The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

[redacted]

ates. 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

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
COMMISSION AGENTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
OYSTERS,
Grain, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
152 Pratt Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
T. H. Burgess, C. H. Bramble, V. B. Hines.

NOTICE TO FRUIT GROWERS.

FROM past experience, the facilities now in our possession and our extensive acquaintance with the principal PACKERS and DEALERS in Fruit—we can at all times command the HIGHEST PRICES for all

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

consigned to us for sale, and respectfully solicit consignments.

☞ Prompt returns made, and PARTICULAR attention given to the return of Boxes.

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
No. 152 PRATT STREET.
Baltimore, March 17, 1865—tf.

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—tO21.

CAKE TURNERS, Egg Whips, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Wire Ladles, Skimmers, Iron and Tin Dippers, Dust Pans, Coffee and Tea Pots, Candle Sticks, Lamps and Lanterns, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store.
May 14 *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

New Goods.
FANCY SAFES, WATER COOLERS, Egg Beaters, Tea Bells, Gridirons, Beef-Steak Wire Broilers, Patent Freezers, Cake Turners, Tobacco Boxes, Flower Baskets, Galvanized Wire for Clothes Lines.
June 2, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

SHOT!
BY the Pound or Bag, cheap, at Edesville.
Dec. 16 T. R. STRONG & Co.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE Partnership, under the name of HINES & WEST, was dissolved, by mutual consent, February the 1st, 1866. The undersigned has taken the Warehouse,

No. 132 West Pratt Street,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF DOING A

GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS,

and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to the late firm.

Particular attention given to the sale of

GRAIN, FRUITS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Having been extensively engaged in the

Fruit Business

for a number of years, and knowing the disadvantage the Peach Growers labor under, by the loss of Boxes, all persons intending to send their Fruit, and notifying me how many Boxes they will need, I will furnish the Boxes; the Grower paying only for what Boxes he has on hand at the end of the season, at market price.

W. H. WEST,
132 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

REFERENCES:
Messrs. John A. Stephens & Bro., of Balto.
" Norris & Pusey, "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, of Kent County.
R. C. Johnson, " "
John S. Hurlock, " "
Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro., of Queen Ann's Co.
June 23, 1866—tf.

JAMES R. CHANCE. JNO. F. OSBOURN.

AUCTION NOTICE.

BY CHANCE & OSBOURN,
AUCTIONEERS
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 85 West Baltimore Street,
Below Sun Iron Building.

WE respectfully call the attention of all Merchants to our extensive Auction Rooms, where we are daily receiving

Goods of all Descriptions,

for public and private sales. Call and see us.

CHANCE & OSBOURN,
Auction and Commission Merchants,
85 West Balt. St., near Holliday.
April 14, 1866—6m.

MILLING.

Meal, Flour and Feed.

THE subscriber having leased the Goose Hill Mill for the remainder of the year, is prepared to do all custom work at short notice. He will also supply the citizens of the town with Meal, Flour and Feed, at reasonable rates, and may be found at the Market House every morning. He will also take grists for housekeepers to his Mill to grind and return it to them.

WM. F. BAKER.
Chestertown, May 12, 1866—tf.

$1,500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All* other cheap machines are *infringements* and the *seller* or *user* are *liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment.* Illustrated circulars sent *free.* Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, at Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. May 12, 1866—1y

$90 A MONTH!—AGENTS wanted for *six entirely new articles,* just out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Me. May 12—y.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.

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

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,

Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
May 13, 1865—y.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP OF MEDDERS, SUTTON & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent, on the First day of February, inst., Jacob Pearson withdrawing from the firm. Philip Medders and Orlando F. Sutton are alone authorized to settle up the business of the firm, to whom, persons indebted, will please make immediate payment.

PHILIP MEDDERS,
O. F. SUTTON,
JACOB PEARSON.

CONTINUATION OF BUSINESS.

THE undersigned, thankful for past patronage, respectfully notify their friends, that they are conducting the

COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKING BUSINESS,

in all its various branches, at their old stand in GALENA, where they will be pleased to see those wanting anything in their line.

PHILIP MEDDERS,
O. F. SUTTON.
Galena, Feb. 10, 1866—6m.

Wool Notice.

WE will take on account, exchange for Kersey, or pay Cash for Wool, at the "People's Popular Store."

W. A. VICKERS.
Chestertown, June 2, 1866.

The Poet.

ONLY WAITING.

A very aged man in an alms-house was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."

Only witing till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam has flown;
Till the night of earth has faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time has faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life has withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am willing,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

Exploits of the First Grenadier of France.

For many a year there was a touching and beautiful custom to be witnessed in a certain regiment of French grenadiers, and which was meant to commemorate the heroism of a departed comrade.

When the companies assembled for parade, and the roll was called, there was one name to which its owner could not answer—it was that of La Tour d'Auvergne.

When it was called, the oldest sergeant present stepped a pace forward, and, raising his hand to his cap, said, proudly:

"Died on the field of honor."

For fourteen years this custom was continued, and only ceased when the restored Bourbons, to please their foreign masters, forbade everything that was calculated to preserve the spirits of the soldiers of France.

La Tour d'Auvergne was not unworthy in life the honor thus paid him after his death. He was educated for the army, entered in 1767, and in 1781 served under the Duke de Crillon at the siege of Port Mahon. He served always with distinction, but constantly refused offers of promotion, saying that he was only fit for the command of a company of grenadiers; but finally, the various grenadier companies being united, he found himself in command of a body of 8,000 men, while retaining only the rank of captain.

Hence he was known as the First Grenadier of France.

But it is of one particular exploit of his that we wish to write, more than his career in general.

When he was forty years of age he went on a visit to a friend, not far from a section of the country that was soon to become the scene of a campaign. While there he was busy in acquainting himself with the features of the country, thinking it not unlikely that this knowledge might be of use to him, and while here the brave grenadier was astonished to learn that the war had been rapidly shifted to this quarter, and that a regiment of Austrians was pushing on to occupy a narrow pass about ten miles from where he was staying, and the possession of which would give them an opportunity to prevent an important movement of the French which was then on foot.

They hoped to surprise this post, and were moving so rapidly upon it that they were not more than two hours distant from the place where he was staying, and which they would have to pass in their march. It matters not how he heard the news. It is sufficient to say that he determined at once to act upon it.

He had no idea of being captured by the enemy in their advance, and he at once set off for the pass. He knew that the pass was defended by a stout tower, and a garrison of 30 men, and he hoped to be able to warn the men of their danger.

He hastened on, and arriving there, found the tower in a perfect condition. It had just been vacated by the garrison, who had heard of the approach of the Austrians, and had been seized with a panic thereat and had fled, leaving their arms, consisting of thirty excellent muskets.

La Tour d'Auvergne gnashed his teeth with rage as he discovered this. Searching in the building he found several boxes of ammunition which the cowards had not destroyed. For a moment he was in despair, but then with a grim smile he began to fasten the main door and pile against it such articles as he could find.

When he had done this he loaded all the guns he could find, and placed them, together with a good supply of ammunition, under the loop holes that commanded the road by which the enemy must advance.

Then he ate heartily of the provisions which he had brought with him, and sat down to wait. He had absolutely formed the heroic resolution to defend the tower alone against the enemy.

There were some things in his favor in such an undertaking. The pass was steep and narrow, and the enemy's troops could enter it only in double files, and in doing this would be fully exposed to the fire from the tower. The original garrison of thirty men could easily have held it against a division, and now one man was about to attempt to hold it against a regiment.

It was dark when La Tour d'Auvergne reached the tower, and he had to wait some time for the enemy. They were longer in coming than he had expected, and for a while he was tempted to believe they had abandoned the expedition.

About midnight, however, his practiced ear caught the tramp of feet. Every moment the sound came nearer, and at last he heard them entering the defile. Immediately he discharged a couple of muskets into the darkness to let them know that he knew of their presence and intentions, and he heard the quick, short commands of the officers, and, from the sounds, he supposed that the troops were retiring from the pass. Until the morning he was undisturbed. The Austrian commander, feeling assured that the garrison had been informed of his movements, and was prepared to receive him, saw that he could not surprise the post as he had hoped to do, and deemed it prudent to wait until daylight before making his attack.

At sunrise he summoned the garrison to surrender. A grenadier answered the summons,

"Say to your commander," he said, in reply to the messenger, "that this garrison will defend this post to the last extremity."

The officer who had borne the flag of truce retired, and in about ten minutes a piece of artillery was brought into the pass and opened on the tower. But to effect this the piece had to be placed directly in front of the tower, and within easy musket range of it. They had scarcely got the gun in position when a rapid fire was opened on it from the tower, and continued with such marked effect that the piece was withdrawn after the second discharge, with a loss of five men.

This was a bad beginning, so half an hour after the gun was withdrawn the Austrian Colonel ordered an assault.

As the troops entered the defile they were received with a rapid and accurate fire, so that when they had passed over half the distance they had to traverse, they had lost fifteen men. Disheartened by this, they returned to the mouth of the defile.

Three more assaults were repulsed in this manner, and the enemy by sunset had lost forty-five men, of whom ten were killed.

The firing from the tower had been rapid and accurate, but the Austrian commander had noticed this peculiarity about it—every shot seemed to come from the same place. For awhile this perplexed him, but at last he came to the conclusion that there were a number of loop-holes close together in the tower, so constructed as to command the ravine perfectly.

At sunset the last assault was made and repulsed, and at dark the Austrian commander sent a second summons to the garrison.

This time the answer was favorable. The garrison offered to surrender at sunrise the next morning, if allowed to march out with their arms and return to the army unmolested. After some hesitation the terms were accepted.

Meantime, La Tour d'Auvergne had passed an anxious day in the tower. He had opened the fight with an armament of thirty loaded muskets, but had not been able to discharge them all. He had fired with surprising rapidity, but with surprising accuracy, for it was well known in the army that he never threw away a shot. He had determined to stand to his post until he had accomplished his end, which was to hold the place twenty four hours, in order to allow the French army time to complete its maneuver. After that, he knew the pass would be of no consequence to the enemy.

When the demand for a surrender came to him after the last assault, he consented to it upon the conditions named.

The next day at sunrise the Austrian troops lined the pass in two files, extending from the mouth to the tower, leaving a space between them for the garrison to pass out.

The heavy door of the tower opened slowly, and in a few minutes a bronzed and scarred grenadier, literally loaded down with muskets, came out and passed down the line of troops. He walked with difficulty under his heavy load.

To the surprise of the Austrians, no one followed him from the tower.

In astonishment the Austrian Colonel rode up to him, and asked him in French why the garrison did not come out.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said the soldier, proudly.

"What," exclaimed the Colonel; "do you mean to tell me that you alone have held that tower against me?"

"I have that honor, Colonel," was the reply.

"What possessed you to make such an attempt, grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The Colonel gazed at him for a moment with undisguised admiration; then, raising his cap, he said, warmly: "Grenadier, I salute you. You have proved yourself the bravest of the brave."

The officer caused all the arms which La Tour d'Auvergne could not carry to be collected, and sent them all, with the grenadier, into the French lines, together with a note relating the whole affair.

When the knowledge of it came to the ears of Napoleon, he offered to promote La Tour d'Auvergne, but the latter declined to accept the promotion, saying that he preferred to remain where he was.

This brave soldier met his death in an action at Aberhausen, in June, 1800, and the simple but expressive scene at roll call in his regiment was commenced and continued by the express command of the Emperor himself.

Popular English Preachers.

Sketches of Four of the most Eminent, by a Popular American Divine—Spurgeon's Opinion of Mr. Beecher.

The Rev. J. P. Thompson writes to the Boston Congregationalist from England, giving sketches of some of the most noted preachers of that country. We extract:

I heard Mr. Newman Hall and Cannon Wordsworth in carefully written discourses; and Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Candish in sermons entirely without notes—all fine examples of the men and their gifts; but the written discourses were to me the most impressive, and seemingly the most effective upon the hearers.

I adhere to the judgment formed fourteen years ago, that the ablest preacher in great Britain within my knowledge is Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander of Edinburgh; clear, strong, instructive, spiritual, "able to teach others also," and "apt to teach" according to the requirements of the text or of the time. Dr. Alexander preaches written sermons, commonly prepared with great care. He always has something worth saying, and he always says it well; and when these conditions are fulfilled, the question of written or oral discourse is altogether secondary. Dr. Alexander represents the solid thinking and the cultivated scholarship which we so much admire in certain men, whom we place in the front rank of our New England preachers.

NEWMAN HALL.

I heard the Rev. Newman Hall in a finished address before the Congregational Union, upon which he had evidently expended his whole force. It was a masterly performance, and I could discern in certain parts of it the secret of his popular power. Mr. Hall does not seek to sway men by mere rhetoric, though he is capable and with that glow which kindles the brain through the heart. Some of his figures were exceedingly beautiful, and they had always the merit of being pertinent and of very fine effect of style. He thinks; thinks closely and sharply; and speaks to his hearers as thoughtful men, in well-defined sentences that carry home his mind to theirs. Many of his sentences have a ring that causes them to vibrate in the memory long after their utterance. The fervor and earnestness of the speaker in his argument, showed with what power he might move the plain masses of men, giving them thought and argument in clear phrase well sustained. His manner is easy, graceful and effective.

SPURGEON.

I heard Mr. Spurgeon in his own tabernacle—where I sat an humble unit in the gallery, amid a concourse of 6,000 human atoms drawn together and held together by the strange power of one voice and mind. I must own, however, that Mr. Spurgeon himself did not get hold upon me very deeply, though the congregation did, and the singing and the whole sublime spectacle. His sermon, as to substance and structure, was about what one would carry with us to an evening lecture, or a conference talk, but would hardly offer to one of our trained congregations for their Sabbath-day food. Yet it was good, wholesome, profitable, with occasional passages of real power, and with very few objectional phrases. His rare felicity of utterance, his homely phraseology, with much of the quaintness of Bunyan, his masterly self-possession, his evident sincerity and earnestness, his close adherence to Scripture, with somewhat of that spiritualizing habit which is always fascinating, his strong theology, his downrightness in asserting the truth, these seemed to me the qualities that cause "the common people to hear him gladly."

I had the opportunity of meeting Mr. Spurgeon quite at his leisure at Lowwood Inn, near Windermere, and was deeply interested in the strong, simple, resolute character of the man; in his devotion to principle, his charity toward men, Catholicity for the saints, especially his advocacy of communion with all believers, irrespective of the question of baptism. He said to me, by the way, that in his breadth and variety of mental endowment, Mr. Beecher seems to him more like Shakespeare than any man who has lived since his time.

MR. CLANDISH.

How shall I picture Dr. Clandish, with his broad shoulders, wriggling and twisting spasmodically with every utternace, his wiry hair twisted and untwisted by the nervous clutching of his fingers, his broad Scotch jerking itself out at first in slow periods, then rushing like a torrent, but always keeping its channel, and finally broadening out into a full, steady, clear flowing stream. His text was, "The foundation of the Lord standeth sure," etc., and his treatment of it was textual to a most minute degree. Yet, without foreing the construction, he contrived to put a rich meaning of doctrine or percept into every word, and he has lodged that text in my mind by so many points of suggestion and instruction, that it will be sure to remain. That is a good test of preaching, and a good fruit also. Dr. Candish's illustrations were chiefly drawn from the Scriptures, and were very tersely and often strikingly put.

WORDSWORTH.

I did penace at Westminster Abbey, in standing through a long service, thus learning to have compassion upon some who, in other places, have had to endure long sermons without relief from a change of position. Here, however, it was the service that was tiresome; the sermon was a positive refreshment. When Cannon Wordsworth appeared, had I judged only from his carriage, his hair, his general expression, I should have said, that Prof. Hitchcock of New York, had put on the surplice. But the sing-song tone of delivery soon undeceived me. The sermon was on the promise of Paradise to the penitent thief. Instead of linguistic criticism and partristic lore, such as Wordsworth's Commentary had led me to expect there was a grand simplicity of statement a clear and forcible putting of the Biblical doctrine—showing that the Paradise of immediate felicity is to the heaven of perfected bliss, as the king's garden to his palace—and an application at once so tender and so pungent that I could have fancied myself in an old New England meeting house in a time of revival. I came away from that sermon with the conviction that the preaching which brings out clearly and strongly some truth of the Bible, and that presses this home with force of conviction, so that it carries both judgment and conscience with it, is the preaching that lives, and however commissioned of men is ordained of God unto life from the dead.

JUDICIAL.

Some friend has sent us a number of the Maysville (Ky.) *Bulletin,* from which we clip the following humorous extract. The piece was marked and sent to us, no doubt, by some good Baptist brother, for our especial edification. We enjoyed it hugely, and think it worth a circulation in Missouri. We have reasons, personal to ourselves, for hoping it may meet the eye of his honor, Judge Harrison. The Judge would scarcely regard it as an authoritative precedent, but it might be suggestive of something that would enure to the benefit of the preachers who have felt in duty bound "to obey God rather than man."—*Missouri Ledger.*

WIT AND JUSTICE IN MISSOURI.

It is well known that some of the judges in Missouri are very reluctant to enforce the law against ministers of the Gospel for exercising their profession without having taken the test oath, and avail themselves of every pretense to discharge those who are accused. We tell the following tale as 'tis told to us, vouching for nothing:

Three ministers, charged with the crime of preaching "the glorious gospel of the Son of God," were arraigned before a judge. They were regularly indicted, and it was understood that the proof against them was very clear.

"Are you a preacher?" said the judge to one of them.

"Yes, sir," replied the culprit.

"To what denomination do you belong, sir?"

"I am a Christian, sir." (With dignity.)

"A Christian! What do you mean by that? Are not all preachers Christians?"

"I belong to the sect, commonly called, but wrongly called, Campbellites." (Not so much dignity.)

"Ah! Then you are in favor of baptizing people, in order that they may be born again, do you?"

"I do, sir." (Defiantly.)

"Mr Sheriff, discharge that man! He is an innocent man! he is indicted for preaching the gospel, and there is not a word of gospel in the stuff he preaches! It's only some of Alexander Campbell's nonsense. Discharge the man!"

Exit Campbellite, greatly rejoicing.

"Are you a preacher?" said his honor, addressing the next criminal.

"I am sir," said the miscreant.

"Of what denomination are you?"

"I am a Methodist, sir." (His looks showed it.)

"Do you believe in falling from grace?"

"I do, sir." (Without hesitation.)

"Do you believe in sprinkling people, instead of baptizing them?"

"I believe that people can be baptized by sprinkling." (Much offended.)

"Do you believe in baptizing babies?"

"It is my opinion, sir, that infants ought to be baptized." (Indignantly.)

"Not a word of Scripture for anything of the kind!" shouted the Judge. "Mr. Sheriff, turn that man loose! He is no preacher of the gospel! The gospel is the truth, and there is not one word of truth in what that man teaches! Turn him loose! It is ridiculous to indict men on such frivolous pretenses! Turn him loose!"

Methodist disappears not at all hurt in his feelings by the judicial abuse he had received.

"What are you, sir?" demanded the Judge to the third felon.

"Some people call me a preacher, sir." (Meekly.)

"What is your denomination?"

"I am a Baptist, sir." (Head up.)

His honor's countenance fell, and he looked sober and sad. After a pause he said:

"Do you believe in salvation by grace, sir?"

"I do." (Firmly.)

"Do you teach that immersion only is baptism?"

"That is my doctrine." (Earnestly.)

"And you baptize none but those who believe in Jesus Christ?"

"That is my faith and practice," (With emphasis.)

"My friend, I fear it will go hard with you; I see you are indicted for preaching the gospel, and it appears to me that by your confession you are guilty."

Baptist looked pretty blue.

"May it please your honor," said the Captist's counsel, springing to his feet, "that man has never preached the gospel. I have heard him say a hundred times that he only tried. I have heard him try myself."

"Mr. Sheriff, discharge this man! He's not indicted for trying! There's nothing said about the mere effort! Let him go, sir! Turn him loose! Send him about his business! I am astonished that the State's attorney should annoy the court with frivolous indictments."

Exit Baptist, determined to "try" again.

Court adjourned.

"God save the State and this honorable Court!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Amen!" said the three preachers.

And after all, say we, as ridiculous as the story may seem, it has a moral. If the State has a right to prohibit the preaching of the gospel, it has a right to decide what the gospel is; and when this is done we have a national Church, and the adulterous connection between Church and State becomes complete.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

Silicated Whitewash.

M. Ch. Guerin called the attention of the French Academy to a new method of obtaining, by a cold process, a silicate completely insoluble, which can be applied either as an external coating, as in the case of glass or iron, or made to penetrate through the interior of the substance, as for the preservation of wood and other vegetable matters. The process is very simple: A thin coating of slaked lime made into a paste with water, or whitewash, is laid on the object to be silicatized, and when this has been allowed to dry, silicate of potash is applied over the coating; the effect, it is asserted, being that all the portions touched by the solution of potash become completely insoluble, and of very great adherence. In order to obtain an insoluble silicate in the interior of a substance, all that is necessary is to impregnate it by immersing it in whitewash, or lime water. and when it is dry to steep it in a solution of the silicate of potash.

By this means it is proposed to prevent the decomposition of vegetable substances by petrifying them; also to protect porous building stones and brick against air and damp; iron, by a coating of paper pulp or other finely divided wood matter mixed with slaked lime.

Again, letters, characters, or any other device can be traced with the silicate on any surface spread with lime, and those portions touched by the silicate will alone adhere and become insoluble; or, if they be traced with a solution of gum arabic, and the whole be washed over with the silicate, the parts protected by the gum can be washed off, the rest remaining in relief, as the letters, etc., do in the first place.

The process seems to be substantially the same as theEnglish process, known as Ransome's.

Singular Coincidence.

Not many nights since two ladies residing in different parts of this city had a dream about the same hour of the night, which awakened them both in terrible fright. They dreamed that a man, whom neither of them distinctly identified at the time, lay a corpse in their respective dooryards. Both awakened their husbands by their moaning and cries, and narrated the cause of their fright. One of the ladies thought she recognized in her dream a near neighbor, with whom she was partially acquainted, and besought her husband immediately to call on the said neighbor to see if all was right. The husband refused to go, quieting his wife with the assurance that it was nothing but a dream, or stroke of night-mare. Nothing could induce her, however, to sleep, and early in the morning she hastened to the house of the neighbor, and found him in the last stages of death. He lived but a few hours. On hearing of his decease the other lady recognized the features of the deceased as the subject of her dream. Strange that two persons should have a dream so similar at the same time, and at different parts of the town, and that the subject of their dream should so soon be clasped in the icy arms of death. The parties are both intelligent, respectable citizens, and deeply impressed with their sleeping vision.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.*

Exciting Scene.

An insane man, named John B. Sherwood, entered a barber shop in Albany on Friday last, and requested the proprietor to cut his head off, and then braid his hair with diamonds. He wanted to fight a duel with any man present, using razors for weapons—the first one who lost his bowels to have the other one's pocket book. He also agreed to eat an ox and blow Hail Columbia on the horns while swallowing him, provided one of the barbers would eat the looking glass. All these offers were very politely declined. Sherwood then drew a revolver and offered to "shoot barbers at twenty cents a string." As the shop was full of customers, the drawing of the revolver created a first-class panic among the occupants, who scattered in all directions. He fired the pistol, when one of the barbers rushed in and secured the manic. Mr. S. is reported to be a man of wealth and character, and resides at Fort Edward.

A Debt of Honor.

In the great Fox's frolicsome days, a tradesman, who held his bill for two hundred pounds, called for payment. Fox said he could not then pay him.

"How can that be?" said the creditor; "you have now lying before you bank notes to a large amount."

"These," replied Fox, "are for paying debts of honor."

The tradesman immediately threw the bill into the fire. "Now, sir," said he, "mine is a debt of honor which I can't oblige you to pay."

Fox immediately settled.

A day or two since, two ladies from the country, on a shoping excursion to the city, dropped into a store where agricultural implements are sold. They had read B.....'s advertisements, and therefore innocently inquired for "cradles." The clerk said it was rather late in the eason for the article, and he had sold all he purchased. The ladies looked at each other, wonderingly, and whispered, laughingly, when one of them turned to the blushing salesman, and remarked: "Out of season! *I thought babies were always in season!*"

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