The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1867. NO. 12.

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 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

"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, 186—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 TOAST.

A young knight once being asked to give as a toast the one he loved best, answered, "*My Mother.*"

The feast was o'er. Now brimming wine
In lordly cup was seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence filled the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up rose the noble host,
And smiling, cried "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladyes fair,
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Lady Gundamere!"

Quick to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
'Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough!" he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head.
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise—
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in ladye's bower and hall—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high—
"I drink to *one*," he said,
Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
'Till memory be dead;

To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So deep it is and pure;
Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
Than any yet that pledged hath been
By these brave knights before."

Each guest up started at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe *her* name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother."

Farmers' Column.

Draining.

The importance of draining is not properly understood nor duly appreciated among us. Although water is indispensable to vegetation, too much of it is quite as hurtful as too little. It is necessary to the germination of the seed—to the decomposition of vegetable matter in the soil—to the transmission of food to the plant, to its circulation there and to the maturity of the product.

All these useful purposes are defeated when water remains in the soil to excess—the seed rots, the vegetable matter which should serve as the food of the crop remains insoluble in consequence of the absence of heat and air, which the water excludes; or if the seed grows the plant is sickly for want of its proper food, and there is consequently a virtual failure for the harvest.

It is not from the surface that we are to determine whether the land is sufficiently dry to support a healthy vegetation, but we must examine the under stratum from which the plants draw their nourishment. If this is wet, if it grows marshy plants, if water will collect in a hole sunk fifteen inches below the surface, the land is too wet for cultivated crops, and means should be taken to render it more dry.

Cold sour lands are invariably wet, if not on the surface then in the subsoil. Wet lands are generally rich lands because the presence of the water has prevented the decomposition of the vegetable matter, which when the surplus water is drawn off becomes food for the growing crops.

Let me suppose a case which will be found to exist in many portions of the country. There is a slope of a little hill half a mile in extent terminated by a flat through which a little brook runs. The soil of this slope is from eight to ten inches deep, of a porous quality, resting upon an impervious subsoil. Near the top of this slope, all along on a horizontal line or perhaps lower down, "spouts" or springs burst through the subsoil, the waters from which find easy passage through the loose, porous soil of the slope and flat, soon find their way into the brook. A thermometer plunged down to the subsoil in midsummer will indicate a temperature of not more than sixty, whereas most of our crops require a temperature of at least seventy to eighty. How shall we remedy this evil and render this land productive? Simply by running a drain across the slope just above where the land is too wet, and thus conduct the water into the brook through a harmless channel.

Some will object to this on the plea that it will cost too much, but to such I can give nothing better than the Scotchman's answer to a similar objection, "that it costs more not to do it."

Nor does the benefit of the drain cease when the surplus water has been removed, for it admits the air into and through the soil to a degree which would surprise those who have no experience in such matters. The draft of a two-inch tile drain one hundred rods long, is more than sufficient to put out a lighted candle, and of course this air must find its way through the soil or the draught would not exist. And as the air always contains more or less moisture it will of course deposit this moisture when it comes in contact with the cooler earth, and in a dry time will keep the soil moist just as we see the moisture collect upon the outside of a cool pitcher on a warm day in harvest. In fact draining makes wet soil dry and dry soil wet, as has been proved by myself.—*Cor. Ger. Telegraph.*

Pickling Seed Wheat.

A correspondent in the *Canada Farmer*, writing on the subject of wheat growing, offers the following: "An important operation in the process of wheat sowing is too often neglected—I allude to the pickling of seed. First, it points out to us the bad grains, which may thus be removed, reducing the percentage of lost seed; and secondly, it strikes at the root of smut and other fungi; for it is these very imperfectly formed grains that are chiefly attacked by such parasites. Now smut is found in the imperfect grains, and in such small quantities (as botanists tell us,) that is absorbed in the root of the young plant, bursting out a short time after the earing, throws upon it fungi, in the dark rusty form with which we are but too familiar. If we simply steep our wheat in water, the light grains which, though too heavy to be blown out by the fanning mill, are imperfect, will rise to the surface and may be removed. If to this water we add lime, we shall kill all traces of smut, &c., &c., which may have clung to the otherwise sound seed by contagion with the infected grains. But let us remember, above all, that the most certain prescription for the securing of good crops, is a change of seed;—get your seed from a different variety of soil."

Swarm of Bees on a Man's Face.

A correspondent of the London *Field* gives the following interesting narrative:

Mr. Simmonds, a farmer residing at Brookland Farm, Weybridge, was dressing in order to attend the rent audit at Woburn House. Before putting on his coat, he perceived from his window an unusually large swarm of bees, filling the air with their cloud and noise. It was, in fact, as he afterwards ascertained, two swarms that had come out of two distinct hives, and had united in the air. He ran out in his shirt sleeves, and without his hat, to see where they would alight. The bees, after making some circles in the air, led him off to the bank of the river Wye. Thinking that the bees might cross the river and perhaps escape, he adopted a plan not uncommon with bee-masters, namely, that of throwing dust into the air among the bees. This often makes them settle quickly. They did settle quickly, and this more so than he expected, for in a short time the whole of one of the largest swarms he had ever seen settled upon his head, face, and breast. They hung down in front, like a great beard, to the bottom of his waistcoat. Had he not been well accustomed to bees, and perfectly collected, his situation would have been a very dangerous one; for, had he at all irritated this mass of armed insects, he would no doubt have received a sufficient number of stings to have placed his life in peril. He was obliged to close his eyes slowly, and to keep his mouth shut. Then, in order to prevent them from entering his nostrils, which they endeavored to do, he slowly thrust one hand through the mass, and with his two fore-fingers managed to keep drawing and pushing them away from his nostrils as they tried to enter, he breathing all the while as softly as possible. This was necessary, as bees are generally irritated by being breathed upon.

He then began to consider what course he should take. He was some distance from his house, and no one near him, or within call. His first thought was to walk slowly into the river Wye, and gently sink his head under the water, and then throw off the swarm. But a moment's consideration dissuaded him from that attempted remedy. He could not have disengaged them all, for many were between his neckcloth and his skin, and still more were crawling down his back. He found that if he walked he could not help disturbing the hanging mass, and that every little agitation, however slight, caused a hum and a hiss from some thousands. He then remembered the account given in Thorley's work on bees, of a swarm settling on the face and neck of a servant maid, who escaped unhurt by the care and advice of her master, he without irritating the swarm, having hived it from off her with a hive well smeared with honey. To avoid agitating the swarm, Mr. Simmonds slowly kneeled down on the grass and remained perfectly still. He then found a number of bees were gathering in a mass under the waistband of his trowsers, in the hollow of his back, to which spot the others were drawing, indicating that the queen was there. Fearing, therefore, that the tightness of the waistband, rendered tighter whenever he breathed, might crush, or at any rate irritate this part of the swarm, he slowly unbuttoned the front of his trowsers.

It is not easy to conceive a more helpless condition than that to which Mr. Simmonds was now reduced. He that was the master of forty hives, from which he could usually levy what spoils he pleased, killing his thousands at his pleasure with a brimstone match, was now completely in the power of one detachment of his own army, and was reduced to the most suppliant position. Even to call for help would have been dangerous, as the bees near his mouth would have been undoubtedly irritated, and would have probably entered his mouth. At this moment he heard a railway train on the Chertsey Branch Railway, from which he was about fifty yards. It fortunately happened that the engine-driver was known to him, and had a little commission from him to sound his railway whistle if he saw any thing wrong among his cows and sheep.

The engine-driver, seeing Mr. Simmonds on his knees with one arm extended as if for help, and something odd hanging from his face, sounded his whistle. This was heard by Mr. Simmonds's wife, who supposing that some cow was ill, sent her son and a farming man out into the fields. They soon found Mr. Simmonds in the predicament above described. In addition to the hanging mass, there was a cloud of bees still flying around him, so that to approach him was not the most agreeable office. However, they came near enough to hear him speak, which he did very gently, merely saying, "Bring a bushel hive well rubbed with honey, and some bricks."

While they were gone at the top of their speed for this, he remained perfectly still. The tickling of the bees' feet on his face was almost unbearable, and the danger of irritating those that were down his neck and back was imminent.

The most difficult part he had to perform, however, was that before mentioned, of dissuading the bees, with the aid of his two fore-fingers, from getting up his nostrils. These bees were not in a good humor, as they were breathed upon, and were also deterred from doing as they pleased, and one bee showed his displeasure by stinging Mr. Simmonds at the fork of his two fore-fingers. This was not pleasant, of itself; but was a serious occurrence, as it might be the prelude to a more extensive attack. He avoided making any start when he was stung, and continued to push away, as gently as possible, those that were near his nostrils. This was the only safe place to breathe from, as it was necessary to keep his mouth perfectly closed. Of course, the few minutes that elapsed before the return of his son and servant seemed a terribly long period to Mr. Simmonds, as during the whole of it he remained as motionless as possible on his knees.

On their arrival, the hive was placed on three bricks, with its mouth downward, and Mr. Simmonds slowly laid himself on his breast on the grass, with his head close to the hive. The honey soon attracted the bees nearest to it, and a slow movement of the bees took place, till at length the whole swarm gradually gathered itself under and within the hive, except a few patches of bees, which, in walking away, Mr. Simmonds easily disengaged from his dress with his hand, and made them join their companions. Mr. Simmonds thus escaped from not only a very disagreeable but a perilous situation. It occupied two hours from the time that the bees alighted on their master to the time of his release.

The Typo and the Editor.

The lawyer editor of a country paper, who wrote a very "blind hand," was frequently annoyed by compositors' inquiries concerning words which they could not decipher, one day a compositor, as little acquainted with the disposition of the editor as he was with the hand writing, entered the sanctum and holding the copy before his eyes, inquired what a certain crooked mark stood for. The editor did not at that time wish to be interrupted, and exclaimed, "go to the devil."

The compositor retired, not to his Satrnic Majesty, but to the composing room. When the editor read his proof he had the pleasure to see a line in his leading editorial read:

"He (Mr. Webster) will, in all probability go to the devil."

The copy was looked for, and the crooked mark was marked "be nominated."

Grace Church.

This new church edifice in Wilmington, to be one of the largest in the United States, is rapidly approaching completion. The *Commercial* says:—"It is expected that the whole church will be finished by October and dedicated during that month. It is also expected that all the nine Bishops of the M. E. Church will be present at the dedication. The organ will be an immense affair; it is at least double the size of any in use in that city, and the largest and best in use in any Methodist church in the United States. It will contain three full banks of keys, each of 4½ octaves, also 2012 pipes and 47 stops, 40 musical and 7 mechanical. The arch in which the organ will stand is on the southern side of the church, between the pulpit and the large tower. It has not yet been decided what kind of bell will be used in the tower, whether chimes or a single bell.

An Arab on Equality.

"What do you think of equality?" I asked an Arab chief one day. "Do you believe all men are equal?"

"Without doubt," said he, "all men are equal as the fingers of the hand."

Showing me his slim, nervous hand, he continued:

"Behold!" said he, "look at these five fingers: their origin is common; they cannot be parted without grave wounds; but one of them is long, and the others shorter. If all were alike I could neither touch, nor strike, nor grasp. Be sure it is with men as with the fingers of the hand."

Something for Admirers of Base Ball.

DESCRIPTION BY BRICK POMEROY.

Eureka!

Look at this brace of hands, once soft and pretty, now suffused with the Egyptian blushes. Then look into those optics and tell us tales of sympathy. And look at that Mount Tom on our cheek-bone.—Base ball! That is the row.

It came about thus. Secondary deployment is too shirksome for the system.—The doctor said we needed exercise. Doctor knows. He told us to join base ball; we joined. Bought a book of instructions, and for four or five days studied it wisely if not too well. Then we bought a sugar-scoop cap, a red belt, a green shirt, yellow trousers, pumpkin colored shoes, a paper collar, and purple neck-tie, and with a lot of other delegates, moved gently to the ground.

There were two nines. These nines were antagonists. The ball is a pretty little drop of softness, the size of a goose-egg, and five degrees harder than a brick. The two nines play against each other.—It is a quiet game, much like chess, only a little more chase than chess.

There was an umpire. His position is a hard one. He sits on a box and yells "fowl." His duty is severe!

I took the bat. It is a murderous plaything, descended from Pocahontas to the head of John Smith. The man in front of me was a pitcher. He was a nice pitcher, but he sent the balls hot. The man behind me was a catcher. He caught it too!

The umpire said "play." It is the most radical play I know of, this base. Sawing wood is moonlight rambles beside base ball. So the pitcher sent a ball toward me. It looked pretty coming, so I let it come. Then he sent another. I hit it with the club, and hove it gently upward. Then I started to the first base. The ball lit in the pitcher, or his hands, and somebody said he caught a fly. Alas, poor fly! I walked leisurely toward the base. Another man took the bat. I turned to see how he was making it, and a mule kicked me on the cheek. The man said it was the ball. It felt like a mule, and I reposed on the grass. The ball went on!

Pretty soon there were two more flies, and three of us flew out. The other nine came in, and us nine went out. This was better. Just as I was standing on my dignity in the left field, a hot ball, as they called it, came sky rocketing toward me. My captain yelled, "Take it!"

I hastened gently forward to where the ball was aiming to descend. I have a good eye to measure distances, and saw at a glance where the little aerolite was to light. I put up my hands. How sweetly the ball descended. Everybody looked—I felt something warm in my eye!—"Muffin!" yelled nine fellers. "Muffin' be d——d! Its a cannon ball!" For three days I've had two pounds of raw beef on that eye, and yet it paineth!

Then I wanted to go home, but, my gentle captain said "ney." So I nayed and stayed. Pretty soon it was my strike. "Brick to bat!" yelled the umpire. I went, but not all serene as was my wont. The pitcher sent in one hip high, I missed it. He sent in another neck high. It struck me in the gullet. "Fowl," yelled the umpire. He sent in the ball again. This time I took it square and sent it down the right field, through a parlor window—a kerosene lamp, and rip up against the head of an infant who was quietly taking its—nap in his or its mother's arms. Then I slung the bat and meandered forth to the first base. I heard words and looked. When I slung the bat I had with it broken the jaw of the umpire and was fined ten cents.

The game went on. I liked it. It is so much fun to run from base to base just in time to be put out, or to chase a ball three-fourths of a mile down hill while all the spectators yell "muffin! "go it!" "home run!" "go round again or go round a dozen times!" Base ball is a sweet little game. When it came my turn to bat again, I noticed everybody moved back about ten rods! The new umpire retreated twelve rods. He was timid! The pitcher sent 'em in hot. Hot balls in time of war are good. But I don't like 'em too hot for fun. After a while I got a fair clip at it, and you bet it went cutting the daises down the right field. A fat man and his dog sat in the shade of an oak enjoying the game. The ball broke one leg of the dog and landed like a runaway engine in the corporosity of the fat man. He was taken home to die!

Then I went on a double quick to the field and tried to stop a hot ball. It came toward me from the bat at the rate of nine miles a minute. I put up my hands, the ball went sweetly singging on its way with all the skin from my palms with it.

More raw beef!

That was an eventful chap who first invented base-ball. It's such fun. I've five games, and this is the glowing result:

Twenty-seven dollars paid out for things.
One bunged eye, badly bunged.
One broken little finger.
One bump one the head.
Nineteen lame backs.
A sore jaw.
One thumb dislocated.
Three sprained ancles.
Five swelled legs.
One dislocated shoulder, from trying to throw a ball a thousand yards.
Two hands raw from trying to stop hot balls.
A lump the size of a hornet's nest on my left hip, well back.
A nose sweetly jammed, and five uniforms spoiled from rolling in the dirt at the bases.

I have played two weeks, and don't think I like the game. There is not a square inch on, in or under me but aches. I sleep nights dreaming of hot balls, "fly" "fowls," and descending "sky rockets." I never worked so hard since Ruth stole wheat, and never was so lame since the burning of Huss.

But I am proud of my proficiency in the game. It's fine exercise—a little easier than being run through a threshing machine, and not much either. It's a nice game for a poet or orator—'twill make one sore beyond all accounts.

I've looked over the scorer's book, and find that in two weeks I've broken seven bats, made one tally, broken one umpire's jaw, broken ten windows in an adjoining house, killed a baby, broke the leg of a dog, and mortally injured the bread-basket of a spectator, knocked five other players out of time by slinging my bat, and knocked the waterfall from a school marm who was standing twenty rods from the field, a quiet looker-on.

I've used up fifteen bottles of arnica liniment, five bottles of lotions, half a raw beef, and am so full of pain that it seems as if my bones were but broken bats, and my legs the limbs of a dead horse-chestnut, instead of the once elegant trotters of Bawlingly thine,

"BRICK" POMEROY.

P. S.—All ladies in favor of "universal suffering" are invited to join our club!
B. P.

The Real Issue.

The main question to be decided at the ballot box this fall by the people of Maryland is, whether negroes shall have the right to vote. However it may be disguised or covered up, this will be the vital issue between the two parties now organizing for the contest. To the reflecting mind, it has been long apparent that to this point all the agitation about the negro would come at last. Those who have been steadily working for the political equality of the black race, have manifested great subtley and shrewdness in the slow degrees with which they have moved towards the accomplishment of this, their ulterior and darling purpose. They commenced in the first place with moderate demands. They professed to be willing to leave slavery undisturbed in the States, provided it were not extended to the Territories. When this was accomplished, they next agitated for emancipation in the States, averring that if freedom were obtained for the slaves, they would then rest content. In this they were at length gratified, and the country hoped to enjoy the promised respite from the agitation of this vexed question. This expectation however was doomed to disappointment. Still unsatisfied, they made one further demand, that in the Rebel States and the District of Columbia, negroes should be endowed with the right of franchise. This though was alleged to be the pinnacle of their aim, and was advocated under a pretended conviction of its necessity in preserving the Union.

It was to be the final boon asked at the hands of the people, and to secure it, they earnestly disclaimed any intention of urging it in the State of Maryland and other States that had remained loyal in the late civil war. So emphatic were they on this point, that scarcely a year ago, they inscribed on their party banners, "No negro suffrage in Maryland," and affected to feel indignant when suspected of the purpose they now openly avow.

We believe that the masses of the Radical party were really opposed to negro suffrage, and believed their leaders to be so when they solemnly so assured them from the hustings and through the press. But time has rolled on and believing that they have tolled their followers along till they can safely lift the veil from their black idol, these leaders now tear it off and boldly advocate the elevation of the negro to full political equality with the free white men of Maryland. Have confiding men ever been so grossly duped? The designing leaders have not only proceeded gradually to the accomplishment of their fell purpurpose, but have basely played upon the innocency and patriotism of the masses as the best means through which they might be made to subserve their purposes.

But at length the end is disclosed!

Will the men so deceived, again be imposed on by any artifice? Let them look back and see to what a point they have been adroitly led. The issue is now plainly before them at last, and it cannot be evaded. Will they then vote for negro equality?—*Frederick Citizen.*

A Perfect Antidote for all Poisons.

A plain farmer says: "It is now over twenty years since I learned that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing it would cure other kinds of poisons. Practice, observation, and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind both on man and beast. I think no farmer should be without a bottle of it in the house. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it requires eight times as much as it does for a man. Here let me say of one of the most extreme cases of snake bites in this neighborhood: Eleven years ago this summer, where the case had been thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by his physicians, I heard of it, carried the oil and gave him one spoonful, which effected a cure. It is an antidote for arsenic and strychnine. It will cure bloat in cattle by eating too freely of fresh clover; it will cure the sting of bees, spiders or other insects; and will cure persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine growing in the meadows, called ivy."

☞ Now that "tilting hoops" are going out of fashion, let one thing be said in its favor—the wearers of them were never liable for arrest for "having no visible means of support."

☞ "This tough steak makes me think of a famous old English poet." That's queer. What poet does it make you think of?" Chau-cer.

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