BY S. B. ROW.

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BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along, A gaily dressed wife by his side; In satins and laces she looked like a queen, And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they pass'd The carriage and couple he eyed ; And said, as he worked his saw on the log, "I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in his carriage remarked to his wife, One thing I would give if I could-I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the Of the man who saweth the wood." [health.

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work, Whose face as the morning, was fair, Went tripping along with a smile of delight, While humming a love-breathing air. She looked on the carriage—the lady she saw,

Arrayed in apparel so fine.

And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart,
Those satins and laces were mine." The lady looked out on the maid with her work.

And said. "I'll relinquish position and wealth, Her beauty and youth to possess.' Thus in this world, whatever our lot,

So fair in a calico dress,

Our minds and our time we employ In longing and sighing for what we have not, Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sigh'd The heart has a void in it still, Growing deeper and wider the longer we live, That nothing but heaven can fill.

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About the close of the war of 1812, the chair of one of the Professors in the University of Pennsylvania becoming vacant, several applicants pressed their claims for the situation, with zeal. Among others was Dr. William P. Dewees, a favorite pupil of Dr. Rush of Revolationary memory, then in the prime of life, in the full tide of practice, and acknowledged as the most skillful and saccessful in that branch to which he had devoted his principal ing overlooked, he abandoned Philadelphia and took up his residence in Philipsburg, a town where stumps then stood as thick as quills upon the freted porcupine, and which, aithough not forming an integral part of our county, from its situation and the intimate and triendly relations between her citizens and ours, geographically is, and politically should form, a part of this community. Dr. Dewees practised there for about seven years, and extended his practice into this county. He then returned to Philadelphia, resumed his practice, was elected to the coveted professorship, and by his valuable standard additions to medical literature, and his success as a practitioner and professor, placed himself at the head of Dr. McLeod.

Dr Alexander McLeod was born in Montreal, Canada. He was of Scottish parentage, his father being one of the leading partners in the Northwest Fur Company, which afterwards became incorporated in the Hudson Bay Company. He was at a very early age sent to New York to be educated by his uncle, the Rev. Alex. McLeod, D. D., then an eminent divine. Among his classmates and intimate friends at school and college was the Rev. Bishop Eastburn of Massachusetts. He made rapid progress in his studies, maintained an honorable position in his classes, and completed his collegiate studies at Columbia college, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts. After leaving college he went to Philadelphia and became a pupil of Prof. Samuel Calhoun, of Jefferson Medical College. Having attended the usual courses of lectures, the degree of M. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania. Appointed surgeon of an East Indiaman, he made a trip to the East Indies, and whilst abroad the opportunity of visiting England was offered and embraced. Whilst in London, he derived considerable advantage and added to his medical knowledge in walking the London hospitals. On the Doctor's return to Philadelphia he, through Dr. Dewees, became acquainted with Hardman Philips, Esq., who had just returned from England with his bride, an amiable lady of sterling worth, and kind, benevolent and christian disposition. He was engaged as his family physician by Mr. Philips, who as a compensation furnished him with a room in his house, a seat at his generous board, a horse, and also quite a handsome income; allowing the Doctor at the same time the privilege of extending his practice and making as much outside of Mr. Philip's family as he could. It was in 1822 Dr. McLeod accepted this his first location in practice. A year and a half passed o'er his head, and then a wide field of action presented itself to him, which tried his endurance, proved his devotion to his profession and called in requisition his skill.

county. Mounds covering the remains of the young, the middle aged, and the old, in every place of sepulture in the county are sad monments of that period. Along the valley of the West Branch and on the high lands, an Whole families were prostrated, and scarce a roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes, and whatwhole families were prostrated, and some of family escaped without losing one or more of family escaped without losing one or more of its members. Anxiety and alarm sat on everity countenance. He, alone, who was without friends and kindred, mourned not broken friends and kindred, mourn T. Schriver were resident physicians, at their post, and with Dr. McLeod, who came out and beautiful, and beaut made his head quarters at Job Packer's tav- the Baptist Ceurch.

ern, untiring in their exertions in allaying the consternation which had spread through the community and ministering to the relief of the afflicted. During the prevalence of the epidemic these physicians were on the goday and night in the saddle. For four weeks Dr. McLeod could not return home. Often worn out by fatigue, he slept in his saddle; sought a short repose in a barn or by the road side. For a whole month he was a Nazarite by compulsion, as he could not find time to shave.

In 1830 the venerable Dr. Ard, then at the head of his profession, induced Dr. McLeod to go to Lewistown and enter into partnership. He went and, whilst at Lewistown, he received the degree of A. M. from Dickinson College, and had care of an extensive practice; but the Juniata fever prostrated him. After a tedious and protracted convalescence he went home with Judge Burnside, where he remained 6 or 8 weeks, when, the Judge going to Bedford to hold court, he accompanied him and remained at the springs that season. On regaining his health he removed to Pittsburg, and shortly afterwards to Meadville. He then married and continued in the practice of his profession. A dispensation of Providencethe loss of his beloved wife and the most of his children-changed the current of his life, lars. Nowhere did the evening fire burn jects and induced him to prepare for the ministry. In 1845 he received orders in the Episcopal Church and went South to get away from the scene of his afflictions. Having officiated in Louisiana and Mississippi he visited Meadville in 1849, when he received an invitation from several gentlemen of Clearfield Borough to pay them a ministerial visit of two or attention. His claims were set aside. Morti- three weeks. His visit was protracted near fled at his defeat; chagrined at his merits be. | four years, during which time he had charge as missionary of the Episcopal Missionary So- looked with anxions, searching gaze; then ciety of Philadelphia of this parish and the St. Andrews Church was erected. Again atter an absence of a short time he was recalled and is the present incumbent of the parish.

school of the day, of bland, courteous manners, and winning speech, he inspired confidence and hope in his patients which materially aided nature in restoring them to health. He was assiduous in the discharge of his duties at the sick bed, and meeting with emminent success he drew to him the warmest regards of those whose sufferings he had alleviated or whose families he had visited. Although engaged for some years in a holier and his profession in this country. Shortly after nobler calling, since abandoning the practice he left-Philipsburg, his place was supplied by of medicine, the remembrance of his self-abnegation, and of his devotion in 1824, is vivid and grateful, and his early friends insist on his consulting with those now in practice, in times of danger. In the church his reading is impressive and faultless, his voice being full, round and musical. His intimate knowledge of the classics, and his acquaintance with standard English literature, give him great command of language, a knowledge of the shades of meaning of words-the instruments of argument-and enable him to be terse and comprehensive when requisite, or to amplify when occasion demands. Few, like him, can bring themselves down to the level of children, and, addressing them, attract and rivet their attention, please and instruct them, whilst his plain and forcible remarks. Liberal in his views, he makes no effort to proselyte, nor obtrudes his religious opinions on others, but dwells in charity with his neighbors. His door always has the latch-string out, and when the threshold is crossed a warm and hospitable reception is always extended, and you are charmed with the easy, unpretending marners and the conversational talent displayed by his household. He is respected by the remnant of

the last, and beloved by the rising generation.

A person supposed to be a female, giving the name of Anna Page, was arrested in Savannah, Ga., on the 21st, wearing very extended hoops. Examination showed that the person was a male. He stated that his name was Charles Williams. The Savannah Republidelicate-toned voice of a woman. He is an exquisite counterfeit, and seems up to the arts | but his lips never soothed away the sadness of | hearth-fire, and children's fancies built castles of the sex, assumes the female admirably in that patient face. his manner and deportment, wears her clothes grace ully, and they are arranged with a certain degree of taste wholly inconsistent with the habits of males. The Mayor sentenced him to prison for ten days.

Cassius M. Clay made a speech at Coving ton recently, in which he denounced Slavery with his accustomed force and bitterness, and predicted the triumph of the Republican party. The Cincinnati Gazette says that near the close of his remarks he was interrupted by 1824 was a memorable year in Clearfield some one calling out, "Let him down," "Tar and feather him," &c. The speaker informed these parties, in reply, that he was used to that kind of a thing, and he "would like to see it done." It was not done.

of the Count de Castel Maria, one of the most I will read now, and then we shall be better in held over it. Mr. Marble believes he has less epidemic dysentery raged like the pestitence. opulent lords of Trevosi. The spit turns 130

THE PROUD HEART HUMBLED.

The March night had darkened down upon the little New England village of Ashdale. It was a pretty place in the summer, lying between two hills, on whose summits the ash trees lifted their arms to the sky, all the long bright days, as if imploring a benediction, or spread them out lovingly over the white houses nestled round the one church in the vale below. But to-night it wore a different aspect. and at times, tying his horse out of sight, he A storm was upon the hills. A little snow and rain were borne upon its wings, but not much. Chiefly it was the force of the rushing wind, shaking the leafless ash trees, hustling against closed windows, swinging the bell in the old church tower, till it gave forth now to his white, moved face. and then a dirge-like peal, as if the dead were

tolling their own requiems. Many homes there were, where the wild scene without seemed to heighten, by the force of contrast, the blessed calm withinhomes where smiling infants slept warm and still, through the twilight, in the soft hush of mothers' bosoms, and happy children gathered round the knee of father or grandsire, to hear again some simple story; or thoughtful ones looked into the fire and fashioned from the embers brave castles in which they had never come to abide, with rained windows and black. | believe I have a promise, Rufus." ened walls, "the twilight of memory over all, and the silence of death within."

But in one house no stories were told to gladly listening ears-no soft evening hymn hushed slumbering babes to rest-no children's eager eyes looked into the embers. It was the stateliest house, by far, in the little village-a lofty mansion, gleaming white in the trees, with the roof supported by massive pilled him to think seriously on religious sub- brighter, but into it looked two old people, worn and sorrowful, with the shadows of grief and time upon their shrivelled faces-two who had forgotten long ago their youths' fair castles; who looked back over waste fields of memory, where not even setting sunrays gilded the monuments built to their dead hopes.

They sat silently. They had sat silently ever since the storm gathered. furnished room was lighted only by the woodfire's glow, and in the corners strange shadows seemed to gather; beckoning hands and white brows gleamed spectrally through the darkness. Towards them, now and turned back again towards the fire, and clasped her hands over the heart that had learned thro' many trials the hard lesson of patience.

Judge Howard was a stern, self-conceited man. In his native town, where he had passed Thoroughly trained in the best medical all his life, none stood higher in the public esteem. Towards the poor he was liberal-towards his neighbors, just and friendly; yet, for all that, he was a hard man, whose will was iron, whose habits were granite. His wife had come to bow this, even in her honeymoon. The knowledge was endorsed by her sid, waiting face, her restrained manners. His daughter Caroline, his only child, had learned it early, and her father became to her almost as much an object of fear as of tenderness.

And yet he loved those two with a strength hat weaker, more_vi lding natures could not have fathomed. When his ched was first put groped blindly at his own, he felt the strong thrill of a father's love sweep over him. For the moment it swelled his soul, irradiated his face, dooded his heart, but it did not permanently change or soften his nature. As she grew to womanhood, and her bright head glanced in his path, she was the fairest sight earth held, her ringing voice the sweetest music. He never gratified her whims, nor always yielded to her unreasonable wishes.

At length love came to her. She gave her hand to one whose father Judge Howard had hated. James Huntley and he had been young together, and a feud had arisen between them which Rufus Howard's stern nature allowed | at her father's feet. him neither to forget nor forgive. He had yet to learn the lesson, holier than philosophy, loftier than all the teachings of seers and sa- troubled, at length, the deep waters of his ges, the lesson our Saviour lived, wrought, aye, and died to teach, of forgiveness even despitefully used us and persecuted us. His the sin of his life. He sank upon his knees, those of maturer years listen with interest to former enemy was dead now, but not so that his arms enfolding his daughter and her child, Judge's hate. It had been transmitted to the dead man's heir; and so he forbade his daughchoose between parents and lover. She mherited her father's strong will, and she put her hand in Richard Huntley's and went forth -she would not have been her father's child if she had not-without a tear.

From that time, for ten years, her name had been a forbidden word. Letters she had written at first during her banishment, but they had been sent back unopened, and for years no voice or token had come to tell whether she | heart, and when it had grown too heavy to be were dead or living. Therefore the mother endured, she had started with her child for looked shudderingly into the shadow-haunted corners in the long twilights, and almost believed she saw there the face for which her forgiveness for which she had scarcely dared mother's heart had yearned momentarily, all to hope had expanded into welcome. these years.

Judge Howard loved his wife, too-Oh, it she had, but known it! every outline of that | home. A son he proved, of whom any father sad waning face, every thread of that silver | might be proud, and in after years no shadows hair, was dearer to him now than when bridal roses crowned the girl-bride he had chosen,

"It's a terrible night," he said at length, rousing himself from his long silence. In fore which will rise the calm morning of eterthe pause after his words you could hear how | nity. the wind shook the house, groaned among the trees and sighed along the garden walks. "Yes, a terrible night," his wife answered,

with a shudder. "God grant that no poor

soul may be out in it, shelterless." "Amen. I would take in my worst enemy on such a night as this." His worst enemy; but would be have taken in his own child; the daughter with his blood in her veins, fed once at his board, warmed at | by spiritualists, the deluded man has, with the his hearth? If this question crossed his wife's

mind, she gave it no utterance. "Shall I light the candles, Rufus?" she asked meekly. "Yes, it is almost bed time. I had forgot-

He drew towards him the Bible, which lay | cave. between the candles she had lighted-it had

proceeded. "Hannah, I do suppose that was written for an example to those who should seek to be numbered with the children of God. He is our Father, and his arms are ever open to the wanderer. My heart misgives me sorely about Caroline. She should not have disobeyed me, but-do I never disobey God, and where should I be, if He measured out to me such measure as I have to her? Oh, Hannah, I never felt before how much I need-

ed to be forgiven." The mother's tears were falling still and fast-she could not wer. There was silence for a moment, and then again the Judge said, restlessly-"Hannah!" and she looked up in-

"Hannah, could we find her! Do you think she lives still-our one child ?"

"God knows, my husband. Sometimes I think that she is dead. I see her face on dark nights, and it wears a look of heavenly peace. In the winds I hear a voice that sounds like bers, and she seems trying to tell me she has found rest. But no, no !- her face kindledshe is not dead. I feel it in my soul-God will let us see her once more-I am het mother. I shall not die till my kisses have rested on her cheek, my hand touched her hair; I

"God grant it, Hannah," and after those words they both sat silently, again listeninglistening-listening.

They had not heard the door open, but now a step sounded in the hall, and the door of the room where they sat, was softly unclosed They both started up-perhaps they half expected to see Caroline, but it was only their next neighbor, holding by the hand a child. She spake eagerly, in a half concealed way, which they did not notice.

"This child came to my house, Judge, but I hadn't room to keep her, so I brought her over here. Will you take her in ?"

"Surely, surely. Come here poor child." Who had ever heard Judge Howard's voice so gentle? The little girl seemed somewhat re-assured by it. She crept to his knee and lifted up her face. The Judge bent over her. Whose were those blue, deep eyes? Where had he seen that peculiar shade of hair, like | the coralines act the part of scavengers of the the shell of a ripe chestnut? Did he not know | sea, as they secrete only the impurities and those small, sweet features, that wistful mouth, | refuse the silts of sodium, and thus they build | he delicate chin? His hands shook

"Whose-whose child are you? What is your name ?"

"Grace," and the child trembled visibly. "Grace Huntley," said the neighbor's voice. grown somewhat quivering now. "Grace Huntley. You cannot help knowing the face, Judge. It is a copy of the one which belonged once to the brightest and prettiest girl in

The old man-he looked very old now, shaken by the tempest in his strong heart, as the wind shook the tree outside-drew the child to his bosom with an eager, hungry look. His arms closed around her as if they would hold her forever.

"My child, my child?" burst like a sob from his lips, and then he bent over silently. At first his wife stood by in mute amazement, her face almost as white as the cap border which trembled around it. Now the thought into his arms; when her frail, helpless hands | pierced her quick and keen as the thrust of a sword. She drew near and looked piteously into the neighbor's eyes.

"Is she an orphan? Where is her mother?" The Judge heard her, and lifted up his head. "Yes," he cried, "where is Caroline? Have ity and tell me where is Caroline ?"

Before the woman could answer, an eager voice called-"Here, father, mother, here, and from the hall where she had been lingering half in fear, Judge Howard's own child came in. It was to the mother's breast to which she clung first—the mother's arms which clasped her with such passionate clinging, and then she tottered forward, and threw herself down

"Forgive me, father," she tried to say, but the Judge would not hear her. The angel had soul, and the waves of healing overflowed his heart. He saw now, in its true light, the self for our enemies-prayer for those who have will and the unforgiving spirit which had been and his old wife crept to his side, and knelt beside him, while from his lips Mrs. Marsh ter marrying him, and sternly bade her to heard, as she closed the door, and left the now united family to themselves, this prayer: "Father, forgive us our trespasses, as we

forgive those who trespass against us." Judge Howard had not uttered it before for ten years.

After that night the Judge's mansion was not only the stateliest, but the happiest home in Ashdale. Caroline Huntley had borne as long as she could, the burden weight on her home. The stage had set them down that stormy night in her native village, and the

The old people could not again spare their daughter, and they summoned Richard Huntley brooded over the peaceful dwelling, where once more children's feet danced round the in the embers-no shadow, until that last darkness came which should be but the night be-

The editor of the Linn (Mass.) Reporter furnishes his readers an interesting account of a recent visit to Dungeon Rock, and his interview with Mr. Marble, who has been engaged for the last eight years in this singularly wild locality, in the wilder attempt to obtain the treasure of Kidd, the freebooter. Guided in his labors at first by clairvoyants, and latterly assistance of his son, blasted a passage way, about eight feet in height and breadth, nearly a hundred feet in the solid rock. The last blast he made developed a fissure at the bottom -an unusual occurrence from which issues a The most singular spit in the world is that ten how long we were sitting in the dark. current ot foul air that will extinguish a flame

CORAL FORMATIONS.

Hills have been levelled, valleys filled up and cities built by the might of man, and his works have been justly considered as great and mighty productions. But if man has built proud cities, he may justly feel humbled in comparing his works with the little coraline insects of the sea, who have built islands in the deep ocean with no other material for their walls than the matter held in solution by the waters. Coral is a stony product of the sea resembling the productions of the garden, rivaling trees and shrubs in the gracefulness and delicacy of their forms. In olden times it was believed that coral was a petrified vegetable production, as it was well known that vegetation could produce stately forests and minute plants; and when it was first suggested that it was the work of little jelly-like animals, by the naturalist, Peysonnel, in 1751, scientific men pronounced the idea absurd. It is known that coral is the stony frames belonging to coraline insects, and a piece of it may be said to be composed of millions of their skeletons. Coral is principally composed of lime; the insects secrete it from the waters of the sea, and as each generation expires, its successors continue the building until it arises from the ocean as floral rocks and islands. The operations of these marine insects are principally confined to the warmer waters of the ocean, such as in the Gulf of Florida and the Indian and Pacific oceans. It is remarkable that, at 50 miles back from the sea-coast, in the Carolinas, as perfect specimens of coral are frequently dug from the marl pits as those obtained fresh from the sea. The limestone of New-Jersey and of Missouri give evidence of their coraline origin, thus affording proof that many extensive tracks of this country were once under the waters of the great deep, and that these little creatures were the builders of many of the rocks and much of the dry land. But the coral insects perform another great office beside increasing the boundaries of the land. It is well known that silica, lime, magnesia, alumina, oxyds of iron, and other soluable impurities, are carried down into the ocean by the waters from the rivers. The litfish store away the excess of lime water in the manner that trees and vegetation absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere and keep it pure for the welfare of man. It is thus that the operations of nature are conducted upon

COUNTRY BOYS.

Country boys often feel that their lot is a hard one. They see city-bred youngsters on their travels and their sprees at the age of fourteen; veritable young gentlemen, with a finished exterior, a segar and a cane. The young farmer at the same age finds himself with a hoe in hand, and a cheap straw hat on his head, sweating among the hills of corn. He is frequently envious of his city brotherwhisking past him in the cars with kid gloves, delicate ringlets and plenty of mone; in his pocket. Mind your corn, boy; hoe it out clean; keep steadily to the labor you have in hand; do it well, and in time your good days will come too. If you find farming is not suited to your strength, or circumstances; if you like mechanism better, or have a capacity for businesss, whatever eventually you may engage in, it is all the same, you have begun right. The city blades have begun wrong, and in due time you will see it. Their fathers and mothers will in the end see it too. Do not feel envious of the pleasures that a hothouse man enjoys; but remember, not in a malicious but sober spirit, that such plants and are not yet materially decayed. wither early. By the time you have acquired fixed habits of industry and acquired a corresponding perfection of mind and body, your gins to feel the debilitating effects of idleness | Years. and dissipation. He is not alone to blame for a weak body and profitless mind; it is the result of a false system; but he cannot escape from its effect; these he must endure for himself in his own person. His tather may be a professional man or a merchant, or he may be merely rich, the chances are fifty against one that the son will not replace his father. Such is the result of well-settled experience; business falls into the hands of those who are most competent; it does not descend to heirs. It is the country boys, after all, who do the city business. Observing men have often stated this fact; and inquire into the origin of Cincincati, or Boston, or New York, you will find it to be so. All external circumstances are in favor of the son or the clerk succeeding to the trade of the old firm : but the son seldom, almost never, dies in the position of a partner of the house. Why is it? Simexternal odds against it, the country furnishes the cities their principal basiness men. It intelligent, faithful and persevering, and, above all, cheerful and contented, the chances are that the lad with the hoe will eventually do the business of the father of the lad in gloves, who is now luxuriating in his travels. -Ohio Farmer.

GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES .- At the taking of the first census under the Federal Constitution, in 1770, the population of the him. Three pistol from her. She obtained United States amounted to 3,929,827. At in- wreng pistol, and a few hours later went to tervals of ten years the census has been taken ar boarding-house, and as he was passing regularly, and the result, at each period is as through the entry, again attempted to shoot follows: Census of 1790, 3,929,827. Cens. him, but with precisely the same result. of 1800, 5,305.929. Census of 1810, 7,22830, Census of 1820, 9,638,131. Census. Cen-12,866,020. Census of 1840, 17.00 will again sus of 1850, 23,191,876. The a population, be taken in 1860, and will nited States, of within the limits of

sissipration kicking some one else. "What," murdered-because I was opposed to the extenof the Col. "is this you? Didn't I kick you sion of slavery, and a corrupt Administration."

AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

Years ago, when I was a youngster, I became an assistant of Dr. B., the superintendent of a public insane asylum. As in all insane asylums, some of the patients were docile and tractable, and had the freedom of the highwalled garden, while others, being dangerous in their madness, were confined to their rooms. Sometimes one of the last named gentlemen' would get loose, a fact which he usually announced by breaking things generally, upon which announcement the doctor would repair to the spot at which he was "elevating the ancient Henry," and advancing upon him with a steadfast gaze, would march him off to his room. We had one lunatic by the name of Jones, large and strong as an ostrich. He had broken out of his room two or three times, but had always gone back decilely when any

of us made our appearance. The asylum had a saloon in the centre, with a door at each end; and one of the doors requiring fixing once upon a time, a carpenter was engaged upon it, when in trundled Mr. Jones, and quietly possessed himself of a long, sharp chisel. When the carpenter looked around the madman gave a grin and poke of the chisel at him; whereupon the terrified man of chips scuttled out and locked the door; then, while the enemy was battering away at it, he rushed around and locked the

door at the other end. Having thus caged Jones, he gave the alarm, and I, supposing it was an ordinary case which I could control, unlocked the door and entered boldly, whereupon he made a rush for me, and I innocently bolted. The doctor was sent for. He came reconnoitering through the key hole, and ascertaining the enemy was at the other end of the room, he opened the door and saw at once he could do nothing with the maniac.

Here was apparently a dilemma-a crazy individual, as strong as a bull, perfectly uncontrolable, and armed with a weapon. To capture him by force was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, and to starve him out would be a tedious affair. The doctor did not hesitate long. "Altred," said he, "go down to the surgery, and fill the largest syringe with hartshorn, and bring it up."

I caught the idea, rushed down, and brought back a quart syringe illied with hartshorn, diluted- or I didn't want to kill the man. Then ocean waters as bitter as those of the sea of doctor, carpenter, and myself formed an army Sodom. The coral insects and marine shell- of invasion. We threw open the door and entered in the following battle array. I, being the shortest of the three, marched first, holding a chair in front of me by the back, so that the legs might keep off a rush if our pop-gun flashed in the pan. Then came the carpenter, with the syringe resting on my shoulder like a wise, simple and sublime plan by the great a piece of flying artillery. Finally, in the rear, in the safest place, like all the great generals, came Dr. B.

The lunatic sat at the other end of the hall on a chair, eyeing us keenly and savagely. Slowly, very slowly, we advanced toward him. The nearer we got the more wicked that chisel looked, and the handle looked very long. When we got within a few feet of him, he jumped up and sprang towards me. Whiz! spatter! splash! went the hartshorn bang into his countenance-down he went like a dogit would have knocked down a battallion; and while he was catching his breath we caught him .- Recollections of a Physician.

DURABILITY OF TIMBER .- The durability of timber is almost incredible. The following are a few examples for illustration, being vouched for by Buffon, Du Hamel, Rondelet,

The piles of a bridge built by Trajan, after having been driven more than 1,600 years. were found to be petrified four inches, the rest of the wood being in its ordinary condi-

The elm-piles under the piers of London Bridge have been in use more than 700 years,

Beneath the foundation of Savoy place, London, oak, elm, beach and chesnut piles and planks, were found in a state of perfect delicately reared cotemporary of the town be. | preservation, after having been there for 650 While taking down the old walls of Tun-

bridge Castle, Kent, there was found, in the middle of a thick stone wall, a timber-curb. which had been enclosed for 700 years. Some timbers of an old bridge were discov-

ered while digging for the foundations of a house at Ditton Park, Windsor, which ancient records incline us to believe were placed there prior to the year 1396.

The durability of timber out of the ground is even greater still. The roof of the basilica of St. Paul, at Rome, was framed in the year 816, and now, after more than a thousand presswood doors of the same building, after being ir use more than 600 years, were, when replaced by others of Irass, perfectly free from rot or decay; the wood retaining its original odor. The timber dome of St. Mark, at Venice, is still good, though more than 850 years old. ply because habitual industry is wanting, ha- The roof of the Jacobin Convent at Paris. bitual indulence if not wanting. With all the | which is of fir, was executed more than 450

> Sarah Hubbard, a girl of irreproachable the acter, aged 19, employed in the offic shoot a Cleveland Plandealer, attempteden circulaprinter named Moore, who ha Miss Hubbard ting some slanders about leters, and thought is an orphan, without Pavenging her wrongs. she had no other wereet, demanded an apolo-She met him in as refused, fired her pistol at gy, and, as the failed to take effect, and he

The San Francisco Times publishes a letter from J. Rowell, an attending physician on the late Hon. D. C. Broderick, which says, "I was standing over him as one of his medical advisers, trying to calm him, and telling him not more than 32,000,0 man kicked out of a cof- to exert himself too much in talking, he holdeurrent of foul air that will extinguish a flame held over it. Mr. Marble believes he has less than ten feet to go to reach the long sought fee-house ist. Some time after the Colonel did use the following language, and did address the same to me, viz: "I am killed—I am mardered—because I was I