

which, in this country, always goes in favor of independence, favors the earnest exertions now being made. That which has given the American dentist his standing, has been public opinion. Rightly or wrongly, the public has believed that the American dentist, having had the advantage of a systematic education in his science and art, is better qualified than he who has learned by stray lessons and intuitive skill; and the public faith thus raised has given to American dentistry an *ecclat* attended with many substantial advantages. There can be no doubt that the common belief thus expressed is not without a measure of common sense. There is no denying the fact that the man who is educated in general things, and is equally educated in any particular branch with one who is *only* educated in the same particular branch, stands at all times, and in all places, the best chance of success. To this fact the dentists of England are now fully alive, they are sensible of the defects of their past educational system, and are prepared to second, by their advice to their pupils, any new system that shall lead to effective reforms in the future. At last the facilities they themselves would have prized so much, are opened to their followers, and if we do not mistake our brethren altogether, the projectors of the School of Dental Science will be met by the profession throughout the length and breadth of the land, in a spirit of honest, hearty, and effective co-operation."

**HUMORS OF THE SANCTON.**—The editor of the *Polo Transcript* gets off the following:—

"Another Editor Dead.—Wm. Fiske, Esq., editor of the *Mendota Press*, is dead. Mr. F. was a poet of no mean pretensions, as our readers will testify from the specimens we have given them. For some reason or other Mr. Fiske did not like our views upon the merits of his poetry, and so cut us off from his exchange list. We, however, continued to send him the *Transcript*, and yesterday it was returned to this office marked: 'Send this paper to h—l. This was the first intimation we had of Mr. Fiske's death, and we suppose that he left word with his son to send on his exchanges to his new abode.'"

**MILLION.**—The human mind has but a faint idea of the magnitude of the sum total included in the term million. As an illustration it may be stated that if a man should reach the extreme age of hundred years, he would not have lived for a million hours, the number falling short one hundred and twenty-thousand of thouammytffe.

The young ladies of St. Catharine's have passed the following resolution:—  
Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of St. Catharine's, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame.

**NEW AMALGAM FOR PLUGGING TEETH.**—In the *Journal de Chimie Medicale* is the formula for an amalgam invented by M. Gerheime, which is thought to possess remarkable properties, both as to its softness when first made and its great hardness afterward, and also as to the facility with which it unites metals and even glass and porcelain. It is susceptible of a high polish, and is not acted on by the weak acids. Take 20, 30 or 36 parts (according to the hardness desired) of pure copper, obtained by precipitating it from the oxyde by means of hydrogen, or from the sulphate by means of zinc parings. Place the copper in a cast iron or porcelain mortar, and sprinkle it thoroughly with concentrated sulphuric acid (density 1.85), and add 70 parts, by weight, of mercury, stirring continually. When the copper is completely amalgamated, the composition is to be washed with boiling water, to remove the sulphuric acid. It is then allowed to cool, and in ten or twelve hours it becomes sufficiently hard to receive a brilliant polish, and to scratch tin or gold. Its density remains the same, whether it be hard or soft. When it is to be employed as a mastic, it is rendered soft by heating it to about 675°, and then triturating it in an iron mortar, heated to 225°, until it acquires the consistency of wax. In this state, if placed between two clean metallic surfaces, it unites them so perfectly that ten or twelve hours afterward the pieces can be wrought as if solid.

[We have not tried this preparation, but from its compounds we should deem it superior to that generally now in use.—  
Ed. J. T.]

**THE LOVE OF A TRUE WOMAN.**

Oh, the precious value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious!—Titles and honor confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, thickly cluster around, and the gaunt form of poverty menaces with his skeleton finger, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress; it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the homely morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he holds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of a loved one is soft to the weary limbs of a sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the hand of a loved one loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her, brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

**TEETH INCORRUPTIBLE.**

HERE is an item which we came across in a newspaper. It refers to the remains of the killed at the battle of Marston-Moor, in the county of York, England, which took place in 1614. In making excavations in this locality 213 years after the battle, the following was found to be the condition of the bones and teeth:—

"The skulls had preserved their shape, but crumbled away when exposed to the air. One poor fellow's passport to eternity was picked up by the foreman. He says: 'There was a bullet in one skull, which dropped out when the skull fell to pieces; the bones, especially the large ones, did not crumble away but were very brittle when touched with the spade. The teeth were quite perfect, and many of them taken away by the drainers.' This is true with regard to the teeth that were sound at the time of death, but the carious teeth in many jaws gave unmistakable evidence that tooth-ache was in the ascendant and dental surgery at a discount in those days."—*Dental News Letter.*

**LINES  
ADDRESSED TO A SKELETON.**

The following beautiful verses were found in the skeleton case of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, more than thirty years ago, placed there by some unknown hand. Breathing alike the true spirit of poetry and religion, we take pleasure in perpetuating the anonymous production:

Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull,  
Once of ethereal spirit full;  
This narrow cell was life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous pictures filled this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure—long forgot!  
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,  
Has left one trace or even here.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;  
If falsehood's honey it disbaind,  
And where it could not praise, was chained;  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
And gentle concord never broke:  
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee  
When death unveils eternity.

Beneath this round'ring canopy  
Once shown the bright and busy eye;  
Yet start not at the dismal void!  
If soe'il love that eye employed;  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But with the dew of kindness beamed—  
The eye shall be forever bright;  
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Say! did those fingers delve the mine?  
Or with its envious rubes shine?  
To lie the rock or wear the gem,  
Can nothing now avail to them;  
But if the page of truth they sought,  
And comfort to the mourner brought;  
These hands a richer need shall claim,  
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod,  
These feet the path of duty trod?  
If from the bowers of mirth they fled,  
To soothe (?) affliction's humble bed,  
If grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,  
And home to virtues lap returned;  
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky!