Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

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

JOB PRINTING.

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

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

MARYLAND BOUNTY
TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS!

ARMY AND NAVY AGENCY,
THOMAS TIMMONS & CO.
No. 19 *South Street, over Gas Co's Office, Baltimore.*

SOLDIERS and SAILORS, enlisted or drafted, and mustered into the United States Service, after May 26, 1863, and credited to Maryland, are entitled to $300 State Bounty.

ADDITIONAL U. S. BOUNTY,

Soldiers of 1861, 2, 3, 4, who have received not more than $100, are entitled to an additional $100.

Widows and heirs of soldiers, also soldiers who have lost their Discharges, are entitled.

PERSONS WHO FURNISHED
SUBSTITUTES
Between April 1 and December 18, 1864, will also be entitled to Bounty from the State of Maryland.

Discharges of Soldiers of 1861, 2, 3, 4, *Wanted.*

And heirs of deceased Soldiers may obtain valuable information free of charge at our office.

We make liberal advances, collect promptly, and if desired will cash claims for State Bounty at sight.

All letters promptly answered.

U. S. Bounty, Pensions, Back Pay, Prize money &c., for Soldiers and Sailors promptly collected.

☞ Cut this advertisement out and bring it with you, or communicate by letter.
THOMAS TIMMONS, & CO.
Dec. 14, 1867.—4m.

TAW. A CURE FOR ALL. Sample five cents!
TAW. LAUF YOUR PHILL! Sample five cents!!
TAW. Ladies!!!!! Sample five cents!
TAW. A MARVEL!!!!! Sample five cents!
TAW. WONDERFUL CURE! Sample five cents!!
TAW. BOYS and GIRLS like it!! Sample five cents!
TAW. A TERROR to evil doers! Sample five cents!
TAW. SAVES MONEY!!!! Sample five cents!
TAW. PHUNNY PHOLKS!! Sample five cents!
TAW. NO DELAY! NOW!!!! Samples five cents!

RICHARDSON & COLLINS,
81 Nassau Street, New York.
jan4'68.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!

J. K. ALDRIDGE is closing out the balance of his large stock of Stoves at 10 per cent. below his regular price, which is much lower than Stoves can be bought in the city.

Call and see and be convinced of the fact.
jan25

T. W. ELIASON & SON.
Respectfully invite the attention of Consumers, to their present stock of GOODS, which they are selling at *considerably reduced prices.* jan18'68

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 [illegible] the two constitut-

[redacted]

[illegible] 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 scholarship, 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.

MEDICAL CARD.

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

May be found at his residence in Princess street, opposite Miss Caroline Thompson's, when not professionally engaged.
Chestertown, June 1, 1867.

DR. W. T. URIE
HOMŒPATHICIAN,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity.

He may at all times be found at his Office under the Voshell House, when not professionally engaged.
Chestertown, July 20, 1867—tf.

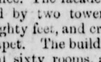
CARD.

E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Particular attention given to the collection of claims and the sale of Real Estate.

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

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,



Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
May 18, 1866—1y.

Selected Poetry.

HIS BROTHER.

The following beautiful lines were written by Rev. A. J. Ryan, a Catholic priest, in memory of his brother, killed in battle:

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping,
In thy lonely battle grave;
Shadows over the past are creeping—
Death, the Reaper, still is reaping—
Years have swept, and years are sweeping
Many a memory from my keeping,
But I'm waiting still and weeping
For my Beautiful and Brave.

When the battle songs are chanted,
And war's stirring tocsin pealed;
By whose songs thy heart was haunted
And thy spirit proud, undaunted,
Clamored wildly—wildly panted—
"Mother! let my wish be granted!
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted
That I feared to meet our vaunted
Foeman on the bloody field."

"They are thronging, mother, thronging
To a thousand fields of fame!
Let me go—'tis wrong—'tis wronging
God and thee to crush the longing,
On the muster-roll of glory
In my country's future story,
On the field of battle-glory,
I must consecrate my name.

"Mother, gird my sword upon me;
Kiss thy soldier boy 'good bye.'"
In her arms she wildly wound thee.
To thy birthland's cause she bound thee,
With fond prayers and blessings crowned thee,
And she sobbed—"When foes surround thee
If you fall, I'll know they found thee
Where the bravest love to die."

* * * *

At the altar of their nation
Stood that mother and her son;
He—the victim of oblation,
Panting for his immolation;
She—in priestess' holy station
Weeping words of consecration,
While God smiled His approbation,
Blessed be the boy's self-abnegation,
Cheered the mother's desolation,
When the sacrifice was done.

Forth like many a noble other
Went he, whispering soft and low,
"Good-bye—pray for me, my mother!
Sister, kiss me!—farewell, brother!"
And he strove his grief to smother.
Forth, with spirit proud and peerless—
Forth, with footsteps firm and fearless,
And his parting gaze was tearless,
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,
Thus from all he loved to go.

Lo! yon flag of freedom flashing
In the sunny Southern sky!
On—to death and glory dashing—
On—where swords are clanging—clashing—
On—where balls are crushing—crashing!
On—'mid perils, dread appalling!
On—they're falling—falling—falling!
On—they're growing fewer—fewer!
On—their hearts beat all the truer!
On—on—on—no fear—no falter!
On—though 'round the battle altar
There were wounded victims groaning—
There were dying victims moaning—
On—right on—death—danger braving—
Warring where their flag was waving,
And baptismal blood was laving
With a tide of crimson water
All that field of death and slaughter!
On—still on—that bloody laver
Made them brave and made them braver;
On—with never a halt or waver—
On they're battling—bleeding—bounding,
While the glorious shout is sounding
"We will win the day or die!

* * * *

Many a heart was lonely lying
There that would not throb again;
Some were dead and some were dying;
Some were silent, some were sighing;
Thus to die—lone—unattended—
Unbewept and unbefriended—
On that bloody battle plain.

When the twilight sadly, slowly
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all!
O'er those thousands lying lowly—
Hushed in silence deep and holy—
There was one—his blood was flowing,
And his last of life was going—
And his pulse faint—fainter beating,
Told his hours were few and fleeting;
And his brow grew white and whiter,
And his eyes shone bright and brighter—
There he lay like infant dreaming,
With his sword beside him gleaming;
For the hand in life that grasped it,
True to death still fondly clasped it.
There his comrades found him lying
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying;
And the sternest there bent weeping
O'er that lonely sleeper sleeping.
'Twas the midnight—stars shone 'round him—
In a shroud of glory bound him;
And they told us how they found him
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods like banners bending,
Drooped in glory and in gloom—
There, when that sad night was ending,
And the faint, fair dawn was blending
With the stars now fast descending—
There they mute and mournful bore him—
While the stars and shadows o'er him—
There they laid him down so tender,
And the next day's sun and splendor
Flashed upon my brother's tomb!

Savannah News and Herald.

From the Baltimore Episcopal Methodist.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

The Seventeen Year locusts, *Cicada Septendecem*, may be excepted to appear above ground in Maryland, this spring. Their first appearance here was chronicled in 1749, and they returned regularly in 1766, 1783, 1800, 1817, 1734, and 1851. We have no doubt that they will again keep their appointed time, and that in a few months their cry will compel us to note that a generation is ready to die, another to begin its seventeen years of subterranean life. There are many of our readers who are too young to remember "the locusts;" and, indeed, there is a general lack of correct information about them.—So we think it well to devote a little space to a notice of these curious insects.

The "locusts" are not locusts at all.—The formidable insect that devours the herbage in Eastern lands, and its destructive cousin of our own Western plains, is a large, strong-jointed winged grasshopper, no more like our "Cicada Septendecem" than a butterfly. Our "locusts" eat nothing, while the true locusts eat every green thing. The Seventeen Year insects belong to the order of *Hemiptera*, or insects with a horny beak for suction, four wings; larva and pupa nearly like the adult insect, but wanting wings. Locusts proper, belong to the *Orthoptera*—insects with jaws, and very destructive too—including cockroaches, crickets, grasshoppers, locusts. The Seventeen Year insect is classed among the *Harvest flies*, of

[redacted]

sometimes only a few hours. It is the culmination and brief final stage of their existence when they transfer their life to a coming generation—sing out as it were their thanks giving to the Creator for the life they have enjoyed in their former state—and gracefully leave their places for the new family they have provided.—But the Seventeen Years locusts have that unusual duration assigned to them. They do not spend one-half of it in burrowing downwards towards the antipodes, and the other in getting back again to the surface. Not at all. They spend their time among the roots of the grasses and trees, near where they were hatched; seeking their subsistence from them after the manner proper to *bugs*, to whose family they belong. The females select twigs of trees, which they clasp with their legs, and, bending down the piercer to an angle of forty-five degrees, they repeatedly thrust it obliquely into the wood, and, with their saws, detached little splinters so as to form a kind of cover or lid to the perforation. Having made a fissure long enough for some twenty eggs, they are deposited in pairs, side by side, yet separated by woody fibre. She goes on with this operation, from twig to twig, until she has deposited several hundred eggs, and then dies from exhaustation. The twigs thus perforated, die, and are broken off by winds, and thus convey the eggs to the ground if the young locusts do not get there before. In six or seven weeks, or, as some say, in two weeks, the young insects burst their shell and begin the quiet life of a subterranean locust. If hatched before the twigs are detached which is very often the case, the little insects deliberately crawl out to the end of the limb and let go; exhibiting one of the most extraordinary wonders of instinct noticed in the creatures of God. By what sense or physicial impulse these little animals take such voluntary falls, is inconceivable.—What would we think if babies of ours born on the top of a mountain, should swing off into the deep vallies and go quietly to eating fruits after their fearful precipitation? The little locusts do as much and think nothing of it. Truly, God is great in insects as in man. On reaching the ground the locusts burrow into the soil with their broad and strong fore feet, and attach themselves closely to the roots of plants, especially the most tender and succulent, from which they suck their only nourishment. The only change they undergo, is growth in size and the development of wings. As the time of transformation approaches, the locust begins to come up through cylindrical passages, carefully made, and, according to Dr. Potter, varnished and water-tight. Finally filling up behind it as it advances, it has a hole of five or six inches in which it lives for several days, waiting, if the weather be not suitable—peeping out and reconnoitering, and getting accustomed to air and light. When ready it comes out in the night, takes hold of some firm support with its claws, and sets to work to get its skin off. At length it splits its back and crawls out, leaving the old shell sticking fast; and after drying itself thoroughly, is an accomplished Seventeen Year old, and ready for drumming or boring, according to sex. Immense numbers are eaten by birds and domestic fowls, and hogs and ants; but locusts themselves are not known to eat anything after their exodus to the upper world. The return of these remarkable insects is fraught with suggestions of the deepest interest and importance. How they tell of the amazing power of God! Who can He be, who thus sports with the appearently extreme results of wisdom and resources of authority? What vague, almost imbecile ideas, are our highest conception of Him, contrasted with the truth! How sure is His providence! How certainly He brings His purpose to years! In the case of an apparently worthless insect, one of many thousand kinds, how infallible is the accomplishment of the promise, worked into their organization, that their seed shall not perish. Left exposed and helpless, their young are guided to their hidden homes and led to their proper food and covered over from harm until their day is accomplished, and then are brought back, not in winter, to find the earth wrapped with snow, but in the spring, when sun awaits and tender vegetation is ready to receive the deposit of the young life within them.

Shall we not trust God? Shall human parents fear to leave their young to His care? Will not He, who cares for locusts care for the children of His people? Shall we fear to go down into the earth when our time shall come? Cannot He who brings out the locusts after seventeen years' burial, bring us forth when our time shall be accomplished? Can He not change our "vile body" as He changes theirs and brings us to light and the free winged life of immortality? When we pass into that state, shall we not too find it waiting for us in the warmth and beauty and adaptness of spring? Why do we dread that we shall emerge into gloom and sadness? Are we not better than many locusts? Many who saw the last locusts will not see this generation; many who may see this, shall never see another.—There is something very impressive to us in the sound omitted by these creatures. It is the dirge for many who are gone, and is the adieu to many who will never hear again. What change, have taken place since these insects went down to the ground? In our land, alas! what dreadful difference there is between now and then; and who but God know what another seventeen years will do! Surely, the locusts have much to say to us in that wild persistent monotony of theirs, if we will only hear it—much that is mournful and much that is cheering. But what is mournful is about the past and man; what is cheering is about the future and God.

Singular Sympathy of a Dog.

At a recent Agricultural Fair held at Egg Harbor City, New Jersey, there was a very curious exemplification of the affection of a young dog of the spaniel species. On the farm of Mr. L. Bullinger, an old hen, shortly after hatching out a number of bantum and guinea chicken, died, leaving the young brood without maternal care, and like to perish. A puppy dog, also belonging to Mr. Bullinger, was lying asleep not far distant from the tender little chickens, and one by one after another they nestled around him, and by the warmth of his body were kept alive. It seems the dog rather liked the company, and knew the wants of the motherless chickens. He curled himself up as to afford them protection, and from that time he never forsook them. He watched over them by day, scratched the sand and gravel for the little ones until they became big enough to relieve him from his self-imposed duty. The dog and the chickens were exhibited in a cage at the Fair, where thousands of visitors saw them. The chickens are now about half grown, and it was amusing to watch their movements, and it was also interesting to observe the care evidently manifested by their guardian for them. The dog watches over the brood by day, and sleeps with them at night, and had never been known to desert them from the time they first nestled under him for protection.

A JACKASS.—An illiterate man wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary: "Also enter me for the best jackass; I am sure of getting the prize."

☞ "Mister, I say, I suppose you don't know of nobody who don't want to hire nobody to do nothing, don't you?" The answer was "Yes, I don't."

OUGHT not a young lady of eighteen springs to have a fine waterfall?

The Republican State Convention,

Met in Baltimore last week for the purpose of sending Delegates to the National Convention which meets in Chicago May 20th. The delegates from Kent were W. D. Burchinal, B. H. Gardner, W. Joseph Vannort and W. H. Hamilton.

A. J. Creswell, John L. Thomas, C. C. Fulton and E. F. Anderson were elected delegates at large. W. D. Burchinal is one of the delegates from the first Congressional district. A number of resolutions were *unanimously* adopted, so says the report of the *American*, among which we find the following:

Resolved, That the Union Republican party of Maryland hereby affirms its devotion to the principles of justice and impartial manhood suffrage; that it declares its approval of the reconstruction measures adopted by Congress and its unalterable purpose to maintain untarnished and inviolate the public faith and national credit, to lessen the burden of taxation of cutting off all useless expenditures, and insisting upon the most thorough economy in the administration of Government, and confidently anticipate that at an early day the Union will be completely restored on the solid basis of liberty, loyalty and genuine republicanism.

Resolved, That the Republicans of Maryland heartily sustain the course of Congress in bringing Andrew Johnson to the bar of the Senate to answer for his manifold transgressions against the Constitution and the laws for his degradation of his high office, and for his attempt to stir up discord in the country by denying the constituitonality of the legislative branch of the Government, and that in case he be removed by the Senate we are satisfied that the Republicans of the country can repose the utmost confidence in the patriotism of the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade and the faithful execution by him of the Constitution and laws.

Judge Bond and his party have called another State Convention to meet in Baltimore on the 18th, of April.

"Home, Sweet Home."

Night dropped her shadowy vail over London, and the mantle of mists that all day long had enveloped the city, grew more dense and fell in beaded drops of rain. The gas lights burned brightly at the corners, but it was a dreary night to be out in. Yet crowds filled the streets, for even in night storms, the great thoroughfares are never deserted. Guilt and wretchedness are always wakeful and abroad. To realize the desolation of loneliness, one must be a stranger in a crowded city, with a sensitive nature, and a refinement that shrinks from rude contacts, and ungenial companionship.

Along in the country, with the blue sky above us, and the green grass beneath our feet, there are charms that woo us to forgetfulness. There is music in the running stream and beauty in the flowers that grow upon its banks. Some German writer, I have forgotten who, calls flowers the stars of earth and stars the flowers of heaven. Fair and radiant flowers they are and shed their brightness on the smoke-wreathed city, but in their matchless, softened and mellowed light seem to linger more pleasantly on green fields and waving corn.

Alone in London! Dreary and desolate reality, that swelled almost to bursting a weary and aching heart. The stranger gathered his thin cloak around his shivering form, and drew his hat over his face, with a sensitive shrinking from the crowd that rudely jostled past him.—He was alone in London, and very poor, not even a shilling to procure a scanty supper.

Somewhere in a dark part of the city, where the gas lights were few, up many pair of stairs, was the garret in which he slept, but in it there was nothing save the darkness, one broken chair and a wretched bed with its scanty covering.

When he entered this desolate chamber in nights like this, an unseen company surrounded him, the spirits of the viewless air, and in the wailings of the wind, they told him strange mysterious tales of wretchedness and dread, until, half wild with dark imagings, he rushed forth in the night and the peltering storm. Thus through the chilling sleet and rain he walked the streets, looking into the hard faces of the passers by and wondering if in all London there was another man who had no one to care for him, no one to love him. And then he thought how deliciously strange it would seem to him—a stranger and a wanderer for many years—to be loved.

He hoped the blessed light would dawn upon him, but in the darkness of this night it seemed a great way off. The cloud of poverty and gloom that wrapped his heart was too cold and deep, he feared, for human sympathy and love to penetrate. He seemed to see before him, Fate, with wierd fingers, weaving the mystic web of his lonely destiny, and as he watched the phantom hands with feverish intensity, he wondered if at some future day, that a mantle of brightness might fall upon him instead of a pall. A strain of sweet sad music broke in upon his lonely musings. Over all refined natures music has an absorbing power, and though it often fills the soul with sadness, it casts upon it the spell of an irresistible fascination; and the stranger paused in his desolate walk to listen to the song. The windows of the princely mansion were but half vailed, and he could see the happy group that surrounded the piano, and the fair girl that sang the soft minor air which sank into the listener's heart.

He was a poet, and had written songs of tenderness and love for others to sing. Himself, he could not sing with such a weight upon his heart. The light of genius was in his eye, and the imagery of a fervid imagination gathered round his brain, and the poet's native impulse, loving, warm and true, lived within his heart.

In the sensitive and gifted the longing for sympathy and love is far more intense than in ruder natures, and all his life long his heart had yearned with passionate eagerness for the pure delights of home and the bliss of sympathy and love.

The song was over, but still he lingered, watching the firelight's fitful glow, as it shed its ruddy sheen upon the changing group.

Again the fair girl took her seat at the piano and sang with inimitable grace and beauty "Home, Sweet Home."

It was his song!

He, the homeless wanderer, had written "Home, Sweet Home."

He stood out in darkness and night, listening to his song, the child of his own heart and brain, and looking in at the window of "Home, sweet Home," knew that in all the world there was no home for him.

The song ended. He sat down on the stone steps of the stately mansion, with the rain beating heavily upon him, and burying his face in his hands, wept in the bitterness of his heart.

Years passed away, and still he was a homeless wanderer. Often in the streets of London, Berlin and Paris, he heard "Home sweet, Home," which in all lands and all hearts had become a household word.

Later in life he became Consul to Tunis, and died a stranger in a strange land. Never, save in his dreams, had he known the bliss of "Home, Sweet Home!"

Household Receipts.

TO PREVENT TIN VESSELS FROM RUSTING.—When vessels are done with, wipe them carefully with a dry cloth, and place near the fire. If this is done immediately, they will not rust.

TONIC APERIENT.—Take of Epsom salts, one ounce; diluted sulpheric acid, one drachm; infusion of quassia chips, half an imperial pint; compound tincture of rhubarb, two drachms. Half a wineglassful for a dose.

LEMON SYRUP.—Eight pounds of sugar, three quarts of water, and one quart of lemon juice. Mix the sugar and water together. As soon as the sugar has dissolved, place it over the fire, and boil and skim it; then add the lemon-juice.

CREAM PIE.—Place a pint of milk where it will heat. Then beat together one cup of white sugar and half a cup of flour, with two eggs, and stir it into the milk when it is nearly boiling. Stir rapidly until it is cooked thoroughly; add essence of lemon, and pour upon the crust, which should be baked before the cream is put in. This will make two pies. If you wish it extra, make a frosting of the whites of two eggs, and three tablespoonsful of sugar. Spread this evenly over the pies, and set again in the oven, and brown slightly.

JUMBLES.—Take one pound and three quarts of flour, one pound and a half of pounded and sifted loaf sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs, and a little essence of lemon. Mix the butter to a batter; then add the eggs (unbeaten) and essence of lemon (about fifteen drops); mix well together, and then add the flour. Take little pieces about the size of small walnuts, and roll them on the board as thick as a large quill, and about six or seven inches long. Then twist them into the shape of the figure 8, and bake in a moderate oven.

Election of United States Senator for Maryland.

After four days' balloting by the two houses of the Legislature for United Senator to fill the vacancy created by the non-admission of Hon. Philip Francis Thomas to his seat, a choice was effected Friday, the 6th, by the election of Hon. George Vickers, of Kent county. When the balloting first commenced in the two houses, separately, on Tuesday, the 3d, the highest joint vote was 44 for Mr. Thomas himself, the next highest being 29 for Hon. James T. Earle, and 8 votes for Mr. Vickers, with the balance scattering. On the two following days both branches met in joint convention, and the balloting continued—four on each day—Gov. Swann coming prominently into the contest on Thursday as a candidate, and receiving 29 votes, while Mr. Thomas had still 23 and Mr. Vickers 22—Mr. Earle's name being then withdrawn. Friday three ballots were taken before a choice was effected, as follows, (Mr. Swann's name having been withdrawn after the second ballot:)

	1st vote.	2d vote.	3d vote.
Vickers	45	47	59
Thomas	31	29	41
Earle	..	..	2
Swann	22	24	..
McCullough	1	..	..
Hambleton	2	..	..
Total	101	100	102

WHAT WE LOVE A WOMAN FOR.—Some one, speaking of a beautiful girl with enthusiasm, said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was, by no means, brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with understanding! We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and heaven knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem*, (if it is brilliant,) and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions."

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