

Raffsmann's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

Oh! don't go sighing through the world,
There's sunshine all the way;
If you'll but do the acts that o'er
Redeem the blessed day.

It glimmers in the grateful tear,
That flows for kindly deed,
And quivers in the voice that soba
Its thanks, for help, in need.

It sparkles off in radiant smiles,
At tones, tuned in the heart,
And guided over the page of life,
With beams that ne'er depart.

It dwelleth in the loving look
That answers to our own,
And sweeth up a spring of joy,
To selfish taste unknown.

It smooths the rugged ways of life,
With carpets soft and light,
Woven of conscience free from frowns,
And impulse acted right.

It cheers the darkest hour on earth—
Steels under sorrows deep;
And even smiles above the path,
That leads to dreamless sleep.

From the Boston True Flag.

HOAXING THE DOCTOR.

Dr. Tallman was six feet two inches high, and proportionately athletic. Undoubtedly he would have made a better farmer than physician, but his mother insisted on it that he was a genius, and that he should be sent to college. He went to college, studied medicine, and came out one of the tallest doctors in the State. He had not much taste for physic, and we believe the doctors generally have not; but his father's exchequer was exhausted by the drains his education had made upon it, and he was compelled to follow the life marked out for him by his mother.

There was no polish in Dr. Tallman's manners, consequently he did not thrive with the ladies; and when the ladies got out with a doctor, he might as well hang up his fiddle. He did not succeed in one place, and changed his locality. This suited him no better, and he was obliged to move again, and for ten years he led a sort of migratory life, till we find him settled in Spindletown, a manufacturing town in New England. He had not been in town long before the people took a dislike to him. The ladies wouldn't have him, and the young men made game of him. Already he had been the victim of more than one practical joke, and had come to be regarded by the wags, wits and loafers, as legitimate prey.

At the house of the Widow Green boarded two young men, Joe Sibley and Sam Lawson, who were particularly hostile to the new doctor. In vain the widow tried to persuade them that Dr. Tallman was a very clever man, tho' a little awkward, and protested that it was a shame to talk so about him, and especially to play off jokes upon him.

The secret of the Widow Green's opinion of the unpopular doctor was, that she had had a violent attack of the rheumatism and he had cured her. It was undeniable that so far as the abstract practice of his profession was concerned, he was a successful physician, and nothing but his lack of the social attributes of a good doctor, stood in the way of complete success.

After tea, one cold, stormy winter night, Joe Sibley felt particularly disposed to do some mischief, and the doctor was at once suggested as the most fitting subject.

"What will we do, Sam?" he asked; and both racked their brains, or that which stood there instead of brains, to devise a scheme that would afford them the most sport.

"Suppose we turn him out of bed to-night about one o'clock?"

"Good! We will send Ben Jackson up after him. Let him say we eat something, and are both poisoned."

"That's the idea! When he gets here, and finds us both well and hearty, won't his eyes stick out?"

Mrs. Green, who was in the back room and heard this precious scheme, thought they would too; but she was a prudent woman, and whatever she did, she kept her own counsel.

Ben Jackson was sent for, and fully appreciated the joke, promising to lend his hearty co-operation.

The young men went to bed in their separate apartments, which, by the way, were at opposite ends of the house, to await the arrival of the doctor. About one o'clock, they heard him try the door, and then knock violently.

"What is wanting?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Where are the sick men?"

"There are no sick men here," replied the widow.

"Yes, there are. Jackson just called me out of bed, saying they were poisoned, and would die if I did not come right off," continued the doctor, rather testily; and Joe Sibley could distinctly hear him stamp with impatience upon the door stone.

"Bless me! I didn't know it!" added the widow.

"Let us in at once. The men may die while we are talking about it."

Joe laughed under the bed-clothes, and prepared to receive the doctor and laugh at him.

In a moment the widow showed him into his room.

"Are you the man that has been poisoned?" asked the doctor, taking the lamp and approaching the bed.

"No! no!"

"Joseph Sibley?"

"That's my name, but I ain't poisoned."

"I see how it is—out of his head; not an uncommon thing with persons who are poisoned," remarked the doctor.

"But I tell you I am not poisoned, doctor. You have been hoaxed."

"Just so. I see; out of his head. But we must be quick. Mrs. Green, bring me a spoon."

Joe began to feel a little uneasy, as the doctor fixed his earnest gaze upon him. The widow brought the spoon, and Dr. Tallman proceeded to fill the bowl of it with Indian root, the nastiest of all the emetics a sick man ever took, to say nothing of a well man.

"Now, young man, swallow this, and it will throw off the poison."

"I am not poisoned, doctor?" exclaimed Joe, gazing with horror at the contents of the spoon.

"Humph! bad sign. Out of his head—must take it," muttered the doctor to himself.

"Nothing ails me! I am as well as ever I was in the world!" cried Joe, springing up in bed.

But it was no use; the doctor was a giant, and resistance was folly. He seized the patient by the nape of the neck, forced his mouth open and thrust the spoon into it. In vain Joe struggled; the doctor held him like a vice, and he was compelled to swallow the filthy stuff.

"Now lie quietly till it operates," said the doctor, in soothing tones, and apparently unmoved.

"I'll be — if I do!" roared Joe, as he tried to jump out of bed.

"Poor fellow! he raves again," replied Dr. Tallman, holding him down again with the greatest ease.

In a few moments the awful dose began to work, and Joe was sick enough to lay still without being held. Calling Mrs. Green, he turned the patient over to her care, and demanded where the other sick man was. The widow gave him directions so that he found the room, and served Sam Lawson in the same manner.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Green to Joe, after the doctor had gone, "I didn't know you were poisoned."

But Joe was too sick to talk, and both of the wags lost the next day's work. The worst of it all was, the affair got out, and there was no peace for the wicked wags in Spindletown afterwards. And better still, Dr. Tallman made all the capital there was to be made out of the joke. It helped him amazingly, and he had only had a better tact of getting along with the women, would have made his fortune. No more jokes were played off on him, and we advise all young men to be careful how they hoax the doctor.

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

A Roman Catholic gentleman in England being engaged to marry a Protestant lady, it was mutually agreed that there should be no contest on the subject of religion. For some years after this union, this agreement was scrupulously observed; but, in the course of time, the priest, who had paid them frequent visits, expecting to find no difficulty in making a convert of the lady, began to talk about the peculiarities of his religion. He particularly insisted upon the doctrine of transubstantiation, and grew troublesome by his importunity. To avoid being further teased by him, she one day seemed to be overcome by his arguments, and agreed to attend mass with her husband the following Sabbath, provided she might be allowed to prepare the wafer herself. The priest, not suspecting anything, and glad on any terms to secure such a convert, gave his consent. The lady accordingly appeared at the chapel with her husband; and after the consecration of the wafers which she had brought with her, she solemnly demanded of the priest, whether it was really converted into the blood of Christ? to which question, he without hesitation, replied: "that there was a conversion made of the whole substance of the bread into the body of Christ and that there remained no more of its form or substance."

"If this be really the case," said she, "you may eat the wafer without any danger, but as for myself, I should be afraid to touch it, as it is mixed with arsenic."

The priest was overwhelmed by a discovery so unexpected, and was too wise to hazard his life upon a doctrine for which he had, however, contended with all the earnestness of perfect assurance. The lady's husband was so struck by this practical confutation of a doctrine which he had before implicitly believed, that he never after appeared at the mass.

An Old Bach.—A Washington correspondent tells the following:

Among the visitors to Mr. Buchanan during the past week, was Mr. James Maher, the public gardener, who presented the President-elect with a beautiful bouquet. "Jimmy" was honored by "Buck" with a seat in his arm chair, and then the following dialogue ensued: "Buck"—Well, Jimmy, this is really a handsome present, and, if I only had a lady to bestow it upon, it would be still more valuable in my estimation than what it is.

"Jimmy"—Mr. President elect, by the eternal, we have taken care of the buck, it is now for you to look for a doe."

There was a hearty laugh among the company at the well timed bit, in which Mr. Buchanan joined.

There is a man "down East" so lean, that when the Sheriff is after him, he crawls into his gun and looks out at the touch-hole!

ASCENT OF MOUNT POPOCATEPETL.

From a newspaper published in the city of Mexico called "The Extraordinary" we copy the subjoined account of the ascent of Mount Popocatepetl, made by Dr. S. W. Crawford, of the U. S. Army. The doctor was, as we are informed, preparing a second expedition to Popocatepetl, with the intention of spending a night in the crater, of which he has promised to furnish the "Extraordinary" a full account. It may be proper to note, by the way, that this mountain is situated in the State of Puebla, and rises to the height of 17,716 feet above the level of the sea:

MEXICO, JANUARY 24, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: In consequence of a polite request that I would furnish you with an account of the ascent of the volcano Popocatepetl, made by myself on the 16th inst., I have the honor to submit the following:

Our party, originally consisting of eight, with servants, &c., arrived at Amecameca upon the evening of the 14th instant. Four of our number had been obliged to return, and another, with servants, left us at Amecameca. At this point, through the kindness of our hospitable friends, we procured our guides and made the necessary arrangements for the ascent of the mountain. When our object became known we were at once joined by a number of volunteers, all anxious to accompany us to the summit. While some spoke of the season of the year and of the intense cold we might anticipate, others told us of a path to the crater made by the Indians going up and returning with the sulphur, and assured us that at some seasons the ascent was by no means as difficult as imagined. But we found that but few of our friends had been beyond the snow-line, and that the mountain had not been ascended by even an Indian for some months—the working of the sulphur ceasing with the commencement of the rainy season. As we sat at night watching the moon slowly rising behind the mountains, and lighting with a ghastly glare their frozen summits, stretching away in sublime beauty to the clouds, we felt that the task we had undertaken was no light one; but there was a fascination about the undertaking that we all felt. There, in her cold shroud, lay the Iztachihuatl, or white woman; while there, in silent watch, wrapped in his icy mantle, stood the monarch of mountains of North America. An effete civilization had invested him with a mystery that rivalled in its poetic wildness the mythology of the ancient Greeks. A God had dwelt there, and for ages had controlled the sentiments of millions. The lion heart of Cortes has identified it with his wondrous career, and the genius of Humboldt has consecrated it to science.

The morning dawned beautifully, and, as our arrangements were not yet completed, we rambled over the Sacramento at the back of town and visited the beautiful grotto upon its summit. A lovely view awaited us, and we have rarely seen a more enchanting spot. At Amecameca our observations showed an ascent from the city of Mexico of some five hundred feet, and the increasing cold assured us of the fact. At noon we took leave of our kind host and turned our horses' heads towards the mountains. We soon reached Tomacoca, a small rancho, where a good mill is in operation, turned by a beautiful stream from Iztachihuatl.

We were here joined by a party, among whom was Don Pablo Perez, a gentleman who had been engaged in extracting the sulphur from the volcano, and who had pursued the occupation for three years. His ascents had been frequent, and we felt reassured by his resolution to accompany us. Our road now was up, over steep ascents, through the cedars and pines; wild flowers of every hue grew through the tangled shrubbery. The labored breathing of our horses plainly told of the change of atmosphere, as our path gradually led us through the clustering pine trees to Tlamacac. We are now ascending the mountain, and the rich loamy soil and ashy earth through which our way led gave evidence of the fact.

By sun-down we arrived, much fatigued from our day's journey, at Tlamacac, a settlement created for the convenience of those engaged in the extraction of sulphur. The night was exceedingly cold and comfortable. The thermometer stood at 28 Fahrenheit, while our barometrical observations showed an ascent from Amecameca of over 5,000 feet. Instead of the rest so necessary to us, we passed another disturbed night, but day at last dawned beautiful and clear and our guides aroused us to the ascent.

Our party numbered twenty, including guides and peons. We set out from Tlamacac on horseback as far as La Cruz, some thousand feet above. Here, with two of my companions, I set out on foot; the remainder rode on some distance. At the same time we all joined, and after our final arrangements of our packs, &c. we grasped our spears, and, protecting our eyes from the reflection, set out upon the snow, our guides ahead, the Indians with our packs following. Our first start out was steep and amid frozen snow. The guides and Indians struck boldly out without spear or staff; the rest of us, clinging to our snow-spears, slowly followed. Up we went some eight hundred feet, when, getting in advance of the party, we halted to take breath. Respiration had become labored and difficult, and, as I sat exhausted on the snow, a deadly feeling akin to sea-sickness came over me. Ral-

lying, however, I looked around for my companions, and of all those who had joined us at Amecameca not one remained. Two of my friends, with the guides, were above me shouting to us to follow. On we went, slowly and tediously. The difficulty of travelling increased with every step. The servants who accompanied us had all given out, and, taking the barometer from one who had sank exhausted, I joined my companion above. On we toiled some hundred yards further, and again we stopped to rest. Our number was now reduced to four and our two guides. The same sickness I had experienced was now felt by others; the oppression was extreme. An angry cloud swept around the brow of the mountain, and a snow-storm seemed inevitable.—The cold was intense. My companions complained loudly of their feet, and so great was the suffering of one of them that I persuaded him to return. One only accompanied me for a short distance, when he returned, with one guide, to follow his descending companions. I was now alone with one guide, and but half-way to the summit, and, as clinging to the ice, I looked down at my retreating companions and heard the shouts of those at the foot of the mountain, I almost regretted that I had not yielded to their solicitations to accompany them. My solitary guide now rebelled, and I was obliged to bribe and even threaten him to induce him to accompany me. Up, up, for what seemed an age, we clambered over the fields of frozen snow. The ascent had become more and more difficult, as, breaking the ice at every step, we progressed slowly and tediously. Once more I turned to look back from the dizzy height. One mis-step and inevitable destruction awaited us in the abyss below. The stillness of the grave was over every thing, and, recoiling from the sight, I looked down no more. To go on for more than eight or ten paces without stopping to take rest was impossible, so rarified had the air become. At one time, after an extraordinary exertion to reach my guide, I fell exhausted, and for some moments was unconscious. The blood gushed from my nostrils. Checking it with the frozen snow, I rallied and clambered on. My guide more inured to such trips, had now got far ahead. The sickening sensation I had at first experienced returned with redoubled force. As I again sank exhausted on the snow a heavy weight seemed pressing upon me, and everything appeared to grow dim again, when I was aroused by loud shouts from my guide, as standing high above me he shouted "the crater, the crater." Up, up, again I climbed, clinging to his foot-prints; one long painful struggle more, and I sank exhausted upon its brink.

What a spectacle! The incessant toil of eight hours, hunger and cold were alike forgotten, as, lying down upon the snow, I drank in, like a refreshing draught, the sublimity of the scene. The huge crater yawned in horrible vastness at my feet; sulphurous odors issued from every side. An awful stillness pervaded every thing, and I looked into its depths with a feeling I never before experienced.—Before me stood the southwestern side, dark and gloomy; huge rocks rose from its depths craggy and precipitous, while far below the golden hue of the burning sulphur added to the picturesque and sublime scene. I looked around me and the world seemed stretched beneath my feet. The lovely Valley of Mexico, with its lakes and mountains, lay like a map beneath me to the south and west lay the Tlaxcala Caliente, its hills red in the setting sun. A misty rim of silver showed the Gulf of Mexico far to the eastward, and the frosty top of Orizaba rose gradually from the purple landscape. Though conversant with nature, I had never before beheld her in such magnificence. To remember that sight must ever be a glory; to forget it can only occur with the general decay of the faculties.

It was fast growing late, and, planting my snow spear, I hung up my barometer. I looked around for my guide; he had fallen asleep. Arousing him to a sense of his danger, he implored me to descend or we would be lost.—Not a foot would he return in any direction, as, deaf to my entreaties to assist me to enter the crater, he protested and threatened to leave me. I descended a little distance into the crater for some specimens of lava and basalt, and returned to again arouse my guide, who, exhausted from his efforts and overcome with the intense cold, had again fallen asleep. It was now highly dangerous to stay any longer, and, carefully taking my barometrical and thermometrical measurements, I prepared to descend. One more look at the abyss, black and dreadful in the deepening shade, one more longing gaze at the glorious prospect as it grew more lovely in the evening twilight, and I left the scene. For awhile we descended rapidly as we followed our ascending tracks, but at last they had frozen; and, as if suddenly, the whole mountain had become a sheet of ice. It was this that my guide had feared.—The sun had now set, and darkness was fast coming on and our danger increased at every step. My guide lost me, and I had to make my dangerous way alone. The ice had now become so hard that it was almost impossible to break it, and it was with great difficulty that my snow spear sustained my weight. Striking it in advance of me, I slid down gently to its foot, and sustaining my weight as I best could while I struck into the ice in advance of me. I was on the edge of a great baracca or

ravine. Excited by the peril of my situation, I progressed rapidly on. I know not how long I was in descending. At last the black ashes appeared beneath me, and I heard the loud shouts of the guides sent to look for me by my friends, who thought I was lost.

One more slide and I was upon the earth.—The nervous excitement that had so long sustained me was now gone. I had taken no food or drink the whole day, and an exhausting depression followed. My guide again joined me, and we took our way towards the rancho.—Near La Cruz I met my horse with the guides that my thoughtful friend Fearn had sent in search of me. In a short time I was among my friends, and with a hearty supper around a blazing fire my toils were forgotten.

Very respectfully, yours,
S. W. CRAWFORD.

NEEDLE MANIA.

Charles Sumner, M. D., gives a rather strange account in the Rochester (N. Y.) Union of a case of mania for sticking needles and pins in the flesh:

The subject was a young lady, nineteen years of age, of nervous temperament, very healthy, and the daughter of a respectable farmer in Butternuts, Otsego county, N. Y.—She first came to my office April 28th, 1853, to have a needle extracted from her left arm, which she said "got in accidentally as she was moving a bundle of carpet rags." This, is a medium sized sewing needle, was soon found and extracted from the anterior side of the fore arm, about midway between the wrist and the elbow. In less than a week she called again, saying she had another needle in her arm. I examined and found deep in the bend of the arm, a hard substance, which proved to be a needle similar to the first, and accounted for in a similar manner. One week after this the arm was very much swollen, painful and presented the appearance of malignant erysipelas, which continued about six days.

The writer then goes on to detail the extraction of a large number during a period of about three years, and winds up as follows:

The whole number extracted was, of sewing needles, 267—and these were of all sizes, pins, 67; darning needles, 2; hair pins, 5; knitting needles and wire, each 5—total, 383. Great efforts were being made on the part of the family to detect her in the act of inserting the needles, but in vain. It was ascertained by comparison that most of them were taken from a box of needles which had lain in the house for a long time. This was removed, but she contrived to use the same kind, evidently from a supply secreted about the premises. Almost every means has been resorted to, to find the reason for so strange a tancy; but nothing has yet developed it. She is firm in her denial of knowing when, how, or why she did it; simply saying "it must be that I do it, for I know no one else does." She is perfectly sane on every other subject, although the effect upon her general health has been bad, yet during a great share of these years of suffering she has performed her accustomed portion of household duties.

DR. KANE'S DOG.—The Arctic dog brought home by Dr. Kane, has strayed away off in Alghony. He has become the property of James McArthur, timber dealer in Oramel. The recently intense cold weather has kept this large, black, shaggy animal in high spirits. When they take him into the forest among the timber hewers, where he can do no harm, and remove his muzzle, he cuts all sorts of pranks, seeking the deepest drifts, and actually burying himself for delight; you can see the dry snow move, but no semblance of a dog, till on a sudden out he pops, giving his hairy fleece a tremendous shake, and away he runs for another dive. Mr. McArthur calls him "Eskimo," (Esquimaux), not a very smooth name, but characteristic. To look "Esk" fair in the face you see almost a likeness of the black bear, though his eyes are rather languid. His long, soft, shaggy covering is nearly equal in bulk to his body. When left run at large in the village, he wears a muzzle to prevent his destroying the pigs and chickens.—New York Daily Advertiser, March 3.

REPLYING TO AN INSULT.—During the late war with England, an American officer, who carried a flag of truce over to the British lines, after having dispatched the business of his mission, was invited by the British officers to dine. As usual on such occasions, the wine was circulated, and a British officer being called upon to toast, gave, "Mr. Madison, dead or alive;" which the American drank without appearing to give it particular notice. When it came to the American's turn to give a toast, he gave "The Prince Regent, drunk or sober." "Sir," said the British officer, bristling up and coloring with anger, "that is an insult." "No sir," answered the American, "it is only a reply to one."

Mrs. Eno, a married woman, living in New Haven, Ky., killed a man named Robert Ford, in Bardstown, last week, for seducing her by means of chloroform, some time since. She met him in a store and shot him with a pistol.

The Judiciary Committee of the U. S. Senate, to which had been referred the protest against the validity of Simon Cameron's election, reported in favor of his right to a seat.

A TRUE AND TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The Glasgow Christian News gives the following, as "no fiction, but the plain truth:"—A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party, at the house of a friend some miles distant. "Henry, my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to-night; you will promise me, won't you?"—said she, putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading smile. "No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me." And he wrapped his infant boy in a blanket, and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf, and pleasant conversation beguiled the way. "Now don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife as she passed up the steps. Poor thing! she was the wife of a young man who loved to look upon the wine when red. The party passed off pleasantly; the time of parting drew near, and the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang shot through her trusting heart, as she met him, for he was intoxicated—he had broken his promise. Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of song or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed closer to her griefed heart. "Give me the baby, Millie I can't trust you with him," said he, as they approached a dark and somewhat swollen stream. After some hesitation she resigned her first-born, her darling babe, closely wrapped in the great blanket to his arms. Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them, and when they reached the bank the mother asked for the child. With much care and tenderness he placed the bundle in her arms, but when she clasped it to her bosom, no babe was there! It had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned round just in time to see the little rosy face rise one moment above the dark waves, then sink forever. What a spectacle! The idol of his heart gone—gone forever—and that by his own intemperance. The anguish of the mother, and remorse of the father, are better imagined than described.

The Bellefonte Whig gives an account of a number of persons in the great State of Snow Shoe, Centre county, disposing of a Mrs. Shealer, who, we presume, is a rather "gay" lady, in a very novel manner, week before last. After having divested her of all her clothing, they gave her first coat of honey and then a coat of feathers. "Honey and feathers," is a new kink. The lady was lodging at a Mr. Foust's house, the roof of which was torn off, and his stable burned, by the regulators.

St. Louis, March 10.—The Independent correspondent of the Leader, under date of the 3d instant, announces the arrival of the Salt Lake mail, having been three months on the way. The trip was the coldest and most perilous ever made across the plains. Many of the Indians on the route had died from cold and starvation. They had eaten their own children, because they could procure no game.

AN ARAB MARE.—The Kentucky Stock Importing Company has recently brought over a veritable Arab mare, which is now in New York. She is a long, well knit, shapely creature, of a greyish color, above the average size, with very large muscular thighs, and a marvellous elasticity in every movement.—Her value is estimated at \$10,000.

They have a new method of "garroting" in Buffalo, which it is said is not painful. As a gentleman was about leaving a house in the fashionable quarter of the city, where he had spent the evening, a pair of white arms were thrown around his neck, and his lips were stifled. The suddenness of the attack deprived him of all power of resistance.

LOT'S WIFE.—Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond, that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied, that "he had better thereafter let other people's wives alone."

Nobility and gentleness go hand in hand, and when I see a young gentleman kind to his mother and gentle and forbearing to his brothers and sisters, I think he has a noble heart.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants.

To kill bed bugs—tie them by the hind legs and then make mouths at them until you get them into convulsions, after which crawl around on their blind side and stone thunder out of them.

Cardinal Richelieu used to say that it would take as many masses to pray souls out of purgatory, as it would take snowballs to beat an oven.

In China, if a young man is not married by the time he is twenty, he is drummed out of town. No place for bachelors among the Fung-Fans, it would seem.

In Siam the penalty for lying is to have the mouth sewed up. Suppose such a law were in force here, what a number of mouths we would have.