The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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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 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, Six Dollars: One Year, Ten 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.

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Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,
☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

COUGH NO MORE. **DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM** is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

CURE for PILES. **DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY** has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

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PROSPECTUS OF
The Cosmopolite.

ON the first of January we commenced the publication in the City of Baltimore of a

MONTHLY LITERARY MAGAZINE.

There is no publication of this character now issued South of New York City, and the closing of the war has left a large portion of the people of the country with no literary representative.

The COSMOPOLITE will be devoted to Literature, Art, Review, Scientific Papers and General Reading, and we shall number among its contributors some of the first literary men of the South, with others from the North and from London and Paris.

All matter not original will be carefully selected from the newest and best of the English, French and German publications; and its Editors will spare no effort or expense to make it rank with the *very first* Magazines of the country.

As its name imports, we have established THE COSMOPOLITE upon no sectional basis. We hope to make it the organ of general literature alone, and will be uninfluenced by any party or clique whatever.

It will be mailed to subscribers in any part of the country upon receipt of the following

SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copies, for one year,	$ 4 00
Five " " " "	18 00
Ten " " " "	33 00

THE COSMOPOLITE will be generally distributed among the Merchants and Planters of the South, and we will add, for their information, a few advertisements, at moderate rates. Liberal deductions will be made to booksellers and news dealers. Address

DE LEON & CO.,
P. O. Box 226, Baltimore, Md.
January 20, 1866.

WALTER T. HURTT,
PRACTICAL
HAT AND CAP
MANUFACTURER
AND DEALER IN STRAW GOODS,
No. 38 N. Green Street,
BALTIMORE,
Offers inducements to the Citizens and Merchants of Kent and the adjoining counties. Call and examine our stock.
September 23, 1865—6m

SUGAR and BREAD BOXES for sale by
May 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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

WILLIAM TOMLINSON, WILLIAM P. FRANCIS, WILLIAM T. TOMLINSON.
TOMLINSON & FRANCIS,
Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN, LIVE STOCK, and *Country Produce generally,*
No. 96 Light Street Wharf.
☞ Orders for Groceries, Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise, promptly filled.
Baltimore, November 4, 1865—Y.

V. B. HINES. W. H. WEST.
HINES & WEST,
No. 90 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Hay, Potatoes,
Onions, Apples, Dried Fruits, Eggs, Fish, Cattle, Wood, Hoop-Poles, &c., &c.
April 1, 1865—tf

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.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!
AT THE
CHEAP CASH STORE
IN KENNEDYVILLE,
SUCH AS *WOOL DELAINES, Calico, Muslins, Cassimeres, Satinetts and Mallelieu Kersey;* HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes,
Ladies Wool Hoods, Childrens Hoods,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Also, a good assortment of Groceries, Hardware and Queensware, and all kinds of Goods generally kept in a country store,
At the Lowest Cash Prices!
Particular attention paid to TRADE, and liberal prices paid.
CHARLES W. WARREN.
Kennedyville, October 28, 1865.

The Steamer Commerce
WILL LEAVE PORT DEPOSIT ON *MONDAYS* at 12 o'clock, for PHILADELPHIA, touching at Betterton and Wharves on Elk River, arriving at Philadelphia Tuesday morning.
Leave Philadelphia on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, for Wilson's Point, arriving Thursday morning.
Leave WILSON'S POINT on Thursday at 10 o'clock, A. M., for Philadelphia—arrive in Philadelphia Friday.
Leave Philadelphia Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock for Port DePosit, arriving on Sunday morning.
ABEL J. REES, Agent.
Oct. 21, 1865—tf.

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.

Hardware.
HORSE SHOES, Horse Shoe Nails, Rasps, Building Hardware, Nails, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Cotton Cards, Pocket Knives, Knives and Forks.

GOOD NEWS!
GREAT BARGAINS.—We are now offering decided Bargains and no mistake, especially in Cotton Goods. We respectfully call attention to our large and splendid Stock of DRESS GOODS of every grade, including Fancy Silks, Black do., Shawls, Trimmings and Fancy Goods. Go to the "People's Popular Store" of W. A. VICKERS.
Nov. 25, 1865.

COAL.
Baltimore Company,
Shomokin (Soft) for Cooking.
APPLY TO MR. WM. H. PALMER, at the Wharf, Chestertown.
Dec. 2, 1865—4m. R. J. RUTH.

PRICES MUCH LOWER
THAN THOSE OF LAST WINTER
FOR our celebrated Clothing. Fine Overcoats $10 to $20 lower—other Goods in proportion. Call, examine, and be satisfied.
L. MASTBAUM.
Chestertown, Nov. 25, 1865.

WANTED to BUY——One Hundred head of young cattle either for market or stock cattle. A. J. REES & Co.

The Poet.

The Bridge of Cloud.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Burn, O evening hearth, and waken
Pleasant visions, as of old!
Though the house by winds be shaken,
Safe I keep this room of gold!

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds its castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair!

But, instead, it builds me bridges
Over many a dark ravine,
Where beneath the gusty ridges
Cataracts dash and roar unseen,

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that had gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture,
Naught avails the cry of pain!
When I touch the flying vesture,
'Tis the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending,
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmur of bells and voices blending
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know that there lie hidden
Every tower, town, and farm,
And again the land forbidden
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts a thought of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,
Blown by wind and beat by shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

Farmers' Column.

Great Errors in the Cultivation of Oats.

So far as our observations have extended, there is not another kind of grain cultivated with so little regard to the correct principles of improved husbandry, as is, the case of oats, among a large proportion of the farmers of almost every State. Indeed, we have often wondered, that the oat crop of our country has not been run out entirely, so that for the *grain alone*, it would scarcely be worth harvesting. If oats were not an unusually hardy grain, they would never have endured such injudicious and unfarmerlike cultivation, and have continued to yield such remunerative crops of excellent grain. If Indian corn, or wheat had been treated in the same manner, as most of the farmers of our country now cultivate oats, there would not be a bushel of grain to be found in all the markets of the Union.

THE FIRST ERROR

is in the manner of sowing, and selecting the seed. As a general rule, little or no care at all is exercised in selecting seed oats; but, the entire crop of the farm—good and poor, plump and shrunken, ripe and half-ripe, early and late, as well as those kinds that ripen at different periods of time—are all stored together; and, the seed oats are taken from this mixture and sowed without any preparation, farther than to have the grain clean from chaff and straw. The consequence is, the best seed will ripen, and fall to the ground before those panicles that spring from the half-ripe seed will be out of the milk. And, if the half-ripe and shrunken kernels produce grain, it will be light, the kernels small, and will not mature in good season. If late oats be sowed, we cannot expect that the grains will ripen as early by eight to fourteen days, as it would have done, if the best quality of seed had been sown. Late-ripened, half-ripened seed, has a greater tendency to degenerate the grain, than any practice connected with the cultivation of the crop, whatever that crop may be.

THE SECOND ERROR

is in the manner of sowing the seed. The kernels of oats are large and light, when compared with the kernels of other grain. Therefore, when the grain is sowed broadcast—as is the most usual practice, at this period—if the wind blows at all, it will be found that the seed is distributed very unevenly. And, many times, a good portion of the ground will be seeded much thicker than it ought to be, to yield well, while other portions will not be half seeded. If the grain be light, the wind will blow it so that it will be impossible to scatter it. If a part of the seed be heavy and plump, the light kernels will not fall among the heavy ones. Of course, the plants springing from the poor, or from the best kinds, will be quite as different as the grain, and at the same time unevenly distributed over the land. All these things exert an important influence on the yield of grain.

The remedy is to procure the best of seed, put the soil in a better condition for receiving the grain, and sow it with a broadcast seed sower, or put it in with a drill, or sow the grain by hand when there is but little or no wind.

The Garden Spot.

In selecting the ground it is of the greatest importance to have the soil of a healthy quality, being mellow, dry, and capable of being worked with a spade. The best soils are of a friable and loamy texture; the worst, those of a very light sandy, or of a stiff clayey description. Should the bottom or subsoil be retentive, trench the ground at least eighteen inches deep, as good vegetables can never be produced on sour or shallow soil. By trenching, I mean dig out a space two spades wide, and one spade deep, placing the soil taken out to one side, then turn up the bottom soil where it lies, at least the full depth of the spade, throw the top of the next trench on the top of the first subsoil, and so on until the whole is finished.

The general method of trenching is to turn the top soil down and the subsoil up; this is attended with evil consequences, as many years will elapse before the bad soil which has been turned up, can be made equal to the surface soil which has been turned down.

The inclination of the soil of one foot in forty, or merely sufficient to carry off the water is all that is required, a greater slope than this would, during our heavy rains, sweep soil, manure, and seeds to the lowest ground.—*Baist.*

Trials of a Candidate for Office.

The following "journal of a defeated candidate," we commend to the consideration of those gentlemen who are desirous of serving their country:

Thursday.—Received the nomination for an office. Surprised and indignant. Remonstrated with committee. Was told I must place myself in the hands of my friends. Eventually did so.

Friday.—Immense poster on a brick pile opposite house; my name in two-foot letters. Great anguish on the part of my wife and family, who believe that every officer in the city government, according to law, is indicted and tried at the end of his term. Friends, meeting me in the street, say there is a rumor about town that I am up for office, a rumor which ought to be contradicted. Other friends offer ironical congratulations, and leave me in doubt whether the office is unfit for me, or I for the office. Old gentleman won't believe it; for he knew my father, and he was a very respectable man.

Saturday.—Man on the stoop of my house, with big whip and terrier. Broad shouldered, slovenly person, with sanguinary eye. Come to advise me to beware of a class of ruffians that go around election times extorting money from candidates. Offers his services to tend the polls. Customary, he says, to pay in advance. I refer him to my committee. He whistles to his dog. Engage him at $5, cash down. We part with mutual expressions of esteem.

Going in, find six men smoking in my parlor; delegates from a target excursion. Customary, they say, for candidate to give prizes on these occasions. Refer them to my committee. Captain very polite—tells me he will give me time to think about it, and will come on Sunday with the whole guard in, to let me see what a fine-looking set of fellows they are. Result $10 for the prize.

Evening.—Excited persons call for a subscription for a banner. Man comes with a wooden leg—wants a new one. Three more banners. Clergyman for a subscription to a deserving charity. Seventeen men to attend the polls. More cripples. Delegation wants their fire engine painted. Men without arms to post their bills. A woman with subscription for coffin. Children all crying up stairs. My wife in hysterics. Great terror and confusion.

Midnight.—Torchlight procession; kettle drums; serenade; make a speech; rotten egg hits me in the eye; general fight; spanners, brickbats, clubs, banners, torches and fists.

Wednesday.—Wake up defeated. Tell my friends I don't care for myself, but feel sorry for the city. My wife goes home to her mother; the children are sent where they cannot be under my influence. No home—no friends—no wife—no money—no office.

Interesting Statistics.

The yearly mortality of the globe is 33,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature. The average of human life is 33 years. Three-tenths of the population die at or before the age of 4 years—one-half at or before 41 years. Among 1,000 persons, one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 100 attains the age of 90, and one in 5 lives to the age of 73. Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons, 65 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months. Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators or public speakers; 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military employees, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 professors and 24 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others, die the soonest.

An Incident of the Border.

It is related that a keen custom house officer on the bridge across the St. Croix River, from St. Stephens, N. B., to Calais, Me., saw one evening a woman with a bundle in her arms. "What have you there?" he demanded. She hesitated, stammered, and then said "nothing dutiable." He insisted on seeing it; she resisted; a struggle ensued. At last she yielded and placed the bundle in his arms, saying, "take it, then and much good may it do you." Then she returned to St. Stephens, while he made for the light to examine his treasure, which proved to be an infant a few days old. The mother remains undiscovered, and the child remains on the hands of the official.

A Romantic Love Story.

The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families in France, became engaged, after a long and assiduous courtship, to a lady, his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched to the battle-field. During the Count's absence it happened that his beautiful *fiance* had the small pox. After hovering between life and death for many days, she recovered her health, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent, that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion. A year passed away, when, one day, the Count, immediately after his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed, and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, closely muffled in a double veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but, stepping aside, she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrows, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as, raising his hands above his head, he exclaimed, "It is God's work; *I am blind!*" It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon-ball passed so closely to his eyes that, while it left their expressions unchanged and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him forever of sight. It is almost unnecessary to add that their marriage was shortly after solemnized. It is said that at this day, may often be seen at the Emperor's receptions an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely veiled; and they seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music.

Washington's "Companion."

Washington Irving says of Washington that "before he was thirteen years of age he had copied into a volume forms of all kinds of mercantile and legal papers, bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds and the like; that he had a lawyer's skill in drafting documents; and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts." The basis of this appears to have been an old printed book, entitled "Young Men's Companion," &c., which belonged to Washington, and which still exists, and is at present in New York city, and is perhaps one of the most interesting books in the world. It is a small octavo volume of 472 pages. The name of George Washington is written upon it in boyish chirography, but large, bold, with every letter distinct as in his maturer days, to which the year 1742 is added in the same handwriting. Washington was then ten years of age. This book was found in Virginia during its occupancy by the federal troops. It is in a remarkable state of preservation. In a recent visit to New York city, Lieutenant General Grant examined it, and expressed his belief that its silent, eloquent and instructive pages were the architect of the practical, symmetrical and finished character of the great Washington. The book was presented to Gen. Grant. But he refused to receive it as a gift, though he was willing to take it in trust to hold it till the owner should appear. Should none apply for it, it will be placed among the archives of the nation—a precious legacy.

The Shortest Sermon.

Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg's sermon at the funeral of the late Robert B. Minturn, Esq., is the shortest on record, though several are recorded with a few words. He read the words of the Prophet Micah: "He that hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And then added—"So did he." One sermon having the same number of words but more letters was once preached by the Irish Dean Kirwan. He was pressed, while suffering from a severe cold, to preach a charity sermon in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, for the benefit of the orphan children of the parish school. The church was crowded to suffocation, and the good Dean, on mounting the pulpit and announcing his text, pointed with his hand to the children in the aisle and simply said, "There they are!" The collection on the occasion exceeded all belief. It was Dean Swift who was to preach a charity sermon; and giving out as his text, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord," then added, "If you like the security, down with the dust."—*N. York Observer.*

Force of Habit.

A story is told in "Cunnigham's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," which shows how ridiculous a great man may be made by the force of habit. He had been taught by his old master, Hudson, to paint portraits in a certain position, the gentlemen holding his hat. Before he had thrown off the trammels of habit, and begun to exhibit that free and bold manner that afterwards distinguished him, a certain customer desired to be painted with his hat on. His wish was gratified; but when the portrait was sent home, the gentleman's wife was not a little astonished to perceive that her husband had two hats, one on his head and the other under his arm.

☞ Subscribers often complain that they do not get all the papers to which they are entitled. Well, papers do not get all the subscribers to which they are entitled—so the matter is just even!

Remarkable Escape from Jail.

A horse-stealer named Hiram Carpenter, recently escaped from the Orleans county jail, at Albion, New York, but was retaken. He has given the following account of his escape underground:

"I should never have thought about trying to get out, but I heard that my woman was sick, and I got it into my head she was going to die. I wanted to see her, I asked them to take me to her house. I was willing to go there in hand-cuffs and shackles, and a child might have taken me, for I wouldn't have offered to get away. But they kept putting me off, and I made up my mind I would get out and see her or die in trying. So I went at it.

I raised up the pump box and found there was a hole in the flagging large enough to pass through. I laid down on my face on the floor and backed into the hole feet first. I found the well plastered near the top, so hanging on with my hands I let myself down as far as I could and dropped. I had no idea of the depth of the well, or where I should bring up; I only knew the well was dry. I dropped straight with my face to the west. I found bottom at about twenty feet, landing in mud and water two feet deep.

After recovering from the shock of the fall I took off my boots, tied them around my neck with my handkerchief, and clambered up to within about ten or twelve feet of the top. The only tool I had was a piece of iron about six inches long and a half or three-quarters of an inch square. With this I went to work and after some labor dislodged a stone from the wall.—In a very short time I was at work in the dirt. I supposed the foundations of the jail went down about eight feet, and I calculated to begin down low enough to come up slanting under them.

I had nothing to eat or drink, and had nearly died for lack of air (the only air that could reach him being the little that passed down through the crevices of the pump box.) I worked steadily all the time I was in there, and hard work it was too. I worked lying on my face, with the iron in my hand above me, scraping the dirt until the weight on my head was all that I could bear, when I backed down and pushed it behind me into the stone filling around the wall. When I got near the surface I found it hard digging. The ground had been filled in, it was full of stones, and frozen hard. The hole at the surface was so small that I took off my clothing to get through it.

I finally got out into the air, about 10 o'clock Wednesday night, having tunnelled about twelve feet, and worked at it thirty-two hours of the hardest work I ever did. I was so weak and exhausted when I got out that I had to lie still for some time. At length I got strength enough to climb up the wall and drop into the park. I was then so weak and dizzy that I could not walk, I crept across the park on my hands and knees. On reaching the street I managed to walk. But you would have thought I was drunk if you had seen me; I staggered so that the sidewalk wasn't wide enough for me."

Be Polite.

It is said that George McDuffie, of South Carolina, was very polite even when a little boy. One evening he was holding a little calf by the ears while his mother milked the cow; and a gentleman passing by said, "Good evening, my little son."

George returned, "Good evening, sir," with such a polite bow, that the gentleman noticed him and said, "Why did'nt you pull off your hat, my litte man?"

George answered, "If you will get down and hold my calf for me, I will take off my hat to you."

George's politeness and shrewd remark were the making of him. That gentleman said to his mother, "Your son is a smart boy, and if properly trained, will make a great man some day. If you will permit me, I will give George a good education, and give him a start in the world."

The mother thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and let him take charge of her son. George rose from taking care of a calf to be a clever and successful lawyer; afterwards he became a member of Congress, and then was made Governor of South Carolina.

I wish all my little nephews and cousins to be polite. A polite bow and a "Good evening, sir," cost nothing, but are sometimes worth a good deal. One courteous bow was worth a fortune to little George McDuffie. Everybody likes polite children.

When I used to go to school my teachers made it a rule that every boy should make a bow and every girl a courtsey as we entered the door every morning, and do the same as we left at evening. And our instructor would invaribaly notice us with a polite bow, unless he happened not to see us. I like every rule that helps to refine our manners and improve our hearts.

My little readers—scholars—salute your teacher every morning with a graceful bow and a "Good morning, Mr.———;" and at evening, if convenient, part with him in the same way; and be polite to everybody, especially to old persons.

Tried and Acquited.

A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order: "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under: "He has been tried and acquitted."

A Good Reply.

An Irish carriage-driver made a very happy and characteristic reply the other day. A gentleman had replied to Pat's "Want a carriage, sir?" by saying, "No, I am able to walk;" when Pat rejoined, "May your honor long be able, but seldom willing."

The Unity of the Episcopal Church.

It will be gratifying to the members of the P. E. Church to know that there is to be no geographical division of their church, the late determination of the Bishop of Georgia to withdraw from the contemplated ecclesiastical confederation of the Southern Diocese being virtually a decision of the question. The following from the *Church Journal* of the 17th ult., may be regarded as official:

THE DIOCESE OF GEORGIA RETURNS.—A great feeling of disappointment was the first fruits of the action of the Southern Council at Augusta, because it did not at once dissolve itself, and in response to the action of the General Convention declare our ecclesiastical re-union complete. But this disappointment, as we assured our readers at the time, did substantial injustice to our Southern brethern, who, as we were confident, meant to do that which we all desired, but which they naturally preferred to do in their own way. The decisive step has been taken by the Bishop of Georgia, who, as the Presiding Bishop in the Southern Associated Dioceses, has the best right to speak first, and whose voice, when he speaks, is therefore the most potential. It is with feelings of indescribable joy and thankfulness that we lay before our readers the following official letter on the subject, addressed to the Presiding Bishop of the Church in the United States, and by him forwarded to us for publication:

To the Right Rev. John H. Hopkins, D. D., Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church:

RT. REV. AND DEAR BROTHER: I have to-day given official notice to my brethren who were, for a time, united with me in the Ecclesiastical Confederation of the Southern Diocese, of my withdrawal from that Confederation, and of the return of Georgia to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. With your consent I will issue a Pastoral to my Diocese informing the clergy and laity of my action.

With the sincerest affection,
I am, Rt. Rev. and Dear Brother,
Very truly yours,
STEPHEN ELLIOTT,
Bishop of Georgia.

Savannah, Georgia, Jan. 3, 1866.

To heighten the pleasure given by the above, the Bishop of Alabama, as soon as the military interdict was removed, summoned a Diocese Council which meets *to-day*, and will probably follow the good example set by the Bishop of Georgia.—Letters have also been received in this city from the Bishop of Mississippi, saying that he, too, "surrenders" to "the noble course pursued by the General Convention." Only Virginia, South Carolina, and Florida now remain to be heard from.

Bees and their Queens.

Experiments were tried by Huber to ascertain how a hive of bees would behave to a strange queen, after they had lost their own. He removed the native queen, and after a few hours he introduced a strange queen into the hive. The bees which mount guard at the entrance of the hive, immediately seized her and made her a prisoner, precisely as they would have done if their queen had been still among them. They did this each time the experiment was repeated. An interval of sixteen hours was suffered to elapse from the time they discovered the loss of their queen, and then a strange queen was introduced to the hive. She was treated precisely as the other had been, as were also her successors in similar experiments; but in some instances, where they survived the pressure, want of air, and hunger for several hours, they were allowed to assume the position of queen of the hive.—Twenty-four hours were then suffered to elapse after the queen had been taken away, before a foreign queen was put into the hive, and instead of being made a prisoner she was welcomed with every sign of joy, and at once accepted as their queen; evidently they had arrived at the conclusion that, from the length of time that had elapsed, there was chance of their own queen coming back. It must have been from the reasoning of this way, because it was always the case, that if twenty-four hours has passed since she disappeared, the new queen was received with respect and obedience. A very striking instance of this is related. The lawful queen was removed at a time when she was busily engaged in laying eggs. After a time the news spread through the hive and the usual consteration prevailed. They were left in this condition a great many hours, their agitation being the greater that no new queen was ready for release from her cell; in fact, none of the royal cells had been built. They, therefore, proceeded to enlage some of the cells containing the eggs of workers. A stranger queen was then introduced, and directly she entered the hive, those who guarded the entrance, instead of making her a prisioner, received her with the greatest respect and satisfaction; they approached her, and touched her with their antennæ, and gave her food. The news began to circulate through the hive that a new monarch had arrived, and the bees kept pouring in, all of which drew near in succession, and performed the same ceremony.—*All the Year Round.*

☞ A gentleman having occasion to call on a solicitor, found him in his office, which was very hot. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said "it was hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the lawyer, "for 'tis here I *make my bread.*"

A youngster, while perusing a chapter in Genesis, turning to his mother, inquired if the people in those days used to do sums on the ground? It was discovered that he had been reading the passage.—"And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

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