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From the Knickerbocker.

The Country Doctor.

BY GLAUBER SALTZ, M. D.

I had stumped about the country for a dozen years or so, in the same equipage, having wonderful success in curing "cases," but half the time cheated out of the credit of it by catnip tea. I took a notion to cast up my books to see how rich I was, and what could be made of out-standing accounts. It cost a great many evenings of hard work to arrive at the knowledge that, all debts being paid, I was not worth a "brass farthing"—not a red cent. Notwithstanding all the lucrative cases of typhus which I had managed, I remained poor. I believe that people in the city pay their fees with alacrity because the charges are exorbitant. When a bill for a hundred dollars, for looking two or three times at a sick child, is presented to one who lives in a well furnished house in the upper part of the town, the very largeness of the demand is a delicate compliment upon his ability to pay. The man of the house sits down at a handsome secretary, and draws out a clean check for the full amount, saying, "Doctor, you are very moderate: now that Jacky is out of the woods, come in, in a sociable way."

As soon as the messenger is gone, the *pater-familias* exclaims, "What an outrageous bill! It is an expensive luxury to be sick." However, it has its advantages to be attended by a fashionable doctor, as it has to worship God in a fashionable church. On one occasion I was called in midsummer to attend a sick man on the sea-shore. After several days, his family physician, the renowned Doctor Jallaps, arrived from the city, and the patient was soon after on his legs, no thanks to me, and ready for the surf.

"How much are you going to charge *him*?" said Doctor Jallaps.

"Twenty-five dollars," said I.

"Poh!" said he, "make it a hundred. He expects it."

"If he expects it," said I, "it would give me great pain to disappoint his expectations;" whereupon I acted advisedly and received an honored check for a round C. on the Phœnix Bank.

On another occasion, when attending one of my own patients in the same vicinity, while crossing the "big bridge" when the tide was up, I came near being drowned. My sulky was soon afloat, but the horse, being a good swimmer, reached the opposite bank. Now, beside risking my own life, I fairly dragged the patient from the very gates of death. I got him out of a bilious-remittent, drove the jaundice out of his skin, and when I came to ask him for ten dollars, he blackguarded me like a chicken-stealer, and would never employ me again. The fact is, that people in the country abhor taxes, and a doctor is the worst of publicans. To be sick they think is a dead loss, which they unchristianly grumble at; but to have to pay for being cured, irritates them beyond measure.—Oh! how meek they are, when they lie prostrate in a burning fever—when their teeth chatter, and the whole house jars with their shaking agues! Oh! how welcomely the latch is lifted up to admit you when life seems to hang upon a hair! But get them on their legs, and the first thing which they forget will be that they were ever on their backs. If many of them do pay you, it is under protest, procrastinating the settlement to a time when the account might be outlawed, clipping down the fair proportions of a just bill, and giving you the most ragged representative of money.

I say that when I came to overhaul my accounts, I was not worth any thing, and therefore arrived at the conclusion that it was high time to marry a wife who would take care of my money. I did so, and found my condition better, but for some years had a hard time of it. My children were extremely pettish and peevish, and what with nocturnal calls, I had not a night's rest for five years. If any thing ailed them, they were sure to cry the night long; but if they were well, they woke up long before the crowing of the cock, climbing over me at the very moment when I had composed my head for a short morning nap. But paternal philosophy can well be reconciled to the sweet music of "crying babes" some thousands of which have been imported into New York during the present year. But the number of people taken sick in the day time, who send for the doctor by night, produced a compound fracture of my time, which seldom gave me a comatose state. It is the sweetest of all consolations to lay a weary head upon the pillow with the thought that rest awaits you until the dawning light. Whatever carking cares have vexed you, that is a long season of immunity which stretches through the dark hours of the night.—Then do the strained muscles lapse into the most easy attitudes in the yielding couch, and the taxed intellect is still, and you bolt the door upon ingratitude and strife.

But to lie down without security from disturbance is enough to frighten away sleep. Such is the lot of a country doctor. I could relate innumerable instances of the utter disregard with which he is routed from his bed, without occasion, at all hours. Here is one in point:

I arrived late one winter evening at my own door, after a hard day's toil. With what a feeling of relaxation did I divest my feet of heavy boots, set them smoking at the fire, and then regale them in easy slippers! Then wrapping about me a soft padded gown, with what luxury did I fall back in my arm chair, peruse the daily paper, and sip a cup of tea! "Now," said I, "the labors of the day are over.—A storm is brewing out of doors. I hope that no body will come here to-night. If they do, I won't go. Let them go after Bogardus. I won't immolate myself for any body. It is unreasonable." With that I pulled down my ledger and made a note of the day's visits, one half of which were to poor houses, negro huts, and Irish shanties. As to this class, they loved me like a brother, and their confidence in me was unbounded. They sent for me if their bones ached, or if their corns hurt them, and I went with a I speed, though I sometimes had occasion to scold them. Before retiring for the night, I opened the outer door, as was my custom, to see the state of the weather. It was a tremendous night. The moon shone palely, but the wind blew a hurricane. It rained, it hailed, it snowed, it blowed. I thought again of the poor mariners on the coast, and with a silent prayer for them, and all houseless, unprotected ones, I closed the door, and went to bed. I had just recovered from the shivering sensation of cold sheets, and become conscious of a grateful warmth, while that delightful drowsiness which borders upon sound sleep stole over me, when there came a knocking, impatiently repeated, enough to wake the dead. "God bless me!" I groaned out, crawling out of bed, and lifting up the sash, "what do you want?"

"Doctor, want you to come right straight away off to Bank's. His child's dead."

"Then why do you come?"

"He's p'isoned. They gin him laudnum for paregoricky."

"How much have they given him?"

"Dono. A great deal. Thank he won't get over it."

"When did they give it to him?"

"This arternoon."

"Why didn't you come sooner? How do you think I am to go two miles on such a night? Have you brought a wagon?"

"No."

"Then I won't go. Tell them to——:" and having prescribed hastily out of the window, I closed the sash and went back to bed. But the howling wind and rattling sleet against the panes had not that soothing effect which they have to one who lies snug and warm and irresponsible in his couch. "What," said I, "if that child should die through my neglect! Will it absolve me from criminality because the parents are poor? I will go: I must." With that I leaped out again, kindled a match, and went down into my office.—Not choosing to wake my man Flummery, or to disturb my old horse, who was craunching his oats, and housed for the night, I took my stick and set out to walk. The snow-water went through my shoes like a sieve; my neck and bosom were instantly covered with sleet. Nevertheless, I had some humorous thoughts while breasting the storm, and composed a Latin distich by the way. I had just got the last foot of the pentameter correct, when my own foot struck against something which looked like a black log. On scrutiny, by the light of the moon, I found it to be my old patient, Timmy Timmons, apparently sound asleep, with his beloved rum-jug by his side. I in vain shook him to make him aware of his situation, and see if the spirit had left his body. I shook the rum-jug, but there was no spirit there, not a drop. "Timmy," says I, "wake up." No answer. I then kicked him, but he bore it as if he had been used to kicks. "He is dead," said I, and passed on the next house. There, while opening the gate, I was fiercely attacked by a stout bull-dog; and while keeping him off, and fighting my way up to the house, the master came out in his shirt-tail with a loaded gun. "Don't you know me?" said I, as he examined the priming; "it is the doctor.

"Souls alive!" responded he; "I tho't it was a thief! I'm glad you spoke when you did. In a minute more I should have popped you over, Doc. Sorry to do that. My son John's got the fever-aig. Here, Bull, Bull, Bull, Bull!—g' home, Sir!"

"Timmy Timmons," said I, "is lying out in the lane, drunk or dead, I don't know which; dead drunk, at any rate. He must be looked after"

"Wait till I put on my breeches. What a wunnerful night! Won't you come in and get warm?"

"No; get on your breeches, and make haste."

"Guy! when I first heered you, I tho't it was Lawrance comin" to break house. He's desput fellow. So I gets up and looks out o' the window, and then I went into the corner to find my gun, and if I did n't——"

"Come, come; do you want——"

"To get the rheumatiz? No, I don't. Hold on, Doctor; be down in one minute."

We returned to the congealed Timmons. My coadjutor took up the jug, shook it, and said, "Not a drop." He then smelt it.

"It is rum," said I, "the cause of all this misery."

"No, Doctor, not *all* rum; there's been a little *molasses* into this jug, by the smell of it."

"Lift him up," said I. He did so, and carried his burthen home, where I brought Timmy to life.

I now trudged on upon my original errand, hoping to save another life more valuable than that of Timmons. Arrived at the house, I perceived it shut up as if hermetically sealed. Not a light was to be seen. I knocked at the door, but no answer. I knocked furiously, and at last a night-cap appeared from the chamber-window, and a woman's voice squeaked out, "Who's there?"

"The Doctor to be sure," said I; "you sent for him. What the dogs is the matter?"

"Oh, it's *no* matter, Doctor. Ephraim's better. We got a little *skeered*, kind of. Gin him laud'num, and he slept kind o' sound, but he's woke up now."

"How much laudanum did he swallow?"

"Only two drops," said she. "T'aint hurt him none. Wunnerful bad storm to-night!"

I buttoned my coat up to my throat, turned upon my heel, and tried to whistle.

"Doctor, Doctor!"

"What do you want?"

"You won't charge nothin' for this visit, will you?"

Now, as I travelled back on foot, the moon became obscured, the driving sleet blinded the eyes, I heard the Atlantic breakers booming and beating upon the coast; and with head down, like a bulrush, I arrived at my own door wet and disconsolate, saying to myself: "That little plant called Patience does not grow in every garden!"

From the Healing Journal.

Cure for the Bite of Mad Dogs.

We give infull the celebrated Stoy prescription for the cure of Hydrophobia, which has become widely known and extensively used with such success as to entitle it to the confidence of the public. The following is the genuine receipt as prepared by the discoverer.

Stoy's Remedy for Hydrophobia.—Take of the "Hubia Annalgalis Rubra," or Red Chick Weed that has been dried, one handful, pour two quarts good beer on it and boil it in a new earthen pot, (the pot must be covered with a close lid) until one half of it boils away; it must be boiled over a slow fire. When the herb is boiled enough, it must be strained through a clean cloth and well squeezed so that the substance may be well taken out of it;—then add to the decoction two drams of the best Venice Treacle and mix it well with the decoction.

Of the above decoction, give a man of strong constitution one pint and that at one time, if possible, if not, then at short intervals; if taken at one draught it is best. If there should be symptoms of madness, the medicine must be taken two or three mornings in succession, and a larger portion of the herb added to the aforementioned quantity of beer. A woman should take less of the medicine than a man, say about three and a half gills; for children the medicine must be regulated according to their age and constitution; it must be observed that children can bear more of the medicine, than a grown person in proportion. The mother or person who nurses a child, should take one extra portion. If the child would receive one or two spoonsful of it, it would be best.

The dose for a horse is one pint, a cow 20 table spoonsful; a heifer 16; a calf according to its age; a hog 3 years old 7 or 8 table spoonsful; a dog according to age, size and strength.

The medicine should be taken warm, in the morning before breakfast and the fast ought not to be broken for 3 or 4 hours after. No cold or fresh water must be taken, otherwise serious consequences might arise.

In cases of necessity where there are actual symptoms of the disease, no delay should be made but the medicine must be given as soon as the fit is off the patient; should he reject it, it must be administered in smaller portions, at short intervals, until the person is relieved, On the day when the medicine is taken, the patient must abstain from drink of all kinds, most especially ardent spirits milk and beer. Cattle must have no water the day after the decoction has been given.

Persons must abstain for two weeks from the following articles, viz:—all kinds of meat, cabbage, beans, peas, fish, and water fowl.—When the person is bitten through the skin, the wound must be rubbed with a chip until it bleeds, and washed with the decoction; this should be repeated two or three days, care must be taken not to use the same twice.—Should the wound require a bandage any simple salve may be used mixed with a portion of Venice Treacle. This must be done twice a day until the wound is healed. Before the bandage is applied, the wound should be washed clean with the decoction.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

The Stars.

BY S. E. ULMER.

"Ye Stars which are the poetry of heaven."—Byron.

You peaceful heaven, those lovely stars,
The poetry of earth and sky,
Which roll their bright and burning cars
In unoonested glory by:
Do they not tell us to be wise,
And warn us from the black abyss,
Where love subsides, and virtue dies,
And vice imprints her leprosies?

Meek harbingers of good to man,
That hold the olive branch on high,
When time's triumphant march began—
A beauty and a mystery—
Do they not preach in solemn tones,
The mild philosophy of peace;
And ask, when earth is strewed with bones,
Will human dignity increase?

Mute heralds of a brighter day,
Watching above a stormy world;
Whose glory shall survive decay,
When earth is into ruin hurled—
Do they not tell us to be good,
Pure, pious, thoughtful, and serene—
Calm as the forest solitude,
Where human foot hath seldom been.

Bright planets which the Greeks of old
Peopled with beings pure as day,
Which spirit could alone behold,
Or mind invested of its clay:
Where spread the wings of calmest love—
—What earthly love should ever be—
Pure as the stellar lights above,
Peaceful as immortality.

Stern messengers of good or ill,
Showing the destiny of earth;
To tell your Maker's boundless will,
Or kindle an empire's death or birth.
A holy mystery is yours,
Above the ken of mortal lore—
Emblem of all that pride abhors,
One beaming moment, and no more.

Friend of my lone and wearied heart,
Should we not learn a lesson here—
That human is the better part,
And peace and truth alone are dear—
Should we not wish those orbs to be
Our home, when passion's throb is o'er—
When mind is of its fetters free,
And earth's false lights can charm no more.

Bloomfield, Perry County.

Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

The Isthmus of Panama.

Mission San Jose, (Cal.)
Jan. 3, 1853.

Mr. Editor:—According to request I promised to write you a line, perhaps two, when once I landed in California. Well here it is, rolled up, tumbled up, and in fact it is about the only way I could get it up. Now, if you see fit to dissect the thing and throw it into such a form as to make it intelligible, it will be a favor conferred, not only on me, but the public.

I have thought an account of my trip from New York to the Pacific side of the Isthmus might perhaps be worth a perusal. It is true there have been a great many letters written and published, giving an account of the Isthmus, that are called by those who have crossed that place, "fish stories." This may be the fate of this epistle; all I have to say to the public is, just think as you please.

I set sail from New York on Friday, Nov. 5th, for Aspinwall, where I arrived on Monday, Nov. 15th. The vessel anchored some distance from the wharf, for the purpose of giving others, besides themselves, a chance for a penny—very kind officers. We were taken to shore in small boats manned by natives, and owned principally by Americans; price fifty cents.—Aspinwall is a small village, containing probably two thousand inhabitants. Four-fifths of these, however, are natives, and it is the opinion of some that the remaining fifth had much better be, as they are learning the natives very bad habits. The place is located on a low flat, and said to be very sickly. In fact the faces of the Americans living there are a sure evidence of that fact. I did not see but two or three that looked like men in health. At this place I took passage on the railroad; not however until I paid the agent $8.00 for that privilege. This road is completed thirty miles. It passes through an endless swamp, interspersed here and there with a small portion of earth as nature placed it. It is certainly a great work, considering the climate, soil, and material they have to work with; but will be a fine investment when completed. It is now finished about one half the distance. The present terminus is at a small village called Barbacoas. When I arrived there the sun appeared to be doing its best; the heat was oppressive. The place is not worth a description, composed entirely of natives, save half a dozen Americans. Their houses, you are aware, are principally made of reeds. The roofs being covered with the same material, the air circulates freely, and the rain sweeps through the cracks without much difficulty. The reader might perhaps say or think to himself, 'why they can't keep dry in such a house.' That's true, but the way they get over that difficulty is, they wear no clothes scarcely, and their skin being naturally oily turns the water just as well as the best India Rubber coat you have in the States If this sounds "fishy," try the experiment, don't forget the grease, and I'll guarantee it will work well.

At this place I took passage on board a small boat, large enough to carry about twenty persons and baggage, thence up the Chagres river to Gorgona, about seven miles. This river is rather difficult to navigate, being very swift. It is about the width of Buffalo creek. The scenery along this stream is grand—that is for those who are fond of romance and botany. I thought of friend Noil; here he could feast for months in the beauties of nature, and still find that he had scarcely made a beginning Should he see some of those gorgeous flowers that God hath nurtured without the aid of human hands, he would be compelled to say cultivation degenerates, instead of adding to the beauty of such plants. I am sorry I have no knowledge of botany, or I would go it awhile in terms of scientific transcendentalism that you and your readers wouldn't begin to understand. But, as I can't, why I wont. The situation of Gorgona I like much better, and I believe is pretty healthy. It is located on an elevation facing the river.—There are out three or four American houses; the rest are as I have stated, reed, but principally well covered with mud.—This place I suppose to contain from two to three thousand souls, including mules. I forgot to state that you pay $1,00 a meal, for every meal you eat, good, bad, or indifferent, after you set foot on the Isthmus. At Gorgona you take passage for Panama over the land—or mud, some call it, that has no bottom. The first job, here, is to make up your mind whether you will go a foot, or ride a mule; still comparing your thoughts with your purse, the natives being death on that. I, for one, in connexion with a good many others, some of them ladies, concluded to try the mules. We made arrangements for them at $20,00 a head for riding, and 18 cts. a lb. to have our baggage transported; distance 27 miles. I considered it "pretty steep," but that didn't help me a bit. Had to down with the dust, or take it a foot. At about seven o'clock, A. M. we got started. It wo'd have made a minister laugh, save a man like you, fond of fun, to see the ladies, one in particular. "Oh, she couldn't think of riding astride of that nasty mule! Indeed she couldn't do it," &c.; but finally she quieted down and mounted the critter; and, to tell the truth, she didn't look very graceful. One modest creature came to me and asked the loan of a pair of pantaloons. I gave them, of course, and thro' she came without trouble. But, to be serious, ladies who have any idea of coming to California, and that across the Isthmus, should practice riding before they leave home. Some poor women were never on a horse or mule before, and a sorry time they had of it. But as regard the manner of riding, it is all a farce about women being compelled to ride John Gilpin style. Some ladies in our company were so fortunate as to ride through on side-saddles, and that with comfort. The owners of the mules will tell you to straddle the creature by all means. They know that riding sideways, especially by those not accustomed to being on horseback, is much harder on the beast than the other way. That is their reason for exacting the sacrifice.

After we started I looked back, and tried to compare our company to something I had ever seen, but in my whole catalogue of living, moving, human objects, I could find nothing that looked half so comical. The mud averaged about eight inches in depth, exclusive of sloughs. One lady fell off ten times. Her first fall I warned her of. There is generally but one path, and they all go single file. I was in front, and in passing under a tree that leaned over the path, I found it difficult to pass. She came along, and forgot to pay her respects to the tree, and the consequence was, it struck her on the breast, and knocked her off, her foot sticking in the stirrup, and the mule "going it" through the mud, dragged her about two rods before I could catch her. Got her up, scraped the mud off with a stick, and started her on her journey. One lady was thrown off and entirely covered with mud, save her arms, and by them they dragged her out. I stopped at the half way house, called "Kossuth House," kept by a native, called for dinner, got a cup of coffee, some dry bread, and a piece of meat, for $1,00. Mounted my mule again, and pushed ahead for Panama. There are some few hills on this road, and on them the mud is not so bad; but oh, they go right straight down, and some of them are very rocky. I could have most solemnly affirmed that no beast could have carried a person down such precipices. The mules have holes to set their feet in, and in passing down, your dependence is the nob of the saddle, and should the girth break, it would keep a good rider very busy to save his neck.—From this you may form some idea what people risk, and especially women not used to hardships. No person can give an idea of what they can endure until they are tried. I thought I never should see all the women again that were on board the boat, but to my astonishment all came through, and among them one in the last stages of consumption. About eight miles of the road east of Panama is paved. Here there is no trouble save where the paving is torn up. In one of these places we swamped a mule, and left him. The one I rode swamped; I jumped off and footed it through, and my mule followed. About six miles west of Panama a return Californian was murdered about two hours before I passed. I felt a little nervous, looked at my revolver, and pushed ahead, arriving at Panama about eight o'clock, P. M.

I have now traveled from New York to Panama, as I stated in my outset. It has taken more time than I expected and perhaps I have said more than is necessary of my journey. If so, Editor and reader, I promise, if ever I should trouble you again, to be more brief. To you all I wish a happy New Year, and the Railroad completed to Lewisburg.

WM. JONES.

Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.

Harrisburg, Feb. 15, 1853.

The House sent into the Senate a joint resolution, requesting the Governor to return to the Legislature, before signing, a bill which had passed, part of which authorized the Warren & Pinegrove Railroad to connect with the Sunbury & Erie Railroad and with Dunkirk in New York. The bill had passed without the Philadelphia Senators being aware of this provision, which, as tending to benefit the N. Y. & Erie Road, was considered as a "snake." The Senate refused to join in the request—yeas 10, nays 17.

In the House, private business was the order of the day, and an afternoon session was held. The Sunbury & Erie R. R. bill was discussed, and finally adopted, as follows:

The *principal* office of the Company to be in Philadelphia, and municipal and other corporations to be entitled to as many votes as they hold actual, bona fide shares of stock, by *unconditional* subscriptions. The City delegation objected against the limitation of voting powers to "*unconditional* subscriptions," saying that they would not be answerable for the consequences of such a restriction. Mr. Kelso, of Erie, stated that the Erie subscriptions were absolute and unconditional, and their bonds in market; and that the contingent and uncertain subscriptions of Philad. (the individual subscriptions contingent upon the City's subscribing, and the City's subscription contingent upon other out-door subscriptions of an equal amount) should control the Company, was unjust and improper. The House concurred in the opinion that the City should not control a Company in which not a dollar was unconditionally invested, and Mr. Henderson, of Cumberland, in a spirited and well delivered impromptu speech, argued against the policy of giving corporations the power contemplated. By such a course, one or two corporations would swallow up and disregard every private stockholder, and perhaps the City of Philad. alone have the entire control of a Road hundreds of miles distant.

In the evening, R. A. Lamberton, Esq., delivered an Essay on "*The Modern Reformer*," before the Institute. The performance was well written, and very prettily delivered, lacking a little of energy. He portrayed the character of the *true* reformer, and also of the *false* reformer. Martin Luther and Roger Williams were specimens of the former. The false reformers were typified by the Fillibusters and the Woman's (W)right Conventionists.

Wednesday, Feb. 16.

A dark, rainy day—lights at the Speaker's stand in the Senate chamber.

Mr. Slifer presented the petition of Andrew Eves for damages.

Mr. Hamilton reported bill to incorporate the Williamsport Gas Company.

The bill passed in House yesterday, in relation to the Sunbury & Erie R. R. Co., was reconsidered in the House, and that body having requested the Senate to return it to them, it was returned accordingly, 21 to 7.

The House took up and considered the General Appropriation Bill, and laid it over until to-morrow.

Sea Tiger.—The greatest curiosity in town at present is a creature called the "Sea Tiger." It is about 3 feet in length, its head, breast, and two fore feet much resembling those of an animal, and its termination decidedly that of a fish. It was said to have been extremely fierce when first caught, but is now tame and docile. At its keeper's call it will come from its tub of water, crawl upon a board at its side, and return at command. It does not stay long under water, and makes a "blow up" upon coming to the surface, *a-la-mode* the whale. It is said to have been caught on the coast of Greenland, by the British expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Three creatures of the same nature were found upon an iceberg—a net was placed near them—the two larger leaped over it, but this, the smaller, fell into the snare, and was secured. I do not think it is described in any book of natural history. Its cry much resembles that of a man when in distress. If there is anything of the "wooly horse" about this specimen, it is not yet revealed.

Thursday, Feb. 17.

In the Senate, Mr. Quiggle presented a petition for a change in the 8th Judicial District.

Mr. Slifer, a petition of 600 Ladies of Lewisburg for a law to protect them against the evils of the traffic in intoxicating Liquors. Also from citizens of Union township, praying that the part of a road in said township used as a coaling-path may be kept in repair by the State.

The Citizens' Deposite Bank of Pittsburg passed final reading.

In the House, the Pennsylvania Coal Company bill passed final reading, and the Public Printing bill was discussed.

Fourth House.—The Senate is commonly called the "upper house," the Representatives the "lower house," the outsiders or borers the "third house," and the Committees may properly be denominated the "fourth house." This evening, the Senate Railroad Committee had a session in the N. E. Committee Room, which drew a large crowd within the room and surrounding the door leading thereto. The question was this: The Philadelphians ask the Legislature to give their Councils power to subscribe $500,000 to the Hempfield Road, which runs directly west from Greensburg (Westmoreland Co.) to Wheeling (Va.). The Pittsburgers ask for a *proviso* to this privilege, that before it be granted the Virginia Legislature shall grant the right of way to a Road from Pittsburg to Steubenville (Ohio). The Steubenville Road aids Pittsburg, while the Hempfield Road avoids Pittsburg, but feeds the grand Central Road. Pittsburg was ably represented by Senator Darsie and Lawyer M'Knight of that City. Philadelphia, Westmoreland and Washington counties (Pa.) and Wheeling were represented by Judge Conrad, Israel Painter, Dr. Alexander, and Mr. Ellet the distinguished Engineer. Each of these gentlemen spoke at length, and with an energy which showed their intense interest in the matter before them. There was considerable cross-shooting, many revivals of old and stubborn facts—and altogether, was the most entertaining discussion of any House during the session.

Friday, Feb. 18.

In Senate—The supplement to the act incorporating the Farmers' Bank of Schuylkill County, passed final reading.

On motion of Mr. Slifer, Senate bill No. 214, to change the venue of a certain case pending in *Dauphin* county, to *Union* county.

Mr. Kunkel moved to strike out *Union* and insert *Northumberland* county.

Mr. Slifer.—It is perhaps due to the Senate that I should state briefly the reasons that have induced the parties interested in this bill to ask for its passage. And let me first say, to soothe the feelings of the Senator from Dauphin, that this change is not asked because of any want of confidence in the integrity of the Court or Jurors of this county. It is true, Mr. Speaker, that ever since this bill has been read in place, one of the Judges of that Court, together with some of the Officers of that Court, have been most laborious in their efforts to defeat its passage. I do not for a moment impute any sinister design to them for doing so. They are also Members and Officers of this Insurance Company, and as such are Defendents in this suit, and of course have every right to desire and even to labor to have it tried where they can have all the advantages there may be in an acquaintance with Jurors and the pressure of neighborhood feeling and interests. This change, sir, is asked for on other grounds—grounds that will doubtless appear sufficiently strong, after having a knowledge of the parties in the suit and the true history of the case.