

Buffum's Balm.

BY S. B. ROW.

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The very odd, indeed it is.
This busy world to scan,
And witness that most every man
We see, is bent on the plan
Of showing up his neighbor's faults,
So all can read and run—
Forgetting mind you, all the while
The faults of Number One.

I don't profess to be a saint,
Yet think the great command
Of love thy neighbor as thyself,
The noblest ever planned.
It breathes a spirit so divine,
That could it once become
But well observed, how every
Would care for Number One.

We're all alike, no chance goes by
Of reaching out the hand,
Not satisfied if Plenty casts
Her burden at your door.
We push and scramble, jostle on
Our very brother's nose,
But what's the odds? on game you know,
Of course, is Number One.

'Tis fairly set, and rooted deep;
But wouldn't it be strange
If we should think it would be as well
To try and make a change?—
But then, you see, the very fact
That we have from begun
Would be enough to choke us off
From being Number One.

'Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless millions mourn.'
While hearts still striving hard with Fate,
Pass through the conflict torn.
By anguish, sorrow, pain and woe,—
And ask but death to come.
To save them from the grasping clutch
Of greedy Number One.

The noble motto of the soul,
Sowed broadest there, in trust,
If sprinkled with sweet charity,
Will blossom in the dust.
Then garnered by the hand of Time,
When life's frail thread is spun—
They'll fill the granary of rest,
Inscribed—A. Number One.

TRICKS OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

BY THOMAS F. FITZSIMMONS.

It was in the year 1830 that my father took the liberty of binding me to an apothecary, who was then transacting business in one of the most crowded, though certainly not the most fashionable thoroughfares in the metropolis. I had attained the age of twelve when I entered the store, and visions of hippocratic feasts and lots of O-dee-collow now danced through my brain. Although I was not allowed to touch the medicine, I was perfectly satisfied, and went to work like a hero. The first week I washed the windows, broke the bottles and spoiled medicines; but the second week, Dr. Bolus, chief-cook, owner, and bottle washer of the establishment, came to the sage conclusion that I was "old and ugly enough," to commence what he termed the rudiments of the profession at once. Accordingly a mortar was put into my hands, into which Bolus had placed some "black buttons," as I then called them, and he showed me how to reduce the "black buttons" to powder.

"Now, my boy," said Bolus, who was a cross thin, long back, religious, consumptive specimen of a human abortion, "now my boy, you must remember that these are the beans of sweet-scented, and that they possess numerous and excellent medicinal qualities. But as the present chief object is for you to remember the Latin terms, so do not forget that these cylindrical substances, convex on one side and concave on the other, are the beans of *Sida romifera*."

"Oh, yes," said I, brightening up, and imagining myself an accomplished apothecary in a moment, "oh, yes, I'll remember; those are the beans of nuts, nuts vomit yer, that's it."

"Nuts vomit yer?" asked Bolus, sharply.

"Nuts vomit yer," answered I, with an innocent stare.

"Be careful, child, in your pronunciation," said he, "or I may be under the painful necessity of boxing your ears," and thus saying, he left me to powder the "nuts vomit yer," which I endeavored to do until late in the evening without success, for the obstinate beans seemed to be made of India rubber.

It would only be tiresome to the reader for me to recount the numerous awkward mistakes I committed during the first two years of my apprenticeship, and now, therefore, they will be devoid of interest; therefore, we will pass them over, and again commence our tale.

During my first two years I had rapidly progressed in all the branches of my profession, but more especially in chemistry; and the blundering apprentice, who, two years before, knew not salt from catnip, could now explain pretty cleverly the medicinal properties of any medicine, from cream of tartar to the "potassium terecyanureum."

The eccentric Bolus still owned the store and he seemed to be more and more fretful and frowny every day. He preached and I practiced; that is to say, he gave the advice and I prepared the medicine; but, not being satisfied with practicing, I determined to preach also, and accordingly, if Mr. Bolus should happen to be called out professionally or otherwise, and a patient should happen to drop in, I would don a grave visage, and do myself the honor of representing my superior, Bolus—

"Prescribe—how—how—hard case," and contribute half the money to my porte-monnaie, thinking my advice was worth as much as the medicine. I was right, for the medicine was liquorice water, and my advice—nonsense.—Of course, if these proceedings should be seen or heard of by Mr. Bolus, I would pay the forfeit of a sound drubbing. However, I usually managed to have "my patients" call when I was certain Mr. Bolus would not be in the store, although now and then I managed to get into scrapes, from which I was obliged to extricate myself. It was one dismal afternoon in January, that Bolus left the store for the purpose of making some calls in the upper part of the city, and I was confident it would be some time ere he returned. Accordingly, I washed my face and hands and combed my hair—a process which seldom troubled me—and taking Bolus' easy chair, I threw my feet on the counter, and leaning back, I heartily wished a patient would make his or her appearance. Fortune seemed to favor my wishes, for in a few minutes a stalwart Irishman entered, carrying his hand in a sling.

"Well, sir," said I, as he approached, "can I do anything for you to-day?"

"An' ye yerself the doctor?"

"Yes, sir," answered I, determined to make a spec, "what is the matter, sir?"

"Well, sur, I have a bloody sore finger here,

and I ken to see if you would be after advising me to have it lashed."

"Ah, yes. Let me see, sir. Hem; had case, sir, had case. A fraint amputation unavoidable, lancing best thing."

"An' will yerself lash it, sur?"

"Certainly, sir; but it will cost half a dollar."

"Half a dollar is id? Faith, an' it's more'n I have. Can't ye give it a wee cut for a quarter, and long life to your honor?"

"No, sir," answered I, as my dignity had been insulted. "No, sir, the charge is usually more; but, inasmuch as I perceived your situation in life, I only asked you half price."

The Irishman soon came to my terms, and accordingly I went in search of a lancet for the purpose of performing my first blood letting operation. It was in vain, however, that I sought the lancet—it was not to be found, and I was obliged to resort to a dissecting needle, which was not much sharper than my own rusty jack-knife. However, nothing daunted, and adopting the maxim "necessity knows no law," I finally clutched the murderous weapon and boldly rushed forth to the operation.

Although my hand trembled as I was about making an incision with the scalpel, I did very well, and I congratulated myself upon the successful issue of my first attempt at surgery.

The fifty cents were promptly paid, and my patient took his departure. A week had nearly obliterated the occurrence from my memory, when one morning, to my consternation and dismay, who should enter the store but my patient, the Irishman, with his hand still in a sling. Without being seen, I doiged behind the counter, in order to escape the observation of "my patient," who walked up to the store, with the query:

"Where is the doctor?"

"I am the doctor, sir," answered Bolus.

"What is it?" answered the Irishman, "the jabbers, I wish you and yer lanshin' were at the devil, bad luck to ye."

"I am afraid, sir, you have mistaken the person."

"Devil a mistake; it's either you or your twin brother."

"I have no brother, sir."

"Then it's yerself that nearly kill—"

"But, my dear sir, I do not remember having had the honor of seeing you before."

"Oh, ye doesn't, eh?" answered the Irishman, drawing forth his hand, which I had unluckily poisoned by using the dissecting scalpel, [which at that moment I heartily cursed]. "And maybe yer doesn't remember charin' me fifty cents for killin' me, had case, yer yaller face and pinched jaw, ye murderin' old thief! Give me my fifty cents!"

"But—but—but, my dear sir," said Bolus, stammering; "you must undoubtedly be laboring under some mistake. I certainly do not remember having your hand, Jacob! Jacob!"

"Here, sir," answered I, as I crawled from my hiding place, trembling for fear the Irishman would recognize me; but thanks to my dirty face and purposely disarranged hair, he did not, and I got off scot-free.

"Jacob," said Bolus, addressing himself to me, "do you remember of ever seeing this gentleman in this store before?"

"No, sir," answered I, boldly, for I never told the truth where a lie would answer, and I had but few qualms of conscience; "I never saw him before."

"There, sir," answered Bolus, turning to the Irishman, "you are undoubtedly laboring under a mistake."

"There," said the Irishman, beginning to doubt himself; "somebody 'm mistakin', but I am sure I can't be drunk."

"Possibly," answered Bolus, quietly.

"Yes, I must be drunk," and so the Irishman took his departure, believing himself to be intoxicated.

This unlooked for occurrence somewhat ruffled the usually grave, but peevish Bolus, and turning to me he gave me a ringing box on the ears with: "Go wash your face, you dirty liars and scoundrel! And these were the thanks I received for giving my evidence and getting him out of a scrape; and I really believe that at that moment I would willingly have given all my ill-gotten gains to have seen the Irishman return. Although I complied with the order without grumbling, still I determined to have my revenge, and only waited for a favorable moment to make a practical illustration. I had then been studying chemistry some time, and knew well that the slightest concussion would ignite chlorate of potassium, sulphur and saltpetre, when mixed, and cause an explosion; and this knowledge I determined to use in furthering my plan of revenge.

I was not obliged to wait long, and I secretly checked in anticipation of my revenge. A few days after I was ordered to powder some brimstone, but not known to Bolus I had previously prepared my infernal compound.

Bolus always made it a rule to examine my work, and usually gave the finishing touch himself, and to make assurance doubly sure, I had not half powdered the brimstone when I submitted it to his inspection; not, however, until I had secretly thrown in a handful of my explosive compound.

"Doctor," said I, handing him the pestle, "I can't powder this any more, will you see if it is fine enough?"

As I spoke, Bolus came forward, but seeing the brimstone barely broken, he returned the pestle and a slap on the ear, (which I duly registered in my memory, determined to repay with interest,) and told me if I did not pound harder he would pound me.

Here was a nice predicament. If I did as I was told, I would, in all probability, blow my fingers off, and so fall into my own snare.—However there never was a way to get into a scrape that there was not a way to get out, (at least so it appeared to me,) for instead of pounding the ingredients at the bottom of the mortar, I gave the sides such tremendous whacks, that I absolutely elicited the admiration of Doctor Bolus, who soon arose to make a second examination. Imagine his surprise to behold the contents still unbroken.

"What on earth is the matter with this," said he, as he took the pestle from my hand to strike the fatal blow, "I never saw the like."

In another moment his arm descended, and an explosion such as I never heard before was the consequence; blowing his shirt and coat sleeves from his arm, and burning him severely, though not seriously.

"Water! water!" he cried in agony. "Jacob, get me some water."

In a moment the desired article was in my hand, and at his request poured it plentifully over the wounded parts, when, oh horror!

what had I done? In the confusion of the moment I had snatched up the wrong bottle and had bathed his arm with the spirits of hartshorn.

This was too much for the nerves of poor Bolus, and in the agony which followed, fainted. Here was another predicament. What could I do? I could not run for a physician, and leave Bolus insensible, so I again had recourse to the treacherous ammonia; not, however, until I had saturated his arm with linseed oil and lime water.

Under the influence of the restorative, he soon recovered, and then came the tremendous whacks I anticipated my fatal mistake would produce, although Bolus, who was a worse chemist than myself, always remained in ignorance as to the cause of the explosion.

In a month Bolus had recovered and could again attend to his regular business. I received the usual amount of whacks per diem, all of which I managed to return in one way or another with interest. I was then only fifteen years of age, but young as I was, my heart had been hardened and made resentful by the cruel treatment I experienced at the hands of Bolus. I had no pity, no remorse, and all my thoughts were engrossed by schemes for revenge. I always had some expensive solution ready to be put into execution, and, with the exception of one or two, such as adulterating Bolus' tea with senna, and his coffee with aloes, I rarely repeated them.

Besides these I invented numerous ways of teasing him. When his tongue got started I would whistle Yankee Doodle, and when he struck me, I would accidentally break a bottle of gunpowder, or spill some expensive solution on the floor; by these and many other offences the reader can easily form a correct opinion of my character. I can now call to memory one day that I accidentally let a bottle fall on Bolus' foot, spattering his clothes with sulphuric acid; he gave me a severe whipping, and as I always moderated my revenge according to the amount of injury received, so determined the punishment to be, it was not painful, but was at least provoking and ridiculous. The next morning was the time for its execution.

Luckily I had made up an unusually large quantity of the tincture of galls, and having saturated his towel thoroughly, I hung it up to dry and then folded it up carefully and laid it in its usual place. I then powdered some nitrate of silver, and mixed it with a quantity of sulphate of iron with it, I threw it into his wash-basin and calmly awaited the result.

All the afternoon and evening I was exceedingly careful to perform his bidding with alacrity and precision; and Bolus seemed to be pleased with my willingness, for as I was about retiring for the night, he gave me a glass of root-beer—a beverage in which I had but few opportunities to indulge. However, the root of my revenge were sweeter than the beer and his kindness had no effect whatever upon me.

I then retired for the night, and, after a refreshing sleep, I arose and had the fire kindled and the store scrupulously neat ere Bolus made his appearance. Luckily the dye did not color the skin immediately, and Bolus, unaided for a short time in his unconsciousness, missed the trick that had been played upon him.

About eight o'clock I was sent of an errand, and I was confident that before I returned my compound would have worked the desired effect. I lingered on my way back to the store, almost afraid to enter, but fearful lest my prolonged stay might create suspicion, I at last made my appearance.

At first, I did not credit my own senses; I did indeed intend to blacken Bolus' face, but I did not intend to make a tattooed cannibal of him, but there he stood, the very picture of despair, striped and blacker than any Ethiopian I had ever beheld. First he would view his hideous physiognomy in the mirror, and then plunge his head in a large tub of water, which stood behind the counter. It was not until he had done this that he could be prevailed upon to indulge in a laugh which spontaneously arose to my mouth; my risible propensities were not to be subdued, and I burst out in a loud and prolonged ha ha! I could not help it, for I never beheld a more comical picture than Bolus presented, as he stood behind the counter.

In all probability, Bolus thought he was cold enough without being laughed at, and he could locate anything but making his troubles the object of mirth or ridicule; and seizing the heaviest bottle near him, which happened to be the sulphate of quinine, worth \$4, he sent it whizzing at my head, but, dodging it quickly, it went through an expensive pane of glass and was smashed to atoms on the sidewalk.—Of course Bolus became more enraged when he saw the fragments of his bottle and coat line, but a crowding collected at the door, he was obliged to retreat to his "sanctum sanctorum."

It was in vain that Bolus scraped and scrubbed his hands and face with a coarse towel, the obstinate color still remained; but one morning a feeling, such as I never felt before sprang up in my bosom, and I dropped some iodine of potassium in his wash basin, and for a month after, his appearance was so different, that person to believe that he was fast recovering from a severe attack of the jaundice.

It is useless to repeat the many tricks that I played during my apprenticeship, and always at the expense of poor Bolus; and I will let it suffice to say that there were numerous—but as everything has an end, so has the first chapter of this tale. Bolus soon died, and at the age of twenty I entered college.

PHYSICAL HISTORY OF THE EARTH.

BY PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

It is something to be able to show by monumental evidence, and by direct comparison, that animals and plants have undergone no change for a period of about five thousand years. This result has had the greatest influence upon the progress of science, especially with reference to the consequences to be drawn from the occurrence in the series of geology diversified in each epoch as those of the present day; it has laid the foundation for the conviction, now universal among well-informed naturalists, that this globe has been in existence for innumerable ages, and that the length of time elapsed since it first became inhabited cannot be counted in years. Ever the length of the period to which we belong is still a problem, notwithstanding the precision with which certain systems of chronology would fix the creation of man. There are, however, many circumstances which show that the animals now living have been for a much longer period inhabitants of our globe than is generally supposed. It has been possible to trace the formation and growth of our coral reefs, especially in Florida, with sufficient precision to ascertain that it must take about eight thousand years for one of those coral walls to rise from its foundation to the level of the surface of the ocean. There are, around the southernmost extremity of Florida alone, four such reefs concentric with one another, which can be shown to have grown up, one after the other. This gives for the beginning of these reefs an age of over thirty thousand years; and yet the corals by which they were first raised are the same identical species in all of them. These facts, then, furnish as direct evidence as we can obtain in any branch of physical inquiry, that some, at least, of the species of animals now existing, have been in existence over thirty thousand years, and have not undergone the slightest change during the whole of that period. And yet these four concentric reefs are only the most distant above the level of the sea, and have been investigated thus far, lie to the northward; indeed, the whole peninsula of Florida consists altogether of coral reefs annexed to one another in the course of time, and containing only fragments of corals and shells, &c., identical with those now living upon that coast. Now, if a width of five miles is a fair average for one coral reef growing under the circumstances under which the concentric reefs of Florida are seen, and if we suppose that, and this regular succession should extend only as far north as Lake Ogechee, for two degrees of latitude, this would give about two hundred thousand years for the period of time which was necessary for that part of the peninsula of Florida which lies south of Lake Ogechee to rise to its present southern extent above the level of the sea, and during which no changes have taken place in the character of the animals of the Gulf of Mexico.

To form adequate ideas of the great physical changes the surface of our globe has undergone, and the frequency of these modifications of the character of the earth's surface, and of their coincidence with the changes observed among the organized beings, it is necessary to study attentively the works of E. de Beaumont. He, for the first time, attempted to determine the relative age of the different systems of mountains, and showed first, also, that the physical disturbances occasioned by their upheaval, coincided with the successive disappearances of entire fauna, and the reappearances of new ones. In his earlier papers he recognized seven, and then twelve, and finally and conclusively, the evidence that the number of these disturbances has been, at least sixty, perhaps one hundred. But while the genesis and geology of our mountain systems were thus illustrated, paleontologists, extending their comparisons between the fossiliferous strata of the present and of the past, all the successive beds of each great era, have observed more and more marked differences between them, and satisfied themselves that the fauna also have been more frequently renovated than was formerly supposed; so that the general results of geology proper, and of paleontology concur, in the main, to prove, that while the globe has been, at repeated intervals, and indeed frequently, though after immensely long periods, altered and altered, so have also animals and plants, living upon its surface, been again and again extinguished, and replaced by others, until those now living were called into existence with man at their head. The investigation is not in every case sufficiently complete to show everywhere a coincidence between this renovation of animals and plants, and the great physical disturbances which have altered the physical aspect of the globe, but it is already extensive enough to exhibit a frequent synchronism and correlation, and to warrant the expectation that it will, in the end, lead to a complete demonstration of their mutual dependence, not as cause and effect, but as steps in the same progressive development of the planet which embraces the physical, as well as the organic world.

In order not to misapprehend the facts, and perhaps to fall back upon the idea that these changes may be the cause of the differences observed between the fossils of different periods, it must be well understood that, while organized beings exhibit through all geological formations a regular order of succession, the character of which will be more fully illustrated hereafter, this succession has been, from time to time, violently interrupted by physical disturbances, without any of these altering, in any way, the progressive character of that succession of organized beings. Truly this shows that the important, the leading feature of this whole drama in the development of life, and that the material world affords only the elements for its realization. The simultaneous disappearance of entire fauna, and the following simultaneous appearance of other fauna consist of the greatest variety of types, in all formations, combined everywhere into natural associations of animals and plants, between which there have been definite relation at all times, their origin can at no time be owing to the limited influence of monotonous physical causes, ever acting in the same way. Here, again, the intervention of a Creator is displayed in the most striking manner, in every stage of the history of the world.

In the last two months, 1,666 people have died with yellow fever at New Orleans.

The Mineral Waters of the Burning Mountain in Pennsylvania.

Nearly twenty years ago a coal mine at Coal Castle, in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, was set on fire by the carelessness of some miners, who were engaged in working it but who paid the penalty of their fault with their lives. Yet ever since has that fire continued to burn in the deepest recesses of its cavernous heart, and the mountain that contains it still continues to emit the smoke and gas of an active volcano. It does not belch forth streams of melted lava, nor will it ever do so, but the probabilities are that it will continue to burn for a hundred years to come unless the adventurous miners of that State excavate the coal which feeds the fire before that period arrives; and, in fact, the process of excavation is now going on, and the miners are at work hundreds of feet below the base of the mountain and the lowest point to which the fire has yet reached. It has extended on the vein of coal which is known as the Great Mammoth, or "Jugular" vein, ranging from thirty to one hundred feet in thickness, over a mile from east to west. The water running from the mouth of the old mine is as hot as the waters of the Hot Springs in Bath county, this State, and forms as bold a stream as that flowing from the White Sulphur Springs of Greenbrier. The gas which issues from the mine is carbonic acid gas and nitrogen, and the mineral substances principally sulphate of iron, sulphate of magnesia, or epsom salts, ammonia, alumina, &c., with sulphuric acid and carbonic acid.

The mineral waters of the Burning Mountain of Pennsylvania are found to possess virtues not attainable to all the materia medica of the healing art. And efforts are now being made to render the water accessible to the public in the shape of bathing and wells. Mr. Salthill, a gentleman engaged with Mr. De Bow in developing the coal, lead, and other minerals of Virginia, and now at Farmville, in Prince Edward county, was the person who, at the imminent risk of his life, brought out the bodies of the unfortunate men who first set the Burning Mountain on fire. It was a fearful undertaking, for the destroying fumes of the acrolein and carbonic acid gas filled every hole and corner of the mine. But Mr. Harris is a fearless and reliable miner, as well as an intelligent man, who has seen more mining life adventure and accidents in the deep dark bowels of the earth than any man probably now living. He has been engaged in the deepest mines in the world, and has worked for miles beneath the raging billows of the sea. He was one of the first to open the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania, and has long been successful in exploring new regions for coal, iron, &c. To such men will Virginia owe her future existence as a mining and manufacturing State, in connexion with her own capitalists and enterprising business men.—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.*

Paul Morphy, the American Chess Hero.

Private letters to the editor of the *Chess Monthly*, brings later intelligence from Mr. Morphy than is to be found in our files. His match (for \$50 francs a side) with Herr Harwitz stands; Morphy 2, Harwitz 1. The Cafe de la Regence, the traditional locale of Parisian chess, and the scene of Philidor's, Deschappelle's and La Bourdonnais's triumphs, is crowded with spectators whenever our countryman plays. A gentleman now in Paris writes as follows:—"The greatest of living French sculptors, Lequesne, the pupil and successor of Puelier, has asked Mr. Morphy to sit in marble for his bust in marble. The bust will be exhibited at the Exposition des Beaux arts.—This is I think, the greatest honor that has yet been conferred on Mr. Morphy. But I do assure you they treat him here like a God.—He dines with his Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick, on Sunday. The other night, at the Theatre Francaise, half the audience stood up and looked at him—perfectly unconscious until it was pointed out to him. Everybody seeks introductions to him, and the old players of the time of La Bourdonnais treat him with the greatest reverence." After finishing his match with Harwitz, Mr. Morphy will proceed directly to Berlin and Breslau, to meet Andersen, Lange Mayet, who, with Von der Lasa, are at present the great opponents of German chess. It is a matter of much regret both to Mr. Morphy and his admirers, that the diplomatic duties of Von der Lasa, (who is the Prussian minister at Rio Janeiro) precludes the possibility of bringing about a meeting between these distinguished players. The last *Illustrated News*, of London, gives a portrait and life of Mr. Morphy, together with the eight games played blindfold by him at the Birmingham meeting.

A Remarkable Case.

The following narrative is from the columns of a Philadelphia paper of yesterday.—"The Western line, which left Philadelphia for Philadelphia, at noon on Wednesday, conveyed a free passenger, without the knowledge of the conductor of the train, for a distance of about 210 miles, between Pittsburg and Millin. Upon arriving at the latter place, the inspectors, who are in the habit of examining and testing the wheels, &c., to guard against accidents, discovered an individual weighing about 180 lbs. stowed away immediately under the car, upon one of the trucks, covered with dust and dirt to the depth of an inch. When taken out by the employees of the railroad company, he was unable to stand, and would have no doubt expired by suffocation, long before reaching Philadelphia. This hazardous ride was undertaken to save the fare, which is about \$5.00. After giving the traveler a washing and night's rest, the conductor sent him on towards Philadelphia." This is one of the most extraordinary cases which has ever met our notice. The train referred to was the fast line, and it is a wonder that the "individual" managed to escape with life. He certainly will not speak very highly in future of the views on the P. & R. Railroad.

The lion-killer, Jules Gerard, in a letter descriptive of a campaign against a monstrous lion, states that in the Algerian subdivision Bono that there are at present no less than six of these ferocious beasts, who have destroyed in one year ten thousand head of cattle. In his hunting excursions, Gerard, now makes use of the Devise bullet, which explodes in the body of the animal.

A woman has been arrested in Albany for stealing old iron; she had fourteen pounds of it secreted in her bosom. Her offense weighed heavily upon her.

Missouri Called to Choose.

From an editorial in the *Missouri Democrat*, of the 23rd, we clip this passage:—"A choice of destinies is now presented to Missouri. Either the industrial system of the South, with its incapacity for progress; with the condensation of its population in two castles as immutable as those of Brahma—a plantation aristocracy, and hordes of negroes subdivided into communistic platoons—with the contraction and attenuation of agriculture, the interests of which become despotic and exclusive; with its stagnation and repression of intellect, except in politics and law—this, or the grandeur of free society, with its sublime movements, its ceaseless activity, its exhaustless energies, boundless aspirations, multiplicity of vocations and infinite growth in all that man cares or toils for—Missouri has now the privilege of choosing. Her destiny is not yet fixed;—she is still debatable land, and the principal battle-field of the warring systems of free and slave labor.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.—"Be kind to your sisters," is the caption of a stray paragraph that we find floating around on the sea of newspaperdom, like "Japhet in search of a father." It contains some good advice which we especially commend to the boys. "Boys be kind to your sisters!" There is a whole volume of good counsel in that brief line. You may live to be old, and never find such tender loving friends as these sisters. Think how many things they do for you,—how patient are they with you,—how they love you in spite of all your ill-temper or rudeness,—how thoughtful they are for your comfort,—and be thoughtful to them. Be ever ready to oblige them, to perform any little office for them that is within your power. Think what you can do for them, and if they express a wish, be ready to gratify it, if possible. You do not know how much happiness you will find in so doing.—You never yet knew a happy and respected man who was not in youth kind to his sisters. There is a song which says:

"Be kind to your sister—'not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love."
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above."

ADULTERATED BEVERAGES.—Drugged and adulterated liquors are producing their natural consequences in the increase and fatality of diseases resulting from intemperance. Thirty-nine years ago delirium tremens was a disease almost entirely unknown in this country, although wine and spirituous liquors were then to be found on the table and sideboard of nearly every decent and comfortable house in the land. This terrible malady is not only more frequent, but it is yearly assuming, as hospital physicians have shown by statistics, a far more incurable form. Indeed, it has been suggested that delirium tremens is nothing more or less than a specific disease caused by the habitual introduction of specific poison into the system, and that this poison is nothing but a drug, or drugs, surreptitiously introduced into nearly every variety of intoxicating liquor.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

TEXAS.—From the returns of the census of Texas, now nearly completed, it is ascertained that its population will not fall short of four hundred and fifty thousand. No State, in any section of the Union, exhibits so rapid a growth, or greater evidence of singular prosperity. In eight years it has more than doubled its number of inhabitants, while its productive capacity has been developed in a still higher ratio. The same impulse which sends a ceaseless tide of emigration into the Northwest States and Territories, is giving an extraordinary vitality to this vast Southwestern region, outlying on the borders of Mexico.

A LIQUOR INSPECTOR.—The Legislature of Georgia has passed a law authorizing the appointment of a liquor inspector, whose duty it shall be to examine and thoroughly test the poisonous ingredients contained in liquors, and should they find any strychnine or other poisonous drug in any liquor, the person selling the same is ordered to take it out of the State; and if he sells any drugged liquor, knowing it to be such, or after his inspection, he is to pay a fine of \$100 for the first offence, \$200 for the second offence, \$400 for the third offence, and \$1,000 for the fourth.

STEELER FOR LOVE OR HONOR.—The Rising Sun Ltd., Visitor, states that Mrs. Mary Montgomery, a widow aged about 65, who had lived on a farm in Switzerland county, Ind., for forty years recently, at the solicitation of her children sold her property, and was about to remove to Rising Sun. Her attachment to the locality where she had spent so long a time, and the excitement of removal, however, so agitated her, that in a fit of frenzy she cut her throat, and was found dead in her bed, a day or two before the time fixed for her departure.

The difference between rising every morning at 6 and 8, in the course of 40 years, amounts to 49,000 hours, or 3 years, 121 days and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years, which is the same as if ten years were added to a man's life.—What an important consideration is this.—Sleep from ten at night till six in the morning is sufficient for any man in good health; indeed, such early rising is necessary to preserve good health in either man or woman.

PENSION FRAUD.—Suspicion has for a long time been entertained that frauds on the Pension Department had been carried on in Western New York to a great extent. Within a few days, the United States Marshal has made several arrests. The principal operator is a man named Albro. The extent of his operations is estimated as high as seventy-five or one hundred warrants. Two Magistrates and a lawyer, who are implicated, have been arrested.

BALLOON RACING.—Mons. Godard aeronaut, has challenged Prof. Steiner, of Philadelphia, to race with balloons, at Cincinnati—the balloon going the furthest distance to be declared winner. Mr. Steiner has accepted the challenge.

He who does best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

Every man ought to have a wife. If a man is happy married his wife is worth all the other bones in his body.