THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 2, 1872. NO. 41.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Spring Schedule.

The Kent County Railroad having been completed to Chestertown, trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Chestertown 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			
" Chestertown	6:30		
" 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		
" Worton,	1:25		
Arrive at Chestertown	1:45		

☞ Passengers from Chestertown 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 10:10, A. M.

JENNINGS HOOD,
March 2, 1872. Superintendent.

Attention

THE most elegant mode of *perfuming* clothing is by placing them in contact with odoriferous substances. This end can be attained by purchasing at the Drug Store of T. W. WICKES the most popular and prevailing perfumes now used. You can also find at his store a most elegant assortment of Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Fancy Articles, all of the finest quality, and at city retail prices. The Bachelor Hair Dye, which is used so extensively in Europe and this country, and which has been satisfactorily proven by men of science and taste to be the best Hair Dye in the world, is sold by T. W. Wickes. Natural Mineral Waters for the debilitated, such as Vichy, Kissengen, Saratoga, and other waters. Spices, Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Mustard, Mace, Black and Red Pepper, Nutmegs, and *ground* Sage. Extracts for flavoring, of all varieties. Fine Cigars and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Jan. 7, 1871.

STOVES! STOVES !! TOVES!!!

Excelsior Hot Blast Cook, Superb Cook, Ironside, Columbia Cook, Niagara, Continental, All Right Cook, Farmer, Champion Complete Improved, Victor Range, Reliance Range, Novelty parlor Cook.

THE IMPROVED MORNING GLORY, Token Gas Burning Base, Token with Reflector, Parlor Light Base Burner, Magic Light Base Burner, Comet Air-tight Radiator, Myrtle Illuminating Base, Casket Air-tight, for wood or coal, Vulcan Egg, Tuscan Open Front, for wood, Union Air Tight, Woodland, Flame, Nine Plate Stove, &c. &c.

BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS

put up to heat one, two or three rooms, at city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.

Call and examine our large stock of Stoves, and be convinced that we are selling them as low as in the city.

Store opposite the Court House.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 21, 1871.

New Firm in the Lumber Business!



Having purchased the entire stock of Mr. Wm. Vannort in the Lumber Business, we intend to keep at his old stand a full and complete assortment of

BUILDING MATERIAL;

AND A LARGE STOCK OF LUMBER, to which we invite the attention of consumers, comprised in part of Select Cullings, 4-4, 6-4 and 8-4 White Pine, 5-8 Siding. Yellow Pine Dressed Flooring,

White Pine Scantling and Bill Stuff,
Hemlock Joist, Scantling & Bill Stuff,
[illegible]ine and Hemlock Fencing,
[illegible]ite Pine and Cypress Shingles,
Laths, Pales, Window Sash glazed, and Window Shutters.

We hope, by attention to our business, to merit a full share of public patronage.

We will also continue the

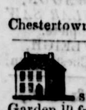
CARPENTERING
AND
Undertaking

business with unabated vigor.

JOHN T. DODD & SON.
July 15, 1871—tf.

CIDER VINEGAR,
RELIABLE FOR PICKLING,
on hand and for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown August 19, 1871.

For Rent.



A desirable Dwelling on Queen street in Chestertown, with a large Garden in front. The building is a two story Brick, and was recently occupied by B. B. Perkins.

The premises are also for sale.

Apply to E. F. PERKINS,
Dec. 9, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

SMALL FRUITS,

Plants, &c.

100,000 Strawberry, of the Leading Varieties.
40,000 Dooitte Back Cap Raspberry.
20,000 Phi adephia, do.
20,000 Brandywine, do.
10,000 Davidson's Thornless, do.
100 Herstine, do.,

Together with a general assortment of NURSERY STOCK, most of which is of my own growth.

Also, *BARLING'S PATENT PRUNING SHEARS*, which are superior to any other article of the kind, and which I have the exclusive right to sell in Kent county.

For sale by

R. E. WALLIS,
Near Kennedyville.
Oct. 28, 1871—5m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, letters of Administration on the estate of

CATHARINE E. CRAWFORD,
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 3d day of September, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of February, 1872.

H. V. B. CRAWFORD,
Feb. 10, 1872—4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration, on the personal estate of

JOHN W. HADAWAY,
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 3d day of September, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of February, 1871.

ANN HADAWAY,
Febr. 10, 1871—4t. Executrix.

B. C. BROOKER, JR. WM. B. LEWIS.

Brooker & Lewis,

AUCTIONEERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 236 W. Baltimore street,
NEAR CHARLES,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, &c., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Notions every Monday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Consignments respectfully solicited.

Out-door Sales of every description taken at lowest rates.

Cash advances made if required.

Baltimore, August 26, 1871—y

Special Notice.



THE subscriber Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS*, Farm and Plantation Machinery—he also makes a speciality of PLOWS of all the various varieties for the Southern Trade. Having established himself in

Warehouse No. 40 and 42,
Light street, Baltimore,

respectfully invites all his old customers and others interested in such Wares to give him a call and examine his stock, which will be as

COMPLETE AND WELL MADE AND SOLD AT AS MODERATE RATES

as any other like establishment in the country. Address

JOHN MAYHER,
40 and 42 Light street,
Oct. 7, 1871—y. BALTIMORE.

COAL HODS, Shovels, Pokers, Seives, Stove Brushes and Blacking, on hand and will be sold at a very small advance on cost. A large assortment of

HARDWARE, TINWARE, AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
for sale cheap.

Give me a call and get a good Cook Stove or a very small sum of money.

Store opposite the Court House.

Oct. 21. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

TAKE NOTICE!

THE subscriber is making up a Club for the "American Agriculturist" and "Hearth and Home," Orange Judd's two great papers.

JOHN W. HINES,
Nov. 11, 1871—tf. Chestertown, Md.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

BUILDING LOT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a desirable Building Lot in the East section of Chestertown, between Water and Queen streets. The situation is high, open and very desirable for a building site. The water from the wells is most excellent.

Terms moderate. Apply to
Dec. 6, 1871. E. F. PERKINS.

Money Saved! Money Saved!!

BY ENCLOSING **ONE DOLLAR** (1.00) a three cent stamp and sample of goods, and getting in return ONE PAIR of *OUR OWN KID GLOVES*, in all the Fall shades and colors.

The only place to get them is at

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,
95 N. Charles Street,
3 doors South of Mulberry.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER PAIR, AND EVERY PAIR *GUARANTEED.*
Balt., Sept. 16, 1871.

R. B. Russell

HIGH STREET,
NEAR THE VOSHELL HOUSE,

Has in store a full supply of very superior

Cigars, Confectionery, and Tobacco

for the season, which can be bought as cheap as any where in the Town.

CHEWING TOBACCO,

of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also Fine Cut.



Smoking Tobacco,
SNUFF AND PIPES,
A good assortment.

Candies and Fruits.
GENERAL PROUDUCE.

FRESH BREAD every afternoon.

☞ Lovers of the weed are invited to call.

Everybody is invited to call and buy something. Dec, 9, 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, 1872—y

JAS. WARDEN. JAS. A. MERRITT.

WARDEN & MERRITT,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FLOUR & COUNTRY PRODUCE,
72 South Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Thanking our old customers for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon us, we would respectfully ask a continuance of the same, assuring them that at all times our best efforts will be used for the promotion of their interest. Jan. 6, 1872.

Chestertown Clothing Emporium!

AND

BOOT, SHOE,
And Furnishing Goods Store,
High St., opposite Eccleston property.

L. HECHT, successor to L. Hecht & Bro., takes this method of informing the patrons of the late firm and the public generally that he has now on hand a full stock of NEW AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS, &c., of the very best material, and most fashionable styles, bought at the lowest cash prices, and will be sold a *little lower* than ever the same class of goods were offered in this market.

☞ SUITS MADE TO ORDER, of the best quality, in Fashionable Style, and a fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

For the liberal patronage extended to the late firm by the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's, he respectfully returns his thanks; and flatters himself that in the use of the superior facilities he now possesses, to be able to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom. An early call is solicited.

LIEBMAN HECHT.
Chestertown, Sept. 2, 1871.

JOHN R. HARE,

THE ENGLISH



Watchmaker and Jeweller,

Has removed to his New Store,

63 FAYETTE STREEET,
OPPOSITE BARNUM'S HOTEL.

N. B.—*Fine Watch Repairs*, at Trade prices, a speciality.

☞ The cheapest Stock in the City.
Baltimore, Nov. 25, 1871—1y.

NOTICE.

OWING to the pressure of the times, the undersigned will be compelled to do a STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS on and after *the first day of February*, 1872.

All persons indebted must make immediate settlement.

G. W. SUTTON.
Galena, Jan. 13, 1872—4t.

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at
Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

Best Italian Guitar & Violin strings.

C. F. STAM & BRO.
January 27, 1872.

Selected Poetry.

The Legend Beautiful.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the monk in deep contrition,
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped around him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven thou reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
To the convent portals came,
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again.

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blssed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying;
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And behind the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor,
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW,
in the Atlantic Monthly.

☞ Some men will not shave on Sunday, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow-men; and many folks think it very wicked to blacken their boots on Sunday morning, yet they do not hesitate to blacken their neighbors' reputation on week days.

☞ A Detroiter who laughed at a man who had slipped down on an icy sidewalk, was promptly knocked over by that individual.

THE LOST KEY.

"My dear Philip, have you seen my portemonnaie?"

Mr. Walter's brow contracted slightly at the words, and he drew away the hand which had been caressing his wife's pretty hair.

"Is that portemonnaie lost again?"

"*Now*, Philip," said the little woman, with a world of pretty penitence in the lengthened monosyllable, "don't scold! Upon my word, it's the first time I've mislaid it this whole morning."

"It is too provoking, Jane," said the husband, pushing back the books on the table before him with a movement denoting intense irritation. "Will you never break yourself of this careless habit, my love?"

Jane was silent, looking down like a naughty child who had been chidden.

"You don't know what an annoyance these heedless habits are to a methodical man like myself, dear," he added, in a gentler tone, as the coral lip began to tremble and the eye to suffuse. "Do try to be more thoughtful, for my sake! Here is your lost treasure," he added, quietly drawing a tiny case of pearl and gold from his pocket. "I found it lying on the stairs, and thought it a most excellent opportunity for giving my careless little wife a lesson."

Jane clapped her hands at the sight of the restored treasure, and danced out of the room in girlish glee.

"A perfect child," murmured the husband, looking after her with a smile and a sigh blending unconsciously into one another. "Well, if I don't make haste, I shall be too late for that engagement in the city. Let me see—the notes are in my iron safe, I believe. Nothing like locking up things and keeping the keys yourself. If Jane only followed my example——"

Mr. Walter paused, seeking in his various pockets, with nervous haste, for something which seemed not to be forthcoming.

"Very strange," muttered he, biting his lip. "I always put it in that waistcoat pocket. Possibly I may have laid it on the table amongst those papers."

The aforesaid papers rustled hither and thither like animated snow flakes, as Mr. Walter hurriedly sought amongst their confused masses, but it was all in vain.

"I can't have lost it," he exclaimed, in dire perplexity. "And every one of those notes is locked up in the safe, with no earthly chance of ever getting at them! But I am certain the key can't be lost—I never lose anything! It won't do to wait many more minutes—I'll just put on a clean shirt and run down stairs. Hang that key!"

Mr. Walter hastened to his dressing-room to complete the details of his toilet, ere he left the house; but his trials were not yet destined to terminate. He was a methodical man, therefore his wardrobe was carefully locked; he always kept things in one place, therefore the keys were snugly reposing in one corner of the inaccessible iron safe.

He rushed frantically back to the library, hoping faintly that the key might be on the mantlepiece, where he had not yet searched. No, it was not there; but a treacherous inkstand was, the contents whereof, by one unlucky sweep of the elbow, descended in an ebon cataract over his shirt-front—the shirt front upon which alone he had depended!

"Well, here is a catastrophe!" he murmured gloomily, stanching the inky flow with his pocket handkerchief. "However, I can button my coat over for the present. Let me see—there is that money I promised to pay Smithson to-day, and now——"

He stopped short; a cold dew of dismay breaking out on his forehead—the money drawer was a fixture of the wretched iron safe!

Penniless and shirtless, what more desperate state of affairs could his worst enemy desire for him? There was a lower deep yet, however—would he not be charterless, likewise, if his wife should, by any inopportune chance, discover that he, the model of rule and order, had lost his key! So thought Mr. Walter, as he went off to a day of perplexities and mortifications in the city.

"If ever I tease Jane again about losing things," he muttered inwardly, as he entered the room on returning home, "I hope to be drowned with a hundred weight of keys about my neck! It's certainly a judgment upon me!"

He unbuttoned his coat as he spoke, forgetful of the ink-stains of the morning. Jane uttered a faint scream, and shrank back, exclaiming, "My dear Philip, what is the matter with your shirt?"

"The matter! Oh!" said he, coloring and laughing, "I remember now—I spilt a little ink over it this morning. It don't signify much."

"Do let me get you out another one, dear!"

"No, no," said he, eagerly, detaining her; "it isn't at all worth while. Do sit down, and be easy, my love!"

But Jane started away to carry her baby up to the nursery. Just as she reached the door something jingled softly in the pocket of her little silk apron—she stopped in the passage.

"Oh, by the way, Philip, here is the key to your iron safe. I found it on the dining-room table this afternoon; and," she added, with an arch sparkle in her roguish eyes, "I thought it would be an excellent opportunity for giving my husband a lesson!"

She laid the key in his hand, and ran out of the room as he recoiled involuntarily from the sound of his own pedantic words. As he contemplated the gleaming words of the little steel mischief-maker in mingled delight and mortification, the echo of Jane's merry laughter on the stairs reached his ear like a chime of silver bells.

He laughed, too—he couldn't help it!

Mrs. Jane Walter was a discreet little female. She never alluded to the subject of keys again, and her husband was never afterwards known to reproach her for carelessness.

Sick Headache--Its Cause and some of the Remedies.

Many persons, afflicted with periodic sick headache, will be interested in finding their feelings and experiences portrayed in the following article by Dr. Samuel Wilks, physician at Guy's Hospital, communicated to the British *Medical Journal:*

The subject of sick headache is one in which I take a personal interest, having been a martyr to it all my life, and having, in consequence, too often had to compare notes with those who have been like sufferers with myself, whether they have been friends or patients. It is important to possess a correct idea of what is intended by the name, for I have often met with medical men who have no other knowledge of a sick headache than what is implied in the term bilious attack, or the headache which follows the eating too good a dinner. A headache following a debauch or too much wine is common enough, and may happen to any one; also the headache, in peculiar idiosyncracies, from eating some special article of diet, and which, probably, has a gouty origin. But the true sick headache, which I take is almost equivalant to hemierania or migraine, is a purely nervons affection, and occurs generally in the most temperate livers, and thus is often totally misapprehended by those who only think of headache as a symptom of stomach disorder. It is for the most part hereditary, runs in families, and is due to a peculiar nervous temperament. Whatever produces a strong impression on the nervous system of such a one predisposed, will cause an attack, and it may thus be induced in a hundred different ways consequently the sufferers from this complaint often make it the whole business of life to avoid moving a single step out of the even tenor of their way, so as to prevent as far as possible its occurrence. The visit to the theatre, the concert room, or the dinner party, is always followed by headache, for the excitement, the altered temperature or vitiated air, are all equal to its production; but even less than these is sufficient, for any strong impression on the special nerves will produce it, as a loud noise, and hour's visit to a picture gallery, looking through the microscope, ordors of various kinds, as of spring flowers, and even the testing of some substances, also exposure of the body to the sun or a strong wind; moreover, various moral causes and worry are sure to be followed by the familiar headache.

The true cause of sick headache, lies deep in the patient's idiosyncracy, and is developed by a hundred different causes. The advice, then, to sufferers is to give as much tone as they can to their nerves by adopting all those methods which experience has shown to be good, and then avoid, as far as is practicable, all those causes which are known to excite an attack. I need scarcely describe a sick headache—how one rises in the morning more dead than alive, perfectly unable to swallow the smallest particle of food, and often, perhaps, actually sick; how the head throbs, and the pain increased by the slightest movement; how speaking or doing is a burden beyond bearing; how one prays to be left alone in the utmost quiet, so that he may, if possible, sleep. To other persons the sufferer looks extremely ill, very pale, dark around the eyes, and with contracted pupil. To himself his head feels hot, and the application of cold is very refreshing. The clamminess in the mouth, the nausea, and general disturbance, are secondary, and have no connection with any improper meal, and thus are in no way relieved by the too frequent and ignorantly administered purgative. This is not needed, and has no good result. The only remedies which are of any avail are those which act on the nervous system, such as hot tea and coffee; or, after the stomach is quieter, and the more urgent symptoms have passed off, a little wine or ammonia. If the headache take more the form of hemierania, then remedies are occasionally useful, as the local application of the bisulphide of carbon, or galvanism, and internally the bromide of potassium. This is the only drug which I have really seen to be serviceable. Whilst the nausea exists and the worst symptoms prevail, even this remedy is of no avail. So little can we prejudge the value of medicines, that I have even been willing to administer any remedy which can be proposed; and thus not long ago I myself swallowed with great faith a specific powder sent me by a friend from Vancouver's Island; but, alas! it must be catalogued with all other remedies for sick headache—it was useless. As regards tea and coffeee, which often relieve, it is possible that these and other stimulants, taken in excess, render the nervous system more susceptible to the attacks; and I believe I am in saying that it was Mr. Martyn, of Brompton, who inormed me of more than one person who had entirely lost his headache from leaving these off.

The various influences spoken of, acting through the different parts of the nervous system, impress immediately the sympathetic, and so alter the current of blood through the head; thus, while the face is pale, the larger vessels are throbbing, the head is hot, and the remedies which instinct suggests are cold and pressure to the part. In fact, of all the means which have been used to cure this trouble, the only one on which we can rely to procure relief is the wet bandage tied tightly round the head. The method must be instinctive, for it is universal, and has been from all time. As our Shakespeare is often quoted to illustrate the morbid states of the body as well as the passions of the mind, he may be again conjured up to testify to the ancient practice of which I have been speaking For example, in the scene between Hubert and Arthur, in *King John*, the latter, when petitioning for the preservation of his eyes, says:

"When your head did but ache
I knit my handkerchief about your brows."

And in *Othello* we have not only the remedy for head ache given, but the cause. The former was the handkerchief about which the interest of the play centered.

"Desdemona—Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Othello—I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Desdemona—Faith, that's with watching;
'twill away again.
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well."

The substance of this communication is, that sick headache is not to be cured by gastro hepatic remedies. It is a purely nervous affection, and due entirely, in my experience, to hereditary predisposition; and is excited by causes innumerable which act on a sueptible nervous system. There is, therefore, no cure, in the proper sense of the term, for this would imply a change in the patient's nature; and for the attacks themselves, when severe, the only relief which can be reckened upon is to be found in a wet bandage round the head, profound quiet, and, if possible, sleep.—*Scientific American.*

Spoiling the Eloquence.

The Round Table, in one of a series of reminiscences of Washington Irving, tells the following capital story. We have seen something like it before, but nothing so well done. It is hard to imagine how the eloquent and flute-voiced Mr. Williams felt when he saw his "pathetics" so ludicrously murdered:

The case, if remembered rightly, was an act of murder. Mr. Williams, of course on the ground of his power over the jury, was for the defence. His peroration was exceedingly touching and beautiful.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said "if you can find this unhappy prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime with which he is charged, after the adverse and irrefragable arguments which I have laid before you pronounce your fatal verdict. Send him to lie in chains upon his dungeon floor, waiting the death which he is to receive at your hands—go lay your head upon your pillows—and sleep if you can!"

The effect of these closing words of the great legal orator was at first thrilling, but by-and-by the pettifogger, who had volunteered to follow the prosecuting attorney, arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury: I should despair, after the weeping speech which has been made to you by Mr. Williams, of saying anything to do away with eloquence. I never heard Mr. Williams speak that piece of his'n better than what he spoke it jest now. Once I heard him speak it in a case of stealing down to Schaghti cake; then he spoke in a case of rape to Æsopus; and the last time I heard it, before jest now, was when them niggers was tried and convicted, too, they was—for robbing farmer Van Pet's hen house over beyond Kingston. But I never know'd him to speak it so effectin' as what he spoke jest now."

This was a poser. The jury looked at one another, and whispered together; and our pettifogger saw at once that the had got them; he stopped at once, closing with the single remark:

"If you can't see, gentlemen of the jury, that this one speech don't answer in all cases, then there's no us't of my saying anything more!"

And there wasn't; he had made his case, and they awarded him their verdict.

☞ A painter, Peter Murdock, was arraigned before the good Squire Miller yesterday, says the Memphis Avalanche, of the 11th inst., upon the charge of wife beating. The same man was before the Squire a few days since, when the Magistrate, upon his promise of future good behavior, dismissed the charge. Yesterday, when this was mentioned to him, he suggested that the Squire should go to a warmer climate, from whence no man has ever returned. Upon the Squire's remonstrating with him he again repeated it, this time using several profane adjectives by way of emphasis.

"I will fine you ten dollars for contempt of court, sir," said the good Justice.

"Fine and be d—d," retorted this profane Peter.

"I will fine you ten dollars again, sir," remarked the dignified Squire."

"Will you? I don't care how much you fine," yelled Peter.

"Another ten dollars for that," says the moral Magistrate.

"Go it, old grey-headed tub. You will never get a cent," howled out the irate paint-slinger as he shook his fist within a few inches of the nasal organ of the Magistrate.

In this way it went on until Peter had been fined forty-three times, when the daring Constable collared him and marched him off to jail, with a $430 fine over him. Considerable money will be required by Peter to liberate himself from the unpleasant position which he now occupies. Mrs. Murdock will not, in all probability, be annoyed with her lord and master for many moons.

A GEORGIA correspondent says that the most noticeable comment on the bill giving a wife a cause of action against a party selling liquor or anything else to her husband while drunk, and allowing the proceeds of the fine to go to the wife, came from Whit Anderson, the messenger of the Senate. "Now," said Whit, "I can afford to get married, for my wife can comfortably support the family on the fines I will bring her."

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