The Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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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,

[redacted]

BALTIMORE
Stove House,

from the largest and most varied stock, and on terms as low as any similar establishment in the United States. Our stock comprises in part Cooking and Heating Stoves, Parlor Stoves and Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, Argicultural Boilers, Tin, Sheet Iron and Hollow ware, etc. We call particular attention to our popular Re-improved OLD DOMINION, for wood or coal, which we are selling this season at reduced rates; also, our GEM AND GAS BURNER FIRE PLACE STOVES, which for beauty and efficiency are unequalled by any known Stove. A call is respectfully solicited by BIBB & CO.,
Baltimore Stove House, 39 Light St., Balt.
September 29, 1866—y

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg leave to inform the Farmers of Kent and adjoining Counties that they are prepared to do all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINE REPAIRING, at short notice.

They also put up in good order the celebrated *PENNINGTON IMPROVED REAPER*, which is of Central Draught, runs easy for four horses, and will cut from 25 to 30 acres per day; it cuts a 6 ft. 6 in. swath, and can have a MOWER attached in a few minutes. It gives general satisfaction, as has been certified to by many able farmers of Kent and Cecil counties.

They also build HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS, of modern style, which in good wheat will thresh and clean from 4 to 6 hundred bushels per day.

They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and [illegible] & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

Mill Spindles, Shafts and Picks made and repaired to order, and in good style.

Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth, Farm Hinges, Harrows, &c., for sale wholesale and retail, and on reasonable terms.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.
Galena, March 31, 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.

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

BERGER & BUTZ'S
EXCELSIOR
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.
AND
BERGER & BUTZ'S
AMMONIATED
SUPER PHOSPHATE OF
Lime.

Farmers and Dealers

ARE respectfully referred to the above FERTILIZERS as being prepared in the best manner, thoroughly reliable, and in every way calculated to give universal satisfaction.

They are extensively known, having been used with great success during the past six or seven years.

Read the following opinion of one of the best Chemists of this country:

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,
No. 108 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA,
April 10th, 1866.

During the last five years I have been in frequent consultation with Mr. George M, Woodward, Manufacturer of Messrs. *Berger & Butz's* artificial manures, in regard to the preparation of their Super Phosphate of Lime, etc. The materials used in these Fertilizers, are in all cases subjected to my examination and analyses before purchase. Being fully acquainted with their formula and methods of manufacture, I can assure those interested in the purchase and sale of Fertilizers, that their "*Excelsior*" and "*Ammoniated*" Super Phosphate of Lime are of such a character, as must render them of great value to the farmer, and place them amongst the best *Fertilizers* now in the market.

F. A. GENTH.

We guarantee these Fertilizers to be Unadulterated.

By the introduction of
NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY
into our Factory, these articles will be much better prepared than formerly.

R. J. RUTH & Co.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 16 Bowley's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by
THOS. DEC. RUTH, Chestertown;
THOS. D. BURGESS, Grey's Inn Creek;
JAMES SHUSTER, Buck Neck;
R. T. TURNER, Betterton;
JOHN CARSON, Crumpton.
Baltimore, June 30, 1866—y.

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

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

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

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

$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

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
Sewing Machine!
W. MERRILL, AGENT,
Office 214 Baltimore Street.

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

SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

EXTENSIVE Manufacturers and Importers of *GOLD, PLATED AND OREIDE JEWELRY, Solid and Nickel SILVER WARE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND SWISS WATCHES,* Cased by ourselves, and every description of FANCY GOODS AND YANKEE NOTIONS, especially adapted and designed for Southern and Western Trade.

Circulars and full descriptive Price Lists sent free.

Agents wanted everywhere. Address,
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,
51 DORRANCE STREET,
Nov. 10, 1866—3m. Providence, R. I.

CHEAP CORNER
BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

At the Cheap Corner you will find a splendid assortment of Boots & Shoes, City manufactured, much lower than any other Store in Town.

Call and examine our Stock.
H. W. VICKERS,
Feb. 10, 1866—tf. Cheap Corner.

The Poet.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

The memory of Stonewall Jackson has received few tributes more touching in simplicity and pathos than the following beautiful poem, published in the New York *Citizen*, of which Charles G. Halpine is the editor. Mr. Halpine, himself a poet of rare taste, was an officer in the United States Army during the late war, and is well known to fame as "Private Miles O'Riley." The poem in question, he says, is from the pen of a distinguished officer of the United States Navy.—*Exchange.*

He sleeps all quietly and cold,
Beneath the soil that gave him birth:
Then break his battle-brand in twain,
And lay it with him in the earth!

No more at midnight will he urge
His toilsome march among the pines!
Nor hear, upon the morning air,
The war-shout of his charging line!

Cold is the eye whose meteor gleam
Flashed hope on all within its light;
And still the voice that, trumpet-toned,
Rang through the serried ranks of fight.

No more for him shall cannons park,
Or tents gleam white upon the plain;
And where his camp-fires blazed of yore,
Brown reapers laugh amid the grain!

No more above his narrow bed
Shall sound the tread of marching feet,
The rifle volley, and the clash
Of sabres, when the foemen meet.

And, though the winds of autumn rave,
And winter snows fall thick and deep
Above his breast—they cannot move
The quiet of his dreamless sleep.

We may not raise a marble shaft
Above the heart that now is dust;
But nature, like a mother fond,
Will ne'er forget her sacred trust.

Young April, o'er his lowly mound,
Shall shake the violets from her hair:
And glorious June, with fervid kiss,
Shall bid the roses blossom there.

And round about, the droning bee,
With drowsy hum, shall come and go;
While west winds, all the live long day,
Shall murmur dirges soft and low.

The warrior's stormy fate is o'er;
The midnight gloom hath passed away;
And like a glory from the East,
Breaks the first light of freedom's day!

And white-winged Peace, o'er all the land,
Broods like a dove upon her nest;
While iron war with slaughter gorged,
At length hath laid him down to rest.

And where we won our onward way
With fire and steel—through yonder wood
The black bird whistles, and the quail
Gives answer to her timid brood.

Yet oft in dreams his fierce brigade
Shall see the form they followed far,
Still leading in the farthest van—
A landmark in the clouds of war!

And oft when white-haired grandsires tell
Of bloody struggles past and gone,
The children at their knees will hear
How Jackson led his columns on!

Death of Rev. Dr. Livingstone.

A cable dispatch announces that the celebrated African traveler and missionary, the Rev. Dr. David Livingstone, has been killed by the Caffres. Mr. Livingstone was born at Blantyre, upon the banks of the Clyde, near Glasgow, in 1817. As a youth he earned his livelihood in the cotton mills of Blantyre, but by hard labor he was enabled to pursue, during the winter months, his studies at Glasgow. As he grew up he resolved to devote himself to the life of a missionary, hoping that Africa or China would be the scene of his labors. After studying medicine and theology, he offered his services, in 1838, to the London Missionary Society, and was accepted. He reached the shores of Africa in the summer of 1840. For sixteen years he labored at various stations in South Africa. In 1855 the Royal Geographical Society of England conferred upon him the Victoria or Patron's gold medal. In the same year, Dr. Livingstone successfully made a journey across Southern Africa. He visited England in 1856, and met with a magnificent reception. In 1858 he returned to Africa and continued his geographical explorations. His works on his travels in Africa have had an immense sale, and endeared his name to tens of thousands in both hemispheres.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Delaware and Maryland Canal.

A correspondent of the Smyrna Times, referring to the proceedings of the Delaware Legislature, says:

The stockholders named in the bill to incorporate the Delaware and Maryland Canal and Railroad Company are, Allen A. Chapman, George W. Cummins, Johns Hopkins, Robert Fowler, Henry S. Garrett, Lemuel Roberts, Robert G. Rieman, Horatio L. Whitridge and Eli Saulsbury. The bill as reported in the Senate numbers seventeen sections, and provides, among other things, that the capital stock shall not be less than $500,000, nor more than $2,000,000, to be divided equally into shares of $100 each, said shares to be deemed personal property, and that unless the canal or railroad shall be commenced within three years and be completed so as to be used within ten years after the passage of the act, the privileges hereby granted to the corporation shall then cease.

Farmers' Column.

From the American Farmer.

Small Doses of Lime on Wheat.

DEAR SIRS: In looking over your number for January, I find an article on lime upon wheat. Thinking my own experience on that subject may possibly be of some service to my unfortunate brethern in these hard times, I will, if you think proper, give it to them through your paper. My books and papers are so misplaced, I cannot now refer to dates, as I would like to do so, but must give it from memory the best I can. Some years before our unfortunate war, I saw an article, I think, in the Farmer's Register, from somewhere about Waynsborough, Augusta Co., of this State, giving the (as I then thought) marvelous effects of lime sowed by hand upon alternate beds of wheat. I did not believe it, and did not try it. The next year I saw an article from Dr. Charles Brown, of this county, referring to, and endorsing that article from his own fair trial of it. I saw the Dr., heard his account; knowing him as I did, I believed it must all be true. I tried it fairly myself and found it so true, I practiced upon my next three crops of wheat, which were three of the very best crops of wheat I ever made. The war came on, which stopped everything of the sort with us. The war is now over, but haw left us all so poor, we can hardly do anything which costs money. Last fall I purchased some seed wheat and guano of Messrs. Peyton, Carey & Co., of our city, seeded it in good time, and it looked well when last seen—but covered with snow for five or six weeks, a good prospect for a fair crop, yet I am disposed to give it every chance to do its very best, for we do need all it can possibly do, and I am now contracting for four hundred bushels of lime at Fishersville, Augusta county, to be delivered at the Charlottsville depot, from thence to be wagoned over nine miles of rough mountain road, to be slaked and sowed over my wheat crop next month by hand. Now, sir, to do this requires the strongest kind of faith gained by experience. Hard as are the times with us, and doubtful as is our labor now, I could not attempt to do this on any man's say so; nor do I advise any one to do it on mine. All I have advised any of my friends to do is just to procure one barrel of lime costing two dollars, slake it well, take it to the field of wheat, step off one acre, and sow it himself, put no stakes, nor marks, and if it does not so loom up, as to cry out for itself, (*Here am I.*) then he can let it alone for the future. What can we get lime in your place at, delivered in Charlottsville? This is written alone for the benefit of my hard pressed and impoverished brethern of the plough. Your "Farmer" has reached me, for which accept my sincere thanks.

Yours, truly,
Jan. 23, 1867. GEO. C. GILMER.

True Politeness.

Politeness is a just medium between formality and rudeness; it is, in fact, good nature regulated by quick discernment, which proportions itself to every situation and every character; it is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite and passion. It accomodates itself to the fantastic laws of custom and fashion, as long as they are not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

To give efficacy and grace to politeness, it must be accompanied by some degree of taste as well as delicacy; and although its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

In society it is the happy medium which blends the most discordant natures, it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of conversation; it represses the despicable but common ambition of being the eminent character in the scene; it increases the general desire of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offensive edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit; it preserves subordination, reconciles ease with propriety; like other valuable qualities, its value is best estimated when it is absent.

No greatness can awe it into servility, no intimacy can sink it into a coarse familiarity; to superiors it is respectful freedom; to inferiors, unassuming good nature; to equals, everything that is charming; anticipating and attending to all things, yet at the same time apparently disengaged and careless.

Such is true politeness, by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes; and by the generality of mankind confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which is only one branch of it.

To Preachers.

Be short and lively. Load up before you enter the sacred desk; announce your text when the time comes, with distinctness, and dash right into the discussion. Fire at point blank range. Keep your eye on that drowsy hearer until he becomes wide awake. Hold the children and those restless young people under good command. "Give a portion" to the aged ones, who try so hard to catch every syllable you utter and, under some of the modern pulpit orators, lose about half. *Stir all the people!* "Shake off dull sloth," in manner and tone. Be in earnest—tremendously in earnest. Time is passing, eternity is near; judgment is at the door. *Make an impression*, if you can inside of thirty minutes; if not, ask God to give his blessing and—close.

"That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy.

"Yes," replied the old dame, "and he never cries."

"That's because he's never washed," replied the youngster.

From Peterson's Magazine.

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

The youngest son stood with his fair bride upon the threshold of the old farmhouse. He was the last of four brave boys who had gone forth from that humble roof to work their way up manfully to a place of honor and usefulness in the world. Perhaps there was a little dimness in the old man's eye, and may be a little tremor in his voice as he spoke the farewell words. But he took from the old side-cupboard his parting gift; a bright, new hoe—and as he placed it in the hand of the youth, the accompanying admonition sounded cheerily on his ear, "Hoe out your row."

It was the fourth time a similar presentation had been made in the old homestead.

"Everybody will find his row to hoe in this world, George—and sometimes it's a mighty tough one; but it is only cowards that shirk it. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' and never forget to look up."

The old man wrung the hand of his son, and stooped down to kiss the cheek of his fair, new daughter; while mother busied herself with the dozen "last things," which every one but a mother forgets. The lingering farewells were all said at last, and the old coach rolled away with two hopeful, sunny hearts just entering life's bright and beautiful summer.

The old homestead seemed deserted and drear as a last year's nest. The aged pair sat down by their owh hearthstone alone as when they began life together. How these old walls had rung to the sound of childhood's mirth, and childhood's step, and in later years had echoed with the tread of manly feet. Now they must live more in the buried past.

But to George and Ellen life seemed all one bright future, with the rainbow of hope arching all their plans and projects.

Their Western home was a humble one, and plenty of work for willing hands within it. The young farmer's chief capital was his strong arm and stout heart, and the sound working-day principles he had been taught from childhood. Sometimes he grew discouraged at the prospect of paying for the place he worked—but he was sure to meet with hearty encouragement and words of cheer from Ellen; a glance, too, at the parting gift of his father, as it stood on the mantle in the family room, was as good as a sermon any day. There it stood very ready to give encouragement or admonition, as the case might be. Strangers might think it a curious ornament for a chimney-piece, but it was soon regarded as one of the household treasures. Dust nor rust were ever suffered to mar its brightness.

"Ellen, it is no use trying," said George, one evening, quite despondingly, as he turned away from some figures he had been making on a scrap of paper, "I can't make out the payment this week, and I may as well give it up."

Ellen looked up cheerfully from her work and nodded toward the mantle.

"I *have* hoed and hoed, but this row is too much for me. The wool will pay the next installment, and the crops the next; but where this fifty dollars is to come from, that I need in addition to what I can make out, is more than I can see."

"Sell the cow, George," advised Ellen; "you were offered sixty dollars for her, you know."

"But what can we do for butter, and cream in our coffee, and all that?"

"Do without for a time, dear. A home is a great deal more important to us now than any table luxury. Besides, you shall not suffer. These little self-denials, you know, are almost unavoidable, if we would fairly hoe out our row."

George, like a sensible man, took his wife's advice; and the satifaction he felt as he paid down the money promptly and took his receipt, far exceeded that which any table enjoyment could afford him.

Ellen ransacked her memory for economical sauces and gravies, to take the place of old Debby's golden butter and yellow cream; and she never forgot to stir a well-beaten egg into the pot of coffee, so so improving its richness that George scarcely missed the favorite luxury.

Steadily onward he hoed his row until the place was all his own. The old home had put on a new face out-doors and in. There were shrubs and rose-bushes in abundance in the once tangled and briar-grown door-yard, and a fine young orchard was blossoming on the sunny slope toward the south.

There were files of agricultural papers on the broad shelf of the little library, and a choice selection of miscellaneous books above them. There were little tasteful appointments here and there about the cheerful sitting-room, but the bright hoe was never displaced by any gem or crystal. The pretty shell-framed pictures might look down upon it, if they chose; it could not be looked out of countenance.

George was respected and known by all his neighbors, and the stranger, who shared but for a night the generous hospitality of his broad hearth-stone, went away to speak, years after, of the pleasant hours he spent there; and the kindly attentions of the gentle wife, whose wide heart took in every suffering, sorrowing one of earth. The blessing of the Lord was upon that household, and it is that alone "which maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

Years sped apace, when one ruddy October, a circular autograph letter went round the circle of brothers, bidding them all come to the golden wedding. And the call gathered them in from their distant homes.

There was a racket of merry, youthful voices, as the grand-children romped through the old halls; but grandfather's face was brimful of smiles: and grandma's pet and namesake, gentle, dignified Grace, took the reins of government into her hands, so all moved on most harmoniously, relieving mothers of all care, and leaving them to chat to their hearts' content.

Carrie was the daughter-in-law who lived nearest home, so the care of all the feast fell upon her. "Grandma must not stir from her rocking-chair" untill all was upon the table. Indeed, it would be hard for her to accomplish much with so many little run-a-ways under her feet all the time, whose manifold perfections must continually be observed and commented on.

The evening lamp was lighted, and a little fire was burning in the open fireplace, as all were seated in the old homeroom.

William, the eldest born, stepped forth from the little group, and advancing to his gray-haired father, said,

"It is twenty-two years since the first of us went forth from this roof to make his way in the world. As each, in turn, took his departure, you presented to him a bright, new hoe, with the injunction, 'Hoe out your row.' How well we have followed your directions and the lessons of

[redacted]

and altogether, the evening passed as only such gatherings, by such a hearth-stone, ever can. It is only such training that can produce such results.

If you wish your boys and girls to grow up useful, honorable, and happy, teach them faithfully "to hoe out their row."

The Country Paper.

The following is the expression of one of the ablest journals in the country. It bears the impress of truth upon it. There is no doubt but that country newspapers are illy requited for the labor they perform, and the important influence they wield upon political and general topics. Every word is a grain of gold:

"Our duty is very often overlooked.—Go into one half of the houses in the country, and there will be found New York newspapers, Philadelphia magazines, and foreign literature of every kind, while newspapers interested in advocating the interests of the State and their own county cannot be found. This is grossly unjust. If a man has five dollars a year, ten cents a week to spend for information and literature for his family, his duty as a citizen is to take his own State and county paper. Let him imagine if he can, what his State would be without a paper within her borders, and then ask himself what he is doing for their support.

But some excuse themselves for taking a metropolitan paper on the ground that they contain more reading than those published at home. True enough—simply for the reason that they are not supported.—Every dollar sent to a foreign newspaper by a citizen who takes no local paper, builds up that foreign paper at the expense, not only of his own local paper, but the interest of his own State and county.

We do not ask this for the local press as a matter of charity, but of justice. A good paper can do more good for a town than any town can do for a paper. But few appreciate the local press as they ought. They overlook the fact that its conductors are the most self-sacrificing men in the country. From one years end to another they devote their time and talents and energies to the building up of their localities, even to the neglect of their own pecuniary interests.

Yet the local press is sneered at and given the cold shoulder, forgetting that the little pebble is as necessary for making the mountain as the bold and huge mass of granite. The local press holds as important a position as the rill does to the river that goes seaward. It is as bad policy to starve them to death, as it would be for the mouth of the stream to dam up the fountain from which it obtains its supply. The interests of the city press and the local press are identical, and they should be fostered alike, as each has its work to perform in its peculiar province. The conductors of the country press may sometimes err in judgment, or fail to carry out their plans to the fullest extent—but the metropolitan press is open to the same charge. We repeat, that it is the first duty of every man—a duty that is imperative—to sustain his local press with a liberal hand, and not let it languish for want of that proper support.

A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveler seated at his side, in one of the cars of a 'fast train' in England. The engine bell was rung as the cers neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of 'taking down his companion a peg or two.'

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching the town," said the Englishman, "they have to commence ringing about ten minutes before they get to a station, or else the train would run by before the bell could be heard! Wonderful isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, we've got bells, but can't use then on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound; no use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up bells, then we tried steam whistles, but they wouldn't answer, either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate; hurricanes was nowhar, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing, the engineer let the whistle on, it screeched like a trooper. It screamed awfully, but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew I was picking myself out of a pond by the road side, amid fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and dead engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got one so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they could not sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally we had to station electric telegraphs along the road, with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight: and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the ligtning fifteen minutes every fifty miles. But I can't say that is true; the rest I know to be a fact.

A Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

A remarkable case of circumstantial evidence has lately been developed in Brooklyn, which is described by the Brooklyn *Eagle* as follows:

"Henry Jones, indicted for burglarly in the first degree—breaking open the house of Hugh Allen, No. 60 Harrison street, Brooklyn—was brought before Judge Dikeman and Justices Voorhees and Hoyt, in the Court of Sessions, and tried. The evidence against the prisoner was purely circumstantial, and embodied the following: Mr. Allen, on discovery of the burglary—at 12 o'clock at night—immediately raised the alarm and the block was immediately surrounded by the police.—Jones was found in a privy in the block at 3 A. M. On his person was found a match-box. In the house of Mr. Allen was found a match-box cover. The two, on comparison, were found to contain each a portion of the same revenue stamp. The two fragments were found thus to perfectly match. District Attorney Morris enlarged upon this piece of circumstantial evidence as being the one most remarkable in his experience, and as equal to that mentioned in Lord Hale, where the wadding of a pistol found in the wound of a murdered man compared with the paper found in the pocket of the accused murderer. The jury found a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats. If the indictment had been murder, the same verdict would likely have followed. Jones was sentenced to Sing Sing State Prison, at hard labor, for the period of ten years."

The President's Vetoes.

A list of the vetoes of President Johnson, of bills passed by Congress, shows that during the first session, he returned without his sanction six bills, and during the second session, five. Of those eleven bills, were passed over the veto, and four failed for the want of a two-thirds majority. The President caused one bill to fail, which had not been presented to him within ten days of the end of the first session, by refusing to sign it—this being what is called a pocket vote." Four bills became laws without his sanction, by his omission to return them to the chamber in which they originated, within ten days. One (the army appropriation bill) he signed with a protest.

The cotton crop of last season, although generally pronounced a failure, is valued by one of the most competent business men in the South at two hundred and forty-five millions of dollars.

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