

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.



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## Choice Poetry.

### THE FAMOUS VICTORY.

BY ROBERT BOUTHEY.

It was a summer's evening,  
Old Gaffer's work was done,  
And he before the cottage door,  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him stood the young man,  
His little grandchild, William.

She saw her brother Patrick  
Roll something here and round,  
That he beside the rivulet,  
Was playing there last found.  
She came to see what he had found,  
That was so light, and large, and round.

Old Gaffer took it from the boy,  
Who stood around him,  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And heaved a sigh;  
"The same poor fellow," said he,  
"Who fell in that great victory."

"I find them in the gutter,  
For there's many here about;  
And often when I go to sleep,  
I find them on my mat;  
The same poor fellow," said he,  
"Who fell in that great victory."

"New tell me what 'twas all about,"  
Young Patrick he cried,  
And little William looked on,  
With wonder in his eyes;  
"New tell me all about the war,  
And what they killed each other for?"

"It was the English," Gaffer cried,  
"Who put the French to rout;  
But what they killed each other for,  
I could not well make out;  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory."

"They said it was a shocking sight,  
After the field was won;  
New thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like these you know must be,  
And a famous victory."

"Greatest genius the Duke of Marlborough was,  
And our good Prince Eugene—  
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,"  
Said little William;  
"New, say, my little girl," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the Duke,  
Who such a fight did win;  
But what good came of it, at last?  
And did the French die?  
"Why, that I cannot tell," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory."

## Select Tale.

### THE PONY CLUB.

#### A TALE OF THE BACK-WOODS SETTLEMENTS OF GEORGIA.

In the midst of a dense pine-forest, on the western side of the wretched road which formerly led from Clarksville to the Falloloh Falls, about three miles from the above named village, there stood, some nineteen or twenty years ago, a small log dwelling. This building, which has long since disappeared, was even then in a ruinous condition. The clay chimney, through the cracks of which smoke was issuing in every direction, seemed scarcely able to stand upright, and the hut itself, from the rottenness of many of its under timbers, leaned considerably to one side. A worn-out shutter, suspended on one hinge, swung lazily in the breeze, ever and anon maliciously creaking at the door, which having no hinges at all, was reclining idly against the side of the house. A new shingle roof, however, (which, by the by, gave the hut the appearance of a seedy old gentleman in a new flannel periwig,) and the bright red clay which had been inserted into the chinks, evidently within a week or two, indicated not only that the cabin was used as a place of residence, but that its proprietor or tenant was taking measures to defend himself from the winds of the coming winter.

In front of his cabin, towards the sunset of a bright November day, were three persons, seemingly very intent on different occupations. Of these, the elder was a man, who, though decidedly past the prime of life, displayed the iron frame and muscular limbs of one whom a former residence had insured to hardship and fatigue. Attired in the common blue homespun of the country, with an old broad brimmed, low crowned white felt hat stuck sideways on his head, and the stump of a pipe that long use had blackened and polished projecting from his mouth, he was putting together the parts of a rifle which he had disjoined in order to clean it.

At a little distance from him a fine-looking lad, sixteen or seventeen years of age, was sharpening an axe, while a negro boy turned the grind-stone. He had been for some time busied in this occupation, whistling, as he worked, in concert with the merry little black-faced urchin, some well known backwood air. Occasionally, however, as he raised the instrument from the stone, and pressed his thumb along the edge, as if to ascertain the degree of keenness it had arrived at, he would glance his eye restlessly up and down the road, and then, peevishly replacing the axe, would whistle more vigorously than before.

For an hour or more these three beings, seemingly the sole occupants of this dreary looking place, had toiled without the interchange of a single word. At length the eldest rose from a bench on which he had been seated, leaned his rifle against the wall, and eyeing it with parental fondness, exclaimed with a half sigh, "Ah! thou art almost gone, Snap. Thy joints are getting crazy now, and rickety like. Yet I reckon thou'lt last out my day. We are getting old together. I feel it, Snap—I feel it in all my bones and sinews." For a moment after the utterance of these sentences, he stood gazing at this well tried friend, evidently saddened by the thoughts it had suggested; then looking up at the sun, the declining position of which in the

heavens seemed to surprise him, he turned to the lad and said—  
"Why, what on earth can keep the Squire so long? I really doubt he ain't comin'. The shadows are stretchin' themselves out for night—Did he say he had anything particular to do, Frank?"  
"No, uncle," replied the lad, "he was splittin' wood in the orchard when I seed him. At first he said he wouldn't come. 'You may tell Daly,' says he, 'that I ain't going on any more s'ich Tom Fool errands.' But afterwards he said he'd changed his mind, and 'od be over as soon as I was.'"  
"Darn the critter. This is always the way with him," said Daly, speaking slowly, and with the whine so peculiar to the backwoodmen of America. "He is the quietest animal to manage that ever I did see. He's just like a heavy stone on a quarry side; it takes a mortal power of men to move him. And he's just like that rock again, for when once he gets going, nothin' on earth can stop him."  
"Why not let him be?" asked the boy—  
"We're quite hands enough to do the job without him."  
"We harn't," replied the uncle with some irritation of manner, "so there's no use talkin' about it. Tom Cooley is worth any three of the gang. If he don't come we'll git neither horse, nor mare, nor money this night. In fact, I'll not go."  
"But I will," said the boy. "I'll go along with Mop, and Dove, and the others, and see whether we can't do without the Squire for once. In all my life I never seed such a loiterin' old brute. 'Here, Abel,' (to the negro boy,) 'put the grindstone away, and throw some wood upon the fire. Sometimes he won't, but he don't seem to know all the time whether he will or won't. He's worse than a mule in the studs, for coxain or bestin' will make that go; and he's more contrary than a young gull that don't know her own mind; and gits ugly at a joke, and kisses you for a thrashin'. He ain't no good, uncle; there's no two ways about it."  
"Who is that you're a white-washin' son, Frank?" asked a short, thick-set, brawny-limbed individual, who, unperceived, had joined the party. Dressed in clothes of a dingy clay color, his long red hair partially concealed by a racoon-skin cap, to which was appended, by way of ornament, the bushy tail of a black squirrel, his face rarely covered with a thick sandy beard of a grizzled growth, he presented the appearance of an angry satyr, as he stood beside the somewhat startled lad, and bent his eye, for he had but one, frowningly upon him. "Harn't you shortened that tongue o' your'n since the mornin' continued he. 'Your teeth's younger than your tongue, my lad, but they are wiser; they keep within your mouth.'"  
"I was speaking of you, Squire," said the lad undauntedly. "It's a God's blessin' all the Pony Club ain't like you. 'Twould take a twelvemonth to get them together if it was.'"  
At these words the blood rushed violently to the Squire's face, and for a moment he stood hesitating whether to reply by word or blow; but it was only for a moment, for, with a smile of contempt, he turned to Daly and extended to him his hand, saying, "The worthless cur makes the most noise at a hunt."  
With a laugh of sarcasm, Daly warmly shook the hand that was offered him, and said, "Well, Tom, I ain't right glad to see you, though, 'tis true, your comin' ain't none of the quickest."  
"Why, what's in the wind now?" asked the Squire, as he leaned his rifle against the house, alongside of Daly's.  
"You don't seem to think there's much," replied Daly, dryly. "I send for you in the mornin', and you come in the evenin', a draggin' yourself along like an old bound arter a weary day's chase."  
"I feel like one, Ned," said the Squire dejectedly. "The fact is, I ain't quite well to-day; for dreamin' of one thing and another—and I ain't much of a hand at dreamin' neither—I couldn't sleep all night, and somehow I feel plucky down in the mouth to-day. Besides, to tell you the truth, I am almost sick of this Pony Club. If all the fellows were like you and me, you'd never find the loiterin' raggin' by the way; but the game they strike at don't suit me. It don't suit me, I don't!"  
"There's come enough to-night, Tom Cooley," said Daly. "There's lots of horses, and some of them uncommon ones, to be had for the asking; but his neither horses nor mules that I am arter; I've got something better in view, so come with me and I'll tell you all about it. Frank, if Shattlin or Dove, or any of the men drop in, tell them I'll be back in a minute or so. They sayin', he moved towards the forest, and the Squire, having taken up his rifle, followed him. They had not proceeded far through the thick underwood, before they entered a narrow path, along which they walked in silence, until they reached a small but rapid stream. Here Daly stopped, and after looking cautiously around in every direction, said in a low voice—  
"If you'll join me to-night, Tom, we may make our fortunes."  
"How so?" asked the Squire.  
"He was a smooth-talkin', round-faced, blue-eyed, sandy-haired sort of a man. I gin him a hundred and twenty dollars for that beast, and she wasn't worth fifty. He ain't comin' back this way, is he?"  
"You shall hear," replied Daly. "A week ago I passed through Augusta. 'Twas court day, or parade, or election, or something of the sort, and the town was uncommon full of folks. Arter strollin' about a bit—for I had nothin' to do, and didn't know nobody—I turned into the Phoenix to get a glass, and there I seed this very man. He was doin' nothin' but signing receipts and takin' money, and his hat, that he had fixed between his knees, was actually crumpled full of notes.

"Who's that?" says I, a steppin' up to the landlord, a technin' my hat. 'He's pickin' up money like a bank. Some thunderin' big cotton speculator, I guess.'"  
"No," says he, "it ain't. It's John Boon, the Kentuck dealer in horses, and mules, and critters of that sort; and sometimes he drives over a lot of swine."  
"He's made a good trip this time," says I. "If he always pulls in money like that, he'll soon make a fortune."  
"He don't git that every time, or anything like it," says the landlord, "though he does a thrivin' business. You see, last year was an uncommon bad year for money. The people were hard-up, the crops pesky short, and the banks wouldn't accommodate; so Boon, he couldn't sell anything, until he agreed to take all 'posible notes, payable in twelvemonth's time. In a day or two he had sold the best of his critters, and now he's gittin' paid for them, and for what he brought this year too. He's pickin' up a double lot."  
"Ah, I see," says I, "I see how it is. He's gittin' cash for past and the present. Do you know, landlord, I think he's lucky to do that; for I find that when once I take a note from a man I never git cash from him afterwards. But has he got any mules with him now? If he has any rail good horses and mules, he may do uncommon well in our parts."  
"Where may that be?" asks the landlord.  
"Why up in Habersham, to be sure. Up about Clarksville and the Naukisee Valley—'You've heard tell of old Thompson the Naukisee planter, harn't you?'"  
"I never seed him," says the landlord, "but I've heard tell of him many a time. They do say there's no end to his money."  
"You see him now, landlord," says I. "I am old Thompson, that has the finest bottom in all Naukisee. There's more acres in it than you has bricks in your house, and the whole of the sixth under them is pretty much about one solid gold mine."  
"It was near midnight. A huge wood fire roared and crackled in the chimney, in front of which were seated some half-a dozen men and the boy Frank. Daly, who was the acknowledged leader of the gang, and told his tale—for the first time a false one—unfolded his plans, and issued his orders, and the party were only waiting for the appointed time to start. Within reach of most of the men was a pine table, on which stood sundry drinking cups, a jug of peach brandy, a large roll of Maryland tobacco, and an unrolled candle, that was making vain efforts to force its way through clouds of smoke which issued unceasingly from seven pipes in full operation.  
The silence which had for some time been disturbed only by the whiffs and puffs of the smokers, was at length broken by the Squire, who suddenly exclaimed, in allusion probably to something that had been said before—  
"No, Dove, the Pony Club, as it is carried on now, don't suit me. It brings us in neither fun nor money."  
"Whose fault's that?" asked Dove. "Why, Squire, it takes more time and trouble to git you out than to collect all the rest of the gang."  
At this remark, which accorded so much with his own opinions, Frank laughed boisterously, and said—  
"That's a mortal fact, Dove, if the devil spoke it."  
With the quickness of thought the Squire aimed a blow at the boy, which luckily for him, he evaded; for Cooley's arm was none of the lightest.  
"Darn you, you long-legged, wiry saplin'," cried the enraged Squire, as he sprang to his feet—"I'll put a stop to your talkin' this very night."  
"I ain't afraid of you, Squire," said the boy, sneeringly. "You are stronger than me, that's a fact, but there's many things will equal a boy to a man, if he's only got the pluck to use them."  
This insolently defied, the angry Squire was moving towards the boy with the full purpose of chastising him, when Daly seized him by the arm and said—  
"You shan't strike him, Tom. He's but a child yet, and he don't know his own strength."  
"Why not, then, don't you thrash his impudence out of him?" asked the Squire, as he turned furiously to Daly, from whose powerful grasp he had vainly attempted to free himself.  
"This is the third time to-day that he has insulted me to my face. Let me go, I say; I'll thrash him in spite of you."  
"You won't," said Daly, firmly. "If he's to be struck, I'll do it, but no man else shall. He's all I've got of kith or kin, Tom. You must kill me before you beat him."  
"No quarrellin'—no quarrellin'!" shouted several men at once.  
"I ain't quarrellin'," said Daly, who nevertheless maintained his hold; "but he shan't beat the boy."  
For a moment the men gazed sternly at each other, and their passions seemed to subside as rapidly as they had risen, and the Squire stretched out his hand to Daly, saying—  
"They're right, Ned; we've known each other too long to become strangers at a boy's bidding."  
Without a word Daly accepted the proffered hand, and a sincere reconciliation took place. It was evident, however, that the lookers on did not think that either of the men could forget what had passed; and a constrained silence, interrupted only by an occasional whisper, succeeded. The lad, who was slightly bruised, sat sulkily by the fire.

A half an hour or so had been spent in this uncomfortable way, when Daly arose and left the room. In a few moments he returned, and, taking up his cup, he emptied it, turned it upside down, and said, "I guess we might as well be off." At this remark the men sprang briskly to their feet, and taking possession of their rifles, stood waiting for such further orders as their leader might see fit to issue.  
"Dove," said he, "I want you, and Shattlin, and Jim Cooley to go by the road. You kin ride through the village and see if there's anything astir there. As the moon is uncommon shiny, you'd better stop at the bridge, and put wooden shoes on the horses. Tom, and I, and Frank, and Mop, will go through the forest, and wait for you at the blasted pine."  
The moon was shining brilliantly as the party left the hut.  
"Whatever we do must be done in silence," said the Squire. "I'd almost as soon stall horses in the day-time, as by such a moon as this. Somehow, horse lifin', is like courtin', the darker the night the better."  
At this remark from the Squire, who had a reputation for gallantry, the men laughed, and then, dividing into two parties, as Daly had proposed, they started on their expedition, three on horseback, and four on foot.  
It was nearly half-past one when Daly and his party reached the blasted pine. The riders had not yet arrived. Taking the Squire aside, Daly said a few words to him in a whisper, and then proceeded by himself to the cabin to reconnoitre. Creeping on his hands and knees by the pens in which forty or fifty horses and mules were motting at large, he cautiously approached the hut, through the chinks of which a light was shining. Drawing near, he perceived that this light proceeded from the fire which was still burning in the chimney, and which enabled him to obtain a full view of the party within. It consisted of only three men, who were sleeping, two on benches, and one on the clay-floor. Neither Rowell nor his wife were there. On a table, in a corner of the room, were four pistols and a dirk.  
On returning to the pine, he found the whole gang assembled, and briefly stating what he had seen, he developed his plans, and began to prepare for action. Ordering the Squire to take up a good handful of pine-straw,—with which the forests are everywhere strewed, he drew a tinder-box from his pocket, and quickly struck a light. This operation performed, he moved with his men to the hut, and stationed them at different distances from the door. "Wait," said he, in a whisper, "until they're a little scattered, and then spring on them." With this remark, he returned with the Squire to the pens, which were distant from the house some thirty yards, and having leaped the fence—one of the zig zag rail fences, so often noticed by tourists—they seized the first horse that they could quietly lay their hands on.  
As soon as the Squire had wrapped the pine-straw around the tail of the passive animal, Daly handed him the tinder-box, and telling him to wait until he had given a signal, he caught another horse, led it close alongside of the fence, and selecting a large, heavy rail, he gave a low whistle.  
Blowing the tinder into a flame, the Squire applied it to the straw, which being of a highly inflammable nature, instantly took fire and blazed fiercely. For a moment the animal stood still, but no sooner had it felt the scorching flames, than it began to plunge and rear furiously. At this moment Daly lifted the rail to a great height in the air, and then brought it down heavily on the spine of the horse that stood by him. With a scream of agony (one of those shrieks which are rarely heard, but when once heard are never forgotten,) the broken-backed creature fell to the ground, writhing. The race was successful. Starting from his sleep, and exclaiming—"By ———, that rascal stallion has broken loose again, and got among the critters," Boon rushed from the hut, followed by his men. In a moment they were surrounded and secured.  
"Take those two men into the cabin," said Daly, "while Cooley and I settle our accounts with this chap."  
Firmly convinced that the Squire and this man had quarrelled, the men, who made it a rule never to interfere in a matter of this sort, conveyed the two assistants into the hut, leaving Boon in the hands of the Ruffians.  
"Come, Boon, give us your money," said Daly in a whisper to the trader, who was extended on his back on the ground, while the Squire sat astride his breast, with his knees upon Boon's arms.  
"I haven't a dollar about me," said the man, "I left it all at Clarksville."  
"None of your lies," said the Squire, gruffly. "If you don't shell out on the minute, I'll wring your throat with my bowie-knife; and he quietly drew the cravat from the man's neck.  
"If he won't give it up quietly," said Daly, "kill him, Tom."  
"Kill me, no, no, for God's sake, don't kill me. The money is in my side-pocket; take it all, 'tis a large sum—take it all, but don't kill me."  
Drawing the case from the pocket of the trader, Daly shoved it into his own; and saying to Cooley, "Make sure work of it," stepped back to the fence and seized his rifle.  
"Do you remember me, trader?" asked the Squire of the terrified wretch; "is the moon bright enough for you to know me again?"  
"If I don't know you," replied the trader, as he fixed his eyes wildly on the Squire.  
"You don't, and I suppose you can't remember a man named Cooley, that you sold an infernal worthless critter to, last fall?"  
"You've got my money," groaned Boon, "what more do you want? You kin pay yourself for many such critters out of it; and I'll say nothing about it, so help me God, Pwon't!"  
"I don't intend you shall," said the Squire, as he placed his left hand on the forehead of the trader, and sought for his wife with the right. Oh, don't kill me!" prayed the wretch, "my blood will hang heavy on you—don't kill me. I have a wife and little ones—don't, don't!"

His pleadings were in vain. For an instant the knife gleamed in the moonlight, and then was drawn rapidly across his throat, and then his breath rushed out with the gurgling blood. There was one convulsive struggle, and all was over. But the Squire's triumph was of short duration, for at this moment the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and he rolled, by his victim's corpse.  
Startled by the sound of the rifle, and the fall of his companion, Daly drew a quick glance around him, and caught a glimpse of the person of young Rowell, as he dashed into the forest. Innocent of the death of Boon, conscious of his own treachery to his companions, and fearful of detection, Daly lost the presence of mind, and cool courage, for which he was remarkable, and shouting to his companions, rapidly and thoughtlessly retreated homewards.  
(Conclusion next week.)

## Miscellaneous.

### INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say—they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave;  
That their light comes have vanished  
From off the wooded shore;  
That 'twas the forests where they roamed,  
There stags no hunter's shoot;  
But their name is on your waters,  
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billows,  
Like Ocean's surge is curled;  
Where strong Niagara's thunder rakes  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri's length  
Rich tributes from the West,  
And Appalachian's woody slopes  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say—their once-like echoes,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have disappeared as withered leaves  
Before the Autumn's gale;  
But their memory liveth on your hills;  
Their baptism on your shores;  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it,  
Within her lovely crown,  
And loveliest Ohio bears it,  
And amid his young revere;  
Connecticut hath recalled it,  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And held Kentucky breathes it hoarse,  
Through all her ancient groves.

### Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.

Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married in early life, before he attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catharine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for her excellent character than for her charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children—she died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband wrote to a friend, depicting the character of his wife in the following terms:  
"I was guided (he observes) in my choice by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend; a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives; a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman, who by the tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me.  
"During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that had been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments) she had no silliness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I lost when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days."

### CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

A correspondent of the London Medical Circular vouches for the relief he has experienced in the liberal use of lime (fresh lemon juice, whilst laboring under the paroxysms of rheumatism. By repeated indulgence in the above simple acid, for the space of three days, avoiding all stimulating liquors, the most confirmed rheumatism will, he says, relax, and the tone of the muscular and nervous system will be restored to its usual character. The fact was first established by the circumstance of the Jews being, as a general body, scarcely ever affected with the above disease, and this particular exemption from the maldy under consideration, as affecting the disciples of the Hebrew persuasion, was, and has been attributed to the very free indulgence which the above people exercise in their dietary consumption of lemon-juice.

### HEALTH.—With regard to exercise, judge between the following extremes:

A fox hunter can get drunk every night in the year, and yet live to an old age, but then he is all exercise and no thought.  
A sedentary scholar shall not be able to get drunk once a year with impunity; but then he is all thought and no exercise.  
Now the great object is neither to get used to too much exercise, nor to be all thought; but to enjoy his pleasure with a sprightly season. The four ordinary secrets of health are—early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach empty. There may be errors in application of these; but there will be loss with them, and nobody can be comfortable without them.

### TO MAKE GLOSSY SHIRT BOSOMS.—We find the following receipt for producing the gloss on shirt bosoms, concerning which we have been questioned by a lady correspondent:

"Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it in a pitcher and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then, after having covered it, let it stand all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it up, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lawn, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed."  
TEX DIVERSITY.—A handsome woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart; the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

## Useful and Curious.

### AMOUNT OF FOOD NECESSARY TO ENABLE MEN TO RESIST POLAR COLD.—Referring to the late lecture of Dr. Kane, giving an account of his polar explorations, the New York Evening Post says:

"An opportunity has thus been given of testing the ability of the human body to resist a temperature of seventy degrees below, for several months together. The Doctor and his party were enabled to do this by an immense consumption of animal food, the ordinary daily allowance to each man being six or eight ducks, or an equivalent in several pounds of the fat seal."  
"Shortly after the discovery of the compound nature of the atmosphere by Priestly, Crawford broached the theory that the animal heat of the body is maintained at a uniform temperature of 98 degrees, by means of a liberal consumption of food containing carbon in excess, as animal food, where the cold is severe. The most beautiful and brilliant series of experiments, prosecuted by Liebig, were those intended to establish this theory, which they do most successfully.

"In this connection, the experiment of Dr. Kane and his party, in showing the kind and amount of food required to enable the human body to resist the depressing influence of a continued low temperature, for a period of time longer than any other recorded, is of the highest practical value."

### EXCESS IN EATING.—Sydney Smith declared that the longer he lived the more he was convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca; and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages—from a duct closed up, from food pressing in the wrong place, &c. "The deception," he says, "is practiced upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to tell his horse in London, and to retire into the country. He is alarmed at his old daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing; nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster; and when over excited nature has had time to manage this testaceous incumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind." In the same manner, the witty essayist goes on to show that old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to misdeeds.

### SPARE THE ROD, SPOIL THE CHILD.—In Dr. Didián's "Bibliomania," 1811, I find the following, to which I call your attention, as being a curious result of the diligence of a calculator, and the cruelty of a school-master: "A German school-master in Russia, who, for fifty-one years, had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the scholars had calculated that in the course of his career, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 cuttings, 156,000 dres with the ruler, 10,900 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated, that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6,000 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator!"

### CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—A correspondent of the London Medical Circular vouches for the relief he has experienced in the liberal use of lime (fresh lemon juice, whilst laboring under the paroxysms of rheumatism. By repeated indulgence in the above simple acid, for the space of three days, avoiding all stimulating liquors, the most confirmed rheumatism will, he says, relax, and the tone of the muscular and nervous system will be restored to its usual character. The fact was first established by the circumstance of the Jews being, as a general body, scarcely ever affected with the above disease, and this particular exemption from the maldy under consideration, as affecting the disciples of the Hebrew persuasion, was, and has been attributed to the very free indulgence which the above people exercise in their dietary consumption of lemon-juice.

### HEALTH.—With regard to exercise, judge between the following extremes:

A fox hunter can get drunk every night in the year, and yet live to an old age, but then he is all exercise and no thought.  
A sedentary scholar shall not be able to get drunk once a year with impunity; but then he is all thought and no exercise.  
Now the great object is neither to get used to too much exercise, nor to be all thought; but to enjoy his pleasure with a sprightly season. The four ordinary secrets of health are—early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach empty. There may be errors in application of these; but there will be loss with them, and nobody can be comfortable without them.

### TO MAKE GLOSSY SHIRT BOSOMS.—We find the following receipt for producing the gloss on shirt bosoms, concerning which we have been questioned by a lady correspondent:

"Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it in a pitcher and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then, after having covered it, let it stand all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it up, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lawn, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed."

### TEX DIVERSITY.—A handsome woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart; the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.