

# The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME I.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1858.

NUMBER 13.

**The Republican,**  
Published every Thursday,  
At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.  
OFFICE—Over the Post Office.

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H. B. DENMAN,  
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and Sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

**EXCHANGE HOTEL,**  
By John Letts. Directly opposite the Passenger Depot, Dowagiac, Mich.

**What's Tramps?**  
There are so many cards to play;  
So many ways to choose,  
In love and politics and war,  
That forwarding our views  
With ladies fair, with statesmen wise,  
Or men of lesser bumps,  
Before we leave our strongest suits,  
'Tis well we know what's tramps.

Once worshipping at beauty's shrine,  
I knelt in bondage sweet,  
And breathed my vows with eagerness,  
And offered at her feet  
My soul, well stored with cupid's wealth—  
A love cemented lump;  
A king of diamonds won the trick,  
My heart was not a tramp.

Leaving to see my rival win  
Upon a single rub,  
As he had played the deuce with me,  
I followed with a club!  
Two days within a station-house,  
Reflecting on my sin,  
I found, as others may have done,  
Clubs were seldom win.

Grown wise by sad experience,  
I ceased to deal with maids;  
I shuffled youthful follies off,  
And turned up jack of spades;  
Yet still I find as dust is scarce,  
And smaller grow the lumps,  
That though the spade's an honest card,  
It is not always tramps.

But in this world of outside show,  
Where Mammon rules the throne,  
To see the little joints of life,  
And smoothly pass along;  
To find an antidote for care,  
And stern misfortune's wins—  
One card is very sure to bump—  
Diamonds is always tramps.

**Wheat or Tares.**  
"Wheat or Tares—which are you sowing, Fanny dear, in the mind of this little fellow?" said Uncle Lincoln to his niece, Mrs. Howard, and he lifted a child, not beyond his fourth summer, upon his knee, and laid one of his hands amid the golden curls that fell about his neck, and clustered about his snowy temples.

"Wheat, I trust, Uncle Lincoln," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling, yet serious. "It is the enemy who sows tares—and I am his mother."

There was a glow of proud feeling in the countenance of Mrs. Howard, as she said, "I am his mother."

"Even a mother's hand may sow tares," said the old gentleman. "I have seen it done many times. Not of design, but in thoughtless inattention to the quality of seed she held in her hand. The enemy mixes tares with the wheat quite as often as he scatters evil seed. The husbandman must not only watch his fields by night and day, but also the repositories of his grains, lest the enemy cause him to sow tares as well as wheat, upon his own fruitful ground."

"Willie," said Mrs. Howard, speaking to her little boy, about ten minutes afterwards, "don't upset my work-basket, stop that! I say you little rogue!"

Seeing that the wayward child did not mean to heed her words, the mother started forward, but not in time to prevent the spoils of cotton, scissors, emery cushion, &c., from being scattered about the floor.

Willie laughed in great glee at this exploit, while Mrs. Howard gathered together the contents of the work-basket, which she now placed on the shelf above the reach of her mischievous boy. Then she shook her finger at him in mock reprimand, saying,

"You little sinner! If you do that again, I'll send you off with the milkman."

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" Uncle Lincoln looked soberly at his niece.

"Neither," replied Mrs. Howard, smiling gaily.

"Tares," said Uncle Lincoln, emphatically.

"Nonsense, Uncle."

"The tares of disobedience, Fanny. You have planted the seed, and it has already taken root. Nothing will choke out the wheat sooner. The tares of falsehood you also throw in upon the newly broken soil. What are you thinking about, my child?"

"The tares of falsehood, Uncle Lincoln! What are you thinking about?" said Mrs. Howard in real surprise.

"Did you not say that you would send him off with the milkman if he did that again? I wonder if he believed you?"

"Of course he did not."

"Then," said Uncle Lincoln, "he has already discovered that his mother makes but light account of truth. Will his mother be surprised if he should grow up to set small value on his word."

"You treat this matter too seriously, Uncle. He knows that I am only playing with him."

"He knows that you are telling him what is not true," replied Mr. Lincoln. "It was only in sport," said Fanny persistently.

"But in sport with sharp-edged instruments—playing with deadly poison." The old gentleman looked and spoke with the seriousness that oppressed his feelings. "Fanny! Fanny! Truth and obedience are good seeds; falsehood and disobedience are tares from the Evil one. Whatever you plant in the garden of your child will grow, and the harvest will be wheat or tares, just as you have sown."

Mrs. Howard did not reply, but her countenance took on a sober cast.

"Willie," she said, a few minutes afterwards, "go down to Jane, and tell her to bring me a glass of water."

Willie, who was amusing himself with some pictures, looked up on hearing his name. But as he did not feel like going off to the kitchen, he made no response, and let his eyes turn to the

pictures in which he had become interested.

"Willie!" Mrs. Howard spoke with decision, "did you hear me?"

"I don't want to go," answered Willie.

"Go this minute!"

"I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?" inquired the mother.

"Afraid of the cat."

"No, you are not. The cat never hurt you or anybody else."

"I am afraid of the milkman. You said he would carry me off."

"The milkman is not down stairs," said Mrs. Howard, her face beginning to crimson, "he only comes in the morning."

"Yes, he is. I heard his wagon a little while ago, and he is talking with Jane now. Don't you hear him?" said the little fellow, with remarkable skill, having all the resemblance of truth in his tone and expression.

Mrs. Howard did not look up to wards her Uncle; she was afraid to do that.

"Willie," the mother spoke very seriously, "you know the milkman is not down stairs, and you know that you are not afraid of the cat. What you have said, therefore, is not true; and it is wicked to utter a falsehood."

"Ho! ho!" laughed out the bright-eyed little fellow, evidently amused at his own sharpness, "then you are wicked, for you say that which is not true every day."

"Willie!"

"The milkman has not carried me off yet."

There was a world of meaning in Willie's face and voice.

"You haven't whipped me for throwing my cap out of the window?"

"Willie!" ejaculated the astonished mother.

"D'ye see that?" and the young rebel drew from his apron pocket a fine mosaic breast pin, which he had positively been forbidden to touch, and held it up with a mingled look of triumph and defiance.

"You little wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard, "this is going too far," and springing towards her boy, she grasped him in her arms and fed with her struggling burden from the room.

It was a quarter of an hour before she returned, alone to the apartment where she had left her niece. Her face was sober, and her eyes betrayed recent tears.

"Wheat or tares, Fanny?" said the old gentleman, in kind but earnest tones, as his niece came back.

"Tares," was the half-mourful response.

"Wheat were better, Fanny."

"I see it, Uncle."

"And you will look well in future to the seed in your hand, ere you scatter it upon the heart of your child?"

"God helping, I will, dear Uncle."

"Remember, Fanny," said Mr. Lincoln, "that truth and obedience are good seed. Plant them, and the harvest will come in blessings."

**A Curiosity.**  
Capt. Macey of the Utah army, on his way back from New Mexico, to Camp Scott gives the following account of the Boiling Fountain:

The Captain, writing from "Camp on Fountain," writes to "Camp on Fountain," says:

Since I wrote to you a few days since, we have been traveling towards Utah, without anything of interest occurring to please or annoy us. I went about twenty miles yesterday to visit a mineral spring, which gives the name to this stream, "Fountain that boils"—and I found it one of the greatest curiosities that I ever have met with. There is a very round and smooth rock elevated several feet above the earth, with an oval top, and directly upon the summit is a round basin, like an artificial fountain into which comes from the bottom a stream as large as my arm, with as much force as if thrown by a fire engine. The basin remains filled constantly, but does not run over, having a subterranean outlet. On tasting the water, much to my astonishment, I found it very similar to Congress water, only much more pleasant.

I drank large quantities of it, and it produced a delightful sensation, giving me a voracious appetite for the hunter's dinner, which my guide set before me, in the shape of a deer's head, roasted before the fire, without salt, bread or any condiments whatever. We made a most sumptuous repast, and returned to camp much pleased with our day's excursion.

If this spring were placed in any of the Eastern States, it would be decidedly more popular than the Congress Spring, I have no doubt. It is supposed by the people in the country to be pure soda water, but it probably contains other salts. The Indians call it the "Big Medicine Spring," and whenever they pass it, they put a propitiatory offering into it, in the form of kettles, cups, arrows, &c.

We have great abundance of game here, and, indeed, we have not been without deer, antelope, turkeys or bear meat, for the last three weeks. This, with onions, potatoes, &c., makes our fare better than it was on our trip over the mountains last winter.

The Richmond Enquirer says:—"When we regard the present condition of the Democratic party, its divisions and dissensions, its intestine feuds, and its sectional quarrels, to disfigure our fears and apprehensions for the future would be folly in the extreme."

**Refinement and Frugality.**  
The question is often asked how clergymen and teachers, and families reduced from affluence to poverty, maintain a respectable position on limited incomes. The latter class particularly, including people of refined tastes and delicacy, both of body and mind, are a marvel to the uninitiated. There is not a reader of this article, but may recall to mind some widow living in opulence till the examination of her deceased husband's estate reveals that he was insolvent, who is then compelled to retrench to the extreme limit; or some family of daughters, who wake from the first grief of orphanage to find themselves destitute. Yet they preserve the quiet elegance of manner, of society, and respectability of appearance, which engenders respect and ensures kind attention. The thoughtless and the vulgar call them poor and proud; but really they are rich in the elements of true independence; and what seems pride, is honest consciousness of their wealth. They are not dependent, but self-sustaining. It is a great mistake to suppose that such persons live on presents from their more fortunate relatives. No doubt they often receive assistance; but it is the cheerful offering of affection, tendered as a graceful compliment, and accepted without any humiliating servility of gratitude. The main reliance, both of clergymen and other educated people of limited means, is in a frugal-ity in expenditure. Ladies reduced to poverty, remain ladies still; and in their retirement, find the means of thrifty occupation, and of expensive pleasure, in the accomplishment which once had swelled their expenses. They live on the past; and that past has been well occupied, its memories are not the themes of repining, but of mental support and employment. All honor, we say, to the grateful, refined and elegant poor, east down, but not destroyed. Those who sneer at them, if there are any such, must be the merest vulgarism, incapable of understanding anything but money value, or of enjoying any pleasure but the grossest kind of purchased glitter, huge feeding or drinking, or barbaric dressings. Those are true ladies and gentlemen who have within them treasures of mind and spirit, which no wealth can confer, and of which no reverse can deprive them.

And as to the clergy, they have, or should have the first, constituent of wealth—the lesson which an apostle was thankful he had learned, and which any man or woman of sense may well be grateful for. They have been taught having food and raiment, therewith to be content. It is not the absolute cost of subsistence which consumes large incomes; but superfluities, luxuries, fashionable prodigality, and imitative extravagance. Let any family which has free use of money or unlimited credit, compare their necessary expenses with their whole outlay, and they will be astonished at the paucity of the one, contrasted with the extravagance of the other. It is a pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack.

Here then, is found the secret. The enjoyment and luxuries of the classes to which we have referred are free of charge. Educated people are not driven to expensive follies for amusement and employment of their time. If they have a large income, it saves the trouble of devising ways and means to gratify their tastes. They have only to desire, and the wish is gratified. But deprive them of the means of gratifying costly inclinations, and they shape their desires to their position. They have resources which place them above a slavish dependence upon money. The man or woman of good taste, fortified by correct principles, can find intellectual pleasures almost without money and without price.

So it is with students, whether for the clerical or any other profession. So it is with those men of happy mind, who pursue handicraft or commerce as a business, and find their pleasure in art or literature, or science. They are never at a loss for amusement. Education is wealth to them. It places them above the need of the costly follies which attract unimproved minds, and gives them in their intellectual resources a never-failing supply of the means of enlightened pleasure.

And in this we take it may be placed the great economic value of education—education for the masses. A reading mechanic, laborer, or manufacturer, seldom becomes a charge to the public; never, we may say, except by sickness or calamity. The simple and noble tastes which he cultivates save for him the money which others squander in the gratification of baser appetites. Such men live happily on incomes which would starve people without their mental riches. We are fully persuaded that every enlargement of the opportunity of the whole people to acquire learning, and every measure taken to improve the popular taste, is a preventive of pauperism, by the influence education exerts in enforcing frugality. The honest pride which leads to true independence protects those who possess it from poverty. Chambers' Journal, to which we are indebted for the hint of these suggestions, (though the Journal pursues a train of thoughts somewhat different from ours) does so much to justice to the "poor and proud" in the following remarks:

"The genteel poor! name of pity and ridicule to many, a favorite theme of sarcasm among novelists and dramatists ever since modern fiction arose. And yet we do seriously believe that the genteel spirit is often not merely

a softener of poverty, but a means of redemption from it. When the educated persons of the middle classes is reduced to penury, as often happens in this variable world, what is it that keeps him from sinking into and being lost in the obscure multitude and being lost in the spirit? what but this gives him the desire to struggle again up the slippery slope of fortune?"

## Naples Correspondence of the London Times.

### The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

To the scanty notice which I have already sent you of the eruption of Vesuvius, I must before the post leaves, add the following more accurate details:—The lava is making considerable progress in various directions, towards Ottajano, Pompeii and Resina, at which place many persons are of opinion that it must arrive in a very short time. The reports of the guide, which I have sent you, speak of there being only two streams; how many there are it would be difficult to say, by such a network of the calculation, however, I should speak of four—one which descends upon Ottajano; another close to it, and which issues from some part of the Atorio del Cavallo, and the foot of Somma; a third, which rolls down Pompeii; and a fourth, which is rapidly coming down upon Resina—in fact it has taken the course of the old stream which formerly came down upon Herculaneum. The first and last merits most attention. The one which descends at Ottajano is perhaps about a quarter of a mile in width, and after proceeding through the Atorio del Cavallo, takes a serpentine direction round the back of the Hermitage. It passes over in one mighty mass, and its progress is marked by the detaching of mighty fragments, which fall down by their own gravity, apparently not breaking the entirety of the stream, and opening up fountains of living, scorching fire. The Resina stream is fed by three new openings, not in the cone, but at a quarter of a mile, perhaps, from the base of it, which puff and pump up continually the ceaseless stream of fire which is making rapidly for Resina. The vineyards are burning up in all directions, and while some of the peasantry are looking sadly on others are kneeling and praying to their saints in a roadside oratory.

On Monday morning early it had broken into the road which leads to Resina, and it was predicted that it would reach Resina by night. I am not, however, of the same opinion, though there can be no doubt that the present eruption threatens to be a very considerable one. As yet it has destroyed no house, but much land, and if it does not cease, the destruction will be great. It is impossible to do justice to the awful splendor of the spectacle which the mountain presents, seemed as it is by streams of fire led from innumerable openings. The old cone seems, indeed, like the ruined chimney of a ruined house; it lifts up its black mass above the lake of fire below, but scarcely anything proceeds from it—a few sparks only; while the fiery matter issues forth from a number of newly created mouths in the valley around and below the cone. Of course, thousands of people on foot, or in carriages, crowded the roads leading to the great spectacle, and there was a regular Babel of languages. Were I to indulge in a report of effects and impressions, I might extend my letter to a most unreasonably length. The trees almost complained and spoke, as usual, at the approach of the destroyer; they writhed violently under the action of scorching heat, and then, falling over, were buried in the flood. Vines and the poles on which they rested, burned up like matches, in comparison with the splendor of the light around them. Down in Resina there was a grand illumination in honor of the name day of the Queen, and at any other time a wanderer on the mountain would have gazed on it and called it a striking and brilliant scene, but all those lights in honor of Royalty paled before the awful and grander lights which He who made the mountain set up. The same contrast was observable between a thousand torches which glittered in every direction, and the burning, steady fire, which streamed down the sides of Vesuvius. The former, like glow-worms, were scarcely visible in the greater light which overpowered them. To my next letter I must, however, defer other details, merely adding that the probabilities are that the eruption will continue, and that a theatre of wonders is open to the admiration of any one in England who will venture on a journey five days' length.

## A Negro Turning White.

Worcester (Md.) Shield says:—A correspondent at New Town writes as follows:—"We have living in this place a negro woman aged about 50 years, named Hanna Smith, who presents the rare phenomena of a negro turning white. This change has been produced by the absorption of the pigmentum nigrum, or coloring matter of the skin. Her body, arms, legs and breast are entirely white, with the exception of some spots varying in size from a dime to a half dime dispersed over her body and limbs."

"Homestead exemption," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, throwing down the paper, "it's come to a pretty pass, indeed, that men are going to exempt themselves from home just when they please, without any proviso for cold nights."

## A Dish for Tobacco Chewers and Smokers.

The Scalpel, a medical paper which cuts to the bone at every slash of its knife, contains a long and labored article upon the use of tobacco. It appears from the Scalpel that the more fashionable—or rather genteel—use of tobacco in the form of cigars, is worse in fact, than chewing, and he who flatters himself that the habit is harmless to him, because he does not spit during the process, is reasoning upon unsound data. The article is rather highly seasoned, but no doubt contains much truth. We make some extracts, giving appropriate headings:

**WHAT TOBACCO IS.**—Let us attempt to give tobacco its actual position as an agent amongst the catalogue of articles we take into our much-abused mouths. It is neither food nor drink—that's clear. Without its use, the body would demand that its victims should eat more, or else grow thin by the absorption of their fat and muscle to supply material for combustion; for the lungs are like a stove—they must be supplied with fuel, or the fire will go out.

**WHAT TOBACCO IS.**—What, then, is tobacco? Why, simply a narcotic—i. e. (see the dictionary), "a stupefier—a deaener of nervous and muscular energy!" If any man disputes this, and asserts that he finds himself more capable of intellectual or muscular effort, when he has a quid in his mouth, we congratulate him on his improved astuteness: we may betray our own want of the precious intellectual quicker, but we will venture the question, How much did it sharpen your logic-chopper when you took the first quid? And how majestically did you stand on your legs when you first felt its full effect?

Every one must remember the first effect of tobacco. Nausea, vertigo, vomiting, and relaxation of the entire muscular system, are its invariable effects.

**TOBACCO INTRODUCES DRUNKENNESS.**—Now, the reader will please to remember that all the symptoms he first experiences from tobacco, are the invariable results upon a natural or healthy condition of the body; and if he succeeded, by perseverance in its use, in overcoming the immediate consequences, it is only because the alarmed and abused nerves have summoned the force of youthful vigor to bear the invasion as long as possible before they capitulate. Breath, food, and drink are the means of resisting, and the besotted youth soon discovers that the quantity of the latter must be increased, and its quality strengthened, if he would resist the invader and continue to perform his ordinary duties without showing plainly his incapacity to stand upon his legs. This is tobacco, either used by smoking or chewing, the direct introduction to drunkenness.

**SMOKING AS BAD AS CHEWING.**—Our remarks apply in a much more forcible manner to smoking than to chewing. Some people are so silly as to suppose, because they do not spit while smoking, that no harm can ensue; but they should remember that the oil of tobacco, which contains the deadly SCOTICINE, (equally deadly and almost as rapid in its action as strychnine,) is volatilized, and circulates with the smoke through the delicate lining membrane of the mouth at each whiff of the cigar, and is absorbed by the extensive continuation of this membrane that lines the nostrils, and acts upon the whole body. The smoke of tobacco is indeed much more rapid in its stupefying effect, as every professed smoker knows; it is usually called "soothing" by its votaries; but this is, of course, only the first stages of stupefaction; it acts precisely as opium or other narcotics do.

**THE SMOKER'S MOUTH A NICOTINE DISTILLERY.**—Nicotine was the awful agent chosen by Baccara for poisoning his brother-in-law, because it killed and left no sign whereby to convict him. At each whiff of smoke, it is known that a good portion of a large drop of the oil of tobacco circulates through the mouth; we have often seen it blown out of the mouth and condensed on the thumb nail, by men who had the ability to contract the lips to an opening sufficiently small for that purpose. Five drops of the oil of tobacco will kill a large dog. The throat often becomes excessively dry and irritable in smokers, and there is a morbid thirst produced that greatly debilitates digestion, by diluting too much the fluids of the stomach—robbed, also, of its healthful saliva by the spitting.

**WRECK OF MANHOOD.**—If we have used a moderate share of intellect and very extensive observation aright, we can find no cause of sufficient power except tobacco, capable of producing the wrecks of manhood that often come under our professional notice. The dull and leaden eye, the trembling hand, and insecure and unmanly step, the vacillating purpose and incapacity to reason correctly on the most simple subjects, are too often seen connected with the aroma of the deadly weed, as the victim naufuls in trembling accents his tale of blighted prospects and childed affections.

**IT AFFECTS THE NEXT GENERATION.**—So far are we from doubting its power over the moral and physical welfare of the race, that we have not a doubt that it has infinitely more to do with the physical perfection and early death of the children of its votaries, than its great associate, drunkenness itself.

The medical treatment most effective in these cases, proves conclusively that it is to the debilitating and exhausting influence of tobacco, that these sad consequences are due. How, indeed, could it be that an agent of such universality of action on the nervous and muscular systems—one that at first invariably produces vertigo and blindness, and throws its victim prostrate on the earth in temporary death, should not reach its climax in the role of its peculiar power, in that mysterious system where nature has chosen to evolve redundant life.

**A PERFUMED BREATH.**—One would think that a man, more especially a young man's natural instincts would awaken him to the discovery that some horrid vampire was fanning him from mental sleep to physical death; he has before him every day the bright eye, the elastic step, and the lithe limbs of his companions; he sees, but seems not to understand, the quickly averted eye, the expressive and scornful face of insulted woman, as she refuses to take his offered but defiled seat in the omnibus or rail-car; he permits her to open the window and expose her health to the chill air, to get a little air untainted with the loathsome aroma of his foul breath; he is refused employment at many gentlemanly occupations by most sagacious men, and yet he persists in debasing himself; he must have his "narcotic," his "stupefier."

**IT SPOILS THE SHAPE OF THE MOUTH.**—Both smoking and chewing also produce marked alterations in the most expressive features of the face. The lips are closed by a powerful circular muscle, which completely surrounds them and forms their pulpy fullness. Now every muscle of the body is developed in precise ratio with its use, as most young men know—they endeavor to develop and increase their muscle in the gymnasium. In spitting, and holding the cigar in the mouth, this muscle is in constant use; hence the coarse appearance and irregular development of the lips, when compared to the rest of the features, in chewers and smokers. The eye loses its natural fire, and becomes dull and lurid; it is unobservant and unappreciative; it answers not before the word; its owner gazes vacantly, and often repels conversation by his stupidity.

**A SMOKER CAN BE SCENTED AFAR OFF.**—The foulness of the breath in most chewers and smokers proves positively that the oil of tobacco, with all its deadly powers, is carried into the blood and pervades the whole system; it could not be continually thrown out from the lungs, if it did not thus reach the air cells and windpipe; it is thrown out there with the poisonous carbonic acid. Some persons absorb the poison more freely than others. We have seen paralysis of both the upper and lower extremities in men scarce past middle age. A person who is saturated with tobacco, or tobacco-poisoned, acquires a sordid or dirty yellow hue; a couple of his breaths will scent a large room; you may nose him before he takes his seat. Of this he is entirely unconscious; he will give you the full force of his lungs, and for the most part such people have a great desire to approach and annoy you. We have been followed round a large office table by them, backing continually to escape the nuisance, till we had made a revolution or two before our motive was perceived.

**THE CHEWER CAN'T ENJOY RAW OYSTERS.**—In eating, the tobacco-chewer must lose all delicate appreciation of flavor; we have observed, indeed, that he is very easily satisfied by the filthy Irish cookery, and greasy cold meat and vegetables of the hotel and boarding house; he seasons his food very highly, because of his obtuse taste; many of these unfortunates drink raw brandy for the same reason.

**THE TOBACCO-CHEWER RARELY EATS A RAW OYSTER,** preferring it fried, and coated over with grease and its empyreuma; if he takes it raw, he tortures the poor creature with pepper and vinegar, and sticks a fork in it; he cannot elicit it gently from its pearly prison with his lips—they are clumsy and half-paralyzed.

**HIS SWEET-HEART WON'T KISS HIM SQUARE ON THE LIPS.**—Finally, and worst of all, he ceases to appreciate the chaste salute from the rosy lips of love, and if the mistress of his blighted affections should permit him to approach her cheek, it can only be with pent-up breath, and averted eye directly towards his pocket—the only attraction a beautiful woman can possibly have for a tobacco-chewer. If there be a vice more prostrating to the body and mind, and more crucifying to all the sympathies of man's spirit and nature, we have yet to be convinced of it.

A farmer who had employed a green Emerald, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear. On coming in the farmer said:  
"Well, pat, did you give the corn?"  
"An' sure I did."  
"How did you give it?"  
"To be sure, just as yez tould me—in the ear."  
"How much did you give?"  
"Well, yez see the craythur wouldn't hold still, and kept a-switching his ears about so, that I couldn't git above a fist full in both ears."

**"DOING" IS THE DOCTOR.**—A "boss" doctor in Glen, made a bet of \$20 that he could remove from any horse anything nature had not placed on the beast—meaning ringbone, spavin, &c. A wag took the bet, showed him a mortgage for \$150 on a favorite horse, and pocketed the money.