

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1857.

VOL. 3.—NO. 26.

CHOICE POETRY.

For the "Raftsmen's Journal."
The following lines are not altogether original, but are in a great measure so. More than one half the lines are entirely new matter, and the others amended from a poem handed me by an aged man. This aged friend was interested in the verses he handed me, but they seemed defective in various ways, and greatly wanting. In attempting to amend them, I have produced almost a new poem.

A HYMN OF PRAISE TO GOD,

FOR HIS GOODNESS IN NATURE.

INSPIRED TO WM. TAGGART.

O earth! how beautiful thou art!
A thousand things to cheer the heart
Spontaneous from thy bosom start.
And draw our souls above;
By day or night, where'er we roam,
The thinking heart is never alone,
We hold communion with thy own
Mysterious works of love.

Our Father: thou alone hast given
All things in earth and air and heaven:
The gleaming sun, the stars of eve;
The cheerful light and shade;
The sweet wild flowers of early spring,
The countless birds that sweetly sing,
Each tree, each shrub, each living thing
Thy bounteous hand hath made.

The sparkling rill that springs to light,
From the wild rocky mountain's height;
Each stream, all beauties to the sight,
Each lake, and deep blue sea;
Each fish that in thy bosom swims,
Each bird that o'er their surface flies,
Each beast that laves its weary limbs,
All utter praise to thee.

The radiant sun, the source of light,
And the pale moon that rules the night,
And every star, with glory bright,
Around thy bliss abide.
And all the planets as they run,
In golden circles round the sun,
Proclaim thee God, the Holy One,
The merciful, the good.

The evening dew, the gentle rain,
The bleating flocks, the golden grain,
The treasures of the earth and main,
On us thou dost bestow;
Summer and winter, spring and fall,
Come, O, our Father! at thy call,
And we would at thy footstool fall,
And give thee worship due.

The star that shines in the day,
The opening flower of golden ray,
The bird that carols forth its lay,
All sing thy goodness, Lord;
And shall we men, who live and move,
Thy goodness and thy mercy know?
O! shall not man, who mercy seeks,
Sing to thy name, adored?

Great is thy name, and thou we bless
For all thy love and faithfulness,
And all thy goodness and thy grace,
In all thy works to see.
Sweet is the world, but sweeter still
That rest prepared on Zion's Hill,
To see thy face, and do thy will,
And live, and reign with thee.

Then let thy works our thoughts employ,
And fill thou every heart with joy,
Let not harsh discord ever destroy,
The sweet, symphonious song;
But let exulting praise arise,
And bursting song ascend the skies,
Until the gates of Paradise
Receive the joyful throng.

Harrisburg, Jan. 29th, 1857. J. J. H.

THE HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE CONFESSORIAL.

In the Magdalene Church at Girgenti, (a town of Sicily, in the Val di Mazzara, and the site of the ancient Agriguntum, the magnificent ruins of which are still to be seen,) preparations had been made for a grand festival. It was adorned as usual on such occasions, with red tapestry and flowers. The hour of noon had struck, the workmen had left the church, and there reigned around the deep, solemn stillness which, in Catholic places of worship, is so appropriate and so imposing.

Two gentlemen, who conversed in a low tone of voice, were pacing up and down the long aisle that runs along the northern side of the building, and seemed to be enjoying the shade and coolness of the church, as if it had been a public promenade. The elder was a man about thirty years of age, stout, broad shouldered, and strongly built, with a grave countenance, in which no trace of passion was visible, this was Don Antonio Carracciolo, Marquis d'Arena. The other, who seemed a mere youth, had a slender, graceful figure, an animated, handsome face, and dark eyes, soft almost as those of a woman, which wandered from side to side with approving glances, as if he had some peculiar interest in the interior of the sacred edifice. And such he certainly had, for he was the architect who had planned the church and superintended its erection. He was called Giulio Balzetti, and had only lately returned from Rome. Suddenly they stopped.

"I shall entrust you with a secret which I think will amuse you, Signor Marquis," said the younger man, in the easy, intimate tones in which one speaks to a friend at whose house one is a daily visitor—"a secret with which I believe, no one is acquainted but myself.—You see the effects of acoustics, which sometimes play up builders strange tricks when we least expect or wish them. Chance, a mere accident, has revealed to me that when one stands here—here upon this white marble slab—one can distinctly overhear every syllable even of the lowest whisper uttered far from this yonder, where you may observe the second last confessional; while, in a straight point between this and that, you would not be sensible of any sound were you even much nearer the place. If you will remain standing here I will go yonder to the confessional in question, and you will be astonished at this miracle of nature."

He went accordingly, but scarcely had he moved the distance of a couple of steps when

the Marquis distinctly heard a whisper, the subject of which seemed to make a strong impression upon him. He stood as rigid and marble-white as if suddenly turned to stone by some magician's hand; while the painful anxious attention with which he listened, and which was expressed in his otherwise stony features, gave evidence that he was hearing something of excessive importance. He did not move a muscle—he scarcely breathed—he was like one who is standing on the extreme verge of an abyss, into which he is afraid of falling, and his rolling eyes and beating heart alone gave signs of his violent agitation.

In a very few minutes the young architect came back smiling, and called out from a little distance, "I could not manage to make the experiment, for some one was in the confessional—from the glimpse I got, a lady closely veiled—but heavens! what is the matter with you?"

The only answer which the Marquis gave the Italian was to place his finger on his mouth, and he continued to stand motionless. After a minute or two he drew a deep sigh. The statue passed out of its speechless magic trance, and returned again to life.

"It is nothing, dear Giulio," said he in a friendly tone. "Do not think that I am superstitious, but I assure you that this mysterious and wonderful natural phenomenon has taken me so much by surprise that it has had a strange effect upon me. Come, let us go! I shall recover myself in the fresh air," he added, as he took Balzetti's arm, and led him to the promenade on the outside of the town. The two gentlemen walked up and down there for about an hour, when the Marquis bade the young man adieu, saying at the same time, "To-morrow, after the festival is over will you come out as usual to our villa?"

At a very early hour the next morning, the Marquis entered his wife's private suite of apartments. The waiting-maid, who just at that moment was coming into the ante-room by another door, started, and looked quite astounded.

"Did your lady ring?" asked the Marquis.

"No, your excellency," replied the woman, curtseying low and coloring violently.

"Then wait till you are called," said the Marquis, as he opened the door of the dressing room which separated the sleeping-room from the ante-chamber.

As he crossed the threshold he was met by his lovely young wife, attired in a morning gown so light and flowing that it looked as if it must have been the one in which she had arisen from her couch. The Marquis stopped and stood still, as if struck with his wife's extreme beauty. He did not appear to observe the uneasiness, the inward tempest of feelings that, chasing all the blood from her cheeks had sent it to her heart, and caused its beating to be too plainly visible under the robe of slight fabric which was thrown around her.

"You are up early this morning, Antonio!" said the young Marchioness, in a scarcely audible tone of voice, with a deepening blush and a forced smile. "What do you want here?"

"Could you be surprised, my Lauretta! light of my eyes?" said the Marquis in the blaudest and most insinuating of accents—"could you be surprised if I came both early and late? And yet, dearest, this morning my visit is not to you alone. You know to-day is the Feast of the Holy Magdalene, and a great festival in the Church. I have taken it into my head to usher in this day by paying my tribute of admiration to the glorious Magdalene of Titian, which you had placed in your own sleeping apartment. Will you permit me?" he asked, very politely, as with slow steps, but in a very determined manner, he walked toward the door.

"Everything is really in such sad disorder there," said his young wife, with a rapid glance at the half open door; "but . . . go since you will. I shall begin making my toilet here in the meantime."

And he went in.

"How charming!" he cried in a peculiar tone of voice—"how charming is not all this disorder! This graceful robe thrown carelessly down—these fairy slippers! There is something that awakens the fancy—something delicious in the very air of this room! All this is absolutely poetry."

His searching look fastened itself upon the snow white couch, the silken coverlet of which was drawn up and spread out, but could not entirely conceal the outline of a human figure, lying as flat as possible, evidently in the endeavor to escape observation.

"I will sit down awhile," said the Marquis, in the cheerful voice of a person who has no unpleasant thought in his mind, "and contemplate this master work."

As he said this he took up a pillow, its white covering trimmed with wide lace, and laid it on the spot where he thought the face of the concealed person must be, and placed himself upon it with all the weight of his somewhat bulky figure, whilst he placed his right hand upon the chest of the reclining form, and pressed on it with all his force.

Without heeding the involuntary, frightful, and convulsive heaving—the death throes of his wretched victim, the Marquis exclaimed, in a calm, firm voice:

"How beautifully that picture is finished! How noble and chaste does not the lovely painter look, all sinner as she was, with her rich golden locks waving over that neck, and those shoulders whiter than alabaster, while these grateful hands are clasped, and these contrite tearful eyes seem gazing up yonder, whence alone mercy and pardon can be obtained! One could almost become a poet in gazing on so splendid a work of art. But ah! I never had the happy talent of an improvisatore. In place, therefore, of poetizing, I will tell you something that happened yesterday. Our little friend Giulio Balzetti took me round the Magdalene Church, and whilst we were wandering about, pointed out a spot to me, and bade me stand quite still there, telling me that there might be overheard what was said at another spot at some distance in the church. And he was right. At that other spot stood the confessional No. 6. I hardly placed myself on the marble flag indicated to me than I heard a charming voice—God knows who it was speaking—but she was confessing the sorrows of her heart and her little sins to the holy father. She had a husband, she said, whom she loved—yes, she loved him, and he loved her, and left her much at liberty; in short, she gave the husband credit for all sorts of good qualities, but, unfortunately, she had fallen in love with another man! She did not mention his name. I should like to have heard it. He must be one of our handsome young cavaliers about the town. And this other loved her too—she could not help it poor thing—and so she found room for him in her heart as well as for her husband. The other one was so handsome, so pleasing, so fascinating! . . . Well . . . if her husband did not know what was going on he could not be vexed, and it would do him no harm. So she had promised to admit the lover early this morning. Do you hear? This is what the French dames call 'passer ses caprices.' At last she begged the good priest to give her an absolution before-hand. And he did so: he gave her the absolution! What do you think of this, my love?"

said the Marquis, as he rose from the couch where all was now still as death. "Well," he continued in a jocular tone, "our worthy priests are almost too complaisant and indulgent—at least most of them. Our old Father Gregorio, however, would have taken you to task for a different fashion, if you . . . He broke off abruptly, while he quietly laid the pillow in its own place and deliberately turned down the embroidered coverlet. It was the architect Giulio Balzetti whom the Marquis beheld: he had ceased to breathe.

"Have you been to confession lately, my Laura?" asked the Marquis.

There was no answer.

"Is it long since you have been to confession?" he asked, in a louder and sterner voice.

"No," replied the young woman in the lowest possible tone.

"Appropos," said the Marquis, as he covered the truthfully distorted and blue face of the corpse with the coverlet, "shall we go to the grand festival at the church to-day. The procession begins at exactly twelve. I shall order the carriage—we really must not miss it."

He returned to the dressing room. The Marchioness was sitting in a large cushioned lounging chair, the dark tresses of her hair hanging negligently down, her lips and cheeks as pale as death, and her hands resting listlessly on her lap.

"What is the matter, my dear child?" asked the Marquis, inwardly triumphing at her distress, but with fair and friendly word upon his lips. "You have risen too early, my little Laura; and you also fatigued yourself in trying to dress without assistance. Where is Pipetta? I shall ring for her now." He pulled the bell rope—approaching his wife—slightly kissed her brow—and then left her apartments.

At mid day, when all the bells of the churches were pealing, the Marquis' splendid state carriage, with four horses adorned with gilded trappings, stood before the gate of his palace, and a crowd of richly dressed pages, footmen and grooms, were in waiting there. Presently the Marquis appeared in his brilliant court costume, with glittering stars on his breast, his hat in one hand, whilst with the other he led his young and beautiful, but deadly pale wife. With the utmost attention he handed her down the marble steps, and while her countenance looked as cold and stony as that of a statue, his eyes flashed with a fire unusual to him. The servants hurried forwards, the carriage door was opened, the noble pair entered it, and it drove off towards the town. In the crowded streets the foot passengers turned round to gaze at it, and exclaimed to each other, "There go a happy couple!"

The architect had disappeared. No one suspected that on the day of the grand festival he lay dead—a blue and terrible looking corpse—amidst boots and shoes, at the bottom of a noble young dame's wardrobe; or that, the following night, without shroud or coffin, his body was secretly transported by the lady's faithful servants to a neighboring mountain, and there thrown into a deep cave. But the lady paid a large sum to the convent of the Magdalenes for the sake of his soul's repose.

The monk Gregorio—the accommodating and favorite confessor of the fashionable world—was also soon after missing. But he was not dead—he lingered for some years in a subterranean prison belonging to a monastery of the strictest orders; a punishment to which he had been condemned through the influence of the Marquis d'Arena.

That the confessional No. 6 was removed, will be easily believed.

The Marquis never alluded to these events before his wife. When they appeared in public together, as also in society at his own home, he treated her with respect, often with attention. But he never again spoke to her in private, nor did he ever enter those apartments which had once been the scene of so dreadful a tragedy.

THE WAY TO READING.

"Hello, friend, can you tell me the way to Reading?" inquired a downy eastern of a Pennsylvania Dutchman the other day, whom he found hard at work beside the road a few miles from Reading.

"O, yaw, I could tell you so better as any body. You must first turn de barn round, de ditch over, and de brook up stream, den de first house you bees kum to ish my proder Hans' big barn: dat ish de biggest house dere ish on dis road; it ish eighteen feet von way, and eighteen feet back agin. My proder Hans thought to thatch it mit shingles, but he sold dem, and den he shingled it mit straw and clapboard it mit rails; after you go by my proder Hans' big barn, de next house you ish kum to ish a hay shick of corn-stalks, blit of straw, but you must not stop dere too. Den you goes along till you kum to tree roads, you take any of dem tree roads and den you git lost right away. Den you must git over de fence into a great big pig pen mitout any fence around it. Den you take de road upon your right shoulder, and go down ash far ash de ditch, den you turn right back agin. Ven you ish kum in back, you kum by a house dat stands right along side of a little yaller dog. He runs out and says pow-wow-wow, so he daz, and blits a little bit out of your leg, den he runs and shumps into an empty pig pen dat hash four sheep in it. Den you look vay up de hill down in de swamp dere, and you sees a blue white house painted red, mit two front doors on de back side; vell, dere ish vere my proder Hans' lives, and he would tell you so better as I could. I don't know."

"Wall, I sallow, by hokee, mister, you're about as mellerent as aunt Jeannine; but I reckon as how you don't know her though, she's dumb. But I say you, why don't you den out them pesky weeds, hey! say?" inquired the Yankee.

"O, dear me, I hash had very bad luck.—Von or two days next week, mine proder Hans' pumpkins broke into mine pig patch, and ven I drove dem home, every tam teel pumpkin in de field ketch up von beetle piece of pig in its mouth, and den dey run through de Divil as if der brush-fence was after dem, and a post stumbled over me, and I'm almost kilt, I am."

"Yankee.—'Whew! you don't say so?'"

"Den I thinks as how I must take me a vife, so I goes to Reading, and tells Katy if she would take me for worse as better, and she ask me yaw. So I takes her home, and eat seven quarts of sour kroat, and went to bed well enough, but de morning she shump up tead! She was a very heavy loss; she weigh more as three hundred and seventy pounds. Den my little boy takes sick, and go tied. O! I'd rader give up tree shillings as to have that hunk, he was so fat as butter. Den my hens kum home mit dere ears split, and de dogs all kum home mit dere deers missin'."

"Yankee.—'Wall, I pity your loss, but I think you give a 'hard' kind of description o' th' way to Reading.'"

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

MR. BUCHANAN.—Mr. Buchanan has now been in Washington a little more than a week, and is, of course, the man of the time. His movements have been watched by the politicians and correspondents with the utmost interest. They are, however, not equal to the occasion. Mr. Buchanan has not been a politician all his life for nothing. He is not a whole Bourbon, for a Bourbon never learns nor forgets anything. Mr. Buchanan never forgets, but he keeps posted in the movements and twistings of the politicians from day to day.

VIRGINIA CLAIMS.—A correspondent says that Governor Wise, of Virginia, has been on hand, and shoals of Virginia politicians are about the capital. Editors, to seek an interest in the new organ; ex-members of Congress and editors in pursuit of foreign missions—to France, Naples, St. Petersburg, or Timbucto. All sorts of stories are told of Wise; that he protests against Hunter; assaults Walker, Cobb, Bright, Slidell and Forney—vows eternal war if either is taken into the Cabinet. There is a good deal of bosh in all this.

FORNEY'S CHANCES.—There is a good deal said of Forney's chances. He is spoken of for Postmaster General. There is too much opposition to him. It is not believed he will get the place. The opposition comes from the South. Forney, however, will be taken care of.

It is related by the celebrated historian Herodotus that Histaeus, the Milesian, being detained a prisoner by Darius, and all correspondence being interdicted, he shaved a man's head, wrote a dispatch upon it, and kept the man out of sight till his hair was grown. The living letter was then sent, and the person to whom it was addressed, upon shaving the messenger's head, found the news there inscribed.

"Say, boy, why don't your mother mend your pants?" "Cause she's too busy making clothes for the heathen."

RASCALITY ABOUNDING.

The Gospel is preached to the people regularly, all over our country—religious papers and magazines are circulated in families, and many valuable persons set good examples before the world—but notwithstanding all this, and more, observation teaches us, that rascality abounds in all classes of society. Petty thefts are daily committed—such as robbing money drawers, stealing clothes, and dry goods, chickens, ducks, corn, and other eatables. Strolling vagabonds, dealing in counterfeit money, and diseased horses, are all over the country. Gamblers, travelling and local, and resident rogues, are all on the alert. Pious villains, with faces as sanctified as the moral law, are keeping false accounts and swearing to them, for the sake of gain. Whiskey shops are selling by the small, in violation of the law. Drug Stores are training up drunkards in high life, and affording facilities for Sabbath drinking, which can be had no where else. The rich are oppressing the poor, and the poor are content to live in rags and idleness. Country dealers in produce, come to town and exact two prices for all they have to sell, and the owners of real estate in towns are asking double rents, to the injury of business, and the growth of towns. Banks and Corporations, intended for the public good, have their favorites, and are partial in the distribution of favors. Families persecute and envy each other. Individuals slander their betters. Persons of low origin put on airs, and falsely pretend to be more than they are. Cheating and misrepresentation, are the order of the day, generally. In politics, there is very little patriotism or love of country, while demagogues seek to mislead, and build up their own fortunes at the hazard of ruining the country. In religion, there is more hypocrisy than grace, and the biggest scoundrels living crowd into the Church, with a view to cloak their rascally designs, and more effectually to serve the Devil!

In a word, rascality abounds, among all classes, and in all countries. The Devil is stalking abroad in open day-light, without the precaution to dress himself! And if the present generation of men, could see themselves in the Gospel Glass, they are as black as Hell!—Parson Brownlow.

THE GIRL IN RED; OR THE SERENADE THAT MISSED FIRE.—Cassius M. Clay tells the following:—During the late political canvass, Burlingame and himself occupied adjoining rooms at the Bates House, Indianapolis. "At a late hour, one evening," says he, "I was in B's room and both of us were somewhat elated with the popular enthusiasm. We were, as soldiers are wont to do, fighting our battles over again, when a fine band, right opposite my room, poured o'er the sea of night floods of soul-stirring music. 'Clay, you are honored,' says B, 'go and acknowledge the compliment.' With due diffidence I excused myself, when, as I had anticipated, the band broke forth anew in strains of heroic melody in front of the room occupied by B. 'I have you now,' said I, 'now give 'em a sentiment.' 'No; you,' said B. 'Well,' said I, 'both together,' so locking arms, with an air of intense dignity, we walked out upon the balcony, and in a faltering voice, I commenced: 'Indiana, Massachusetts and Kentucky—triple sisters—may they ever be true to the family union!' The leader of the band, after a pause, with a thick tongue, inquired, 'Who are you?' 'Clay and Burlingame,' said I. 'The h—ll you are!' said he in reply; and then, in an undertone addressed to his followers, concluded: 'Boy's, it's not the Girl in Red!'

EFFECT OF PUMPKIN SEED ON CATTLE.—A correspondent—J. B. Freeman—of the New England Farmer describes the evil effects of pumpkin seed, in rendering milk cows dry.—He says he had been led to believe that they were good for feeding milk cows, and commenced to feed them out to a cow at the rate of half a bushel per day. "At that time," he says, "she was giving about eight quarts of milk per day, but instead of this increasing the quantity, it diminished it. I increased the feed to a bushel per day; still there was a decrease in the quantity of milk until the pumpkins froze up, when she did not give but four quarts per day. The cow did not fatten, and the reason for the decrease in the quantity of milk, I could in no way account for. I then took out all the seeds, when, lo, the change! instead of five quarts of milk per day, I got nearly nine in a short time."

THE ORIGIN OF WHEAT.—The origin of wheat which we now cultivate, is involved in considerable obscurity. Nowhere is it found to exist native. In a paper in the Edinburgh Review, the author of it takes the ground that all our common cereals have been developed, by cultivation, from grains having, in their natural state, scarcely any resemblance to those now cultivated, and he asserts that the particular plant from which wheat has originated, is a grass growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, and known to botanists by the name of *agrops*. If this is true, it will afford some clue to solve the question, "does wheat ever become cheat?"

Trees are migratory in their habits, for wherever they may winter, they are sure to leave in the spring—most of them very polite and full of bows.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

A LESSON.—The success of our friends in the election of General Cameron, says the Lebanon Courier, should be a lesson to them from which to draw wisdom for future action. The preliminaries for the Senatorial election were most excellently managed; and why were they so? Simply because there was entire unity and concert among our friends. There was a desire, honest and sincere, for co-operation, and a determination to succeed, if possible. With this desire and this determination, they merited success; and they achieved it! Let the lesson taught by this success not be lost upon us for the future. We can win future battles by just such policy as characterized the Senatorial election; that is, by united and brotherly effort. We trust that the day of the disorganizers' ascendancy among us has passed—that we have learned from sad experience that to follow the lead of factionists but tends to defeat.

An election for Governor is approaching, and it deserves our attention. We can carry the State next fall, if we are true to ourselves, to our principles and to our party. In the future we want no more trading with intriguers, no more attempts to conciliate the leaders of factions. Let broad, liberal, national principles be laid down, let us stand boldly upon them, and at once declare that he who is not for us is against us. Pennsylvania is ready for this. Our people are sick of the swaggering of "leaders" who can't control a corporal's guard, but who are eternally up for sale. We know very well that there are still a few men in the State who will try to keep up a faction so that they can sell out to the highest bidder. We want to see such receive no consideration from the party with which we act. If we can't succeed without them, we can't with them. If they are permitted to stand in the relation to us of "a wing of the party," they will do infinitely more harm than good. If they are not willing to be embodied in our organization, let them be told frankly and plainly to seek other markets for their wares. Such men can carry no material strength with them. Their importance is only magnified by deference. Their selfishness and want of principle entitle them to no consideration; and they should receive none. This class of men sacrificed Pennsylvania, at the last election, and lost us the Presidency. Let us be careful not to have their treachery repeated on us.

But it is cheering and a good augury to witness the unity of our members of the Legislature. They stand shoulder to shoulder like veterans, whose hearts are in their cause. There has been none of that littleness of ambition displayed by them which would sacrifice everything for the leadership for personal advancement. We hope to see that spirit continued. No man should be allowed to stand in the way of the party's success. The motto, "principles before men," is an excellent one, and one that we should cultivate. Its ascendancy in this State will establish the ascendancy of our party.

THE COMMITTEE AND CONVENTION NUISANCE.—The Reading Journal, after alluding to the calls for State Conventions of the various elements opposed to Locofocoism, and presuming that "side door" Sanderson, who it thinks is a dead cock in the pit, would be the next customer to revive the row, says:—"Now, as the fools are not all dead yet, and any disorganizer can call a Convention, to which other disorganizers may possibly respond, we do hope that all sensible men, who have our success at heart, will set their faces against any and every effort to get up a meeting, or Convention, or Council, in which the whole body of the anti-Locofoco forces is not represented. We must act as a unit, or there is no use to act at all. The miserable humbug of a division of forces for the benefit of small potato politicians, has been kept up quite long enough. More than this, it is time for the Opposition newspaper press, who have fought the good fight against Locofocoism, shoulder to shoulder, in past campaigns, to speak out against this Committee and Convention nuisance. We want no Convention unless it is a Convention of the People—no candidate but a People's candidate—no ticket but a People's Ticket. Our friends feel the necessity for a consolidation of our forces just as much as we do, and look to the press to bring it about. Shall we disappoint them? We declare ourselves independent of all parties but the party which combines the whole, if possible, or at all events the great mass of the Opposition force, and is disposed, and best able to free the country or the State from Locofoco misrule. That is the party to which we belong."

COUNTERBLAST TO TOBACCO.—Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on the brain, says, in a late clinical lecture on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain, "I would caution you, as students from excess in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a large experience of brain disease, and I am satisfied now that smoking is a most obnoxious habit. I know of no other cause or agent that tends so much to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic diseases of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco."