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.

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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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HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
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STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
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&c., &c., &c., &c.

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

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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

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by ALDRIDGE.

SAMUEL COMEGYS. GEO. D. S. HANDY.
COMEGYS & HANDY,
GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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

SHEUBROOK, WOODALL & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain & all kinds of Country Produce,
No. 124 Light St. Wharf,
Opposite the Wharf of Slaughter's Steamboat Line,
BALTIMORE.
☞ All consignments are thankfully received and promptly attended to.
February 10, 1866—6m.

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM
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, 1866—y BALTIMORE.

JAS. I. BARTON,
(Successor to C. B. KEYWORTH,)
Late of J. P. Harbaugh,
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.

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

FOR SALE.
THE HOMESTEAD PORTION of the
MILLER FARM,
Containing 196 Acres,
of which 175 Acres are arable,
Balance in Wood and Marsh.
Pleasantly situated on Swan Creek, within full view of the Chesapeake Bay, adjoining Swan Point, noted for OYSTERS, FISH and DUCKS. Convenient to Churches, School, Steamboat, Stores and Shops.
The Lawn, beautifully Shaded,
running down to the water, where Lime, Grain and all the products of the farm can be landed.
Dwelling
OLD BUT VERY COMFORTABLE.
OUT BUILDINGS
Sufficient for the Farm, with two Pumps of Water.
The Land lays nicely;

Visit of the Baltimore Committee to President Johnson.

Speeches of the President and Lieut. Governor Cox.

Remarks of Lieut. Gov. Cox, who presented the resolutions, and a verbatim report of the President's response. Lieut. Gov. Cox said:

Mr. President:—At an overwhelming meeting of the loyal citizens of Baltimore on Monday last, it was determined that a committee should present to you in person the resolutions adopted with unexampled unanimity on that occasion.

We are here to-day for the purpose of performing that agreeable duty, and of expressing to you the great gratification with which the people of our State hail the humane, patriotic and statesmanlike course which you have pursued in the administration of our national affairs. The gathering at Baltimore exceeded in numbers and in enthusiasm any previous demonstration known in that city. Parties were merged. Men of every shade of opinion rallied to the support of the country's defender.

Be assured, sir, that in no State of the same population do you number a wider circle of truer friends and more staunch supporters than in Maryland. Startling will it be in history, incredible to those who may come after us, that on the eve of no popular election of interest, without any of the customary occasions for a large public gathering, but a few months removed from the bloodiest and most disastrous civil war on record, it was thought expedient, I had almost said necessary, to give such expression and support through the masses as might nerve the courage and hold up the hands of a President of the nation, honestly intent upon restoring a distracted Republic to its normal unity and prosperity. Loving the Union, and feeling that all we have, and all we hope for, rests in the Government of our fathers, we extend to you, and shall continue to extend to you, a cordial and unfaltering support; believing that that Union and Government have never possessed a truer friend or a more gallant champion.

Your theory that the States cannot of their own volition leave the Union, and are, therefore, entitled to resume their relations to the General Government so soon as they shall have complied with the demands of the Constitution, that representation is inseparable from taxation, and should not be refused for a single moment when offered upon a truly loyal basis: your maintenance of the Constitution in its integrity, and your deprecation of any improper or frequent interference with its provisions.

Your prompt and timely intervention in preventing a monstrous measure from becoming a law, thus saving the country the violations of popular liberty and good government which it would inevitably entail; your prompt, outspoken and thoroughly American utterances upon the birth-day of Washington, each and all, meet a hearty and unqualified response from us and those whom we have the honor to represent.

Entering public office at a period of extreme gloom and perplexity, it is not too much to say that at every stage of your progress you have proved yourself master of the situation, peforming deeds of lofty moral heroism and profound wisdom, and which have already endeared you to millions of your fellow citizens, and will place your name imperishably upon the pages of your country's history. I have the honor, sir, to present to you the resolutions adopted by that meeting.

The President, having received the resolutions, responded in these words:

President Johnson's Reply.

Gentlemen: I cannot make any speech in reply, but in response to what has been [redacted] coul of a man who would not feel more or less inspirited and impressed by what you have said, must be extremely dull and barren. I fell the full force of what you have said, and I think I know how to appreciate it; and, so feeling, I am impressed with the conviction that my duty must be performed, without regard to consequences. Your encouragement at this particular time seems peculiarly appropriate. Your countenance and professions of support under the present circumstances inspire me with confidence and strength, and a hope that the country will ultimately triumph, and those great principles will be sustained.

It is not necessary for me to remark to you that I entered this contest at its very incepiency, and I have not deviated a single hair's breadth from the line of policy I then laid down. I stand now precisely on the same ground I stood in the Senate on the 18th and 19th days of December 1860. I know that it has been said, and by many designedly, that here is a President who was elected by a party, and who, on coming into power abandoned the party; that he has "Tylerized" his Administration; that he has joined the Copperheads, and things of that kind.

Those things have no influence upon me. They fail wholly to drive me from the discharge of my duty, but if you and I, with others, have been employed for four years in resisting a separation and dissolution of the Union, and now have reached a point where resistance has ceased, if we can be instrumental in conciliating and bringing back all the people to an honest and loyal and thorough support of the Government, it seems to me we are doing a great deal, and that we are accomplishing the work we undertook.

It happens sometimes in the best of families, if I may be permitted to use the illustration, that there are differences and feuds; but when those differences are understood and arranged, and when the feuds subside, the parties can approach each other, feeling more friendly towards those from whom they had been estranged than they did before.

Then, I do not think we are doing wrong, if, while maintaining principles, while trying to preserve the Government, we have succeeded in convincing of their errors, and bringing back to the fold of their fathers, those who strayed. I think this is a result of which all should be proud, and for which we should not be taunted. If I know myself, my only object is to preserve the Government. I want it to continue in loyal hands and none others.

I hope that the time will soon come when the country will be thoroughly reconciled, but to secure all that is necessary for this purpose will require a severe struggle, for I am free to say to you it is not worth while to disguise it, that the very same spirit which animated the rebellion at one end of the line now exists at the other to some extent.

Before the recent rebellion there were one set of gentlemen who were trying to dissolve and break up the Government, for the purpose of preserving the institution of slavery, and another set of gentlemen were willing to break up the Government for the purpose of destroying slavery, and they so avowed.

Though these respective parties succeeded in the object they wished to accomplish, they agreed in one thing, and that was the destruction of the Government; and so far as that point is concerned, the one was as culpable as the other.

The blow was first struck at the southern end of the line. It being struck there the spirit which was making war upon the principles of the Government must have something to vent itself upon, and it joined with those who are for the Union against those who were for the Rebellion. But now when rebellion is put down, if we find an attempt to change the character of the Government we must equally resist it. The attempt now is to consolidate, to concentrate absolute power here. It is destructive of the Government, and it is a manifestation of the same spirit which attempted to break up the Government.—I stand opposed to both.

I stand with you for the Government, for the Constitution, for the supremacy of the law, and for obedience to the law and the Constitution. Let it be understood that so far as making candidates for the future is concerned, I have nothing to do with it. If I can be instrumental in accomplishing the great work we have undertaken, to bring about peace and harmony and reconciliation among all our people, and again place the Government upon its former basis, I shall feel that I have reached the summit of my ambition.

I have no other object in view, if I know my own heart and my own feelings. Gentlemen, permit me to thank you most sincerely for the encouragement you have given me, and for the countenance you have shown by timely coming forward in this great struggle for the first principles of free government.

The members of the committee were then personally introduced to the President, and pleasant interchanges took place.

Corruption of the English Language.

The New York *Nation* deplores the corruption of style which characterizes the writings of the present day, and fears that the simple and nervous language of Swift, Addison and Hume is about to become obsolete. It says:

"How few people live in houses," how many "reside" in "residences" or "mansions." The "negroes" have all disappeared, but there are still a large number of "colored persons" spared to us.

How few schools there are left; how many "academies," and "institutes," and "establishments." The race of women is nearly extinct, while "ladies" swarm all over the land. Such a thing as a fowl is hardly ever seen on a dinner table; the oldest cock that is ever served up is sure to be a "chicken." Mutton, too, is becoming scarcer and scarcer, "lamb" more plentiful. There has not been for many a day such a thing in the United States as a storekeeper or shopkeeper; the smallest peddler is now a "merchant."

We hardly ever hear of anybody in the newspapers, not a day laborer, who does not "move in the very best society" and who does not boast "fine talents and dignified manners." Nobody now delivers a speech or an address on any set occasion—he delivers an "oration." The President is fast ceasing to be a President, having been promoted to the office of "Our Chief Magistrate." There are even very few men of moderate attainments; most men who lay claim to anything beyond a common school education, and are not actually engaged in business, are spoken of as "ripe scholars," and if they at the same time do not spit or chew, and abstain from morning "drinks," they become "accomplished gentlemen."

If any body advocates negro suffrage, he "takes his stand on the platform of the brotherhood of man." Stewed oysters and chicken salad are neither a supper nor a lunch, but an "elegant collation." Sermons are nearly all—or, at least, all those that are considered worth speaking of—"powerful discourses." Even wives are gradually disappearing; men write themselves down in the hotel books as being accompanied by their "ladies," whatever that may mean. In most parts of the West even "academies" and "institutes" bid fair to become extinct, their places being taken by "universities."

No girl now ever leaves school: she "graduates." Inns and taverns have disappeared long ago; we find nothing but "hotels" in all directions. There are even signs that bar-rooms will soon be superseded by "sample-rooms." The process has already begun in New York. People do not teach things now; they are "professors" of them. Corn-doctors are "chiropodists." Barbers are not to be found in any of the large cities, while "hair-dressers" abound. Members of Congress and politicians even are becoming somewhat rare. They are gradually becoming "statesmen." Some people think we are falling off in our manners, but in our language we are certainly the "high polite."

MADAM SCANDAL.

A long time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple whose time had passed away, since early youth, in the "every day round" of farm life, and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling toward each other, since the good old time when good old Parson Heriot had united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, twenty-five years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known, that they were spoken of far and near as the happiest pair in England. Now the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name) had been trying for twenty years to create what is called a "fuss in the family" between these old companions. But, much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being too late, or the old woman to give a single curtain lecture.

After repeated efforts, the Devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination, he would doubtless have given the work up in despair. One day he was walking along in a very surly mood, after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old lady, a neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they must needs stop on the way and chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so bad this morning? Isn't the controversy between the churches doing good service?"

"Yes."

"Isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whiskey?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Everything is going on well enough," replied the Devil, but (and he looked as sour as a monkey on a crab apple tree,) "old Bluford and his wife over here are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example; and after trying for four years to induce them to do right, I must say I consider them hopeless."

The old hag stood a moment in deep thought.

"Are you sure you have tried every way?"

"Every way I think of?"

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Well," replied she, if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can raise a quarrel between them."

To this reasonable request the Devil gladly assented. The old hag went her way to old Bluford's house, and found Mrs. Bluford busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Well friend B., you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Five-and-twenty years, come November," replied Mrs. B.

"And all this time you have not had a quarrel?"

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag. "I consider it my duty to warn you, though this is the case, you must not expect it to be always. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," observed Mrs. Bluford."

"I knew it," continued the hag: "and let me warn you to be on your guard."

Mrs. B. did think she had better do so, and asked advice as to how she should manage the case.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, that your husband has a bunch of long, harsh hair growing under the chin on the side of his throat?"

"Yes."

"These are the cause of the trouble, and so long as they remain, you had better look out. "Now, as a friend, I would advise you to cut them off the first time you get a chance, and thus end the trouble, for as long as they remain you had better look out."

Soon after this the hag started for home and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness passed between him and the old woman.

"But friend Bluford," said she, "I think it my duty as a Christian to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you your wife intends your ruin."

Old Mr. B. was very much astonished, yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home he threw himself on a bed in perplexity, and feigning himself asleep, studied the matter over in his mind. His wife, thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor and crept softly to his side. Now, the old lady was much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it once was; so between the two she went to work very awkwardly, and pulled the hairs instead of cutting them off. Mr. B. opened his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat. After what had been told him and seeing this, he could not doubt that she intended to murder him. He sprang from the bed in horror, and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So from that time there was jawing, quarreling and wrangling all the time.

With delight the Devil heard of the faithful emissary and sent her word if she would meet him at the end of the lane, at a certain time, he would give her the shoes. At the appointed time she repaired to the spot, and found the Devil at the place. He put the shoes on a pole and standing on the opposite side of the fence, handed them over to her. She was much pleased with them—they were exactly the article.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Devil, I would like to have explained, that is, why you hand them on a stick?

"Very easy to explain," replied he; "any one who has the cunning and meanness to do what you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet to me." So saying, he fled in terror.

After a while the old woman died, and when she applied for admittance to the lower regions the Devil would not let her in, for fear she might dethrone him, as she was so much his superior. So the old woman is yet condemned to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighborhoods.

Would you like to know her name?

It is Madam Scandal. When she died the young Scandals were left orphans, but the Devil adopted them, and so you see he is father to that respectable class called scandal mongers.

Reader, don't you know some of the family?

Artificial Stone.

We take from the Baltimore Transcript, the following account of Ransome's Artificial stone:

We do not hesitate to say that it is one of the most valuable inventions ever offered to the public, and one which is destined to have a wonderful effect upon architecture.

The subject is one to which Mr. RANSOME, an Englishman, has devoted many years of an active life. After numerous experiments, he finally fixed upon the process which he has now adopted, and which seems to be as near perfection as man is ever destined to come. Without the use of heat or forcible pressure, he has succeeded in converting sand into a hard, solid, consistent stone, of firm texture and great powers of resistance to the ordinary atmospheric influences.

The process is one, which cannot fail greatly to interest every intelligent man, and we advise our readers to visit the establishment, at the N. E. corner of Calvert and Saratoga streets, where it is now on exhibition. There they will see ordinary sand dampened with a simple chemical, which can be procured in great abundance and at a trifling cost, forced up into all inequalities of a mould, by the mere pressure of the hand, so that it faithfully reproduces all the minutest details of the model. From this it is removed, without disturbing any of the delicate tracery so impressed upon it, and transferred to a block of stone. Over its face is now poured another chemical solution, and the surprised spectator sees the loose sand turn into solid stone. In a few minutes it rings under the trowel like a piece of well-burned brick.

The whole action depends upon the different relations of silica to the alkalies and the earths. With soda or potash this substance can be made to form a soluble compound, resembling, though not identical with, that vended under the name of soluble glass. It is evident that this would not answer the purposes of architecture, because, being soluble, it would be washed out by the rain, and the stone formed of it would crumble away. So the patentee takes advantage of another property of silica, that mainly of forming with the earths an insoluble compound. All that is necessary is to introduce between the pores of the sand, now occupied with the soluble silicate of soda, an equally soluble salt of lime. Chloride of calcium being a residue of certain chemical manufactures, and therefore, cheap, it being also extremely soluble, has been chosen for this purpose. As soon as it comes in contact with the silicate of soda a double decomposition at once occurs; silicate of lime is formed and remains between the pores of the sand, binding the grains together with a cement of insoluble glass, while common salt, another result of the change, can be washed out with water.

Experiments extensively tried in England by the ablest chemists, architects and engineers of that country have proved that this stone is stronger than any of the natural free stones employed in Great Britain, and less liable to be injured by the weather. This results from the fact that all these natural stones are just such a compound as this, being made up of sand of varying degrees of fineness cemented together but that this cement is not always so firm and insoluble as that employed in this artifical product. The atmosphere of London is a particularly severe test of the character of building materials. The enormous quanity of coal and coal-gas consumed in that huge metropolis fills the air with contamination, one of the most injurious of which is, sulphuric acid. This, brought down by the rains of that humid climate, insinuates itself into the pores of the stone and then attacks and destroys the cement which holds the particle together. Then the stone crumbles or rots. The consequence is that many of the most valuable buildings in London are seriously disfigured. The new parliament houses have had much of their delicate carving destroyed in this way, and in many places unsightly holes are eaten in the face of the blocks of stone.

Another difficulty about the natural building stones is, that they are often laminated in structure. In such cases, the rain insinuates itself between the laminæ, and should a frost come, the sudden expansion splits the stone and its surface scales off. This may be often observed upon brown-stone fronts. The artificial stone however, being uniform in its texture, is subject to no such accident.

It is difficult to imagine a greater boon to architecture than this. A man be miles away from any deposit of building stone, but if he can only get sand and these two elements, we have named, he can erect himself a house that could challenge comparison with the most elegant edifices of the richest and most luxurious cities.

"Yankees."

The Petersburg (Va.) *Index*, stirred up by the observation that Samuel Adams had a larger share than Thomas Jefferson in bringing on the Revolution, indulges in the following:

"Our private opinion and belief is that there are authentic documents now in the library of Yale College—or they will be there when needed—to prove that Bunker Hill Monument marks the site of Babylon the Mighty; that Carthage was no more nor less than Portland, Ostrium, Nauant and Boston, in fact Athens; that Homer was professor of belles lettres at Harvard, and Patin was a member of the Cambridge Yacht Club; that Priscian taught a grammar school at Montpelier, and Archimedes was a private tutor of chemistry in Concord; that St. Peter was a Cape Cod fisherman, and St. Matthew a Collector of the Internal Revenue at Stonington; that Phidias owned a brown stone quarry in Maine, and Socrates founded the *Atlantic Monthly*; that the Academia was the walk under the yew trees at New Haven, and the Colossus of Rhodes a statue which strided from Nantucket to Martha's Vineyard; that Plymouth Rock is all that is [illegible] Rock; that the Gordian Knot was the Connecticut River railroad bridge; that Stonington is the site of Tyre, and Merrimac fast echoes the dies that made that city famous; that the old Temple of Diana at Ephesus was not burned, but is now Faneuil Hall; that the Gordolous and Wendell Phillips were the same person; that the fable of Romulus and his brother being suckled by a wolf (Rogers) arose from the circumstance that their mother was the first Vermonter who looped her dresses; that Mercury was the ancient name of Ben Butler's family, and, like every thing else in New England, the family had gone on perfecting itself from the start; that the sun shone six hours per diem more on that favored spot than on any other between the poles; and that Noah's family were so much elated at an alliance with the Websters of Massachusetts that they got up a dictionary to commemorate that fact; that St. Patrick was head Centre of a Fenian circle in Bangor, and St. Andrew kept a distillery in Lowell; and, finally, that the Millenium will begin in Boston, and will not be allowed to extend beyond its limits except by a two-third vote of the tax-payers of that heavenly city, excluding all who have, at any time in their most secret thoughts, expressed a doubt of the propriety of hanging Jeff Davis and General Lee on a sour apple tree."

A Hem Customer.

Professor Stowe delivered a temperance discourse a few Sunday evenings ago in the Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford, Connecticut, in the course of which he told some amusing anecdotes. Among them was one of a certain Jim Wilson, a very rum customer, of Cumberland, Maine, who used to get converted at every August camp-meeting, and soon after, getting drunk again, would keep drunk pretty much through the rest of the year. Rev. Mr. Richardson having got hold of him at camp-meeting, made this prayer: "O, Lord, Thou hast many times converted this poor sinner, and now again hast Thou made him a subject of Thy saving grace. We pray Thee, O Lord, to take him home, and to do it now, for if he remains on earth he will be drunk again in less than a week." The prayer was answered to some purpose; for it so frightened the poor subject of it, that from that day he became a reformed and temperate man.

Every Moment Sunday.

By different nations, every day in the week is set apart for public worship.—Sunday, Christians; Monday by the Greeians; Tuesday by the Persians; Wednesday by the Assyrians; Thursday by the Egyptians; Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. Add the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour, and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere.

An Epigram on Ducks.

(Some one says give it to Forney, (J. W. F., D. D.) All I have to say is that I do not waste my ammunition on dead ducks.—*President's Speech.*)

Duck, like Forney, never could
A President annoy,
For the Forrest-letter prov'd
Him only a *Pecoy*.

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