The Chestertown Transcript.

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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' Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) 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, five Dollars: One Year, eight 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

Register's Notice.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE SECOND ELECTION DISTRICT.

The undersigned Officer of Registration for the Second Election District of Kent county, hereby gives notice that he will open the books and sit at *Shallcross' Wharf* on the first Tuesday and Wednesday after the second Monday of August instant, (being the 14th and 15th days of August,) and

Every Tuesday and Wednesday

of each week thereafter, until the Third Wednesday of September, inclusive, for the purpose of discharging his duty as Officer of Registration, according to an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed March 24th, 1865, relating to the Registration of the voters of the State.

THOMAS J. SHALLCROSS,
Registe[illegible] Officer for the 2nd District.
August 4 [illegible]—7t.

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 Wanted!

For which the Highest Cash Prices will be paid, by

T. R. STRONG & CO.

Edesville, May 19, 1866.

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.

Register's Notice.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE FIFTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

The undersigned officer of Registration for the Fifth Election District of Kent County, hereby gives notice that he will open the books and sit on the Fourth Tuesday and Wednesday after the First Monday of August instant, (being the 28th and 29th days of August,) and every

Tuesday and Wednesday

of each week until the Third Wednesday of September, inclusive,

at the following places, viz:

At HEAD SASSAFRAS on the 28th and 29th of August.

At GALENA on the 4th and 5th of September,

At MASSEY'S X ROADS, on the 11th, 12th, 18th and 19th of September,

for the purpose of discharging his duty as Officer of Registration, according to an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed March 24th, 1865, relating to the Registration of the voters of the State.

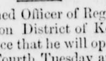
Persons of foreign birth will be required to exhibit their naturalization papers.

If any person, who has been registered as a legal voter in one district or prescinct, shall remove into another, he shall take from the officer or officers or the Clerk of the Court in which said lists or books may be deposited, a certificate of the fact of his registration in such district or prescinct; and it shall be the duty of the officers of registration to notify each other of such removal, certificates and re-registration, and unless the provisions of this section are complied with, such persons shall not be registered as a legal voter in such district or prescinct, and such certificates shall be filed with the list of voters or books of registration in the office of said clerks.

Office hours from 9 A. M., to 5, P. M.

ALEXANDER WILSON,
Registration Officer for the First District.
August 18, 1866—5t.

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.

The Poet.

Be Gentle to Thy Husband.

Be gentle, there are hours when he
By anxious care is tossed;
And shadows deep lie on his brow,
By business trials crossed.

Be gentle, 'tis for you he toils,
And thinks and strives to gain
Home comforts and home happiness—
Don't let him strive in vain.

Be gentle, though some hasty word
Should fall, it was not meant;
A smile, a kind word will recall,
And many more prevent.

Be gentle, oh! 'twill sooth much care,
And make each burden light,
A gentle tone will smooth the brow,
And draw an answer bright.

Be gentle! though it may seem hard
To check an angry word;
Yet try, and it will surely bring
A full and rich reward.

Be Gentle With Thy Wife.

Be gentle, for you little know
How many trials rise;
Although to thee they may be small,
To her ef giant size.

Be gentle, though perchance that lip
May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may beat with kindness yet,
And joy to be thine own.

Be gentle, weary hours of pain,
'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield her that support thou canst,
And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle, for the noblest hearts,
At times may have some grief;
And even in a pettish word
May seek to find relief.

Be gentle, for unkindness now
May rouse an angry storm,
That all the after years of life
In vain may strive to calm.

Be gentle—perfect there are none:
Thou'rt dearer far than life;
Then husband, bear and still forbear;
Be gentle to thy wife.

Killed by an Elephant.

Mr. Alfred Moffat, of equestrian notoriety in England, who, for the past five years has been performing Richard Bell's two elephants, was killed at Morat, Switzerland, on June 28, while performing with Bell & Meyers' Circus Company.—The elephant had some trouble with the groom a short time previous. Mr. Moffat tried to subdue the beast by laying about him with spear and tomahawk, and compelled him to kneel down to him to fasten the chain around his neck. Mr. Moffat kept the spear in the animal's ear while he was doing this, but had to turn his back to the brute while he took a chain off his leg. Just at this moment the elephant rose to his feet, and Mr. Moffat, who had hold of the handle of the spear which was still fastened to the animal's ear, was raised from the ground. The elephant then commenced turning his head backwards and forwards until he got Mr. Moffat in front of him, then seized him with his trunk, and threw him about twenty feet in the air, and, as he was coming down, caught him with his tusks, and gored him to the ground. Mr. Moffat still had presence of mind to call the animal by name, and while on the ground said, "Go back, Palm," but at that moment the infuriated animal put his foot on Mr. Moffat's breast, and killed him almost instantaneously!—The female elephant, seeing her keeper and trainer being mangled ran at the male elephant, and gored him with her head: then, with the assistance of the members of the equestrian company, Mr. Moffat was got away from his enemy, but he was no more—life had flown at the time mentioned above. The female went back to the stables and seemed to try to get the male elephant to do the same, but in spite of all he would not go in; he appeared quite wild, and he commenced (as though through revenge) to tear Mr. Moffat's coat, which lay on the ground, pulling it into a thousand pieces, and then eating it. The company tried about three hours to get him into the stables, but they could not do it, either by force or kindness.—At last the female came to the stable door, and commenced crying, which drew him to her. She then closed the door after him, and, seeming quite sensible of what had happened, placed herself at the door so that he could not get out again. During this time Messrs. Bell and Meyers had sent for a cannon to shoot the monster.—For eight long hours the female elephant stood sentry at the stable door, guarding it with her own body by the word of command from the groom, George Mason, who has always fed and cleaned the animals, and drove them on the road from town to town, and whose life a time or two had been saved by Mr. Moffat. At last the cannon arrived, and was at once placed in a position near the stable door. George Mason then called the female elephant away from the door, and the male came out, and the word "Fire!" being given, a six-pound ball from the cannon made a hole right through his body, and he fell dead on the very spot where he killed his trainer.—*English paper.*

"Married couples resemble a pair of shears," says Sidney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

Farmers' Column.

What our Lands are Worth.

From the American Farmer.

The real value of Maryland and Virginia lands is not yet known, and present prices do not pay for them, except so far as the sale of a part serves to enhance the value of the remainder, by developing its intrinsic worth. We would not have these lands held so high as to discourage settlers, but their owners should consider well their real worth, that they may be prepared to advertise it well to buyers, and that they may be encouraged to hold on, so far as they may be able to do so, for that appreciation which, sooner or later, must come. They may sell "alternate sections," but they should reserve the remainder, and reap the benefit of the increase in value which will inevitably follow the influx of an industrious people, with means sufficient to cultivate well the surplus land now owned in Maryland, Virginia and other Southern States; they should, as we have before urged, keep their old Homes, and so keep themselves in position to form, to direct, and to give expression to public sentiment. This is the highest duty now, of the land holders of the old slave-holding States.

As to our advantage, in point of climate, over more northern States, one of the best known agricultural writers of the day, himself a Northern man, in a letter written from Washington to a Northern agricultural journal, expresses the deliberate conviction, that agricultural labor, in the latitude of Washington will produce as much in four days, as in six days in Western New York. We see no reason to question this opinion, nor has it been questioned, so far as we know. If it be admitted, it makes a difference in value of fifty per cent. in Maryland lands, over those of the same quality in one of the finest regions of the country. The same degree of fertility that would make an acre worth a hundred dollars in Western New York, would bring it up to a hundred and fifty here, and for the ordinary products of the soil.

But this same difference of climate makes ours, and more Southern latitudes, superior to more Northern regions for the growing of some of the most valuable fruits. It will soon be understood that both the soil and climate of Maryland are well suited to the grape and pear, as it has already been found to be to the strawberry, the peach, the melon, and the apple. This is the opinion of those whose experience elsewhere and here, make them eminently capable of judging. The grape especially, the most valuable of all, we anticipate great success for; the quality of the same sorts being better, and our milder autumns allowing a thorough ripening of the new wood, a point of much importance. In a recent publication, the originator of the Concord grape makes the value of an acre's growth of this grape, in his own hands, and with good culture, $2,000. But the Concord in Maryland, while it maintains its hardiness and productiveness, is, in quality, far superior to that of Massachusetts. Other sorts, as the Delaware and Iona, much superior to the Concord in quality, may be found, on due trial in our temperate climate, to increase greatly in productiveness. In the midst of great, growing markets, it is not difficult to foresee the greatly increased value that our lands will have, under a systematic and spirited effort to introduce fruit growing into the State as a branch of general culture.

But estimating our lands for ordinary farming purposes, they are held far below their intrinsic value, and this value is by no means duly estimated by those who buy. The remark above alluded to, as to climate, puts their value up fifty per cent., but it was met by another, intimating their inferiority in point of actual or possible fertility. This same writer, in another communication from Washington, says, that having traveled recently through the best portions of the States of Tennessee, Illinois and Ohio, he has seen no field of clover equal to one he had visited on the Potomac, below Washington, that had not been manured in fifty years. The fertility of this field had been maintained through a course of cropping, by shells found on the land, and clover grown by means of the shells. This was no rare case. We know, though strangers do not know, how many thousands of acres in Maryland and Virginia have been fertilized by the same cheap means; and our people themselves do not yet know how many other thousands of acres might in the same manner be enriched.

The Eastern Peninsula of Maryland has material enough of marl and shells, and marsh and sea ore, to make every acre of its poor land as rich as the best, and the Eastern Shore lands have produced the heaviest crop of wheat on record, this side of California. A crop of wheat reported in the "American Farmer" by the late M. T. Goldsborough, of Talbot county, was on nine acres of a large field, sixty-four bushels to the acre, and on a larger portion of the same field, fifty-five bushels to the acre.

The whole tide water region of Maryland and Virginia enjoys the same resources, and away from tide water, the still cheaper means of clover and plaster; and inexhaustible supplies of lime-stone. With such means of improvement, and their well known facilities for reaching the best markets, their natural fertility of soil and genial climate, what reason is there, but our own want of appreciation of what belongs to us, and our consequent apathy in bringing the true value of our possessions to the notice of others, that keeps down the price of Maryland and Virginia lands.

What Makes a Bushel.

The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

Wheat, 60 pounds.
Corn, shelled, 56 pounds.
Corn, on the cob, 70 pounds.
Rye, 56 pounds.
Oats, 36 pounds.
Barley, 46 pounds.
Buckwheat, 56 pounds.
Irish potatoes, 60 pounds.
Sweet Potatoes, 56 pounds.
Onions, 57 pounds.
Beans, 60 pounds.
Bran, 20 pounds.
Cloverseed, 60 pounds.
Timothy seed, 45 pounds.
Hemp seed, 45 pounds.
Blue-grass seed, 14 pounds.
Dried peaches, 33 pounds.

Breaking Up a Setting Hen.

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's settin' agin," said Mrs. Hays to her son, one morning at breakfast.

"Well, let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese, "I reckon I can stand it as long as she can."

"I do wish you would try to be a little more equinomical to cheese, Timothy; I've cut the very last of my every day lot, and it is only the first of May. And now, as soon as you've done eating I want you to go out and break up that hen. She's setting on an old axe and two bricks now."

"I hope she'll hatch 'em," returned Timothy.

"If she was set now, she'd hatch the fourth week in May. It's a bad sign; something allers happens arter it. Stop giggling, Helen Maria; by the time you get to be as old as your ma, ye'll see further than you do now. There was Jenkins' folks, their grey top-knot hatched the last of May, and Mrs. Jenkins, she had the conjunction of the lungs, and would have died if they hadn't killed a lamb and wrapped her in the hide while it was warm. That was all that saved her."

With such a startling proof of the truth and omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn, from which he soon returned, bearing the squaking biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, Mother? She'll get on again, and she's as cross as bedlam—she has skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could get loose."

"I've heer'n it said that it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air," said Mrs. Hays. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spos'n you try it."

"Up she goes, head or tail! cried Tim, as he tossed the volcano skyward.

"Land-a-massy," exclaimed Mrs. H., "She's coming down into the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise! Tim, it's strange that you can't do nothing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sang out Tim, elevating biddy again, with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me: wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hays, and Tim agreed with her; for the hen had come down on the well polished tile of Esquire Bennett, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennett, the young lady with whom Tim was seriously enamored.

The squire looked daggers, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence.

"Yes, but she's going up again," said Tim spitefully, seizing the clucking Biddy and tossing her at random into the air. Biddy thought it time to manifest her individuality, and with a loud scream she darted against the parlor window, broke through, knocked down the canary cage and landed plump in the silken lap of Mrs. Gray, who was boarding at the farm house.

Mrs. Gray screamed with horror, and starting up, dislodged Biddy, who flew at her reflection in the looking-glass with an angry hiss. The glass was shattered and down came the hen, astonished beyond measure, against a vase of flowers, which upset, and in falling knocked over the stand dish and deluged with water a pair of drab-colored velvet slippers, which Helen Maria was embroidering for her lover, Mr. James Henshaw.

Helen entered the room just as the mischief had been done and viewing the ruin she at once laid it to her brother Timothy. She heard his step behind her and the unfortunate hen she flung full into his face.

There was a smothered oath, and the hen came back with the force of a twenty pound shot.

Helen was mad. Her eyes were nearly put out with the feathery dust and dough, and she went at Timothy with true feminine zeal. She broke his watch-guard into a dozen pieces, crushed his dicky and began to pull his whiskers out by the roots, when she suddenly remembered that Timothy had no whiskers to pull out by the roots.

But when she came to look closer she perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw.

Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Hellen Hays had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is the heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the ruins of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell.

Mrs. Hays soon discovered her, and she having heard that dipping in water would cure "broodiness," she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

Mrs. Weaver, an old lady of very quarrelsome temperament, who resided near, and was at sword's point with Mrs. Hays, was just coming to the brook for a pail of water, and spied the yellow head of the bird peeping out from Mrs. Hays' apron.

"There!" she exclaimed, "now I've found out what puzzled me to death nigh about a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hays, I allers knowed you was a wicked, desateful woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"Steal? me steal? who are you talking to, Mrs. Weaver?" said Mrs. Hays, on her dignity.

"I am talking to you, madam, that's who I'm talking to! You've stole my hen what I got over to Uncle Gillies, and paid for in sassengers. She's a real Dorking. Give her to me right here, or I'll use force."

"She's my hen, and you touch her if you dare!"

"I'll show you what I dare!" yelled Hrs. Weaver, growing purple, and seizing the ill-starred fowl by the tail, she gave a wrench, and the tail came out in her hand.

The sudden cessation of resistance upset Mrs. Weaver's balance and she fell backward into the brook, spattering the mud and astonished polliwogs in every direction.

She was a spry woman, and was soon on her feet again, ready to renew the assault.

"Give me my hen!" she cried, thrusting her fist into Mrs. Hays' face, "you old hag and hypocrit you!" and she made a second dive at the bird.

The hen thought it proper to show her colors, and uttering an unearthly yell, she flew out of the covert square into the face of Mrs. Weaver, which she raked down with her nails until it resembled the pages of a ledger, crossed and recrossed with red ink.

Mrs. Hays caught a stick of brushwood from the fence—Mrs. Weaver did the same, and a regular duel would probably have been fought if the bank of the creek had not suddenly gave way and precipitated both the indignant women into the water.

They scrambled out on opposite sides, and the hen sat perched on an apple tree and cackled in triumph.

The ladies shook themselves and by consent went home. They have not spoken since.

The hen disappeared and was not seen until three weeks afterwards, when she made her appearance with eleven nice yellow chickens. She found some other fowl's nest, and had set in spite of fate.

But although not "broken up" herself, she broke up two matches—for Cynthia Bennett was not at home the next time Timothy called, and Mr. Henshaw never forgave Helen for having such a temper.

From the London Standard.

General Robert E. Lee.

There is no living hero—there are few, if any, among those whose names shine with purest lustre in history—whose character has commanded so high a tribute of affection and admiration from their friends, of respect and honor from their foes, as that of General Lee. No life more perfectly heroic, no reputation more untarnished even by the minor blemishes which are not uncommonly found in union with the highest heroism, has ever been connected with a great national struggle. No shade of vanity or egotism, nothing of the self-will or petulance so often characteristic of conscious genius, no tinge of affectation, no taint even of the pride almost inseparable from ordinary greatness of mind, which can endure everything but humiliation, and regards submission as disgrace, alloy the simple grandeur of the Virginian soldier's nature. A piety without the slightest shadow of Pharisaism, a sense of duty to which the sacrifice of every personal feeling and interest appears a mere matter of course, have marked his whole course and guided his every public act, whether as a soldier or as a citizen. A family connection and the nearest living representative of the great champion of American independence, General Lee has been the Washington of the Confederate war: like Washington, a man "whom envy dared not hate," but without even the one dark stain of doubt, if not dishonor, which the death of Major Andre has left on the memory of his prototype. No more "selfless man and stainless gentleman" ever lived; no soldier ever set a more admirable example of the soldierly virtues of honor, chivalric generosity, and manly simplicity; no great man ever retired into obscurity, after witnessing alike the ruin of his cause and the destruction of his private fortunes, with more of Christian patience and unshaken fortitude.—Brought up in the political faith which, up to 1860, was never questioned in the South, and generally held throughout the Union, that the States were sovereign Powers with a paramount and inalienable claim on the allegiance of their citizens—born in a State which had, on entering the Union, formally reserved her sovereign character, and the right of resuming her independence—when Virginia quitted the Union General Lee conceived that the Union was no longer his country; and, abandoning his commission and career in the Federal service, he tendered his sword to his native State. Like several others among the military and civil chiefs of the Confederacy, he was not a Secessionist, but simply a Virginian, he did not choose a party, but followed what seemed to him the clear and unmistakable path of duty.

Of his millitary achievements we need not speak. It is enough to say that nearly all his victories were won against enormous odds, and that his four years' defence of Virginia has few paralells in history as an example of great results accomplished with small means and at fearful disadvantage. What it is now more interesting to remember is the personal character of the man, as displayed in the various exigencies of that trying struggle; the simple honesty and kindly feeling which prompted him to console his soldiers, as they recoiled from the cannon-crowned heights of Gettysburg, with the assurance, "It is all my fault;" the unaffected self-depreciation which pronounced, when Stonewall Jackson fell, "I would wish, for the sake of our cause, that I had been disabled rather than you;" the Christian chivalry, which no outrage could provoke to retaliation, which, after Virginia had been rendered a desert, with held the army that invaded Pennsylvania from inflicting the most trivial injury on person or property; which, when his own estate had been plundered, ravaged, and confiscated took care to protect the houses and property of his enemies; the horror of useless bloodshed which withstood the cry for retribution excited by the murder of Southern prisoners in cold blood, and supported the resolve of the President that unless the actual murderers were taken, no blood should be shed but on the field of battle; the touching unselfishness of his last words to his disbanding army on the sorrowful 9th of April, "I have done my best for you." But it is when all was over—when the chief of a great and long victorious army was a private man and a paroled prisoner—that the peculiar greatness of General Lee's nature shines out with unequalled brightness. Not only did he retire with perfect simplicity into private life, and from the command of the armies of the Confederacy accept the charge of a local college, but he overcame for his country's sake those feelings of honorable pride which few men think themselves obliged to sacrifice to any other consideration.—He felt that it was necessary for the South that her best men—her natural leaders—should accept the decision of the sword, and take their share in the work of restoration and in repairing the havoc and the disorganization of war, instead of consulting their pride and personal dignity by retiring into exile; and he set them the example. Not only did he not quit Virginia—not only, since his pre-eminence in the Confederate cause precluded his taking part in politics, did he take an humble place in the labor of social reconstruction—but when the edicts of the conqueror made it necessary that those Southerners who wished to assist in the restoration of their country should humble themselves by an application for pardon, General Lee, with self-sacrifice seldom if ever equalled, led the way in this painful submission.—His was one of the first applications for pardon, and but for his example it is probable that few, if any, of the best men of the South would have preferred submission to confiscation and exile. What their beloved General had deigned to do could not misbeseem them; and with heavy hearts they sent in the petitions, and prepared to do their part in reconstructing the Union they had shed their blood to sever, and in restoring the peace and prosperity of their States under the Government they had fought so hard to overthrow.

Weight of People.

We read in *All the Year Round* what is the average weight of man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people, and what of very fat people? M. Quetelet of Brussels, some years ago, deemed such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches on man. He got hold of everybody he could, everywhere, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies, he weighed the boys and girls, he weighed the youths and maidens, he weighed men and women, he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory people, pensioners and as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the Foundling Hospital at Brussels for a considerable period were weighed and the results were compared with others obtained from similar establishments in Moscow and Paris. The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of his appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half—a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of eleven pounds. M. Quetelet grouped his thousands of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged one hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty have an average of one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at thirty-five, when their average weight was one hundred and fifty-two pounds, but the women slowly fattened on until fifty, when their average was one hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Men and women together, the weight at full growth averaged exactly one hundred and forty pounds.

Knapsacks.

Among the knapsacks now in use in Europe, the lightest, when packed with a field kit, is that of the Austrian army, weighing ten pounds; the heaviest the English, weighing fifteen pounds. But when to this is added the weight of arms, accoutrements, clothing and provisions, the total carried by a foot soldier of each nation is as follows: Austria, 51 lbs. 8 oz.; England, 54 lbs. 8 oz.; France, 55 lbs. 5 oz.; Prussia, 56 lbs. 8 oz.; Russia, 71 lbs. 7 oz.

☞ A horticulturist advertised that he would supply all sorts of fruit trees and plants, especially pie-plants of all kinds. A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for one package of custard pie-seed, and a dozen mince-pie plants. The gentleman promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

Europe now receives her Asiatic advices from America through the cable.

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