

Raffsmann's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1857.

VOL. 4.—NO. 4.

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER!

What is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet
When her loving smiles no longer
Greet the coming, coming of our feet?
The days are long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And how few are childhood's pleasures
When her gentle cares are gone.
Things we prize are fast to vanish,
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, 'e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray.
Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow,
Her joys of earth are past;
And sometimes ere we learn to know her,
She has breathed on earth, on earth her last.
Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Grief that quickly dies away,
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart, the heart from day to day;
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
Her fond and earnest cares;
And oh! how dark is life around us,
What is home without, without her there.

QUEEN ESTHER'S ROCK.

The flood gates of feeling so long confined, now gave way, and the poor girl wept aloud in the bitterness of her soul. I could say nothing to soothe her, for it required a powerful effort to suppress the rebellious outbursting of my own over-mastered heart, and I knew that every moment of our lives might yet depend upon our coolness and self-possession. All soon became quiet again; poor Rosette had ceased weeping; little Annie had forgotten all her childish cares, and the keen demands of hunger alleviated in balmy sleep; and I myself was just entering the territory of dreams, when I was startled with the sound of half smothered voices. "Hiss! hear you that?" whispered Rosette. "Alas my foolish grief has betrayed us; we shall be murdered, and all for me." I tried all I could to calm her apprehensions. The whispering increased audibly in loudness, though it did not appear to me that the speakers were any nearer than at first; a large clump of birch trees rose directly before us, and I thought the sound proceeded from behind that. They did not speak loud enough for me to learn the subject of their conversation, but I could distinguish their different intonations, and I thought if the human voice was a criterion, by which to judge the heart, there was at least one villain among them. Rosette grasped my arm, "as I live," exclaimed she, while a gleam of joy shot across her pale features, "as I live, that voice is Marcus Wilmer's, my cousin Marcus, oh! I shall have a protector now, and who knows but he can tell us something of our dear—" "But," I interrupted, "is he not the one who sought your love, Rosette, and whom you rejected?" "And what of that, he is the son of my father's own brother, and—" "But dare you trust him? you know how many have turned Tories." "Matty," she replied reproachfully, "I thought you were too well acquainted with the noble blood of the Wilmers, to suppose it tainted with Toryism, but he shall answer you this charge. Marcus, Marcus Wilmer," she shouted at the top of her feeble voice. Three darkly painted savages came immediately before us. "Hail cried the foremost, my pretty Rosette, my sweet cousin Wilmer; yes, Wilmer, for you have not married that accursed scoundrel, as they said." I could not brook this; "She has the honor, sir," I replied, "to be the wife of my brother, Phillip Somers; and those who audaciously call him scoundrel, would do well, perhaps, to recollect that none better deserves that appellation than such as under the show of savage colors act a part which the meanness of that class would scorn." "Ah! a fine sprig of chivalry we have got here. Hark ye, my Madam Quixotte, will take a verbal challenge, or must I employ a secretary? Here you, yeeshaw! but perhaps she would like her brother for a second, aye her brother, if he be indeed possessed of the hand which I once begged for on my knees, and be alive, and within hundred miles, she shall see him; yes, and she shall die—he shall die, Rosette, and I will see it witnessing his death will soften the heart which my tears have failed to move. Come, ladies you have confidingly selected me for a protector, and have a right to the hospitality of my dwelling." The taunting wretch very familiarly took the arm of the fainting Rosette, and, as resistance was vain, I was obliged to follow along between the other two. I now lamented my rashness in disclosing Rosette's marriage, but repentance came too late, and I felt that our prospects were indeed wretched.

We were not permitted to pause again till we had reached the summit of a long range of hills, overlooking the little village of Wilkes-Barre, and then what a magnificent scene was spread out before us. The faithless enemy had set fire to that devoted town, and there was sufficient wind to connect the red flames in one long unbroken chain, showing the exact length of the village. The intensity of the light made objects (which from the distance we might not have been able to see at all in the day-time) distinctly visible, and I could see women and children running from house to house in the greatest apparent confusion. Our dark companions seemed in an ecstasy of the sight, and the hill was in a few moments literally swarming with Indians, assembled to witness the work of destruction. Their long protracted whoops, mingled with the oft repeated names of Brandt and Butler, pealed in startling echoes along the mountain's caverned recesses,

and it seemed as if Asrael were wending his first fearful blast, to awaken the slumbering ones of the earth. In a short time, however, the wild column of flame settled down to small flickering lights, like bonfires, and the dense waves of smoke rolled off to mingle their dusky folds with the clouds of the west. "Our sport is all over now," exclaimed our long leader, "and with your leave, ladies, we will resume our walk." He continued his ironical attentions to Rosette, though she appeared to shrink from him, with a kind of instinctive horror. An hour's walk brought us in sight of an Indian encampment. A large pile of mouldering logs was surrounded by some fifteen or twenty Indians, who received Wilmer with much apparent joy, and with whom he seemed to be a great favorite. Three or four wigwags stood away to the right, and in the corner of one, with a mat of sweet fern for a bed, was pointed out our place of rest. Little Annie slept soundly, with her head in my lap, and poor Rosette too, after offering a fervent prayer to Heaven for our protection through the night, once more revelled amid the visions of happier days. My own harassed imagination alone seemed alive to the realities of our situation. Sleep did not visit my eyelids that night and my distempered fancy conjured up horrors, till I felt as I sometimes have, when laboring under the suffocating effects of the nightmare. Dread gigantic forms, with dark features and sad gleaming eyes, stood around me; long glittering knives, with bloody hilts, hung over my head. I could see the lifeless features of my dear sisters scarred with the tomahawk, and the cold sweat fell from my forehead till it seemed as if I were actually turning to a pillar of ice. The sun shone clear and warm through the opening of our cabin the next morning, and my fatigued companions had not yet awoken. There was a slight bustle at the door, and the stern voice of Wilmer called to us immediately to rise. We obeyed, and were placed, with our hands tied, in the centre of a dozen squaws and Indians, whose countenances expressed the pleasure of some anticipated event. At about a quarter of a mile from where we started we were ordered to stop. The place was a small hollow, surrounded, except on one side, with a gentle bank covered with tall slender pines, and in the centre was a huge brown rock, whose sides were coated with yellow moss, and on whose top lay a glittering tomahawk. O heavens! thought I, and is this the altar of sacrifice, and are we to be the victims? The thought had scarcely entered my mind, when my attention was arrested by a wild thrilling shout, which pealed along the ravine leading to the hollow on the south, and which was immediately answered by a corresponding sound from nearly fifty of the savage tribe, who had begun to form themselves in a ring around the grassy enclosure. A double file of gorgeously tattooed Indians were soon discovered coming along the ravine, with twelve or fifteen white prisoners led between them, whom they placed in a sitting posture within the circle of savages, with a couple of stout Indians standing at the shoulders of each. There was no cowardly quailing, no vain womanly fears to be seen in the faces of those brave soldiers, although some of them appeared to be very young. They looked like men who had anchored their hopes in heaven, and who were prepared to meet death without flinching. I recognized two or three distinguished officers, whom I had seen marching forth with high hopes the day before, to battle; and at last, as my eye ran along to the last of the doomed number, think, oh, think, Juliet, of the dreadful pang which seized my chilled heart, to meet the mournful gaze of my beloved brother Phillip. The villainous, cold blooded Wilmer stood triumphantly beside him, and directed an occasional glance of revengeful joy towards poor Rosette; but she did not see him. Anticipating some dreadful catastrophe, she had covered her face with her hands, and prayed to heaven that she might not look up, for I knew that a knowledge of Phillip's situation would distract her.

"Queen Esther, Queen Esther," presently burst from the lips of all, and a tall painted squaw strode within the circle and sprang at one bound in the centre of the rock. Her form was still strongly painted in my memory, but I can not half describe it. A large crimson-fringed blanket was fastened about her tawny neck, with a kind of loop, and confined again at the waist with a belt of various colored wampum, and from thence descended a short slip of blue stuff decorated at the bottom with large scarlet patches. Her coarse jet hair almost trailed on the ground, and her wrinkled forehead was girt about with the skin of the yellow rattlesnake, which looked as if recent torn from the body of its owner, to garnish a still more loathsome form. Her face I will say nothing about; it was too odiously terrific to admit of a description; it seemed to me a very camera obscura of distorted ugliness. She immediately (upon gaining her conspicuous station) seized the heavy tomahawk, and began dashing a kind of Indian whirling. She commenced by flourishing her formidable weapon aloft in the air, and shrieking, and called upon the name of Coshmo, (whom I afterwards learned was her son, slain the day before in battle), till the white froth fell in bubbles from her fringed lips. Then there was a sudden and death like pause, and the next instant the hatchet descended upon the naked rock with

a force that fairly shook the solid ground beneath it, and scattered fragments of the splintered stone in every direction. One piece (the same which roused little Bell's curiosity) entered the sleeve of my dress, and hung there, while blood dripped from its ragged corners upon my hand. This maddening ceremony over, Queen Esther descended, and then came the reality. She, she—but I cannot—oh! I cannot describe that most horrid transaction, but I saw it all, all. I tried to close my eyes, but their lids were literally frozen back, and everything seemed magnified to a frightful distinctness. An agonizing shriek and a prostrate form at my side, told me that Rosette, too, had witnessed the slaughter of some of those restless victims. Alas! merciful heavens, would that that dread scene might be forever blotted from my memory.—Miraculous as it may appear, Phillip actually broke from those who held him, and made his escape. A loud hue and cry warned me of their intention to pursue, and I saw Wilmer was foremost in the bloody chase. We were now ordered back to the wigwag, and Rosette being still in a swoon, they were obliged to carry her. "The daughter of the pale face no sleep to-night," whispered a half familiar voice in my ear as we entered the cabin.—"Long Bow remember, Long Bow save." I immediately recognized the hunter, whose child we had found in our journey. The kindness with which these few words were spoken quite affected me, and for the first time since my confinement, I enjoyed the luxury of tears. Night came. Little Annie had fallen into a quiet slumber, and Rosette sat upright beside me. She had not spoken the whole day; her eyes were dull and inexpressive, and I could not help fearing that the terrors of the morning had disordered her mind. All had become perfectly still about the encampment when the dark form of the hunter stole stealthily thro' the cabin door. He carefully severed the cords with which we were bound, and motioning extreme caution, bade us follow. I hugged my little sleeping sister closely to my bosom, and grasping Rosette's arm, we were soon beyond the reach of immediate danger. At the base of a small hill, our guide removed a handful of brush wood from the mouth of a narrow cave, and bade us enter, nor for our lives attempt coming out, without his permission. In a few hours he returned and gave me the chilling information of my brother's capture. He called me out of the cave, and putting a hatchet in my hand, asked me if I loved my brother. I immediately comprehended his meaning, and assuming his own peculiar style, I replied, "does the wigwag of the red hunter hold a daughter? and has that daughter a brother?" "Yes, there is light in the cabin of Long Bow; her red fawn is there, like a bright star; her step is like the spring of the wild cat, and she fears not to speak with a tomahawk. But the heart of the white girl is pale, she trembles at the sight of blood, and [the hatchet would fall from her hand." "Oh! but the love of the white girl is strong; she has great love for her friends; she could do all things for her brother." He said no more, but proceeded noiselessly along the beaten path. We were in sight of the lodge. A few steps aside from the circle of dusky sleepers, sat my poor brother, strongly bound to a pine sapling, and by his side (as the faint rays of the moon discovered) his inveterate foe Wilmer, and another equally athletic figure, apparently in a sound sleep. I saw that Phillip was awake, but did not stir. The red hunter carefully cut the band which bound the prisoner to the tree, and bidding me to strike the Indian while he despatched the Tory, he raised his arm. Now was the trying moment of deep and deadly peril, for a single struggle or groan might betray us, and then would ensue the long routine of inquisitorial torture; and should we succeed, the life of a human being, the blood of a fellow creature would be upon my head; my breath almost ceased at the thought. But then the life of a brother was at stake, and could I hesitate? I felt my arm descending with power, but my senses fled, and I knew no more till I found myself in the cave with my brother hanging in speechless anxiety over me. "Thank God, she lives!" exclaimed he, as I once more opened my eyes upon the light of day. The sun shone dimly through the uncertain vistas of our retreat, and I felt, when I looked upon the pale haggard features around me, as if I had awakened in the land of spirits. Little Annie seemed overjoyed to hear me speak again. But poor Rosette did not appear to notice the least thing, and her pulse indicated a high fever.

Phillip had promised our deliverer that he would not attempt to leave the cave in two days, without his special advice, as there was no doubt but that the woods would be scoured in every direction to discover us. And so they were, as the sound of footsteps and busy voices declared to us. We heard them around us, venting their angry threats, in words which made me faintly gasp for breath. Some one enquired if there was no cave in which they could be secreted. "At the big run," answered a quick voice, which I knew to be the red hunter's. Some seemed turning away at this information, when "a trail, a trail," from the same friendly voice, withdrew them altogether from our covert, and we once more ventured to breathe. "All that day and night we dared

not hazard even a whisper, so great was our fear of discovery; and we knew that scarce a stone would remain unturned in the untiring search. Our situation on the second day became distressing in the extreme. We had nothing to eat, and poor Annie had become so weak for the want of nourishment, that she could scarcely raise her head from my arms. My unfortunate sister-in-law grew rapidly worse. She raved deliciously of Phillip and Queen Esther, and alas! we could not help her; we had not even a glass of water with which to moisten her parched lips. "Thou wilt die here, my poor Rosette," murmured Phillip, while he imprinted a kiss upon her burning temples; "thou wilt die, my sweet one and, I shall—oh, no, no! I shall not live long, but I shall witness thy last struggle, and life's strange principle will still for a while be within me. Had I but left thee amid the beautiful valleys of the East, with thy young heart's dear associates, Rosette. Oh! I have placed my trembling dove in the heart of a volcano. Matty, Matty," he continued, in a low sepulchral tone, "I am very fearful—she breathes hard—do, do see if she is not worse." She was indeed; her respiration grew short and difficult, and I lost not a moment in removing the rubbish from the cave's entrance, and getting my expiring friend to the open air. I thought not of risk—I thought only of the horrors of death in our confined prison house. Oh! how bright and glorious appeared once more the prospects of the soft blue skies, and richly clothed wood lands. The air of the forest in summer is always cool and balmy, but it seemed doubly luxuriant then; and had our situation been any other than it was, I thought I could have exclaimed with Willis then "existence was a blessing." It was beginning to be sunset, and the deep yellow rays fell idly upon the grey moss where we had laid the almost inanimate Rosette. The stirring air and the warm sunshine seemed to arouse her dormant faculties, for she partly opened her heavy eyes, and moved her lips with a faint smile. "Oh, Matty!" she sighed almost inaudibly, "let us go, they will murder us here! They have no hearts. Wilmer, Wilmer, oh! it is not my cousin Wilmer; he has no vampyre draining heart's blood. Spectre, thou art not Marcus. Away, away—thin, thin, (she continued, fixing her glassy eyes full upon me,) do you see? A pagan invoking his deities. Wretch, thy God's name is Queen Esther! Thy axe is sharp, and there, thou hast warm blood upon it—large purple drops, and then wilt stain the face of my Phillip—death, death!" and she clapped her hands over her eyes, as if to avoid the dreadful sight. My wretched brother vented the agony of his soul in tears, and I could not hold doing the same.

"Is that the wind?" asked Phillip. I listened; it was a low rumbling sound like the distant voice of the sterns spirit; but it grew nearer, and I thought it was a wagon. Could it be? were we near any road? The bare possibility of escape from our fast accumulating miseries inspired me with new life. My pale brother was so weak from loss of blood that he could scarcely stand, so it remained for me to ascertain the foundation of our new life. I started and hurried on in the direction indicated by the sound. A large wagon now came in sight, loaded, not with odious savages, but with dear beautiful white people. The driver saw me and stopped the horses, for I could not speak, so wildly did my heart flutter with the expectation. "What ails the child?" exclaimed a kind voice, Juliet—it was my own dear father's.

Hearing of the fatal termination of the war of Wyoming, he had left the troops of Straudsburg, and hastened to learn the fate of his family, and now he had found them all except my brother George, who was slain in battle. My excellent mother wept tears of joy over her lost and found, and little Susan fairly danced in an ecstasy of bliss. A short journey brought us to the place where my father commenced a settlement. It was the very spot, Juliet, on which your parents lived. But troubles still attended us. For four long weeks were we obliged to watch the sick bed of poor Rosette. At the end of that time the physician pronounced her convalescent; but alas! alas! she was no longer the beautiful, intellectual Rosette Wilmer of other days. The lustre of the bright eye had departed forever, and the stare of vacant idiosyncy sat in the place of an expression which was wont to entrance every beholder. My brother, my wretched, my distracted brother could not bear this blighting of his soul's fondest hopes. He was broken hearted. A few short months saw the silver cord parted, and the solemn words, "rest to dust," were spoken over our beloved Phillip's grave. The wife of my perished brother has ever since that time, just as you see her now, an unconscious fragment of that history, which I alone live to relate. J. H. K. Shesbiquen, Pa.

A LETTER WRITER says that the travelling retinue of Madame Lagrange, when she was out west, consisted of a saporano, a tenor, a baritone, a pianist, a parrot, a mocking bird, one husband, and three dogs.

BARON MULLER writes from Mexico that he has found a new silk worm, subsisting on many kinds of leaves, yielding a fibre about half-way between silk and cotton, and is of an abundant product.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A THOUSAND HOURS.—At 2 1/2 o'clock this morning, James Lambert accomplished his task of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours at Boylston Hall, and thereby completed one of the most remarkable feats in pedestrianism upon record. Such a contempt for the demands of nature as he has evinced during this trial, taxing his energies to their utmost in the endeavor to perform a deed which all reasonable people would justly consider impossible, has excited more than usual interest for his undertaking. He commenced at 10 a. m. on Tuesday, July 28, and, as stated, retired *sine die* from the ring this morning shortly after 2 o'clock, having walked one mile in every hour for nearly forty-two days. His fatigue two weeks since was so great that even his friends abandoned all hope of his success; but he was "on his muscles," and, as he affirmed, "would walk until he fell upon the track." Within the last few days that weariness and stupor has greatly increased; and in walking his mile, after being aroused from slumber only by great exertion, he would stagger and exhibit other signs of extreme lassitude. He was in this state upon the completion of the last mile.

The number of spectators throughout the day, yesterday, was very large, and at even the late hour to which the completion of the affair was brought, this morning there were crowds in attendance. He made his first miles in about ten minutes and his last in over double that time. At the signal which signified the termination of the 1000th mile, the pedestrian was warmly cheered and the company followed his example by retiring to their various places of rest. It is said that Lambert will receive about \$2,000 as the result of this affair. The parties betting against him are New Yorkers, and they have had present here two representatives who alternated in "seeing fair play."

As Lambert will now have an opportunity of answering the requirements of his exhausted condition, it will be necessary to use great care in regard to him for fear that he should sleep forever. His physician prescribes a thorough waking and exercise after every three hours rest, and by a strict adherence to this treatment it is hoped that Lambert may regain his former strength. Since he commenced walking he has lost fourteen pounds of flesh, and now weighs but 113 pounds.—Boston Post.

VICTIMS OF SOCIETY.—THE CAUSE OF THEIR MISFORTUNES.—In the city every now and then, one comes across self styled "victims of society." They ask our charity—they throw the burden of their miseries upon the world at large, instead of making a single effort to help themselves. Poor misanthropes whose course has been but a repetition of the Prodigal Son, overlooking their own short comings, they wander about with lowering brow and wand visage. Study their history—ask them the cause of their misfortunes. Their youth was spent in idleness and dissipation, their manhood in folly—never have pursued an honest calling, and never known the rewards which honest industry is sure to yield.

The world is a bad one, but should not be made responsible for what it cannot be properly called to account. We have too many of these eccentric, ghostly looking claimants for sympathy, with their affecting stories of what "they might have been," had not the adverse shocks of humanity cast them from their course. Nobody should be so silly as to pity them—nobody so ignorant as to bestow charity upon them. It is combating these very shocks that the main burden of life consists, and from which the highest honor and prosperity accrue.

Which tree has the firmer root—the one that, exposed on some mountain pinnacle, is swayed and bent by rude storms, or the one that, reared in a garden, would fall at the first blast of adversity? It is opposition that strengthens the mind and the man, and shows the existence of principles which in quietness would never have been seen. Shame then, on those weak vessels that have succumbed to the storm and yielded to idleness and vice! For their errors the world is not responsible but themselves, and to them be assigned all the dishonor according to the mis-named "victims of society."

A PRAYER FOR THE TIMES.—Lord, save me from the sinfulness of my own heart and life! Save me from the false doctrines, false authorities, and bigotries of Sectarianism! Save me from the ignorance, and folly, and iniquity of fashionable religion! Save me from the over-valuation of anything because it is popular! Save me from the under-valuation of anything because it is not popular! Save me from the awfulness of infidelity—from all forms of godlessness and hopelessness! Save me from all social and political corruptions and delusions!

Help me to live and die a penitent, faithful, holy, and happy Bible Christian!

GOD has written on the flowers that sweeten the air—upon the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drops that refreshes the spring of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every penciled sheet that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all the works he has written: "None liveth for himself."

IN TOWN WITH A POCKET FULL OF ROCKS.—A Tennessee planter lately visited New Orleans, and stopped at the St. Charles Hotel, and in the course of a week created a prodigious sensation. He was a stout, plain looking old fellow, and on the trip down from Memphis contrived to get very drunk, so that from the time he landed in the city until he left, he carried on like a crazy man, paying fifty or a hundred times the value of everything he bought. He gave a colored barber \$20 for shaving him, and refused to take any change; paid half a dollar for a glass of liquor, declined the change, and gave the bar-keeper \$20 additional as a free gift. On the latter being rejected, the planter crumpled up the bill, threw it behind the counter, and walked off in a rage. He had all his pockets stuffed with bank notes of the denominations of hundreds, fifties, and twenties, which he threw away recklessly. If he ran against a person he dashed a handful of bills in his face. Not satisfied with this, he paraded about with a linen bag so full of silver that it bent him down to carry it. Wherever he had a chance, he paid for drinks, &c., with a handful of half dollars. After a three days tour of this description, he packed up and travelled back to Tennessee, where he belonged. He is said to be quite wealthy. The suckers about town are believed to have reaped a grand harvest out of this poor inebriate's folly.

THE AMERICAN IDEA.—When one idea predominates strongly above all others, it is a key to a nation's history. The great idea of Rome, that which the child drank in with his mother's milk, was dominion. The great idea of France is glory. In despotisms, the idea of the King or the Church possesses itself of the minds of the people, and a superstitious loyalty or piety becomes the badge of the inhabitants. The most interesting views of this country is the grandeur of the idea which has determined its history, and which is expressed in all its institutions. Take away that, and we have nothing to distinguish us. In the refined arts, in manners, in works of genius, we are as yet unsurpassed. From our youth and insulated position, our history has no dazzling brilliancy, but one distinction belongs to us. A great idea, from the beginning, has been working in the minds of this people, and it broke forth with peculiar energy in our revolution. This is the idea of human rights.—W. E. Channing.

AN ANECDOTE related at Constantinople, shows how much the Ottoman Porte enjoys the presence of the foreign representatives. As his Highness was taking a ride in one of the suburbs of his capital, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, he perceived on the street two Franks, who showed in a very lively manner their joy at meeting after an absence of many years. The Sultan inquired about them; from whence they came, and who was their ambassador to his Court. "We are Swiss," they replied, "and have no Minister here." "O happy people," exclaimed the Sultan, as he rode on.

A NORTH CAROLINA paper says: "There are a great many people who live in ignorance of the want of a newspaper. Last winter, while travelling between this place and Raleigh, we met a man who conversed intelligently about farming, but who had not heard of the death of John C. Calhoun or General Jackson! He expressed great regret at their departure, and could not imagine what the country would do without them. He was told that Gen. Pierce had kept things pretty straight, when he actually asked, 'Who is Pierce?'"

A gigantic enterprise is now going on in Holland, namely: the blocking up two arms of the sea, and replacing them by a navigable canal for merchant vessels of the largest burden. By this operation, an extent of land of 14,000 hectares (35,000 acres) of the finest quality will be gained from the Scheldt.

The Physicians in the House of Correction, at Lawrence, Mass., report it almost impossible to treat delirium tremens successfully now, in consequence of the utter prostration of the nervous system of drunkards by the strychnine so generally used in the manufacture of various liquors.

A KING FOR THE CANADIANS.—A provincial paper mentions a rumor that the object of the Governor General's visit to England is to consult on a project of a union of the British North American provinces under a king, to be supplied from the present bountiful royal stock.

The most horrible case of procreancy we have long heard of is noted at Rochester. A little illegitimate son of a young woman, named Beebe, six years old, now lies in the poor house, raving with *delirium tremens*, brought on by a long continued course of dram drinking!

PLATO observes that the minds of children are like bottles with very small mouths; if you attempt to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge is wasted and little received; whereas, with a small stream they are easily filled.

GREYS, never run away from your parents till you are sure the young man eloped with don't run away from you. This advice is worth a years subscription, but we will give it gratis.

A Cincinnati Editor, in denouncing his subscribers, says he has "responsibilities" thrown upon him which he is obliged to "meet."