The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1867. NO. 10.

PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

The Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery was organized in 1848. Chartered by the Legislature, February 26, 1853. Name changed by a legislative enactment to the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia in 1860. In 1863 it purchased the Pennsylvania Medical College, established in 1842, and the Philadelphia Medical College, which had previously been merged into the Pennsylvania Medical College. In 1864 it purchased the Penn Medical University. The Trustees of the separate schools united, petitioned, and obtained a special act of the Legislature, consolidating these institutions and changing their names to that of the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery, March 15, 1865. All these various acts are published in the statutes of Pennsylvania. The cost of the building and museum was over one hundred thousand dollars. It will be observed that the University, as now organized, is the legal representative of the four medical Colleges that it has absorbed. It is a liberal school of medicine, confined to no dogma, nor attached to any medical clique; but embraces in its teachings everything of value to the profession.

Sessions.—It has two full sessions each year, commencing on the 1st of October, and continuing until the 1st of January as its first session, and from the 1st of January to the 1st of April as its second; the two constituting one full course of lectures. It has also a summer session, commencing the 1st of April and continuing until August, for the preparatory branches, such as Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Botany, Zoology, Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, etc.

Tickets.—Tickets to the full course of lectures $120, or $60 for each session. For the summer or preparatory course $25. Graduating fee $30. To aid *young men of moderate means*, the University has issued *five hundred scholarships*, which are sold to first-course students, for $75, and to second-course students and clergymen for $50, each constituting the holder a life member, with the perpetual privileges of the lectures, and all the teachings of the school. The only additional fees are a yearly dissecting and matriculating ticket, each of which is $5.

The Advantages of Scholarships.—The student holding a scholarship can enter the College at any time during the year, attend as long as he chooses, and re-enter the institution as frequently as desired.

It requires no previous reading or study to enter the University on scholarships, hence, all private tuition fees are saved.

Students, by holding scholarships, can prosecute other business a part of the time.

The candidate for graduation can present himself at any time, and receive his degree as soon as qualified.

In case a student should hold a scholarship and not be able to attend lectures, it can be transferred to another, thus preventing any loss.

Parents, guardians, or friends of students wishing to purchase scholarships for them a year or more before their attendance at the University, can secure them by advancing one-half the price, and paying the balance when the student enters. Physicians and benevolent men can bestow great benefit upon poor young men, by presenting them a scholship, and thus enabling them to obtain an honorable profession.

The Faculty embraces seventeen eminent physicians and surgeons. The University has associated with it a large hospital clinic, where every form of medical and surgical disease is operated on and treated in the presence of the class.

College Building.—The College building, located in Ninth Street, south of Walnut, is the finest in the city. Its front is collegiate gothic, and is adorned with embattlements and embrasures, presenting a novel, bold, and beautiful appearance. The facade is of brown stone, ornamented by two towers, rising to the elevation of eighty feet, and crowned with an embattled parapet. The building contains between fifty and sixty rooms, all supplied with water, gas, and every other convenience that modern improvement can contribute to facilitate medical instruction. Only five hundred scholarships will be issued, and as two hundred and fifty are now sold, those who wish to secure one should do so at once. Money can be remitted by express, or a draft or check sent on any National bank in the United States, when the scholarship will be returned by mail, signed by the President of the Board of Trustees, Jos. S. Fisher, Esq., and the Dean of the Faculty, W. Paine, M. D. All orders for scholarships or other business of the University, should be addressed to Professor W. Paine, M. D, Philadelphia, Pa. June 15, 1867.

DR. B. MISHLER'S
CELEBRATED
MEDICINAL HERB BITTERS.

MESSRS. A. AITKEN & CO., are my authorized State Agents for Maryland, No. 139½ N. GAY STREET, between High and Exeter Streets, Baltimore, Md.
BENJAMIN MISHLER, Proprietor.

$100 REWARD!

I will pay to any Doctor or member of the Medical Fraternity the sum of $100 for any compound that possesses more medicinal virtues and curative powers than Mishler's Herb Bitters. B. Mishler, Proprietor.

$500 REWARD.

I will pay $500 to the proprietor of any medicine that can show a greater number of genuine certificates of cures effected by it near the place where it is made, than Mishler's Herb Bitters—of Primary Consumption, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bloody Flux, Diarrhœa, Typhoid, Remittent, Intermittent and Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Cholera Morbus, Yellow Jaundice, Scrofula, Running or Sore Legs, Cancer, Abcess, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds, Cramp in the Stomach Chronic Diarrhœa, Pile, Tetter, Scald Head, Ophnema, or falling away sickness peculiar to children, Leuchorrhœa, Falling of the Womb, all obstructions to the due course of nature in females, all venerial diseases, and all complaints arising from impure blood or a weak and disordered state of the Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys. Certificates of cures of the Yellow Fever in Mexico can also be furnished. Remember, if it does not cure, the money will be refunded by the proprietor.

BENJAMIN MISHLER.
For sale by Simon Wickes, Chestertown.
May 18, 1867—3m.

COPARTNERSHIP.

Baltimore, March 1st, 1865.

Thomas Norris, for ten years past engaged in the sale of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS* and Machines, Field and Garden Seeds, etc., respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has this day associated with him Mr. JOEL PUSEY, of Havre de Grace, very favorably known to many of the farmers of Maryland. The business will be continued under the name and style of

NORRIS & PUSEY,

at the old stand, No. 141 Pratt Street, (near Light.) The senior partner tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his many friends who have so liberally patronized him, and solicits for the new firm a continuation of their favors.

In addition to the old business, the subscribers will be prepared to transact, in an extensive way, the

Lime, Plaster and Cement Business.

Yielding to the solicitations of many friends in the country, they beg to offer their services as

General Commission Merchants

for the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of *Country Produce.*

By a faithful attention to business, they expect to merit a good share of public favor, and ask a continuation of the patronage of old customers, and a fair trial by new ones.

They will continue the sale of *Wood's Prize Mower, Wood's Self-Raking Reaper, Westinghouse's Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, Beckford & Hoffman's Grain and Guano Drills, Van Wickle's Grain Fans,* and many other Implements and Machines, of superior merit.

They assure their customers that they are prepared to furnish any article in their line on as good terms as they can be supplied by any house in Baltimore.

Circulars, Catalogues, etc., giving descriptions, prices, &c., will be furnished on application.

NORRIS & PUSEY,
March 11, 1867 41 Pratt Street.

E. WHITMAN & SONS,
Nos. 22 & 24 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md.,
Manufacturers of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SEEDS, FERTILIZERS AND AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.
SOUTHERN AGENTS FOR

[redacted]

REMOVED.
F. LLOYD
Has removed to the New Building
COR. BALTO. AND HOLLIDAY STS.,
94 Baltimore Street,

WHERE he intends keeping on hand a large assortment of
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters,
&c., which he intends to sell at greatly reduced prices. He invites the citizens of Chestertown and the County of Kent to call and examine. He is confident he can sell cheaper for Cash than any Fashionable Establishment in the City of Baltimore, considering the quality of his Goods. Give him a call at 94 Baltimore street, corner of Holliday.

F. LLOYD.
January 26, 1867—y.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

BUY YOUR
HOSIERY, GLOVES, DRAWERS, UNDER SHIRTS, HANDHERCHIEFS and Small Wares,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
FROM
RINGGOLD & Bro.,
175 Balt. St., near Light.
November 24, 1866.

CHESTERTOWN
CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

Having associated themselves with GEORGE E. LAMBERT for the Manufacture and Repair of Carriages in all its branches, respectfully inform the public that they have taken
THE SHOP ON CROSS STREET,
recently occupied by R. W. Caulder, and
Having laid in a Stock Of the Very Best Material,
are now prepared to build to order
FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
TRIMMING, PAINTING
AND ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS
Neatly and promptly done.

Believing a good Carriage Manufactory will be sustained in our town, we respecfully ask the public patronage.

GEO. E. LAMBERT & CO.
Chestertown, March 9, 1867.

GAS TAR and WHITE WASH LIME, for sale at the
TRAPPE CORNER

The Poet.

"Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother."*

BY MRS. A. M. EDMONDS—Brooklyn.

Adapted to the present suffering of many in the South.

[The following verses were rendered by Rev. Dr. Berkley, of St. George's Church, St. Louis, on the occasion of the delivering of his discourse in behalf of the destitute and starving in the South. The reading of the sad lines produced a profound impression upon the audience, and many applications have been made for copies of the verses. As the surest way of gratifying the wishes of those who desire to possess the poem we publish it below.]—*St. Louis Republican.*

Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn,
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death,
My lips have never told.

It has gnaw'd like a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the live-long day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of *bread* in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was Heaven, to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to *you*, mother,
How could I look to *you*
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you are starving too?
For I *read* the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild,
And I *felt* it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

The North has lands and gold, mother,
The North has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What have we poor ones done, mother,
What have we poor ones done,
That the world looks on and sees us starve,
Perishing one by one?
Do Christian men care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of the Southern land,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across a few poor States,
Are many that roll in gold.
There are rich and great men there, mother,
With wonderous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
Would give ME life and YOU.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly as you held
My sister when *she* died.
Quick! for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone.
Mother! dear mother, ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn!

*The above words were the last request of a lad to his mother, as he was dying from starvation. She found three grains in the corner of a pocket in his ragged jacket, and gave them to him. It was all she had; the whole family were perishing from famine.

How He Got Drunk.

A Chicago paper contains the following confession made by a prisoner arraigned before the Police Court of that city for drunkenness:

[redacted]

Now, Mr. Justice, don't fine me. If I didn't act right when I was drunk, it wasn't my fault. There is no hand-book of drunkenness to teach me. It was the peaches that made me drunk.

I am going to write out my last night's experience. It will be in the form of a tract. I will send you some that make nice Christmas gifts.

To discourage people from becoming drunk on peaches, A. P. was fined $10.

Thoughts on Entering the Busy World.

[For the Transcript.]

How sad the trial of leaving home none can tell till called upon to bid farewell to those they love at home, no more to see the mother's cheerful smile, to hear no more the father's welcome voice, as after his daily toil he greets the cheerful group clustered around the fireside, and bids them all be merry while they may, never perhaps again to see his younger brothers and sisters gathering round the cheerful board at eventide to partake of their simple meal, ere bidding a brief farewell to the busy world, and after lisping their infant prayers to God, to cast themselves, with all their imaginary cares and trials, upon their couch, and loosing their merry little limbs in sweet repose. With what force does all this now rush upon his memory; beautiful picture indeed at all times, but now 'tis doubly dear, because about to lose them all. And keenly does he now feel he never has placed a just value upon the many blessings of this life which he has been allowed to enjoy, forgetting that life is made up of little things. Never properly appreciated, because never expecting to lose them, he feels that heretofore they had been considered as a matter of course and not as a special gift of Providence, which is always merciful, but especially so in his case, giving all he could ask, without the asking, and therefore the gift losing half its value in his eyes. But now, when just about to lose them all, he feels with ten-fold force his own ingratitude, and the many great blessings which he has enjoyed, and when he finds he must give them all up, his heart fails him, and he fears it is more than he can bear, and from the fullness of his bursting heart he prays "Oh God, would the bitter cup might be passed from me: but not my will, but thine, oh God, be done."

The trial of parting is over; he passes out into the gay and busy world; the scene of selfishness and sordid gain; and then he feels, if more he can feel, the loss of what is gone. How striking the contrast between those actions prompted by love and pure affection, in comparison with the selfish motives that prompt men in the outer world, knowing no feeling but selfishness, acknowledging no criterions but profit and loss. The boy brought up amid the cheerful influences of love and duty is at a loss how or what to do. Those whom he most trusted have at last had torn from their faces the mask of deception with which they would have beguiled his youthful steps and unsuspecting heart, and they now stand forth in all their nakedness and perfidy. Thrice blessed is he should they be exposed in time to save him from their well laid schemes, tending to his ruin of body and mind.

Deceived in those he trusted, he finds there are snares for his feet at every step, and in his great perplexity of mind he is almost ready in despair to give way to the machinations of his cruel foes, and sink into that lethargy of idleness and vice which, like the whirlpool of the sea, has engulphed so many and of such fair promise. There is yet one thing that will save him; it is to follow up the teachings of a fond mother, to follow her precepts and act upon her advice, and following after these, relying upon her prayers to a just God, and believing in their efficacy, he can and will shun the fatal path, and in the end he will triumph over all enemies and surmount all difficulties in this world.

Knocked About.

It is a good thing for a young man to be knocked about in the world, though his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all, certainly nineteen twentieths of the sum total, enter life with a surplussage of self-conceit. The sooner they are relieved of it the better. If, in measuring themselves with wiser and older men, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully, of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable, for their own sakes, that it be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level. His will may have been paramount at home; but school boys are democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed into the position of a leader; if not, whatever be his own opinion of his abilities may be, he will be compelled to fall back with the rank and file. If not destined to greatness, the next best thing which he can aspire to is respectability; but no man can be either truly great or respectable, who is vain, pompous, overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, be the same high or low, the probability is that the disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down or worn away. Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough, perhaps very rough; but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived, though by a rough road, at self-knowledge. Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youth to be knocked about in the world; it makes men of them.

☞ An English traveler, by mistake, left an under garment at a country inn, where he had passed a night. He wrote to the landlady to forward to him the missing article, whereupon he received the following reply:

"My gentle sir, pray don't feel hurt;
I'll frankly tell you all about it.
I've made a shift of your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it."

A High Tribute to the Character of General Lee.

In a long editorial article calling for the donation of £10,000 to Washington College, by the friends and admirers of Gen. Lee in England, the London *Standard* speaks of him as follows:

There is no living hero—there are none, if any, whose name shines with the purest lustre in history—whose character has commanded so high a tribute of affection and admiration from their friends, of respect and honor from their foes, as that of Gen. Lee. No life more perfectly heroic, no reputation more untarnished even by the minor blemishes which are not uncommonly found in union with the highest heroism, has ever been connected with a great national struggle. No shade of vanity or egotism, nothing of the self-will or petulance so often characteristic of conscious genius, no tinge affection, no taint even of the pride almost inseparable from ordinary greatness of mind, which can endure everything but humiliation, and regards submission as disgrace, alloy the simple grandeur of the Virginian soldier's nature.

A piety without the slightest shadow of Partisanism, a sense of duty to which the sacrifice of every personal feeling and interest appears a matter of course, have marked his whole course and guided his every public act, whether as a soldier or as a citizen. A family connection and the nearest living representative of the great champion of American independence, Gen. Lee has been the Washington of the Confederate war; like Washington, a man "whom envy did not hate," but without even the one dark stain of doubt, if not dishonor, which the death of Major Andre has left on the menory of his prototype. No more "selfless man and stainless gentleman" ever lived; no soldier ever set a more admirable example of the virtues of honor, chivalric generosity, and manly simplicity; no great man ever retired into obscurity, after witnessing alike the ruin of his cause and the destructon of his private fortune, with more of Christian patience and unshaken fortitude.

Of his military achievements we need not speak. It is enough to say that nearly all his victories were won against enormous odds, and that his four years' defence of Virginia has few parallels in history as an example of great results accomplished with small means and a fearful disadvantage.

What is now more interesting to remember is the personal character of the man, as displayed in the various exigencies of that trying struggle; the simple honesty and kindly feeling which prompted him to console his soldiers as they recoiled from the cannon-crowned height of Gettysburg, with the assurance, "It is all my fault;" the unaffected self-depreciation which pronounced when Stonewall Jackson fell, "I could wish, for the sake of our cause, that I had been disabled rather than you;" the Christian chivalry, which no outrage could provoke to retaliation; which, after Virginia had been rendered a desert, withheld the army that invaded Pennsylvania from inflicting the most trival injury on person or property; which, when his own estates had been plundered, ravaged and confiscated, took care to protect the houses and property of his enemies; the horror of useless blooshed which withstood the cry for retribution excited by the murder of Southern prisoners in cold blood, and supported the resolve of the President that unless the actual murderers were taken, no blood should be shed but on the fieeld of battle; the touching unselfishness of his last words to his disbanding army, on the sorrowful 9th of April, "I have done my best for you." But it was when all was over—when the chief of a great and long victorious army was a private man and a paroled prisoner—that the peculiar greatness of General Lee's nature shines out with unequalled brightness.

☞ An amusing incident occurred in one of our down-east churches a few years ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn: "I love to steal awhile away from every cumbering care, and spend the hour of setting day in humble, grateful prayer." The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved on good old Deacon M., who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice to a still higher pitch, he sang "I love to steal;" and, as before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring he had not got his pitch tuner, he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt. By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, whilst the faces of the young ones were in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, "I love to steal." This effort was too much. Every one but the godly and eccentric parson was laughing. He arose, and with the utmost coolness said, "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray." It is needless to say that but few of the congregation heard the prayer.

The Old Newspaper.

An instructive lesson may be drawn from the columns of an old newspaper. You meet with names that seem once to have been on every tongue, but now are never mentioned; authors of new books, which the reviewer confidently handed down to the admiration of all other ages, but which somehow have failed to reach our age; popular preachers, whose sermons have sent no echo to our ears; politicians who fill whole columns of the paper, but who have long since retired to an undiscoverable privacy; swarms of dukes, princes, generals and captains, who played prominent parts in the tragedies or farces of those days, but of whom we were totally ignorant until we saw the old newspaper. What a severe critic is time? With what a ruthless hand he blots out the praises of other journalists! How quietly he shuts down his extinguisher upon lights that the world said would never go out!

How it Came About.

There was a fine old general once, who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his toils were over, when master Dan made him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eyes he began to detect something that made him feel uneasy.

Here was the result of leisure.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied "Othello's Defense," to recite at an exhibition, but made a failure; he recollected that there was something in this defence to recite very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's, with Shakespeare under his arm.

"Madame," said General Uncle Toby, opening the book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleading at the bar—"Madame"—

"Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of the great world I can speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle:
And therefore—"

Here the general closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic gasp, "I want to get married!"

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said with precious tears of humor rolling down her good natured cheeks, "And who is it you want to marry, general?"

"You," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madame," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well, then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby, "but one thing I am bound to tell you—I wear a wig."

The widow started, remained silent a moment and then went into a longer, louder and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat near the general, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off and placed it on the table.

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a decided inclinatination to run away. The widow stop laughed again, as though she would never stop, and the general was about to put his hat upon his denuded head and bolt when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then raised her hand to her own head with a rapid manœuvre, and with her finger pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the general's, remained seated with ludrierous gravity in front of her accepted lover, quite bald!

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now soon laughed along with the widow, and they grew so merry over the affair that the maid-servant peeped through the key-hole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig and bobing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese mandarins. So the two very shortly laid their heads together upon the pillows of matrimony.

How to get up Early.

Place a basin of cold water by the side of your bed; when you first awake in the morning dip your hands in and wet your brows, and sleep will not again seal you in its embrace. This is the advice given by an aged man, who had been in the habit of rising early during a long life. By attending to this advice you may learn to rise every morning at five o'clock. The editor has found it a better plan to go to bed at one regular hour. Leave your bed the moment you awake yourself after daylight; nature will thus regulate the sleep to the exact amount required by the system. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ A funny case came before a Justice in Milwaukee the other day. A young woman who had accepted the attentions and civilities of a gentleman for some time, at length was married to somebody else, whereupon the deceived individual sued for a bill of $204.25, the amount he paid in her behalf in taking her to concerts, operas, picnics, rides and ice-cream saloons. As an off-set he credited her with sundry kisses valued at $16.67½, an unreturned photograph and a ring, making in all a total of $37.75. He recovered the bill, the Judge allowing the plaintiff the kisses at his own valuation.

The Benefits of Advertising.

In answer to a correspondent, the New York *Tribune* states that it is true, as reported, that a Boston druggist who has a speciality now before the public is paying that establishment $10,000 a year for advertising. It says he paid $1,500 for the insertion of one mammoth advertisement, and adds on the general subject: "Bonner once paid us $3,000 for one insertion of an advertisement of the *Ledger*. He knew that by judicious advertising he could insure a fortune."

Mark Twain tells the following story by a fellow passenger, who, being bantered about his timidity, said he had never been scared since he had loaded an old Queen Anne's musket for his father once, whereupon he related the following:

You see the old man was trying to learn me to shoot blackbirds and beasts that tore up the young corn, and such things, so that I could be of some use about the farm, because I wasn't big enough to do much. My gun was a little single-barrel shot gun, and the old man carried an old Queen Anne's musket that weighed a ton, and made a report like a thunder-clap, and kicked like a mule. The old man wanted me to shoot the old musket sometimes, but I was afraid. One day, though, I got her down, and so I took her to the hired man and asked him how to load her, because the old man was out in the fields. Hiram said:

"Do you see them marks on the stock—an X and a V on the Queen's crown? Well, that means ten balls and five slugs that's her load."

"But how much powder."

"Oh," he says, "It don't matter; put in three or four handsful."

"So I loaded her up that way, and it was an awful charge—I had sense enough to see that—and started out. I leveled her on a good many blackbirds, but every time I went to pull the trigger I shut my eyes and winked. I was afraid of her. Towards sundown I fetched up at the house, and there was the old man, resting on the porch.

"Been out hunting, have ye?"

"Yes, sir," says I."

"What did you kill?"

"Didn't kill anything, sir—didn't shoot her off; I was afraid she'd kick." (I knew blamed well she would.)

"Gimmus that gun!" the old man said, mad as sin.

And he took aim at a sapling on the other side of the road, and I began to drop back out of danger. But the next minute I heard an earthquake, and saw the Queen Anne whirling end-over-end in the air, and the old man spinning around on one heel, with one leg up and both hands on his jaw, and his jaw turned black and blue, and he had to lay up for three days. Cholera nor nothing else can ever scare me the way I was scared that time.

Professor Smith, of Baltimore.

This distinguished surgeon is now on a visit to Europe whither his fame had preceded him. The following article from Galignani's (Paris) Messenger refers to one of his important inventions connected with surgery.

We find in the Gazette des Hopitaux a most interesting case of a child only six years of age with a crushed leg from the wheel of a carriage, treated at the English hospital of Paris by Dr. Shrimpton with the greatest success by the application of a most simple apparatus, the invention of Professor Smith, of Maryland. During the whole of the treatment, which progressed without any accident, the little patient was enabled to move about with the greatest ease and without disturbing the fractured limb, or occasioning the slightest pain. The consolidation of the fracture became complete, without any shortening or deformity, although several portions of dead bone had to be eliminated. Some time back we found in the Gazette Medicale an account of a compound fracture of the leg with mortification and necrosis, and thanks to the employment of the same method of treatment, the patient was enabled to be transported a distance of 200 leagues by railway—from the falls of the Rhine to Paris—and all this without a moment's pain to the patient and without any derangement of the fractured limb. This patient recovered perfectly, notwithstanding the presence of typhus fever, mortification, and necrosis. The apparatus consists of two parallel wires, placed *above* the limb and suspended by a small cord. The wires are maintained in their position by an appropriate bandage, applied over the whole length of the limb, leaving however, perfectly free any wounds or tender places which may require to be dressed and attended to. We are happy to perceive by the English papers that the Princess of Wales has recovered sufficiently to take an airing, but we are convinced that if this apparatus had been employed for H. R. H. she would have been spared much pain and suffering, and have had her recovery greatly accelerated.

Castile Soap.

It appears that but few persons are aware of the radical difference between genuine castile soap and the imitation of it. The basis of Castile soap is olive oil. But if you buy your oil it will cost more than the soap will sell for. So the manufacturer takes the marc, (the "cheese," cider makers call it,) from which all the oil has been pressed that profitably can be, and washes out the remainder with a solution of soda. Thus he utilizes a waste product. American castile soap is a palm oil soap that resembles the real article in color only. At the present price of gold the importer can put Castile soap on the market at about seventeen cents per pound.

Editorial Courtesy.

The editor of the Foxtown *Fusileer* is a generous fellow. In his last number he says:

"Postscript—We stop the press with pleasure to announce the decease of our contemporary, Mr. Snuggs, editor of the Foxtown *Flash*. He is now gone to another and better world. Persons who have taken the *Flash* will find the *Fusileer* a good paper.

A teacher who is attempting to teach, without inspiring the pupil with a desire to learn, is hammering on cold iron.

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