Chestertown Transcript.

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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

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
When the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wing that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing one o'er one
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too hoo,"
Nestles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles a falling tower;
While many a blossom of liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light winds play with the boat at will
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time
That meet and part at the noon tide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand
And paddled it down where the stream ran thick,
Where the whirlwind was and the storm was thick,
And laughed as I leaned on the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rock'd where the whirls their wild spray threw
'Ere the blossoms moved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

DOMESTIC AFFLICTION.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Metropolitan Record* furnishes that paper with the following case of domestic affliction:

While I was sitting in the reading room of Williard's hotel this afternoon, thinking over a plan to save the country and protect Mr. Stanton from the persecution of unscrupulous enemies, a white haired old gentleman came up to me and said he understood I was a person of sympathetic nature. The first idea that occurred to me was that he wanted me to get him an appointment, but the utter misery that was stamped on his face soon removed this unworthy thought, and filled me with deep pity. I informed him that some one had told him the truth, which is a very remarkable thing in Washington, and he then said he had a tale to tell that would probably harrow up my soul.

"What is it about my venerable friend?" said I to the old gentleman, and he answered briefly but sorrowfully.

"It is a tale of family disgrace."

"Pray sir," I said, "don't pain yourself by repeating family troubles to me; I am at present engaged considering more important matters. The very life of the nation, sir, is in danger, sir, and I am considering how to save it."

But the old gentleman would not be put off. He insisted on unfolding his tale, and taking a seat beside me he began as follows:

"I am the father of ten children."

I expressed my condolence, and he continued:

"Ten children, sir, and I did all I could to bring them up in the way of virtue and honor."

"And I trust they are a comfort and support in your old age," said I.

"Ah, sir, they have been a curse to me. Look at these gray hairs? Look at the furrows of care upon my face? My children, oh, my children!"

I became interested, and told the old gentleman to proceed.

"My first great grief," said he, composing himself "was caused by my eldest son. He was a young man of fine promise, and I had him educated for the Church. He became a minister. His sermons were the wonder of our section. He married an excellent girl and lived happily with her. His christian zeal knew no bounds. He established a Sabbath school and started the greatest revival movement ever known in the West. It gladdened my heart to see my son devoting himself so earnestly to holy work. But a blow came, a terrible blow. In the midst of the revival he eloped with one of the Sabbath school teachers and left his wife and children on my hands."

I said that was a great blow, indeed, and the old gentleman went on:

"About this time my second son, a young man of excellent talents and character, held a responsible position in a bank in New York. I was proud of him, sir, and I looked forward to the time when we would be one of the foremost bankers in the metropolis. But there was another blow coming. One day I received a letter from the president of the bank informing me that my son was a defaulter, that he had embezzled $200,000 and started for Europe with a waiter girl from one of the concert saloons."

"That was dreadful," said I.

"Yes, sir, it was a disgrace, but not the worst. Another son settled in Chicago and became a gambler! He associated with the most disreputable persons, pugilists, black-legs, thieves, and went down step by step until he finally connected himself with a gift enterprise for the relief of soldiers and sailors. Oh, how my heart bled when I heard how low he had descended!"

"No wonder, sir, it was fearful."

"It was fearful, sir, but I bore it as well as I could. My fourth son was educated for the bar. He was admitted to practice, and soon became a rising man. But the evil star was over him too. He became a drunkard. He lost all self respect but still he had clients. One of them was a widow and six orphans. She retained him in an important property case. It involved a fortune. He assured her he would gain it, and he did. He gained the case, sir, and pocketed every dollar of the money himself. Then he became more and more dissipated, and was at last found dead in a common bar-room in St. Louis."

"Poor man, your sorrows are very great! That blow was shocking."

"Oh, it was terrible, sir; but there was worse to come. My second daughter, a beautiful girl married a young merchant. They seemed to be very happy. Four children blessed their union—lovely children, the image of their parents. Fanny's husband doated on her, he thought she doated on him. But she deceived him. One evening when he went home she was absent. She did not return that night. He was distracted. Next day one of his clerks was absent. He made inquiries, and learned that they had eloped. When the news came to me it almost broke my heart."

"Shocking, shocking!" I observed, but without heeding my interruption the old man continued:

"Sarah, my third daughter, was always a foolish girl, full of romantic notions and fond of reading novels. A month after Fanny's marriage she ran away with a traveling tinker and came back in less than a year in rags. Poor Sarah! I could not blame her much, for she was unsteady; but the disgrace almost killed her mother."

"No wonder, sir; it might well have bowed your head, too."

"It did, sir; it did; but I bore it. I had to bear much more. My fourth son joined the army, and as he was good at praying they made him chaplain. Then he took charge of the mails of his regiment, and look after the correspondence of the men. But he fell. He was detected opening letters sent to the soldiers and taking money out of them, and the Colonel had him drumed out of camp."

"And you survived that?"

"Yes, and much more These disgraces were terrible; but I could have borne them. The greatest of all was to come. I had another daughter, a giddy young creature, and though I am her father I may say she was handsome. She was fond of dancing, going to the circus and all that. One day she was missing, and we searched high and low for her, but she could not be found. One of our neighbors went to New York, and while there he went to see the Black Crook.—Oh, sir, it was dreadful news he brought home. One of the girls he saw on the stage was our Julia. We tried to break the news to her mother, but it was too much for her. She sank under it and died, and I buried her three weeks ago."

"That was the geatest disgrace, indeed."

"Oh, sir, I wish it had been; but no, the greatest is still untold. My fifth son, Frank, became a pugilist, and is now traveling through the country as a prize fighter, associating with roughs and pickpockets, and making my old heart wring with shame whenever I hear his name."

"Your hair may well be gray, after that."

"Worse than that—far worse. I have not mentioned my eldest daughter. She joined a missionary society, and was appointed treasurer. One day she disappeared, and the money in her hands, has never been found. The minister of the town she lived in was missing at the same time, and two months after I heard of them in Cincinnati. I then lost track of them, and did not again hear of Penelope until last week, when I learned that she had joined the Mormons and was the tenth wife of a scoundrel in Utah."

"Good heavens, sir! how can you bear such a shame as all this?"

"Shame! ah, sir, these are trifles to the last and greatest shame!"

"The last and greatest? Surely there can be no lower depth of infamy than you have told me of?"

"There is! there is!" said the old man with a terrible groan. "My sixth and youngest son was elected to congress, and is now sitting in that marble building at the other end of the avenue."

The old man's head fell upon the table, and I left him to weep over his terrible disgrace.

A WAGGISH knave said he thought prophets were all fools. No," said Diogenes, "but those who listen to them are."

JEROLD says that young boys who marry old maids "gather in the Spring of life the golden fruits of Autumn."

From the Round Table.

Match-Making.

Derision or denunciation is commonly the portion of that maternal solicitude which busies itself to secure for marriageable daughters the best possible settlement in life. Match-making mammas have been pilloried for the contempt of novel-readers ever since that pleasing form of fiction was invented. Yet it is not to match-making itself that we object; on the contrary, there is no pastime to which humanity is more prone, or into which it enters with more zest and eagerness. Next to getting married one's self there is nothing so truly delightful as marrying off one's friends; and there are of us, we imagine, who have not at some time or other indulged in this attractive and on the whole harmless amusement. Young persons especially affect it—young married persons most of all; for if they find themselves happy, sheer good nature will inspire the wish to make everybody else master of the joyful secret; if the reverse, it is an old proverb that misery loves company. There is a certain fascination in thus pairing off the world; it gratifies one's sense of fitness and symmetry; and when we have settled in our minds that a couple were evidently born for each other, our vanity becomes interested in the fulfilment of the prophecy. But the matches we thus foster must be the sort which are popularly supposed to be made in Heaven, over which Cupid presides and not Mammon. Love matches they must strictly be to find favor in the eyes of youth; the faintest suspicion of worldly advantage makes them little less than Lucifer matches at once. Away, we cry, with this balancing of hearts and ingots, this sale of flesh and blood into worse than African slavery! Is the holiest of human affections to be made an affair of bargain and barter? shall our sons and daughters be priced like our cows and sheep? This is what we cry when we are young, full of all generous and foolish impulses, and long before we have sons or daughters at all, or at least before they are ripe for the matrimonial market. And as novels are mostly written in the interest of young people, we have a ready explanation of the disrepute which has fallen on a most deserving, perhaps the most deserving, class of the community.

For to this as to most other questions there are two sides. It is all very fine to talk about love in a cottage, two souls with but a single thought, two heart that beat as one, and all that sort of thing; but in any cottage that love wouldn't turn up his nose at there is very substantial rent to pay, and, even waiving the usual contingencies, at least two mouths to be filled, that the most perfect singleness of thought, the most thorough union of hearts, can never make one. The stomach is the one member of the body which love can never subdue, which scorns and laughs at love, but which unfortunately is quite as important as the other organs. These are just the things that young people in a romantic condition, with but single thought, never find room to think of, and which they are extremely lucky in having papa and mama to think of for them. Parents who know, perhaps from rude experience, all the weary regrets and bitter disappointments which two hearts that beat as one will often harvest in marriage, are naturally anxious to keep their children from the pit wherein they have fallen. They are distrustful of inclinations and fancies which they know to be far less serious than the owner can ever be brought to believe at the time. First loves are usually what first lovers never detect them to be—only the natural yearning of hearts just beginning to be dimly conscious of the capacity for affection, blindly putting out tendrils of passion that clasp and cling to the nearest object, worthy or unworthy. What some one says of the author is true of the lover likewise: he should plough in his first crop to enrich the soil. First loves are valuable chiefly as practice, as training for the great emotional conflict through which men and women, with blood veins, have some day to pass. But first lovers are blind to this; those phenomenal fluttering which are so new and strange to them seem, as Dr. Holmes remarks in his *Guardian Angel*, to mark a crisis in the history of mankind. From all eternity they were singled out for one another; their devotion and constancy are without precedent and example; their separation is cruelty monstrous and unparalleled.—As a rule, however, this direful atrocity had not the disastrous result that they take a gloomy pleasure in contemplating, their hearts are seldom broken half as often as their vows, and they commonly live to bless Heaven and the cruel parents who saved them from themselves.

In point of fact, cruel parents, even as they figure in romance, are very seldom cruel at all. It is very natural that a father or mother should be solicitous for their daughter's welfare, and quite as intelligible that they should be loath to entrust it to every man who comes with only his love to recommend him. What proof have they that young Mr. Lovelace's professions are sincere? or, granting their sincerity, what guaranty that this affection will outlast the honeymoon? Passion is in nine cases out of ten mistaken for love, and possession is almost sure to be fatal to passion They do well to hesitate before confiding darling Angelina's happiness to such uncertain hands as these.—But of Mr. Jellyby the rich grocer's sincerity there can be no reasonable doubt—his wealth gives the most ample and satifactory proof. The purse is after all the true touchstone of these conventional humbugs; and when Mr. Jellyby lays his moneybags at his dear Angelina's feet he testifies as much regard as Mr. Lovelace, who offers her only his possibly worthless heart. The grocer will at least, give his adored one a home; and if she does not love him now she may learn to give him that mild esteem which answers all purposes of connubial happiness better perhaps than more ardent devotion. So papa and mamma prudently give their voices for Mr. Jellyby. To the young people this seems hard and cruel reasoning; any reasoning indeed seems hard to lovers, who live in a world of romance, a delightful rosy-colored fantastic world, where butchers' bills are not and responsibility is unknown. Life to them is an immense plum-cake, and love the knife that shall carve it. They are all in all to one another, they feel that they should die if they were torn asunder, and they cannot understand how people whose duty it is to love and cherish them should stand so sternly in the way of their happiness. It does seem hard not only to them but to other young people similarly circumstanced. Papa and mamma are snarled and railed at on all sides for merely doing their duty; they are everywhere made the subject of cutting remarks, they are called hard-headed and avaricious. Other papas and mammas even, who should know better and who in like cases would act precisely like them, sometimes join the hue and cry; so natural is it to sympathize with hapless lovers, so difficult to realize the distinction between my bull and your ox. And if the lovers themselves entertained any doubt of their being the most ill-treated of mortals, the suspicion is speedily dissipated by the affectionate exertions of these compassionate friends, and they are encouraged to open rebellion against the parental mandates. Of course there is a point beyond which judicious parents will not press resistance even to what is felt to be folly, but will leave their ungrateful offspring to work out their destiny of hasty marriage and leisurely repentance. It would be an amusing and instructive addition to social statistics to know how love marriages commonly compare in average happiness with what are called *marriages de convenance*.

Reflection, we think, will show that match-making mothers are entitled to more credit than they usually get. Let us at least do them the justice of believing that they are not always wholly actuated by the sordid motives which we ascribe to them. The older people grow, the more they get to distrust fancies and cling to facts. Romance fades and reality hardens as we leave youth behind us; and if love proves less substantial than lucre, who is to blame? Surely not those who, seeing the unlovely truth, guide their actions accordingly. This is a bitter and disagreeable view to take of life, and what are rightly held its dearest incidents, but what Archimedes will turn the world?

Paper Making.

From Collins & M'Leester's "Proof Sheet."

Few processes are more interesting, especially to printers, than the manufacture of paper, and of but few is an intelligible description more difficult. The present article is written rather with the view of aiding the reader when visiting a paper-mill than in the hope that it will prove fully satisfactory in itself.

Paper may be made of any fibrous vegetable matter, and Mr. Mansell, in his most valuable *Chronology*, enumerates, no less than a hundred and three substances which have been employed or experimented on for this purpose. The list includes nettles, hornets' nests, manures, and stone!* Chinese paper is commonly supposed to be made of silk but silk alone cannot be reduced to suitable pulp; and, while it may be partially employed, the main "stock" is obtained from the inner bark of the bamboo and mulberry tree, hempen rags, &c.—The Japanese use the mulberry tree largely, if not exclusively

The difficulty heretofore, in Europe and in this country, in making paper from straw, barks, &c., did not lie so much in the nature of materials employed as in the expensiveness of working them, and in the consequent inability to produce the paper as cheaply as an *equal quality* made of rags. Great improvements, however, have been made within a few years in this direction, and the curious in such matters will find a good illustration of this by comparing the straw paper on which the *Ledger* of this city is now printed with that first used on the same paper in 1854—the relative cost, as compared with rag paper, being about the same.

Linen and cotton rags, nevertheless, still continue to be the staple articles used for making paper, and no substitute has yet been discovered for the finer grades. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks to the most improved process employed in the manufacture of rag paper,* and shall give only the leading points, avoiding such details as might tend to confuse the description.

The first step in the manufacture of paper is "sorting" the rags; the different qualities of paper. These are then placed in the "rag cutter," where they are passed between rollers, the peripheries of which are armed with sharp knives so arranged as to cut them into shreds.

The rags are carried on an "apron" directly from the "cutter" to the "duster," which consists of a number of sieves and revolving arms, having a rapid motion, over and between which they are passed. At the close of the operation the rags are thrown to the rear of the machine, while the refuse is deposited below. This varies according to the quality of the rags fed in, and is generally worthless; but the refuse of the best stock can be used in making the commonest.

Thus prepared, the rags are placed in a large boiler (called the "rotary") placed horizontally, in which they are subjected to the action of an alkaline solution—usually the soda ash of commerce and quicklime. Steam is then introduced at a high Pressure, and the huge boiler, capable of containing three tons, is rapidly rotated. This treatment continues from ten to fifteen hours, and results in cleaning the white rags and "starting the color" from the colored.

They are now taken to "washer engine." The operation of this machine cannot be made perfectly clear to those who have not witnessed it. We may say in a general way that the rags are passed and repassed between a heavy cylinder (weighing three tons), supplied with about forty steel ribs ("fly-bars"), and the "plate," which is composed of similar ribs shaped into segment of a circle conforming to the curvature of the cylinder above. A constant supply of pure spring water, which covers the bars, is kept up throughout the operation. The momentum given to these bars by the revolving roll carries the rags between them and the bed-plate. The mass of water and rags, having been thus passed under the bars, is returned through the part of the tub beyond the cylinder. As the "stock" is reduced, the cylinder is gradually lowered until the "fly-bars" almost touch the "plate." The rags are thus triturated into what is called "half-stuff" that is, reduced half-way to pulp It is essential to the clearness of the paper that the water used in this operation should be perfectly pure

This "half-stuff" is now placed in vats, with a quantity of chloride of lime, and left to bleach and drain for three or four days.‡ It is then transferred to the "beater engine," which is the same as the "washer engine" except that it has more "fly-bars" set closer together. This machine is at first run with the cylinder raised, so that the "stuff" may be well washed and freed of the chlorine, which, if allowed to remain, would destroy the texture of the paper. The sizing† or coloring is now added, the cylinder gradully lowered, and the "half-stuff" thus reduced to pulp. It is in this operation that the paper-maker's skill is tested. Great judgment is requisite to produce pulp of just the proper consistence. If it be left too coarse, the paper will be rough; if made too fine, the paper will be rotten.

When made, the pulp passes into the "stuff-chest." This is a large reservoir, in the interior of which the "agitator" constantly revolves and thus preserves the uniform consistence of the pulp (or, rather, "stuff," for much water is mingled with it) by preventing it settling. This "stuff-chest" is simply a huge churn set on end.

The actual making of the paper now begins. Our description of the operation is based on a Fourdrinier Paper Machine, capable of making paper seventy inches wide and of producing over two tons in twenty-four hours.

The pulp is pumped in a chest at the end of the machine, from which it is drawn as needed, and passes through fine brass strainers ("pulp-screens"), being meanwhile subjected to a constant flow of pure water. The pure pulp, freed from the knotty particles that have remained, now goes into a second chest or vat, so arranged as to allow it to flow, in such width and quantity, as may be required, on to an apron that leads to a fine wire cloth. The pulp is now fairly on the machine.

This cloth, technically called the "wire," is an endless wire web, having thirty-five hundred holes to the square inch, through which the water drains off. It extends thirty-three feet, being supported alone by a number of small rollers, while two large ones at the ends, around which it passes, give it the longitudinal motion that carries the pulp forward to the pressing rollers. This is made into a compact sheet by means of a jarring lateral motion which is ingeniously communicated to the wire web on which it rests, and which is equivalent to the shaking of the sieve in the old process of making paper by hand. It is here that the width of the sheet is regulated. Thick strips of gum (called "deckles") are attacked to the sides of a carriage which rests on "the wire." These are adjustable, and prevent the pulp flowing beyond the set width.

The continuous sheet of pulp thus formed is passed between two large felt-covered rollers and delivered to the first "press rolls," which still further rid it of water, and thence to a second series which squeeze out all that nearly remains.

The sheet has now acquired considerable firmness, and is carried around six "dryers"—or cylinders—thirty inches in diameter These are heated by steam, maintained of an average pressure of twelve poupds to the square inch—the amount of heat required depending on the thickness or weight of the paper. Uniform drying is essential to good paper, and, other things being equal, the more "dryers" employed the stronger it will be. Common paper is now finished, and is run on reels ready for cutting.

The finer qualities, however, are afterwards passed around and between a number of highly polished steel cylinders, called "calenders," from six to fourteen inches in diameter. These vary in number, according to the grade of paper being made. As many as twenty-seven are sometimes employed, though ten constitute a very efficient "stack." The smoothness and finish which characterize calendered paper are imparted by this process. The most highly finished paper is afterwards subjected to a process called "web-calendering." The web of paper is passed through a stack of four or six rolls of paper and chilled iron alternating, run at a high speed, which impart the gloss peculiar to the super-calendered paper.

The cutting machine has circular cutters in front which slit and trim the paper (usually made double the width) lengthwise. The two strips are carried through by a roller, and cut the required length by a revolving knife, the sheets falling in two piles in the rear of the machine. They are then sorted, counted and packed.

The quality of paper depends almost wholly on the "stock" used, although, of course, more time and care are bestowed on each step in the manufacture of the finer than of the coarser varieties. Linen rags are generally conceded to make the best "stock," though not a few paper-makers hold that a slight admixture of cotton rags tends to produce a better working paper.

*Edward Grantless, a marble cutter of Glasgow, obtained a patent, in 1856, for a mode of making paper from stone.

†The finest paper is made of purely white rags, and the the aid of chemicals is not required in bleaching it.

‡Sizing is usually composed of rosin for regular printing paper, and of gelatin for writing paper; the latter being sized in the sheet instead of in the engine.

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 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.

ENAMELED STEW PANS and PRESERVING KETTLES, for sale at the *Tin and Stove Store*, by
May14, 1866. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

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