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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 12, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

THE MUSIC OF THE RAIN.

While the vesper bells were ringing,
When the birds had ceased their singing,
To my heart sweet memories bringing,
Came the music of the rain.
My childhood days so bright and fleeting,
Tiny rain-drops seemed repeating,
Waking joy at thoughts of meeting
Those I ne'er may see again.

Memories sweet and sad were blending,
Joy and sorrow both were lending
Voices which were never ending:
Sweet the music of the rain.
From my heart I may not sever
Mem'ry's index, pointing ever
Backward to the joys that never
Will revisit me again.

Though to-day is full of sorrow,
From the past we still may borrow,
Joys once tasted, while to-morrow
Whispers ever, Hope in me.
Like sweet harp-strings touched all lightly—
Dances the fairies weave us nightly—
Come the rain-drops falling brightly,
Dripping from each waving tree.

Jeweled blossoms brightly gleaming,
Like the stars of Heaven beaming,
While a muffled voice is seeming
Still to hum the mystic strain;
Music of those flowing numbers
Lulls the heart to dreamy slumbers,
Waking still a thousand wonders
Of the magic voice of rain.

Miscellaneous.

GUS. KARL, THE ROBBER.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

In the summer of 1832, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kent, in locating land lots, along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone out partly for the benefit of my health, and partly to accommodate one who had been a noble friend to me, and one who had purchased a great deal of government land.—At Logansport he was taken sick, and after watching him a week, in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever, and as the physicians said that he would not be able to move under a month, I determined to move on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort that money could procure, I left him.

As good luck would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out, with three pack horses to carry our luggage, and I soon found that I had lost nothing by waiting, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining.

On the third day from Logansport, we reached Walton's settlement, on the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful doze, I was startled by the shouts of men and the barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose and threw on my clothes, and went down.

"Ah—don't you know the trouble?" the lost returned. "You've heard of Gus. Karl, perhaps?"

Who in the West at that time had not heard of him?—the most reckless, daring, and murderous robber, that ever cursed a country. I told the host I had heard of him often.

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here only this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him, but he's got us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the bank, fired at us, and killed one of our horses, and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man in the world you would like to see," he said. "He's small, not a bit over five feet six; with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and very stout. But, Lord, how he's quick as lightning, and his eyes set fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes that generally like a common hunter. Oh! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey, which the host provided, was all drunk, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards, I went up again to bed; and this time I slept on, undisturbed, until morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out to the door, when a horseman came dashing up the place, himself and his animal all covered with mud. The first thing the new comer said, was to inquire for me. I answered at once to the name—and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible!

"The doctor says he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow only asks to see you long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young—so hopeful—with so many friends and fond relatives in his far off home—and taken down to die in a strange land." I told the man I would set on my return, as soon as possible. He ate some breakfast and then resumed his journey, being bound up as far as the Potawattonie border.

I settled up my bill and then went for my horse; but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so that he could not step on it. Had the road been good, I should have been tempted to try him; but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep, and to the host and asked him if he could lead or sell a horse. He could do neither.

His only horse had been shot the night before, by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led my horse out, but he could not even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look," said mine host, as I began to despair, "can't you manage a canoe?"

"Yes—very well," I told him.

"Then that's your best way. The current is strong this morning, and without a stroke of the paddle, 't would take you along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes, for just what it is worth, and ye can sell it in Logansport for as much."

"If ye darn't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "ye can can easily shoulder the canoe and pack it around. 'Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well-fashioned "dog-out," big enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the owner his price—ten dollars—and then had my baggage brought down. I gave arrangements about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid, say four or five miles an hour, but not turbulent—and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than to ride on horse back. The banks of the river were densely crowded with large trees, and I saw game plenty; and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistol at some of the bolder "varnints;" but I had no time to waste, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion; but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had eaten my dinner, of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little further on, I came to an abrupt basin, where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it, till my canoe got into it, and found myself going round instead of ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out of that rotary current; but in doing so, I ran myself on low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little and as I found myself suddenly moored, I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes, when I was startled by hearing a foot fall close by me, and on looking up saw a man at the side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two and twenty, and seemed to be a hunter. He wore a wolf skin shirt. Leggings of red leather, and a cap of bear skin.

"Which way ye bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river, to Logansport," I replied.

"That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself, the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking your second paddle, and keeping your company?"

"I should like it," I told him frankly; "I've been wanting company."

"So have I," added the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn out legs, thro' the deep forest."

"Come on," I said, and as I spoke he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles, and told me he was ready when I was. So we pushed off, and we were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger had told me his name was Adams, and his father lived in Columbus. He was out on a mere hunting and prospecting expedition, with some companions who had gone to Logansport by horse, and having got separated from them in the night, had lost his horse in the bargain. He said he had a great sum of money about his person, and that was the reason why he disliked to travel in the forest.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to equally frank. I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business; and by a quiet and unassuming course of remarks, he drew from me that I had money enough to purchase forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about midship, and facing me. His hair was of a flaxen hue, and hung in long curls upon his neck; features were regular and handsome, and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one would call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And first time too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were gray in color, and had a brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake.—When I thought of his age, I sat him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. At any rate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash robber! For a few moments I feared my emotion would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now, and see how cunningly he had led me to a confession of my circumstances—how he had made me tell my affairs, and reveal the state of my finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look out for what was to follow.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them both in the morning, when I thought of firing at some game.

They were in breast pockets which had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour passed away and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempts upon my life, until nightfall. He said that it would be convenient, that we were both together, for we could run all night, as one could steer the canoe while the other slept.

"Aye," I added with a smile, "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable—I would not miss meeting my friend for worlds."

"Oh, you'll meet him, never fear," said my companion.

Al—He spoke them with too much meaning. I understood it well. I knew what that sly tone and strange gleaming of the eye meant.—He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now, that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy—and then his eyes had such a wicked look, that the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villain at once.

During the rest of the afternoon, we conversed freely, but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent on me as he spoke, and then he seemed to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, not even intentional; but they were intuitive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length night came on. We ate our suppers, and then smoked our pipes—and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting; but a few moments' reflection told me that I had better behave as though he was an honest man; so I agreed to his proposition.—He took my seat at the stern, and I moved further forward, and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom of the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I laid down.

As soon as possible, I drew out one of my pistols, and under cover of a cough, I cocked it. Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasped my weapon firmly, with my finger upon the guard. I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat, and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately, for me, the moon was up, and though the forest trees threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his every movement. We were in the Wabash, having entered it at three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," I said drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night, and pleasant dreams. I'll have you further on your way than you think, ere you wake up again."

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself, as I lowered my head and pretended to lower myself to sleep.

For half an hour my comrade steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me—but at the end of that time I could see that he became more uneasy.

I commenced to snore with a regularly drawn breath, and that instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of the game in the woods.

But hark! Ah—there was before me one lingering fear in my mind, that I might shoot the wrong man, but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard him say:

"Oh, my little sleep—you little dreamed that Gus. Karl was your companion; but he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead you shall follow him, and I'll take your traps to pay your way to heaven."

I think these were the very words. At any rate they were similar. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and then rose to his feet. I saw him reach over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand, he had a huge bowie knife in it; I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the keen edge, and then feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I continued my snoring. But I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch approached me; and so cat-like was his step, that it would not have awakened a hound—and his long gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear his breathing plainly, and I could hear the grating of his teeth, as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was by my side, and he measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with! Every nerve in my body was strung, and my heart stood still at death. Of course my snoring ceased; and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom. Quick as thought I brought my pistol up—the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger and the last fear was passed.

I had thought that the weapon might miss fire, but it did not. There was a sharp report and I sprang up and backed; I heard a fierce yell and the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came down.

Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tipping of the canoe brought me to my senses and I went and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more right, I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the canoe, and I saw it quiver—only a spasmodic movement—and then all was still.

All that night I sat at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not that wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away, and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward and found that Gus Karl was dead. He had fallen with his knife true to its aim, for it had struck very near where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with the dying madness about the handle!

Swift went the tide, and ere the sun went again to rest I reached Logansport.

The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I told my story, they poured out a thousand thanks upon my head.

A purse was raised, and the offered reward put in and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered from the Wabash robber's depredations.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with a fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room, where a well man must have suffocated.

"Water! water! In God's name give me water!" he gasped.

"Haven't you any?" I asked.

He told me "no," I threw open the window, sent for a pail of fresh water, and was on the point of administering it, when the doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me that it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank freely and then slept. The perspiration flowed from him like rain, and when he awoke again his skin was moist and his fever was turned.

In eight days from that time he sat in his saddle by my side, and together we started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse wholly recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping, the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had already reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

POWER OF A WORD.—I was told a story to-day, a temperance story. A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, stood at her garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with love of the sea.

"Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink."

Said he—for he told me the story—

"I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and for forty years, when ever I saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden gate on the hillside of Vermont, rose up before me, and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; for, said he—

"Yesterday there came into my counting room a young man of forty and asked me—

"Do you know me?" "No," said I. "I was brought once," said he to my informant, "drunk into your presence on ship board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, till I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice.—You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me."

How far back that little candle throws its beam—that mother's word on the hillside of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word!

ASK YOUR QUESTIONS INTELLIGIBLY.—A person in a rural district in the south of Scotland, remarkable for the conceit and pomposity of his manner, was one day examining a day school and astonishing both teacher and scholars by the mode in which he propounded his questions on the lessons. The class happened to be reading the 23d chapter of Genesis, in which we read of Jacob's return to his fatherland, and the dread he felt at meeting his injured brother Esau.

"What," asked the examiner, among the other questions, "what was there in the circumstances of Esau that was calculated to excite apprehension in the mind of Jacob?"

No answer.

The question was repeated in terms slightly varied, but as unintelligible to the children, still no reply. At last the teacher requested permission to ask the question, and did so in the following words:

"He wishes to know what made Jacob afraid of Esau?"

Immediately the whole class simultaneously replied:—

"Esau had four hundred men with him."

HONOR.—Perhaps there is not any word in the language less understood than Honor; and but few that might have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief.

Honor is both a motive and an end; as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and therefore necessarily includes it, as generosity includes justice; and as a reward, it can be deserved only by those actions which no other principle can produce. To say of another that he is a Man of Honor, is at once to attribute the principle and confer the reward. But in the common acceptance of the word, Honor, as a principle, does not include virtue; and therefore as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Such, indeed, is the blindness and vassalage of human reason, that men are discouraged from virtue by the fear of shame, and incited to vice by hope of honor.

A very stingy man lost his son, James. The minister came to comfort him, and remarked that such chastisements of Providence were blessings in disguise; and although in the death of his son, he had suffered a severe and irreparable loss, yet undoubtedly his own reflections had suggested some source of consolation. "Yes," said the weeping, but still provident father, "Jim was an awful eater."

A gentleman complained to old Baister that some malicious person had cut off his horse's tail, which, as he meant to sell him, would be great drawback. "Then," said Charles, "you must sell him wholesale." "Wholesale?" says the other, "how so?" "Because you can't retail him."

Why is a kiss like some sermons? Because there are two heads and one application.

The Last Moments of Nero.

When Nero learned that he had a master in Galba, he upset the table at which he was seated, feasting, dashed to pieces his two most favorite crystal glasses, called for a box of poison, which he was afraid to use, and then rushed into the Servilian garden, to think upon what he should do next. There, or within his sleeping room, he passed a most miserable night; and when, at daybreak, he found that his guards had not only deserted him, but had carried off the little gold box containing the poison, and even the very covering of his bed, he ran headlong down to the Tiber, where he stopped short on the bank, and slowly walked back again. It was then, barefooted and half dressed as he was, that he was encountered by the faithful Phaon, who flung a cloak over his shoulders, tied an old handkerchief about his head, hoisted the bewildered wretch on to a horse, and rode away towards a country house four miles off. In danger of discovery, the fugitive party abandoned their horses, scrambled through thickets, brakes, bye paths and brambles, and at length reached the neighborhood of the desired asylum. The tender feet of the Emperor were mangled and bloody, despite the care which had been shown by his friend to spread his cloak on the ground for the Emperor to tread upon. Phaon asked him to conceal himself for a while in a gravel-pit; but Nero declared that it looked too much like a grave, and he was determined not to be buried alive. He sat down under a wall, picked the burrs and brambles from his dress, drank from the hollow of his hand a few drops of water, and sighed over the thought of the draughts he used to imbibe of boiled water made cool again in snow. He was at length got into the house, where he turned away in disgust from the piece of brown bread which was offered him—his last banquet; drank again a little lukewarm water, flung himself on an old flock bed, and cursed his destiny.—

They who surrounded him counselled him to make an end quickly; and thereupon he had a grave made before him to his exact measure. He ordered sundry preparations to be made for his funeral, commanded water for the washing of his body, wood for the pile, expressed a hope that they who survived him would allow his head to remain on his body, and he then burst into an agony of tears at the thought, as he said of what a clever fellow the world was about to lose: "Qualis artifex pecco!" was his exclamation. It was not his only one. He cited lines from various Greek and Latin authors as applicable to his situation; and when reproached for dallying so long before he put himself to death, very appositely and naturally inquired if any one present was willing to show him the way by setting him the example. He then made a few more pedantic quotations, and finally, with trembling hands, put the dagger to his throat. He would have held it there long enough had it not been for Epaphroditus, who grasped his hands and forced it into his throat. The terror of the ex-monarch was fixed on his features after death. But even he had friends; five thousand crowns were expended on his funeral pile, on which his body was laid in a splendid silk coverlet. A couple of his old nurses collected his ashes and an Imperial concubine accompanied them in the pious task of solemnly depositing the remains in the tomb of the Domitii. For years after loving hands hung garlands on his tomb; and surely Nero could not have won this tribute of sympathy, spontaneously made, had he not had some touch of virtue in him, which saved him from ranking beneath humanity.

HOW PEOPLE TAKE COLD.—The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting-room. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quick after exercising. After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street corner for anybody or anything; nor at an open door or window. Among the severest colds known, were those resulting from sitting down to a meal in a cool room after a walk; or being engaged in writing and having let the fire go out, their first admonition of it was that creeping chillness, which is the ordinary forerunner of severe cold. Sleeping in rooms long unused, has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend; our splendid parlors, and our nice "spare rooms;" help to enrich many a doctor. Cold, sepulchral parlors bring diseases, not only to visitors, but to the visited.—But how to cure a cold promptly? that is a question of life and death to multitudes. There are two methods of universal application; first obtain a bottle of cough mixture or a lot of cough candy—any kind will do; in a day or two you will feel better, and in high spirits; you will be charmed with the promptness of the medicine; make a mule of yourself by giving a certificate of the valuable remedy; and, in due course of time, you may depend upon another certificate being made out for your admission into "the Cemetery." The other remedy is, consult a respectable physician.

FOR PARENTS AND GIRLS.—Since there is a season when the youthful mind ceases to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how to grow old gracefully, is perhaps one of the rarest and most beautiful arts that can be taught a woman. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its richest stores. Yet, forgetting this, do not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for the transient period of youth, when it is to mature life we ought to avert? Do we not educate them for a crowd, forgetting that they are to live at home; for the world, and not for themselves; for show, and not for use; for time, and not for eternity.

One night, when Sir Richard Steele pressed Dr. Garth to stay and drink with him, the doctor consented, "For," said he, "I have but fourteen patients that I ought to see to-night, and of these five are so bad that no physician can cure them, and nine have such constitutions that I don't believe that all the physicians in London could kill them."

How to Produce Sleep. I presume there are few persons who have not been occasionally sufferers from inability to sleep, crying "sleep, O gentle sleep!" with the King in the play, and envying the happy facility of the sailor boy to drop into forgetfulness on the rude surge of a tempestuous sea.

Sometimes this inability is the effect of disease; but more generally of mental pre-occupation and excitement, produced by the events of the day, or intense application to a particular study. The mind seems to be chained to one thought. We would banish it, but we cannot. We close our eyes, we open them, we look about, we look steadily at one point, we turn over, we turn back, we resolve we will not think of the matter any longer; but do what we may, the one thought retains place and hold, and still presses with the weight of lead upon, apparently, the same point of the brain.

How to procure sleep in these circumstances is a question which has occupied the attention of more than one physiologist, from Galen down to the author of "The Anatomy of Sleep," Edward Binns, M. D., who records the following recipe:

Let him turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then slightly closing the lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded too much, but a very full inspiration must be taken. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged.—He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, the senses, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility, the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and, as we before remarked, he no longer wakes but sleeps.

Having never tested this method, I am unable to say whether it is effectual or not; but the author himself, while he adduced the names of many who have procured sleep by employing it, candidly admits that others have derived no benefit from its use.

The common method recommended to procure sleep, is to engage in long, complicated and abstract arithmetical calculations. This I have tried; but I cannot say with much success. Work as I might with the figures, I neither could divert my mind from the engrossing subject of thought, or I merely succeeded in substituting one engrossing for another, and hence felt no more tendency to sleep than before.

Many recommend rising and sponging with cold water. I have often derived great benefit from this; as also from throwing the clothes off in winter and lying exposed until I became very cold. But I have always found a repetition, and certainly an iteration, of this process less beneficial than the first trial.

The only effectual remedy for wakefulness which I have hitherto employed, is a happy inspiration or intention of my own. With me it has never failed; and I make it known for the benefit of those who, like myself, have suffered grievously from want of sleep "o'night."

The great point to be gained, in order to secure sleep, is escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which, in most cases of wakefulness, had possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process: I turn my eye-balls as far to the right or left, or upward, or downward, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing this until I fall asleep; which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five minutes, at most.

The immediate effect of this procedure, differs from that of any other of which I ever heard, to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a mere channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving round, my mind was a blank.

If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself; I wish he would; let him pause just here, and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith in the manner described, the promise of "a penny for his thoughts," or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth.

Such being its effects, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields.

H. V.

How to Produce Sleep.

I presume there are few persons who have not been occasionally sufferers from inability to sleep, crying "sleep, O gentle sleep!" with the King in the play, and envying the happy facility of the sailor boy to drop into forgetfulness on the rude surge of a tempestuous sea.

Sometimes this inability is the effect of disease; but more generally of mental pre-occupation and excitement, produced by the events of the day, or intense application to a particular study. The mind seems to be chained to one thought. We would banish it, but we cannot. We close our eyes, we open them, we look about, we look steadily at one point, we turn over, we turn back, we resolve we will not think of the matter any longer; but do what we may, the one thought retains place and hold, and still presses with the weight of lead upon, apparently, the same point of the brain.

How to procure sleep in these circumstances is a question which has occupied the attention of more than one physiologist, from Galen down to the author of "The Anatomy of Sleep," Edward Binns, M. D., who records the following recipe:

Let him turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then slightly closing the lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded too much, but a very full inspiration must be taken. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged.—He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, the senses, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility, the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and, as we before remarked, he no longer wakes but sleeps.

Having never tested this method, I am unable to say whether it is effectual or not; but the author himself, while he adduced the names of many who have procured sleep by employing it, candidly admits that others have derived no benefit from its use.

The common method recommended to procure sleep, is to engage in long, complicated and abstract arithmetical calculations. This I have tried; but I cannot say with much success. Work as I might with the figures, I neither could divert my mind from the engrossing subject of thought, or I merely succeeded in substituting one engrossing for another, and hence felt no more tendency to sleep than before.

Many recommend rising and sponging with cold water. I have often derived great benefit from this; as also from throwing the clothes off in winter and lying exposed until I became very cold. But I have always found a repetition, and certainly an iteration, of this process less beneficial than the first trial.

The only effectual remedy for wakefulness which I have hitherto employed, is a happy inspiration or intention of my own. With me it has never failed; and I make it known for the benefit of those who, like myself, have suffered grievously from want of sleep "o'night."

The great point to be gained, in order to secure sleep, is escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which, in most cases of wakefulness, had possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process: I turn my eye-balls as far to the right or left, or upward, or downward, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing this until I fall asleep; which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five minutes, at most.

The immediate effect of this procedure, differs from that of any other of which I ever heard, to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a mere channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving round, my mind was a blank.

If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself; I wish he would; let him pause just here, and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith in the manner described, the promise of "a penny for his thoughts," or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth.

Such being its effects, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields.

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HOW PEOPLE TAKE COLD.—The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting-room. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quick after exercising. After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street corner for anybody or anything; nor at an open door or window. Among the severest colds known, were those resulting from sitting down to a meal in a cool room after a walk; or being engaged in writing and having let the fire go out, their first admonition of it was that creeping chillness, which is the ordinary forerunner of severe cold. Sleeping in rooms long unused, has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend; our splendid parlors, and our nice "spare rooms;" help to enrich many a doctor. Cold, sepulchral parlors bring diseases, not only to visitors, but to the visited.—But how to cure a cold promptly? that is a question of life and death to multitudes. There are two methods of universal application; first obtain a bottle of cough mixture or a lot of cough candy—any kind will do; in a day or two you will feel better, and in high spirits; you will be charmed with the promptness of the medicine; make a mule of yourself by giving a certificate of the valuable remedy; and, in due course of time, you may depend upon another certificate being made out for your admission into "the Cemetery." The other remedy is, consult a respectable physician.

FOR PARENTS AND GIRLS.—Since there is a season when the youthful mind ceases to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration; to learn how to grow old gracefully, is perhaps one of the rarest and most beautiful arts that can be taught a woman. It is for this sober season of life that education should lay up its richest stores. Yet, forgetting this, do not seem to educate our daughters exclusively for