The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

BY WM. BREWSTER. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 18.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Six lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (16 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two " (32 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (48 ")	1 50	2 25	3 00

Business men advertising by the Quarter, Half Year or Year, will be charged the following rates:

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½ " " " " "	1 50
¾ " " " " "	2 50
1 " " " " "	4 00
BLANKS, foolscap or less, per single quire,	1 50
" " 4 or more quires, per "	1 00

☞ Extra charges will be made for heavy composition.

☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☜

The Law of Newspapers.

1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*

5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

From the Vermont Republican.

MEDICAL SYSTEMS.

HOMEOPATHIC DRACHM.

Take a little Rum—
The less you take the better—
Mix it with the Lakes
Of Wenner and Wetter.

Dip a spoonful out—
Mind you don't get groggy—
Pour it in the Lake
Winnepiseogee.

Stir the mixture well,
Lest it prove inferior;
Then put half a drop
Into Lake Superior.

Every other day
Take a drop in water;
You'll be better soon,
Or at least you *oughter*.

ALLOPATHY.

Take some Calomel—
The more you take the better—
Mix it with a drop
Or two of cistern water.

Feed some to your dog;
It will make him vomit,
And, may be, see the stars,
Or, perhaps a comet.

Once in each half hour
Take a rousing portion;
Say a tumbler full—
If that suits your notion.

If you chance to die—
As you're almost sure to;
You may safely swear
That it don't cure you.

HYDROPATHY.

Take a linen sheet,
The larger 'tis the better—
Wrap yourself up well,
And plunge into the water.

Any water'l do—
Croton, sea, or cistern—
Each should make his choice
As may best suit his turn.

When you're fairly soaked,
If you don't better,
Take a generous shower-bath,
And get a little wetter.

Touch no wine or gin,
Drink a gallon of cold water,
You'll be better soon—
If you ain't you *oughter*.

SENSE-OPATHY.

Take the open air,
The more you take the better—
Follow nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay,
Let alone the gin,
The brandy and the whiskey.

Freely exercise—
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Ever make you fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well—
Or at least you *oughter*.

A Select Tale.

From the Waverley Magazine.

THE POOR RELATIVE.

BY ANNA MORSE.

"WHAT say you, Clarence, to spending the remainder of our vacation in the country? To be sure the winter is not the time that is usually set apart for whiling away the time amid the hills and snow-drifts of New England; but to tell the truth I am wearied to death of this continued round of parties, balls, &., nothwithstanding the favor I have lately been received with by calculating mama's with marriagable daughter. I have no less than ten invitations now to their select assemblies, as they are called. Thanks to uncle Harry for the eight hundred thousand dollars he left me—bless his old bachelorship for that? I have since risen more than eighty per cent in the market with some of our city matrons;—but what say you, shall we start on the morrow?"

"I have no objection to accompaning you; on the contrary, think I should like it much; but to-morrow would be rather soon for me to be in readiness to go with you, as I have some few friends I would like to take to leave of; and you Walter, I believe, have an engagement to spend an evening with those distant connections of yours on T——street.

"A fig for my engagement to them; when I called on them two years ago this very month, on some business for my uncle in Baltimore, they did not even know me; though I had always lived in the same city, and but two or three streets distant. I met them at Mrs. B——'s; they were quite enraptured to see me, and regretted much that so near relations should see so little of each other as we had done; but we must make up for all that in the future; I must come and see them every day, and make their house my home. I think I will not truble myself to keep that engagement, besides it was but a half promise at best. But I forget! I will call on the B——s; I recollect a fair girl just emerging into womanhood, with bright shining curls, and eyes that reminde one of the heavens above by their look of holy purity and innocence. She appeared to be the constant companion of Adela B——, and I was afterwards informed that she was the governess. I sought in vain, at the time, for an introduction, but no one seemed to know her; after awhile she dropped her fan; I advanced and presented it to her, upon which Adela B—— gave me an introduction. I immediately commenced conversation, and was much amused at her witty and intelligent conversation, so different from what I had been listening too the early part of the evening. Soon I saw the company collecting for a quadrille, and I asked her to join me in the dance; I need not describe to you her gracefulness, for you were a witness to it; but I am detaining you, and we have no time to lose; I hope you will be ready by day after to-morrow at the farthest; and now adieu for the present—I will meet you again in the evening."

These two young men, we have thus unceremoniously introduced to our readers, were each of them about to enter upon their last college term, and had always been classmates and intimate friends from the time they commenced a student's life. They were both of them preparing for the profession of law, and gave promise of rising fame and honor.

Walter Sinclair had commenced his studies under many perplexities and inconveniences, and had sometimes been obliged to teach, during his winter vacation to find the means of defraying his necessary expenses. He had seen the homage payed to wealth, while sterling worth passed by unnoticed. He had longed to administer wholesome reproofs, but he knew that it would be considered, coming from one of his station, as arising from envy; but, indeed, this was not the case; as regarded himself he was entirely indifferent. But when some few years later he received the tidings of his father's half brother's death, who had amassed a fortune in the West Indies, and left him his sole heir, his friends surrounded him from all quarters, he and Clarence had many a laugh at their expense.

In person Walter Sinclair was rather above the medium height; his countenance was of a fair complexion, but was combined with vigor and strength of expression; his hard eye was piercing and quick, varying with every changing feeling or momentary emotion; and round his lips, when in repose, there was a peculiar tone of scornful playfulness in every expression his countenance assumed. His friend, Clarence Hastings, possessed a moderate independence, and had often offered to assist Walter in pecuniary matters, but he was too proud, and possessed too independent a spirit to avail himself of his friend's proffered kindness. In disposition, Clarence was rather of a more serious cast than Walter, but he possessed true manliness of character, and in college reputation ranked rather above his friend; he had talent, too, and those who had listened to his glowing and persuasive eloquence marked out for him a brilliant career.

It was a cold morning in December that Walter and Clarence took the cars which were to convey them some sixty or seventy miles into the country, and in three or four hours they alighted at a pleasant, busy country village, and took apartments where they could have a good view of all that was going on, and also of the hills and mountains in the distance.

It was excellent sleighing, and the villagers were improving it to the extent of their ability; the bells were merrily jingling, the horse and sleighs running hither and thither, all unmindful of the biting cold, which would prevent our city belles from venturing beyond the precincts of their own fire-side. Sinclair and his friend would daily order their horse and sleigh, and away they would go over hills and vallies, until the village would be left far in the distance.

It was on one of these excursions that their course was arrested by the sight of a horse running at full speed, while the young female in the sleigh vainly strove to detain him. Walter immediately endeavored to stop him, but ere he could accomplish his purpose the sleigh was overturned, while the horse rushed on swifter than before, leaving his lovely burden enveloped in a snow-drift. Walter hastens to the lady, who, though much frightened, has escaped unharmed, and offers his assistance, which is thankfully received; he immediately takes her into his own sleigh, while his friend hastens after the run away horse. She informs him that she, with her little brother, had been to visit a sick friend, and were ready to return home, when she recollected something she had left behind; her brother immediately returned for it, when the horse took fright and ran away, as we have already seen; her voice was soft and musically sweet, and Walter had listened with the greatest attention to every word she said; as they arrived at her dwelling, she raised the thick green veil with which her face had been covered, and expressed her gratitude for his kindness. Why did Walter Sinclair start and forget to reply to those words of thankfulness; he had seen that face before. It was a lightening flash with him—one of those quick, uncontrolable feelings which have never been explained, and never will be; it seemed to his friend, who had reached the hotel before him, that some unknown want had just been supplied—some unknown vacuum in his spirit filled to overflowing. He waited in vain for Walter to solve the mystery—he was most provokingly silent. At last Clarence broached the subject to him, and he replied:

"You recollect the young lady whom we met at Mrs. B——'s, whom I told you I afterwards learned was their governess? Well, on the evening, before I left the city, I called at the house, hoping again to meet with one whom I confess had occupied most of my secret thoughts since the time I first met her; do not smile, Clarence, I was not in love, though I felt much sympathy for her, as she did not look quite happy, and there seemed to be a secret sorrow in her heart. Well, I waited in vain for her appearance; at last I mustered all the confidence I could command and enquired for her, but I did not hear very distinctly her name, and had forgotten it. I told them I believed there was a young lady there to whom I had an introduction on the evening of their assembly. The eldest, Arabella, replied—

"Oh, yes, Miss Greenville; she had gone out to make a call, and they expected her return every moment."

"I replied it was not Miss Greenville that I meant, but I thought—I was not allowed to finish my sentence, for little Ada B——replied,—

"Why, Bella, do you not know, Mr. Sinclair means cousin Clara?" And away she bounded out of the room, where she remained some little time and then returned looking quite sad and dispirited.—"Mamma, will you not go and see cousin Clara? She is weeping, and will not tell me the cause—she says she has a severe headache, but that would not make her cry."

"The mother immediately arose and followed Ada, and they neither of them returned before I had taken my departure.

"The expression of the countenance of the two remaining sisters was anything but amiable. I done my best to keep up the conversation, but my thoughts were elsewhere, and I soon took leave. I thought much of the cousin, as I had now learned her to be, and supposed she was some poor relative; as the eldest Miss B—— had taken pains to tell me she was their governess, my sympathies were enlisted in her welfare, but I did not expect to meet her here, and it was with mingled surprise and pleasure that I recognized, in the fair stranger we encountered this afternoon, Mrs. B——'s governess. She seemed more beautiful to me, by the single glance I had of her, than formerly; but I suppose it was the bright glow that exercise had given to her countenance. But there is the supper bell; and, if you please, we will adjourn there for a short time."

On the following day Sinclair sent to enquire of our heroine, and to see if she had received any injury from her fall the day previous; but it seemed it took him some time to make all needful enquiries, for his friend waited in vain for him to take his accustomed ride; he did not return till tea time, and then he was too absent minded and abstracted for conversation. His former levity had given place to a serious thoughtfulness, and his mind was busy with the fair and gentle being from whom he had just parted.

CHAPTER II.

Clara Green's beauty was one of that style that at once instils into the beholder a sort of protecting tenderness which they would feel for a petted and favorite child. Her hair hangs in graceful ringlets down her back, mocking the control of the shell comb, which is all too frail to confine those abundant tresses. She is young, pure, and guileless; and the rose just bursting into bloom is not more fresh and joyous-looking than is Clara Green; still, she had known sorrow—keen, bitter sorrow. She had been called to mourn the loss of a beloved father about three years previous, who had left his wife and three children depending on themselves for the means of support. Clara had worked hard at her needle, but it was little she could earn, though she worked early and late; the rent was becoming due, and they were without means to pay it, when she received a liberal offer, if she would go and assist her aunt, who resided in the city, in taking care of her children in the capacity of governess.

Clara grieved at the thought of leaving her dear mother, and brother and sister; but, by going, she could earn much more for their support, and besides she was going among friends; so she thought, and set out with a cheerful heart. But poor Clara was doomed to disappointment; on her arrival she was led at once to the nursery, where she was obliged to remain with the children from morning till night. She not only had the care of them, but was sometimes obliged to sit up till midnight to finish something for the dressmaker, which was wanted by one of the young ladies for some gay assembly; and who was also obliged to wait upon Frank, a rude boy, too rude to remain in the nursery, but still allowed to call on her for any favor he might wish; and Clara not only found herself governess, but seamstress, waiting-maid, and servant. She had formerly, though poor, been used to sympathy and kindness; but now she found her self deprived of both: with the exception of her little cousin, Ada, now a child of ten years, she had not a friend in the house. From the first she conceived a strong attachment for Clara, and relieved her of many a little care and trouble.

It was at the earnest solicitation of Ada, and the commands of her father, that Clara was allowed to be present on the evening of their party; Clara had no wish herself to be there, but Ada was determined to have it so, and she was forced to consent. Poor Clara was left entirely alone, and was not introduced to a single person present: when her cousins saw her with the wealthy Walter Sinclair as his partner in the dance, they were much surprised at her boldness. Her aunt went to her, and enquired how she became acquainted with Mr. Sinclair. She related the circumstance of her dropping her fan, and Ada's introduction. But then Clara, whose greatest fault was her poverty and her beauty, received a severe rebuke, and was told she had better retire from the room.—She obeyed; but she could endure this no longer: her sensitive nature shrank from the slight and scorn to which she was daily exposed, and, in a few days, she returned to her village home, notwithstanding the reproof of her aunt and cousins, who accused her of ingratitude in leaving them just as she had begun to be of some service. Ada wept bitter tears at the departure of her favorite, but, young as she was, she knew she was not treated kindly, and she rejoiced for her sake that she was going among friends

On the day following his preceding visit, Walter again called, and took his friend with him. Clarence was much pleased with his new acquaintance; he found her an intelligent, agreeble young lady, who had read much, and read, too, with taste; her table was covered with magazines, books of modern poetry, and even some of the more severe works; and her talents, apart from her beauty, would have made her society sought for and appreciated any where. Walter was becoming more and more in love, and, ere he parted from her this evening, he formed the resolution that if he could gain her love, he would make her his wife.

Evening after evening did Walter wind his way to her home, and Clarence was also a frequent visitor, and Sinclair was sometimes inclined to be jealous of his friend; for, while she listened to him with attention, her smiles and interest seemed wholly engrossed with Clarence; he would have given worlds if he could have been half so entertaining, but he seemed spell-bound in her presence. His friend, perceiving he regarded him in the light of a rival, abstained from his visists to her dwelling. But the vacation was fast drawing to a close, and Walter had not declared his love; formerly he had not lacked assurance, but now his heart was disquieted within him, for he feared his devotion was not returned.

But the day for his departure was at hand, and the evening before it arrived he hastened to her residence, seated himself by her side, told her all his love, and asked her to become his wife. The little hand in his trembled, but was not withdrawn; and, ere they parted, they had made a natural promise "to love and cherish each other all their life long."

Walter entered his friend's apartment with a more cheerful countenance than he had born for some time, and confided to him all his happiness.

"Well, now I suppose you will not object to my taking leave of her in the morning, as I have found so much pleasure in her society that I would not like to go without one farewell word."

And thus they parted, and Walter retired to muse on his good fortune, and dream of his idolized Clara.

The last term of Walter's collegial life seemed longer than all the others: but at last it came to an end; he graduated with his friend, and returned to Clara's native home to claim his bride. He found Clara growing more and more dear to him, while she seemed but to live in his presence.—Ada B—— had come from the city to spend a few weeks with her dear cousin Clara, as she always called her.

CHAPTER III.

"Here is a note from Clara, enclosed in ada's letter," said Arabella B—— to her mother; only think, Clara is going to be married, and has sent us all an investigation to the wedding; it is an honor I am not in the least anxious for; but it is all owing to you allowing Ada to go and stay there so long; but we must cut her acquaintance entirely—this is too presuming."

"Indeed, Arabella, Mrs. Green's family are respectable, and I know no reason why Ada should not go to visit them; and it is a great care off my hands."

"I think I will attend Clara's wedding said "Helen B——, "just for the novelty of the thing; you know we can give up the acquaintance just as well afterwards; and besides, this is a pleasant time to visit the country, and I can take Ada home with me, so I think I will conclude to go."

On Helen B——'s arrival at Mrs. Green's residence, she was met at the door by her sister, who exclaimed,—

"What made you so late; Helen? I had most despired of your coming; but why did not papa and mama come with you? We must hasten, or Clara will be at the church before us."

They immediately hastened thither, and awaited the arrival of the bridegroom and bride.

It would be impossible to conceive a more beautiful object than Clara Green, on this her bridal eve. She was dressed in a robe of white satin, which came down on her neck, fully revealing the rounded and snow white neck and shoulders, and a profusion of bright shining hair, with here and there a diamond flashing out like a star in the midst of a cloud; her delicate and rounded arms were encircled with a gift of him who was about to become her husband,—a bracelet formed of a cincture of pearls, joined together by a clasp formed entirely of diamonds; over all was thrown a bridal veil—a delicate point lace of such exquisite fineness that it floated around her like gossamer.—The magnificence of her dress was in exquisite taste, and suited well her style of beauty. But if Clara was perfect in feminine beauty, not less so was Walter in his manly and commanding dignity; and anxiously his eye would rest on the fair being at his side, with all the earnestness and pride of a first and only love.

Had Helen B——been suddenly trasported to fairy-land, and seen the celestrial beauty of their queen, she could not have been more thoroughly surprised than she was to see her despised cousin leaning on the arm of him whom both she and her proud sister had tried to win, as his beloved and cherished wife. She leaned back against the wall for support while her young sister stood by her side, her face scarce less radiant with happiness than Clara herself.

But now the cermony is completed; the holy man has pronounced his blessing upon them, and Walter Sinclair and Clara Green are husband and wife.

But Helen did go to meet the bride as her friends gathered around her; the events which had just passed before her eyes completely bewildered her, and she had not the power nor will to move, but stood as one transfixed; at length she returned with her sister to the residence of one whom she was now proud to claim as a relation, and Clara, too happy in being united to the man of her choice to cherish resentment, received her cordially, though she thought there was a sarcastic expression passed over Walter's face as he referred to their last meeting.

"What can be the reason that Helen and Ada have not returned? Helen would not surely remain at Mrs. Green's all day.

As she uttered these words, she took up the evening paper, and glances over its contents, the following met her eye:

"Married —In L——, last evening, Walter Sinclair, Esqr., to Clara daughter of the late Dr. Edward Green. Mr. Sinclair sailed this morning with his beautiful bride from Europe."

The paper dropped from her hand; she uttered no remark, but sat long gazing vacantly at the fire; what her thoughts were we knew not, and can only imagine, while we leave our readsrs to do the same.

Walter and Clara did not return immediately after making the tour of the European continent, but remained abroad about five or six years; during that time they heard very frequently from the B—— family by the way of Ada, and learned that Ellen had married a foreigner of supposed rank, but it eventually turned out that he was only coachman to one, and they were now residing somewhere in the country; but the whereabouts was not known, as she had not chosen to inform her family of her residence. Arabella still remains in single blessedness, and often raves of the disgrace which Helen has brought on her family. On Mr. B——'s death, which occurred about one year since, it was found that his property was so much involved that his children were penniless; Ada immediately opened a school, and won the esteem of her pupils, with that of their parents, also. On Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair's return to their native state, the first to welcome their return was Clarence Hastings, now one of the most distinguished lawyers of his native state, and his young wife, Ada B.

☞ An Oregon widow thus writes her experience during her sojourn on the Pacific coast.

I have indeed been most unfortunate, both of my arms have been slightly palsied, each of my legs have been broken; my health has been generally bad; I have had four husbands in my time, but they all up and died poor things, and I had four yoke of oxen, and the cussed Indians stole and eat them.

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.—J. W. Brooks, Superintendent of this Canal, says that vessles will be passed through into Lake Superior some time in the month of May.

Wit and Humor.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

XIII.—DOESTICKS INVENTS A PATENT MEDICINE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1854.
70 Hundred and One, Narrow st.

Congratulate me—my fortune is made—I am immortalized, and I've done it myself. I have gone into the patent medicine business. My name will be handed down to posterity as that of a universal benefactor. The hand which hereafter writes upon the record of Fame, the names of Ayer, Sands, Townsend, Moffat, Morrison, and Brandreth, must also inscribe, side by side with these distinguished appellations, the no less brilliant cognomen of the undying Doesticks. Emulous of the deathly notoriety which has been acquired by the medicinal worthies just mentioned, I also resolved to achieve a name and a fortune in the same reputable and honest manner. Bought a gallon of tar, a cake of beeswax, and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first batch of "*Doesticks' Patent, Self-Acting, Four-Horse Power Balsam,*" designed to cure all diseases of mind, body, or estate, to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the barefoot, decency to blackguards, and common sense to the Know-Nothings. It acts physically, morally, mentally, psychologically, physiologically, and geologically, and it is intended to make our sublunary sphere a blissful paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be but a side show.

I have not yet brought it to absolute perfection, but even now it acts with immense force, as you will perceive by the accompanying testimonials and records of my own individual experience. You will observe that I have not restored to the usual manner of preparing certificates; which is, to be certain that all those intended for Eastern circulation shall seem to come from some formerly unheard of place in the West, while those sent to the West shall be dated at some place forty miles east of sun-rise. But I send to *you*, as representing the western country, a certificate from an Oregon farmer:

"DEAR SIR: The land composing my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman couldn't get his living off it; and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgeways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten-acre lot, surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the rocks had entirely disappeared—a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into oven wood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. Put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and had a row of peach trees in full bloom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would state that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest daughter—drew my youngest boy out of the mill-pond—drew a blister all over his stomach—drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in the State Lottery. And the effect upon the inhabitants hereabout has been so wonderful, that they have opened their eyes to the good of the country, and are determined to vote for a Governor who is opposed to frosts in the middle of June, and who will make a positive law against freshets, hail storms, and the seventeen-year locusts."

There isn't that *some?* But I give one more from a member of the senior class in a western College, who, although misguided, neglected and ignorant, is, undoubtedly, as honest and sincere as his Prussianized education will admit of. I have corrected the orthography, and revised some grammatical inaccuracies; but, besides attending to these trifles, inserting marks of punctuation, and putting the capitals in the right places, I assure you I have made no alteration.

"SALL HARBOR, June 31, 1854.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: [You know I attended medical lectures half a-winter, and once assisted in getting a crooked needle out of a baby's leg; so I understand perfectly well the theory and practice of medicine, and the *Doctor* is perfectly legitimate under the Prussion system.] By the incessant study required in this establishment, I had become worn down so thin that I was obliged to put on an over-coat to cast a shadow—but accidentally having of your Balsam, I obtained a quantity, and, in obedience to the Homeopath-