The Chestertown Transcript.

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

E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN 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.

—x—

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

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.

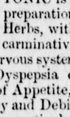
Particular attention given to the sale of
GRAIN, FRUITS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

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.

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.

COLLARS and BRIDLES, TRACES and Plough Lines, for sale cheap, by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

[redacted]

Carroll, Mackall,
Billingslea of St. Mary's, McMaster, McNeal,
Carroll, Philpot,
Davis of Caroline, Stephenson,
Davis of Washington, Trail,
Earle, Turner,
Harwood, Waters—17.
Jenkins,

NEGATIVE.

Messrs. Holton, Ohr,
Maund, Tome—4.

BY THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES, March 16, 1865.

AFFIRMATIVE.

Messrs. Frazier, (Speaker) Lusby, Malone,
Agnew, Markey,
Anderson, McCauley,
Angel, McCullough,
Bartell, Miller of Anne Arundel,
Brown,
Calvert, Myles,
Chew, Nairne,
Comegys, Norris,
Cook, Parker,
Cummins, Pennington,
Darling, Poteet,
Dean, Rider,
Ravey, Rinehart,
Everhardt, Robinson,
Fooks, Shaw,
Garrison, Sherry,
Hambleton, Slothower,
Handy, Smith of Allegany,
Haren, Smith of Dorchester,
Hodson, Soper,
Hoffman, Stewart,
Holloway, Stone,
Hopkins, Tarr,
Hynes, Tull,
Jones, Usilton,
Keefer, Valiant,
King, Wardell,
Kirk, Williams,
Leaverton, Wilson,
Lee of Baltimore city, Wooden—63.
Lee of Queen Anne's,

NEGATIVE.

Messrs. Miller of Washington, Smith of Frederick, Heigler—4.
Pilkington, Sept. 8—tN6

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

Notice.

WM. SIMPSON, Chestertown, Md., is prepared to do all descriptions of
SCOURING AND DYEING,
at short notice and at low rates.
Soft Felt Hats,
DYED, CLEANED and TRIMMED, and made as good as new. Also, *SCOURING and DYEING* of GENTLEMEN and LADIES' CLOTHING, Coats, Pants, Vests, &c.
Chestertown, June 9, 1866—7m.

Wool, Wool.
CHAS. W. WARREN,

AT KENNEDYVILLE, is now receiving WOOL in the *Fleece* and *Washed*, and is paying the highest market price per pound.
June 2, 1866.

FARMERS, LOOK!

JUST received a lot of BUSHEL CORN BASKETS, and selling at the very low price of 75 cts. each. Give me an early call.
H. W. VICKERS,
Sept. 8, 1866. Cheap Corner.

NEW GOODS!
At Edesville!
T. R. STRONG & CO.

HAVE JUST RETURNED from the City with a LARGE STOCK of
GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!
DRY GOODS!
A very Large Stock, which have just been purchased at the LOWEST prices, which we are selling VERY CHEAP!
T. R. STRONG & CO.

Calicoes
From 10, 12½, to 20 Cents;
DELAINS, *very cheap*, 20 cts. and up;
LAWNS AND OTHER DRESS GOODS.
Brown Muslins, Bl'd Muslins, Ginghams, Brown Linen Drills and Ducks, Pld. Domestics, Cottonades, &c. &c.
GROCERIES.
Nice Brown Sugar 12½ cts., Coffee 28 and 30 cts. Molasses and Syrups, for sale by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

COAL OIL and LAMPS, for sale by
T. R. STRONG & CO.

SHOT!

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

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.*

The Poet.

LIFE LEAVES.

The following poem is touchingly beautiful. Many an eye will be dimmed by a tear as it reads these lines, and the thoughts go wandering away to "memory's wildwood."—*Exchange.*

The day, with its sandals dipped in dew,
Has passed through the evening's golden gates,
And a single star in the cloudless blue
For the rising moon in silence waits;
While the winds that sigh to the languid hours
A lullaby breath o'er the folded flowers.

The lilies nod to the sound of the stream
That winds along with lulling flow,
And either awake, or half a dream,
I pass through the realms of Long Ago;
While faces appear with many a smile
From the bowers of Memory's magical isle.

There are joys and sunshine, sorrows and tears,
That check the path of life's April hours,
And a longing wish for the coming years,
That hope ever wreaths with the fairest flowers;
There are friendships as guileless—love as bright
And pure as the stars in halls of night.

There are ashen memories, bitter pain,
And buried hopes and a broken vow,
And an aching heart by the reckless main,
And the sea-breeze fanning a pallid brow;
And a wanderer on the shell lined shore,
Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong, and ambitions wild,
And the fierce desire to stand in the van
Of the battle of life—and the heart of the child
Is crushed in the breast of the struggling man;
But short are the regrets and few are the tears,
That fall at the tomb of the banished years.

There is a quiet, and peace and domestic love,
And joys arising from faith and truth,
And a truth unquestioning, far above
The passionate dreamings of ardent youth;
And kisses of children on lips and cheek,
And the parent's bliss which no tongue can speak.

There are loved ones lost! There are little graves
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting trees,
Where the streamlet winds, and the violet waves,
And the grasses sway to the sighing breeze;
And we mourn for the pressure of tender lips,
And the light of eyes darkened in death's eclipse.

And thus, as the glow of the daylight dies,
And the night's first look to the earth is cast,
I gaze 'neath those beautiful summer skies,
At the pictures that hang in the hall of the past;
Oh, Sorrow and Joy, chant a mingled lay
When to memory's wildwood we wander away!

Irish Drollery.

An amusing story of Daines Barrington, Recorder of Bristol, is related by one of the English press. Having to appear for a plaintiff, in a case at Clonmell, he let into the defendant in unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back to Dublin, the defendant, a Tipperary man named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt street, Dublin. Throwing the reins of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street-door, beheld the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man,

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him.

The valet went up stairs, and told his master, who was in bed, the purpose of his visit.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in, for your life," said Barrington, "for it is not a hare nor a brace of ducks that he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bed-room, when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "By your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bed room.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington; "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body," and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shilelah before the cheval glass.

"You don't mean to say you would murder me in bed?" exclaimed Daines, who had as much humor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other, "but get up as soon as you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets."

"No, replied the other, "I pledge you my word not to touch you until you are out of bed."

"You won't!"

"No."

"Upon your honor."

"Upon my honor."

"This is enough," said Daines, turning over and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep, "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Halloa," said Mr. Foley, "ain't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines, "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines affected to go to sleep.

The Tip. had fun in him as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel.

"Get up Mr. Barrington, for in bed or out of bed I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was, that in less than an hour afterwards, Daines and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

A Magnanimous Darkey.

A friend tells the following good story, which merits being put on record. A gentleman of this city, owning a large plantation on Santee, gave a good house, formerly the overseer's, to a trusty negro, one of the superintendents of the estate. A white family of squatters, however, held possession of the house, and the freedman was debarred from entering on his rights. He went back to the planter, his late master, and complained, when the following dialogue ensued:

Planter—"But, Pompey, the house is yours, you are the lawful owner, and no one has any right to occupy it without your consent."

Pompey—"Yes, massa, I done tole 'em so. But he says he won't go."

Planter—"Well, Pompey, suppose you go to the freedmen's bureau, state your grievance, and apply for assistance to have this man ejected."

Pompey—(Scratching his head for some time in an uneasy state of inability to make up his mind.) "No, sah, I can't do dat; I would'nt like to take advantage of my color."—*Charleston paper.*

Romantic.

A New York correspondent of the Albany *Argus* relates that a handsome orphan work girl had been for some time courted by a journeyman hatter. One day she pressed him to marry, as she had received disrespectful proposals from a rich lawyer. "There is my hand," said she, "marry me directly." The lover, highly indignant at the attorney, was only too glad to obey the direction. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride. The evening before the wedding, however, the bridegroom told Mary Elizabeth that he had a secret to tell. He was not a journeyman hatter, but was one of the richest men in the city of Boston, and said he would take her the next day to the beautiful country seat in the suburbs of the modern Athens, which he had inherited from his father and mother, for he, indeed, was an orphan like his bride, his Mary Elizabeth. He had seen her at Barnum's Museum, and resolved to make her his own when convinced of her worthiness.

☞ "Can you tell me, sir," said a stranger to a gentleman in a ball-room, "who that lady is near the second window—that very vain looking lady?"

"That is my sister, sir," replied the person addressed, with a formidable look.

"No, no, I don't mean her," said the unfortunate interrogator. "I mean that ugly woman leaning against the piano; there's about as much expression in her face as in a bowl of bonnyclabber.

"That, sir, is my wife."

"No, no," groaned the miserable stranger, the perspiration starting from every pore. "Good gracious! I wish I could make you understand me! I mean that blear-eyed object in the pink silk, the one so awful homely—I should be afraid she would splinter a looking glass just by looking into it. There, she is looking at us now."

"That, sir," said the gentleman, with fierce calmness, "is my eldest daughter."

The stranger darted from the room, and cleared the premises as though he had been struck with a presentiment that a powder magazine was going to explode in that room in less than three seconds.

An Irish Blunder.

Two Irishmen, engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. One would ride awhile, then the other, carrying the bales of linen on the mule. One day, the Irishman who was on foot got close up to the heels of his muleship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged he picked up a stone and hurled it at the mule, but struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked what was the matter. "The bloody crathur kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabers, he did the same thing to me on the back of the head," said the other.

☞ Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Farmers' Column.

From the American Farmer.

Fall Growth of Wheat.

We have, on several occasions, called attention to what is, in wheat growing, the very "root of the matter," viz: that the excellence of a crop of wheat, and its exemption from the familiar evils which trouble it, will depend mainly upon the supply of good roots which it may make during the fall growth. Hence the importance of early seeding, and the value of the application of a concentrated fertilizer in immediate contact with the roots. They are to be developed, chiefly, now. They are laying underground, during the fall months, the good foundation of the future crop. We must give them all the opportunity, and all the encouragement we can. That *winter killing* is prevented by early sowing, and *rust* shunned, and *midge* anticipated, and disasters by storms, and rainy seasons, avoided, are ideas familiar enough; let us go further into the matter, and see that the reason that lies behind all is, that early seeding affords the opportunity the plant needs, of making its root growth in the fall, and guards it against these disasters, by insuring an early, vigorous, healthy, spring growth of stem and seed. Independent of all this, the full fall growth of roots is indispensible to the production of the largest crop of which the soil is capable. If we suppose that fertility of soil, or increased manuring, will compensate the loss of this advantage, and that deficiency of growth in fall may be made up in spring, we overlook the character of the plant we have to deal with.

Wheat, to be grown in its perfection, requires two seasons for growth. It will, indeed, make its whole growth, and ripen seed in one season; but it is well known how poor a substitute spring wheat is, for that which we are all familiar with in the grain growing country proper. Wheat is essentially biennial, and partakes of the characteristic of biennial plants. A chief one of these is, that the root and blade, the plant proper, make their growth during one season, and ripen their seed the next. The first is devoted, so to speak, to the laying up provision for the important work of supplying the seed, which is the work of the second season. Some of our most familiar edibles illustrate this. The parsnip, the carrot, the beet, the cabbage, &c., make root and leaf during the first season's growth. During the second, when they ripen their seed, the whole vital energy of the plant is given to that purpose, there being no increase of root or leaf. It is so with the wheat plant; and if it fails to make a sufficient supply of roots in the fall, the opportunity for the season is lost.

We allow ourselves to be deceived by appearances in this, as in other matters. A late sown crop of wheat, on good ground, will shoot up, as warm weather approaches, and make as fair a show of straw perhaps, as the early sown; but we have never seen or heard of a maximum crop from late seeding. Apart from the disasters peculiar to a late crop, it has not the supply of roots capable of perfecting a full crop of seed.

The fact that the growth of straw and stalk is not so dependent on the growth of root, is well known to practical men. They speak familiarly of a heavy growth of straw, and poor turnout of grain, as of common occurrence; a good crop of seed by no means follows the other, as a matter of course, because certain qualities of soil, and warmth and geniality of climate, will force the blade and straw entirely out of proportion to the underlying roots. A late planted crop of Indian corn, say as late as the first of June, in this latitude, will spring up rapidly, and make, perhaps, as much show of fodder as that sown early, but will want the root to make a full crop of grain; but the early planted, while its growth of blade and stalk is seriously checked by cold atmosphere, is still pushing out its roots in the warmer soil, and providing for the future necessities of a vigorous growth.

The tobacco planter is still more familiar with the disproportion often occurring, between the leaf and the root of the plant, because he has oftener occasion to observe them. He chooses, always, to sow his seed at the earliest time that the ground can be got in order, and knows that plants subjected to the changes and checks of early spring, are still forming their roots under ground, while the late sown will come up quickly, grow rapidly, and make as much show of leaf by planting time, but will be deficient in root. He will plant his crop rather with those of yellow cast and stunted growth, but big root, than with large green, vigorous-looking plants, with small roots.

Recognizing the fact here illustrated, and bearing in mind that mentioned, that the wheat plant is biennial, and makes its necessary growth of root the first season of its growth, we see the necessity of giving it all possible opportunity, by early sowing and manuring, to make its roots in the fall.

A man in Pennsylvania has been sued for $25,000 for breach of promise. His defence is that he was ready to marry her last winter, but she kept putting it off, and as she weighs 285 pounds, he prefers not to marry her during the warm weather.

In Montreal, Tuesday, a little girl fell over the wire railing that surrounds one of the basins in Viger Square, into water eight feet deep. She was saved, like Rome, by some geese. A number of these warblers that were kept there commenced gabbling about the accident, and attracted the gardner's attention to the spot. He arrived just in time to rescue the child.

A Barometer Which Everybody can Have.

To save himself the trouble of carrying an umbrella four or five hours, while riding on horseback, on cloudy, threatening days, the writer had been in the habit of consulting the barometer of a friend. The following communication in the *Scientific American* has furnished him with a storm-glass of his own, which makes him quite independent in this respect. We have tried it now for about two months, and find it to be very reliable:

"Dealers in philosophical and optical instruments sell simple storm-glasses which are used for the purpose of indicating approaching storms. One of these consists of a glass tube, about ten inches in length and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, filled with a liquid containing camphor, and having its mouth covered with a piece of bladder perforated with a needle. A tall vial will answer the purpose nearly as well as the ten-inch tube. The composition placed within the tube consists of two drachms of camphor, half a drachm of pure saltpetre, and half a drachm of muriate of ammonia, pulverized and mixed with about two ounces of proof spirits. The tube is usually suspended by a thread near a window, and the functions of its contents are as follows: If the atmosphere be dry and the weather promises to be settled, the solid parts of the camphor in the liquid contained in the tube will remain at the bottom, and the liquid above will be quite clear; but on the approach of a change to rain, the solid matter will gradually rise, and small crystaline stars will float about in the liquid. On the approach of high winds, the solid parts of the camphor will rise in the form of leaves and appear near the surface in a state resembling fermentation. These indications are sometimes manifested *twenty-four hours* before a storm breaks out! After some experience in observing the motions of the camphor matter in the tube, the magnitude of a coming storm may be estimated; also its direction, inasmuch as the particles lie closer together on that side of the tube that is *opposite* to that from which the coming storm will approach. The cause of some of these indications is as yet unknown; but the leading principle is the solubility of camphor in alcohol, and its insolubility in water, combined with the fact the drier the atmosphere the more aqueous vapor does it take up, and *vice versa*.

Here, then, is the storm-glass, so cheap that the poorest can afford to have one; and simply as a matter of *curiosity*, to say nothing of *convenience*, it is well worth keeping.—*Calendar.*

"Raising the Devil."

Lorenzo Dow, being belated one night in his travels, unceremoniously entered an out-of-way house and requested lodgings. The woman of the house objected, having for a friend a man whom Lorenzo soon ascertained was not her husband. But Lorenzo insisted, and she at length consented—immediately fastening, against further unwelcome visitors, the only outside door to the house. Soon a loud knocking was heard. It was her husband, unexpectedly returned. Unable to leave the house, the friend, to conceal himself jumped into a large box conveniently at hand, and hastily covered himself with the hatchelings of flax it contained, by which time the wife had unfastened the door and admitted her husband. Having spent the evening at the tavern, he was just tipsy enough to be noisy and courageous. He soon made the acquaintance of Lorenzo, whom he had heard much of but had never seen. He had been told that he could raise the devil, and he insisted upon his immediately doing so—not that he believed in any, but if there was any he wanted to see him. In vain Lorenzo objected, protesting his unwillingness and the danger attending it, &c., but the more than half drunken husband insisted. At last said Lorenzo "if you are determined to see him, open the door, put out the light, and stand out of the way, or he may take you with him: for when he comes he will be in flames of fire and I warn you of the consequences." Lighting a bunch of matches, that there might be a greater smell of brimstone, and muttering over a few unintelligble sentences. Loreuzo set fire to the hatchelings, and cried out "Come forth thou evil one, and begone forever!" when out sprang the man, completely enveloped in flames, and put for the open door, leaving the house with a most unearthly yell. To his dying day the husband was ready to testify that Lorenzo not only could, but did raise the devil, for he "had seen and smelled him."

An old Bible.

The Imperial Library, in the Rue Richelieu, has been enriched, through the munificence of the Empress, by a paleographic object of great interest. It is a Bible, in two octavo volumes, in vellum, a masterpiece of fine penmanship and illustration. It dates from the thirteenth century, and was executed in Europe, then conveyed to Arabia, from which country it has been recently brought.—The text, disposed in two columns, is bordered by marginal notes, including the great and little Massora—a collection of critical observations of great value for understanding the Holy Scriptures. Another peculiarity of this manuscript—in addition to the two leaves of the frontispiece, written on purple, and giving a representation of the principal objects of the exterior worship of the Jews—is twelve other leaves adorned with arabesques and interweaving of the greatest elegance. At a first glance they appear to be merely drawings, but on a closer inspection are found to be microscopical writing, following all the capricious inflections of the sketch, and comprising the one hundred psalms of David. The Empress, to whom the manuscript was proposed for sale, purchased it at once, and has now presented it to the library, thinking it could not have a more appropriate destination.

Don't Judge by Appearances.

Some years ago, there arrived at the hotel erected near the Niagara Falls an old looking man, whose appearance and deportment were quite in contrast with the crowds of well-dressed and polished figures which adorned the celebrated resort. He seemed just to have sprung from the woods, his dress, which was made of leather, stood dreadfully in need of repair, apparently not having felt the touch of the needle-woman for many a long month. A worn-out blanket, that might have served for a bed, was buckled to his shoulders; a large knife hung on one side, balanced by a long, rusty tin box on the other, and his beard, uncropped, tangled and coarse, fell down upon his bosom, as if to counterpoise the weight of the dark, thick locks that supported themselves on his back and shoulders. This strange being, to the spectators, seemingly half civilized, half savage, had a quick glancing eye, an elastic, firm movement, that would, no doubt, win its way through the brakes, both of the wilderness and of society. He pushed his steps into the sitting-room, unstrapped his little burden, quietly looked round for the landlord, and then modestly asked for breakfast. The host at first drew back, with evident repugnance, at the apparition which thus proposed to intrude its uncouth form among the genteel visitors, but a few words whispered in his ear speedily satisfied his doubts; the stranger took his place in the company, some staring, some shrugging, and some laughing outright.

Yet there was more in that single man, than in all the rest of the throng. He was an American woodsman, as he called himself; he was a true genuine son of nature, yet who had been entertained with distinction at the table of princes; learned societies, to which the like of Cuvier belonged, had bowed down to welcome his presence; kings had been complimented when he spoke to them; in short, he was one whose fame will be growing brighter when the fashionables who laughed at him, and many much greater even than they, shall be utterly perished. From every hill-top, and every deep-shady grove, the birds, those blossoms of the air, will sing his name. The little wren will pipe it with its matin hymn about our houses; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits in his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempest and the stars. He was John J. Audubon, the ornithologist.

An English Nobleman's Seat.

Some idea of an English Duke's estate may be had when we state that the establishment of the Duke of Devonshire would occupy one of our large counties. The park immediately surrounding the place contains 3,000 acres. The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-house, etc., is 25 acres. There are 30 green-houses, each from 50 to 85 feet long. Three or four of these contain nothing but pine-apples, others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach tree on the glass wall measures 51 feet in width, 15 feet in height, and bears 1,060 peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape houses, five or six in all, are 700 feet long. But what shall be said of the conservatory, filled with every varity of tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost $500,000. It is heated by steam and hot water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year.

A New Rail Way Carriage System.

A Frenchman has just constructed a railway between Paris and St. Germain, in which carriages glide along like sledges without the aid of wheels. This invention is due to a French engineer, M. Girard, and is founded on an old principle, viz., that a layer of water introduced between two metal surfaces enables them to glide on each other with as little friction as a slab of ice on the polished surface of a frozen lake. The carriages are fitted on slides, which fit upon rails of a peculiar construction. By simply turning a tap, a stream of water is introduced between the slide and the rail, and a gentle motive power being applied, the carriage, mounted on the slide, shoots forward with great speed. By decreasing the quantity of water thrown on the rails, the speed may be diminished; and by shutting off the supply altogether, the train can instantly be brought to a stand-still. Hitherto horses have been used as a motive power.

IT IS estimated that there were, during the late war, one thousand and twelve church edifices burned in the Southern States, involving a loss of five millions of dollars. They belonged to all the religious denominations, and each seems to have suffered as much, in proportion to its strength of membership, as the other.

The Late Judge F—, of Connecticut, was not remarkable for quickness of apprehension: At a certain time Mr. R. W. Sherman was arguing a case before him, and in the course of his remarks, Mr. S. made a point which the judge did not at once see. "Mr. Sherman, I would thank you to state the point so as I can understand you." Bowing politely, Mr. S. replied in his blandest manner, "Your Honor is probably not aware of the task you are imposing upon me."

AN English farmer recently remarked that "he fed his land before it was hungry, rested it before it was weary, and weeded it before it was foul." Seldom, if ever, was so much agricultural wisdom condensed into a single sentence.

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