BILL AND JOE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Come, fear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by.
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trull,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appears in war
As Tam O'Shanter's hackless mare;
To-day, old friend, I remember well
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's coveted prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With B. O. N. and L. L. D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see,—
Your list, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your jury how to bolt the globe:
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old bullers, bent and gray,—
They talk like fellows in their prime—
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—
Those calm, clear eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle breath,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which way the wind shall blow with Joe?

The weary load takes his stand, and Joe
Holds out his trished and shining hand,
While gaping thousands come and go,
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at last sink down to rest,
'Is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The same old names that vex our ears—
In some sweet hill of harpsichord song
For earth-born spirits now too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter, while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at last the long-loved day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Send on the best you have to sell,
We have met Joe. We meet Bill.

—Atlantic.

SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

We miss in the new number of *Harper's* the accustomed luxury of reading the Explorations in Petra, by Professor Porter, the best artist for it, and a good specimen of the capital illustrated travel-narratives which are constantly falling into Harpers' Magazine. Harpers' Monthly, in the "Traveling in Siberia" of Mr. Thomas W. Knox. The embellishments, signed with the familiar initials of one of Harpers' artistic staff, are probably drawn over from authentic sketches or photographs. —James Parton's advertisement-article, describing the manufacture of silver-plate at the Gorham electro-plating works of Adams, Price & Co. (who publish their card, with an illustration, at the end of the magazine), is the opening contribution. There can hardly be prepared for American readers a more suitable and informing sort of paper than is produced when a great company, like the Gorham house, find it to their interest to pay a skilled literatteur, like Parton, to advertise them in first-class style. In contradistinction, in this instance, the Messrs. Harper have not thought it worth while to send an artist to the Gorham works, and we get no illustrations but the ordinary woodcuts of the day, and—An article to make most persons' flesh creep is Mr. Burr G. Wilder's account of the parasites, or "Tenant-Animals of the Human Body." The soothing conviction that fleas "have lesser fleas to bite 'em" is mitigated or turned to sympathy when we are dragged through lively scenes, with enlarged embellishments, of worms writhing or swelling up under the stalks of gnats, or dying after giving preposterous birth (through the skin) to quantities of maggots. The illustrations to this paper are only too complete. Blake, the half-mad artist, had an unforgettable capacity for seeing, in signs called the Ghost of a Flea; he has almost prefigured the look of this horrible larva of the *ichneumon atrocior* in the sufferer described here, and we find the same expression of appetite without intelligence, or destructiveness without cruelty, in Blake's conception for the embodiment of the blood-thirsty pest he took for his subject. The author of "John Halifax," in the closing chapters of her "Woman's Kingdom," brings "John Scott" to the castaway, into contact with the families of the aristocratic Mrs. Vanderecken and the prosperous Mrs. Redman. A fine sharpness is extracted from Dr. Draper's history of the Civil War, recently issued by the publishers of the Magazine. There is a share but interesting account of the last days of Kossuth. The eruptions of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, are described under the heading "The Greatest Volcano in the World." "Woman's Work and Wages" gives a rather more cheering view of the female-labor question than some of the articles on that subject which have lately been flooding the magazines, and shows what a liberal list of respectable occupations is after all open to self-supporting females in this country. "My Pet Gorilla" is an engaging joke, very outrageous, very flat and apparently butted at poor Du Chaillu. "My Debut" is long and young-ladyish. "Old France in Young America" is better. "Parole d'Honneur" and "The New Timothy" are continued. *The Easy Chair* is this month exquisitely delicate and *spiritual*. It is devoted to subjects of travel and literature, and winds up with a dignified rebuke to Mr. Evarts for his course in the case of the Emmanuel Emanuel.—For sale by G. W. Pitcher.

"*Putnam*" washes up again from under its sea-green surface the discussion which never will drown, about Eleazer Williams. Were he and Louis XVII. the same person? asks the Rev. Dr. Vinton, of Trinity. "He is a Bourbon, no doubt:" exclaimed a cousin of the Czar Nicholas, the late Duke of Wurtemburg; a piece of evidence which Dr. Vinton has preserved in silence for fifteen years. "He is a Frenchman," said the Indian Sachem Sondough. "He has the cross-and-shaped scar on his shoulder, and he was stupefied by the portrait of Simon," contributes Dr. Vinton himself; these four items, added to Mr. Hanson's heap of evidence by a witness of the most unimpeachable character, are quite enough to revive the old curiosity, while they settle nothing. This article forms the *pièce de résistance* of the September number, which however is a fine one, full of good things. "Camping out in Siberia," by Geo. Kennan, is more imaginative and better written than Mr. Knox's Siberian papers in *Harper* and the *Atlantic*. There is a great deal of suggestion in the "Talk about Names," by Dr. Gribbonn. Mr. Young's third paper on the origin of Shakspeare quotes from Dr. Old's collection, a billet-doux from Josephine to the still-bachelor Napoleon, which indicates (on the scandal of her worshippers) that she did a yeoman's share of the wooing. We translate the note:

"Tuesday—1st Ventose.

"You never come any more to see a friend who loves you. You have completely abandoned her. You are very wrong indeed, for she is tenderly attached to you. Come to-morrow to dine with me. I must see you and talk your interests over with you. Good evening, my friend. I kiss you.

"WINOC BEAUHARNAIS."

"A Three-horned Dilemma" (how can it be a dilemma?) by Mr. S. G. Coolidge. A well-informed article, calculated to make American editors prize their privileges, is Mr. Theodore Johnson's enumeration of the French newspapers. Hon. J. T. Bigelow contributes a tale, "Swell from the Asylum." Prof. Hoppin's travels in Greece are collected under the title of "Venice." "In the Saddle, on the Plains," is a spirited sketch of American travel, by Mr. P. G. Goodsell. A kindred article is "The Pathway of a great Enterprise." Prof. Schele de Vere's contribution "On a very small subject," is about fleas. Clarence Cook (art-critic of the *Tribune*), acceptably describes the career of Baron Hausen. The number, the finest in our opinion that Putnam has ever produced, closes with an excellent array of fine-print articles and paragraphs. Received from Pitcher.

The twenty-first number of *The Nursery* is capital reading and picture-study for the little ones. By a remarkably fine selection of wood cuts (representing of English and Continental origin) this darling little monthly keeps in the foremost place of favor among *very* young bookworms. John L. Shorey, publisher, 13 Washington street, Boston.

A London Club.

(From Belgravia for September.)

Sheridan had a hard matter to get into Brookes's, owing to the aristocratic principles of old Selwyn, who black-balled him at every ballot. Selwyn was not going to be bilbowed by the son of an actor and the grandson of a schoolmaster. Pitt, who was then on getting his brilliant friend into the club, discovered the hidden enemy by marking the balls. Sheridan then arranged a pleasant plot. The next ballot evening Sheridan and the Prince of Wales arrived at Brookes's, arm-in-arm, and going into the stranger's room sent a waiter up for Selwyn. When Selwyn came, Sheridan began a long, rambling political story, which lasted nearly half an hour. Presently a waiter entered the room on some pretext, and announced his chum as a signal that Sheridan was elected. Sheridan then got up, made some natural excuse for a few minutes' absence, and left the Prince to finish the story. This catastrophe of which, as he told Selwyn on leaving, "the world find very remarkable," Sheridan nay said, and was received at the club-room door by Fox, who formally introduced him to the members. The Prince went on with the story for a time, then broke down, and, laughing at the figure he cut, called Selwyn, as Sherry did not seem coming back, to go up stairs and let Fox finish the recital. On entering, in this instance, the Messrs. Harper have not thought it worth while to send an artist to the Gorham works, and we get no illustrations but the ordinary trade samples of the company. An article to make most persons' flesh creep is Mr. Burr G. Wilder's account of the parasites, or "Tenant-Animals of the Human Body." This article forms the *pièce de résistance* of the September number, which however is a fine one, full of good things. "Camping out in Siberia." by Geo. Kennan, is more imaginative and better written than Mr. Knox's Siberian papers in *Harper* and the *Atlantic*. There is a great deal of suggestion in the "Talk about Names," by Dr. Gribbonn. Mr. Young's third paper on the origin of Shakspeare quotes from Dr. Old's collection, a billet-doux from Josephine to the still-bachelor Napoleon, which indicates (on the scandal of her worshippers) that she did a yeoman's share of the wooing. We translate the note:

"You never come any more to see a friend who loves you. You have completely abandoned her. You are very wrong indeed, for she is tenderly attached to you. Come to-morrow to dine with me. I must see you and talk your interests over with you. Good evening, my friend. I kiss you.

"WINOC BEAUHARNAIS."

"A Three-horned Dilemma" (how can it be a dilemma?) by Mr. S. G. Coolidge. A well-informed article, calculated to make American editors prize their privileges, is Mr. Theodore Johnson's enumeration of the French newspapers. Hon. J. T. Bigelow contributes a tale, "Swell from the Asylum." Prof. Hoppin's travels in Greece are collected under the title of "Venice." "In the Saddle, on the Plains," is a spirited sketch of American travel, by Mr. P. G. Goodsell. A kindred article is "The Pathway of a great Enterprise." Prof. Schele de Vere's contribution "On a very small subject," is about fleas. Clarence Cook (art-critic of the *Tribune*), acceptably describes the career of Baron Hausen. The number, the finest in our opinion that Putnam has ever produced, closes with an excellent array of fine-print articles and paragraphs. Received from Pitcher.

The twenty-first number of *The Nursery* is capital reading and picture-study for the little ones. By a remarkably fine selection of wood cuts (representing of English and Continental origin) this darling little monthly keeps in the foremost place of favor among *very* young bookworms. John L. Shorey, publisher, 13 Washington street, Boston.

A London Club.

(From Belgravia for September.)

Sheridan had a hard matter to get into Brookes's, owing to the aristocratic principles of old Selwyn, who black-balled him at every ballot. Selwyn was not going to be bilbowed by the son of an actor and the grandson of a schoolmaster. Pitt, who was then on getting his brilliant friend into the club, discovered the hidden enemy by marking the balls. Sheridan then arranged a pleasant plot. The next ballot evening Sheridan and the Prince of Wales arrived at Brookes's, arm-in-arm, and going into the stranger's room sent a waiter up for Selwyn. When Selwyn came, Sheridan began a long, rambling political story, which lasted nearly half an hour. Presently a waiter entered the room on some pretext, and announced his chum as a signal that Sheridan was elected. Sheridan then got up, made some natural excuse for a few minutes' absence, and left the Prince to finish the story. This catastrophe of which, as he told Selwyn on leaving, "the world find very remarkable," Sheridan nay said, and was received at the club-room door by Fox, who formally introduced him to the members. The Prince went on with the story for a time, then broke down, and, laughing at the figure he cut, called Selwyn, as Sherry did not seem coming back, to go up stairs and let Fox finish the recital. On entering, in this instance, the Messrs. Harper have not thought it worth while to send an artist to the Gorham works, and we get no illustrations but the ordinary trade samples of the company. An article to make most persons' flesh creep is Mr. Burr G. Wilder's account of the para-

MEDICINAL.

FRENCH MEDICINES

PREPARED BY

GRIMAULT & CO.

Chemists to H. I. H. Prince Napoleon,

No. 45 Rue de Richelieu, Paris.

SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE OF IRON,

By Lerez, M. D., Doctors es Sciences, Grimault & Co. Chemists, Paris.

According to the opinion of the members of the Medical Academy of Medicine, Phosphate of Iron is superior to all the ferruginous preparations known. It acts upon the stomach never causes constipation; it contains the elements of the blood, and of the nervous matter, it is the most active reconstituent for the nervous system. Nervous diseases are reduced by frightness, lacitude of iron, and ferruginous preparations are contraindicated. Grimault's Phosphate of Iron contains three grains of salt of iron. They are both tolerated.

Children's Diseases—Iodized Syrup of Raw-Rhubarb.

Prepared by Grimault & Co., Paris.

This remedy combines the properties of the juice of bitter citron, horse-radish and scurvy-grass, in which the medicinal efficacy of the Rhubarb root is so well known, is an excellent substitute for cod liver oil, which is sometimes difficult to administer, and which many children cannot take. It is indicated in cases of lymphatic temperament, most satisfactory results sometimes to children suffering from rickets, deformities of the chest, tumefaction of the neck, or the various eruptions on the face so frequent at this period of life. It is a tonic which does not constipate like Rhubarb, it acts as a mild and purgative, it excites the appetite, promotes digestion, and stores to the tissues their natural firmness and vigor.

Dr. Durin Du Buisson's Digestive Lozenges of the Alkaline Lactates.

The Alkaline Lactates, which are found in abundance in the juice of the digestive organs, are the principal agents of their peculiar action on the nutritive combinations. Their action is so powerful that they are used in combination with the saliva to the gastric juice a supply of lactates, which are deficient in certain states of the system, which have a tendency to dyspepsia or dyspepsia, the information of those who may be without medical advice, in all cases of dyspepsia, whatever may be the natural disease are: Headache, pain in the forehead, giddiness, bad taste in the mouth, bad breath, loss of appetite, nausea, vomiting, pain in the stomach, constipation, &c.

DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

Syrup of Hypophosphite of Lime, and of Soda.

A syrup compounded with the new salt has been introduced by M. Churchill, for the treatment of pulmonary phthisis. Recent trials made at the Brompton Consumption Hospital, have fully established the superiority of treatment of disease in the chest, have abundantly demonstrated the fact that the Hypophosphites are the most assimilable of all the preparations of phosphorus, in condition. Each tablespoonful of syrup contains four grains of the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The Hypophosphite of Lime, being nearly vegetable no barm can result from its administration.

Dose—Adults, one tablespoonful in water, or medicinal cocoa to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action, to promote the growth and development of healthy tissue, to restore the nervous system, take a cure itself and be positive, it excites the appetite, promotes digestion, and stores to the tissues their natural firmness and vigor.

Dr. Mialhe's Aperitive Wine.

Tonic, a Vermifuge.

M. P. MAIS & CO., Phila., Wholesale Agents. ag4 m3t

OPAL DENTALINA.—A SUPERIOR ARTICLE FOR THE TEETH, in consequence of its combination with the Opal, it is more lasting than any other dentifrice, and for fragrance and perfect cleanliness in the mouth, it may be compared to the Rose. It leaves the mouth sweet, the bleeding gums while the gums and discolorations will disappear, and the teeth will be preserved from decay. It is a delicate and pleasant dentifrice, very agreeable, and it is confidently offered as a reliable substitute for the use of injurious dentifrices.

Prepared, Dentalina, accompanied with the commendation of Professor Wm. H. Ashton, D. D. S., and for sale by druggists generally. Price, 25 cents per box.

JAMES T. BIRNS, Apothecary,
Broad and Spruce streets

For sale by Druggists generally, and by
Fred. Brown, Geo. H. Stackhouse,
Jas. Wilson, Jr., Geo. G. Rowe,
H. K. Sharp, Geo. H. Boker,
Geo. D. Wilson, Jas. Page,
T. J. Husband, Jas. Bispham,
Johnston Holloway, Jas. Dorsey,
Edward Parrish, James H. Marple,
Jos. B. Roberts, Thos. Dougherty & Co.
James L. Hodgins, Jr. C. Shivers,
Hughes & Combs, H. C. Blair's Sons,
Henry C. Blair, Jr. ag4 m3t

ISABELLA MARIANNO, M. D., 225 N. TWELFTH Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Consultation free. ap4 m3t

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.

DIAMOND DEALERS & JEWELERS,

WHERE WATCHES ARE MADE,

WATCHES and JEWELRY REPAIRED,

802 Chestnut St., Phila.

Watches of the Finest Makers,

Diamond and Other Jewelry,

Of the latest styles.

Solid Silver and Plated Ware,

&c. &c.

SMALL STUDS FOR EYELET HOLES.

A large assortment just received, with a variety of patterns.

WM. B. WARNE & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

S. E. corner Seventh and Market Streets,

And late of No. 16 South Third street. jm12 tf

CANNED FRUIT, VEGETABLES, &c.—100 CASES Fresh Canned Peaches, 100 cases Fresh Canned Pine Apples; 200 cases Fresh Canned Apples, in plums; 1,000 cases Green Apples and Green Pear; 500 cases Fresh Plums in syrup; 50 cases Black Cherries; 500 cases Cherries, in syrup; 50 cases Black Raspberries; 500 cases Fresh Canned Corn; 500 cases Fresh Canned Tomatoes; 500 cases Canned Peaches; 500 cases Canned Pumpkins; 500 cases Canned Squash; 1,000 cases Canned Lobsters; 500 cases Canned Salmon; 1,000 cases Canned Mackerel; 1,000 cases Canned Herring; 1,000 cases Canned Sardines; 1,000 cases Canned Oysters; 1,000 cases Canned Corned Beef; 1,000 cases Canned Roast Beef; 1,000 cases Canned Chicken; 1,000 cases Canned Turkey; 500 cases Canned Game; 1,000 cases Canned Soups; 1,000 cases Canned Milk; 1,000 cases Canned Condensed Coffee; 1,000 cases Canned Condensed