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

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SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
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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,
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BALTIMORE,

Offers inducements to the Citizens and Merchants of Kent and the adjoining counties. Call and examine our stock.

September 23, 1865—6m

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

JAMES R. CHANCE. JNO. F. OSBOURN.

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BY CHANCE & OSBOURN,
AUCTIONEERS
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 85 West Baltimore Street,
Below Sun Iron Building.

WE respectfully call the attention of all Merchants to our extensive Auction Rooms, where we are daily receiving

Goods of all Descriptions,

for public and private sales. Call and see us.

CHANCE & OSBOURN,
Auction and Commission Merchants,
85 West Balt. St., near Holliday.

April 14, 1866—6m.

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
COMMISSION AGENTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
OYSTERS,
Grain, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
152 Pratt Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
T. H. Burgess, C. H. Bramble, V. B. Hines.

NOTICE TO FRUIT GROWERS.

FROM past experience, the facilities now in our possession and our extensive acquaintance with the principal PACKERS and DEALERS in Fruit—we can at all times command the HIGHEST PRICES for all

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

consigned to us for sale, and respectfully solicit consignments.

Prompt returns made, and PARTICULAR attention given to the return of Boxes.

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
No. 152 PRATT STREET.

Baltimore, March 17, 1865—tf.

W. H. WEST,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
132 West Pratt street, Baltimore.

Particular attention given to the sale of

[redacted]

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

SHEUBROOK, WOODALL & CO.,
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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—tO21.

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

BOOKS, PERIODICALS
AND STATIONERY,

SHEET MUSIC, ILLUSTRATED PAPERS, MAGAZINES, BIBLES AND RELIGIOUS BOOKS. Also, subscriptions received for all Papers, Periodicals and Magazines, published in the U. S. Large orders filled promptly at city prices, by

D. MILLER & CO.,
"Shaw Store," Chestertown, Md.

March 17, 1866—Y.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store,* by

May 14, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

The Poet.

Come Home, Father.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny, so sick, in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes two,
The night has grown colder—and Benny is worse;
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—ma says he will die;
Perhaps before morning shall dawn!
And this is the message she sent me to bring—
Come quickly, or he will be gone!
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely—the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me!
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead!
And gone with the angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he said:
"I want to kiss papa to-night!"
Come home! come home! come home!
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night-winds repeat as they roam;
Oh! who could resist the most plaintive of prayers,
Please, father, dear father, come home!

Farmers' Column.

Training Heifers.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Observer:

In the *Observer* of the 22d ult. I read an article on this topic, which embodies much good advice. In my own experience—not a short one—I have found a great majority of the faults or vices of cows to arise from the worse faults or vices of those who care and use them. *Kindness* to all dumb animals, should be the first law of their management; and when kindness and good management fail to make the cow, in disposition, be what she ought, her case may as well be given up, and herself consigned to the shambles. I have reared a great many heifers into milking cows—hundreds of them—and seldom had a failure, not only in a good milker, but in a kind-tempered, orderly animal. More cows are spoiled with their first "coming in" than at any other age. To make the matter plain, I will give my own method of treatment.

After the creature is past a year old, at her *second* wintering, my heifers are tied regularly in the stable, as are the milking cows. This accustoms them to handling, and the familiarity of the herdsman, and where they can be daily examined for every ail that may occur to them. When they begin to "spring bag" for calving, they should be closely looked after to see that the udder is coming into right shape and condition, free from inflammation, "cake," or other disorder; and if such occur, the proper remedy,—as softening and annointing with fresh butter, oil, salt and water, or other emollient,—should be applied, so as to keep it always in pliant and healthy condition Sometimes the flow of milk into the udder of a young heifer before calving will be so free, that it is necessary to draw it out daily for days before she drops the calf, or otherwise her bag would inflame and spoil. All these difficulties cause pain, irritation, and fretfulness in the young animal, from which she is only relieved by these attentions; and which, if not relieved of them, spoil her outright. If thus properly treated, the young creature comes in with her first calf a fine, amiable, kindly, useful cow. The herdsman having done his duty, there is usually little difficulty thereafter.

It will sometimes occur, however, that with even this kind treatment, a refractory trollop,—as in the human family,—turns up, full of spite and intractability, which perhaps no punishment or violent treatment can reduce to obedience. If the law of kindness will do no further good, and the creature indicate no extraordinary good qualities in the dairy line, the sooner she is dried off and fatted for the shambles the better. But I have occasionally kept for years a *good* milker, addicted to the only vice of kicking, and that vice, under common treatment, incorrigible. I have one now, in a herd of some twenty dairy cows. Although kindly treated with the others of her age, she would kick from the very first milking. Nothing was the matter with her udder or teats, all being perfect. She is now five years old, and one of the best in dairy quality of my herd. We treat her as follows:

My cows are always in summer, as well as winter, driven into and tied in their usual stalls in the stable, night and morning, for milking; the reason for this is, that they are thus *always under control:* no fright, no jumping, and running away, with a milking stool vengefully thrown after them by the exasperated milker, and a muss, perhaps, with half the other cows before the offending animal is brought to her duty. But this one would kick, with all sorts of treatment, though never chastised with more than a few strokes of a light switch when the most soothing efforts were expended in vain. We finally tried another way. I bought what my English herdsman calls "a pair of bull-dogs." It is an instrument frequently found in the agricultural stores for holding cattle by the nose, on the principle of a pair of pinchers, the short handles of which are kept apart by a spiral wire-spring, causing the pincher points to press near together when clasping the thin membrane of the nostril behind the nose. These points are rounded into the size of a common musket ball, being of cast iron, and the whole weighing scarcely half a pound. The extremities of the handles are perforated, so as to let a small rope pass through them; and, when once inserted into the nostril, the points press closely, but not painfully, by the spring keeping apart the handles. Thus the cow becomes entirely under control, so far as the head is concerned. Into these handles a rope is fixed, and thrown over a pole, or bit of scantling placed over the manger, the nose raised to nearly a horizontal line with her horns, and fastened. The whole operation does not take a minute. In this position she cannot kick, if she tries. She may lift her feet, and whisk her tail, and fret a little, but kick she can't. She has never kicked, so secured,—although, if let loose, both pail and milker would soon be on the other side of the stable. She is so tractable with this long-continued discipline that the moment the milker approaches with his "bull dogs" she holds out her nose as kindly to receive them as if to receive a caress or a favor, and yields her bountiful flow of milk as graciously as the kindest cow in the stable. A rope around the horns, running down and made a slip-noose over the nose, will answer the same purpose.

It may be said that this is a peculiar case. Try it. Any cow can thus be deprived of the *power* of kicking. Any creature, in order to kick, must hold its head low, or in its natural position. Kicking is an unusual effort of the animal, and, that the heel may be raised for such purpose, requires a strong effort of the spine, the rear of which must be somewhat elevated,—and, to make that effort, the head and neck must be lowered; but, the nose lifted to this horizontal position, the power to kick ceases.

March, 1866. AN OLD FARMER.

From the Washington Star.

Chuck Mullins Bad with Trichinosis.

BY CROSBY S. NOYLES.

Everybody about Center Market knows Chuck Mullins. Chuck is a "curb stone operator," to be found on the north front on most market days, dispensing his little assortment of truck"—his sassafrasback, corn-ears, chickens, poke-berries, &c., from the tail end of his weather-beaten old wagon.

Sometimes Chuck brings to market a barrel or two of charcoal, the product of his piney woods patch in Prince George's and that's how he happened into Dubant's yesterday. He sold his charcoal, and having pocketed the pay, and given a snort or two of admiration at the show of good things, potable and eatable, to be seen at Dubant's, was making his way towards the door, when the spirit of mischief brought to his nose the appetising perfumes from a nice piece of roast pork, just then under colored Harry's experienced carving knife. Chuck edged up to the eating bar and eyed the work of dissection for a time with watering mouth, and with brows knit as if revolving a question of finance, and then, with the air of a Prince Georgian who has made up his mind, pulled off his overcoat, mounted one of the tall stools that line the counter, and called for a plate of that roast pork. His evil genius here played him the scurvy trick of placing him next a City Father, whose love of good eating takes him often to Dubant's, and whose propensity for practical joking made him about as dangerous a neighbor for poor Chuck as need be. Chuck, having dispatched his pork with a speed that left him flushed and oily, but with the "sacred rage of hunger still unappeased," called for another plate, remarking confidentially to his neighbor that he "could eat roast pork till the cows kim home." City Father turned to make a sympathetic response, but as his eyes rested on Chuck he recognized in that worthy the miserable callawag who had stuck him with a tough turkey at Christmas time; so with smiling face, but with blue vengeance burning underneath, he remarked, urbanely, that roast pork well cooked was certainly fine eating. But glancing at Chuck's plate the smile fled from his face, as if a horrid doubt had come over him in view of what he saw there.

"Good Heavens!" said he. "Did you eat that pork without mustard?"

"M-m-m-mustered!" faltered Chuck; "what fer!"

"What for! why to *kill the worms!*"

"W-wur-rums?"

"Yes. Is it possible that you have not heard of the terrible trichini disease lately invented in pork?"

"Nary word," stuttered Chuck, sweating with fright, and dreading he hardly knew what.

"My unhappy friend, you're a goner! It has been demonstrated by microscopic and various other kinds of analysis—with the details of which it would be cruel to occupy your few brief moments on earth"—

"Oh Lordy!" grasped Chuck.

—"that every female trichina contains 200 young trichina, and that every mouthful of fresh pork, of the size you have been swallowing——

"Oh, Lordy!"

—"may contain 60,000 female trichina, breeding at the rate of forty millions per minute"—

"Oh, Moses!" roared Chuck.

"The gastric juice," continued his persecutor, "develops the young trichina with frightful rapidity"—

"Oh, Lordy!"

"You look like a man overflowing with gastric juice. By this time the worms are doubtless swarming in your lymphatic glands and peritoneal cavity"—

"Ow! ow! ow!" bellowed Chuck, rubbing his hands dolefully over his abdominal region.

"Oh, Lordy, I feel 'em now!" said Chuck.

"In an hour you'll be a walking mass of worms, and in three hours—if your life is prolonged to that extent—perisaltic action will commence, and soon after that the worms will begin to eat you up bodily"—and Chuck's tormentor here took out his watch and laid it upon the counter, as if to time Chuck's dying agonies as a matter of scientific inquiry.

"Oh, for grashus sake!" roared Chuck; "don't let the cussed maggits eat me up rite afore yer eyes! Oh dear! Mammy allus said my belly 'ud be the death of me! Ow! ow! ow!" and he rocked and groaned fearfully.

"Are you an only son?" inquired the joker.

"*Deed* I am!" responded Chuck, earnestly. "I'm an orphin."

"You have a wife, perhaps?"

"*Deed* I hev—Oh! Marier Jane! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Children!"

"*Tew!* Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Two innocent babies—a wife and a mother. Gentlemen," (to the convulsed bystanders,) "this life is worth saving. He's a poor miserable shote, and sells the toughest turkies raised since Noah; but he's of some use to his family, and he's *not fit to die.*"

"*Deed* I ain't!" plead Chuck, with both hands pressed convulsively on his stomach.

"I don't think," said the joker, doubtfully, "I don't think the worms have reached his pericardium yet—let's try and save him. Here boys—quick! bring me the castor," and pouring out mustard, vinegar, salt, Worcestershire sauce, horse radish and cayenne pepper in a plate, he remarked—"I'll give him a dose of this to occupy the worms until we get some *active* remedy—now open your mouth"—and he ladeled away into the gap in Chuck's face, and he swallowed with such good will that he was speedily spiting, gasping, and choking at a tremendous rate, with the tears standing in his eyes and great beads of sweat on his face.

"Don't that stir 'em up?" inquired his benefactor; "you feel a biting, burning, pricking sensation internally, eh?"

Chuck admitted tearfully that he did.

"All right, that's hopeful. Now Harry," (with a wink to the grinning waiter,) "you jump up to the drug store and get a double X dose of Croton-oil-Trichini-Killer. Meantime" (to Chuck) "it might prevent the worms from getting hold if you were to hop about a little.

No sooner said than done, and Chuck was speedily executing a set of jumps and shuffles that any champion jig dancer might have envied; and when a little out of breath with that exercise, he threw himself upon the sanded floor, rolling over and over with an incredible velocity, well calculated to bother the worms, and which obliged the by-standers to hop around lively to keep out of the way.

"Now here's your medicine," said the City Father, "take it right down!" Chuch swallowed it at a gulp.

"Now, is your team ready? Jump in, then, and put out for home, and when you are fairly out of this scrape, remember the friends who have saved your life, and above all, don't ever again eat fresh pork without mustard."

Chuck declared as well as he was able that if there was one thing more than another he would bear in mind it would be *that*, and off he started—one hand occupied with reins and whip, and the other pressed desperately upon the worm-infested region.

The Marlborough stage coming in last night encountered Chuck's cart about Long Old Fields. Chuck was sprawled out half over the tail-board of his cart, vomiting, sweating, &c., &c.—in short, getting relief in as many ways as did Sancho Panza after his famous drench of balsam. It is pretty certain that no trichini effected a lodgment in Chuck's internal combinations that time.

Communicated to the Easton Star.

Eastern Shore and Delaware Rail Roads.

MR. EDITOR—It is undoubtedly an age of progress in many respects, but in none more so than the development of the country by means of Rail Roads; and no part of the country for its size claims so much the attention of Rail Road men, as this peninsula at the present time. The mass of the people are acquainted *simply* with the fact that there *are* several Roads chartered, and some in course of construction, but are at a loss doubtless for information of a satisfactory character in reference to their respective merits and their present condition. What then, just at this time, could be more interesting to the reading community generally, than a little Rail Road chat? and what better medium through which to converse with our Maryland friends, than the columns of your widely circulated and justly popular paper?

Let us take them in order, commencing at the lower end of the peninsula. First comes the extension of the Delaware Rail Road, which below the State line, is under a Maryland charter, and known as the "Eastern Shore Rail Road." Mr. Crisfield, of Princess Anne, is President of this Company. The Road is completed as far as Princess Anne, the county seat of Somerset county, to which place trains are regularly running. From this point it is to be extended a distance of some 19 miles to Annamessex River, and it is intended to put on a line of steamers to run in connection with the Southern roads via Norfolk and Portsmouth. By this route the expectation is that 5 hours will be saved between Norfolk and New York, over the present route via Baltimore and Philadelphia. It has been many years since this route was projected, and although many scouted at the idea of its *ever* being completed, the wisdom of Mr. Felton, late Pres't of the P. W. & B. Co., in obtaining permanent control over the Delaware Rail Road is no apparent to those from whose hands he quietly took it while they were asleep to the future importance of their Road. To the victor belongs the spoils, and while the Delaware R. R., extended, would have been a powerful and successful competitor of the P. W. & B. R. R., in *other* hands, *they*, foreseeing what was coming, have arranged everything to their satisfaction, and will reap the benefits which others might have enjoyed.

The Junction and Breakwater Rail Road comes next. This Road connects with the Delaware Road at Harrington.—It is chartered to extend to the mouth of the Delaware Bay at Lewes, where it is intended to expend a large amount in building a Pier, for shipping purposes.—This Road is completed as far as Milford, and has been running to that town since September, 1859. The grading and bridging of the next 16 miles to Georgetown, the county seat of Sussex, was completed in May, 1861, but the iron never purchased, on account of the failure of the France & Broadbent Lottery grant, upon the proceeds of which this Road depended mainly for its construction. During the last two sessions of the Delaware Legislature, they have obtained the pasage of acts giving them material aid, in the shape of State Bonds. It is therefore probable that they will resume operations at once, and go forward rapidly to a successful completion. The Road is under contract for track laying to Georgetown, and surveys are being made from there to Lewistown. The city of Philadelphia will be greatly accommodated by this Road in the facilities afforded for transshipping goods at Lewes, and conveying them in a few hours to their destination; whereas now, vessels loaded with Spring Goods often are detained by ice in the Delaware Bay until the market is nearly over. Besides this, many thousand bushels of grain will seek an outlet over this Road, going to the New York and Boston markets. The city of Philadelphia should long since have built this Road as New York would have done. The miserable Yankee spirit of that worse than puritanical city has been fully evinced in her course in reference to this Road.—She believed it *would be built* in the natural course of events, without her aid, and *when built*, she would reap all the benefits to be deprived. *Glorious city! magnanimous people!*

Next comes the Maryland and Delaware Road, which runs up into your section of country, and in which your humble servant is *materially* interested to a small extent. This Road was chartered in 1854, I believe, and is to run from Clayton or Smyrna Station, on the Delaware R. R., to Oxford, on the Tred Avon River, some 19 miles from the Chesapeake Bay. Amid many difficulties it has struggled on until now, judging from appearances, it is going forward to a successful completion. A short acquaintance has convinced me that your contractor is a gentleman of unusual energy and ability, and will doubtless carry out his contract in good faith, provided he meets with that liberal support which he deserves. I am informed by your chief Engineer that 10 miles are completed and in running order, that the ties are delivered to Greensborough and iron purchased for 5 miles more. In addition to this, it is reported here that negotiations are nearly completed for the purchase of sufficient iron to carry the road to Hillsborough. To the few who have struggled on against so much opposition, all honor and credit is due. God speed the Road, and let us have it done soon.

Next comes the Kent County Road.—This Road is to turn from the Chesapeake Bay at or near Rock Hall, opposite the mouth of the Patapsco River, and passing thence near Chestertown to the Delaware Rail Road. The charter in Delaware confines its junction to a point within two miles either north or south of Townsend station. The friends of the road petitioned the Legislature to modify their charter, so as to permit them to bring their road to Clayton, where they could have the advantage of a connection with the Md. & Del. and the Smyrna & Delaware Bay Roads. The Bill failed, however, but the advantage of a change is so evident that it is to be supposed that another effort will be made to obtain it. Our Maryland friends may rest assured that there are many who have seen the gross injustice done them by our Legislature, and who at its next session will aid them in obtaining what they desire.

The Smyrna & Delaware Bay Rail Road claims our notice next. This road is chartered to extend from Clayton to the Delaware Bay, where two points are under consideration, viz: the mouth of Duck Creek and Pierson's Cove. It is needless to discuss their relative merits here; suffice it to say that the Road is under contract and will speedily be built, which will enable the freighters on the Md. & Del. R. R. to ship direct to New York at a small cost; in fact, at a less one, than they can now ship to Philadelphia under the heavy tariff of the P. W. & B. R. R., which, to speak truly, is getting to be a miserable monopoly.

There is a project on foot to build a Road on the N. Jersey side, connecting with the Raritan & Delaware Bay R. R., so that a continuous line will be formed from the Cesapeake to New York. Of this I may speak at a subsequent time.

There is another Road chartered, and I learn that the Company has been organized, to extend from Cambridge via New Market and Federalsburg to Bridgeville, on the Delaware Road. This of course is a purely local Road. It is to be hoped that our Dorchester friends may be able to complete it, however, because of the advantage it must be to their county generally.

I have attempted to give in a plain way the information so much needed in reference to our works of Internal Improvement. No part of our country is so busily engaged in its improvement, by this, the only sure means, as our Peninsula; and it is well that every one should be informed as to how and where the various Roads are building. Let us all give a hearty support, and soon our peninsula, under the genial influence of such improvements, must become truly, as it has already often-times been called, "The garden spot of the world." Yours truly,

ENTERPRISE.

Treatment of Cholera.

Dr. Pratt, of the General Turkey Mission of the American Board, has prepared for publication in the *Missionary Herald* the following account of the treatment employed by Dr. Hamlin, of Constantinople, and other missionaries, during the prevalence of the disease in Turkey last season, which we copy for the benefit of our readers who may have occasion to apply or to recommend it. Every one should have some such remedies at hand either for himself or for others who may be attacked:

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.

Cholera is a disease of the stomach and intestines, manifested by purging and vomiting, and running, sooner or later, into discharges like water with rice boiled in it. This is the essential nature of the disease, no matter where it appears. When it comes as an epidemic, commonly called "Asiatic cholera," there co-exists, to a greater or less degree, what is called malignancy,—manifested by coldness of the surface of the body, depressed pulse, purple, shriveled appearance of extremities, and perhaps spasms. It is this quality that is the source of danger, and it may vary in intensity from the slightest to the most virulent degree, causing death in three hours, and before the purging and vomiting have had time, of themselves, to produce any effect.

TREATMENT.

To meet these conditions, the following directions must be carefully followed:

1. For the *stage of diarrhœa.* This may come on insidiously, painless, and hence not alarming, but should be met promptly. The remedy is, "the cholera mixture," so called, consisting of equal parts of

Laudanum,
Tincture of Rhubarb, and
Spirits of Camphor.

Begin with 30 drops, taken clear, and unmixed, with a little sugar placed in the mouth afterwards. Repeat the dose *after every evacuation*, increasing it if the case becomes urgent to 60 drops (a teaspoonful), or 90 drops, if necessary. If the diarrhœa is not controlled by this means, an injection of from 30 to 90 drops of Laudanum, in a tablespoonful of starch, will prove a valuable help. This may be often repeated. If the diarrhœa ceases, do not entirely intermit the medicine, but give in gradually diminished doses, every one or two hours, for a period of twelve or even twenty-four hours.

2. *For the vomiting stage*, the best remedy is

Laudanum,
Tincture of Capsicum,
Tincture of Ginger, and
Tincture of Cardamon seeds,

equal parts; to be given, from 40 to 60 drops, undiluted and followed by sugar, after every fit of vomiting; taking care to give it as soon as the fit ceases, when it will be more likely to be retained. An excellent adjuvant to this is a large mustard poultice to the abdomen.

3. *For the stage of malignancy*, the only remedy is *stimulants*, especially brandy which must be given with great freedom, from two to four teaspoonsfuls every half or even quarter hour, till heat returns, and pulse and sensibility of extremities are restored. It is always to be given undiluted. Alcohol, or other spirits, will answer the purpose, if brandy is not to be had. It will be necessary to combine with this, artifical heat,—bottles of hot water to the body and extremities,—friction of the limbs, (which no one need fear to apply,) and mustard, perhaps, to the feet and hands, stomach and limbs. Remember that *boldness*, to the verge of rashness, is better than excess of caution, and that no danger is to be apprehended from any of these remedies so long as the symptoms for which they are given are uncontrolled.

The use of cold water must be *strictly forbidden*, except mere to gargle the throat; a very small quantity, swallowed, will bring on the diarrhœa after it has been stopped for hours. A little water of gum arabic may be allowed, a tea-spoonful at a time; or, perhaps, lumps of ice might be taken with safety.

For the *typhoid fever*, which often follows an attack, chamomile or sage tea, and diaphoretic treatment will be all that is needed, besides a moderate use of stimulants, for convalescence.

A Word to the Fair Sex.

"I have found," says Addison, "that the men who are really the most fond of women, and who cherish for them the highest respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the places of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are always their favorites. Silence is taken by them for neglect or want of love."

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied:—"Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends."

Dean Swift said, with much truth, "It is useless for us to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never been reasoned into."

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