Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. VII — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1870 — NO. 16

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

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Professional Cards.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 3rd day of July, 1866, formed a Copartnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.

References given, when required. Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St Mary's County, Maryland.

ROBERT C. COMBS,
JAS. S. DOWNS.

July 5, 1866—1y.

Law Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned have formed a law copartnership under the name of Maddox & Crane. They will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and also in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State or the Government. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their charge.

Address, Maddox & Crane, Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md.

G. FRED. MADDOX,
J. PARRAN CRANE,

Dec. 25, 1867—tf.

Law Co-Partnership

The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 1st day of December, 1869, associated themselves to practice their profession under the name and style of

BLAKISTONE & MORGAN.

They will practice in St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special and prompt attention will be paid to the collection of claims. One or both can always be found at their office in Leonard Town. Address, Blakistone & Morgan, Leonard Town P. O., St. Mary's County, Md.

JAMES T. BLAKISTONE,
JOSEPH F. MORGAN,

Dec. 2, 1869—tf.

JAS. H. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, Md

Has commenced the practice of his profession in Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md and will promptly attend to any business entrusted to his care. He may always be found at the Office of the Commissioners Court.

Dec 14, 1865—tf

D. S. BRISCOE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown,
St. Mary's Co. Md.

may 9, 18 7—tf.

J. F. MATTHEWS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,

Will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince Georges.

Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL C. HAMMETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Maryland
Oct 3, 1867—tf.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50c. to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address E C ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Dec 2, 1869—3m

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may 27, 1869—tf.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

A small cottage stands on a hill in a suburban district. It is embowered in the Summer in green leaves. There is a large garden at the back, full of the most prolific of fruit trees, and this garden is separated by a low railing, bordered off, after an old-fashioned style, from a small lane which to the left ends in a "cull-de-sac," to the right conducts you to the main road. I had only to see this little cottage to like it. I had my idealisms, and one of them at least was some such a bower as this. Inspiration, I thought, will hardly fail a man who, standing in the luminous shadows of pale transparent leaves, contemplates from such a height as this the poetic beauties of a broad and hilly horizon, his heart elated with a sense of freedom, his eyes delighted with a boundless view, and his ears soothed by sweet sounds, made more musical by distance.

To this retreat I transported, one fine Summer's day, my young wife and child—an infant of six months. Fresh air had been my doctor's prescription for my little one, and I congratulated myself and my wife on a piece of advice which supplied us with the best plea in the world for escaping from the oriental heat of London.

When I came to bestow upon my cottage the close inspection prohibited by the novel y of the "premier coup d'œil," I discovered that it was old—considerably older than the particularly ancient lady from whom I had rented it. Old doors swung upon rusty hinges, and hoarsely grumbled as they were moved, like old men. The flooring rung hollowly to the tread, whilst here and there a dislocated board made me start under the momentary impression that I should fall through the ceiling. Stains upon the wall, not to be dissembled by certain discolored prints unevenly hung to serve as a disguise, exhibited the certain indications of the periodical passage of rain through the roof. But the manifold beauties of the surroundings fully compensated for the small shortcomings of the house. The picturesque was most poetically realized; what more could a sentimental being like myself demand or expect?

My landlady, who was a Scotchwoman—a total absence of teeth not having by any means destroyed her accent—had carefully locked whatever cupboards, libraries, or closets she could. I did not object. The more she secreted, the less became my liability. It is true, she might have left me a coal-scuttle, and of the crockery might have allowed me the use of more than four tea-cups. But I comforted myself with reflecting upon the cheapness of the rent; and though I sometimes heartily wished that her economy had extended as far as the rats, which she might as well have locked away along with other household furniture, I felt that Nature had made a most liberal provision for any minor discomforts by surrounding me with the most charming scenery.

The history of this picturesque cottage was supplied by the gossiping servant of a neighbor. She informed my servant, who repeated the information to my wife, that the cottage originally belonged to a doctor; that the old landlady had been his housekeeper; and that in dying he had bequeathed the freehold to her in recompense for a long term of devoted servitude. I had the pleasure of hearing that this worthy doctor had died in my bed, a circumstance which I should not probably have dwelt upon so incessantly had I known of what disorder he had died. But what really affected me was the information that all the cupboards, closets, and drawers upon which the landlady had so religiously turned the key, contained the results of the doctor's practice, in the shape of skulls, bones, kneecaps, and many other physiological curiosities, of which I know not the names. One closet, my wife was confidently told in a low, tremulous whisper, contained a whole skeleton in an upright posture.—Having confessed to a sentimental disposition, you must at least allow me to possess a highly nervous organization. My imagination hardly needed the impulse of this final communication to picture the house as a species of mausoleum, the repository of many dread things. "If the building should ever be blown down," I thought to myself, "heaven knows what nameless objects might grin or glare from yawning crevices." The conjecture of a dead body buried beneath the hearthstone became a morbid probability. Had I not been so fond of idealism I should have escaped all this.

As I was returning home one day from the railway station, a stout man with red hair pushed a small bill in my hand. I took it, and read that the Metropolitan Caravan—manager, Mr. James Prim, late chief clown of Boodle's world-renowned circus—had arrived in the neighborhood, and had unfolded a wide arena of canvas on a broad patch of sward, led to by a small street which I well knew. The bill looked tumultuous with promise.—The assemblage of performing animals suggested the proportions of the original Noah's Ark. Afric's sands, I was informed, and Australia's gold regions had been equally ransacked for supplies for Prim's Metropolitan Caravan. Here was to be seen, too, the only living skeleton in the world, this gentleman being guaranteed to be several inches thinner in diameter than the renowned American skeleton, whose shadow, when he turned his side to the sun, lay so thin upon the ground that it needed a powerful glass to follow it. I was also particularly requested to take notice that a new and original species of the orang-outang had been specially captured for Prim's Traveling Caravan by a gentleman well known in the world of Natural History. This new species of orang-outang had a very astounding programme all to itself. Amongst other wonderful capabilities, it would get drunk on rum and water of its own accord, on the condition of those anxious to witness its intoxication paying a sum to be settled beforehand, that the manager might not lose by the incapacity which would naturally follow the orang-outang's inebriation. It was also guaranteed to smoke, to nurse a baby better than any monthly nurse, living or dead—the price of admission to be restored to the mother if her baby cried. A long list of performances, all guaranteed by the manager, followed; the only promise to which Mr. Prim would not pledge himself being that the orang-outang should talk or laugh.

The reading of this stuff brought me to my home. I had had enough of dead skeletons to be by no means eager to witness a living skeleton; and, as I cordially hated the monkey-tribe, I crumpled the paper in my hand, threw it from me, and forgot it.

That evening, I read myself into a depressed mood. By chance—I considered it fatality—I had got hold of two works hardly calculated to inspire one with cheerfulness and exultation. They were Poe's "Tales," and Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature." I read of cats with the immortality of ghosts; and of monks who walked in their sleep, impelled by the uncomfortable impulse of assassination. My wife had been in bed an hour. As I continued to read—do not think that such books are my usual reading; they had been left upon the table by my wife, and, having opened them, I read—my lamp seemed to shed a less cheerful radiance; the Summer night-winds took a peculiarly dispiriting tone; the cottage never before seemed so lonely to me. I was prepared for burglars and for fire; for in my drawer lay a five-barrel revolver, loaded, and under my bed was a twenty-foot rope-ladder, properly armed with iron claws to catch. But against such assailants, I thought, as Poe's cat, or Mrs. Crowe's monk, what would avail all the revolvers and all the rope-ladders in the world? Nay, I would have nothing to with Poe or Mrs. Crowe; I would confine myself to my own horrors, which were of a much more unconquerable and unkillable nature. I meant the skulls, and the knee-caps, and the skeletons, and the suppositious dead bodies beneath the hearthstones.

Having become somewhat chilly, I came to the conclusion that there was after all, no place like bed. I took a candle, and went up stairs. On the landing I was stopped by the peculiarly spectral aspect of the moonshine streaming through a window. I paused, and looked out upon the garden. The wind which wailed in the front made no stir behind. The weird trees stood up in the moonlight, motionless. Their shadows made thin arms and long, curved fingers upon the grass. A dog bayed in the distance.

I must have been asleep an hour or more, when I was suddenly awakened by a piercing shriek. So long, so terrified, so pealing was the cry, that it seemed to vibrate in many a shrill echo through the house after I had risen, and, on the support of my hands, was straining my eyes into the darkness. "What was that?" cried my wife. "Listen!" I answered. We held our breaths, but heard no other sound. In a few moments my wife exclaimed, "Hush! I hear the baby crying!" Leaping out of the bed, I lighted a candle, and, slipping on a dressing-gown, seized my revolver. I opened the door, and listened a moment in the passage. I heard the baby cry, but in a subdued manner, as I have heard it cry when being hushed to sleep.

"It could not have been the nurse," I exclaimed to my wife, "I hear her soothing the baby. It must have been the servant."

I opened the door of the servant's room "For heaven's sake, who's there?" were the first words I heard. The girl was sitting up in her bed, and my candle flashed a light upon her eyes, dilated in the extremity of terror. "Was that you who screamed?" I asked. "No," she answered, "I thought it was missus."—I hastened to the nurse's room. To reach it I had to go through the day-nursery. The handle creaked noisily as I entered, and, passing through the apartment, opened the door of the bedroom, and looked in. As I did so, I heard a shrill cry behind me, and turning, I saw my wife sink in a dead faint upon the floor.

The spectacle I witnessed froze my blood. The window was open. The curtain pulled aside. The full beams of the moon aided the irradiation of the candle and the night-light. In a corner opposite the bed stood a gaunt shaggy monster. It was reared on its hind legs, and reposed against the wall. In its arms it held the baby, which it swayed to and fro with the regular movement of a see-saw. Its teeth gleamed in the light. Its eyeballs, glancing rapidly from side to side, seemed to emit a dull red lustre. A long tail lay coiled about the feet, which, though shagged with hair, seemed to be those of a human being. The monster had the face of a grotesque man—such a face, seen in the moonlight, as the pencil of Michael Angelo would have given to a devil of Dante's fifth circle. It looked with unutterable ferociousness from beneath the hood of curly heavy hair.

For a moment I seemed to loose all consciousness; for a moment only. The room swam, the candle shook in my hand, my hair lifted on my head, I fell back a step. Then the desire to save my child seized me. It came upon me with a sensation resembling the [illegible] approach to a furnace. My blood [illegible] hot and tingling through my body. [illegible] the candle on the floor, and cocked [illegible] pistol.

I noticed that the nurse lay in the bed with her head fallen sideways, her stiffened arms outstretched on [illegible] side, her eyes half-closed over eyeballs which were glazed. The monster [illegible], devil, whatever it was—still kept swinging my child to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum. I dared not [illegible]; though determined, my hand [illegible] could not risk the child's life [illegible] a step. The animal [illegible] like a [illegible], seemed to [illegible] itself more erect. I levelled the pistol, not meaning to fire, but wishing to test my hand. I saw the beast turn its eyes to the window. Great heaven! if it should leap out with the baby! My nervous finger unintentionally touched the trigger, and the pistol exploded. The ball went wide of its mark. I heard the smash of glass; then through the smoke I perceived the monster lay the child gently down, and approach me on all fours. It came toward me making hideous grimaces, as if offended by the noise and smell of powder. I levelled my pistol again, took aim with all the deliberation I was master of, and pulled the trigger. A scream like a human being's followed the report. I saw the beast rise erect, and limp with wonderous alacrity toward the window, over which it swung itself and disappeared.—I rushed to the window and closed it. Then, picking up the baby, which lay crying on the floor, brought it to the light and examined it. It was obviously unhurt. I called the servant, who stood terrified in the adjoining room, and handed her the child. My wife was soon restored by the application of a little cold water, and her return to life was hastened by the servant placing the baby to her breast.

I then turned my attention to the nurse. She was still insensible, but the pulsation at the wrist showed that she, too, had only fainted. Whilst I was busily occupied in bathing her forehead and chafing her hands, a noisy rapping at the door brought the servant to me, who exclaimed in an almost inaudible voice that there were crowds of men around the house. Taking another candle, and bidding her attend to the nurse, I went down stairs. On opening the hall-door I discovered that the crowd of the imaginative general servant consisted of three men, of whom one was a policeman.

"Beg pardin', sir," said one of them, "for disturbin' you this time o' night; but we heerd you firin', and thought that it might ha' been the orang-outang as was provokin' it. You ain't seen him, have you, sir?"

I looked from one to the other in amazement, whilst the other man remarked, "The truth is, sir, a performing monkey broke loose from Prim's Caravan this evening, a little after nine, being maddened with more rum and water than was good for him. We've been looking for him everywhere. Hearing you fire, we thought you might have seen him and growed frightened."

"Then," said I, "it is your accursed orang-outang that has nearly killed my wife, choked my baby, murdered my nurse——"

"Where is he?" asked the men eagerly.

"In my back garden!" I shouted; "and for heaven's sake get him out of it." I hastened through the passage, the policeman and the two men after me, and, opening the back door, let them through. In a few minutes I heard cries of "Here he is!" "He's dead!" "No he ain't, he's dying." "Wrong again, he's gettin' up," and so forth. In a short time the animal was secured. As the men bore him through the passage, they grumbled a good deal at me for shooting at so inoffensive a creature. I was informed that I had broken its leg, and that it might die. I cried after them, as they disappeared in the night, that I heartily hoped it would die, for it had nearly murdered a whole family; to which expression of my hopes they responded by a series of oaths which grew fainter and fainter as they moved on.

I found the nurse able to talk when I got up stairs. It appears that, finding the night very warm, she had left the window wide open, intending to shut it before she went to sleep. At about half-past twelve or thereabouts, she heard a noise of scrambling upon the glass. The conservatory was under her window, and she was too used to the movements of the cats to mistake this heavier shuffle for their tread. Hardly had she heard the noise, when a hairy monster suddenly leaped sheer into the room, and, standing erect on its hind legs, stared at her. She yelled and fainted.

WORK AND WAIT.—There are two things that always pay, even in this not over-remunerative existence. They are working and waiting. Either is useless without the other. Both united are invincible, and inevitably triumphant. He who waits without working is simply a man yielding to sloth and despair. He who works without waiting is fitful in his strivings, and misses results by impatience. He who works steadily and waits patiently may have a long journey before him, but at its close he will find his reward.

A prisoner was examined in court, and contradicted himself. "Why do you lie so?" asked the judge, "Haven't you a lawyer?"

PROFITABLE TRADE IN RIDDLES.

Nine persons sailed from Balse down the Rhine. A Jew who wished to go to Schalampi, was allowed to come on board and journey with them, upon condition that he would conduct himself with propriety and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he had struck his hand against it; but the only money there was a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this, he accepted the offer with gratitude. For he thought to himself—"Something may be carried even upon the water." There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine.

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry and the Jew with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was an object of much mirth and mockery as alas, is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thurengen and St. Velt, the passengers one after another grew silent, and gaped, and gazed, listlessly down the river until one cried—

"Come, Jew! Do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep!" And he proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and he with their permission would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the who one propounded them a twelve kreutzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently should recieve a twelve kreutzer piece.

This proposal pleased the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random. whatever chanced to enter his head.

Thus for example, the first asked:—"How many soft boiled eggs could the giant Goliah eat on an empty stomach."

All said it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid his twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said—"One; for he who has eaten one egg, cannot put a second upon an empty stomach," and the others paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought—"Wait, Jew, I will try you out of the New Testament and I think I shall win my piece! Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

The Jew said—"Because he was not in Corinthe—otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third saw that the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to as great length as possible and completes it in time?"

"The ropemaker, if he is industrous" said the Jew.

In the meantime while they drew near to a village and one said to the other—"that is Bamlach." Then the fourth asked "In what month do the people of Bamlach eat the least.?"

The Jew said, "In February, for it has only 28 days?"

The fifth said, "There are two natural brothers, and still only one of them is my uncle."

The Jew said, "The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle."

A fish now leaped out of the water, and the sixth asked, "What fish have there eyes nearest together?"

The Jew, "The smallest."

The seventh asked, "How can a man ride from Balse to Bern in the shade, in the summer time, when the sun shines?" The Jew said, "When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and go on foot."

The eight asked, "When a man rides in the winter time from Bern to Balse, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

The Jew said, "He must make fists out of them?"

The ninth was the last. This one asked "How can five persons divide five eggs, so that each man shall recieve one, and still one remain in the dish?"

The Jew said—"The last man must take the dish with the egg, and he can let it lie there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked with an air of mischievous friendliness—"How can a man fry two trouts in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve kreutzer piece.

But when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro shrugged his shoulders and rolled his eyes. "I am a poor Jew," he said at last.

The rest cried—What has that to do with it? Give us the answer."

"You must not take it amiss, for I am a poor Jew."

At last after much persuasion and many promises that they would do to him no harm, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the twelve kreutzer pieces that he had won, laid it upon the table, and said—"I do not know the answer any more than you. Here are my twelve kreutzers."

When the others heard these words, they opened their eyes and said that this was scarcely according to the agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good-natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from Saint Veit to Schlampi, they let it pass; and the Jew took with him from the vessel—let a good arithmetician reckon up for me how much the Jew carried home with him. He had a twelve kreutzer piece and a brass button when he came on board. He won nine twelve kreutzer pieces by his answers, nine with his own riddle, one he paid back, and eighteen kreutzers he gave to the captain.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—The public health in large cities is liable to be endangered by prevailing customs in regard to the disposition of the dead; and one of the most dangerous, because almost universal and disregarded, is the long time which is permitted to elapse between the death and the burial. This time is made longer than formerly, from the necessity of placing cemeteries at considerable distances from cities, by the facilities offered by railroads for bringing back the dead to their native places, and by the dread of premature interment. It becomes, therefore, important to protect the living from cadaveric emanations, especially in times of epidemic disease by various disinfectants and antiseptics, and hermetically sealed receptacles for the dead. In this way, many days, sometimes weeks, intervene between death and burial. Modern science has not only in a great degree annihilated space and time, but it has the means of delaying or preventing, *ad libitum*, the decomposition of the human body.

The danger of burying the dead in the midst of dense populations has been shown by the sad experience of most of the large cities of Europe. Even in Boston, most of our large hotels have on one side, or in front, the cheering prospect, and the possibly dangerous emanations of burial grounds still in use; for instance, on Washington, Tremont, Boylston, and School streets, *positively offensive odors* are occasionally perceived by the passer-by.

The grave, unless the ground be too limited, is much better than the tomb: in the former, the earth absorbs and neutralizes the products of decomposition, while the emanations from the tomb, by their imprisonment, acquire frequently a dangerous intensity; this is especially true of the old absurd custom of placing the dead in vaults under churches, always illy ventilated, frequented by the living.—Antiseptics, therefore, and all contrivances for retarding decomposition, should, unless in a few exceptional cases, be discouraged; on the contrary, the return of dust to dust, of organic matters to their elements, by the natural agencies of the soil, should be hastened by committing the body to the earth, of such extent and depth as readily to absorb and neutralize all liquid or gaseous products. To avoid all possibility of contamination cemeteries should be, as far as possible, removed from human habitations, and so situated that the natural drainage of the soil should not convey any deleterious matters into the water used, or earth occupied by man or animal.—*Good Health.*

HOW JOHN MILTON SPENT THE DAY.—At his meals he never took much wine or other fermented liquor. Although not fastidious in his food, yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, but in his later years he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in the summer, and five in the winter. If not then disposed to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read to him, and then, after breakfast, he studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour, generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself, and afterwards played on the organ or bass viol, and either sung himself or requested his wife to sing, who, he said, had a good voice, but no ear. He then resumed his studies until six, from which hour until eight he conversed with all who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water, and afterwards retired to rest. Like many other poets, Milton found the stillness, warmth, and recumbency of bed favorable to composition; and his wife said, before rising of a morning he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his when dictating his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with one of his legs over an arm of his chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in the winter.

A young man, meeting an acquaintance, said: "I heard that you were dead."

"But," says the other, "you see me alive."

"I do not know how that may be," replied he; "you are a notorious liar; but my informant was a person of credit!"

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may be with us when opportunity is gone forever.

☞ A Western editor has placed over his marriage heading a cut representing a trap spring, with the motto, 'The trap down—another ninny caught!'

LONGEVITY.

The physiologist Blumenbach has made a graphic sketch of the progress of human life onwards to the grave. Having traced it up to manhood, of this he says, it is the longest and noblest epoch of life. Own, nature is then at its highest perfection. The bodily functions are most vigorous and regular, and that noblest prerogative of the mind, a matured judgment, is established. Advancing in years, the powers of life decrease. Then comes old age, dulling the senses external and internal. The hair turns white and falls; the teeth [illegible] the bones begin to waste. Time do[illegible] come to the extreme point of physiology, death without disease, the euthanasia of old age. Then the extremities grow cold, the eyes grow dull, the pulse beats low and small, sometimes intermittent. Next the breath stops, stops and returns, stops forever with one long forcible expiration. Blumenbach came to the conclusion that there is no period which can be said to be entitled by its marked regularity and frequency to be considered the natural term of advanced old age. What he was able to collect on that point, from comparison of a vast number of mortality, was that in Europe no inconsiderable number of old men reach their eighty-fourth year, whereas few get beyond it; and that from one cause or other only one in every seventy-eight human beings in a thousand can be said to die in the condition of euthanasia. Blumenbach himself, it may be here remarked, died in the beginning of 1840, aged eighty-eight, having retained his faculties to the last. Up to a very short time before his death he continued to lecture with all the spirit and humor that had ever characterized him.

It was Hufeland's belief that but for extraneous causes man might still attain to the age of one hundred and fifty or sixty years, or even more. "We may with the greatest probability assert," he says, "that the organization and vital powers of man are able to support a duration and activity of two hundred years." This assertion he believes to be strengthened by agreeing with the proportion between the time of growth and the duration of life.—Generally speaking, an animal may be considered to live eight times as long as it grows; now man hardly stops growing till twenty-five, and eight times twenty-five makes up two hundred. The wonder is, not that animal machines do not last longer, but so long. Take the mechanism of the human body, for instance, and regard the wear and tear of it. The human heart beats on an average one hundred thousand times daily, its duty being to keep from fifty to sixty pounds of blood—asleep and awake—in unceasing motion. What machine made by human hands could withstand this wear and tear without being in a short time worn out? Animated bodies would soon be destroyed were there no renovation, old material cast off and new material added. It has been estimated that in very short intervals our material bodies are changed, made up of particles entirely new. Let me conclude by delineating according to Hufeland the physical characteristics of a man who may be expected to live long. "He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than to the black. His skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not to big; he has large veins in the extremities; his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; his hands are large, but not deeply cleft. His feet are rather thick than long; and his legs are firm and round. He has a broad, arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. There is harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent; his appetite good, and digestion easy. The joys of the table are not to him of importance; they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst; the latter being always a sign of rapid self-consumption. He is serene, easy, gracious, active, susceptible of joy, do[illegible] hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become violent or destructive. If ever he gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, and an artificial and gentle fever, without any overflowing of the bile. He is fond, also, of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations. He is an optimist, a friend to nature and to domestic felicity. He has no thirst after honor or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow."

Such is Hufeland's picture of One man who may live long. Very good, Mr. Hufeland! very good in some respects, but prudent men should banish all thoughts of to-morrow for all that. It is right to use all means for preserving health, always remembering that our times are in the hands of God.—*Good Health for January.*

A traveler asked his landlord if he had any cases of sunstroke in that town.—"No, sir," said the landlord, "if a man gets drunk here, we say he is drunk, and we never call it by any other name."