumps of Water.

The Land lays nicely;
rolling, well watered, light, and susceptible of improvement equal to any in the County.

No Stiff Land on the Farm.

Would make a splendid FRUIT FARM.
Mr. Voshell will show the place to any one wishing to examine the same.

For terms and other particulars, apply on the place or by mail.
W. R. CONSTABLE.
Rock Hall P. O., Kent County, Md.
January 13, 1866—6m.

LAND SURVEYING.

THE subscriber will Survey Lands upon short notice. Land laid out and divided, and all the branches of a practical Surveyor promptly executed.
June 24, 1865—tf. E. F. PERKINS.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by
May 14, 1865. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

The Poet.

The Blessed Hand.

[There is a legend of an English Monk, who died at the Monastery of Aremberg, where he had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in Heaven. Long after his death his tomb was opened, and nothing could be seen of his remains but the right hand, with which he had done his pious work and which had been miraculously preserved from decay.]

For you and me, who love the light
Of God's uncloistered day,
It were, indeed, a dreary lot,
To shut ourselves away
From every glad and sunny thing
And pleasant sight and sound,
And pass, from out a silent cell,
Into the silent ground.

Not so the good monk, Anselm, thought,
For, in his cloister's shade,
The cheerful faith that lit his heart
Its own sweet sunshine made;
And in its glow he prayed and wrote,
From matin-song till even,
And trusted, in the Book of Life,
To read his name in Heaven.

What holy books his gentle art
Filled full of saintly lore!
What pages, brightened by his hand,
The splendid missals bore!
What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined
Around each blessed name,
And how his Saviour's cross and crown
Shone out, from cloud and flame!

But, unto clerk as unto clown,
One summons comes, alway,
And Brother Anselm heard the call,
At vesper-chime, one day.
His busy pen was in his hand,
His parchment by his side—
He bent him o'er the half-writ prayer,
Kissed Jesu's name, and died!

They laid him where a window's blaze
Flashed o'er the graven stone,
And seemed to touch his simple name,
With pencil like his own!
And there he slept, and, one by one,
His brothers died, the while,
And trooping years went by and trod
His name from off the aisle.

And lifting up the pavement, then,
An Abbot's couch to spread,
They let the jewelled sunlight in
Where once lay Anselm's head.
No crumbling bone was there, no trace
Of human dust that told,
But, all alone, a warm right hand
Lay, fresh, upon the mould.

It was not stiff, as dead men's are,
But, with a tender clasp,
It seemed to hold an unseen hand
Within its living grasp,
And ere the trembling monks could turn,
To hide their dazzled eyes,
It rose, as with a sound of wings,
Right up into the skies!

Oh loving, open hands, that give;
Soft hands, the tear that dry;
Oh patient hands, that toil to bless;
How can ye, ever, die!
Ten thousand vows, from yearning hearts,
To Heaven's own gates shall soar,
And bear you up, as Anselm's hand
Those unseen angels bore!

Kind hands! oh never near to you
May come the woes ye heal!
Oh never may the hearts ye guard
The griefs ye comfort feel!
May He, in whose sweet name ye build,
So crown the work ye rear,
That ye may never clasped be,
In one unanswered prayer.

S. T. WALLIS.

Baltimore, April 8th, 1866.

Farmers' Column.

Imitate Nature in Gardening.

The laws of Nature are usually a reliable guide. Although Nature does not plow and sow, nor reap and mow, still we may learn wisdom from observing the operations of Nature all around us, and especially in regard to the preparation of the soil and depositing the seeds of plants where they may vegetate. After plants have produced seeds, and they have fallen to the ground, the only means that Nature employs to cover them is by producing a mould for the purpose of promoting germination. When the seeds of flowers and grass fall to the ground, the leaves and stems are changed into a fine mould, thus furnishing not only an excellent covering for the seeds, but an abundant supply of superior nourishment, which is well adapted to the growth of young plants.

Now, in depositing potatoes and other tubers in the newly-prepared soil, it matters little whether they are buried half an inch deep or two inches beneath the surface of the ground, as an abundance of plant food is stored in the tubers, so that the germ may be fed until it is all exhausted, whether deposited in a bed of fine mould or in barren earth. But, when small seeds are put in the ground, the supply of plant food laid up in the kernels is very limited. For this reason, the growing plants must draw their nourishment from the soil soon after vegetation has commenced. Consequently, if small seeds and tender plants be surrounded by coarse lumps of barren earth, they grow slowly, because there is but little nourishment which the roots can appropriate to the development of the stem and leaves.

When scattering small seeds in a well-prepared bed, where there is a large proportion of clay in the soil, the germination of such seeds may be hastened by scattering mould, or loam, or sand, over the beds, instead of covering the seeds with the heavy soil. A wagon load or two of leaf mould from the forest, or from some other part of the farm where the soil is a deep alluvial deposit or dark-colored muck, will cover several large beds in the garden, and produce a luxuriant growth of the young plants, at a time when the tender stems and small plants require a liberal supply of sustenance.

Another consideration in favor of covering small seeds in the foregoing manner is, they will germinate much sooner when deposited beneath a thin stratum of fine mould than when planted in a heavy soil. Warm air is essential to the germination and rapid growth of all seeds; and, as clay is so compact, it is difficult for warm air to find its way to the seeds. For this reason, many small seeds of flowers and vegetables never germinate.

Small seeds are frequently planted with a dibble, or a hole is made with one finger, and a seed dropped in it. In heavy soils, the greatest portion of seeds thus planted never come up for the reason already assigned, that the substance of the kernels is exhausted before the stems reach the surface of the soil. Several well-conducted experiments in planting small seeds at different depths showed, conclusively, that the largest number of seeds germinated when they were covered with only a thin sprinkling of fine mould.

Another way in which we may imitate the operations of Nature in the management of vegetables and flowers is, in feeding and watering them. Nature feeds and waters the plants that have sprung from the seed which she has deposited. Excellent food for flowers is brought down in April showers, and distributed with an economical and liberal hand. We see the good effects of this feeding and watering immediately after a warm rain. Vast quantities of ammonia are in the atmosphere which is brought in contact with growing plants, which hastens their growth, giving the leaves a dark green and luxuriant appearance.

We may avail ourselves of great advantage in promoting the growth of plants by watering them with liqid manure, and afterwards sprinkling the leaves with warm rain water to wash the plant food down to the roots, as all nourishment for plants must be reduced to a liquid condition before it can promote their growth.

INTEMPERANCE is unprofitable in self-respect, character, reputation, pocket and in happiness. A man, to attain anything worthy, must respect himself. Nothing clips the wings of noble effort like the consciousness of self-degradation. There may seem to be thrift, but there is a worm at the root. In the inner shrine of his being the intemperate man feels that he is polluted. The outer may be like a whitened sepulchre, but within are "dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness." He stands in the presence of his own spirit self-accused of vileness and sees no water or cleansing. Down deep in his soul he feels, he knows, he is vile, and with that feeling he cannot say "I am clean." It is impossible for him to respect himself. While he cannot bear the stern, searching gaze of his own quickened conscience, he fears the gaze of that Omniscient eye which pierces through all disguises to the thoughts and intents of the heart. Character is what a man is; if, therefore, character falls, the man falls. Intemperance undermines the character. It prys out stone after stone of its foundation, and soon the structure will fall in ruins. The character ruined, the man is ruined, and what a ruin; character is the temple of the soul, and if "any man defiles God's temple, him will God destroy."

In the days of Andrew Jackson, his Post-master-General, Amos Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote for the required information to the postmaster of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the higher officer to the lower, "this department wants to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up. Respectfully, &c." The reply was brief, and read thus: "Sir, the Tombigbee river does'nt run up at all; it runs down. Very respectfully, &c." The Postmaster-General continued the correspondence in this style: "Sir, your appointment as postmaster at —— is revoked. You will turn over the funds, papers, &c., pertaining to your office, to your successor. Respectfully, &c." The droll understrapper closed the correspondence with this parting shot: "Sir, the revenue for this office for the quarter ending September 30, has been 95 cents; the expenditures, same period, for tallow candles and twine, was $1.05. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance due me. Most respectfully, &c."

Self-Acting Clocks.

A novel application of electro-magnetism as a motive power for clock-work has been perfected by a working jeweler at Leamington, which promises to introduce a new era in the science of clock-making and to bring modern time-pieces to a state of absolute perfection. By the new arrangements the pendulum, the bob, or ball of which consists of an electro-magnetic coil, is made to oscillate by means of a feeble current of electricity, beating true seconds, with a train of three wheels only. One of the advantages of this system is that a number of clocks in different parts, or even in different houses, can be connected together by a single wire, and the whole number will indicate the same time to a second. The clocks are of the simplest construction, and never need winding up. No acid battery is used.

An Overworked People.

We have often alluded to the sudden deaths of eminent men, whose lives have been shortened by overwork, and yet we were not aware that the same cause was reducing the average of human life among all classes of our people. An eminent physician of this city calls our attention to this fact as it is concisely and forcibly set forth in Dr. Tyler's Report of the McLean Insane Asylum, which is connected with the Massachusetts General Hospital. Dr. Tyler says:

"With the opportunities of observation which my position gives me, I shall scarcely be faithful to duty without briefly referring to one "error of the times," which is shortening many a life, and bringing many to our hospitals in a state of incurable brain disease. I refer to the intense and unceasing activity displayed chiefly in business, but extending to almost every other pursuit. Every hour of every day is given up to an unflinching and persistent devotion to whatever interests the individual. Nights and Sundays can scarcely be spared from labor, and are compressed into such small periods as shall just suffice to appease a weary frame and a very moderate conscience. No time is taken for recreation, and little for meals, and that little in a very irregular way. Every moment not spent in the keen drive of business is looked upon as lost. Every nerve is strained to accomplish just as much as is possible to unremitting exertion. Every thing is done rapidly, or in the language of the day, "with a rush." Every man has a given amount of vital force to live with and work with. His capacity for any kind of labor, whatever it may be and however it may compare with that of another, has its limit. It can never be overdrawn upon without serious damage. So much of this force as he wastes, or so much as he turns in any one direction, so much less has he for any other. If he overworks his body his brain will suffer. He may overwork one set of organs or invigorate them as *he* says at the expense of another set. An illustration of this is evident in those who give their chief attention to the development of the muscle, as boxers and members of boat clubs do. Their regimen and diet tends to keep the digestive organs in good order, and to develope the muscular system. This is frequently carried to an excess, and when it is, the individual for a time can show an athletic figure, great strength, and an external appearance of high health; but in a little while it is plain that he has diverted his vital force from some other organs, say the lungs, which have not been sufficiently nourished: they fail him and he dies of consumption. To keep one in the best working order, this vital force must be properly distributed to every organ, and to the digestive and respiratory organs in full share, to keep them active, else its supply will be diminished. What is lost by use and waste must be regained by regular bodily nourishment and refreshment, that is by food and repose. Its use must be regular, must never be excessive, and must alternate with rest. Each person will accomplish the greatest amount that is possible for *him*, by working regularly for a given number of hours, and by taking time at regularly recurring periods *sufficient* for food, rest and recreation. The consequences of overwork may not appear at once, but they are inevitable and destructive. Overworkers deceive themselves by the belief that they can bear more than others, or that they can bear what they are doing because they have so long borne it without breaking down.

During the last eighteen months I have seen many persons who have devoted themselves incessantly to their business, as before described, and have been sensible of a growing sense of exhaustion and inability, but have been unwilling to intermit their pursuits until some proposed object had been gained. Before which, however, the long continued strain has proved too great, and paralysis or softening of the brain, or some incurable malady, has ended both the work and the desire to engage in it. I have also seen a large number of persons who have been sensible of the same feelings of fatigue, of a growing irritability of temper, a loss of appetite, indigestion, inability to sleep comfortably during even the short time they could spare for the purpose, of some pain in the head, and who at length have become alarmed by a slight confusion of thought, an inability to cast their accounts correctly, a great sense of weariness and a feeling of incompetency to undertake what they had all along been earnestly engaged in, and with all this, some depression of spirits. Such persons may recover by immediate rest, and careful medical treatment, but never to be again the vigorous workers they have seemed. Their danger is indeed imminent, for a single step more may place them beyond a possibility of recovery. A majority of the overworkers referred to have been engaged in commercial and manufacturing business, but some have been professional men, and some the overtasked female scholars and teachers in our public schools."

These remarks deserve to be heeded. It is plain from them, that not only literary and scientific men, and female teachers, are in danger of premature decline, or insanity, arising from overwork, but that all classes of persons, in almost every occupation in life, are exposed to the same danger, from the rushing and eager spirit and tendency of the age in which we live and the excitement of the scenes which surround us. Let every one that reads or hears the warning, reform his own habits in this respect and a great evil will be checked.—*N. Y. Observer.*

An Interesting Story of the War --Facts that are Stranger than Fiction.

There is now living in this city a family, the history of which forms something so romantic as to constitute a most interesting story:

In the summer of 1859 Charles Geroux became a graduate of a college in the southern part of this State. He was the descendant of an aristocratic family who lived in Louisiana, and, to be brief, he was then a full embodiment of the "chivalry," just having entered his majority. While attending college he had formed the acquaintance of Clara G——who attended a college for young ladies in this city, which acquaintance ripened into attachment and love, and, just before the breaking out of the rebellion they were married, and removed South. Miss G.——was an orphan, possessed of a considerable property, which was held in trust by her uncle, a Southern minister, who had raised her from infancy, and personally superintended her education. In addition to the endowments of a college education, she was possessed of a strong character, bordering almost on the masculine, but tempered with a sweetness and mildness not often combined in the same person. She was at once handsome and womanly.

Within a year after their marriage and settlement in the South came the fierce, wild blasts of war from Sumter's parapet, and there was none more ready to enter the deadly fray than Charles Geroux. His political tutors were practical secessionists, and he entered upon the war with a fervor and zeal to command the admiration of his friends, and secured him a major's commission. His wife opposed his mad scheme with all the power of a woman's eloquence, but to no avail. She openly espoused the cause of the Union, and steadfastly refused to co-operate with her new friends and neighbors. Notwithstanding her love for the old flag, and open Unionism, her husband loved her, and while her husband was at home the neighbors respected her. Geroux invested all his ready property, which included his wife's fortune, in Confederate bonds, placed them in her hands, gave her a kiss for a short farewell, assuring her that the war would soon be over, and marching at the head of a victorious column of his country's defenders, she would be proud to welcome him. After his departure her treatment by his relatives and neighbors became almost intolerable because of her hatred of secession.

After two years of service in the Confederate army, he was captured a prisoner by the victorious Sherman, in his march to Atlanta, and sent to Camp Douglas.

This was good news to his wife, who could no longer endure the persecutions she received at the South, and she resolved to make her way North and rejoin him in his prison home, and if she could not secure his pardon, to at least stay near him. Her Confederate bonds were worthless, and she was penniless. She made her way to the Mississippi river, and took passage on the ill-fated steamer Sultana for the North; she sold some jewelry for money sufficient to carry her to Chicago. Arriving at Memphis, her child was taken very ill, and by the advice of the captain of the Sultana, she remained there to secure medical aid for the child. Within twenty-four thereafter the boiler of the Sultana exploded, and twelve hundred lives were lost.

Geroux fared ill at ease in Camp Douglas, and made many stratagems to escape. He finally succeeded in bribing a raw sentinel to let him pass, and to avoid pursuit a resort to deception became necessary.—A comrade of his was on the point of death. He dressed the dead soldier in the major's uniform, and conveyed him to the dead house, and gave his name as "Major Charles Geroux, 51 Louisiana Regiment, C. S. A." The next morning the body was taken away and buried, and the rank, name, regiment, and place of burial were duly recorded in the register of Camp Douglas dead, by C. H. Jordan, the undertaker for the Government, at Chicago. That night Geroux escaped. His absence created no inquiry, as he was reported dead. For the purpose of avoiding public roads and conveyances he took a horse from a pasture near Camp Douglas, belonging to J. L. Hancock, formerly President of the Board of Trade of Chicago, and by avoiding public roads as much as possible, reached Momence the next day. His actions excited suspicion, and he was arrested on suspicion of having stolen the horse, and was lodged in the Kankakee jail. He was then taken out on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and no proof being found to hold him, he was discharged.

Coming thence to this city he obtained a situation in a wholesale grocery house.

After the usual delays in passing letters through the lines, he learned that his two brothers had been killed in the battle of the Wilderness, that his father's estate had been confiscated to the United States Government, and his father had voluntarily exiled himself to Mexico. Of his wife and child, the only information was that they had sought to get North, and took passage on the Sultana, since which they had not been heard of, and no doubt remained that they had perished. His true position had been studiously concealed, and he avoided his acquaintances. Shortly after he received this intelligence from the South, Sherman started on his grand march from Atlanta, and Grant marshalled his grand army before Petersburg, and the Confederate States army vanished almost as a vision. During the past summer Geroux returned to the South, and was fully confirmed in the information he had received about his family, and that his real estate had also been confiscated. He gave his wife and child up as lost, and returned to Cincinnati.

After his wife and child had remained in Memphis and escaped the disaster of the Sultana, she started for Chicago and reached Camp Douglas. Impatient at the delay she hastened there with expectations high to meet him who was dearer to her than life. The reader can picture to himself the agony of this sad wife—a stranger, destitute of money, carrying in her arms a weekly child not yet recovered from a severe illness, and she herself worn out with fatigue and anxiety—when she learned that her husband was dead. There was no doubt of this death; the registry kept at Camp Douglas showed it, and the grave was pointed out to her, which bore this inscription on a pine board:

"MAJOR CHARLES GEROUX,
Third Louisiana Infantry."

The same grave this day is neatly sodded over, and at its head grows a rosebush.

Broken hearted and bowed down with grief, she wended her way on foot to the great city of Chicago—not knowing why she went. A stranger among strangers, with no one to aid or pity her, save the good God, in who her utmost heart, she believed had forsaken her.

She was taken in and cared for by the Sisters of Charity until she could hear from her friends in Ohio, from whom she had received no intelligence for the past four years. A letter was received that immediately after the war her uncle had died, and that soon after his widow had removed to Iroquois county, Illinois, to live with her married son. Mrs. Geroux was supplied with money to enable her to find her friends is Iroquois county, where she has since resided.

Geroux returned to his situation at Cincinnatti, and was sent by his firm to collect a debt due in Iroquois county. While there he sought out the attorney who had him discharged on the habeas corpus to learn the whereabouts of the horse that did him such good service, and to secure his assistance in collecting his debt. He soon made himself known, and while they were discussing about the stolen horse, a lady and child entered the same office. There was a momentary pause, and husband and wife were in each other's arms. We shall not attempt to describe the scene which followed. The husband found a wife and child whom he firmly believed to be dead, and the wife found a husband over whose grave she had shed bitter tears of woe.

Mrs. Geroux was visiting the same attorney to find out about her husband's confiscated property, and to apply to the Government to have his property restored to her.—*Cincinnatti Commercial.*

An Uncanny Story.

[From the Staffordshire Sentinel.]

A very weird story is current in the hill country of Staffordshire. We have been unable to verify the narrative with anything like precision, and content ourselves with relating it as near as possible as it was told us by a clergyman. One day last week a carrier, with his horse and cart, was taking his accustomed journey between Buxton and Macclesfield. After he had gone some distance he was accosted by a wayfaring man, who was plodding along the road, who asked for a lift. The carrier took the man up and then proceeded onwards. After a while the carrier complained that his hands were cold, and asked his companion to drive for him for a time.

The man consented, and took hold of the reins. Before they had gone much farther, a stranger on horseback—the horse by the way, was a white one—overtook them, and rode by the side of the cart.—A conversation was commenced, which very soon took the direction of the cattle plague. Its devastating effects were discussed, and a parallel was drawn between it and other calamities, past and future. The stranger on horseback suddenly became prophetic, saying that next year there would be a plague or blight among the corn, which would destroy the fruits of the earth, which would be followed the next year by a plague among mankind.

"Christians," he said, "would lie dead in the roadside by hundreds,"—"yes," he added, lowering his voice, and addressing the holder of the reins, "dead as the man who is sitting by your side!" The driver turned, and to his horror found that he was sitting by the side of a corpse. The stranger on horseback galloped away, and the temporary driver of the cart was left to pursue his journey with his melancholy burden.

A Shrewd Negro.

A hundred years ago, on account of political disturbances, certain municipal regulations were made, conducive to the better order of the Bostonians. Among them was an order to "arrest all negroes found out after dark, without a lantern." Soon after, it happened that an old colored man was picked up, the record says, prowling about in total darkness." When examined by the magistrate the following day, he replied to the query, "Are you guilty?" "No, sah! I has de lantern," holding up before the astonished court an old one with neither oil nor candle in it. He was discharged, and the law amended so as to read, "a lantern with a candle." Old Tony not long after was arrested a second time on the same complaint, and again pleaded "not guilty," producing a lantern, with a candle. The wick, however, had never been discolored by a flame. The shrewd darkey was again discharged, with a reprimand, and the law was still again amended so as to require "a lantern with a lighted candle." Old Tony never troubled the watch any more. He was over heard saying, "Massa got too much light on the subjec."

In every journey there are some tedious passages, the very remembrance of which is wearying; and in the pilgrimage of life the analogy holds good.

The first institution vouchsafed to our race was the Sabbath; the next marriage. So, give your first thought to Heaven, the next to your wife.

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0079