THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1871. NO. 20.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	Q.A.R.R.train
" Lambson's,	7:50	
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2.10
GOING WEST.	**A. M.**	**P. M.**
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05	P.M. 8:25
" Massey's,	12;20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:16, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
Superintendent.

April 30, 1871.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and
Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Ligh St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*

January 19, 1870—y

TO THE LADIES.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, FOR Beautifying and Preserving the Complexion and Skin. Mr. Laird has every confidence in recommending his Bloom of Youth to the Ladies as being the only perfect and reliable Toilet article now in use.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

January 7, 1871.

CARD.

E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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

☞ Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1868.

BLUE LICK WATER, by the barrel, gallon, or glass.

FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD. It is not surpassed by any Lead now manufactured.

JOHN WYETH & BRO'S. Pharmaceutical Preparations.

BURNETT'S Flavoring Extracts. For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.,
May 6, 1871. Chestertown.

NOTICE.

I HAVE ON HAND AND FOR SALE, *FLOUR*, by the barrel and retail,
CORN, MEAL, CHOPS, FEED, &c.,
LIME, by the small quantity or barrel,
BACON, BROOMS, &c.
W. BACCHUS.

Chestertown, April 15, 1871.

GREAT OFFER.

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

WOOL WANTED.—People's Popular Store, will pay cash for Wool, or exchange for merchandise, and have no objection to receive it on account. We are selling the cheapest Dry Goods in this market.

Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS.

LUMBER!

AN assortment of **LUMBER** always on hand.

Buyers will find it their interest to call and examine my stock before purchasing.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

February 25, 1871.

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.
VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

MYERS BROTHERS,
DEALERS
IN
WALL PAPERS,
WINDOW
SHADES,
VENITIAN
BLINDS, &c.,
No. 39
NORTH GAY STREET,
Opp. Odd Fellows' Hall,
BALTIMORE.
Sept. 9, 1871—y

H.A. Gable, N. Runkle, G. Housel, H. Beard.

H. A. GABLE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS,
STAIRS, STAIR RAILING, BALUSTERS AND POSTS,
Mouldings,
Rope Mouldings, Mantels, etc.
MILLS, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
LATHS,
SHINGLES,
AND
MARBLEIZED
SLATE MANTELS.
CORNER OF
Howard and Fayette Sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Sept. 9, 1871—6m.

THE
EUREKA
FANNING MILL.
The Greatest Invention
OF THE 19th CENTURY!
FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE attention of Farmers and Mechanics is particularly directed to the combined economy, utility and practicability of the Eureka Mill, and to the many other advantages it possesses over every other Fanning Mill which has been introduced to the public. It is the fruit of long and patient investigation by the inventor, who has made it his constant study for over twenty years. He has secured several patents for Mills, and has always been rewarded with the best of success. But not feeling satisfied with his former attainments, he determined to reach the climax, and he now believes that his new invention will warrant him in exclaiming in the joy of his heart, like the philosopher, Phythagoras, EUREKA, signifying in the Grecian language, "I have found it." This has given the name to this new Mill.

In this Mill are all the former improvements, to which have been added several more, adding still greater advantages than were at first anticipated, or even thought possible by the inventor himself. It embraces the three great essentials necessary in every invention.

It combines Utility, Economy and Practicability!

THE EUREKA MILL

Is small and lighter, and is capable of doing more and better work in a given time than any other Mill ever invented. It is the only Mill that will successfully remove from wheat such pests as Cockle, Garlic, Oats, Rye, &c.

Should an extra quality of grain for seed or gristing purposes be required, it can be so arranged as to catch in one box perfect grain, and in the other, grain fit for market or mill. Here is made a great saving usually lost sight of: for nearly one-quarter of the grain cleaned in the common Mills is lost when sown, on account of shrunken kernels and inferior grain. The Eureka Mill saves all this, and gives seed every kernel of which will grow when put into the ground, and this saving will, in a short time, pay for the Mill.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Chestertown, Md.,

Owners of the Mill, are having them manufactured at the Sash Factory and Planing Mill of NOLAND & Co., Port Deposit, Md., which is a guarantee they will be put up in the very best manner.

June 17, 1871—tf.

Exposition
AT
T. W. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

BAZIN'S AND BARNES' MAGNOLIA & FLORIDA WATER, the most agreeable and refreshing of all perfumes for use on the handkerchief, at the toilet, or in the bath. Jan. 7.

Selected Poetry.

SANDALPHON.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air;
Have you read it—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder to light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered,
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire,
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress—
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken asunder
By the music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the frenzy and passion of prayer—
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they plunge into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend I know—
A fable, a phantom, a show
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old medieval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend I feel is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomgranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

The Way to Get Married.

One fine morning in autumn, Linval was taking a walk in the Tuileries at Paris, and found an open billet, containing the following lines:

"If the person who finds this paper is disposed to perform a benevolent action, he is requested to inquire at No. 340 Rue Saintonge, for Eugenie de Mirande. Such as may not be inclined to assist an unfortunate mother, are entreated, at least, not to hinder others and to throw the billet again where they found it."

Linval, the best dancer in Paris, was just humming a new tune; he picked up the paper, and, after reading it, whisked it up in the air with his cane, and pursued his walk. The next person who noticed it was an elderly man, simply dressed, who was hurrying to the public office in which he had a place, because he was already late. He contrived, nevertheless, to spare so much time as was necessary to read the billet; which, however, shrugging up his shoulders and raising his eyes to heaven, as much as to say, "That is no concern of mine," he carefully replaced in its former situation. He was followed by a farmer-general, one of those moderate people who are satisfied if they can clear three thousand livres a day; who, elated by their wealth, give themselves airs of such consequence, and of whom La Bruyere says, that they "hem loud and spit far."

At first he kicked the billet along with his foot, but, his curiosity being excited, he took it up, threw his eye over it with a scornful smile, amused himself in tearing it in pieces, at the same time muttering, "An impudent imposture."

The next morning a similar billet lay on the same spot. The first person who read it took down the address in his pocket-book, and replaced the paper. Next came a young couple, who had not long been married, and picked up the billet. Julie, who expected in about three months to become, for the first time, a mother, said to her husband:

"Let us go, dear; what we can offer is little, to be sure; but in many cases a little may save the unfortunate from despair. Come let us go!"

They accordingly went. After they had found the specified number in the Rue Saintonge, they learned that the house was inhabited by an old physician who had retired from practice, and was thought to be rich, and had an only daughter, distinguished for understanding and talents. They ascended a handsome staircase, and were ushered into an apartment on the first floor, which was furnished not magnificently, but with great taste. They inquired for Eugenie de Mirande, and a lady, young, elegant, and accomplished, made her appearance. She requested her visitors to step into a saloon that seemed to be the haunt of the Muses. Books, drawings, and musical instruments were intermingled, and formed by no means an unpleasant contrast with the neatness and order which everywhere else prevailed. The young couple could not conceive where persons in need of assistance were to be sought in such a habitation.

"I fear, madam," said Julie, "that we are wrong. We found a billet with your direction in the Tuileries, and expected to meet a distressed person to whom we might have afforded some relief; but all that we see here seems rather to indicate opulence, than to call for the exercise of benevolence."

Eugenie replied, with some embarrassment, that she was merely the interpreter of a very unfortunate female, who, from a relic of pride, wished to remain unknown, but was certainly deserving of compassion. Julie expressed a wish to become acquainted with this lady.

"I am no stranger to distress," said she; "before me she would have no occasion to blush."

Eugenie declined to gratify her in this particular; observing, that misfortune had made her *portege* so shy and mistrustful that it was extremely difficult to gain her confidence.

"Has she any children?" asked Julie.

"Three; and her husband, whose labor procured a scanty subsistence for his family, is just dead, after a long and expensive illness."

"Good God! what a melancholy situation! And how old are her children?"

"They are all very young. The eldest is a girl of five years."

"I shall myself soon be a mother," said Julie, "and the fate of the little unfortunates affects me the more deeply. I would gladly take one of them, but my own infant will demand all my care. However, permit me to send you a packet of little articles for the children; for I can not suppose that this family, protected as it is by you, can be in want of the absolute necessaries of life."

Eugenie cordially thanked her in the name of the unknown lady, promised to take care of her presents, and noted down Julie's name and address.

No sooner had Julie and her husband retired, than the same object brought a young man to the house.

"I beg pardon, madam," said he to Eugenie, "it is not you that I want, but Eugenie de Mirande."

"I am the person."

The young man was not less staggered than Julie had been, and received the same explanation. Affected by the story he offered his assistance.

"I am not rich," said he, "but a bachslor may, with a little frugality, always put by a little for the relief of the distressed."

"Sir," replied Eugenie, "there are cases in which money cannot afford relief. There are other ways in which the interference of the benevolent may prove infinitely more serviceable to the unfortunate."

"Of what nature is the interference that your friend stands in need of? Speak out. On your recommendation, I will cheerfully undertake whatever lies in my power."

"Then excuse a rude question, on account of the motive which prompts it. Are your connections such that you can obtain access to the Minister?"

"No, madam. My father possesses a small estate in the neighborhood of Paris, the value of which has been doubled by his industry; but he never appeared in the ante-chambor of the great, and, God be thanked, he has no occasion for them. Easily satisfied, I shall once share, with five beloved brothers and sisters, the patrimony left by my father, and hope that the Minister may never hear my name: unless, indeed, your friend stands in need of an advocate to plead her cause. In this case I am ready; only let me know in what way I can serve her."

"It was found necessary," replied Eugenie, "to destroy some grounds which my friend's husband had planted and laid out at a great expense, because the safety of our army required it. It is an indemnity for the loss she solicits."

"And is any patronage required for this?"

"Not exactly, for the claim is just. But you know how often such matters are protracted in the public offices, and even wholly forgotten. It would, therefore, be an essential point to accelerate the affair."

"The best way would be to address a short, but strong, memorial to the Minister."

True; but how to draw it up—there lies the difficulty."

Here a pause succeeded.

"Might I request that favor of you," resumed Eugenie, with a look of modest entreaty.

"I will do it with pleasure, and should have offered at first, had I been aware of the circumstances."

"I don't doubt it," said Eugenie.

"But I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with the matter."

"You shall know every thing."

Here her father entered the room; she quickly informed him of the object of the visit, and on receiving a sign from her, the old man asked the stranger to dinner any day that might be convenient. The day was appointed, and Dumont (such was the name of the visitor) was punctual in his attendance to receive the promised instructions. The dinner was cheerful and free from restraint. The party conversed on all kinds of subjects, except the business which brought them together. The stranger thought Eugenie very accomplished, very sociable, and—at last, too, very handsome. After dinner she detailed all the particulars of the cause which he had undertaken. He listened to it with the utmost attention, promised in two days to produce the memorial, and was as good as his word. It was concise, clear, and energetic. Eugenie read it with evident pleasure.

"It is written with much warmth," said she to herself, with great emphasis. "Were I the Minister you should be sure to gain your point."

Dumont blushed and stammered some reply.

"Complete your work," continued Eugenie, "you know how powerful such a petition is supported by impressive words and action on the part of the petitioner. Procure my friend an audience of the Minister that she may deliver the memorial to him in person."

Dumont went away, and after an interval of eight days, during which he had moved heaven and earth to accomplish his purpose, he exultingly entered Eugenie's apartment.

"To-morrow," said he, "your friend will be admitted. Let her produce this note, and every door will be thrown open to her."

Eugenie thanked him with ardor.

"But," said she, "a female naturally timid and depressed by misfortune, would scarcely be able to present herself to advantage, if she were to appear unattended. Could you be prevailed on to be her conductor?"

This last favor was a sacrifice for Dumont; but by this time he was incapable of refusing Eugenie anything; it is likewise possible that he might be stimulated by some degree of curiosity to become acquainted with the mysterious *incognita*.

He promised to come the following day to be introduced to Eugenie's friend — The night before his remarkable day, Eugenie made the following reflections:—This young man evidently possesses a solid character and a good heart. His figure is not amiss. At first, indeed, he seemed not to take particular notice of me—but he has since made ample amends for his inattention. As for my father—has he not told me a hundred times, that this was *my* affair? he can have no objection. From all the information that I have obtained, the young man's account of himself is strictly true in every respect, but that was manifest enough at the first look. The frankness and sincerity of his behavior inspire confidence—I like his candor. But does he like me? Perhaps his heart is already engaged. O no! no! in that case he would not have eyed me with looks so significant that it is impossible to mistake their meaning.

Eugenie slept but little, rose early, dressed herself with more than usual care and was more fascinating than ever. Dumont appeared at the appointed hour, looked about him and asked:

"Is she not come yet?"

"No," replied Eugenie, with some emotion.

"Well, then, I'll wait."

He then took a chair, and seated himself beside her at the breakfast table.—They began to speak on various topics, but somehow or other the conversation was repeatedly broken off. Long pauses, filled up by eloquent looks alone, intervened. Dumont colored. He was sensible of it, and this consciousness would have quite contounded him had not Eugenie blushed too. This flattered his heart, and gave him fresh courage.

"I can not help blessing the accident," he at length began, "to which I am indebted for your acquaintance."

Eugenie's downcast eyes were fixed on her heaving bosom.

"Your kind behavier, sir," said she, "has made a deep impression on me, and will never be effaced from my remembrance."

His eyes were now cast down in their turn, and a painful silence ensued. At length Dumont formed an heroic resolution.

"I known not whether I do right," said he, "but in truth I can no longer disguise my feelings, which you must, I dare say, long since have guessed."

She had in reality long discovered them, but in such cases women never have compassion enough to shorten a poor fellow's embarrassment, it is absolutely necessary to speak out in plain terms; and thus Dumont also was at length obliged to pronounce distinctly t word *Love*. No sooner was this barrier, guarded by shame and timidity, broken down, than the conversation proceeded in its usual rapid course. Inquiries were made respecting each other's taste, way of thinking, family connections, and so forth; and answer returned with such loquacious confidence, such undisguised sincerity, that two hours passed unobserved, till at length Dumont recollected that the stranger was not yet come.

"Neither will she come," replied Eugenie.

Dumont's looks betrayed his surprise.

"Would you be really angry," she resumed, "if my whole story concerning my unfortunate friend was a fabrication?—if it were invented to procure me, if possible, the acquaintance of a man whose attachment to me should not flow from any impure source?" Dumont started, but without any appearance of anger. "Many suitors," continued Eugenie, "have solicited my hand, perhaps because they thought me handsome, or because I am rich.—None of them came up to the model which my imagination and pictured. I lost my mother at an early age. My father became my friend. He permitted me to make this trial—rather a bold one, to be sure; to which, however, I could always give such turn as I pleased." Dumont was almost petrified.

"Then my memorial—"

"That," said she, "I will preserve as an honorable monument of your talents and goodness of heart."

"And what do you mean to do with the author?"

"To make him my husband, if he consents."

Dumont sank at her feet, but she raised him in her arms, and a glowing embrace sealed the happiest union that was not originated by Cupid, though indeed the little urchin had seriously interfered in the progress of the business. The first time they went abroad together was to pay a visit to the benevolent Julie.

☞ As the prickliest leaves are the dryest, so the pertest fellows are generally the most barren.

An Enigma.

EASTON, Talbot county, Md., Aug., 1871.—Business recently called me to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, to the point from which I write, the county seat of Talbot county. While there I heard from several gentlemen of prominence the story of a negro blacksmith, who lived in an adjoining county, upon whom fire had no effect whatever. The story was so incredible that I gave it little heed, although it came from most reliable sources, and was related to me by gentlemen of the highest standing in the community for honor and integrity. A day or two after I first heard of this remarkable negro, Mr. T. K. Robson, editor of the Easton *Star*, called at my room, and stated that the negro was in town, and that the physicians were going to make an examination on him, at the office of Dr. P. Stack, and invited me to witness the operations, which I very gladly did. Mr. Robson and myself went at once to Dr. Stack's office, where were assembled Drs. Anderson, Goldsborough and Comegys, of Easton; Mr. J. A. Johnson, editor of the *Journal* at Easton; Mr. A. A. Pascoult, and Mr. J. C. Henry, all prominent citizens of Talbot county.

A brisk fire of anthracite coal was burning in a common coal-stove, and an iron shovel was placed in the stove and heated to a white heat. When all was ready the negro pulled off his boots and placed the hot shovel upon the soles of his feet, and kept it there until the shovel became black. His feet were then examined by the physician, but no burns could be found, and all declared that no evidences of a heated substance having come in contact with them were visible

The shovel was again heated red-hot, taken from the stove, and handed to him. He ran out his tongue as far as he could, and laid the heated shovel upon it, licking the iron until it became cooled. The physicians examined his tongue, but found nothing to indicate that he suffered in the least from the heated iron.

A large handful of common squirrel-shot, procured from a store near Dr. Stack's office, was next placed in an iron receptacle and heated until melted. The negro then took the dish, poured the heated lead into the palm of his hand, and then put it into his mouth, allowing it to run all around his teeth and gums. He repeated the operation several times, each time keeping the melted lead in his mouth until solidified. After each operation the physicians examined him carefully, but could find nothing upon his flesh to indicate that he had been in the least affected by the heated substance he had been handling. After the performances with the lead he deliberately put his hand into the stove, in which was a very hot fire, took therefrom a handful of hot coals and passed them about the room to the gentlemen present, keeping them in his hands some time. Not the slightest evidence of a burn was visible upon his hand after he threw the coals back into the stove.

After he had concluded his performances in Dr. Stack's office I sought an opportunity to converse with him. I found him very ignorant, not able to read or write, and in all respects and unadulterated negro.

His name is Nathan Coker, and he is about fifty-eight years of age. He was born in the town of Hillsborough, Caroline county, Md., and was the slave of Henry L. Sellers, of that place, by whom he was sold to Bishop Emory. In relation to his ability to handle fire, and how he first became aware of it, he said:—"Boss, when I was about thirteen years old, old Massa Emory hired me out to a lawyer whose name was Purnell. He treated me badly and did not give me enough to eat. I shied around the kitchen one day and when the cook left I shot in, dipped my hand into the dinner pot and pulled out a red-hot dumbling. The boiling water did not burn and I could eat the hot dumpling without winking; so after dat I often got my dinner that way. I has often got the hot fat off the boiling water and drank it. I drink my coffee while it is boiling, and it does not give me half as much pain as it does to drink a glass of cold water. I always likes it just as hot as I can get it." I then interrogated him as to the effect heated substances had upon his flesh, and asked him when he handled them with his hands if he did not suffer more than when he took them inwardly, to which he replied, "no Boss. I often take my iron out the forge with my hand when red-hot, but it don't burn. Since I was a little boy I have never been afraid to handle fire." He then stated that often when by himself he would pick up red-hot iron because his tongs were not handy, and that he never felt any discomfort from it. He felt no more harm, he said from handling fire than stones.

This man should be seen and examined by scientific men, and the causes and effects of his remarkable performances duly investigated; for it is certain that his power to handle fire does exist in a remarkable degree, and that, too, without the aid of anything save what nature has bestowed.—*Jeffersonian.*

A DISHONEST and malignant critic, by severing passages from their context, may make the best book appear to condemn itself. A book thus unfairly treated may be compared to the laurel—there is honor in the leaves, but poison in the extract.

A SUNDAY school teacher asked:—"Why did our fathers call the day Ash Wednesday?" Up spoke an ingenious but over-confident infant, "Cause it was the day they put ashes on their wens."

☞ The first threshing machine set up in Illinois is still running, and killed a man last summer just as effectually as a new one.

How the Eye is Swept and Washed.

For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it was necessary that the eye should be kept clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a water fluid, (tears,) which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterwards swept off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, while the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose.

If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass Along the edges of the eyelids there are a great number of little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from being sore or irritated, and it also helps to to keep tears within the lid. There are also six little muscles attached to the eye which enables us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eye, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and has thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wish to view an object.

Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion, as the fly, the beetle, and several other insects, yet the Creator has shown His wisdom and godness in furnishing their eyes with thousands of little globes, and by placing their eyes in front of their head, little insects can see all around them without turning their heads. A gentleman, who has examined the eyes of a fly, says that two eyes of a common one are composed of 8,000 little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an image of an object. Having prepared the eye of the fly for the purpose, he placed it before his microscope, and looked through both, in the manner of a telescope, at a steeple which was 229 feet high and 750 feet distant; and he says he could plainly see, through every hemisphere, the whole steeple inverted, or turned upside down.

THE HUMAN EAR.—It would appear that all our hearing is done in a very literal sense under water, as shown by the following extract from a London paper: "Professor Tyndall concluded one of his recent lectures by giving a minute description of the human ear. He explained how the exterior orifice of the ear is closed at the bottom by a circular tympanic membrane, behind which is a cavity known as the drum; the drum is separated from the brain by two orifices, the one round and the other oval. These orifices, are closed by fine membranes. Across the cavity of the drum stretches a series of four little bones, one of which acts as a hammer and another as an anvil. Behind the bony partition, which is pierced by the two orifices already mentioned, is the extraordinary organ called the labyrinth, filled with water; this organ is between the partition and the brain, and over its lining membrane the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. There is an apparatus inside the labyrinth admirably adapted to respond to these vibrations of the water, which correspondent to the rates of vibration of certain bristles, of which the said apparatus consists. Finally, there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marchese Corti, which is, to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of three thousand strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world and rendering it fit for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which falls upon this organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unisonant vibration. And thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, these microscopic strings can analyze it and reveal the constituents of which it is composed; at least such are the present views of those authorities who best understand the apparatus which transmits sonorous vibrations to the auditory nerve."

SHARP SHOOTING.—The following dialogue on "sharp shooting" quietly took place between a Virginia and a Yankee picket:

"I say, can you fellows shoot?"

"Well, I reckon we can, some. Down in Mississippi we knock a bumble-bee off a thistlebow at three hundred yards."

"Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shoots up in Fermount. I belonged to a military company of ther' of a hundred men, and we went out for practice every week. The cap'n draws us up single file, and sets a cider barrel rolling down hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot didn't go in the bunghole the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

☞ One very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had been drinking too freely at a tavern, started for home in a gig, and on the way was upset and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing a short time after, discovered him holding his feet up to the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible person, "Pile on the wood—it's a miserable cold fire!"

☞ Voltaire, having paid some high compliments to the celebrated Haller, was told that Haller was not in the habit of speaking so favorably of him. "Ah!" said Voltaire, with an air of philosophic indifference, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken."

☞ Brigham Young, in one of his sermons, told his congregation that it was more important to raise saints than it was to raise crops. No doubt he thinks it the more agreeable husbandry of the two.

☞ The daily consumption of spirits in the United States is estimated at 230,000 gallons per day.

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