Chestertown Transcript.

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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

Of TEN 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 advertisements 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.

A Stock of New Jewelry,

Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Notions, &c., &c.

WILL BE OPENED AT

E. T. WILLIS'

SATURDAY, March 14th, 1868.

THESE Goods have been purchased of honorable Manufacturers, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES, and WILL be sold at REASONABLE FIGURES.

THE STYLES WILL BE THE

Latest and of the Most Fashionable Designs.

It is useless to enumerate articles which will be kept constantly on hand and for sale; all that is asked is to call and examine for yourselves. Any article not found embraced in the stock on hand, can be procurred in a few days; from a FINE GOLD WATCH down to any article, however small, usually kept in a similar establishment. The determination is to do strictly a legitimate business, ALWAYS representing, in their true character, goods offered for sale.

Attention may be called, however, to a

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

FINGER RINGS, 18k

Suitable for engagements, or Wedding purposes.

BREAST PINS,
EAR RINGS,
SLEAVES BUTTONS, &c.

TABLE CUTLERY,

JOSEPH RODGERS & SON, CELEBRATED MANUFACTURE.

REPAIRING OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY,

done in workmanlike manner.

E. T. WILLIS.

N. B.—Work will not be kept on hand longer than 6 months after being fixed. If not called for in that time will be sold for charges. E. T. W.

mar14 '68

NOTICE.

Lumber! Lumber Lumber

THE undersigned hereby gives notice that in the Spring he will open a

LUMBER YARD

at TURNER'S CREEK, when he will be prepared to furnish any description of lumber wanted.

He will purchase his lumber direct from the

MANUFACTURERS,

AND OFFER

FAVORABLE TERMS

as any one, and consequently he will be enabled to sell at very

LOW PRICES.

TERMS.

Cash, or Note at ninety days, with interest, approved security and negotiable and payable at Kent National Bank.

G. W. JONES.

feb1-r

FOR SALE.

A SCHOLARSHIP IN THE

PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY

OF

Medicine and Surgery.

ALSO A

SCHOLARSHIP IN THE

Baltimore Commercial College,

E. K. LOSIER, Principal.

AND THE LEADING BUSINESS COLLEGE IN THE CITY.

Apply at this office.

feb15-

CHESTERTOWN STOVE AND TIN STORE.

I AM AGAIN presenting himself for public favor, the subscriber desires to express his gratitude for the very liberal patronage he has always enjoyed, and assures his friends and the public that it shall continue to be his aim to merit a continuance and increase of the same.

My Stock is *the largest and best selected* ever offered in Kent county, consisting in part as follows:

The Continental and Niagara Cook Stoves with extended fire-box; Delaware Cook, Congress Complete and Charm Cooking Stoves; Brilliant and Gem Oval Radiator Gas Burners, Dawn Gas Burner Base, Egg Cylinder & Dew Drop, for wood or coal; Union Air Tight; Tuscan, with Open Front; Wild Flower and Parlor Cook Stove, for burning Wood or Coal—for sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

GAS BURNING FIRE PLACE STOVES, For heating several rooms at one time, with the same fire. For sale by

J. K. ALDRIDGE,
At Baltimore prices.

N. B.—The above Stoves cleaned and repaired by J. K. A.

Chestertown, October 20, 1866.

REMOVED.

F. LLOYD

BOOT MAKER,

Has removed to the New Store,

No. 16 North Street, (opposite Chesapeake Bank,)

WHERE he solicits a continuance of orders from his old customers; he intends to keep on hand, as usual, a large assortment of

Ready-Made Work,

at greatly Reduced Prices. He will name in part

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, SLIPPEES, OVER-GAITERS, RUBBER SHOES, CORK SOLES, SHOE BRUSHES AND BLACKING, BOOT HOOKS.

Give him a call at NO. 16 NORTH STREET, (opposite Chesapeake Bank.)

F. LLOYD.

feb1

WHEELER & WILSON

LOCK STITCH

FAMILY

Sewing Machine!

OVER 30,000 SOLD.

Are adapted to all kinds of Family Sewing, Army Clothing, and to the use of Seamstresses, Dress Makers, Tailors, Manufacturers of Shirts, Collars, Skirts, Cloaks, Mantillas, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Corsets, Ladies' Boots, and Shoes Linen and Cotton goods, with silk, cotton or linen thread. They will seam, quilt, gather, hem, fell, cord, braid, bind and perform every species of sewing, making a beautiful and perfect stitch, alike on both sides of the articles sewed.

W. MERRILL, AGENT,
216 West Baltimore Street,
Nov. 30, 1867—y BALTIMORE.

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 13, 1865—r.

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.

Selected Poetry.

A few Common-place and Ill-natured Reflections in a Ball Room.

Done into rhyne by an Old Bachelor.

I.

OH! where are the belles and the beauties,
Whose hands held the sceptre of fate,
In the days when we still danced cotillions,
And went to Assemblies at eight!
Oh! where are the belles and the beauties,
The fairest and brightest of all,
Whose footsteps were sweeter than music,
Whose eyes were the light of the ball!

II.

Ah! some in the church-yard are lying,
And some have gone off to the west,
And same are at home with the phthisic,
And here at this ball are the rest:
They stand here like wax-work in cases,
Bedizened with jewels and chains,
As fit to raise tender emotions,
As so many fossil remains.

III.

No more the blithe note of the trumpet
Calls *them* to their place in the set,
No more with eyes sparkling, hearts beating,
They flutter like doves in a net,
While each little foot, in impatience,
Is tapping the floor to begin,
Till comes the grand crash of the music,
And off in wild tumult they spin!

IV.

Ah, no! they all shrink now in corners
And take the best care of their toes,
Sometimes coming out from their ambush
To see if their daughters have beaux,
Lamenting the sins of the polk
With many a sigh and a groan,
And wishing that supper was ready,
And German Cotillions unknown.

V.

Oh! Time, what a merciless wizard
To us and to them hast thou proved,
To change to such quizzical figures
The beautiful shapes that we loved!
For bright eyes are brighter than diamonds,
And white teeth are better than pearls,
And point-lace and feathers, though costly,
Are nothing to clustering curls.

VI.

Pray look at that mountain in velvet!
Her step once was lightest of all;
But now you'd as soon for a partner
Select Metropolitan Hall!
Her waist could be clasped by your fingers,
(So one of her old lovers swears,)
But now she is shaped like a hogshead
And sits in a couple of chairs.

VII.

Observe that carnivorous matron,
Should you think by the way she can eat,
That I well remember the time when
She fainted at mention of meat?
What a shame that a fairy, whose diet
Consisted of rose-leaves and sighs,
Should drink her champagne by the tumbler
And dote upon Perigord pies!

VIII.

And that little bit of a woman
Who wears an old rusty frizette,
I've written a dozen of sonnets
In praise of her ringlets of jet.
There's one of them now in my sanctum,
(Unless by the rats I'm bereft,)
And I fear that of all her fine tresses,
Mine now is the only one left!

XI.

I'll stop, for I'm growing sarcastic,
And, besides, it is time to be off,
For the doctors have told me that suppers
Were very bad things for my cough;
My gouty toe twinges a little,
And my new wig oppresses my head,
So I think I will stop at the at the drug-store'
And afterwards hobble to bed.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

Any one who is disposed to try a laugh will do well to read on.

John Jackson was a very industrious, hard working young young man, of twenty-three years. Being the eldest child and the only son, he had always remained at home assisting his father upon the farm. John was very much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a brighteyed girl had thought she would like to be Mrs. John Jackson. But John was no "lady's man.' The fact was; John was very bashful. He would rather hoe corn all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures, far from it. We believe that he, in common with all bashful, well-meaning men, entertained the very highest respect and admiration for them. And this no doubt was the principal cause of his bashfulness. He felt that they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moralise.

Nancy Clarke was the daughter of a very respectable farmer, whose lands adjoined the Jackson farm.

Nancy was a pretty saucy little witch and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and as he was a few years senior, was usually her champion in going and returning. At last, John became so much of a young man as to be kept from school as he had been in past years. John discovered, too, that he had been growing in stature, and it seemed as if he had been growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; he did not know what to do with his hands: his face pained him, and taking all in all he was inclined to think that he he was not more than half put together.

Now the truth was, John Jackson was really a very fine-looking young man, and nothing but his admiration of Nancy would have then suggested any such foolish thoughts about himself.

As novelists say, it was a beautiful day in August. The heavens were clear, serene, and beautiful, trees were laden with golden fruit, and the birds twittered their songs of love in the branches. We were about to say that "earth had yielded bountiful harvest of a year's grass and clover, and honeysuckles, which the noble yeomary of Chesterville had garnered within their storehouses," but upon second thought have concluded to write it thus: "The farmers of Chesterville were done haying."

John Jackson's sister's had a quilting party that afternoon; his father had gone to get some wheat ground, and John was left to repair some tools to be ready on the morrow to commence mowing the meadow grass. Suddenly it occured to John that if he remained about the house in the afternoon, he would be called in at tea time, and be required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this, he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow at all, and thus avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and moved, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occurred to John that if he took off his pants he might be much more comfortable. There would be no impropriety in it for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person.

So John stripped off, and with no covering save his linen—commonly called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself on the good times he was having, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister, with a white ring around his neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of snakes. "Self-preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed upon John's mind—"legs take care of the body," was the next. Dropping his scythe and spinning round like a top, he was ready to strike a 2-40 gait, when at that moment his snakeship was near enough to hook his crooked teeth in John's shirt just above the hem.—With a tremdous spring, he started off with the speed of a locomotive. His first jump took the snake clear from the ground and as John stole a hasty glance over his shoulder, he was horrified to find the reptile securely fastened to the extreme of his garment, while the speed with which he rushed forward kept the serpent at an angle of ninety degrees with his body.

There was a quandary. If he stopped the snake would coil about his body and squeeze him to death; if he continued the race, he must soon fall from sheer exhaustation. On he flew, scarce daring to think how his dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction of home, and as he emerged from the forest a feeling of security came over him. But suddenly flashed across his mind the true state of affairs—his father gone—the quilting—and worst of all *the girls*.

This new horror sent the blood back, curdling about his heart and he came to a dead halt. The next moment he felt the body of the cool, clammy monster in contact with his understanding as though his snakeship only meditated a little fun, by way of tickling John upon the knees.

This was too much for human endurance. With a yell, such as a man never utters save when in mortal terror, poor John again set forward at break-neck speed, and once more had the pleasure of seeing the snake in his position, somewhat after the fashion of the tail of a comet.

On, on they flew! John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake.

His first wild shriek had startled the quilters, and forth they rushed, wondering if some mad Indian was not prowling about. By this time John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed his head turned so that he might keep one eye on the snake and with the other observe what course he must take. The barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls.—He knew they were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and he once more halted.—The snake evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to infold the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by circumstances over which he had no control," poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the barn, the snake came round with a whiz, somewhat after the fashion of a coach-whip.

Having reached the barnyard, to his dismay, he found the bars up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. He gathered all his strength, bounded into the air, snake ditto, and as he alighted on the other side his snakeship's tail craked across the upper bar.

The house now became the centre of attraction, and round it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, and as he turned the corner his snakeship came round with a whiz that was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out—

"CALL A MAN!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight and quick as thought reappeared upon the other side of the house—

"CALL A MAN!"

And away he whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the whiz of the snake sounded about halfway between a low whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double-o.

And before either of the girls had stirred from her tracks, he had performed another revolution—

"CALL A MAN!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clarke was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop, she took her station near the corner of the house and as John reappeared she brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and his hold upon John's garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house, and to his room, and at tea-time appeared in his best Sunday suit looking but little the worst for the race, and to all appearance, entirely cured of bashfulness. That night he walked home wfth Nancy Clarke. The next New Year's they were married, now, whenever John is inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops, she has only to say, "Call a man," when he instantly sorbes down.

Sergeant Bates and the United States Flag in the Southern States.

We take the following interesting account from the correspondence of the *Baltimore Sun:*

WASHINGTON, April 16.—Sergt. Bates called upon the President to-day to perform what he considered a very agreeable duty; that duty, he said, was to deliver to the President the kind messages for the chief magistrate of the nation which he had received in the swamps and in the woods, along the stretches of pine forest through which his route now and then lay. At the lonely farm house and in the villages, cities and towns: "Tell the President," said a gray-haired man, "we are praying for him." "Say to him," said hundreds "God bless him." Many, very many, begged the sergeant to tell the President that their hope was that heaven would bless Andrew Johnson in his efforts to secure their rights "in the old Union."

"At Richmond, Virginia," continued Sergeant Bates, "a fine looking old lady, pushing through the crowd, came to me as I was making my way out of the city, and with the tears coursing her cheeks, said, as she took my hand, "Tell Andrew Johnson that he has the earnest prayers of the matrons of Virginia for his welfare and happiness." Gray-haired men, trembling with age, invoked upon President Johnson Heaven's blessing."

"Just beyond Montgomery, Alabama, my flag was decorated with flowers and a laurel wreath by a young lady, who said to her mother, as she returned to me my colors, 'I wish I could send by Sergeant Bates a bouquet to President Johnson." They would dismiss schools to meet me, and many of the little girls, would want to kiss me and to wave my flag. My rooms have been decorated with evergreens, and in North Carolina girls strewed my way with flowers and pinned bouquets upon my breast.

"In passing through North Carolina and Virginia I had a bouquet in my hand every hour of the day. I honestly believe, sir, that in every State through which I have passed in my long journey, I could raise a thousand men for the defense of the flag as quickly as I could anywhere in the entire Union. I have taken by the hand dozens of ex-Confederate soldiers, whose warm grasp, quivering lips and moistened eyes could not lie.—In Georgia, for instance, I met a man who had served in the rebel armies, and who had been watching for me along the road. He had been engaged in chopping wood. I accompanied him to his home, distant about two miles. On the way he told me that the grave of his brother, who had fallen in the rebel cause, was not far from the roadside. I went with him to the spot; he stood upon one side of the grave and I upon the other. A plain wooden headboard marked the place, and as I was reading the inscription, he asked why such a bad state of feeling should continue to prevail—reaching his hand over the grave of his brother. I clasped it; and will any one say I did wrong in taking by the hand one, against whom I had fought, but who now was willing to stand by the good old flag?

"In North Carolina I met an old man who had served in the rebel forces. He was quite old for one who, but a short time since, had carried a gun and knapsack. The poor old man during the war had lost two sons and a son-in-law, his only supports. It was eight miles to the Catawba, the bridge over which had been destroyed by Steedman. It had been rebuilt; was very high, and bad to cross.—This old soldier took such interest in me—I had stopped over night in the house where he lived—that he went with me to the bridge and led me over for fear I might fall and hurt myself.

"Between Selma and Montgomery, in Alabama, I went to an elegant residence, occupied by a gentleman named White, on a plantation called White Hall. Mr. White himself came to the door. My flag was unfurled, but he did not know me, nor had he heard of my singular journey. He, however, warmly welcomed me, and I explained how I had come to seek shelter under his roof. During the war, he told me, Wilson had passed through that country and destroyed all he had. During a talk of two hours there was hardly a moment that his eyes were not moistened with tears. In the morning I found my flag decorated by his daughter with wreaths of laurel and flowers. He went with me on my way about a mile, and finally said he would have to leave me.—I took him by the hand. A gentle breeze was blowing, and the flag, held in my left hand, was flying. The old man tried to bid me good-by, but he broke down, and for minutes wept like a child."

At the request of the President, the sergeant explained the circumstances under which he had undertaken the long journey which he has just concluded.—"Persons," said he, "made assertions which I believed to be both foolish and unfounded. I contradicted them, saying that I did not care for their individual opinions, but as perhaps thousands believed as they did, I would make a proposition that, if carried out, would disprove their theory. I thereupon made an offer to do what I have done. I did not think my proposition would be accepted, nor did the principal person of those to whom I refer think I would dare carry out my plan. He, however, at once accepted my offer, and dared me to fulfil its terms.—He had declared for instance, that if the government would withdraw the military forces from the South, and leave the flags flying, the Union soldiers would hardly be out of sight before the colors would be torn down and trampled in the dust. I replied that I was a poor man, that I was not in a condition to undertake the journey, but that if he would give me a dollar a day for my family while I was gone I would go to Vicksburg and would alone, unarmed and without money, carry the American flag from that place to Washington. I was told that my life would not be worth a cent; that indeed, I would never be permitted to leave Vicksburg alive.

"Articles of agreement were drawn up and I was dared to sign them. I did so and thus bound myself to their performance. I went home, thought over the matter; saw it was a novel enterprise and would attract some attention, but did not think it would receive the notice it has.—I felt sure I would be treated well and that the flag would be respected; but I had no idea that the people would take so much pains to show their respect for the flag, or that I would receive such an ovation. There was, sir, during the entire journey, not a breath uttered against the flag or myself, whether in the rich man's parlor or in the poor man's cabin; whether on the road or in the city the old flag received the respect and homage of all, and myself welcome and hospitality.

"I was determined to carry out the plan. I have done so, and when I reached Washington I had not a penny in my pocket. I did not know where I was to get a meal, or where to find a resting-place. I have had money enough offered me on the route to make me rich for life; but I have not accepted a cent nor have I sold a photograph, as some have said, during my journey.

"Mr. President, I recaptured one of our flags without expending a shot. It was a flag that had been taken from us at Chancellorsville, and it was handed to me by an ex-Confederate soldier, who had preserved it at his home.

"Before I leave I will again call on you to show a sash presented to me by the ladies of Montgomery, Ala., and which I promised when I reached Washington you should see. I hope on Monday next to leave for my home, near Edgerton, Wisconsin, where I have a wife and two children. The last work I did before I left, was the cutting of two cords of wood. I left a tree partially cut and I want to get home to finish it."

ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.—A boy watched a large building, as the workmen from day to day carried up bricks and mortar.

"My son," said his father, "you seem taken with the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"

No, sir; I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick on another.

"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works. All your learning is one lesson added to another. If a man could walk around the world by putting on foot before another. Your whole life will be made up of one moment upon another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean.

Learn from this not to dispise little things. Be not discourged by great labors. They become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore to attempt great things. Always remember that the large buildings went up only one brick upon another."

"Where are you going? asked a little boy of another who had just slipped and fallen down on an icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

When does a farmer act with rudeness towards his corn? When he pulls its ears.

A codfish breakfast and an India-rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.

☞ Woman is the only tyrant that man should not resist.

A SONG OF A SHIRT.

BY JOHN HAY, CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, VIENNA.

THE King was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eyes was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with royal zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick. And a king should know;
And doctors came by the score
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat:
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book,
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined;
In succession they thump his royal chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said: "You're as sound as a nut,"
"Hang him up," roared the King, in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of a royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his presciptions ran:
The King will be well if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a happy man.

While o'er the realm the couriers rode,
As fast as their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no happy man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich, who thought they were poor;
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot,
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there:
He whistled and sang, and laughed and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay,
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend,
You seem to be happy, to-day."

"Oh, yes fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad—
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courtiers said,
"Our luck has led us aright;
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black.
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with fun,
But I haven't a shirt to my back!"

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows, and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad—
And the King was well and gay.

"THE END OF A "MAN AND BROTHER."—"Brick" Pomeroy disposes of an ancient citizen" in the following style:

An unpretending slab of humble bass wood, at one end of the square aperture in the sand, where the emancipated dust of the veteran reposes, tells the passing traveller, in this simple manner, the tragic story:

SAM,
a native of Yazoo county Tennessee,
Born a Slave,
Brod a Slave,
and starved to death a free American citizen.
His
was a brief career, and excellent field hand, and a loyal soldier, and patriotic citizen, who had voted often and earnestly, and finally died of too much liberty,
and too little grub. Alas! poor Yorick!

All but one of the members of the medical faculty of the University of Michigan have resigned on account of the action of the Regents in establishing a chair of homeopathy.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.—Mother in the cellar splitting wood, daughter in the parlor singing to Clarence Fitz Noodle the plaintive air, "Who will care for Mother now."

NEVER break your neck to bow at all to "sweet sixteen" who is ashamed of her old fashioned mother, or to a strutting dude, who is horrified at his grandmother's bad grammar.

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