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THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXXI---NO. 43. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1610.

W. M. KENNARD & CO.,

FOR THE PRESENT AT

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WILMINGTON, DEL.,

OFFER THE FOLLOWING GOODS FOR

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Black Silks, 1 37 1-2.
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ALL KINDS,
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Every Variety.
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Feb 10, 1872—tf

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Airy enough to keep them pure!

Comomdious enough to give room for all who come to examine them!

THESE ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE

NEW GLASS-FRONT STORE,

INTO WHICH

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HAS REMOVED. Within it are kept and displayed to rare advantage and sold at Prices that will please all, the most complete stock of

DRY GOODS,
WHITE GOODS,
NOTIONS & TRIMMINGS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS,
QUEENSWARE,
STATIONERY, &C.

TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

☞ Don't fail to examine for yourselves.

Jan 27, 1872

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

MARTIN

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RISING SUN, MD.

Feb 10—

Kennett Square Academy and Seminary,

CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

Terms, $4.25 to $4.75 per week. No extras.

SHORTLIDGE & NORRIS.

Jan 27, 1872—tf

DOES MY LOVED ONE DREAM OF ME?

BY GRACE GLENN.

Twilight breezes, toying idly
Where the willow branches sway,
Where the blushing roses listen
To the tender words ye say;
Hasten hence on wings of gladness,
Where my love her hope doth sing,
When ye learn its precious burden,
Back to me the echoes bring.
Higher still, I ween, and dearer
Will the notes of angels be,
If the songs they sing of mortals
Mingle with my love's of me.

While the summer day is sleeping
In the cradle of the sky,
And the starry host are keeping
All untiring watch on high,
Go, ye moonbeams, where this even
Bows my love on bended knee;
Come and tell me, then, if ever
Move her lips in prayer for me.
Brighter, dearer, purer, nearer,
Must the prayers of angels be,
If they bear to heaven's portals
Mine for her and hers for me.

When the heavy wing of slumber
Hovers o'er the weary world,
And the gates that ope to dreamland,
On their hinges back are hurled;
When the image that is nearest
To the heart is first to see,
While of her I'm fondly dreaming,
Does my loved one dream of me?
Close above her, in that dreamland,
Would some watchful one might be,
Who would tell me if her holy
Purest dreams are aye of me.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.

CONCLUDED.

We shook hands and he was gone. I got a fly, and was presently driving out to Tumbrill, some four miles away. As we rolled on I felt a sort of elation, for everything now promised exceedingly well. I felt, too, in the vein to make use of such gifts as I possessed. We soon reached the place, a handsome but new edifice, with a lawn, but not very far from the roadside, and the grass, trees, &c., seemed only a few years old. It was near dinner time when I entered, and I was received at the door in the most cordial manner by Mr. Tumbrill.

"Delighted to see you," he said. "Welcome to this unpretending, but, I hope, not unrefined mansion. Go into the drawing-room and pay your respects to Mabel,—she said she was sure it was your fly,—and then to dress. We have only Sir Thomas and Lady Loftus, General and Mrs. Major-ibanks, and Featherstone, of the Guards—Lord Featherstone's, you know." I understood him, for this "you know" is a sort of pedigree form of expression, meaning intimate connection with a person of high rank, though it has also a happy indefiniteness. "Lord so and so, you know," signifying either nephew, cousin, or the faintest connection.

I went into the drawing-room and paid my respects to Miss Mabel Tumbrill, who received me most graciously, then hurried off to dress for dinner. At that meal I found Sir Thomas and Lady Loftus, the General and his wife, and also "Lord Featherstone's, you know"—a forward, almost impudent fellow, of the most astonishing assurance. In ten minutes I saw plainly that he had the most daring aims, and that he was an open candidate for my heiress! He had no refinement, could only talk of horses and hounds, and make rude open-air jokes. So far I had an advantage over him; yet still I felt a certain depression. Mabel herself was flattered by his bold attentions, but, I could see, turned, after all, to the man of cultivation and refinement. I made desperate exertions, and had some success. Her father was on my side. He brought forward Lord Sillopes again and again. Still the forwardness of the other, and his blunt way of talking, which nothing would put down, were all against me. But, at breakfast the next morning, my good luck laid a little pitfall for him into which he fell. We were all talking of expense, and of some man known as a great squanderer.

"Oh, he has run through every thing," said Mr. Featherstone. "The most reckless creature you ever heard of. I was with him the other morning, and what do you suppose he did? A new coat came home, and the tailor who brought it, (Toole himself, a great compliment,) actually put it on to show how it fitted. The other really declined to take it, and insisted on another being made. I never saw a man so wounded as Toole was."

I instantly saw my advantage. "He was quite right," I said; "I admire him for it. It showed a delicacy of mind, and that he knew what was due to his high caste."

"It was rubbish and nonsense," he said. "What harm did it do the coat? I would have worn it, and taken it at half price on the spot."

The look of disgust on her face showed me that his business was finished on the spot.

"I agree with you, Mr. Quentin," she said, "and I think Mr. Featherstone cannot be serious. The idea is odious."

Nothing would put down Featherstone. He affected to ridicule me; but it would not do. I had dislodged him by the adroit *coup*. All that day I spent with her. She seemed to look at me with eyes of a sort of tender romance and a strange interest. She said, about five o'clock, in a strange meaning, that "she had began to think that I was the only one in the wide world that had yet succeeded in understanding her.—This was encouragement indeed! Why did I not speak on the moment? she seemed to expect it. Why indeed! it was all my unlucky luck. I put it off till the night—after dinner, in the drawing-room. Fool!

At dinner there was a large party, from the neighborhood, sixteen, and I sat beside her. She was so gracious, so soft, so encourageing, I began to think I would anticipate, and do it then. The miserable Featherstone was distanced, though I don't think he knew why. He carried it off with an air of unconcern. She spoke of him. "Your noble words," she said, "quite delighted me. I knew I should like you from the first; and I feel that I shall like you better. Of that man I had formed a good, a high opinion; yet you see how the earthy spirit came out. He will never be able to restore himself in my opinion. Since I have known you, I have heard not a single word that was not lofty and even chivalrous." Why did I not speak then? Some infatuation made me put it off.

Mr. Tumbrill, I could hear, was "airing Lord Sillopes," giving me at the same time a corresponding ventilation. Sir Thomas had met him once—others had heard of him; attention was concentrated on my humble self. My opinion was demanded on various points of politics, law, social economy, books and what not, and respectfully listened to. It was indeed, an hour of triumph. I gave even little disquisitions and reflections on things in general.

"It is astonishing," I said, "how intelligence is diffused, and how the stiff barriers of intercourse are every day being broken down. Just as a little instance, I may mention what happened to myself coming along home in the railway. I was fortunate enough to meet a quiet intelligent looking, gentleman who seemed a barrister in good practice, or even a member of Parliament. We fell into conversation, and of all the men I have ever met, I have never found one so acute, or so dryly sarcastic in his views. I never was so entertained. I never saw him before, and, I suppose, shall never see him again."

They were all interested.

"Most curious," said Sir Thomas.

"How interesting!" said Mrs. Major-ibanks.

"And why not?" asked the General.

"Well, he refused to give me his card, saying as much as that he did not want to be known. He said his name was Robinson, but that was, of course, a fictitious name."

Featherstone laughed loudly. "Nothing so fictitious as I have reason to know," he said.

"No," I said, without taking any notice of his remarks, "I have never seen him before, and shall never see him again."

The party, as I have said, was a large one, and, to make the attendance more efficient, the several valets, &c., of those staying in the house were enrolled as attendants. Looking round on the company as I made this remark, my eyes suddenly fell on the face and figure. I was so taken back, I gave a start that was evident to all. Never see him again? Why, there, behind the chairs, with a quiet, grave face, and a white tie, stood the being who had traveled with me in the railway! To say that I started from my chair, or was astonished, was nothing. I was aghast! And, forgetting to speak or finish the sentence, with all the company waiting, I sat agape, with my eyes fixed on his face. Featherstone was the first to understand. He looked round sharply at his man, then at me, with a sudden smile.

"You are not well, my dear Quenton," said the host. Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing," I said, with a ghastly laugh. "I am tired; I was not well this morning."

The miserable Featherstone enjoyed my position—revelled in it. He even said, maliciously, "I can fancy I can understand what is the matter."

There was a little curiosity and surprise on *her* face. She thought I was odd, no doubt. I made this impression worse by my abstraction and confusion during the rest of dinner, for I was thinking what was I to do.

At last the ladies went away. As yet she could know nothing for certain, though she might guess. When the wine had been taken, and we rose to join the ladies, my resolution was formed—a desperate one. I stole away to my own room, and hastily rang the bell. I told the man that answered it to ask Mr. Featherstone's servant to come to me. That person soon presented himself. He entered respectfully, but with the same perfect air of equality.

"We meet again," I said, with an affectation of cordiality. "How curious, isn't it? But you never told me that you were—er—attached to Mr. Featherstone, or engaged in those duties—"

He answered I was not called on to do so. You sent for me I think?

"It is really like a play," I went on.—"But you heard how I spoke of you; and I assure you my opinion is not in the least exaggerated." He bowed again. "Now," I went on confidentially, "you keep your reserve with me. I will deal quite frankly with you. I should not like the fact of my mistake to get abroad. There is no necessity for it. People are so malicious, and so fond of having a laugh." He bowed again. "People are malicious, and fond of a laugh, no doubt. Well," I said, "this is to be a secret between us. Promise me. There is a trifle—all I can spare"—(I could spare none of it,) and I tried to put half a sovereign into his hand.

He drew back—

"Pray don't, Sir—no need of that—the matter is a mere trifle. The truth is, it has been mentioned. You see, you did not scruple to mention it at dinner; why should I scruple to mention it below stairs? I did so when I saw you had violated our implied confidence."

"But to your master I mean! Then, do take this—oblige me?"

"Please don't offer me money. No; you magnify a mere trifle. Believe me, the best way is to leave the thing as it is."—And he made a final bow, and left me.

I was in despair. There was nothing for it but to go down again and face the company. There I found Featherstone in the ascendant. He was proposing small plays. He was riotous.

"Come," he said, "let us put our friend here on the stool of repentance, and submit him to a severe and searching cross-examination. Come, sir, prepare to amuse the ladies. Do you hesitate? I should like to examine you about your travels? eh, Mr. Quenton!"

I had to bear with this insolence, and was put through all the stages of the odious game.

Burning with anger at the ridiculous figure I was made to cut, when my turn came, I was ready to make an example of him. But, as I began with fury, he coolly took his seat and said, "Now, take care that you behave—or—"

It was evident that he was going to keep this hanging over my head like a sword of Damocles. The only chance for me was to be quick, and strike that very night, before he had time to attack.

She was still interested in me, and, at the first opportunity, I said to her, "I must go to-morrow."

"Go to-morrow?" she said, "And why? You were to stay a fortnight. We have offended you? I saw it at dinner."

"No, no, no. Not *you*.

"But surely you don't mind that Mr. Featherstone and his jokes——. But that is only his fun."

"Yes," I said as a sudden inspiration came upon me, "I do mind him because others mind him. I cannot endure to see him preferred. But that is nothing, so I had better go."

"If that be the reason, we can easily remove it. If I assure you or can show you that there is no such preference, either on father's side or on mine——"

"Ah! if you will show me that."

"You shall see," she said. I find you are of a jealous turn."

At this moment came up Featherstone, full of his "horse" spirits. He wanted some other piece of fooling to be set on foot. It was delightful to see how she set him down—withered him with coldness.—She was a curious girl, and I firmly believe liked me; only for——. But I must hurry on. He saw my look of triumph, but said, "Oh! very well." He was really taken back by the firm position I held with her. Why did I not finish all that night! A bold, dashing charge at the galop, and all would have been well. But I was afraid of the ridicule from the suddenness, and so I foolishly deferred it until the day following.

I went to bed full of hope. No one could have received such marked encouragement; and, as for that little business in the railway, my fears had magnified it.—Featherstone was cowed; he felt that my position was too assured to be worth disturbing. As we broke up for the night, she gave me a strong look of interest.—Why did I not do what I intended?

The next morning I came down to breakfast full of spirits. The table was crowded Mr. Featherstone was rather dull, but, as he took his place, he cast at me a look of indescribable insolence. Mr. Tumbrill was looking over his letters and papers. "The shares of our line here have gone up six this week and are still going up. I wish I had more of them."

"Now, I suppose," said Featherstone, "that you lose a good deal of money by people travelling with a ticket of a higher class than that for which they have paid?"

"No doubt," said the other. "And, I dare say, by gentlemen of a saving turn taking second-class tickets who ought to travel first."

Miss Tumbrill said with great scorn: "You cannot call them gentlemen!"

"Hush," said he, "you musn't say that."

I felt myself coloring all over.

"I do say it," she said; "words could not convey the contempt I should feel at such meanness. A person who could so degrade his caste should remain second-class all his life, and not be allowed to rise again."

"Good gracious! you are only joking, eh—Oh, I know you are. At any rate, I must tell a little adventure of our friend there, and which is so funny that I know you will forgive him."

"Pray don't. I beg—I implore," I faltered. "Oh, this is mean and shabby—I know your object too——"

"Object, Mr. Quentin! What would you insinuate? After this I am bound to tell it, and Miss Tumbrill will see if I have any object but that of making her laugh. I am afraid it is you who have the object, who were trying to tamper with my man last night, only you did't succeed in getting him over."

"How very strange all this is," said Miss Tumbrill, looking round at me suspiciously. "this is all very serious."

"O, let him go on and tell it all. I still say it's most unworthy. I'm not the first that has traveled second-class in the world, I suppose?"

"My good friend you are making too serious a business of it all. I am only amused at the mistake you made, which I really think ought to be sent to Madison Morton for his next farce. My man told it all to me this morning. You must know Miss Tumbrill, my servant was the sagacious man of the world our friend here was telling us of at dinner yesterday. He only arrived here last night."

There was a loud peal of laughter. But in a low voice of scorn she said to me.—"And you travel in low, second class carriages, talk with valets, and take them for gentlemen. No wonder you fall into such mistakes."

"Really," said her father, "this is most singlar, Mr. Quentin. You should give up such modes of travelling. It's levelling—lowers one's caste and derogates. I am rather surprised Mr. Quentin. If Lord Sillopes were to hear of this——"

I did not mind what he said, though after breakfast he took me aside "to remonstrate formally," he said, "against degrading his establishment. It would be talked of in the neighborhood, and bring discredit on him. He hoped I would give up the practice, at all events, while doing him the honor of being a guest. It was only a few shillings——"

But for Mabel, she never spoke to me again. I really think she looked on me as a sort of contaminated thing. I left the same afternoon, and within six weeks she was married to Mr. Featherstone.

London Society.

THE DEAD SEA.

Being without an outlet, evaporation is the only escape of the water pouring into it by the river Jordon and some other streams. Each brings into that extraordinary reservoir, which is a depression in the earth's crust thirteen hundred feet below the water level of the Mediterranean, an immense mass of materials which must at ast fill it up, when the Jordon will then run on beyond and find an outlet to the sea, if the world remains in its present physical form long enough.

The Jordan wafts down ninety cubic yards of water every second. Each day it carries in six and a half bushels of salt, liberated from rocks on its passage, in each ninety cubic yards. Therefore that dreadfully salt, bitter reservoir has nearly reaced the point of saturation.

When no more salt can be dissolved, then it will accumulate on the irregular bottom till it reaches quite near the present surface. Its future will have quite as much intrest for coming ages as its past history.

TRUFFLES.—Few of us know much of truffles, save as a rather expensive delicacy. Truffles, it seems, generally grow in a sort of semi-circle, something in the same way as champignons. The best place wherein to hunt for them are young oak plantations, where your truffles are found just under the surface of the earth. In some parts of France, they grow in abundance at the foot of fir-trees, and not unfrequently even in common gardens. As the annual gathering season comes around, the truffle-hunters, who lease of the proprietors of the woods the right to dig for these delicacies, commence their operations. To discover the whereabouts of the truffles, small dogs, trained for the purpose, are used. The education of dogs consist in hiding under the soil a wooden shoe filled with earth, and containing a piece of truffle and a piece of bacon. The smell of the latter attracts them, and causes them to scratch open the shoe to get at the morsel of food. By degrees they confound the two scents, and cannot perceive that of a truffle without thinking of the bacon, and digging up the earth. A hundred francs is about the price of a good truffle-dog. Dogs of the sporting breed are never trained for the purpose, as they would be liable to hunt game instead of truffles, if the former happened to fall in their way. When the trained dog comes on the scent, the truffle hunter proceeds to hoe up the ground pointed out by the animal as the bed of the truffles. In the south of France, a certain species of lank, lean pigs are trained and employed in the same manner as the dogs in the more northern districts.—*Once a Week.*

THE ANNE ARUNDEL ELECTION CASES.

The recent trials, in the U. S. Circuit Court in Baltimore, of one of the Registers of Voters of Anne Arundel county, in this State, and of several other citizens of that county indicted together, as they have been reported in the Baltimore dailies, have attracted, we presume, as they deserve, very general attention; and inasmuch as the results reached in these cases are of very great consequence to all classes of citizens in the State, and indicate very plainly the remedy for wrongs perpetrated heretofore, it is to be feared, very generally throughout the State against one class of citizens, we have deemed it proper to make a sort of *resume* of them for the benefit of whom it may concern.

George W. Murdock, a Register of Voters for the Sixth District of Anne Arundel county, in 1870 and 1871, was indicted by the Grand Jury of the U. S. District Court for the District of Maryland, under the act of Congress approved May 31, 1870, known as "The Enforcement Act." The indictment charged that said Register, in the registration of 1871, unlawfully did refuse and knowingly omit to give full effect to the second section of the aforesaid act of Congress, entitled an act to enforce the right of citizens of the United States to vote in the several States of the Union, &c., by refusing and knowingly omitting to give the same and equal opportunity to a number of citizens of the United States of African descent, as to other citizens of the United States, to register.

Judges Giles and Bond were on the Bench, and the United States was represented by Archibald Sterling, U. S. District Attorney, assisted by Geo. C. Maund, Esq.

The Register was ably defended by Hon. A. K. Syester, Attorney General of the State; ex-Judge Tuck, Milton Whitney and W. F. Tucker, Esqs.; some or all of whom were appointed for the purpose by Governor Whyte, in pursuance of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at its late session. The Jury empannelled to try the case was composed of citizens of Baltimore city, Baltimore, Anne Arundel, Cecil, Carroll. Frederick, Harford and Washington counties,—James S. Crawford, of Elkton, being the Cecil county member.

In the opening of the case the counsel for the traverser filed a demurrer in the indictment, which, as it is answered in the following opinion of the Court, we omit for want of space.

The Court in overruling the demurrer said:

"It is the opinion of the Court that the demurrer must be overruled. In general it is sufficient in cases of misdemeanor to set forth the offence in the words of the act of Congress under which the indictment is drawn. This has been done in this instance. The indictment first alleges that the traverser was an officer of Registration under a particular statute of Maryland which creates that office and defines its duties, and that being such officer he was bound to give each citizen of the United States the same and equal opportunity to comply with the laws of Maryland defining the qualification of voters, and the charges that he refused and knowingly omitted so to do. It is objected, however, that the indictment does not allege that the person who was refused this equal opportunity was a qualified voter. This, we think, is not necessary. He was a citizen of the United States, and is so alleged to be, and as such had a right to make application to the traverser and offer to comply with the law of Maryland, and the traverser was bound to give him the same and equal opportunity with every other citizen so to do.

"It was within the judgment of the Register to refuse to register the applicant after his application, provided the refusal was in good faith, but the citizen was entitled to the opportunity to qualify himself to vote.

"So far as the appropriateness of the act of Congress with reference to the purpose of enforcing the Fifteenth Amendment is concerned we think it is not a matter for the consideration of the Court, but is wholly within the determination of Congress.

"If the act of Congress made in pursuance of the constitutional provision seems to the Court to tend in any manner to enforce that provision it will not express an opinion upon its constitutionality by reason of any argument to show its inefficiency for the purpose of its greater or less propriety."

From the testimony produced in the case we extract the following from the reports of the trial in the daily papers, the statements of the witnesses named not having been refuted by any testimony produced on the part of the traverser, and being fully sustained by other white testimony of the most reputable character:

Richard Miles was then sworn, and testified that he had lived in Annapolis for nearly three years; that he had applied to Mr. Murdoch in 1870 to be registered at his (Mr. M's.) office on Main street; that he told him that he had lived in Annapolis fourteen months, and had been discharged from employment in the Naval Academy within four months past; that Mr. Murdoch refused to register him; that he had applied to him again in September, 1871; then Mr. Murdoch asked him if he had anybody in Annapolis who could vouch for his age; he answered he had not and went to Virginia, where his mother was, to obtain evidence as to his age.

The witness was then shown several papers, and identified them as those he had obtained in Virginia. He further testified that he had told Mr. Murdoch under oath that he was born in Staunton, Va.; had resided four years in Maryland and about two years in Annapolis, and was then over 21 years of age.

Mr. Sterling then called the attention of the jury to the following entry, which was upon one of the registration books:

"Richard Miles, age 22; born at Staunton, Va.; resided in Anne Arundel county three years; cause of disqualification, did not satisfy Register of his age (non age.")

Mr. Whitney objected to the books, but the Court overruled the objection.

Miles then further testified that he offered to vote at the election in November, 1871, but did not, because his vote was objected to on account of his name not being on the registry list.

Mr. John G. Taylor testified that he was a Collector of Customs, and lived in Annapolis; that he had been handed the papers as to Miles' age by his (Miles') wife at the office of the Register on the last day of registration in October, 1871, and had shown them to Mr. Murdoch, and afterwards given them to Mr. N. Brewer.

Mr. Nicholas Brewer of N., then testified that the papers shown him were those which had been given him by Mr. Taylor, and that he had seen Mr. Taylor offer them to Mr. Murdoch.

Mr. Taylor was then re-called and testified that Mr. Murdoch had looked at the papers but refused to register Miles then because he was not present, and that Miles did not get back to Annapolis before that night or the next day.

Mr. Stirling then read the papers to the jury (they were an affidavit as to Miles' age made by his mother before Wm. G. St. Clair, a justice of the Peace of Amelia county, Virginia, properly certified to by the Clerk of the county, and a similar one made by Mr. Robert W. Powers, before Mr. A. Moise, a Notary Public of Richmond, properly certified to by the Clerk of the Hastings Court.)

Philip Ijams testified that he had lived twenty years in Annapolis and had voted twice in that city; he was registered last fall a year; he did not vote last fall because his name had been stricken from the list; the list was posted up and a friend of his saw it and told him that his name did not appear; "Ijams, you are not a citizen any longer," said the friend; the witness filed an application through Mr. Brewer to have his name put back, but it was not done; the witness had known Mr. Murdoch (the Register) for many years; he had no notice that his name had been stricken off till his friend told him.

On cross-examination the witness said he had a brother named Rezin Ijams, who lived in Annapolis; he was old enough to vote, he went to Washington and died there; his death occurred before the name of the witness was stricken off the list.

Henry Lowery, colored, testified that he was twenty-four years of age, and had lived in Annapolis all his life; he and his sister keep house on Doctor street. [Here the counsel for defence raised the point that under the indictment no evidence was admissable except that which related to the act of registration. For corruptly striking off a voter's name the party must be indicted under the fourth section of the Enforcement act, whereas this indictment was under the second section. The Court overruled the point, and the witness proceeded.] He first discovered that his name had been stricken off on the morning of the Election; he had not removed from the city or changed his residence; he had known Mr. Murdoch for twenty years. The witness is a waiter, and was employed at the Naval School at the time of the election.

This witness was interrogated as to his acquaintance with Edward Carr, now deceased. He lived in Annapolis with his family and had not removed from there up to the time of his death.

On cross-examination the witness stated that he had gone on a cruise and was absent about three months; it was the mid-shipmen's practice cruise; he was steward.

Mr. John G. Taylor further states in his testimony that he knew Philip Ijams and Henry Lowery and that they had resided in Annapolis several years before the registration of 1871.

Mr. Stirling read to the jury a printed list of the names which Mr. Murdoch had stricken from the registration books on the 23d and 24th of October, 1871, and Mr. Taylor testified that it had not been circulated until after the 24th.

He further testified that he had given Mr. Murdoch a large list of the names of persons who were either dead or had removed from Annapolis, and had asked him to strike them from the books, but that he struck off but few of them.

Dr. Washington G. Tuck testified that he had given Mr. Murdoch in September last a list of twenty or twenty-five names of parties who had removed from Annapolis, with the names of witnesses who could testify as to their removal, and it was his impression that Mr. Murdoch had only stricken two or three of them off the lists, and that this was done on the last day of the registration; that as a Republican Superintendent of Registration he was in the office all the time, and did not know until seeing the published list that names had been stricken off.

Mr. Brewer was then recalled and testified that he had known Mr. Murdoch from a boy, and remembered that he (Mr. M.) had acted as Register in the fall of 1870 and in the fall of 1871; that in September 1871. Judge Miller had said in the hearing of Mr. Murdoch in Court that, although those parties who should be stricken from the list on the last days of registration could have the right of appeal to the Court, yet the Court could not act upon their cases in time to give them the right to vote at the election, and had said to Mr. Murdoch that he thought the last days upon which the registers were to sit were merely intended for the correction of the lists, and that he (Murdoch) should not strike any one off the list, except in cases where he had perfectly clear proof.

Mr. Brewer further testified to having lived in Annapolis nearly all his life, and to the fact of a number of those stricken off the books by Mr. Murdoch being known to him as residents of Annapolis at the time, and that most of them were parties very well known in Annapolis, particularly to the politicians, most of whom had lists of all the voters.

We are informed by Mr. Crawford, one of the jurors in this case, that it was also in proof in the case, derived from witnesses on the part of the defence, that the information of the removal of most of the colored men stricken off by the Register on the last day of registration (24th of October) was furnished the Register by members of his party before the first session of the Register in September of that year, and that with reference to the requirement of the Register in the case of Miles, that he should be present in person upon the presentation of the certificate as to his age, as stated above in his testimony and that of Messrs. Taylor and Brewer, it was proven by Judge Tuck, one of the Traverser's witnesses, that such a requirement was not made in the case of the Judge's son which was precisely a similar one, the Judge's testimony as to his son's age, given on the street outside of the Register's office and when not in session for the purpose of registration, being taken as conclusive and final on that point.

We have purposely omitted all the testimony in the cases of other colored men stricken off, for the reason that the traverser's witnesses, in their testimony as to some of these parties, threw some doubt upon the allegation of want of goot faith charged against the Register.

The case of Miles, Ijams and Lowery, however, are clearly sufficient on the testimony, standing uncontradicted as it did, to sustain the indictment.

It should be stated in this connection that the intimation sought to be made by the traverser in his cross-examination of Philips Ijams as to his brother Resin Ijams, viz: that Philip's might have been stricken off inadvertently instead of his brother Resin, was fully met and refuted, to the great disadvantage of the traverser, by the Registry book itself (in proof in the case) which showed that both names were stricken off.

After the defence concluded their testimony, which was mainly directed to show information received from other parties as to the non-residence of several of the colored witnesses and other colored men stricken from the list, and to establish a reputation for honesty for the traverser, the counsel for the defence submitted a number of prayers to the Court, the following being granted:

1. If the jury find that the parties, or either of them named in the indictment, by means of an erroneous judgment or determination of the traverser were not furnished with the same and equal opportunities enjoyed by others to become registered voters, they cannot, on that account, find him guilty under this indictment, but the jury must further believe that such error of judgment or determination was willful and knowingly made with intent to deprive them of the same and equal opportunities to become registered voters.

2. If the jury find that the traverser executed the duties of his office in good faith, according to his understanding of its true intent and meaning, he is not answerable under this indictment, even though they find that thereby any or all the parties named in the indictment were deprived of the same, and equal opportunities enjoyed by others to become registered voters.

3. In order to a conviction in this case, so far as it regards these parties whose names were stricken from the registered book, it is necessary that the jury shall find from the evidence that some one or more of the said parties were qualified electors of this State, entitled under the law to be registered as a voter in and for the Sixth Election District of Anne Arundel county.

4. If by reason of any act or the conduct of the traverser any or all the parties named in the indictment did not enjoy the same and equal opportunities to become registered voters that were enjoyed by others, nevertheless he is not answerable in this case unless the jury believe from the evidence that such act or conduct was done with intent to deprive such parties of the same and equal opportunities that were enjoyed by others.

The case was then given to the Jury with instructions to hand in a sealed verdict, which they did on the following morning, finding a verdict of guilty.

A motion for a new trial in this case was made and argued by Mr. Tucker, on Friday last, and was overruled by the Court which then sentenced the Register to a fine of $500, and the payment of costs (about $400,) remitting the imprisonment provided for in the act of Congress.

The other case tried we will report in our next issue.

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CHARING CROSS.

There is a tradition that Charing was so named by Edward I in memory of his "chereceine," his dear Queen Eleanor, whose corpse rested here for the night on its way from Lincoln to Westminister.—The real derivation is cere, Anglo-Saxon for bend; and ing, Anglo-Saxon for meadow. Charing is, therefore, the meadow at the river, for just there the river makes a great turn southward. In 1260, a chronicler talkes of "the village of Charing."

There were ten Eleanor crosses in England; of these three only now remain.—That at Charing is supposed to have been the most costly. It was octagonal, built of the fine grained Caen stone, with Purbeck marble steps, and eight gilt metal figures, and rising with pinnical above pinnacle, like a petrified fountain. It was long supposed that Pietro Cavallini, a contemporary and assistant of Giotto, designed the cross, but it is now known to have been the work of Masters Richard and Roger de-Crundale, who received for their labor some £500 7s. 5d. William Morel, a London goldsmith, modelled the figures, which were carved by one Alexander, of Abingdon. On Queen Eleanor's tomb in Westminister Abbey, executed by the afornamed Torel, £1700 were expended. The cross now in the court-yard of the Chariug Cross Station was the work of Mr. E. M. Barry, A. R. A., who put together the details with care from the three rude drawings which are the only extant records of the old memorial. It is, however, spoiled and drawfed by being placed so near a lofty and huge building. The old cross was pulled down by the Puritans in 1647, and it took the Roundheads three months to destroy it. Some of the stones went to form a pavement before Whitehall, while others were sold to antiquaries to make knife-handles. The site remained vacant thirty-one years. The statue of Charles I, at Charing Cross, was erected in 1674, fourteen years after the Restoration. The statue, cast by Le Soeur as early as 1633, had suffered as many vicissitudes as the exiled menarch who raised it as a memorial of the father whom he disgraced. From a document in the State Paper Office, it has been discovered that it was originally ordered by Lord Treasurer Weston, afterwards Earl of Portland, a proud and mean courtier, of whom Clarendon has left a darktinted portrait, for his gardens at Roehampton. But no flowers were to bud and bloom around that pedestal, and in no quiet bocage of rose and honeysuole was it to sun itself. Instead of standing in the quiet garden where the only sounds were the splash of fountain and the song of bird, the statue was to be the centre of the rush and roar of a great city, and after being buried by erafty Royalists for many years, came to Charing Cross to stare steadfastly for centuries at that fatal window of the Whitehall banqnetinghouse.

All the Year Round.

Anecdotes of Marshal Suvoroff.

The stories told of Marshal Suvoroff display, better than whole pages of discription, the wonderful way in which he contrived to adapt himself to the rude spirits with whom he had to deal, without losing one jot of his authority. The old Marshal more than once met with his match. One of his favorite jokes was to confuse a man by asking him unexpectedly: "How many stars are there in the sky?"

On one occasion he put this question to one of his sentries, on a bitter January night, such as only Russia can produce. The soldier, not a whit disturbed, answered coolly, "Wait a little and I'll tell you;" and he deliberately began to count, "One, two, three," etc. In this way he went gravely on to a hundred, at which point Suvoroff, who was already half frozen, thought it high time to ride off, not, however, without inquiring the name of this ready reckoner. The next day the latter found himself promoted, and the story (which Suvoroff told with great glee to his staff) speedly made its way through the whole army.

On another occasion, one of his generals, of division sent him a sargent with dispatches, at the same time recommending the bearer to Suvoroff's notice, The Marshal, as usual, proceeded to test him by a series of whimsical questions, but the cadet-chumen was equal to the occasion.

"How far is it to the moon?" asked Suvoroff.

"Two of your Excellency's forced marches," answered the sargent.

"If your men began to give way in a battle, what would you do?"

"I'd tell them that just behind the enemy's line there was a wagon-load of cornbrandy."

"Suppose you were blockaded, and you had no provisions left, how would you supply yourself?"

"From the enemy."

"How many fish are there in the sea?"

"As many as have not yet been caught."

And so the examination went