

Raffinier's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1859.

VOL. 6.—NO. 7.

BEAUTIFUL STANZAS.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses will bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
Like a silent gem apart,
And the summer sun and dew.
So in the hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fall,
And the roses in the bloom,
Drop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes,
In the garden of the heart.
Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

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CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

The timber and spar business has brought our merchants in contact with dealers extended over a large part of our common country. Should we estimate the annual product of our forests, in such lumber, at two thousand rafts valued at over a million of dollars we should fall short of the actual amount. Mills on the Delaware, Karitan, Hudson, Schuylkill, Connecticut derive from our pineries, their principal supply of white pine and oak timber for sawing—and such is the case with the numerous mills erected on the Susquehanna from Muncy dam to Baltimore. The numerous ship and boat yards along the coast and at Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York derive their spars and decking from us. Our forests supply the wharf and piling timber and much of the large lumber used in building bridges and other large structures in this and adjoining States. Although more or less lumber has, from the origin of the business until now, been annually exported, the trade in square timber and spars was not until 1842 considered remunerative. Prior to then it was carried on through necessity. It was important to clear the land that bread might be raised and our population supported and whilst the growing trees were considered of little or no value, our citizens were satisfied if the pittance they then received for their timber would pay them for the labor of manufacturing and exporting. But a change of policy having given an impetus to commerce, which called for additional tonnage and also induced an increase in building, a higher store was set on our products and attention was directed towards our forests. The trade which was carried on because it was the best thing which could be done with our trees then became one of the first importance, and men engaged in it as a primary instead of accidental business, and the white pines which were by some considered a nuisance now form the principal object in estimating the value of our land. Before leaving this subject let us relate an incident connected with the early history of this trade. It occurred before many rafts had descended. On a small raft destined for the lower market was John Bell, John Bloom and several others. They had reached a point where they considered the danger passed and that it was unnecessary to keep so many hands on the raft. Bell, Bloom and another left, having provided themselves with a small allowance of bread, sufficient for dinner. The former was the only one who had been down the river and thought himself familiar with the different localities. He acted as guide for the party and assured his companions, on landing about noon, that he knew the route and they would reach Clearfield before night. They struck up on the hill and pursued their course through the woods without a path, following the windings of the river until dark, when they encamped for the night, supperless. The next day they continued their tramp and on their way came across a deer which had been slain by a beast of prey. Bell partook of a part of the meat, but the others being younger than he and better able to stand fatigue and hunger refused to eat of the raw flesh. The party came to the river several times during the day without finding any trace of the town they expected to reach the night before, and at sunset after travelling all day without food were compelled to lie out. The third day about noon they again descended the hill to the river when Bell seeing something white in the distance exclaimed that they had passed Clearfield and were near home. He told his companions to sit still and he would go and catch his grey horse and return. On joining them, Bell's companions were disappointed on learning that he was deceived by a large stone on the hill and that he was not certain where they were. When they next came to the river they met with a human being—Carson, of whom we have spoken as at his future home, a few miles below Clearfield, prospecting. The first inquiry of the almost famished men was as to the amount of his stock of provisions. It was scanty—barely enough to see him through. Bell prevailed on him to furnish him with a small loaf and agreed to send him in return two bushels of wheat, and as a Bell had agreed to do so, Carson received his pay. That night the party reached Clearfield town.

In 1848, before our people were aware of it, a company was incorporated and authorized to construct a boom at Williamsport. The avowed

object of this was to catch such timber, spars, &c., as might be staved in the mountains, or swept from the moorings during high water; but the real object was to introduce a new system of lumbering known as log-floating, and carry the manufacture of the sawed lumber from the mountain regions to the mammoth mills which have since been constructed lower down the stream. By some the delay, which it was thought would be caused by the erection of the boom, was supposed would be compensated by securing such lumber as might otherwise be lost; but many have constantly and warmly opposed what they considered an infringement on the rights of the lumbermen. As soon as practicable after the act of incorporation was passed, contracts were made for the manufacture and delivery of sawed logs on many of our smaller streams, and in 1850 the first log-drive was witnessed by our citizens. The floaters and raftsmen came into collision; the latter declaring that the two systems of lumbering were incompatible, that the vast body of logs floating loosely out the stream rendered rafting so risky that it must be abandoned in case log-floating continued. Considering that they had the older and better right to the use of the stream, in some places valuable logs were hacked or cut in two and rendered worthless, and many logs had spikes, old files and other pieces of metal driven into them, which seriously damaged the saws in the gang mills. So determined was the opposition on Chest Creek and the main stream that no logs have been floated from above the mouth of Clearfield creek since then. But the floaters had purchased lands and obtained a footing on several of the streams. Those who at first engaged in the business, were irresponsible men, and for the damages occasioned no redress could be obtained. Prosecutions were commenced—meetings held, and the Legislature memorialized, but without effect. Other boom companies were incorporated and the business increased. In the spring of 1857, the lumbermen on Clearfield creek determined to drive the floaters from the stream, and a large party, armed with fire-arms, attacked the log men, drove them off, and destroyed their boats and provisions. The attacking party were arrested, convicted of a riot, and punished by a nominal fine. Since then hostilities have ceased without any armistice having been agreed upon. As to who were in the right, or what strength there is in the reasons urged by the advocates of the rival systems of lumbering, it would not be proper for us to say in this sketch. Log-floating continues, and is a business of some magnitude—the contracts for logs last year amounting in the aggregate to eighty millions of feet, for which were paid to those who delivered them on the bank, about three dollars per thousand feet. The amount of logs contracted for this year will exceed last year's contracts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"NOT ONE OF THEM AR SORT."

The New Orleans *Delta* tells the following good one:—At a session of the Circuit Court of Mississippi, in some country town, the lawyers who were in attendance were in the habit of putting up at a house of entertainment kept by a huxum widow lady, of a very high sense of propriety, and great dignity of deportment. This lady always presided at the head of the table during meals, and the place of honor on her right was regarded as due to the most staid, proper and elderly member of the Bar. By unanimous consent of the lawyers, Col. B., a very modest, discreet, and pious counsellor, was selected for this distinction. Now, the possessing many sterling virtues, Col. B. possessed one weakness; but it was not of the head or heart—it was of the eyelid. He had the habit of winking incessantly and involuntarily, which, with persons who did not know the cause of it, left an unfavorable impression of the Colonel's seriousness and sincerity. He was eternally being suspected of what he was the last man to conceive of, to wit—design of joking or quizzing everybody, all on account of the perpetual motion of his eyelids. When on the first occasion, the Colonel took possession of the seat nearest to "mine hostess," his bland and amiable expression and dignified address created quite a favorable impression upon her ladyship. The soup was over, and the hostess began to ply the Colonel with various tempting dishes, all of which he accepted or declined, with a pleasant smile, and with his invariable wink. At last it was perceptible, to the company, that the hostess was eyeing her distinguished guest rather inquiringly and significantly. These glances were always met by the Colonel with his usual smile and wink. But these amiable demonstrations were far from producing the effect designed upon Madam, who began to frown and look very threateningly at the innocent Colonel, who only smiled and winked the more facetiously. Finally, however, to the very great horror of the Bar, and the utter annihilation of the worthy Colonel, the hostess slapped the table indignantly with her right hand, and fixing her eyes very pointedly and fiercely upon the object of her wrath, cried out at the top of her voice—"You sanctified, wizen-faced old villain! I'll let you know I'm not one of them ar sort!"

What might have followed this explosion of wrath, it would be impossible to conjecture, but the unfortunate possessor of the weak eyelids decamped in haste from the post of honor, and never after could be persuaded to act the agreeable to a huxum widow.

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Parliament are not counterfeited, why should there be such a difficulty in passing them?

The most economical time to buy cider is, when it is not very clear, for then it will settle for itself.

Dobbs calls Noah Webster an enchanter because of his awful spells.

A BRAZILIAN PIC-NIC.

BY HON. G. V. HENKLEY.

Having attended several of these social outdoor dinner parties within a few weeks and being now pretty well informed as to the "modus operandi" in getting up these anti-aristocratic sylvan re-unions, I must certainly decide in favor of having them continued forever, and will vote, the first opportunity for Congress, or the city council, or the clerk of the weather, to pass an act to the effect that summer shall be continued for five years without intermission; and at the expiration of that time, if the plan works well, we can pass a law to have summer and picnic's reign perpetual.

And now, as every body in this country knows exactly how these affairs are conducted in Yankeeedom, and as the spirit of improvement is the spirit of the age, I have thought that a description of the manner of doing the same thing in South America might not be altogether void of interest.

I shall select, as my model, a picnic at which I had the honor to act as one of the stewards; and if any one should discover any improvements in the principles upon which it was carried out, and carry out the fullest liberty, so far as I am concerned, to adopt them whenever they think proper.

It was some time in the month of December, 1848, that ten of us, citizens of Pelotas, a beautiful town situated on the right bank of the Rio Gonzalez, in the province of Rio Grande, put our heads together, and our wits to work, one afternoon, in order to conjure up, contrive, and adopt some plan whereby we should be enabled to kill time, or get killed ourselves—for it was terrible tedious times with us, living there with nothing to do, and no disposition to do it—we, who for the last six years had been constantly on the wing in the revolutionary spirit against our legitimate sovereign, Don Pedro Segundo, to be the party set up without any kind of excitement, we'd die unless we got up something that would put our blood in circulation.

I have said that there were ten of us, and I will now add, that we represented about as many different nations as we did individual specimens of humanity—and that we were all either colonels, captains, or doctors, officers in the army, and in the navy, and each of us had a wife and not much of anything else. Yes—we had each a couple of first rate horses, worth perhaps six dollars a piece, a half dozen dogs, as many "niggers," a prime rifle, and a pair of choice revolvers.

The afternoon session was about to adjourn without having hit upon anything definite, when Doctor Tom, Venen, whose pretty Spanish wife had relations living somewhere on the Parangay river, only about a hundred leagues distant, proposed that we should club together, and get up a regular picnic excursion, and have a cruise in the country on horseback.

"That's it! Hurrah for Uncle Tom!" we all shouted. "Just the thing. Wouldn't we have a time?"

And away we all scattered to get ready for the cruise.

About noon on the following day, we all met on the lee side of the old cathedral, men, women, "niggers," horses, dogs, and provisions, and proceeded to call a court of inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining if we were all in good sailing order. The result was perfectly satisfactory. There were ten colonels, captains, and doctors, ten doctors, officers in the army, and in the navy, and each of us had a wife and not much of anything else. Yes—we had each a couple of first rate horses, worth perhaps six dollars a piece, a half dozen dogs, as many "niggers," a prime rifle, and a pair of choice revolvers.

We had lots of provisions stowed away in the huge raw-hide baskets, slung one on each side of our four pack horses; and then among our other sea-stores we had stowed away a few bottles of oil—You sons of temperance and teetotalers, you can't think how *we* use 'em. Why, bless you, we never hear of such a thing as cold water in Brazil.

Well, we made sail, and got under way for the cruise of three hundred miles, through a country almost a native wilderness, swarming with every variety of reptiles, serpents, and wild beasts, and doctors, ten doctors, officers in the army, and in the navy, and each of us had a wife and not much of anything else. Yes—we had each a couple of first rate horses, worth perhaps six dollars a piece, a half dozen dogs, as many "niggers," a prime rifle, and a pair of choice revolvers.

Pleasant, wasn't it?

But then it was nothing to us, who had spent nearly six years of our lives on horseback, in those same woods—not to our wives either, who were a brace of revolvers in their belts, twelve inches of cold steel under their garters, and used two stirrups to their saddles.

Well, we went through in about a week without accident, except losing a dog, which a young anaconda swallowed for his breakfast one morning, and a "nigger," that a big puma trotted off with for his supper one evening. However, that was no consequence, as we had dogs and niggers enough.

After visiting among all of our friends and some of our enemies along the river, for about six weeks, we set out in high spirits, and with a fresh stock of provisions and bottles, on our homeward bound passage.

For the first two days the time passed off very agreeably, and we had fine sport running down an ostrich, or shooting an Indian, now and then for the fun of the thing—that is, the ostriches—the Indians we only shot to prevent them from shooting us.

On the morning of the third day, when we had finished our breakfast, we concluded to have a chase after some forty or more ostriches, which we discovered about half a mile off, and so dispatched six of our blacks with the four pack horses on ahead, with orders to halt on the banks of a small river, which ran along the edge of a broad sandy plain, where we directed them to have dinner prepared against our arrival.

The distance to the river was about eighteen miles, and we guessed we could chase the long-legged birds a couple of hours, and then have plenty of time to get through by two o'clock. P. M. which was our usual dinner hour.

We chased the ostriches till we caught about a dozen of them, which we robbed of their tails and let them go again.

At length we got tired of the sport, and started off at a round gallop after our dinner, and perhaps a taste of something else, which we remembered was in our leather lockers aboard the pack horses.

At two, precisely, we arrived at the river, but not a horse or nigger was there in sight. And worse than all, there was no dinner in sight either—not a drop of oil—murder! we couldn't drink that warm, insipid water, no how.

After ranging up and down the river for five

miles each way, and firing guns, shooting like a whole tribe of full-blood Mohawks, and making all the other noises that we could think of, we turned our horses adrift to get their dinners, while we lay down in the shade for an afternoon's nap, some hungry and very dry.

After about two hours we woke up, and had another hunt for the "darkies," but they wasn't there. Then we concluded that they must have got lost, or run away; and we knew well enough they hadn't got lost.

That night we camped there on the bank of the river, in hopes that the confounded "niggers" might possibly repent and come back. Not a bit of it. Day-light came, but no "niggers," and so we played Indian, drawing our belts a little tighter, and got under way for home.

At a ford, a few miles lower down, we crossed the river, and here we filled several flasks with water, well knowing that there was none fit to drink for more than forty miles ahead.

Our way now lay across a barren, sandy waste, and we knew that we should be obliged to fast until we reached the eastern limits of this ocean of sand, when we might expect to meet plenty of wild cattle, and stand tolerable good chance of getting a supper of fresh beef.

It was within half an hour of sunset when we reached the edge of a belt of natural meadow, which lay between the desert and a dense forest beyond.

On this beautiful meadow were hundreds of fine, fat cattle grazing, and we selected a nice heifer, which a rifle bullet soon brought down, when four of us sat aft, and cutting the body in four quarters without removing the hide, each took a quarter before him on his horse, and we all set forwards for the woods, where we guessed we should make up for our two days' fast.

By sunset we reached the forest, and in less than fifteen minutes we had a roaring fire kindled, for we were all hungry, and a few of us were awfully dry.

It was funny, though—that beef supper, there in the woods. There we sat round the huge blazes, colonels and women, captains and niggers, dogs and doctors, each with a piece of beef about as big as a North River shad, stuck on a sharp stick, or the points of our long knives, toasting and frying, broiling and cooking, with the blood and gravy running down each corner of our mouths like the red juice from a leaky wine press. Hold on a bit, though—I forgot one thing. The dogs didn't have any knives nor sharp sticks. They took their meals without cooking.

"This is what I call a regular picnic," spluttered Doctor Tom, with his mouth full of beef steaks, all but raw.

"Ees, by gar! zentlemen and ladies; it shall be one grand supper. By gar, we shall eat plente for four tree day."

"A-r-r-r-o-o-a-a-o-a-r-r!" roared a monstrous tiger, five rods from us, as if his opinion tallied with that of the last speaker, a little French captain, exactly; and he'd like to come in.

Heavens and earth! That hideous roar of the hungry tiger set 'em all agoing; and all the infernal noises that ever was heard in a Brazilian forest, was at once let loose. Wolves and wild cats, pumas and panthers, together with every other brute that growled, grunted, whined, or whistled, all gave tongue, each striving to emulate the other in his melodious notes. It was a glorious picnic serenade, but we wouldn't stop eating. No—not if we had been caged with all the tigers and leopards in Brazil. Once in a while we would cast our eyes behind us, and there, just beyond the range of our fire light, sparkled hundreds of bright, flashing eyes, as the savage brutes crowded about us, and snuffed our savory feast.

For ten minutes did the horrid screams and discordant howls continue, when all at once an immense puma, handsome in among us, and pounced upon a quarter of the heifer which yet remained untouched.

"Hold on, old fellow! till I get another slice," said Doctor Tom, at the same time driving his long Spanish knife in between the ribs of the huge brute.

"A-ha! you dem thief, you shall steal my life a—!" screamed the excited Frenchman, and there, not in fifteen inches of steel, driven home to the very hilt in the monster's throat.

In less than ten seconds the puma had received a hundred stabs from our reeking knives, and to complete the tragedy, a little spanish beauty set her revolver going, utterly regardless of the danger we ran of becoming a target for her bullets.

The report of that pistol acted like magic on our four-legged friends outside the family circle, for in an instant every brute tongue was hushed as death.

We didn't sleep any that night; but we made a great supper, for all that remained of our heifer in the morning was a few bones. That day we found our runaway "niggers," and all of us went home very well satisfied with our picnic.

RAVAGES OF THE BEARS IN WISCONSIN.

Our Wisconsin exchanges continue to be filled with startling accounts of the ravages of the bears. The whole State appears to be swarming with these ferocious wild animals, and the inhabitants are becoming alarmed for their safety. The bears no longer confine their visits to farmer's pig pens, but boldly approach their dwellings and apply for admittance at kitchen doors and bedroom windows. Public bear hunts are got up in various parts of the State, for the purpose of driving away the vermin and protecting the inhabitants. The Manitowoc Tribune thinks the theory that they have been driven from the north, by scarcity of food, into the settlements, is a plausible one. "Long continued drought and extensive fires have prevented the usual supply of mast, and brain does not object to a dish of corn, a nip of veal, a rasber of bacon, or even a fat baby, when accorns are scarce."

A HINDOO REPTILE.—Mr. Samuel Hawkins, living in Mt. Crawford, Rockingham county, Virginia, shot an enormous bill snake recently, about a mile from that place, in what is known as Cedar Ridge. The snake was eleven feet in length, and over a foot in circumference. It was in pursuit of a younger brother of Mr. Hawkins, making a kind of hollowing noise, peculiar to this serpent, when it was shot. Its teeth were an inch in length.

A negro being asked if his master was a Christian, replied, "No, sir, he's only a member of Congress."

If people "knew themselves," some folks would make very bad acquaintances.

A "FAST" WOMAN AND HER VICTIMS.

The public has heard of late numerous chapters no less startling than interesting, in the history of "fast" young men, who, yielding to temptation in an evil and unguarded hour, have rushed headlong to ruin; but here is a history which eclipses them all—an account of an extraordinarily clever and brilliant "fast" woman, whose power of fascinating and beguiling men has been wonderful. We copy from the Paris correspondence of the *Courier des Etats Unis*:

"Among the young spiritdrifts noticed in the journals of the day, is the name of a Prussian prince, count or baron Enchel, who has eaten up, in less than four years, a fortune of more than six million francs, all for the sweet eyes of a woman well known in Paris as the rich heiress of Paiva. The history of this woman is curious. She was observed in Russia, where she was born of Jewish parents, by a great pianist who conceived for her a passion justified by her beauty, and above all by her knowledge and intelligence. She spoke seven languages perfectly. The pianist brought her with him to Paris, where he had the weakness to present her as a legitimate wife in society, and even at a court ball. At this ball she made such an impression on one of the princes of the Orleans family, that she attracted him to the home of the man whose name she bore. Borne down by his excessive expenses, the artist quitted France for a time to mend his fortunes abroad. His companion, left at home during his absence, quitted it one fine morning to follow Lord Ward, known in London by his comical quips of this kind. This nobleman did not retain her long, he economized too much the wealth of which she was greedy. Returned to Paris in quest of a new position, which was the height of her ambition, she encountered the young Marquis of Paiva, brother of the Portuguese ambassador, whom she so fascinated that he exposed her legally and religiously, promising her a million francs in case they should separate on incompatibility of temper. This event was not long in coming. The new Marchioness could not consent to live in the heart of Portugal, whether her husband had taken her, he counted out the million and let her go. At the end of a year the million had vanished, so that the Marchioness was obliged to seek refuge in furnished lodgings, where she spent her last cent. She had not the wherewithal to pay for a dinner, when she met a friend to whom she told her condition, and who offered her a meal at the Restaurant Ledoyen, in the Champs Elysees. In the conversation at dinner she told him that here she would soon be a millionaire or a divorcee; that she was her uncle's heiress, and the vision of her slumber. While saying this she held in her hand a journal, and her eyes rested on an extract from a Prussian gazette, relative to the decease of a Prussian personage, who left ten or twelve millions to his two young unmarried nephews. She read this several times, became thoughtful, and four days afterward she left for Prussia with a thousand francs borrowed from her acquaintances. She was presented afterwards, I know not how, to the eldest of the heirs; but he was a species of Nimrod huntsman who had no passion but the chase. She addressed herself to the cadet of the family. He, just coming from school, was of a nature sweet and sensitive as that of his brother was rude. He was an easy prey, and hardly had the adroit business caught him by her toils, than the death of his brother doled his fortune. He followed his tempter to Paris, and surrendered himself to her with such abandonment, that I have heard that young man, endowed nobly in body and mind, who knew all the antecedents of her who had seduced him, express his regret that she was not a widow, so that he could bestow upon her his name, as he had his fortune. He was hardy, and twenty-eight years old, while she was over forty! He covered her with the rarest diamonds and pearls that could be found. He bought for her a country seat near Paris, which is a princely chateau. She gave every week splendid dinners, but she had for guests only men, and this tormented her. Her ambition, when all else was satisfied, was to attract to her, by her splendid style of life, women who were not of the family. This impossible thing caused her to blush amid her opulence. Hoping to triumph over this obstacle, by softening the conscience of the public, she commenced to build in the great avenue of Champs Elysees a mansion which would be a wonder. The staircase is entirely of onyx, and the dining of malachite. But the work has been suspended, after an expense of two or three million of francs. The poor rich man has come to the end of his millions after reaching that of his illusions!

A monster Oyster placer, which has recently been discovered on Long Island, N. Y., has created great excitement among the oystermen along the Sound. The *Norwalk Gazette* says its estimated value is five millions of dollars. The bed is in six or eight fathoms water, and the yield is immense. One man has averaged four hundred bushels a day, with only one sloop. On one particular day he took no fewer than six hundred bushels. Small boats, with only one dredge, readily haul up 25 bushels per day, and often more. It has been estimated that oysters to the amount of \$750,000 have been already taken, while millions more remain on hand. The oysters are very large.

The great problem of the source of the Nile, which has occupied the attention of the world during so many ages, may now be considered as definitively solved. Capt. Speke, who has just returned to England from an extended tour in Central Africa, in company with Capt. Burton, discovered a lake, called by the natives Nyanza, but by the Arabs Ukerewe, which appears to be the great reservoir of the Nile. It extends from 2 deg. 30 min. south to 3 deg. 30 min. north latitude, lying across the equator in east longitude 33 deg. Its waters are the drainage of numerous hills which surround it on almost every side. The new lake washes out the Mountains of the Moon as at present existing in our atlases.

An Irish clergyman, having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish Kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, while the son was depicted with a long beard and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born?"

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MEDICINE.

The following article, over the signature of "An Old Doctor," we find in the October No. of the *Great Republic Monthly*. It contains some hints which it might be well enough for those interested to reflect upon:

"The great error of most practitioners is to regard medicine as having a curative power; hence they persist in administering it in various modes and forms, while their patients have life and ability to swallow it, until death closes the scene.

"All medicines are, in various degrees, essentially poisonous, and most of them are very concentrated poisons; wherefore, to avoid immediate death from their use, they are administered in very small quantities; but, nevertheless, their continued and protracted use is inevitably fatal, or destroys the patient's constitution in the end, if nature fortunately holds out until its exhibition is discontinued by some lucky circumstance.

"The beneficial effect of any medicine in the first stages of its exhibition arises from the prompt action of its poisonous qualities, in small doses, to rid the system of congestions that would be fatal if not displaced by the violent efforts of the organ to get rid of the poison, whereby nature is at once enabled to resume its wonted healthy action; consequently a curative power or healthy quality is imputed to the medicine. So far as it serves as well as the qualities of the medicine were sanative. But if such prompt relief does not occur, or if it does occur in a sufficient degree for the reaction of nature, but is not sufficiently heeded by the practitioner to teach him to abstain from the further exhibition of his medical poisons, his patient, under their continued use, passes into a state of chronic debility produced by the medicine, not by the original disease. Nevertheless, the practitioner, mistaking this new crisis or change in the type of disorder for an alleged obstinacy in the original disease, instead of desisting, continues more diligently to exhibit his poisonous medicines in every form, while his patient is becoming emaciated with prostration for want of nourishment and other appliances of good nursing.

"No medicine or varieties of medicine that debilitate the organs of digestion—the stomach and bowels and their auxiliaries—should be continued more than 24, 36, or 48 hours, according to the strength of the patient to resist their prostrating tendency. A nutritive diet should never be neglected longer than this, or the patient will fall into a state of debility and prostration of vital power worse than the original disease. Indeed, to guard against this tendency to prostration, regard should be had to nutritive, but light diet, in the earliest stages of treatment of the original disease, to prevent its degenerating into typhoid fever or other chronic stages of debility and prostration, so often attended with a weak fluttering hectic pulse, frequently mistaken for fever, requiring further debilitating remedies instead of liberal nourishment, a tepid bath, and a respite from the further exhibition of medicine.

"In cases of great prostration, where medicine has been too long persisted in, attended with heat and thirst, mucilaginous drinks should be resorted to, slightly acidulated, and sweetened to the taste of the patient; such as flaxseed tea, with lemon juice and sugar, may be drank freely, hot or cold, first straining it from the flaxseed. Boiled milk, thickened, with grated nutmeg; also, well-boiled rice, with milk sweetened and grated nutmeg; and, at intervals, wine panada would be very grateful. Also, chicken thoroughly boiled, and alternated with the above, would make as great a change for the better as the pertinacious use of medicines would make for the worse until death should close the scene.

"I am sure that the above hints will strike home to the common sense of every intelligent person, and should be heeded by the friends of the sick every where."

P. S. A tepid bath, and sponging the temples and the crown of the head with cold water, would give great relief in delirium.

THE IRISH ROOFT DOCTOR.—It appeared best to the excise commissioners of a town in New York to refuse license for the sale of intoxicating liquors to all persons save a doctor of known integrity and strong temperance principles, who promised not to sell except for medicinal or mechanical purposes. The Wheeler, an eccentric Irish cobbler, longed for a quiet drink, and with a sober and smooth tongue, petitioned the doctor for a quart of gin.

"For what purpose do you wish it?" asked the doctor.

"Sure, doctor, I've been very bad for nearly ten days back, with a great goneness in my stomach, and not a haper of good can I get from anything in these turns but gin to soak some roots in."

"And do you tell me, upon your honor, Wheeler, that you wish the gin to soak some roots in, and to be taken as medicine for a weak stomach?"

"Faith, as I live, doctor, I only want the gin to soak some roots."

The doctor, confident from his sallow appearance that the man was sick, and that a little tonic bitters would not hurt him, filled his bottle. On reaching the street, Wheeler faced the doctor, who stood in the dog's place his thumb upon his nose and made sundry gyrations with his fingers, then put the bottle to his mouth, and took a long guzzle at the gin.

"Stop!" cried the doctor; "you gave me your word of honor that you only wanted gin to soak some roots, and here you are drinking yourself dead drunk."

"Faith, doctor, and I'm aither telling you no lies. I wanted the gin to soak the roots of my tongue, which was so dry I could never swallow a mouthful of maby to strengthen my stomach, at all."

The young lady who was suffering from the ear-ache, was completely cured by a young man whispering only a few words in it—something about "the Squire." Very singular cure, that.

Almost any sting, except the sting of conscience, may be cured by putting some spirits of turpentine upon the place, for the pain will cease as soon as it is applied.

A yankee, who has just commended the study of Italian, wants to know how it is, if they have no "it" in that language, that "them chaps spells wagon?"

A delusion—expecting to be called a good fellow any longer than you do precisely what other people want you to do.