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## Published by Theodore Schoeb.

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## Education of the Mormons.

On the 15th ult., Judge Cradlebaugh, late one of the U. S. Judges in Utah, made a speech at Circleville, Ohio, on the subject of Mormonism. We make a single extract:

The little education the children get, consists in preparing them for the reception of polygamy. So at variance, is that practice with all the instincts of humanity, that it has to be pressed upon the people with great assiduity as a part of their religious duty. To prepare the women for the reception of the revolting practice, it is necessary to brutalize them by destroying their modesty. The sentiment of love is ridiculed, cavalier gallantry and attentions are laughed at, the emblematic devices of lovers and the winning kindness that with us they do on, are taught, and that is inculcated above all others, is "increase and multiply," in order that Zion may be filled. The young people are familiarized to indecent exposures of all kind; the Mormons call their wives their cattle; they choose their pretty much as they choose their cattle; and that great pink of delicacy, Haber C. Kimball, the next in prominence, as also the next in sin to Young, calls his women his cows.

A man is not considered a good Mormon who does not uphold polygamy by precept and example, and he is a suspected Mormon that does not practice it. The higher a man is in the church the more wives he has. Brigham Young and Heber Kimball are supposed to have each between fifty and a hundred. The reverend Mormon bishops, apostles and the presidents of stakes have as many as they desire, and it is a common thing to see these horny headed old Turks surrounded by a troop of robust young wives. The common people take as many as they can support, and it is not uncommon to see a house with but two rooms, inhabited by a man, his half dozen wives, and a proportionate number of children, like rabbits in a warren, and resembling very much the happy family that we read of in the parable of the fig tree and the fig tree.

Insects is common. Sometimes the same man has a daughter and her mother for wives at once; some have as wives their own nieces, and Aaron Johnson, of Springville, one of the most influential men in his parish, has in his harem, of twelve women, no less than five of his brother's daughters. One Watts, a Scotchman, who is one of the church reporters, is married to his own half sister. On her arrival in the country he applied for permission to marry her, but Brigham at first refused and settled the matter by taking her into his own harem; but in a few weeks he relented, the seal was broken, and he gave her to Watts.

To suppose that polygamy conduces to happiness is to suppose a total subversion of woman's nature. In the matter of affection woman is a complete monopolist; she must have all the heart or none. But in Utah she has to be content with a small fraction of that smallest of all hearts, a Mormon heart, little attention, and no devotion. The little home, which ought to be her throne and empire, is lost to her. They are jealously watched, and dreadfully abused if they are seen to show, by even so much as a glance, that they are unhappy. But the long and anxious consciousness of the "mothers in Israel" proclaim too plainly their entire misery. The ill assorted children—the offspring of one father and mothers—run about like so many wild animals. The first thing they do, after learning vulgarity, is to wear a leather belt with a butcher-knife stuck in it; and the next is to steal from the Gentiles; then to ride animals; and as soon as they can, "by hook or by crook," get a horse, a pair of jingling Mexican spurs and a revolver, they are then Mormon cavaliers and fit to steal, rob and murder emigrants. The women and girls are coarse, uneducated and unadorned, and are mostly drafted from the lowest stages of society. It is but seldom you meet handsome or attractive women among them.

The foreign element largely predominates in Utah. The persons emigrating to the Territory are generally from the mining, manufacturing and rural districts of England. The American portion of the Mormons are generally slender than the rest, and are chiefly from the New England States. Most of these men are no doubt fugitives from justice, and most of them are bankrupt in both fortune and character.

A true philanthropist and a well trained horse always pause at the sound of "wo."

A man, being commiserated with on account of his wife running away, said: "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

## From the Star and Chronicle.

### Weights of Grains, per Bushel.

Some time ago our newspapers contained statements purporting to give us the legal standard weights of our different grains &c., per bushel. And as these statements were more or less erroneous so far as our own State is concerned, allow me, after a careful examination of our statute laws, to give you the correct Pennsylvania standards. They are as follows: (I put them in words as well as in figures, so that no mistake may occur in setting up the type, or afterwards in the reader's mind.)

Wheat—sixty pounds per bushel 60 lbs  
Rye—fifty-six pounds do 56  
Corn, shelled—fifty-six pounds do 56  
Buckwheat—forty-eight pounds do 48  
Barley—forty-seven pounds do 47  
Oats—thirty pounds do 30  
Coarse Salt, Foreign—eighty-five do 85  
Ground Salt, Foreign—seventy do 70  
Fine Salt, Foreign—sixty-two do 62  
Clover Seed—sixty-two pounds do 62

But the laws fixing these standard bushel weights of said articles contain provisions that no person or persons shall be prevented from buying or selling said articles by measure, that is, by the bushel merely, without regard to their actual legal weight per bushel. So let your readers, who desire to have this knowledge ready at hand for future reference, cut this out of your paper and save it. And these, let me observe here, and the only farm-products whose standard weight per bushel is fixed by law in Pennsylvania—for our bushel weights of other things are regulated entirely by the custom of our people in buying and selling. And general custom, in such matters, has the same obligatory effect on buyers and sellers that a positive statute law would have. But as there is sometimes a doubt as to what the weight of a particular article offered for sale should be per bushel, it would be better if we had a law fixing the precise bushel or ton weight of all our other marketable farm-products.

### NUTRITIOUSNESS OF FOOD

The following tables will also show your readers what are the real and relative powers of nutritiousness of our several Vegetable, Animal and Fruit foods, therein named—which you will please publish for the benefit of your readers. For it is the evident interest not only of the consumer, but also of the producer of bread-stuff and of other eatables, clearly to know what are our cheapest and most nutritious foods, especially in such hard times as we have had of late years and even now have.

### VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.

100 lbs. Wheat Flour contain 90 lbs to 10 lbs	Nutritious Matter	Water
do Corn Meal	do 91	do 9
do Rice	do 86	do 14
do Barley Meal	do 88	do 12
do Rye Flour	do 79	do 21
do Oat Meal	do 74	do 26
do Potatoes	do 22½	do 77½
do White Beans	do 95	do 5
do Carrots	do 10	do 90
do Turnips	do 4½	do 95½
do Cabbage	do 7½	do 92½
do Beets	do 15	do 85

### ANIMAL FOOD.

100 lbs fresh Beef contain 26 lbs.	to 74 lbs	
do Veal	do 25	do 75
do Mutton	do 29	do 71
do Pork	do 24	do 76
do Fowls	do 26to30	do 70to74
do Fish	do 18to20	do 80to82
do Milk	do 7½	do 92½
do white of Egg	do 14	do 86

### FRUITS

100 lbs. Strawberries contain 10 lbs.	to 90 lbs	
do Pears	do 16	do 84
do Apples	do 17	do 83
do Cherries	do 25	do 75
do Plums	do 29	do 71
do Apricots	do 26	do 74
do Peaches	do 20	do 80
do Grapes	do 27	do 73
do Melons	do 3	do 97
do Cucumbers	do 2½	do 97½

The above Vegetable, Animal and Fruit foods were analyzed in their fresh and natural state, after their husks, scales, and shells were first removed.

I do not know who is the author of these tables, but should like to know if you or any one of your readers can inform me. For I can not find these tables in any of our standard Agricultural books. It runs in my mind that they were first published in the *Baltimore Patriot*. And perhaps its editor (if you send him a copy of your paper containing this, marked around with ink) can and will enlighten us as to its origin or author. Indeed, I consider it a valuable table for reference, and recommend it as such.

What has become of the Union County Agricultural Society? Is it dead, or what is the reason that none of its members fill up a weekly Agricultural department in your interesting paper? I would gladly send you an occasional article on rural affairs, if I saw your own Agriculturalist more active and more appreciative of such information, or your paper had a column or two headed "Agricultural Department." Politics, I know, must be attended to, and is very good, in its place; but there is such a thing as having too much of it, and that is just the trouble of our country now.

W., Northumberland Co.

Sombody who had just been reading Gen. Wool's letter, sent the following to the Boston Atlas:

Such soldier talk assures the land  
It isn't wholly burst;  
Our Wool against their cotton, and  
Secession schemes are worsted.

## Wholesale Thieving.

A Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*, in a recent letter, overhauls the Indian Policy of our government, and shows very conclusively that the Bureau in the Interior Department, to which this subject is specially committed, is one festering mass of fraud and corruption. He says:

The United States Government has expended on the Indians of this country about \$200,000,000 during the last thirty years. The business of the Indian Bureau is greater than many of the governments of Europe. It requires high executive talent to manage it with any degree of success. Its affairs are intricate and multifarious. There are perhaps a hundred treaties with the various Indian tribes covering nearly one half the territory of this Government, extending from Canada on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from Missouri on the east to the Pacific on the west.

This Bureau now disburses from five and a half millions of dollars up to six and a half millions annually for the benefit of the various Indian tribes.—Congress supposes, the President supposes, and the people suppose, that this money goes to benefit, instruct, and civilize the Indians; and what is their surprise and disappointment to learn from emigrants who now come in contact with them that they are a wild, sullen, indolent, drunken, worthless set of beings, whom every emigrant considers it a virtue to kill, and every speculator a legitimate object of plunder. Is this result a necessity of the Indian nature which no treatment could have obviated, or is it brought about by causes acting legitimately on them through our Government?

I hold to the latter. For several years past I have come in contact with many of the Western tribes, and incidentally been knowing to the conduct of the Government agents. The Indians hold these agents and the Government supposed to be represented by them, in the most supreme contempt; not for their want of power, but for their lying, cheating, deceit, and general faithlessness.

A large proportion of this immense fund is of but little service to the Indians, for the reason that under the present system of paying annuities and providing for treaty stipulations, the dishonest agents, and Government officers, claimants and claim agents generally, pocket the money, instead of paying it over to the Indians, or using for their benefit. Thousands of men have become rich, and thousands more expect to, by these frauds. I will relate a few which have come within my knowledge.

The writer then goes on to narrate how G. W. Ewing succeeded in obtaining \$39,000—Richard Thompson \$60,000—Ewing & Thompson \$35,000—and H. M. Rice, \$24,000, for pretended services in disbursing moneys to the Indians. Most of these claims were allowed through the corrupt complicity of Charles E. Mix, the chief clerk of the Department. On the 10th inst., news reached Washington from Nebraska Territory that the agent there, one W. D. Denton, formerly a clerk under Mix, had run away with all the Indian fund, said to be from \$25,000 to \$30,000, leaving the Indians entirely destitute. He then adds—

Another source of fraud, and one of the worst features of the case, is the contracts for furnishing goods to the Indians. The dry goods purchased annually amount to from \$250,000 to \$300,000. One firm in New York has had this contract for thirty years or more, and such are the evils connected with the letting of these contracts that no merchant pretends to bid against them. Mr. Mix acts for them and always has managed with but two exceptions, to give this firm the contract.

The old firm, Cronin, Hurxthal & Sears formerly Grant & Co., have made immense fortunes out of those contracts.—All Indian Traders, Agents, &c., lay up large fortunes—some of them said to amount to millions.

Mr. Mix owns an elegant city residence, paid for; a farm in Virginia well stocked with horses, cattle, and slaves; has elegant carriages and carriage servants; has a family of fourteen children, lives like a nabob, and all on a salary of \$2,000 per annum. Mix has been in the Department about thirty years, and entered poor from Connecticut. A short time ago he declared in hearing of the clerks, who wrote down the remark at the time and repeated it, that he would rather see this Government dissolved and the Union broken up than to be prevented from traveling in the Free States with his slaves. Swarms of these old agents, and claimants, and contractors, and traders are hovering around the Department, striving to keep up its old character, as one of the officials expressed it, of "a miserable, thieving concern from end to end."

A Congressional Investigating Committee to overhaul this department would disclose sufficient reasons for the present condition of the Indians. As this communication is already too long, I will not write more. But enough has been disclosed to show that it is in perfect harmony with every department of the late administration—faithless, selfish, bankrupt; and the only hope of the Indians is in a thorough reformation of this Bureau by the new President, and a steady purpose to settle and civilize them in self-sustaining agricultural communities—a limit being put to the acts of whomsoever the Administration may see fit to trust with

this most important branch of the Government.

## Whipping a New Yorker in Missouri.

Here is an extract from a letter written by H. W. Beach of Essex County, N. Y. He had done work in Missouri, and after a brief visit to Wisconsin, returned to Missouri to collect money due to him.—The letter tells the result. Singularly enough, the unreasonable young man seems to be opposed to compromise in the case:

Nebraska City, Feb. 13, 1861.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: When I got back from Wisconsin, some one had told them that I was a salaried "nigger thief"; so I was taken the very night I got back to where I had been at work in the woods by ten or twelve ruffians stripped bare, tied to a tree, a rope put around my neck and over a limb, and told that I had got to "own up" or be whipped to death. I tried to reason with them, but they were full of whisky, and of course it did no good. They cut a whip eight or ten feet long (eroted), and then set one man to pull up the rope, and another to apply the forked gad, with both hands until it is used up entirely, and then gave me a chance to own up again. I told them they could probably extort anything they wished by whipping long enough, but that as long as I had my senses I could tell them nothing different from what I had. They got another gad then, and used it up in the same way; put a fresh hand at it of course this time, whether to divide the honor or to multiply the pain I could not determine, probably the latter. Thanks to kind human nature, it refused to feel the most of the last "fifty," as they called it.—The three that did the whipping and choking were strangers. The others stood off at a distance, and as it was between 8 and 11 o'clock in the night, I could not recognize them. The leader has been justice of peace, and is now Postmaster at Fillmore, Missouri. They tried to frighten me with their revolvers, and one that had hold of the rope, after they had concluded to whip no more, stuck his revolver up to my head and with great gravity and sternness, said: "Now, G-d-d-n you, own up, or I will blow your d-d brains out! They caught hold of him and held his pistol. Then he swore he would break my neck, and then jerked up on the rope, but they at length outed me, not, however, until I had promised to leave and stay away, which is not hard to do. The charge of 'Abolitionist' was a base fabrication, got up by one or two that were owing me, to get rid of paying. Now I hope there may be a civil war—anything for an excuse for me to go into Missouri, to hunt some of those blood-hounds; but I will hold my temper.

The Essex County Republican says of this case:

"Now, in the name of God and outraged humanity, we ask, how long are free born citizens of this Republic to suffer such indignities? Are we men, or slaves, to submit quietly to any bellicious outrage which these Slavery ruffians may see fit to inflict on our sons and daughters? If our manhood is not entirely gone, then in Heaven's name let us demand redress for this and similar outrages, and also security and safety for our citizens in the Slave States, and failing to obtain both by fair and peaceable means, then let us demand and secure at the point of the bayonet, on the red field of battle, if needs be, the rights which God and nature have made inalienably ours."

We fear our Northern contemporary is guilty of agitating the Slavery question. Be cool; let us compromise.

## Is Consumption Contagious.

It is most probable that consumption is not of itself communicable, that it cannot beget consumption in one who has vigorous health and is perfectly free from all taint of the disease. But if any person who has not a vigorous constitution, whether inclined to consumption or not, lives, eats and sleeps with a consumptive, as a man and wife do, as a sister is apt to do with a consumptive sister, or a mother with consumptive children, such a person will very generally die of consumption themselves, not from its communicability *per se*, but from the foulness of the atmosphere about a consumptive, from warm rooms, d-e-caying lungs, large expectorations, sickening night sweats and bodily emanations; but the same amount of exposure to air made foul in other ways would light up the fires of consumption in one of feeble vitality or broken constitution.

It is necessary, therefore, that the nurse of the consumptive should possess the most vigorous health, and to make assurance from infection doubly sure, that the most scrupulous cleanliness possible should be observed and carried out in every minute, maintained with the most inveterate constancy through every hour of the twenty-four, not allowing any exertion, even a single expectation, to remain about the person, bed or room, for one instant. An incessant ventilation should be going on in the chamber, the best method for which, under most circumstances, is simply to keep a fire on the hearth and an inner door open; even in mid-summer, this is better for the patient as well as for the nurse, than a room kept closed all the time from an almost insane dread of taking cold.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

How to make people acknowledge the corp. Tread on their toes.

## Small Beef for Mince Pies.

Our train had scarcely stopped at Mitchell, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, ere in came half-a-dozen little urchins with their baskets on their arms, and crying in loud and discordant keys, "Warm mince pies!" "Apple pies—five cents apiece!" "Here, your your apples and chestnuts!" "Molasses candy, cream candy and butter scotch!" and so on to the end of a killing catalogue.

It was a cold day, just cold enough to make one appreciate warm things, consequently he of the "warm mince pies" drew by far, the largest share of custom. At this the other little merchants became highly incensed; so much so that one of them, in a spirit of rivalry, and with a view to checking the rapid sale, took the liberty of asserting that the "warm mince pies," aforementioned, were made out of rats.

"They're not rats," said the vender of the slandered article.

"But I say they is!" replied his tormentor.

"You lie—I say they're not rats!"

"I say they is rats, for our little dog helped you to catch 'em, and I seed ye a doin' bit!"

At this juncture a Hoosier, who had gone half a dime on one of the pies whose contents were now being discussed with regard to character, straightened up, and with a huge bite half way in his mouth, called out:

"Say, shaver, what did ye say these ere pies were made out'n?"

"Rats, rats!" broke in the unsuccessful merchant, overjoyed at the prospect of making a point.

"They're not rats, sir," said the embarrassed boy, with much emphasis.

"Knot rats, eh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, while a dark frown threw itself about his already dark brow; "Knot rats, are they? You're a putty cuss to be a sellin' rats to these ere enlightened passengers! Cut out o' here, or I'll kick ye inter kingdom cam, ye little ornery devil. Knot rats—(o-a-a-agh!) I've seen wood rats, and water rats, and house rats, though I never seed any knot rats, but I calculate as how they are no better (che-hic-ker-slu!) than the rest!"

And with that up went the sash, out went the pie, and on went the train.—*Hazel Green, in Porter's Spirit.*

## A Non-Partisan Paper on Secession.

For those journalists North who have no word of condemnation, but who appear to chuckle at the formation of a Southern Confederacy and who make the most prejudiced comparisons between its executive officers and those about to take charge of the government of the United States, we have the greatest contempt.—An article has recently come under our notice, copied approvingly into several papers, which shows that there are a number of base partisan editors at the North who prefer the South to the Union unless their party can be in power and they have a chance at the stealings. We care not to what party he may belong, the man who does not stand up for the Union and condemn all attempts at dividing it but rather rejoices that the will of the people, exercised in a constitutional manner, is attempted to be thwarted by a faction, is a vile traitor at heart and should be despised by all true men. If there is one cause which, more than any other, has led to our present troubles; it is *partisan bitterness*, and this bitterness leads a large number of writers still to continue their vindictive assaults, when nothing can be gained by them but much lost. The present moment is a time for mutual forbearance.

In the article above referred to the writer thus glorifies Jeff. Davis: "While Abraham Lincoln was in Congress criticizing the motives which led to the Mexican war, and endeavoring to define the spot where it was commenced, Col. Jefferson Davis was gallantly fighting his country's battle in the hottest fields of Mexico." The writer must remember that once the devil was an angel of light, and Jeff. Davis, though, like Arnold, once a hero and patriot, is now a traitor.—We believe in calling things by their right names, and we must therefore say, that Davis, in taking the oath as President of the Southern Confederacy, perjured himself, and the King Cotton "Nigger Chivalry" (we refer only to the secessionists) are welcome to all such. What a man has been and what he is are two different things.

This Southern secession business is a vile scheme on the part of disappointed office-seeking demagogues, and the people of the South are honestly, but blindly, following them. Let the leaders be shown up in their true colors, and the people will soon do right.—*Lambertville Beacon.*

John Penball, a school teacher, at Bruce Mines, Canada West, recently attempted liberties with some of his female pupils; the enraged citizens tied him on the back of an ox and marched him round as a nasty show, and told him to leave town.

One of our Domestic exchanges noticed the journey of Mr. Lincoln to Washington under the head of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Buchanan's departure for Lancaster on the 5th inst., might have been appropriately termed "The Rogue's March."

Love is a compound of honey and gall, mixed in various proportions for cus-tomers.

## Chinese Animal Life.

Chinese horses are not numerous, and are of a poor stunted breed, being very ill fed and kept. The Chinese are indebted to the Tartars for their supply of these animals—when wanted for warlike purposes. Ases and mules are common. The latter are generally of a good size to bear a higher price than horses, as being capable of more labor with less food. Of Pachydermatus animals, the domestic pig of China is well known in England, and has been freely introduced into our farms.

The larger and more ferocious descriptions of the carnivorous quadrupeds are not common in a country so well peopled and cultivated. Bears are said to be found in the wooded parts of Pekin. There is a fierce description of wildcat, which is caught and fattened in cages for the table. The domestic dog of China is uniformly one variety, about the size of a moderate spaniel, of a pale yellow, and occasionally a black color, and coarse bristly hair on the back: sharp upright ears, and peaked head, not unlike a fox's, with a tail curled over the ramp. The sheep are the large-tailed kind; and as the people never use milk, cows are rare and of a peculiarly small kind. Goats are everywhere. The buffalo used in plowing is also very small, with a skin of slate color, and very thinly covered with hair. Dromedaries are used as beasts of burden. Of rodent animals the common rat attains to an unusual size, and is eaten by the lowest orders of the natives.—Hares and rabbits are scarce. The ornithology of China is distinguished by some splendid varieties of gallinaceous birds, as the gold and silver pheasants. Partridges do not appear to be very plentiful. Domestic fowls abound; and sparrows, thrushes, larks, tits, finches, swallows, &c. are common. It is well stocked with wild-fowl of all kinds. From the nature of this part of the country there are immense flocks of wild geese, ducks, &c., constantly on the wing. Quails are numerous, and are trained to fight.—Ringdoves are common; and there is a peculiar crow of the country, marked with white about the neck. Both large and small birds of prey are to be seen everywhere. In consequence of the large population and traffic, venomous serpents, I believe, are scarcely met with. The lizard tribes abound, also scorpions, centipedes and monstrous spiders, which are said to kill small birds. The common fly is an awful pest. They beggar description, they darken a room or tent, and when you are eating they dispute every morsel with you and fly into your mouth, getting down your throat if they can. The eyes, ears, and nose are continually attacked by them. As to musketoes, I had enough of these gentry at Hong Kong; if they dwell here along with the flies, the country would be absolutely unbearable. Butterflies are of a gigantic size and very brilliant colors.—Almost every fish common to England is to be found here. But the golden eel and sturgeon are of the most distinguished kinds. The best edible sea-fish is rock-cod. Soles are very fine and plentiful. At the head of Chinese botany may be placed the tea-plant. It is extensively cultivated a few miles to the west of Pekin, but the great tea districts lie further south.—*Letter from a Medical Officer.*

Diphtheria an Old Visitor in New England.

The throat disease, now known as diphtheria, is said to be an old disease with a new name. The word is from a Greek word signifying skin, and should be spelled diphtheria, and not, as it usually is, diptheria. The disease visited this country as long ago as 1737, and ragged with great violence. We find, says the *Portland Transcript*, in Parson Smith's Journal, frequent notices of its ravages in this region. Under date of October 31, 1837, he says a fast was held on account of this throat distemper. It was an epidemic, and commencing at Kingston, N. H., spread through New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and was two years in reaching the Hudson river. In New Hampshire not less than one thousand persons fell victims to this malignant distemper, and in Boston four thousand persons had the disease, and one hundred and fourteen died. In May, 1737, Parson Smith mentions that seventy-five had died of it in this town. Under date of October 13, 1737, he says—"This is still bad at Scarborough. No one has lived that has had it of late." It was the most fatal scourge that ever visited New England, and rapidly hurried its subjects to the grave; the throat swelled, became covered with ash-colored specks, great debility and prostration ensued, with profuse sweating. Under the improved methods of treatment of the present day, it is less fatal.

## A Good Wish.

Sir Walter Scott once gave an Irishman a shilling, when a sixpence would have been sufficient. "Remember, Pat," said Sir Walter, "you owe me sixpence." "May your honor live till I pay you!" was the reply.

A gentleman was called upon to apologize for words uttered when in wine. "I beg pardon," said he; "I did not mean to say what I did; but I've had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."