Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 17, 1868. NO. 22.

JUST OUT.

THE undersigned have just completed the

BALTIMORE COOK,

and confidently offer it to the people of Kent county as the *best* and *cheapest* Cooking Stove in the market.

Call and examine our new stock of Dwelling, Church, and School Stoves, which we always *guarantee* to be as represented.

DORGAN & CO.,
S. E. cor. Light and Lombard sts.,
Sept. 5, 1868—4m. BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Sewing Machine Mart.

THE Public have long desired the establishment of a Mart where all kinds of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Findings could be had; where they could see and compare the workings of one machine with another, and select from the different makes, the Machine best suited to the use to which they desire to apply it.

FRED. W. WILD,
78 W. Baltimore Street.

☞ Sewing Machines repaired and adjusted by skillful mechanics, and a fair remunerative compensation only will be charged for the time and skill expended in the work.

The Great American Combination Button Hole Overseaming and

SEWING MACHINE,

Is warranted to execute in the best manner every variety of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Gathering, Quilting, Over-seaming, Embroidering on the edge, and in addition makes beautiful Button and Eyelet holes in all fabrics. It has no equal, being absolutely the best Family Machine in the world, and intrinsically the cheapest, for it is two Machines combined in one by a simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement.

Circulars with full particulars and samples of work done on this machine, can be had on application at the sales room of

FRED. W. WILD,
78 W. Baltimore street,
Over Eisenbrandt's Music Store.
AGENTS WANTED.
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

BOWER'S

COMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY HENRY BOWER,

PHILADELPHIA,
MADE FROM.

Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted Free from Adulteration.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who have used it, also by distinguished Chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. Each.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.
SOLE AGENTS,
89 South Water and 40 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.

For Sale by WM. REYNOLDS,
79 South Street,
July 18. BALTIMORE, MD.

600 Tax Payers Take Notice!

YOUR Tax Bill for 1868 are now due, and in my hands for collection. I am not only anxious to collect the bills and settle the books during the present year, but parties are urging their claims for payment, which cannot be delayed longer than the 1st. of January next. A prompt settlement, therefore, is asked. The subscriber will be at MASSEY'S CROSS ROADS on Wednesday mornings; SASSAFRAS on Wednesday afternoons; CHESTERVILLE, Saturday mornings; MILLINGTON, Saturday afternoons; and at Galena on Mondays. And will continue to visit said places on the days named, in each week, until further notice.

E. E. MILLER, Collector,
1st Dis. Kent Co.
August 1st, 1868.

MORO PHILLIPS'

GENUINE IMPROVED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturers' Depots,

No. 27 N. Front Street, Philadelphia,
AND
No. 95 South Street, Baltimore.

And by Dealers in general throughout the Country.

The SOMBRERO GUANO of which MORO PHILLIPS' PHOSPHATE is and always has been manufactured, (and of which he has sole control for the United States,) contains fifty per cent. more Bone Phosphate than Raw Bone, therefore it is more durable. The addition of Ammonia gives it greater fertilizing value.

Seven years' experience has proved to the Farmer that it makes a heavier grain than even stable manure, and is not only active but lasting.

Price $56.00 per ton, 2,000 lbs.
Discount to dealers.

MORO PHILLIPS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.
Philadelphia, August 29, 1868—3m.

HENRY C. CLARK. JOHN C. USILTON.

Clark & Usilton

AT THE OLD STAND OF

Robert P. Stewart.

THE subscribers having purchased the stock in trade of Robert P. Stewart have taken the room lately occupied by him for the prosecution of the Mercantile Business. One of the firm has just returned from Philadelphia with an assortment of Goods for the season. They mention in part a FULL LINE of

WHITE GOODS.

SUCH AS

Plaid Muslins,
Plaid Nainsooks,
Cambric Muslin,
Plain Swiss,
Plain Jaconet,
Victoria Lawns,
Linen Drills for Pants,
Cottonades. A Fine Assortment of

Bleached and Brown Muslins,

New York Syrup.

Our friends and the public are invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. NEW FIRMS SELL CHEAP GOODS,
my16'68 CLARK & USILTON.

New Jewelry

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

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 useles 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,
SLEEVES 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.

Wood and Coal.

THE Subscriber has in his yard and is prepared to supply Oak, Hickory and Pine fire wood at regular prices. He also gives notice that he will be prepared in a few months to furnish *Coal of all sizes and quality.* Persons wishing to engage their coal, will be supplied as cheap as it can be furnished in this market.

13-tf. W. H. HAMILTON.

Henry C. Kennard,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR,

37 SAINT PAUL STREET,

apr1-6m BALTIMORE.

Tax Notice.

THE undersigned respectfully notifies the Tax Payers of the Third District that their taxes for the present year are now due, and that he is prepared to receive them.

He may be found at the store of Mr. A. L. Vannort, Hanesville, every day, except Sundays. In case of his absence Mr. Vannort will collect and receipt for him.

THOS. H. KENNARD,
Aug. 1—tf. Collector Third District.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the name and style of GEO. E. LAMBERT & Co., was dissolved on the 4th day of September, 1868, by mutual consent. The business will hereafter be conducted by Geo. E. Lambert, who is authorized to settle all bills owing by the firm, as well as to collect all debts due.

GEO. E. LAMBERT,
JAS. W. CHAPMAN,
JAS. W. LAMBERT.
Chestertown, September 12, 1868.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the late firm of Geo. E. Lambert & Co. are requested to call and make payment by the 1st of November next, as we desire to close up the business of the firm by that date.

GEO. E. LAMBERT.
September 12, 1868—6t.

NOTICE.

THE SECOND ANNUAL SESSION OF THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL OF CHESTER PARISH,

FOR BOYS & GIRLS, WILL BEGIN

On Thursday October 1st,

AT 9 O'CLOCK, A. M.

No pains will be spared to make the instruction given in the School thorough and systematic.

FOR TERMS, &c., apply to the REV. MR. GOODWIN, Queen street.

Chestertown, Sept. 12, 1868—tf.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by

T. W. ELIASON & SON.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different preparations from the many so called Bitters or tavern preparations, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY,

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it.

Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates st.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,
Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Selected Poetry.

ON THE SANDS.

I wrote on the marge of the sea to-day
A name to my heart most sweet;
And the swift waves washed the word away,
Ere the line could stand complete.

Then I cried to the jealous sea, "Forbear
To mar what in love I trace!
Thy signs are around me everywhere,
Grant mine but a little space.

"Forbear in thy pride to dash the name
I love from thy glittering sand;
'Tis a little meed I ask of fame,
That on thy brow it may stand."

And I wrote again, with eager haste,
The name I had writ before;
But my labor and love were only waste,
On the shifting, sparkling shore.

The sea, with a victor's mocking shout,
Marched over the sands again;
And the precious name was trodden out
Like a dream that dies in pain.

And like the vanished trace on the beach
Of the darling name I wrote,
The echoes will be of my tuneful speech,
As into silence they float.

My song, at the sea is ended now,
And leaves on its sands no name;
God's fingers only furrow its brow,
His breath in its voice is fame!

The Twin Portraits.

A rising artist! So Gilbert Lawson was called, but only by a small circle of his especial friends. Otherwise he was entirely unknown to fame. But he was hopeful. Once he saw an eagle leave its nest, and soar high up towards the sun, while its unfeathered young fluttered, but remained behind, unable to follow. He felt that it was much the same with himself—that struggles would strengthen his pinions, and he would in time be able to ascend the great ladder of fame. And so he toiled unceasingly.

For some months he had been engaged upon a portrait. He had found his model in a young girl, perhaps twelve years of age. He had first met her in the streets; and she was a beggar, or the next thing to it—she was a street-singer. When her voice first fell upon his ears it thrilled him, for it was wildly beautiful. He knew that voice trembled. He saw her hand as it was extended to receive the pitiful coin dropped into it; and he observed that this trembled also, and that it was very tiny and delicate. Then he looked upon her face.

Her eyes were of heavenly blue, but wore a sad expression, and were downcast. Her golden hair fell in tangled masses over her shoulders—indeed, she was beautiful, although no one but the young and enthusiastic painter had as yet especially noticed that beauty. When he explained to her his wish, her face became radiant with pleasure which lent it an additional charm.

The picture was completed, and the artist sat gazing on it. He could scarcely decide which he loved the best—the original or the semblance. But, dropping a curtain before his work, he arose, and walked to window, gazing into the street. A sigh escaped him; and so absorbing were his thoughts, that he did not observe the entrance of a second party, until a hand was placed on his shoulder, and a voice said, "Gilbert, I have called to see your work, as I promised you."

The artist blushed, and even trembled; and as he lifted the covering, remarked, "Mr. Byrd, my fate depends upon a few words which you will speak now. I have thrown my whole soul into this picture, and I am everything or nothing. You are an old painter—speak candidly—tell me just what you think."

It was some moments before the young man raised his eyes, and then only when attracted by the long-continued silence of his friend. When he did so, he saw that Mr. Byrd was pale as death, had sunk into a chair, and that he trembled violently. He sprang to his side with a cup of water, and when the old man had partially recovered, he asked, "What, in the name of heaven, is the matter with you, my friend?"

"Where is your model?—who is your model?" gasped Byrd.

All was explained, and then the old man continued.

"Take your painting—come with me to my house!"

Gilbert followed his old friend, and he entered a superb mansion in due time, and was then taken direct to the studio. His own picture was placed beside another; and it was the young man's turn to start in surprise, for here were two portraits exactly alike, with the exception of the dress.

Mr. Byrd now said, "Be seated, Gilbert, and I will tell you a secret which has never been breathed to mortal man before. Twenty years ago, I painted the likeness of my only daughter, and the picture you see before you. She was then ten years of age—she is now thirty, and still with me."

"May not this be her child—this model of mine?

"Listen. At the age of nineteen, my daughter did as many a good girl has done before her—she married without my knowledge, and to one who was to me an entire stranger, and nearly so to her. That husband proved to be a villian, for in two years after he forsook her. More than this—he took with him a little daughter, by the name of Grace. The blow nearly killed the mother, and even time has never healed the wound. I have made every effort to trace out the man, and recover our darling, but in vain. I gained such information, however, that I was satisfied he had died miserably in a distant town, and we have given little Gracie up as for ever lost. Now you can account for my agitation when I first saw your painting, can you not?"

"I can divine your thoughts."

"What is the name of your model?"

"I only know her as Katie, the street-singer."

"You know where she can be found?"

"Yes."

"Let us go for her at once."

In two hours after, the little beggar entered the splendid saloon of the Byrd mansion. She was bewilded, for she had never gazed upon so much elegance before, except as she had seen it from the streets, through the closely-curtained windows.—Her confidence was soon restored, however, by the kind treatment she received, and then she was conducted to the study.

As her eyes fell upon the pictures, she stood motionless for a time, and then said,

"Why, you have painted two pictures of me, instead of one, Mr. Gilbert."

"Yes—would you not like a copy?"

"Oh, so much," she answered, her eyes becoming brilliant with anticipation.

"You shall have one of them. Which do you prefer?"

"This. I feel as if I could love it!"—and the young creature knelt before the mother, while tears filled her eyes.

This was too much for the grandfather. He sank into a seat, and covered his face with his hands, while the tears trickled through his fingers.

"What is your full name?" asked Gilbert.

"Katie Courtney. I thought you knew that before."

"Cortney was his name," groaned the old man.

"Do you remember your parents?" again asked Gilbert.

"Only my father. He was not very kind to me, and died in Plymouth several years ago."

"And you have been singing for your bread ever since?"

"I have."

"Well, if you are to have the picture, I want you to sing me a song now. You will do so, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, willingly!"

She began one of her wild strains, and the dwelling was filled with the sweet melody.

This had not long continued before the door of the study was opened, and a lady entered the room. She was pale, and staggered as if suffering from great weakness. She clutched the back of a chair for support, and then asked, in a faint voice, "Who is this singer?"

To have answered in words would have been useless, however, for her eyes had fallen upon the face of the child; and, with a dull shriek, the mother fell fainting upon the floor.

In an instant, Kate, or Gracie, as was her real name, was by her side. As she gazed upon the marble face, she exclaimed, "Oh, this is the other picture!"

"Can you not imagine who it is?"

"Not my mother! Oh, tell me, is it my mother?"

"It is."

Joy never kills. The orphan child at this moment gave vent to the feelings in in sobs, caresses, and words of endearment; and it was not long before the mother was fully conscious of her great happiness.

Those twin portraits had been the means of uniting those loved ones, who had been so long and cruelly separated.

The Wonders of a Watch.

There are very few of the many who carry watches who ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and its duty under what would be considered very shabby treatment in almost any other machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark that, by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolutions which the wheels in a watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example:—The main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1,460 in a year; the second, or centre wheel, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8,760 in a year; the third 192 in 24 hours, or 69,080 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second-hand), 4,440 in 24 hours, or 825,600 in a year; fifth, or scape-wheel, 12,964 in 24 hours, or 5,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800, or 141,812,900 in a year.

If you have talent and ambition, never look to your family to help you on in life. They will do all they can to keep you under; but if you will succeed in rising, they will all want to stand on your shoulders.

THE latest swindle has been perpetrated on a trusting young woman in New York State, who found, only too late, that she had married the wrong man. It required an hour and a half to console her.

A LADY advertises for sale one baboon, three tabby cats and a parrott. She states that being now married she has no further use for them, because their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband.

Choosing a Husband.

BY AN ELDERLY MATRON.

In touching upon this delicate theme, I shall say nothing of those monstrous marriages of interest and convenience with which the world abounds, because they are degrading to a woman, utterly inconsistent with the spirit of all truth and religion. They are an outrage to the holiness of womanhood—a shame to the soul of manhood.

In choosing a husband, it is easier to say what a woman should not choose than to say what she should; for the best must and will depend upon characteristics well known to herself. If she is a strong woman, she may venture to marry a weak man; but if weak herself, let her beware of this, for she will put her own life out at last, and, ten to one, do the same ungracious office for her husband; while a woman of nobler proportions will be more forbearing, and make up for some of his deficiences.

Let not any woman marry a man with insane blood in his veins. Let her not marry one deformed at birth; the disasters and accidental destruction of any members, by war or otherwise, may excite her compassion, and be no impediment to deep affection; but a congenital defect becomes hereditary, and by the laws of our being will be repugnant to a wholesome-minded woman. She must not marry a drunkard. She should not marry a diseased, sickly man. Neither will a wise woman marry an old man; for the true idea of marriage is the union of youth, and health, and beauty—the source of love and happiness; and everything short of this is repulsive to a sympathetic, penetrative mind, as a violation of immutable laws.

But, as a general rule, wherever a man pays reverence to a woman—wherever any man feels the influence of any woman, purifying, chastening, abashing, strengthening him against temptation, shielding him from evil, ministering to his self-respect, medicining his weariness, peopling his solitude, winning him from sordid prizes, enlivening his monotonous days with mirth, or fancy, or wit, flashing heaven upon his earth, and mellowing it for all spiritual fertility—there is the element of marriage. Wherever woman pays reverence to man—wherever any woman rejoices in the strength of any man, feels it to be God's agent upholding her weakness, confirming her purpose, and crowning her power, whenever he reveals himself to her just, upright, inflexible, yet tolerant, merciful, benignant, not unruffled perhaps, but not overcome by the world's turbulence, and responding to all her gentleness, his feet on the earth, his head among the stars, helping her to hold her soul steadfast in right, to stand firm against the encroachments of frivolity, vanity, impatience, fatigue, and discouragement, helping to preserve her good nature, to develop her energy, to consolidate her thought, to utilize her benevolence, to exalt and illumine her life—there is the essence of marriage. Its love is founded on respect, at the very moment of merging self in another. Its love is mutual, equally giving and receiving at every instant of its action. There is neither dependence nor independence, but interdependence. Years cannot weaken its bonds, distance cannot sunder them. It is a love which vanquishes the grave, and transfigures death itself into life.

The Capitol Dome.

The dome of the capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is 108 feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, and 23 feet higher than the Trinity Church spire of New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world.—It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,200,000 pounds. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons, or about the weight of 70,000 full grown people; or about equal to 1,000 laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half. Directly over you head, is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 13,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome, a pressure of 775,280 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about $1,100,000. The new wings cost about $6,500,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the capitol, and enlarging the park, which will cost about $3,200,000.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Anger.

Of all the passions there is none so extravagant and outrageous as that of anger. Other passions solicit and mislead us; but this runs away with us by force, and hurries us as well to our own as another's ruin. It falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges itself upon the innocent instead of the guilty, and makes the most trivial offences to be capital, and punishes an inconsiderate word perhaps with fetters, or death. It allows a man neither time nor means for defnce, but judges a cause without hearing it, and admits of no mediation. It spares neither friend nor fee, but tears all to pieces, and casts human nature into perpetual war.

Your whiskers are unprofessional, said a client to his legal adviser.—Why so? Because a lawyer can never be too barefaced.

A cheesemonger in a country town had the following sign posted on his window: Eggs new laid here on the shortest notice.

WHY is life the riddle of riddles? Because we must give it up.

A Chat about Corsets.

We suppose that women will wear corsets as long as the world lasts. The wearing of corsets does not, however, necessarily involve tight lacing, so that a good deal of the well-meaning censure which is applied to corsets in the abstract, may be spared. To denounce excessively tight-lacing, is one thing. To anathematize the wearing of corsets, at all, is quite another.

We find the corsets mentioned in Homer," or at least an article which answered the same purpose. The Circassian women, from time immemorial, have used a corset made of morocco, and furnished with two plates of wood placed on the chest—a much more clumsy article, as well as a cruel one, than that used by fashionable ladies of modern days. In the old Roman times, a broad bandage, or swath, was used, which answered the purpose of stays. After the fall of the empire, through the invasion of the Goths, the art of making these corsets was lost; but soon after, indeed, as early as the ninth century, the French women began to wear another style of corset, which is described as being exceedingly stiff. From that period down to the present time, a corset, in some shape or other, has been worn among all civilized people.

At constantly recurring epochs, during this interval, tight-lacing has also prevailed. Neither the censures of religion, nor the penalties of the law, nor common sense, have been able to prevent this absurd and dangerous practice. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, not only the ladies, but gentlemen, also, laced tightly. It seems curious to know that Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip sidney, and others of that stamp, heroes and men of genius, laced; yet such is the fact. In our day, the only men who lace are the second-rate dandies of Paris. The corset was abolished for a time in France. Among the other classical revivals of the French revolutionary period, was an attempt to copy the costume of ancient Greece, whose main features were loose bodies, long trains, and short waists, unlaced. This did not last long, however, and in 1810 the practice of lacing was resumed with all its former rigor. "The span" was re-established as the standard of fashionable measurement, and female chests again had to suffer the evil consequences.

Tight-lacing, however, has been out of fashion for many years. The corset, during the past generation, has been only moderately laced, and has not been, in that way, injurious; while on the contrary, it has been of positive benefit, by taking a part of the weight of the skirts off the hips. Both crinoline and corsets have been very absurdly abused; for it is well known that, if properly worn, they prevent serious diseases, which, otherwise, the great weight of petticoats might bring on. It is said that the edict has gone forth, from the rulers of fashion, to lace tightly again.—But, if so, we hope the edict will be disregarded. An excessively small waist, instead of being a beauty, is really a deformity.

WIT AND HUMOR.

When you are running from a mad bull, to be slow isn't to be sure.

When should you apply a *sovereign* remedy to your tooth? When it is *a-king.*

The musician who can make his hearers forget time may be excused for not keeping it.

The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow," caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

In fruits, a pleasant sour is generally thought better than sweet; in dispositions and tempers never.

Many ladies, who profess an enthusiastic love of nature, sit in their parlors as if expecting her to make a call.

If this should meet the eye of John Smith, he will hear something to his disadvantage, as the man said to his fist

There, John that's twice you have come home and forgotten that lard.—Really, mother, it was so greasy, that it slipped my mind.

What bird is that which is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner, and yet need neither be cooked nor served up?—A swallow.

Voltaire said of Mademoiselle de Livry: She was so beautiful, that I raised my long, thin body, and stood before her like a point of admiration.

Of all men in the world, photographers should be most fond of children, for they universally find it very difficult to get along without *a little sun.*

Voltaire said he was never but twice completely on the verge of ruin. The first was when he lost a law-suit; the second was when he gained one.

A Yankee, who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the magistrate that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

A person in company, speaking of a gentleman not remarkable for his suavity, said he did not like his manners. "His manners!" cried a lady; I never knew he had any.

I have lost my appetite, said a gigantic fellow, who was an eminent performer on the trencher, to a friend.—I hope, said the friend, no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week.

The young ladies of Swampton have passed the resolution:—Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of Swampton, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame!"

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