CCESS!
CCESS!
CCESS!

WEEKLY.
WEEKLY.
WEEKLY.

NAL for 1861.
NAL for 1861.
NAL for 1861.

the third vol-
of SOUTHERN
little gratifica-
third volume
ed to give the
uraging pre-
as well as to
hearty well-
e country.—
brilliant suc-
ILY JOUR-
f literary tal-
which fears

erature have
t a SOUTH-
rinsic merit
th Northern
upport it.—
these prom-
comparison
are satisfied
JOURNAL
rangements

SOUTH,
ion in say-
ome a
ERN HOME.
abled to re-
g features,

TO OUR
ORS;

S:
out justly

YS.

ower to an-
commence-

TRAVEL,
o negotia-
to furnish
commence
nd beauty

AIR;

?

ttier Life
ALL.
offered in
UTHERN
as hereto-
SHORT
r.)
field.)
d abroad.)
ngs.)
TRY.

STORY,
KEEPER.
a varied
entertain-

URNAL
ontaining
ing mat-
ustrated.
published
ers at $2
ns invari-
ending us
titled to

uested.
scriptions
ost office,

CO.,
rnal,"
ore, Md.

S
Y!
loyed!
ney!
ARS

RY
to this
lings,
cet,
lphia.

VED
Soap,
ON.

ARE,

ED!
Agency
closing
eive by

E

RS
to this
lings,
cet,
lphia.

RY

BININGER'S
OLD LONDON DOCK
GIN

GIN AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

THIS DELICIOUS TONIC STIMULANT, especially designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, has superseded the so-called "Gins," "Aromatic Cordial," "Medicated," "Schnapps," &c. It is now endorsed by all of the prominent physicians, chemists and connoisseurs, as possessing all of those *intrinsic* medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic) which belong to an old and PURE Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, etc.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) Sole Proprietors.
nov14 No. 19 Broad Street, N.

American Agriculturist.

For the Farm, Garden, and Household.

A THOROUGH-GOING, RELIABLE and Practical Journal, devoted to the different departments of Soil Culture—such as growing field CROPS; orchard and garden Fruits; garden Vegetables and Flowers; trees, plants, and flowers for the Lawn or Yard; care of Domestic Animals, &c., &c., and to Household Labors. It has also an interesting and instructive department for Children and Youth.

A full calendar of Operations every month. Three to Four Hundred, or more, illustrative Engravings appear in each volume.

Over Six Hundred plain, practical, instructive articles are given every year.

The Editors and Contributors are all practical Working Men.

The teachings of the AGRICULTURIST are confined to no State or Territory, but are adapted to the wants of all sections of the country—it is as its name indicates, for the whole AMERICAN CONTINENT.

A GERMAN EDITION is published of the same size and price as the English, and containing all of its reading matter, and the numerous illustrative engravings.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year, $1 00
Six copies, one year, 5 00
Ten or more copies one year 80 cents each.

☞Add to the above rates: Postage to Canada 6 cents; to England, France, or Germany 24 cents, *per annum.*

Postage anywhere in the United States and Territories must be paid by the subscriber, and is *only 6 cents a year*, if paid in advance at the office where received.

The paper is considered paid for whenever it is sent, and will be promptly discontinued when the time for which it is ordered expires.

All business and other communications should be addressed to the Editor and Proprietor.

ORANGE JUDD,
feb20. 41 Park-Row, New York City.

HOME JOURNAL FOR 1861

New Features, New Series, New Type.

MORRIS & WILLIS, EDITORS.

A NEW series of this widely circulated family newspaper will be commenced on *the fifth day of January*, 1861—printed on fine paper, and new type. With the January number will begin the publication of a series of beautiful original works of fact and fiction, written expressly for the Home Journal; by the best authors of America. The first of these is from the facile pen of a well known and highly gifted author, *and is a powerfully written, startling, mysterious, and deeply interesting history of courtship and married life.*—This charming story will be succeeded by others of a similar description, several of which are already in preparation. All the former peculiar features of the paper, which have given it a world wide reputation, will be continued while the several new ones will add infinite variety to its already diversified pages. Among them are a number of fresh, spicy, amusing, original sketches, which smack, and relish of the wit, humor, humor and raciness of the brilliancy, and sparkle of the times.—As heretofore, no labor or expense will be spared to maintain the high reputation of the Home Journal which is every where both at home and abroad, acknowledged to be the most refined and elegant repository of literature and the arts on this side of the sea, and the best and cheapest family newspaper in the world. As no more copies of the new series will be printed than are ordered, those who desire to begin with the commencement of the volume will be able to do so by forwarding their subscriptions without delay.

TERMS—For one copy, $2, for three copies $5; for a club of seven copies $10; for a club of fifteen copies $20; and at that rate for a larger club—always in advance.

Address, MORRIS & WILLIS,
Editors and Proprietors, 107 Fulton st., N. Y.
dec,26-tf

NEW GOODS.

THOMAS W. ANDERSON

INVITES the attention of his friends and purchasers generally, to an examination of his *unusually* large and attractive stock of GOODS, purchased in Philadelphia and suited to the Fall and Winter trade.

Among his stock may be found the newest, richest and handsomest, styles of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS
" CLOAKS and SHAWLS.

Black and Colored CLOTHS of the latest style for

CLOAKS,
French, English and American
Cloths and Cassimeres,
Ready-Made Clothing,
embracing COATS, SACKS,
OVER-COATS, PANTS
and VESTS.

a very large stock of HATS AND CAPS, Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Brogans, CARPETS and OIL-CLOTHS,

with a general assortment of

Foreign and Domestic
GOODS

of all qualities and prices, calculated to suit the tastes and wants of the people generally.

N. B. 5 per ct. off for CASH.
oct17

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THE

"DEMOCRAT" OFFICE,

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

A fresh stock of Ladies' Hoods, just received at J. G. ROBINSON'S.

Cambridge Democrat.

WM C. HANDY, WM W. BALLARD, } Proprietors.

"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

WM. W. BALLARD, EDITOR.

Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1861. Number 29.

THE OLD HOUSE CLOCK.

Oh, the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and the dearest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered.
"Tick, tick," it said; "quick, quick to bed,
For ten I've given the warning;
Up, up and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with merry chime,
The Winter hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the clock looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said; "quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever,
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer.
"Tick, tick," it said; "to the church-yard bed
The grave hath given warning;
Up, and rise, and look in the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

Cassius M. Clay's Letter--Position of England.

The London Times thus comments on a letter which it publishes from the Hon. Cassius M. Clay:

This lively letter writer proposes six question—three relating to his own country, three relating to England. The first question he is more successful in asking than answering: "What are we fighting for?" "We are fighting," says Mr. Clay, "for nationality and liberty." We can understand a fight for nationality between different races, but a fight between men of the same nationality is to us, we candidly confess it, an inexplicable enigma; nor can we better understand how a people fighting to put down rebellion, to force their fellow-citizens to remain in a confederacy which they detest, and to submit to institutions which they repudiated over and over again, and always repeated in vain.

Having answered the questions which he supposes to be addressed to him by England, Mr. Clay becomes the questioner, and asks us where our honor would place us in this contest. Clearly by the side of the Union, because, he says, if slavery be extended in America it must be restored in the West Indies. If any one doubts the force of this demonstration we are sorry for it, for Mr. Clay has no other to offer. Our examiner next asks us to consider our interest. Clearly, he says, it is to stand by the Union, because they are our best customers, and because, though they have done all they can, since the separation of the South gave them the power, to ruin their trade with us, they will in spite of their own hostile tariff, remain our best customers.

Lastly comes the momentous question, "Can England afford to offend the United States?" "Certainly not," says Mr. Clay, "for in half a century they will amount to a hundred millions of people, and will have railways four thousand miles long." But is Mr. Clay quite sure that, even if we should offend them now, the people of America will bear mallice for half a century; and, if they do, is he quite certain that his hundred millions will all be members of one confederacy, and that we may not then as we might now, secure either half of the Union as our ally in a war against the other?

Mr. Clay must really allow us to give our own version of the honor and interest of England. Our honor and interests is to stand aloof from contests which in no way concern us, to be content with our own laws and liberties, without seeking to impose them upon others, "to seek peace and insure it," and to leave those who take to the sword to fall by the sword. In war we will be strictly neutral; in peace we will be the friends of whatever power may emerge out of the frightful chaos through which Mr. Clay sees his ways so clearly.—And that neutrality which is recommended alike by our interest and our honor we will not violate through fear—no, not of a hundred millions of unborn men. Let Mr. Clay and his countrymen look well to the present, and they will find enough to occupy their attention without troubling themselves with long visions of humiliation and retribution, which no man now alive will ever see accomplished.

Admonitions from England.

The Times, in another article, deprecating civil war in the U. States says:

It is, perhaps, too late to advise; but, if, perchance, there should still be room for warning, the Americans may listen to honest admonitions from England. They have found by this time that no political jealousies affect our estimate of their deplorable quarrel. We would rather see America united and powerful, even though her strength may cost us some trouble. We feel that slavery is an abominable thing, but we know how difficult must be the problem of abolition, and above all, we feel that no convictions, however deeply entertained, can justify the extremity of civil war. There was a great soldier in this country a few years ago—a man of iron mind and resolute will, whose feelings might have been scared and hardened by sights of war in every quarter of the globe.—Yet that man, so inflexible and fearless, took an opportunity of saying that there was nothing which should not be done or borne rather than the country should ever know one hour of civil war. Is Abraham Lincoln, the hard-working, peaceful and simple-minded citizen about to face an extremity from which the Duke of Wellinyton recoiled in dismay? Is the President of the new free-trading Confederacy prepared to adopt a policy which would better befit the Indians of Florida?

Not only is there no cause for this strife, but there is no prospect, or even possibility, of any gain in the end. It is not to be imagined that the North can hold the South in subjection, or that the South, even if it succeeds in repelling the forces of the North, will have bettered its position by the proceeding. The great object of the southerners is to carry their slaves into new territories, but they have already found that slave plantations are next to useless unless the counterminous provinces adopt and enforce a fugitive slave law. By severing their connection with the North, and substituting a traditional hostility, they will completely deprive themselves of the cooperation which in this respect they have hitherto received. A slave crossing the frontier of the Southern Confederacy will be lost forever.—Whichever way the case is turned, it remains hopeless still. It is bad enough even without this final extremity of present bloodshed, but if the sword is once drawn, it will become instantly and irremediably worse.

Coercion, if it means anything, must mean conquest, and permanent conquest is impossible. Of the result, in short, nothing is either discernible or probable, but civil war, with all its unspeakable horrors, and with no likelihood of a speedy end. War breeds war, and a weeks fighting will infallibly engender passions which years will fail to appease.—Perhaps the least formidable prospect is that of such a success on the part of the South as will enable it to maintain its independence of the old Union, but that success can only be obtained at the cost of animosities which will divide America into hostile camps, and leave it a prey to horrors from which Europe escaped long ago. Is that to be the end of the model republic in the eightieth year of its existence? For the sake of humanity and progress we trust not; and we shall hope even against hope for better things until the fatal truth is brought home to us.

OCTOGENARIAN GENERALS.—The N. York Express furnishes means for instituting a comparison of the relative ages of Northern and Southern Generals. According to the Express the principal officers on the side of the administration are Scott, aged 75, Wool 73, Harney 65, Mansfield 50, Totten (Head of the Engineer Corps) 80, Thayer (Engineers) 80, Craig (Head of the Ordnance Department) 76, Ripley (Ordnance) 70; Sumner 65, Larned (Paymaster General) 70, Gibson, (Commissary General, Churchill, (Inspector General,) and Thomas (Adjutant General are old men, having entered the army in the beginning of the present century, Gibson in 1808, and Churchill in 1812. The Southern army, on the other hand, is officered chiefly by young men, or men in the prime of life and vigor, Beauregard being only 43, and Lee not over 55.

To get a duck for dinner—jump into the river.

Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Because he never gives.

Peace Resolutions in the Senate of Iowa.

Although the Legislature of Iowa, which is strongly republican, has appropriated $1,200,000 for war purposes, we see that the following preamble and resolutions have been introduced in the Senate of that State, and that a motion to lay them on the table was defeated—yeas 18, nays 21:

Whereas at this time nearly one-third of the States of this Union have taken upon themselves the responsibility of withdrawing their allegiance to the federal government, and have established a Confederate government separate from the government of the United States, and establishing a constitution in form, and have sent commissioners to the federal government to negotiate relative to the property and rights of beligerent parties; and

Whereas it is not only desirable but indispensable to the security and rights of belligerent parties; and

Whereas it is not only desirable but indispensable to the security and welfare of the people of the United States that terms of peace be arranged between the portions of the country now in a state of war, before the bitterness of fraternal bloodshed shall make arrangement impossible; and

Whereas the necessary consequence of such a war would be the ruin of thousands of loyal citizens in the States now seceded, and in other portions of the Union, who are in no way responsible for the fratricidal war now commenced in our unfortunate country, and believing, as we do, that the calm patriotism and reason of the American people may yet settle upon honorable terms the existing troubles, and believing that civil war, if persisted in and pushed with the milignity which universally characterizes all civil war, will only terminate in an overwhelming indebtedness, public and private, without benefitting either of the parties to this controversy, and a military despotism in which the liberties of the people will be disregarded, the butchery of the patriotic and innocent citizens, as well as the guilty, and such a war, if possible to be honorably avoided, is unpatriotic, unmeasurable and anti-christian:

Resolved, That the Senate of the State of Iowa recommend to the government of the United States, in this their most earnest appeal, that while every preparation for the defense of the government shall be made, a cessation of actual hostilities may take place until Congress shall have time to act in the premises.

2. That we recommend to Congress the calling of a National Convention, for the settlement of our national difficulties, and that every possible, every honorable means shall be first exhausted by the national government before our prosperous people be plunged into a civil war, the ultimate result of which the wisest cannot foresee.

3. That we are opposed to a war prosecuted for the subjugation of the seceding States, while it is possible amicably to settle the difficulties now existing.

4. That we are opposed to the prosecution of a war against the seceded States; waged under any circumstances for the purpose of emancipating the slaves of the southern slaveholding States.

5. That the Secretary of the Senate be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to the President of the United States, and to each of our representatives in Congress.

Fanny Fern on Lovers and Marriageable Daughters.

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters passes me. That it is done every day does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, sixteen or seventeen or eighteen years of her life, combing her hair and washing her face for "him." It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that this is to be the end of it all.

What if you "were" married yourself? that is no reason why she should be bewitched away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean on her and be proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason, that after you have worried her through the measles and chicken pox and scarlet fever and whooping-cough, and had her properly baptized and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short breathing spell before she goes.

"He" seems to be of a different opinion; "he" not only insists upon taking her, but taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objections to "him" not the least in the world except "that."

When the world is full of girls, why couldn't he have fixed his eyes on the daughter of somebody else?—There are some parents who are glad to get rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as blackberries; why need it be this particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is?—Don't she have meat and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one?

You put all these questions to her, and she has the sauciness to ask, if that is the way you reasoned, when her father came to you. You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of a question. But she gets round you for all that, and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a "well if I must, I must," you just order her wedding clothes, muttering to yourself the while—"dear, dear, what sort of a fist 'will' that child make at the head of the house; how will she 'ever know what to do in this, that, and the other emergency, she who is calling on 'mother' fifty times a day to settle every trifling question."

What folly for her to set up a house for herself. How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter's wedding clothes; and yet that daughter has met life and its unexpected reverses with a heroism and courage as undoubted as if every girlish tear had not been kissed away by lips that alas! may be dust, when this baptism of womanhoods comes upon her.

How to Foretell Weather.

In a manual of the thermometer, compiled by Rear Admiral Fitzroy, and just published by the Board of Trade, London, the observations occur:

Whether clear or cloudy, a rose sky at sunset presages fair weather; a red sky in the morning, bad weather, or much wind (perhaps rain;) a gray sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather. Soft looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate or light breezes; hard-edged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy, blue sky is windy; but a light, bright blue sky indicates fine weather.

Generally, the softer clouds look, the less wind (but, perhaps, more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more "greasy," rolled, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow or gray tints, the coming weather may be told very nearly, indeed, it aided by instruments, almost exactly.

Small, inky-looking clouds foretell rain; light scud clouds driving across heavy masses show wind and rain; but if alone may indicate rain only. High, upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind. When sea birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected; when they hang about the land, or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind with stormy weather.

There are other signs of a coming change in the weather known less generally than may be desirable, and, therefore, worth notice; such as when birds of long flight, rooks, swallows, or others, hang about home, or fly up and down or low—rain or wind may be expected. Also, when animals seek sheltered places, instead of spreading over their usual range; when pigs carry away straws to their sties; when smoke from chimneys does not ascend readily, (or straight upward during calm,) an unfavorable change is probable.

Dew is an indication of fine weather, so is fog. Neither of these two formations occur under an overcast sky, or when there is much wind.—One sees fog occasionally rolled away, as it were, by wind, but seldom or never formed while it is blowing.

"Why," said a lover to his mistress, "are you like that hinge?—"Can't even guess." "Because you are something to a door" (adore.)—She declined his acquaintance immediately, which considerably unhinged him.

Some one says that the music of the Chinese is horrible—"like cats trying to sing bass, with sore throats.'

One Combatant Against a Cohort.

There is an instinct in us, and by no means the worst instinct we have, which prompted us to take sides with weaker party in any physical contention. There is something noble in the sight of an imperilled man who faces boldly back against his enemies, and, regardless of their superior numbers, prepares to do his utmost for the vindication of his individual rights; we feel inclined to succor him; and rejoice with a joy proportioned to our contempt for his assailants, should his single-handed exertions render the need of our aid a superfluity.

If this be so in the physical world, and totally irrespective of the principles at issue in the contest, how much more deeply should we sympathise with Professor Holloway in the moral warfare which he so triumphantly wages against the whole hideous legions of Malady, backed up as they are, and augmented by the fallacies and falsehoods of what they call 'established practice!'

Professor Holloway is indeed a moral hero, and one to build whose monument hereafter, the world will vainly search for gold that is pure enough and marble white enough:—but no such monument does he require! For he may sweep his hand around the horizon of the world and point to the myriads who have been rescued from the recking clutches of disease by the sole but infallible agency of those Universal Remedies for the cure of external and internal disorder, to the discovery of which the best years of his life and the loftiest efforts of his genius were devoted, and answer like the ancient architect—*Si monumentum quæras circumspice!* if you would see my monument, look round you!

All nations and all tongues of men contribute their quota to swell the glowing eitaph—(may it be long unneeded!) which the world is prepared to write upon the memory of the great physician. The very savages of the farthest climes will rival in their priceless outpourings of gratitude, the more embellished homage which the nations of America and Europe are prepared to offer.

But Professor Holloway is still among us and the gigantic operations in which his benevolence is engaged are proof positive that he still has many years to live in the enjoyment of the world's esteem and among the regenerated millions who owe to his pills and ointment their release from physical ailments and the happy prolongation of their lives.

As to the fortune which the gratitude of humanity has enabled him to lay by, we may judge of it from the fact that his annual expenditure for advertisements alone exceeds, and has for many years exceeded, the round sum of $200,000! And this let it be bone in mind,—this more than imperial fortune was not acquired from the vast sums which monarchs paid him for the cure of their diseases: it was the mighty accumulation of the profits, small in themselves, which the myriads of his patients in all four quarters of the globe, remitted as their acknowledgment of their unspeakable indebtedness.

For Holloway sells health to all, regardless of their rank or wealth.—A king may purchase his infallible specifics at the same rate the shoeblack pays for them; and this is right: for malady is no regarder of persons, and in the clutches of disease, we are all alike poor frail and mortal creatures.

The bed of sickness is the true leveller of distinctions: the ague chill which shakes the beggar's frame—will it less shake the frame of him who has a diadem upon his brow, and at whose word a million swords leap, glittering, from their scabbards?—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Best Time for Cutting the Various Kinds of Grain.

The cereals, together with other with other vegetable matter, are composed of organic and inorganic elements. Of the latter, it is not now necessary to speak. The organic matter is divided into nitrogenious and non-nitrogenous substances. Gluten, gelatine, fibrin, albumen, caseln and legumen, are the principal compounds in which nitrogen or azote are found. Sugar, gum, starch, mucilage, woody fibre, &c., are the non-azote principles. The azote principles from the muscular substance of the animal body, and the power of a plant to sustain animal life is just in proportion to the amount of these principles which it contains. The non-nitrogenous principles form the fat and help to keep up the heat of the animal body. These various principles are all only different combinations of the gasses, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, which the plant obtains from the earth, water, and air, and are elaborated by the growing plant until it finally forms the seed or grain.—Therefore, as the whole organic part of the plant is formed of so few principles, and as it is evident that there are constant changes taking place in it while growing, the question is, what is the proper time to cut short those changes, in order for the husbandman to reap the greatest profit from his labors? In other words, at what time does the plant contain the most gluten, albumen, fibrin, &c., and so of course contain the greatest portion of life-sustaining matter.

Now, it is found that plants from sugar, woody fibre, &c., very *rapidly* towards the *last stages* of their growth and the opinion is held by many of our best farmers that wheat, in particular, contains less albumen, &c., when dead ripe, than while it is in the doughy state, but more starch, woody fibre, &c. Now, as these last principles are of much less value, in the animal economy, than the former, it is of course wisdom to cut grain in the dough state. I am not aware of any experiments to test the truth of this opinion, yet general impressions are often correct, and I believe this to be one.

Buckwheat ripens so unevenly, that, if the weather permits, it pays better to let it stand until the last blossoms are brown.

Remarkable Cure of a Rattle-Snake Bite.

Geo. W. Kendall, in a letter to the New Orleans Picayune, says:

Before I forget it, let me inform you that the medicine chest arrived in due season, and that just as I opened it I had pressing use for one of the articles it contained. I was looking over the bottles, when one of my men came running in, saying that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake!—He was holding fast his left wrist, while two streams of blood were running from one of his fingers, where the fangs of the snake had entered. As the man did not use tobacco, I told him to fill his mouth with salt and suck as hard as he could at his wounds. I next kept a rag well saturated with hartshorn on the wound, to counteract the poison. I then put thirty drops of hartshorn in a teacupful of whisky, and poured it down his throat. In five minutes I repeated this dose, and in five minutes more I gave him another just like it. By this time I had given him a full quart of strong whisky and ninety drops of hartshorn, and thought the load was sufficient. The man was an Irishman, an old soldier, and took the matter quite coolly. It was a great satisfaction to him to know that another man had killed the snake which was coiled under a rail he was moving in the yard, not ten steps from the house. For three-quarters of an hour he sat quietly, and talked soberly and coolly, while I kept renewing the hartshorn to the two wounds where the fangs of the snake had entered his finger. He said it was too bad to die from the bite of a 'pisen sarpint,' while I was astonished he should keep so sober with such a load of raw whisky in his stomach. In about an hour he commenced to laugh, then to whistle, next to sing, and finally tried to dance. I had all right then; I knew that the whisky had got ahead of the poison, and had reached the vitals first. In five minutes more he was as drunk as Bacchus, sprawled out on the floor, slept half a day, and next morning was at work as well as ever. So much for the first cure I ever cured with the contents of a medicine chest! The hartshorn, combined with the whisky, effected the thing.

"Can you tell me, Jim, where they get so much corn from to manufacture into whiskey?" "Why, no," says Jim, "but I can tell very well where the *corn* comes from after the whiskey is made."

A great poet says that "the mountains stand fixed for ever." We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to *slope.*

HAPPY FOLKS.—A child with a rattle—a schoolboy on a holiday—two lovers walking by moonlight—a boy sucking cider through a straw.

"Are dose bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered Tibe; "dey had got plenty ob fire, and de bells are now ringing for water."

Why is an uncut leg of bacon like Hamlet in his soliloquy? It is a ham let alone. (Hamlet alone.)

Why is heedlessness like a ragged coat? It is a bad habit.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_63-0654.jpg