THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DESIGNED TO ADVANCE THE GENERAL INTEREST OF KENT COUNTY.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar; Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, three Dollars; Six months, five Dollars; One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

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On the first of January, 1868, there will be published simultaneously in the cities of New York and Baltimore the first number of a new monthly Magazine, to be called

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1st It will embrace the whole field of American, English and Continental periodical literature, and after a comprehensive and careful monthly review, will republish only such articles as bear evidence of the highest ability, the purest principle, and the most complete adaptness to the wants of American readers and the general necessities of the age.

2d. It will refuse to identified with the principles of any party or sect, political or religious, but will seek to bring before a discriminating public views of the most esteemed and temperate organs of the more prominent schools which divide the suffrages of the thinking world, with a view to promote the growth of an intelligent, healthful operative public opinion.

3rd. The selections will come under the general heads of Politics, Sociology, Religion, Belles Letters, Biography, History, Science and Art; and the aim will be to keep busy mercantile and professional men accurately and compendiously informed upon those important movements of the day in the world of thought and discovery, which merit the attention of all classes of society.

4th. Though distinctively an Eclectic Magazine, the liberty will be reserved of bringing forward original articles from time to time, but only such are from the pens of the eminent writers.

5th. A special department will be devoted to notices and concise reviews of the most valuable new publications, and care will be taken to render all information under this head pertinent and trustworthy.

Each number of the Magazine will contain 128 octavo pages, in clear distinct typography, and printed on the best paper. The subscription price will be $4.00 per annum, in advance: to ministers, 3.00. Single copies 40 cents. Specimen numbers may be had of all the principal news dealers of the country, or upon a written application addressed to the Magazine, box 1484, Baltimore.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. J. A. PERKINS, having removed to Chestertown for the active resumption of his profession, offers his professional services to the public.

May be found at his residence in Princess street, opposite Miss Caroline Thompson's, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, June 1, 1867.

DR. W. T. URIE
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OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity.

He may at all times be found at his Office under the Voshell House, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

CARD.

E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1863.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,

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CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

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His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.

May 18, 1866—y.

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Clubs for 1868.

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FOR 1868.

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[redacted]

getter up of the club.....30 00

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Dec. 14, 1867.

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WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

MOORE'S RURAL is full of variety, original and select. We confess to a surprise at the variety and richness of its contents, bountifully illustrated as it is. No paper on our exchange list comes so near our ideas of perfection, for a secular family paper. It maintains a high moral standard.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE RURAL is not only a favorite in the rural districts, but deservedly popular in the cities. No newspaper in this or any other country has ever run a more prosperous career.—*Louisville Journal.*

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A MODEL PAPER for the Farmer's family If we were to start a periodical again it would be in imitation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.—*American Agriculturist.*

jan4'68

SALT by the Sack, for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, Dec. 7, 1867.

The Poet.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

To the Patrons of the Chestertown Transcript.

MY Patrons and Friends, I greet you today,
A new year has come, the old passed away,
'Mid sunshine and storm, blessing and strife,
We've reached a new starting place in every day life.

Before we start out 'twill be well to review,
If progress we've made, what plans we'll renew;
For surely through all the events of a year,
Some things brought hope, others caused fear.

There's one thing we'll say, and none will deny,
For 'tis equally true of both you and I,
Progress we've made, in this past year of strife;
For weal or for woe, in the battle of life.

Progress we've made, the young and the old,
Progress we've made towards life goal,
Progress we've made in evil or good;
Oh! grant that progress has been such as it should.

But what of the plans we would renew?
Is it duty neglected? I doubt not tis true;
For where is the mortal? Oh! show me the man,
Who does his whole duty, Oh! show me, who can?

Our hopes, what of them? In the year gone by,
Do we find, to the haven we've drawn nigh?
Bright fancies; Oh! Youth and you young man,
Tell me, where are your houses and lands?

And fears, ye prudent and short sighted men,
Your food and your raiment, there's plenty I ken,
The *wisest* has said, "take no thought for the morrow,"
Nor usuriously use thy friend who would borrow.

Hopes, fancies and fears, such is but life,
A mingling of sunshine, shadows and strife,
Of each, in their turn, the most of us know,
And year after year the same record show.

To day we have given, a new start in life,
The maiden, the youth, the old man, the wife,
Shall we learn of the lessons, the twelve months past,
Take heed for the future and win at last?

With progress of years, and progress of mind,
Shall we begin to seek wisdom, the lasting kind,
The wisdom that comes, not of this earth,
The wisdom that comes with the new birth?

In starting afresh this new year begun,
With the lessons of years, already, now run,
Twould seem to be wise, fresh courage to take,
And striving with will, past errors forsake.

'Tis often been said, with will there's a way,
So he who'd do better, surely he may,
We can if we will, may we *will* if we can,
To do our whole duty without murmur or sham.

Our duty to country, friends, family, State;
Our wrongs not avenge, nor our enemies hate
With kindness to all, forgiveness for some,
And no single duty to be left undone.

And now my good friends, I bid you adieu,
Warned by the past, our course we'll renew,
With hope as our anchor, and God as our friend
Onward! press onward to life's journey's end.

For the Transcript.

MR. EDITOR.—In perusing a late copy

[redacted]

session for a charter for a road, embracing such latitude as will enable us to connect with the county road at or near Dayer's or go upon the original route, as circumstances may render advisable.

Upon the kind of road, whether of wood or iron, we have not positively determined, are waiting developments. Meanwhile we shall consider ourselves under obligations to you and your correspondents for statistics and data with which you may be pleased to favor us

The character of the road will in a measure depend upon our available means and the amount of travel and freight anticipated. The distance from the Creek to Dayer's is but about two and a-half miles: and a liberal estimate of the cost of the road, is forty thousand dollars: with iron rails. The produce and freight now shipped from Buck Neck—averaging during the entire fruit season nearly three hundred dollars per day, will naturally pass over this road when constructed; and is at present, with our resources but partially developed, with what the county road must unavoidably furnish, will be sufficient to sustain it.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.
J. B. WORTON.

HANESVILLE, Dec. 23, 1867.

A Mechanical Horse that Beats Dexter's best Time.

The following is a description of a new invention now on exhibition at the great "show" in Paris:

"I was fortunate enough to be present yesterday evening at a private view of this wonderful invention. The throng at the Exposition is so dense in the daytime that any attempt to work it during the exhibitions hours was impossible. Through the kindness of M. de M., whose acquaintance I made in 1858, when he was an *attache* at Washington, I formed one of fifty persons provided with special permits.—On entering, groups of the *Cent Gardes* made me think the Emperor was present, but I did not see him until the middle of the exhibition. I saw, among the curious, Nasmyth, a hammer celebrity, and Whitworth arm in arm with Howe of sewing machine notoriety.

The iron horse bears no resemblance to its equine namesake. Imagine a trunk-shaped box about seven feet long, wide enough for a man to straddle, and about five feet high; the whole concern mounted on five wheels, the wheels concerned, however, under the machine. It is covered with leather, and has a saddle, only the saddle is very high in front and back, so that there is no chance for being unhorsed. In front is a steering apparatus of the simplest kind—two silk cords—and just before the saddle is a steel bar, which regulates the speed. If you pull it up you start the machine; pull it higher you increase the speed; if you depress it you decrease it until a point is reached, when the apparatus stops.

The inventor, quite a young man, commenced winding up the machine with what seemed to me to be a crank motion, and as I distinctly heard the clink of the ratchet, I therefore supposed it was worked by a coiled spring, but I have reason to think I was mistaken. I suppose it took two minutes to wind it, when he mounted and started it by pulling up the steel bar. It moved gradually off, so that for the first minute I could walk alongside of it, but presently it started at the speed of a fast horse, and in a moment more was lost, going round the curve of the circle.

I suppose you know the grand exposition is a series of concentric rings, each one devoted to a peculiar branch of industry. The one the machine was running on was the Numero Quartre section Des Mecaniques, and is among the largest, measuring some yards more than an English mile. It seemed to me to be incredible that he should have performed the circuit in two minutes and twelve seconds. A hearty clapping of hands greeted the machine as it came careering on, and gradually stopping without any apparent trouble.

I noticed the Emperor, usually taciturn, joined in his applause, clapping his hands as rapidly as I did, and I was assured by M. de M. that he had never seen his majesty on any occasion before show the least sign of commendation. The inventor then said that he would put it to its speed but to do this he must give the machine a start. He then wheeled around, and just like a jockey starting a horse, got it up to a maximum; and as he passed us he seemed to be flying. The circuit was made in fifty-eight seconds. A new salute of applause met him as he brought the machine to where the Emperor was standing, and I must say that I felt some just emotion when the Emperor took the cross of the legion of honor from his button-hole and placed it on the young inventor's breast.

M. told me its endurance, if I may use the term, was extraordinary; that at its highest speed it would keep going on for hours. I was led to believe that the mechanical power was secondary to it, and that a galvanic battery was the real motive power. Anyhow the secret is well kept, the Emperor having with the inventor, the only knowledge of it. M. also told me that in Vincennes, a battery of artillery was to be moved with it, instead of a horse.

I may add that I saw four persons mount it, and it moved much more rapidly than would a carriage. An interesting experiment was made as to its capabilities of going over rough country. Several loads of dirt were shot over the floor, and it passed over it with apparent ease.—The thing that I remarked was a peculiar play in the wheels, and that as a difficulty was surmounted, one wheel would be higher than the other while the body was on the same plane.

I think it has been placed purposely in a retired part of the exposition before this exhibition, so as not to attract too much attention, and I learn this morning that the Secretary of War has had it removed from the exposition.

The inventor's name is Victor de Nordea.

Jim Wolfe and the Tom Cats.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect the infliction was couched in the following language:

"We was all boys, then, and didn't care for nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This yah Jim Wolfe I was talking about, was the 'prentice, and he was the best-hearted feller, he was, and the most forgivin' and onselfish I ever see—well, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than what he was, take him how you would; and sorry enough I was when I see him for the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pestering him and plastering hoss bills on his back and putting humble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him not'standing his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long and lank, and bashful, and we was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worthless.

"So, that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave the candy pullin', they started us off to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we rung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our winder looked out onto the roof of the ell, and about 10 o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rairin' and chargin' round on it, and carryin' on like sin.—There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was froze so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shinin' bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First, they'd stand off, and e-yow-yow-yow, just the same as if they was a cussin' on another, you know, and bow up their backs and bustr up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur off the yaller cat's ham, and spin him around, like the button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and claw, and she way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

"Well, Sam he got disgusted with the row, and 'lowd he'd climb out there, and shake 'm off'n that roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, likely, but we everlastingly dogged him and bullyragged him and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, till bime-by he histed the winder, and lo and behold you! he went—went exactly as he was—nothin' on but his shirt, and it was short. You ought to a seen him! You ought to seen him creepin' over that ice, and diggin' his toe-nails and finger-nails in for to keep him from slippin'; and, 'bove all, you ought to have seen that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his'n a glistenin' in the moonlight.

"Them comp'ny folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em under that orney shed of dead Wasu'ton Bower vines—all set'n round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin lively; but, bless you, they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorama, that goin' on over their heads.—Well, Jim, he a sneakin' and sneakin' up, unbeknowns to them tom cats—they was a swishin' their tails, and yow-yowin' and threatenin' to clinch, you know, and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof till he was 'in a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed fire, and slipped his bolt, and his heels flew up, and he flopped on his back, and shot off'n that roof like a dart!—went a smashin' down thro' them old rusty vines, and landed right in the dead centre of all them comp'ny people!—sot down like a yearthquake in them two dozen sassers of red-hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb! Them girls—well, they left, you know. They see he warn't dressed for comp'ny, and so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war-hoop and a wish of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywhere!

"Jim, he was a sight. He was gormed with the bilin' hot mollasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was a Injun princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' and a cussin', and every jump he give he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy.

"And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor cretur couldn't reely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks."

The Seven Sleepers.

SALMON P. CHASE,
OLIVER P. MORTON,
SCHYLER COLFAX,
SIMON CAMERON,
BEN. WADE,
THADDEUS STEVENS,
ULYSSES S. GRANT.

They retired to rest, November 4, 1867. They will wake up when Gabriel blows his horn perhaps, and perhaps not.

Angling for Dog.

Brick Pomeroy tells the following:

Another time we were traveling on grounds we had no right to tramp over. The only excuse was like that of military necessity—it was better fishing through the farms where the trout had been preserved than in the open lots where all could fish.

It was early morning. We had risen at three, ridden ten miles, and struck the creek as the trout were ready for breakfast. Looking carefully for a sheltered place to hitch our horses, we slyly crept on behind fences, etc., till we reached the part of the stream not generally fished.—A farm house stood a quarter of a mile away. We saw the morning smoke curling lightly from a stove-pipe—saw a man and two boys come out to do chores—saw two women busy about the door, and a ferocious bull-dog wandering about the yard.

If ever we fished close, it was then.—Not a whisper to disturb the birds, or the owners of the land. We crawled through the grass—dodged behind clumps of alders, and lifting large speckled beauties out of the water till our basket was full.

This was the time to have gone; but the trout were so large and bit so readily, that we could not withstand the temptation, so we decided to string and hide what we had, and take another basket full. So at it went. No sooner would the hook touch the water than we had a trout. We forgot the house, the man, the boys and the dog!

Suddenly there was a rushing through an oat field, as if a mad bull were coming! We looked toward the house, and saw the farmer and his two boys on a fence, the women in the door, and the bull-dog bounding toward us. We saw it all—we had been discovered. The well-trained dog had been sent to hunt us out, and, as the matter appeared, it was safe to bet he was doing that thing right lively!

To outrun a dog was not to be thought of. There was no time to lose. He cleared a fence, came for us just as we reached a tree, and by great activity, took a front seat on a limb above his reach.

Here was a precious go! A vicious bull-dog under the tree, and a farmer and two big boys ready to move down upon our works. It was fight, foot race, or fangs!"

The farmer yelled to his dog—"Watch him, Tige!"

Tige proposed to do that little thing, and, keeping his eyes on us, seated himself under the tree.

Then spoke this ugly farmer man—"Just hold on thar, stranger, till we get breakfast; then we'll come and see you! If you are in a hurry, however, you can go now! 'Watch him, Tige!'"

We surmised trouble—quite much; for twice had that bold man of bull-dogs and agriculture elegantly wollopped innocent tourists for being seen on his suburban premises. His reputation as a peace man was not good, and there arose a large heart toward our throat!

Time is the essence of contracts, and the saving ordinance for those in trouble. We had a stout line in our coat pocket, and a large hook intended for rock bass if we failed to take trout. And, as good luck would have it, we had a nice sandwich and a piece of boiled corned beef in our other pocket.

We called the dog pet names, but he wasn't on it! Then we tried to move down—when he'd move up! At last we trebled our base line, fastened the great limerick to it, baited it with the corned beef, tied the end of the line to a limb, and angled for dog!

Tige was in appitite. He smelt of the beef; it was very nice. He swallowed it and sat still with his eyes on us for more, but with no friendly look beaming from his countenance. Not any!

When we pulled gently on the line—it was fast! Tige yanked and pulled, but 'twas no use! The attention of the canine was diverted from us—his business was being done by another line!

We quickly slid down the tree—coming near blistering our back doing it—seized the basket and pole, and straightway went thence somewhat lively.

We found our string of fish, and reached the buggy and a commanding spot in the road, in time to see the sturdy yoeman move forth.

We saw him and his cohorts, male and female, move slowly, as if in no haste.—We saw them look up the tree. We saw an anxious group engaged about the dog. We came quickly home, and kindly left the bass line and hook to the farmer.

The Emblem of Democracy.

EDITOR STATESMAN: Why is it that the Democratic party adopt the "rooster" as an emblem of victory? Please explain.

DEMOCRAT.

Columbus Oct. 11, 1867.

Because the game rooster is the gamest bird when encroached upon by his fellows, that ever existed, and the Democracy is the gamest party that ever voted at an election or resented oppression. Both the party and its emblem, when they go into the fight, make it a matter of life or death. Both may be whipped, but not conquered, for giving up, when once in the fight, is a word unknown to the practice of the rooster, and is not found in the Democratic

This is one reason for adopting the rooster as an emblem of Democracy; another reason is this:

During the war 1812 the British fleet on Lake Champlain was attacked by the American fleet under Commodore McDonough. The fleet of McDonough, much inferior to that of the English, suffered terribly in the first part of the battle. At the moment when it was raging fiercest—the heaviest fire of the enemy directed against the flag-ship of McDonough—his men driven from their guns by the fierce cannonade, and dismay sat upon every countenance, and the storm of iron hail, which seemed to threaten destruction not only to the ship but to every liking soul therein, was at its height, a cannon ball struck a chicken coop and knocked it to pieces, killing all it contained but a moment before, save only a game roosters, whose battered comb bore the marks of many a death fight. Flying upon the bulwarks of McDonough's flag-ship, the noble bird, undaunted by the noise and confusion and carnage around him, with clarion voice rang out his notes of defiance and victory.

Sailors are very superstitious, and when in the pause of the thunder of the enemy's cannon, they heard the "cock-a-doodle-doo" of the undaunted bird, they gathered new courage, and repairing again to their guns, returned anew the fire of the enemy, cheered by the loud crow of the emblem of the Democracy until the battle ended, and McDonough on Lake Champlain, like the Democracy of Ohio, was victorious over the enemies of the country.

Every naval historian makes mention of the fact, and history says that the bravery shown on that occasion by the rooster was the cause of the victory, by the renewed courage it gave to the sailors of McDonough's fleet.

From that day to this, in political contests, the roosters has been the Democratic emblem of victory, and when it is seen, in the act of sending forth its "cock-a-doodle-doo" at the head of a Democratic newspaper, it is right to say that the country is safe, for the victory is with the Democracy.

The gallant birds that grace our columns, crowing over Ohio redeemed from Abolition misrule, are believed to be, if not lineal descendants, living likeness of the one that cheered McDonough, and his men on to victory in 1812.—*Ohio Statesman.*

The Raven and the Ring.

In a village near Warsaw, in Poland, there lived a pious peasant of German parentage.

Without any fault on his part, he had become short in the payment of his rent, and the landlord had threatened to turn him out of his house and home, even although it was in the middle of the winter. The peasant went several times to the cruel-hearted landlord, to entreat him for forbearance, but in vain; on the next day, he, with his wife and children were to leave their home.

During the evening he was conducting family worship, and whilst reading a portion of Holy scripture there was a knock at the window. It proceeded from an old friend, a raven, which Dorby's father had taken from the nest, and trained. Dorby opened the window; the raven popped in, having in its beak a ring set with costly stones. At first Darby thought of disposing of the ring, but on reflection he took it to the minister. The latter at once recognized the ring as one belonging to the King Stanislaus, to whom he went immediately and told the story.

The King sent for Dorby and rewarded him, so that at once he was relieved from want, and the next year he made him a present of a new house and garden.—Above the house door a tablet was erected, with the Bible text inscribed thereon:—"Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee."—Ps. lxxxi: 7.

The Art of Advertising.

The New York *Times* says: A glance at the business columns of any flourishing newspaper will show to what devices expert advertisers have learned to resort, in the effort to entrap public attention and fix it on their wares People have been so often beguiled into reading advertisements, under the hallucination that they were tales, poems, sermons, or what not, that they have become wary and abnormally suspicious. The public has to be regularly "stalked" by the advertisers, and nothing is too sacred or fine to escape use as a stalking horse. Should we observe "The Ten Commandments!" in stirring capitals in a newspapers we could reply on finding underneath ten travertics. cautioning you to buy no other goods before Smith's, and so on. The most thrilling novels culminate in sewing machines. Suppose one's eye should be attracted by the well-worn line,

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will—

what ought he to expect for the rhyme? Why, something informing him that by saving the pieces he has a vase still—through the medium of course, of somebody's "adhesive compound, invaluable to all housekeepers." Typography is also pressed into the advertiser's service, and white letters on black ground, crooked letters fat letters, lean letters, whatever can command the eye, abound. Advertising has risen almost to the dignity of a profession, and puts all other professions under contribution.

In a Day or Two.

The servant of a friend of ours, who lives a few miles from town, inquired of him on his return from the election whether he had voted.

"Oh, yes, sah, I voted!"

"Well, who did you vote for?"

The negro scrathed his head and replied:

"To tell you de truf, Mars Dick, I didn't hear de name ob de man who I voted for, but dey promise faithful for to let me know in a day or two!"

Such is negro suffrage.—*Native Virginian.*

Biblical theatricals are a Sunday evening amusement of the Connecticut Sunday Schools.

The rumor that Secretary Seward has bought Saturn's ring, Jupiters's moon and half-a-dozen asteroids, is contradicted.

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