The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1867. NO. 11.

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. [illegible] can be remitted by express or a draft [illegible]

[illegible]
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 *AGRICULTU-*

[redacted]

tensive 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
"Buckeye" Mowing & Reaping Machines.
Wagoner's Celebrated Grain and Guano Drills.
"American" Sugar Mills and Evaporators.
The "Sweepstakes" Threshers & Cleaners.
Grant's Grain Cradles.
The Celebrated "Maryland" Wheel Horse Rakes.
Montgomery's Rockaway Wheat Fans.
The "Keystone" Cider Mills.
Hutchinson's Family Wine and Cider Mills, and a general stock of Implements and Machinery, embracing nearly every variety in use.
The above Machines have all of the latest improvements, and are confidently recommended as the best of the kind, in the country.
Repairing parts of any of the above Machinery furnished, and Machines repaired at short notice.
We have in store a large and carefully selected stock of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, which we confidently recommend as fresh and genuine. Send for one of our Seed Catalogues, giving practical directions for planting all varieties of Seeds.
Garden and Flower Seeds forwarded by mail. Baltimore, March 2, 1867—Y.

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 respectfully 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.

THE LONG AGO.

O, a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it floats through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends in the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like bards between,
And the years in the sheaf; how they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there—
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—O, we loved them so;
And there are trinkets and tresses of hair!

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And parts of infant's prayers!
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And garments our dead used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And sometimes we hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind from the river is fair.

O! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of life till night;
When the evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May the greenwood of soul be in sight.

Farmers' Column.

Sods and Weeds.

It should be a general practice with farmers to gather up all the sods, weeds, and even the year's growth of briars, bushes, &c., and stack them in large compact heaps, there to remain for from one to two years, or until they become properly decomposed, and resolved into one mass. It would take but little time to gather these, while in doing so the fields would be cleared of this trash, which, if left to remain, obstruct the growth of plants and encourage the increase of these drawbacks to growing crops. The "manure" which ought to be produced on a farm of an hundred acres by this process, would hardly be believed until properly put in operation. But we can say in advance that there ought to be realized, at the lowest calculation, *one cart load per acre.* This substance is extremely valuable for gardens, and especially for corn, as well as for soils of a heavy and tenacious character.

We have long been convinced that this part of a farmer's business has not nearly been so generally attended to as it ought to be. In the pursuit of agriculture there are as negligent and indifferent farmers as other business men. Some, indeed, appear to have no desire to succeed, or to make more than a mere from hand-to-mouth living; they never learn anything from the experience and example of their more energetic and thriving neighbors. *They know enough,* and hence are content to humdrum their lives away, leaving their children to pattern after them, unless they possess superior innate faculties of their own, and copy, in spite of the example of their parents, after those who have kept pace with the spirit of the age.

In passing through agricultural districts the observant person sees many different phases of farming. He constantly notices where the eye and hand of the intelligent, attentive and successful farmer belong. He requires no guide to point out to him where the soil as well as the mind has been improved. He sees no failure of crops there unless through the visitation of agencies over which man has no control. Even severe drought has little effect upon his crops. Judicious manuring and thorough tillage and draining alone work these agricultural wonders. Who, then, who possesses the true spirit of the Farmer, will not go and do likewise?—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Surface Manuring.

I believe in it. I cherish the belief that surface manuring is the way to manure. Every farmer aims to enrich his farm. Let me tell him in a few plain words how to do it, and then, after reading this plan, let him think over his past experience in farming, and see if it does not corroborate what is said here.

Apply manure chiefly to your tillage lands while in grass. By so doing you produce a strong, stiff sward, filled with grass roots. If these roots are of clover, so much the better. If you succeed in growing a good crop of grass on a poor soil you have done two things—made your land much better, and gained a good crop. As soon, or before the soil begins to show signs of failure, plough or manure again. If you plough, you have a wealth of grass roots decaying for the food of growing crops. Re-seed before the land gets exhausted, and do it bountifully. If you scrimp and starve elsewhere, don't do it when seeding to grass. Aim to have a sward as early as possible. To accomplish this you should seed liberally. When the sward is formed you have another crop of manure to plough under. In seeding land it is better not to be confined to one kind of grass. In this manner lands may be managed for centuries without any material deterioration.

As a further argument in favor of surface manuring I mention that it is nature's way. The soil is on the top of the earth, irrigation deposits its fertilizing elements on the surface. Manure applied to the surface is acted upon by the light, heat and rains—its elements are much more slowly evolved in the earth than on the surface. Every farmer should investigate this subject for himself and make his own conclusions.—*Cor. Canada Farmer.*

"A Friend in Need."

The New York Sun has an editorial giving some good advice to parents—to give their boys a good trade. That is the best "friend in need" the editor knows of, as life wears on, and he adds:

Every day (we are told) there are instances of men slipping from high rounds to the lowest one in the ladder of wealth. Business men find themselves engulphed in the sea of financial embarrassment, from which they emerge with nothing but their personal resources to depend upon for a living. Clerks, salesmen and others find themselves thrown out of employment, with no prospect of speedily obtaining places which they are competent to fill, and with no other means of gaining a livelihood. How many men there are in this city to-day, some of whom have families dependent upon them for support, who bewail the mistake they made in not learning useful trades in their younger days? There are hundreds of them. There are men here who have seen better days, men of education and business ability, who envy the mechanic who has a sure support for himself and family in his handicraft. Parents make a great mistake when they impose upon the brain of their boy the task of supporting him without preparing his hands for emergencies.

No matter how favorable a boy's circumstances may be, he should enter the battle of life as every prudent general enters the battle of armies—with a reliable reserve to fall back upon in case of disaster. Every man is liable to be reduced to the lowest pecuniary point, at some stage of his life, and it is hardly necessary to refer to the large proportion of men who reach that point. No man is poor who is the master of a trade. It is a kind of capital that defies the storm of financial reverse, and that clings to a man when all else has been swept away. It consoles him in the hour of adversity with the assurance that, let whatever may befall him, he need have no fear for the support of himself and his family. Unfortunately, a silly notion, the offspring of a sham aristocracy, has of late years led many parents to regard a trade as something disreputable, with which their children should not be tainted. Labor disreputable!—What would the world be without it? It is the very power that moves the world. A power higher than the throne of aristocracy has ennobled labor, and he who would disparage it must set himself above the Divine principle, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' A trade is a 'friend in need;' it is independence and wealth—a rich legacy which the poorest father may give to his son, and which the richest should regard as more valuable than gold."

Little Things.

The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following morceau by B. F. Taylor:

Little martin boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make any thing especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Everybody calls that little that they love best. We once heard a good sort of man speak of his wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things beside; and what was she but precious, and what was she but little? *Multum in Parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty of all we love best, hope for most and remember the longest.

Mob Law in Caroline County, Maryland.

A letter from Bridgetown, Caroline Co., to the *Denton Union* says:

Asa Pippin, the father of James Pippin, who was hanged near Church Hill a week or two since, removed to Bridgetown last week, and a number of the citizens of that place and vicinity notified him immediately to leave within nine days, or *he, too, would swing.* A call for a public meeting was posted up, which was responded to on the following evening by a large number of citizens from the town and vicinity. At this meeting it was unanimously resolved, "that we warn Asa by written notice, to leave the town before 12 o'clock, the 6th instant, (nine days,) or submit to disagreeable consequences." The notice was duly served on Asa, but having become accustomed to such papers of late, he was not at all surprised. However, he became alarmed at so much smoke, looked about immediately for a place, and a few hours before the expiration of his grace, left the town, bag and baggage.

A Good Joke—"A Copperhead Plank" in the Iowa Platform.

The Democratic State Convention of Iowa, in session at Des Moines, Wednesday, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State, to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its judgment, exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance which our political fabric depends.

The resolution drew out from the Radical papers an outcry of accusation and obloquy, "copperhead," "secessionist," "rebel," "old fogy," were the mildest epithets let fly; but the joke comes in when it turns out that the resolution is copied literally from the platform adopted by the Republican National Convention which nominated Lincoln for the Presidency in 1860. It embraces sound Democratic doctrine, and was originally adopted by the Republicans to conciliate Democrats to their movement—that is, to deceive and betray them.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Sea Bathing.

Some hints on sea bathing are given by a medical journal, which may prove valuable to sojourners by the ocean. According to this authority, invalids should not bathe before breakfast. But due time must be allowed for the digestion of the meal, as any strong impression on the mind or body is liable to arrest or destroy digestion; therefore two hours should elapse after breakfast and after dinner, before the bath is taken. The patient must be directed to plunge at once into the water, and not to stand shivering for some time until the the surface of the body is cooled. He should dip down and allow each wave to pass completely over him. It is the temperature of the sea to which we must have regard when we give directions to patients at what time of the year they may bathe with advantage. If the patient is not much debilitated the months of May and September are good, and they should choose a shore on which the billows are rough. If, on the other hand, the patient be weak and depressed, the summer months are preferable, and a calm sea should be chosen.

☞ For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles and opposition, is to dream in the lap of folly's self. What should we amount to, were we not compelled to feel our way, to fall down and get up again, and learn that our theories are never according to the laws of nature, but nothing more than the projection of our limited perception upon the untried and unreal? We are, however, not to be discouraged on this account; we are rather to be the more satisfied of its being good and right for us. For in adversity and opposition we are tried; and trials are nothing more than tests of the nature. Up from below do we go above. We are but the products of lower conditions. The material comes to its highest, in this life, and gradually refined and got rid of after natural laws. Our experience is merely passing through these changes, which would be just no experience at all if we could manage to escape them altogether. We ought not to make complaint, when we see how all the things work together for our good.

☞ Whenever Horace Greeley breaks out into some eccentric freak of political liberality, which he does, every now and then, in a spasmodic way to startle friends and foes, and the Conservatives go into hysterics of eulogy, we are always reminded of the value of discretion in language, by the old anecdote of the plough-boy and the red cow. His father had taken him into the field to give him his task, and left him, directing him to run his furrows up to the red cow, then in one corner of the lot. He went away for a little while, and on coming back found young Hopeful ploughing zig-zag all over the lot. The cow had gone meandering about, and he had followed her up in all her ins and outs. Horace was in a very good spot the other day, but he has since gone into crooked courses again like the red cow. Conservatives had better plough up to the spot where he is when he happens to be accidentally right; and not trouble themselves with any rule of judgment as to him, based on the belief that he will stay there.—*Picayune.*

Anecdote of James T. Brady.

When James T. Brady, the celebrated lawyer of New York, first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basement room, which had been previously occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered.

"The cobbler's gone, I see," he said.

"I should think he had," tartly responded Brady.

"And what do you sell?" he inquired, looking at the solitary table and a few law books.

"Blockheads," responded Brady.

"Be gorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a mighty fine business—ye hain't got but one left."

☞ The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* has the following on "H. G.'s" autograph:—

Don't sign it, Horace! Don't you offer bail!
Let Southern bondmen take Jeff. out of jail.
Beware! Posterity will read your name,
Joined with a traitor's on a page of shame.
"Oh! never fear," says Horace, as his eye
Gleams like the moon upon a twilight sky;
"That's good advice, but don't need to heed it;
I write so bad, posterity can't read it!"

Extraordinary Romance.

A short time since an old lady, living in one of the small streets leading out of Albany street, Regent's Park, close to what was once the Colliseum, entered the shop of a poulterer in the neighborhood and purchased a chicken. The tradesman was attentive to her, and the lady became a customer, always coming to the shop and giving her own orders. She appeared to be very old, but to have all her faculties about her. On Saturday evening she came when the poulterer happened to be very busy. She said she wished to speak to him, and he asked her to walk into the little parlor behind the shop, and he would come to her the moment he was disengaged. In the parlor she met the daughter of the poulterer, and, after some conversation, in the course of which she remarked that the young girl looked ill and required change of air, she produced a parcel tied up in a paper, and said: "Give this to your father, as he is busy and cannot come, and I cannot wait. I wish him to take you away for a little change, and here is something that will enable him to do so." She placed the parcel in the girl's hand, and told her to lock it up in a cupboard, to which she pointed. The girl did so, and thought no more of the matter; but when, some hours subsequently, the shop was closed, and her father came into the parlor to get his supper, she produced the parcel and gave the message by which it was accompanied.

The poulterer laughed as he untied it, but, to his amazement, the parcel was found to consist of bank notes and gold to the amount of £1,000. There was also in it an antique gold watch and chain. The next day he hurried round to his customer, to thank her, when she desired him to take his daughter out of town for a few days, and on their return to inform her of their arrival. This, of course, was done. A day or two after their return, she called at the shop and said she wished the tradesman to come to her house to tea, accompanied by his daughter. As they were about to leave after partaking of her hospitality, she said to him, "I wish you particularly to call upon me to-morrow morning, and bring with you two respectable persons upon whom you can rely."

The next morning he attended, accompanied by the curate of the parish and a neighbor. The old lady then said that she was upwards of ninety years of age, and had no relative living but a cousin, an attorney, who, she alleged, had not treated her well, and by whom she said she had lost £20,000. She added that she had £25,000 in consols still left, and that she would not live long, and that she was resolved that the attorney should not get anything belonging to her. She had asked the shopkeeper to attend, with two witnesses, in order that she might transfer to him, for his own absolute use, the £25,000 to which she had referred.

She added that she knew very well what she was about, and that by giving him the money while she was alive, instead of bequeathing it to him at her death, he would be saved the payment of legacy duty to the extent of £2,000. This announcement appeared to be of so singular a nature, the clergyman very properly suggested that a solicitor should be sent for.—The man of law came accordingly, and the transfer was duly effected. The old lady's presentiment of approaching dissolution proved to be correct, and she died a few weeks after making this singular disposition of her property. It seems that before her death she had intended to give the money to a chemist with whom she used to deal, but he offended her by some inattention to her wishes. The moral of this story (of the substantial accuracy of which there can be no doubt whatever) is that civility costs nothing and may sometimes yield a rich reward.

The Wrong Leg.

A correspondent relates the following:

A distinguished member of the Legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, but showed no disposition "to let up," although the congregation waxed thinner. Finally the presiding officer got excited, and repairing to a friend of the speakers's inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak.

Whereupon the friend answered, "he didn't exactly know; when he got upon that subject he generally spoke for a couple of hours."

"That will never do. I have a few remarks to make myself," said the President. "How shall I stave him off?"

"Well, I don't know. In the first place I should pinch his left leg, and then if he shouldn't stop I'd stick a pin it."

The President returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the "brother" who had prescribed the pin "style of treatment" and said:

"I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all. I stuck the pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care. I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!"

"Very likely," said the wag, "the leg is cork."

Nothing has been seen of the President since.

Josh Billings on Laughter.

I don't like a giggler. This kind of laff is like the dandy-lion, a feeble yeller, and not a bit of good smell about it. It is true that any kind of laff is better than none—but give me the laugh that looks out ov a man's eyes fust to see if the coast is clear, than steals down into a dimple, and rides in an eddy thar awhile, then waltzes a spell, at the korners of his mouth, like a thing ov life, then busts its bonds of duty, and fills the air for a moment with a shower of silvery-tongued sparks—then steals back with a smile, to its lair, in the haste, tew wait agin for its prey. This is the kind of laff that I luv, and ain't afraid ov.

Discoveries at Pompeii.

Another very interesting discovery lately made is that of four skeletons—three female and one male—now lying in glass cases, which are preserved in almost perfect fullness of form and outline, but have been completely converted into gypsum. Even the fingers and toes are almost as plump and round as on the day when seventeen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, the fearful flood of fire and smoke took away their lives. The process is explained as follows: These bodies were prostrated in the streets by the cloud of suffocating vapors which came first, and which soon stopped respiration, and after them came ashes, light, of course, but piled up in enormous masses, so that the lower starta were compressed into solidity. At the same time that the process of decomposition was going on—very slowly, of course, so far under the surface—the ashes about the body appear to have become encrusted, perhaps with the assistance of the moisture which drained down through from above. At last all the soft parts had disappeared, and there was nothing left but a hole in which the more imperishable bones remained. It was a long time before the workmen learned how to preserve these remains, and hundreds have been broken to pieces and lost.

The process now adopted is very simple, but very efficient. As soon as the workmen come to a mass supposed to be a skeleton, it is carefully probed, a hole is cut through, and melted gypsum poured in until the cavity is filled. The result is a perfect model of the person as he was on the day when he fell in the streets of Pompeii. Even the rings on the fingers remain in place and are filled with gypsum. The male form has about it a belt filled with coins, forming a mass half as large as one's head, with which he was attempting to escape.

A Delightful Legend.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been owned in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife: "my younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself: "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place them with his, without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment, when on the following morning, they found their shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved, in his mind, to stand guard and solve this mystery. They did so, when, on the following night, they met each other, half way between their respective shocks, with arms full.—Upon ground hallowed with such associations as these was the temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the admiration and wonder of the world.—Alas! in these days how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf!

The Doctor.

Everybody knows the doctor; a very important person he is to all. What could we do without him? He brings us into this world, and tries to keep us as long in it as he can, and as long as our bodies can hold together; and he is with us at that strange and last hour, which will come to us all, when we must leave this world and go into the next. When we are well, we perhaps think little about the doctor, or we have our small joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells—let any of its wheels go wrong—then off we fly to him. If the mother thinks her husband or child dying, how she runs to him and urges him with her tears! how she watches his face, and follows his searching eye as he examines the dear sufferer; how she wonders what he thinks! what would she give to know what he knows? how she wearies for his visit! how a cheerful word from him makes her heart leap with joy, and gives her spirit and strength to watch over the bed of distress? Her whole soul goes out to him in unspeakable gratitude when he brings back to her from the power of the grave her husband or darling child. The doctor knows many of our secrets, of our sorrows, which no one else knows; some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone else knows; how many lives and hearts he carries in his heart and in his hands? So you see he is a very important person, the doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves.

A Smart Retort.

The following anecdote used to be related of the late William Hazlitt:

He was once visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bazil Montague, when Sir Anthony Carlisle came in, apparently in a state of more than his usual self-complacency, having just received a complimentary testimonial from the Apothecaries Hall. In answer to the inquiries of Mrs. Montague, he said very pompously, and somewhat profanely,

"Madam, the glorious company of the Apothecaries praise me!"

"But," retorted Mrs. Montague, "what say the noble army of Martyrs, your patients, Sir Anthony?"

Sir Anthony was so nonplussed by this witty rejoinder, that he somewhat suddenly took his leave.

☞ Men of industry and economy need never beg bread in this country.

© Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8202-0358