The Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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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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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 DO 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.

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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

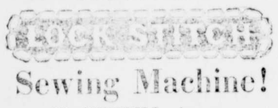
HARRY MCCOY. WM. I. RASIN.
McCOY & RASIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 66 South St., Baltimore.

PROMPT attention paid to the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE. All orders for the purchase of Farming Implements, Seeds, Groceries, &c., promptly attended to. Dec. 2, 1865—y.

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

SHUBROOK, 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—o24.

WHEELER & WILSON
HIGHEST PREMIUM

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SEWING MACHINES,
For Tailoring and Manufacturing,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
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214 West Baltimore Street.
Jan. 7, 1866—y BALTIMORE.

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.

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:
rolling, well watered, light, and susceptible of improvement equal to any in the County.

No Stiff Land on the Farm.

Would make a splendid FRUIT FARM.

Mr. Voshell will show the place to any one wishing to examine the same.

☞ For terms and other particulars, apply on the place or by mail.

W. R. CONSTABLE.
Rock Hall P. O., Kent County, Md.
January 13, 1866—6m.

LAND SURVEYING.

THE subscriber will Survey Lands upon short notice. Land laid out and divided, and all the branches of a practical Surveyor promptly executed.
June 24, 1865—tf. E. F. PERKINS.

COAL OIL
At 90 cents a Gallon!
A prime article, at H. W. VICKERS'
March 3, 1866. Cheap Corner

FIRST ARRIVAL OF SPRING GOODS
AT
KENNEDYVILLE.

C. W. WARREN has just received per steamer, his first purchase of Spring Goods, carefully selected, bought on the best terms, and will be sold low for Cash or Trade.

Always on hand a good stock of GROCERIES, TOBACCO, and all articles usually found in a well-selected country store.

February 17, 1866.

The Poet.

From the Louisville Journal.

The Hero Without a Name.

BY COL. WM. S. HAWKINS, C. S. A.

I loved when a child to seek the page
Where war's proud tales are grandly told,
And to dream of the night of that former age
In the brave good days of old,
When men for Virtue and Honor fought
In serried pride 'neath their banners bright
By the fairy hands of beauty wrought
And broidered with "God and Right."

And there I read of Sir Launcelot true
Whose deeds have been sung in a nobler strain,
And of Roderick the Bold who his falchion drew
In the cause of his native Spain.
In thought I beheld gay Sydney ride,
His white plume dotting the field's expanse,
And Bayard, who came like the swirl of the tide
As he struck for the Lilies of France.

On the crags of Scotland then I saw,
With his hair of golden hue, Montrose,
And swarthy Douglas, whose name was wove
In the home of his English foes.
There was Winkelried, in the Swissland famed,
And the mountaineer's boast, devoted Tell,
Who smiled as before his shaft, well aimed,
His country's tyrant fell.

'Neath Erin's flag with its glad "sunburst,"
Was Emmet, who stands in the martyr-van,
Whose blood made sacred the gibbet accursed
Where he died for the rights of man.
There was Light-horse Harry, the first in the fray,
There was Marion leading his cavaliers,
A Washington, too, whose grave to-day
Is the shrine of the patriot's tears.

These splendid forms were part of the throng
That delighted me, moving in pageants grand
Through the wastes of Time and the fields of Song
From the legends of every land.
But little I hoped myself to see
A spirit akin to these stately men, [be
Nor thought that great hearts like theirs could
In a prison's crowded pen.

Yet I've seen in the wards of the hospital there
A hero I fancy, as peerless of soul;
A pale-faced boy, whose home is far
Where the waters of Cumberland roll,
On his narrow cot, in that narrow room,
Where the music he hears is the sigh and the groan,
He lies through the day's long pain and gloom,
But he never makes a moan.

They hewed him down with their blades of steel
When the troopers charged from the camps of the foe,
But he was not killed—although I feel
It would have been better so,
For my heart within me is very sad
As I sit and hold his wasted hand,
And hear him tell of the times that were glad
In our dear and sunny land.

There are hours again in his fever's heat
When his restless fancies fly to his home,
When he talks of the scythe in the falling wheat
And the reapers that go and come—
Of his boyish mates in their frolicsome glee
Thro' the cedar glades and the woodlands dim
And how he carved there on many a tree
A name that was dear to him;

Of the sweet wild-roses that scatter the lights
Through the cottage door and the window panes,
And October's haze on the far off heights,
And the quiet country lanes—
Of the rivulet's plash and the song of birds,
And the corn rows standing like men with spears—
Of his mother's prayers and her loving words,
And his cheeks are wet with tears.

And I seem to see her, as Autumn leaves
Fall silently in the glen—
And the swallows come back to the sheltering caves,
Where he shall not come again;
Then I rejoice that she cannot see
How the blight has stained her fairest bloom,
I am glad that her steps will never be
Beside his Northern tomb.

And I think of another who watches, too,
When the early stars are bright on the hill,
Nor knows that his heart, so confiding and true,
Will soon be forever still.
Ah, many in vain to their hopes shall cling,
Thro' the dreary morn and the mournful eve,
And memory alone shall its solace bring
To a thousand hearts that grieve.

My comrade will last but a little while,
For I see on every succeeding day
A fainter flush, but a sweeter smile,
Over his features play;
He knows that until he is under the sod,
These walls—little better—shall shut him in
But his soul puts trust in the Lamb of God,
That taketh away all sin.

And somehow, I think when our lives are done
That this humble hero without a name
Will be greater up there than many a one
Of the high-born men of fame.
And I know I would rather have to-day
The crown he will wear with its fadeless bloom
Than Roderick's helm so golden and gay,
Or Sydney's snow white plume.

O prisoner boy! would that I were so near
As you are now to that "shining shore,"
Where the waters of love and of life are clear
And weeping shall be no more;
It cannot be thus, yet in God's own time,
He will call His weary ones home to rest,
And the beautiful angels with song and with chime,
Shall welcome each mortal guest.

CAMP CHASE, *October*, 1864.

Farmers' Column.

The Burning Barn.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

There is something so terrible in uncontrolled fire, that no one can contemplate the bare possibility of its gaining sway in his own or his neighbors' buildings without a shudder. In fact, men too often, in the presence of such a calamity, shrink back oppressed with the feeling of their own powerlessness, and in vague horror, witness the destruction which they think they can not hinder. Or they rush to battle with the flames, fighting them with water, snatching objects from their scorching embrace, and in hand to hand conflict, proving how little the might of man can do to stay their progress.

We sincerely hope that no reader of the *Agriculturist* may ever hear the alarming and heart-sickening cry, "*Our barn is on fire!*" but, fires will occur, and our readers will be there to help the sufferers. So as we always mean to take a practical view of things, we will of this.

When a barn is discovered to be on fire, there *is* something to do; and what is done must be quickly done. The point is, to do exactly the right thing, and to do the best thing first. In the very incipiency of the fire, there is some possibility of putting it out, but after it has acquired any headway, it must have its sweep through the building in which it originated, at any rate. This is true in 99 cases in 100. In a barn, fire does not smoulder and creep along under floors, between partitions, etc., as in a house, but it leaps from floor to rafters, and runs along the mows and wraps the whole interior in sheets of flame, in less time than it takes to write about it, after it first becomes of noticeable proportions. The stables are usually so situated that they may be entered from side doors, and are likely to be the last to be thoroughly on fire. So the first thought should be the stock. Neat cattle, sheep, and hogs, need only to be released and turned loose. They will get out of the barn quickly enough, and look after themselves. It requires, however, both coolness and daring, to enter the cattle stalls, and to be efficient when there. Many a man is in such a hurry that he can do nothing, he can not untie the simplest knots, nor cut the ropes, nor open the stanchions, and so the poor beasts burn to death. In many cases, it is essential to safety, that a wet cloth (part of a sheet is best, though a thin blanket will do,) should be thrown over the head so that the heat may be borne, and the smoky air breathed with impunity.

Horses, however, can not be trusted to leave the barn alone. They will, indeed, often not budge an inch, but stand and be burned to death, though free to go, and they will sometimes, (and several instances have fallen under our own observation), after being led away from the barn and turned loose, in their excitement turn back and dash in again never to come out. After the fire has gained exciting headway in the vicinity of the stable, those who release the horses should take with them blankets, or cloths of some kind, which should be wet, if possible; but don't wait long to wet them. Then these being thrown over their heads, they may be usually led away without difficulty. If any do not start then, take the twist on their upper lips with a rope or halter, and bring them to their senses with pain—whipping and kicking will do little good. The horses must be left in a lot with a high, tight fence, or in a neighbor's barn, or yard, and some one ought to watch them. While the stock are being saved, the women and those not engaged, should get ready all the old carpets, blankets, buckets, etc., at hand, and with these protect the house, if it is in danger, and to this the attention of the men should next be turned. In some cases this is the first thing to do, but usually there is little danger, until the roof of the barn falls in, and a very great heat is thrown out. Then, should the wind be toward the house, there will be danger from sparks, and some one should be constantly upon the roof with water and a dipper, to put out sparks and brands that may fall, and others should watch the cornices and eaves from adjacent windows, to dash water where the wood begins to scorch, or hang over wet carpets.

Next in order of importance, usually, the feasibility of controlling the spread of the flames to other buildings, is to be considered. Sheds, fences, etc., which connect the burning building with others should be at once cut and cleared away. Do not attempt to pull over a shed until all the posts are cut off. A few good axmen will do this very soon, and then a pair of cattle or two with a chain properly attached, will drag it over and haul it out of the way. Fire hooks are of course not to be had, but a strong plow, with the coulter off, is not a bad substitute. The point may be jammed into a roof or into a mass of timber so as to hold as well, and be much more easily attached than a chain could be. If a stack is in the way, and there is help enough, it may be torn down and carried off by hand toward the wind, and away from buildings, in a very short time. Detached buildings may be saved by wetting, by blankets, carpets, etc.

Whoever goes to a fire in the country should take an *ax*, a *bucket*, and a horse blanket, or piece of carpet. These are the things of most use.

The Surgeon at Work.

On the black-board by the door of a London hospital there is attached by four wafers a simple announcement. Simple as it looks, it meets with very great notice for as the students keep dropping in, some in little knots, others singly, a good many in pairs, the first thing they look at is the little sheet of paper, with but few words in print, and fewer in writing upon it.—"Has it begun?" "Be Mr.——here yet?" are the constant questions addressed to the important man with the red collar on his coat of blue. This functionary is the porter, whose chief business consists in keeping order among the crowd of people in the out-patients' room, and in letting up and down a wooden bar to allow them as their turn arrives access to the celebrities they have come to consult.—Let us follow the students as they pass through the various passages and corridors of the building. The out-patient practice has no charm for the students to-day.—The physicians are going their rounds alone; for however often theory may be enunciated that in rank the practice of physic takes precedence of the practice of surgery, yet the fact remains patent that a brilant operator creates more enthusiasm than the best physician, his test-tubes, stethoscope, and microscope notwithstanding. Passing up a narrow staircase, we find ourselves at that top of a tier of steps at the bottom of which is the room proper. The bright rays of the sun pass through the ample skylight, and discover a densely-packed mass of people filling the round gallery. We are in the operating theatre of the hospital. Around us we see, let into the walls, medallions of the great surgeons of old times—the apostles of the art, whose names are held in reverence by their clever eager followers of to-day. Here and there among the students we have pale-faced, anxious-looking men, who have called in during their round of so-called "general practice." They have come to see their former master operate—the surgeon who is at the pinnacle of his profession, and who has earned fame, wealth, and now a title, by his talents, and who has been the instrument in God's hands of alleviating much human suffering and distress.

In the area of the theatre there are signs of the approaching operation. There is the peculiar table that can extend and fold in directions, with its straps and appendages. There are cans of hot and cold water, the basins, the sponges, and many other things. The surgical dresser flits about, anxious that nothing shall be forgotten, and the house surgeon, with ligatures ready in the button-hole of his coat, is examining for the last time the glittering array of knives and other instruments preserved in a case as delicately lined as a lady's jewel-box.

By degrees the minor luminaries of the medical and surgical staff of the hospital arrive, and the students ranged above, so noisy at their college in awarding approval to their favorite teachers, only show here by a half-stifled buzz their recognition. At last the lion of the hour arrives, a strong, stalwart man, placid, cool, and smiling, the least anxious of the whole assembly. A smothered roar of approbation meets him as he lifts his eyes and nods to the assembled crowd. A gesture of his hand, checks any unseemly noise, for now the patient is being carried in and laid tenderly on the cushioned table. The latter gives a sharp, half-frightened glance above at the dense mass of hushed, eager, and expectant students. The time has at last arrived which has been in his thoughts for days and weeks—aye, may be months. It is a moment of agony for the poor man, in spite of all the care and kindness shown him. The great surgeon whispers in his ear and puts his shoulder kindly. The patient grasps the hand of his friend, and instantly another medical man fits the apparatus for the inhalation of chloroform. In a little he is wandering in his talk, he gesticulates with his hands, but soon he drops off like a sleeping child. Quietly turning up his cuffs, and giving a scrutinizing glance through the gleaming instruments spread on the white-clothed tray the surgeon turns to the diseased limb.—There is a dead stillness throughout the theatre, as with steady hand the operator coolly and rapidly proceeds. His knife is crimson now, and the warm red blood wells up and spirts around. The saw is quickly used and a few more dexterous movements with the knife perfect the operation. All the pumping arteries are caught and tied, and the parts are skillfully adjusted. Then the still unconscious patient is carried off to awake in his bed, and find himself surrounded by all that skill, ingenuity and wealth can bring to bear for suffering man. The surgeon has done his best within his limit; the issue rests with God; for, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."—*Medical Mirror.*

A Golden Thought.

I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humanity in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observed that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps along the wall; of all the beasts the patient lamb; of all fowls the patient dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, not in the spreading palm, but in a bush—as if He would by those selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility, nothing hate, like pride.

☞ A minister who had received a number of calls and could hardly decide which was best, asked the advice of his faithful African servant, who replied:—'Massa, go where the most debble.'

☞ Why cannot two slender persons ever be great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

Mr. Lincoln on Reconstruction.

Mr. Ward H. Lamon, who was Mr. Lincoln's partner in Springfield for some years before the latter's election to the Presidency, and who lived in Washington during Mr. Lincoln's term of office, has written a letter to the President, in which he refers to Mr. Lincoln's views on the question of reconstruction. He says:

I write now to tell you what I know concerning the personal sentiments of Mr. Lincoln himself, and I claim now to be the kind of a Republican as I was when I voted for him at his first and second election. I was his partner in the practice of the law for a number of years. I came here with him as his special friend, and was Marshal of this district during the whole of his Administration. Down to the day of his death I was in the most confidential and intimate relations with him. I knew him as well as one man can be known to another. I had many and free conversations with him on this very subject of restoration. I was made entirely certain, by his own repeated declarations to me, that he would exert all his authority, power and influence to bring about an immediate reconciliation between the two section of the country.

As far as depended upon him, he would would have had the Southern States represented in both Houses of Congress within the shortest possible time. All the energies of his nature were given to a "vigorous prosecution of the war" while the rebellion lasted; but he was equally determined upon a "vigorous prosecution of peace" as soon as armed hostility should have ended. He knew the base designs of the radicals to keep up the strife for their own advantage, and he was determined to thwart them, as he himself told me very often.

If any corroboration of this statement is needed it may be found in the fact that the ultra abolitionists had actually begun the outcry against him before his death, and the moderate men everywhere, North and South, sincerely mourned his fall as a calamity which deprived them of their best friend. If that inscrutable Providence, whose ways are past finding out, had permitted his life to continue until this time, there can be no doubt that the Northern disunionists would now be as loud in their denunciation of his policy as they are of yours. Mr. Stevens' demand for the head of "that man at the other end of the avenue" would not have been one whit less ferocious.

Of course he could not and did not anticipate the precise shape of the measures which the radicals might adopt to prevent reconstruction. The "Freedmen's Bureau bill," which recently met its death at your hands, was not born in his lifetime. But I pronounce it a foul slander upon his memory to assert that he would have signed a bill so palpably in conflict with the Constitution, and so plainly intended to promote the one bad purpose of perpetual disunion.

What Did Mary Say?

During the trial of one Cogzell, for kidnapping, which took place lately in Hillsborough, N. C., an incident occurred which caused considerable fun at the expense of wigs and counsel. A Miss Sloan was testifying, and was requested to state all that she knew about a certain transaction. Witness—I was in a sitting-room when Mary came from the kitchen hurriedly, and Cogzell after her. He caught hold of her at the sitting-room door, and said, "Mary, you have been here long enough; come and go home now." "What did Mary say?" Attorney for the State—"Stop there; I object to the question." Here a discussion of nearly two hours took place, in which four lawyers participated: after which the Judges held a long, serious, and exciting discussion on the subject, and finally, in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of the Court that the question should be answered. The court-room was crowded to almost suffocation, and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated: "What did Mary say?" and the witness answered:—"She didn't say a word?"—*North Carolina paper.*

Josh Billings on Skating.

Having herd mutch sed about skating-parks, and the great amount ov health and muscle they woz imparting tew the presen generashun at a slight advanse from fust cost, I bought a ticket and went within the fense.

I found the ice in a slippery condishun, covering about 5 akers of artydishan water, which waz owned bi a stock company, and froze tew order.

Upon one side ov the pond was erekted little grosery buildings, where the wimmin sot on benches while the fellers (kivvered with blushes) hitched the magick iron tew their feet.

It waz a most exciting scene; the sun was in the skey—and the wind waz in the air—and the birds were in the South—and the snow waz on the ground—and the ice lay shivering with a bad hold—and angells (ov both genders) fluktuated past me pro and con, 2 and fro, here a little and there a good deal.

It was a most exsiting scene; I wanted tew holler "Bully," or lay down and rool over.

But I kept in, ann aked with glory.

Helth was piktured on menny a nobell brow.

Az the femail angells put over the pond, side by side with the male angells, it waz the most powerfull scene I ever stood behind.

The long red tape from their necks swum in the breeze, and the feathers in the Jockeys fluttered in the breeze, and other things (to mutch to mension) fluttered in the breeze.

I don't think I ever was more crazy before in mi life—on ice.

For 2 hours I stood and gazed with dum exsitement.

I felt like a kanall hoss turned suddinly out tew grass.

As one of the angells, more sudden than awl the rest, cum flieing down the track three lengths ahed ov her male angell, awl eyes were gorging with her heavenly burst of speed; she seemed to have cut luce from earth, and was bound South, for the Cape of Good Hope, when all to onst, with gorgous swoop terriffick, down crumbling into a limpet heap she went, with squeal terriffick, leaving lovely mass of disastrus skirt and tapering ankle.

Awl gathered round the bursted angell; but lo! in a minnitt's space, her wings again plumed, and every feather was in its lawful place; and on she flew, lafin like wine thru its buteous blushes.

I had saw enaff—more happiness than belonged tew me—and az I slowly wended back tew mi hum at the tavern I felt—good.

Anecdotes of the Raven.

It was common practice, in the spacious yard in Belfast, to lay trains of corn to attract the sparrows within view of a window, opened just far enough to afford room for the muzzle of a gun, neither the weapon nor its wielder being visible from without. A tame raven used to scamper away at the sight of a man taking the gun towards the house, and hide himself within view of the scene of slaughter. As soon as a shot was fired, he would dash from his shelter, seize a defunct sparrow, scurry back to his nook with his prize, and repeat his performance as long as the battle lasted.

England, Scotland, and Ireland are all favored with his presence, but he specially affects the Orkneys and the Hebrides.—The people of Pabbay were once at their wits's end to get rid of the ravens, who mustered in unusual force to feed on the carcases of some grampuses. The islanders were afraid that, the grampuses disposed of, the birds would pay their attention to the fields of barley; but drive them away they could not. At last, one Morrison hit upon a plan. Stealing with some companions to the sleeping place of the ravens at night, he contrived to secure a few of them alive; these were quickly denuded of all their feathers except those on their wings and tail, and turned among their friends in the morning just as they were going to breakfast. The sensation created was immense, and the hubbub fearful, but it ended in the unwelcome guests departing with more haste than ceremony.

The raven possesses the power of imitating the human voice, and, if not so voluble as the parrot, enunciates his sentences with tenfold the gravity of Poll.—A raven's corpse was once followed by a greater crowd than ever escorted the funeral of any one of Rome's distinguished sons. This honored bird was born on the top of the Temple of Castor, but took up his abode in a shoemaker's shop opposite. Crispin took great pains in educating his black lodger, and his pains were well bestowed. Every morning the raven used to fly to the Rostra, and salute in turn Tiberius and his nephews, and having thus testified his loyalty, amused himself with exchanging greetings with the populace. For several years the bird continued to delight the idlers of Rome, until a jealous brother in his landlord's craft killed him in a fit of anger. The mob rose as one man, drove the murderer out of the city, and then executed him. The body of the poplar bird was then placed on a litter, and borne to the pile amid the laments of Rome, and his ashes deposited in a field on the right-hand side of the Appian Way.—*Chambers' Journal.*

☞ During a recent trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings: "Among the witnesses, was one, as verdant a specimen of humanity as she would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

"Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

Not much of a Preacher.

Last fall nearly all the ministers of the M. E. Church stationed on Lake Superior, went down to conference on the propeller Lac La Tell, the first mate of which is a dry joker. Having heard that there were several preacher on board, he remarked in a gruff sort of a way, that the trip would be a stormy one.

"How so?" inquired one of the ministers, who happened to overhear the remark.

"Because there's so many ministers on board" said the mate. "Why," said the minister, "I've traveled on the lake for the last five years, and never was in a storm yet; how do you account for that?"

"Why," said the mate, hesitatingly, "perhaps you're not much of a preacher."

A robust countryman meeting a physician run to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause he replied: It is so long since I have been sick that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face.

"Snakes" is another new fashion for ladies' hair, which succeeds that called "rats and mice."

What paper has the largest circulation? Counterfeit fifty-cent currency.

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