The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867. NO. 18.

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 n 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. ☜

A FIRST CLASS BLACKSMITH SHOP IN CHESTERTOWN.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED!

Where the People can get Blacksmithing done by Experienced Workmen.

Chapman & Lambert

Take this method of informing their friends and patrons and the public generally, that they have completed their large and commodious Shop on Cross street on the site of the former Shop. Expressing thanks to the public for their patronage in the past and hoping for a continuance of the same, we think our past work a sufficient reference for our ability in doing business.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Chestertown, August 24, 1867.

Look at This!

A NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP UP TOWN.

THE undersigned having taken the new Shop up town, nearly opposite Mr. S. S. Usilton's, respectfully informs the Farmers and Public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the BLACKSMITHING LINE, *at the lowest prices, and on the shortest notice.*

Particular attention paid to HORSE SHOEING,

AT THE LOW PRICE OF $1.50, *and all other work in proportion.* He hopes by strict and punctual attendance to his business to merit a share of the public patronage.

ALFRED L. BENJAMIN.
Chestertown, Apr. 20, 1867—6m.

BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at RUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county, SUCH AS

Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact

CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS, such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of

Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts,	Kisses,	Raisins,
Currants,	Dates,	Figs,
Prunes,	Citron,	Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES,
FRESH EVERY DAY.

☞ Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.
N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

SODA! SODA!!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Of the Town and County,

You are respectfully invited to call at LEVI FIDDIS', JR., and try his Soda Water. It is superior to any thing ever offered in this Town, and you will find it delightfully refreshing this warm weather. He has a very superior Fountain, and every facility for furnishing the best article. June 1.

Lumber,

LIME, FERTILIZERS, COAL, AND PEACH TREES;
From Pullen's Nursery, New Jersey, for sale by JAMES SHUSTER,
June 29, 1867—6m. Buck Neck.

SASH CORD—SASH CORD—For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushe for sale by ALDRIDGE.

COPARTNERSHIP.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 1st, 1865.

THOMAS NORRIS, for TEN years past engaged in the sale of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS* and Machines, FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS, etc., respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has this day associated with him Mr. JOEL PUSEY, of Havre de Grace, very favorably known to many of the farmers of Maryland. The business will be continued under the name and style of

NORRIS & PUSEY,

at the old stand, No. 141 PRATT STREET, (near Light.) The senior partner tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his many friends who have so liberally patronized him, and solicits for the new firm a continuation of their favors.

In addition to the old business, the subscribers will be prepared to transact, in an extensive way, the

Lime, Plaster and Cement Business.

Yielding to the solicitations of many friends in the country, they beg to offer their services as

General Commission Merchants

for the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of *Country Produce.*

By a faithful attention to business, they expect to merit a good share of public favor, and ask a continuation of the patronage of old customers, and a fair trial by new ones.

They will continue the sale of *Wood's Prize Mower, Wood's Self-Raking Reaper, Westinghouse's Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, Beckford & Hoffman's Grain and Guano Drills, Van Wickle's Grain Fans,* and many other Implements and Machines, of superior merit.

They assure their customers that they are prepared to furnish any article in their line on as good terms as they can be supplied by any house in Baltimore.

Circulars, Catalogues, etc., giving descriptions, prices, &c., will be furnished on application.

NORRIS & PUSEY,
March 11, 1867 41 Pratt Street.

E. WHITMAN & SONS,
Nos. 22 & 24 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md.,
Manufacturers of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SEEDS, FERTILIZERS AND AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.

SOUTHERN AGENTS FOR

"Buckeye" Mowing & Reaping Machines.
Wagoner's Celebrated Grain and Guano Drills.
"American" Sugar Mills and Evaporators.
The "Sweepstakes" Threshers & Cleaners.
Grant's Grain Cradles.
The Celebrated "Maryland" Wheel Horse Rakes.
Montgomery's Rockaway Wheat Fans.
The "Keystone" Cider Mills.
Hutchinson's Family Wine and Cider Mills,

and a general stock of Implements and Machinery, embracing nearly every variety in use.

The above Machines have all of the latest improvements, and are confidently recommended as the best of the kind, in the country.

Repairing parts of any of the above Machinery furnished, and Machines repaired at short notice.

We have in store a large and carefully selected stock of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, which we confidently recommend as fresh and genuine. Send for one of our Seed Catalogues, giving practical directions for planting all varieties of Seeds.

Garden and Flower Seeds forwarded by mail. Baltimore, March 2, 1867—y.

REMOVED.

F. LLOYD
Has removed to the New Building
COR. BALTO. AND HOLLIDAY STS.,
94 Baltimore Street,

WHERE he intends keeping on hand a large assortment of

[redacted]

CHIEFS and Small Wares,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
FROM
RINGGOLD & Bro.,
175 Balt. St., near Light.
November 24, 1866.

CHESTERTOWN CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

Having associated themselves with GEORGE E. LAMBERT for the Manufacture and Repair of Carriages in all its branches, respectfully inform the public that they have taken THE SHOP ON CROSS STREET, recently occupied by R. W. Caulder, and

Having laid in a Stock Of the Very Best Material,

are now prepared to build to order
FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
TRIMMING, PAINTING
AND ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS
Neatly and promptly done.

Believing a good Carriage Manufactory will be sustained in our town, we respectfully ask the public patronage.

GEO. E. LAMBERT & CO.
Chestertown, March 9, 1867.

WATER COOLERS and Tumbler Drainers—for sale low, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

The Poet.

NOT IN VAIN.

"I have labored in vain," a teacher said,
And her brow was marked by care—
"I have labored in vain," and she bowed her head,
And bitter and sad were the tears she shed,
In that moment of dark despair.

"I am weary and worn, and my hands are weak,
And my courage is well-nigh gone,
For none give heed to the words I speak,
And in vain for a promise of fruit I seek,
Where the seed of the Word is sown."

And again with a sorrowful heart she wept,
For her spirit with grief was stirred,
Till the night grew dark, and at last she slept,
And a silent calm o'er her spirit crept,
As a whisper of "peace" was heard.

And she thought in her dreams that the soul took flight
To a blessed and bright abode—
She saw a throne of such dazzling light,
And harps were ringing, and robes were white
Made white in a Saviour's blood.

And she saw such a countless throng around,
As she never had seen before—
Their brows with jewels of light were crowned,
And sorrow and sighing no place had found,
For the troubles of time were o'er!

Then a white-robed maiden came forth and said,
"Joy! joy! for thy trials are past!—
I am *one* that thy gentle words have led,
In the narrow pathway of life to tread—
I welcome thee home at last!"

And the teacher gazed on the maiden's face,
She had seen that face on earth,
When with anxious heart, in her wonted place,
She had told her charge of a Saviour's grace,
And their need of a second birth.

Then the teacher smiled, and an angel said,
"Go forth to thy work again;
It is not in vain that the seed is shed,
If only *one* soul to the cross is led,
Thy labor is not in vain."

And at last she woke, and her knee she bent
In grateful, childlike prayer—
And she prayed till an answer of peace was sent,
And Faith and Hope as a rainbow blent
O'er the clouds of her earthly care.

And she rose in joy, and her eye was bright,
Her sorrow and grief had fled—
And her soul was calm, and her heart was light,
For her hands were strong in her Saviour's might,
As forth to her work she sped.

Then rise, fellow-teacher, to labor go!
Wide scatter the precious grain—
Though the fruit may never be seen below,
Be sure that the seed of the Word shall grow—
Toil on, in faith, and thou soon shalt know,
"Thy labor is not in vain!"

Farmers' Column.

Top Dressing Grass Land.

A very interesting experiment has been made with various kinds of manures applied to grass, at the State Agricultural College of Michigan. The manures where applied to the plots, from May 5th to 10th, 1864, and the products where carefully cut, dried, and weighed, in July and October of the year 1864 and 1865. The soil was a light sandy loam.

2 bushels of plaster per acre gave an increase of 4,153 lbs. of hay; 5 bushels of wood ashes, 3,942 lbs.; 20 loads of muck, 3,683 lbs.; 20 loads of muck and 3 bushels of salt, 5,318 lbs.; 3 bushels of salt, 4,184 lbs.; 20 loads of horse manure, 5,023 lbs.; 20 loads of cow manure, 4,874 lbs.

This experiment covers two years, and seems to have been carefully made. It gives, without much doubt, the approximate value of these manures as top dressings for light sandy loams. It shows that two bushels of plaster are worth a little more than two tons of hay, and five bushels of ashes produce nearly the same quantity. Estimating hay at $15 a ton, this is a very good price for plaster and ashes. Farmers who want to get ahead should certainly invest.

The experiment also shows the great value of muck in comparison with stable manure, and it is for the sake of the muck argument that we give place to this experiment this month. The muck is shown to be nearly as valuable as the cow and horse manure, and when composted with salt, is even more so. We wish a compost made of one-third fresh horse-dung, and two-thirds muck, had been introduced in the experiment. Something of the value of the horse and cow dung was probably lost by evaporation, which composting would have saved. We think such a compost would have shown better results than either of the manures specified. Muck must be worth about a dollar and a half a load, delivered upon the field, for top dressing, and if the farmer can furnish it for fifty cents, as many can, he has a strong inducement to enter the muck swamps, which are usually accessible this month and next. How can farmers be content to do without manure when there is so much profit in applying it with a liberal hand? Muck and its composts can be spread upon grass land with safety at any time after mowing.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

Setting Tires.

It is said that tires can be kept tight on wheels without coming loose until they wear out, by soaking the felloes of the wheels in linseed oil, after the tires are put on, which is done in this way: Procure a cast iron box at some foundry, or a deep sheet iron pan of a length and depth suitable for the purpose, in which put the linseed oil, then place it over the fire till the oil is brought to a boiling heat, and no hotter, for if too hot it will burn the wood. The wheel should now be suspended on a stick, so that it will revolve and the felloes be immersed in the oil, each soaking an hour. The wood of which the felloes are made should be well seasoned and dry at the time of using, or it will absorb the oil; when the wood is prepared in this way it is impervious to water, and lasts much longer than it otherwise would. The above will not be likely to meet with favor from blacksmiths and wheelwrights, as it is for their interest, the one to reset tires, and the other to make repairs; but the farmer will readily perceive the advantages of adopting this method of preparing his wheels, which does away with the necessity for resetting the tires.—*Rural Amer.*

What the Weather will be next Winter.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Express:

What the weather is concerns us less than what it is going to be; yet, while columns of all the papers are devoted to the latter topic, nothing is said upon the former. Perhaps this is because few people like to be called by the name of seers, prophets, and the like, epithets that seem to savor a little of the uncomplimentary, and perhaps it is because there are few who think they can prognosticate what the weather will be for any considerable length of time in advance.

An admirable address of a gentleman from Pennsylvania, before the Agricultural Society of this State, at Utica, supports the idea that we are some time to know more about the weather in advance than we do, since it, like the motions of the planets, is governed by laws.

This is doubtless true, and the numerous observations made everywhere upon meteorology will assist in developing great truths in regard to the causes of weather, teaching of course, how to predict it.

In the hope of adding a mite to the treasury of knowledge, and because it is always in season to speak or write of the weather, and also to show that as in everything else, physiology will be a very useful hand-maid in prognosticating the weather. I propose to show why we may expect a cold winter this year. It will be a steady cold winter, not an open winter. Nor is this a mere probability: but it will and must be so.

1. The bees have stored but a small amount of honey. The bee is a hybernating creature viz: when the temperature is below a certain degree it becomes torpid, eating nothing; but when the weather is warmer it becomes lively and eats of its store. It follows that the more open the weather the more does the bee eat. Hence, if it should be open weather much of the time next winter, the bees would eat up all their store of honey and starve, or rather freeze to death; as the real office of the honey eaten by the bee is to keep it warm. In other words, the comb is the wood, coal, or fuel boxes of the bees. They use a very expensive fuel, if it be worth twenty-five to fifty cents per pound, so that it is cheaper to keep the bees where the temperature will average about 40 degrees, when they will be torpid all winter, and if properly ventilated do well—that is, come out healthy.

2. The bees have swarmed very much this summer, and this, taken in connection with the small amount of honey they have gathered, is very strongly indicative of steady cold weather the coming winter; for the young swarms could not survive the winter at all if it should be open.

How do the bees know what the weather will be? They do not, but the weather has been such that few flowers have grown, and those have but little honey. How then could they get much. But the weather has favored the production of substance from which the bees themselves could be grown, hence they have swarmed freely. It must be understood that a bee cannot be grown from honey—that is (as has been said) for fuel in keeping the bees warm; the bee bread is necessary for the nutrition of the bee.

It must have been noticed that great crops of grass and grains have grown this year, which do not, cannot grow in such springs and summers as favor the free production of honey in flowers. Now, in cold weather, the grass is needed by the cattle. They do not hybernate, but eat the more the colder the weather; their case being exactly the reverse to that of the bees.

When, then, the indications are so decided as they are this year, there need not be any hesitation in judging that the coming winter will be a continuously cold and long one, setting in early and holding late, and when it does close, an early and flowery spring will follow.

This matter is practical in very important ways. Those who have occasion to use canals should not have their goods upon them late in the season. A good supply of coal should be provided, as, if only the ordinary stock is brought to market, coal will be likely to be scarce towards spring. Hay will be, comparatively with other years, cheaper this fall and dearer in the spring,—not as dear as last spring but dearer compared with the previous falls. Cattle will be the reverse of dearer this fall, and probably no higher if as high in the spring.

The ice men will have plenty of time to get their houses filled.

The weather may or may not be excessively cold, but the question is of the continuous cold, which will be certain.

Compound Rating—being blown up by one's wife and her sister chiming in.

Sleeping Equality.

When we were in Alabama last month we were told by one of the parties named, the following story, which is published in the Enterprise (Miss.) *Star:*

The Rev. Mr. Talley, formerly of the Montgomery Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who is a "weak vessel," has been bought up by the emissaries of the Northern Methodist Church. In the ignorant zeal of a new convert, who of course, wished to render some service for his money, he went into the Summerville District, over which Dr. A. H. Mitchell presides, and began the propagation of the perfect equality doctrine among the colored people. This equality he carried beyond *beyond*, and as the legitimate result was lionized by the negroes.

An old gentleman of the white persuasion, residing in the neighborhood where this missionary of equality was laboring, saw proper to doubt Mr. Talley's sincerity, and told a favorite boy—an old-time house and body-servant, who had imbibed great confidence in Mr. Talley as a sincere equality man—that he had as well keep his money—if he intended to give Mr. Talley any—until he could test his sincerity. A new idea struck Jack. Mr. Talley was to stay all night at Jack's master's. When he retired to bed, Jack accompanied the reverend turncoat to his room and held him in a long conversation on the equality doctrine, until Mr. Talley was fully committed to it, and, thoroughly sleepy, he took off his coat ready for bed; so did Jack. Boots came next; so did Jack's ditto. "Look here, Jack, what are up to?" quoth Mr. Talley.

"Nuffin 'tall, sir. Ess going to be 'down to' somefin, dats all," replied Jack.

"What's that you are going to be 'down to?'" saith his reverence.

"Well, I'se goin' to bed wid you, dat's all dere is about it. I is jes as good as you is, accordin' to the Lord's gospel by you, and I is tired sleeping wid myself in de shuck-pen, so I is gwine to sleep wid you in master's bed," said Jack.

Mr. Talley took a deliberate, indignant survey of Jack from head to foot, slowly put on his clothes, went to the stables, bridled and saddled his horse, and left that ilk a sadder and a wiser man.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Refusal to Surrender J. Wilkes Booth's Baggage.

The Washington Express of Saturday evening has the following:

"At the time of the assassination John Wilkes Booth, as our readers are well aware, was stopping at the National Hotel, in this city. The morning following the commission of the crime the War Department seized what baggage he had in the hotel and examined it, but allowed it to remain, though ordering that it should not be delivered to any claimants. The proprietors of the hotel to-day received a letter from C. B. Bishop, the well-known commedian, who writes on behalf of Edwin Booth, who is now playing in Baltimore, in which he requests that his brother's trunk be forwarded to him, as the family are anxious to obtain possession of all of Wilkes Booth's effects. The letter states that Edwin Booth is prepared to pay whatever may be the amount of his brother's indebtedness to the hotel on presentation of the bill. The proprietors of the hotel took this letter to the War Department this morning, and requested permission to forward the trunk, but this request, we are informed, was positively refused."

Anecdote of the Revolution.

Colonel William Williams, a delegate in Congress from Connecticut, after having signed the Declaration of Independence, said to one of his companions:

"If we are defeated in our efforts for independence, this day's work will be a bad thing for me. I have held a commission in the rebel army; I have written for a rebel newspaper; I am the son-in-law of a rebel Governor, and now I affix my name to this rebel document. My sins are too great to be pardoned by our royal master. I must be hanged."

The other gentleman answered him as follows:

"I believe my case is not so desperate, for I have had no connection with the army, nor can it be proved that heretofore I have written or done anything obnoxious to the mother country."

Col. Williams immediately and promptly replied:

"Then, sir, you deserve to be hanged!"

☞ A young gentleman of Virginia has contrived a new way to kill time—a little pastime which he calls "fly-loo." This game, according to a Lynchburg paper, may be played by any reasonable number of persons. The players names are written on pieces of paper, and a lump of sugar on each. Then begins the eager excitement of waiting for a fly to light, and when it does so, the name of the player under the sugar which has attracted the fly, has to treat all around. A party of serious gentlemen sitting round a table, engaged in this innocent amusement, must be an interesting spectacle.

A Noble Reply.

It was a beautiful turn that was given by a great lady who being asked where her husband was when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hid him. This confession drew her before the King—Charles II.—who told her nothing but her discovering where her lord was could save her from torture. "And will that do?" "I give you my word for it." "Then," said she, "I have hid him in my heart; there and there alone, you'll find him."

☞ We take the following from the *Baltimore Episcopal Methodist* of last Saturday, with an extract from the editorial comments thereon:

The Carnival of Crime.

The fearful extent to which crime, of every shade, is bursting out all over the country, must have arrested the attention of the most careless observer. The special causes of this raging epidemic are probably of a somewhat complex character, but there is, perhaps, no one cause that exerts so wide and powerful an influence in stimulating this mania, as that growing out of our late civil war. Men grown familiar with, the sight of blood, have become indifferent to the sight of even innocent blood. The violence that storms over fields of carnage, has perpetuated and diffused itself over serener fields of social peace and domestic tranquility. Sons lift their hands against their fathers and imbrue their fingers in brothers' blood. Wives hack to pieces husbands, and husbands bury hatchets and axes in the brains of wives.—Daughters pour molten lead into the ears of dying mothers, and household domestics pierce with butcher knives their mistresses, inflicting as many mortal stabs as those under which Cæsar fell at the base of Pompey's statue. It is absolutely staggering to be perpetually confronted with such a catalogue of blood. It is a perfect muster-roll of slaughterings and poisonings, and almost literal drawings and quarterings, flared before our eyes. The fountains of domestic affection appear to be completely drying up. Fireside peace seems to be taking wings and flying to the uttermost ends of the earth. Sons are alienated from their fathers; wives elope from their husbands. A confusion worse than the wrangling tongues at the Tower of Babel seems to have smitten the community everywhere, and a wide-spread, raving diabolism appears in all directions to dominate the land. What can be the inciting cause of this overflowing harvest of crime? What great national sin have we committed? From what department of God's moral economy does this terrible chastening influence proceed? Have we committed sins in the face of high Heaven, and in the very sight of the Divine countenance? Have we challenged the judgments of the Almighty in our mad lust for wealth, and the glory of a distinguished name? We fear that some of these offences may be truly charged to our account, whatever influence they may have had in developing the present all-pervading insanity for the commission of crime.

Our abounding material prosperity seems to have sapped away, to a large extent, all the foundations of national moral life.—We have followed in the labyrinthine ways of frauds, and deceptions, and treacheries. Truth and honor and manly faith and noble integrity, seem to have lost their charm to fascinate. But the more immediate practical cause of this comprehensive criminal epidemic, is beyond all question, the late war from which the nation has so recently emerged. From that war has grown the mass of elopements that load, and of suicides that darken the columns of newspapers. From that war has grown the destructive assaults on life and property that are now rife thro' the land. Men accustomed for yours to deal with human life and property by the summary process of war, inevitably perpetuate, in multitudes of instances, the same contempt for the rights of both property and life, long after the war has formally ceased.

The habits of wholesale sacrifice contracted in war, are brought home to the quiet shades of domestic life. Conjugal alienations grow up during the war.—Meanwhile household alienations and jealousies sprout up and fill the same dread interval. Sons grow into disrespect for their fathers, and wives lose faith and confidence in their husbands. Here then we have just the combination of circumstances, especially auspicious for the production of the crimes to which we have been referring.

The prospect is sad in the extreme to contemplate, and calls for a remedy prompt and radical to arrest the fierce fanaticism. All that is good and pure and true and virtuous in the land, must combine in one compact mass, with locked shields, and confront the raging spirit with the whole unanimous moral power of the community. We know not that this remedy can prove effective, and perhaps the deep, distressing malady must be left, to be handled with efficiency only by the healing influence of time. But we are sure that no influence less than that above indicated, can produce any present permanent reform. The whole power of the community must be summoned to the rescue. The surviving virtue of the people must combine in one unanimous effort. They must set their faces in one solidified front against the whole riotous mob of crimes and vices, and then perhaps the fierce storm may be partially allayed. But nothing short of such an earnest, determined effort can reach the root of the disease. May God in His infinite clemency, inspire the public heart with this lofty resolution, and thereby save this nation from the consequences of their sins.—*N. Y. Police Gazette.*

Let the people of the South read the statement above, and be content with their relative condition. If sin, and shame, and despondency of virtue—if corruption in State, and Church, and Society—if a "carnival of crime" be the consequences of *victory*—better, a thousand times, eat the bitter fruit of *defeat*. Is there a Southern man or woman, who would take the wealth and political supremacy of the North, if with it must be taken its worldly and heartless Churches; its general insensibility to right and wrong; its cool indifference to outrages upon property and decency; its almost total loss of faith in the professions of men? Would a Southern woman exchange her beggared home for a Northern mansion, if the story told by New England Divorce Courts be known to her? Would a Southern man or woman exchange all outward conditions with the North, if character, fame and social condition must be exchanged too? Would they exchange the history of the last six years—the men of the war—the women of the war—the character of the war? How much gold could buy from the South the memory of Jackson? What amount of diamonds and fast horses, would induce the South to give the name of Robt. E. Lee to the North, and rob themselves of the possession of that great soldier, and greater gentleman? What amount of lace goods would equal the wealth of the memories and future legendary treasures of the noblest and sweetest women who ever shed radiance over ghastly scenes of civil war? What amount of marble Churches and theological schools and *soi disant* missionaries would compensate for the holy discipline of a people purified and strengthened in the furnace of fire, and so stripped of all things as to feel the heart laying bare to the touch of God? And, oh! what could pay a people to have forever fixed upon the tablet of their history, as the product of its deepest fermentation, such spirits as represent the patriotism, wisdom, purity, truth and military greatness of the North? Would the wealth of Boston pay a man to be obliged to recognize Butler, and Sumner, and Banks, as the representative characters of this trying time, and to have their words and exploits transmitted to his children as the best lessons from the Fathers? Is it hard not to have part in the present Congress? Is it a privation or possession, to be separated from all share and responsibility, in the wealth, and power, and corruption, and fearful degradation of the Northern part of our unhappy country, as these are depicted in its own chronicles? After all, where do we find happiness? Certainly where there is most heart. Where people most love and trust one another. Where poverty is not degradation. Where social position is not bought or sold for money. Where there is no curse of a political partisanship, which has taken the "*not*" out of the commandments and "put it into the Creed." Let not the Southern people repine at their share of the awful consequences of the war. Bitter and evil as the lot of the conquered, that of the conqueror is worse. Adversity is your trial; prosperity is theirs. You see what that is making them. Were you victorious it might have made you the same. Do not covet deceitful wealth and power, but "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on *these* things." They are the precious wealth of the poor—the uncovered riches of a land stripped of all else—God's compensation for earthly losses. *Think of these things.*

Instinct of the Pigeon.

Sir John Ross, the Arctic voyager, despatched a pair of young pigeons, on the 6th or 7th of October, 1850, from Assistance Bay, a little to the west of Wellington Sound, and on the 18th of October a pigeon made its appearance at the dovecote in Ayrshire from whence Sir John had the two pairs of pigeon which he took out.—The distance direct between the two places is about two thousand miles! The dovecote was under repair at this time, and the pigeons belonging to it had been removed; but the servants of the houses were struck with the appearance and motions of this stranger. After a short stay, it went to the pigeon-house of a neighboring proprietor when it was caught and sent back to the lady who originally owned it.—She at once recognized it as one of those which she had given to Sir John Ross; but to put the matter to the test, it was carried into the pigeon-house, when, out of the many niches, it directly went to the one in which it had been hatched. No doubt remained in the mind of the lady of the identity of the bird. By what extraordinary power did this interesting bird find its way, and by what route did it come?

Declivity of Rivers.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1,800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea, and to fall these 800 feet in the long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only only 500 feet in all that distance—above the commencement of the 1,000 miles it is seen in descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by force of wind alone—that is to say, which on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.

WORSE FOR CORRECTION.—An editor, in a complimentary notice of a valiant General, was made, by the omission of a single letter, to call him a 'battle-scared' veteran. The poor man hastened to make amends in his next issue by saying he meant "battle-scarred," but the compositor put it 'bottle-scarred.'

We cannot censure a man in business who does not advertise if he has nothing worth advertising.

Young ladies say the new 'cocoanut' waterfalls, are just the thing to wear with a 'gourd' dress.

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