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POETRY.

MY SISTER.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

My own sweet sister! still she seems
To flit before me in my dreams,
With that sweet smile and sparkling eye,
And bounding step and glance of joy,
And whispering voice like music's, clear,
That to my heart were once so dear.
And often, as the summer day
In golden glory fades away,
When leaf and plant and floweret gay
In the warm air are softly sleeping,
And drench'd with dew-drops bends each spray,
As for the sun's departure weeping;
Then, to my fancy's raptured ear
The low, sweet song comes strangely clear
From that lone glade, where oft at e'en
She loved to stray by all unseen;
And fancy's eye her form will see
Beneath that old accustom'd tree,
Under whose arms, as fell the night,
I've watch'd unseen her robes of white,
Till in the gathering twilight gray
She vanished with the closing day.
But 'tis but fancy—fancy all!
For she has gone—forever gone:
A stone, within the church-yard wall,
Alone remains to me of one,
Whose memory, thro' this vale of tears,
My heart's best resting-place shall be—
A beason o'er the waste of years
To guide me to Eternity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Port Tobacco Times.

JOEL NONSUCH;

OR THE MOST UNFORTUNATE MAN IN THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

——— I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
Shakspeare.

Often, when a boy, have I heard old people exclaim, "how time flies!" I could never then realize the truth of this saying, as a day seemed to me at that time of as long duration as a week does now. A schoolboy's task—what hardship! Who does not recollect, when looking back upon boyhood's days, "blue Monday?" How he trudged along to the bush school, with his bucket in one hand and his New York Reader in the other, wishing, "oh, that I were a man!" and having nothing to relieve the dulness of his spirits save the pleasures anticipated upon the following Saturday. Yes, those days were looked upon by us all as trying times. The importance of education we could not appreciate, and liberty being an instinctive feeling, we felt our confinement the more oppressive from not knowing why or wherefore our liberty was thus abridged. The same old routine from Monday morning to Friday evening, reading, writing and spelling, with occasionally birch stimulants from the hand of our much-dreaded pedagogue, to hasten the march of intellect, did not suit our delicate constitutions, and caused us to sigh for manhood, when we should be released from scholastic rules, and free as air pursue, undisturbed, whatever course our inclinations prompted. Such were my feelings when a boy, considering my then situation one of servitude, and looking forward with impatient eagerness to the green age of twenty-one, when would be realized all that my youthful fancy had painted; but, alas! what short-sighted, discontented, and fallible mortals are we all. He indeed has true philosophy who has learned, whatever may be his situation in life, therewith to be content. But such are the aspirations of man, such the excitement of his nature and the disquietude of his temperament, that not one yet that I have read or heard of, can boast of this philosophy. Well, I have grown to be a man, and a pretty old one too. When I entered upon the busy scenes of life, instead of finding happiness, as I had expected, I found that my trials and troubles had just commenced. I was verdant, and the world took me in. From practical experience, however, I have learned many lessons of wisdom. Being left by my relatives some little property, I no sooner came into possession of it than I was dispossessed by the overreaching cupidity of a tricky neighbor. I had, up to this time, looked upon all men as honest; but verdant youth must be my plea for so great ignorance. Being now poor, and having been thus badly treated by the world in the outset, I determined to retaliate, if I could by imposing upon the world. So, looking one day over a book containing some of the acts of Assembly, which had belonged to some of my ancestors, I discovered that the Legislature of Maryland had passed an act authorizing quacks to charge for professional services in the same manner as regular-diplomaed physicians; so, thinks I, here is a chance for me. I had read, when at school, an abridged work upon physiology and anatomy, had peeped into a Materiæ Medica, and caught up a few jaw-breaking technicalities from an intimate friend who was a doctor in full practice. The only difficulty with me was to get into practice—that once done, I felt confident my fortune was made. It would not do, I knew, to attempt my skill in the neighborhood I resided, for I was too well known there to practice imposition. So I determined to pack off immediately to a place in the country where I was a stranger, which I learned was very unhealthy, and where there was a great opening for a good physician. Having disposed of the few remaining chattels which were left me, I first purchased a horse, then bought my medicines, which consisted of salts, rhubarb, calomel and jalap; the proper use of neither of which medicine I knew, but merely the fact that they were medicines. I likewise laid in a large stock of phials of various sizes, together with many small boxes, which I labelled with hard names, and into which I put herbs of different kinds, colored water, the extract of tobacco, brickdust, chalk, and every odd thing I could think of. Thus prepared, I set out for the village B., where I had concluded to open my office. Having reached there in safety, I took up my abode with a very decent landlady, and rented of her a small room in which I placed my medicines and used as a shop. The first three or four days I spent in arranging my office and in preparing a card for the public, which in a short time appeared in the village paper. I published myself as a continental physician, who had visited all the great medical schools in Europe, and who had practised in the largest hospital in Paris for three years. I started a new theory in practice, where all diseases could be cured with resorting but seldom to medicine. I particularly specified my skill in curing chronic diseases, and, after speaking of moderate charges, &c., concluded my card by sticking on as referees the names of some half dozen scientific French gentlemen. As luck would have it, my card had scarcely been before the public a week, when one day as I sat in my office, looking and feeling as wise as ever did Æsculapius, a servant came in and asked if I was Dr. Nonsuch. I told him yes, and inquired what he wanted; to which he replied, that his mistress had been sick a long time, and as the doctors all there could do her no good, she wished to see me.

"Very well, boy, tell your mistress I will come to see her, as soon as possible."

Thinks I there is nothing like puffing oneself. So, with my beard off, my hands washed, and a clean shirt, I shall be off to see my patient.

"Egad I should like to know if she is rich; if she is some poor body, I fear I shall lose by it."

At this time the landlady walked in.

"Did you ring, Doctor?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. Please order the servant to get my horse as soon as possible, I have a call."

"La, me, Doctor! who is sick?"

"A lady by the name of Mrs. Goodwell has sent for me."

"Ah, yes! I know her very well. Poor old lady, she has been sick nearly a year, and the doctors have said she can't be cured."

"What are her circumstances?" observed I.

"Oh!" replied mine hostess, "she is very wealthy, and one of the most respectable old ladies in this neighborhood. She says she will give a thousand dollars to any one who will enable her to get out of bed and walk."

With this remark my landlady left the room. This indeed was glorious news. A thousand dollars! I felt as if I had it in my pocket. Now for the medicines I must carry to have an imposing effect. So to work I went, looking over my phials, three of which I took, all of different sizes. In one I poured water colored red by beet root, and labelled it *Liveri Stimulator;* in another I poured water colored green by turnip tops, and labelled *Kidnei Renovator;* and the third I filled with good old rum and spice, labelling it *Peristdticum Persuâddium.* In addition, I took a small box of hog's lard, colored with brickdust and perfumed with cologne, which I labelled *Locomotum Unguem.* Armed with these panaceas and a loaf of bread which I usually carried in my pocket, together with a small bottle of molasses, I started off at a hurried gate to see my patient. Her house was about three miles from the village; I reached there in a short time, and was ushered by a servant into a fine parlor magnificently furnished, where sat a very genteel young man and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen. They both arose and inquired if I was not the Doctor, to which I replied, yes. The young man then introduced himself as Mr. Siddons, the grandson of Mrs. Goodwell, and immediately afterwards made me acquainted with the young lady, Miss Ida Siddons, his sister. In a few minutes, after making a few common-place observations, Miss Siddons left the room, when her brother commenced telling me the ailings of his grandmother, how long she had been sick, and how anxious they were for her recovery. After we had talked some time together, Miss Ida returned, requesting that I would walk in the next room and see her grandmother. I did so, and as I entered I assumed the most dignified manner, and put on my most scientific looks. The old lady was perhaps some sixty years of age, much reduced by long confinement, yet possessing traces of faded beauty. She stretched out her pale hand, with hope beaming in her eye, and stated she was glad to see me, as she thought from seeing my card I could cure her; and that, together with a dream she had about a strange Doctor, she felt great confidence in my powers. This to me was flattering; I felt that I had some good angel watching over my temporal interests. I then commenced to talk very learnedly, saying, that in the course of my European practice I had seen many cases like hers, most of which, by judicious treatment, were entirely cured. I now felt her pulse, about which I knew as much as a horse does about astronomy; then looked at her tongue, and concluded by asking many questions about how she had been treated by her other doctors, (taking care to differ with them at every point,) and what they had termed her disease. She answered all my questions promptly; and told me the Doctors said she was laboring under chronic rheumatism. Having now found out her disease, I replied—

"Oh, yes, madam, I see exactly your complaint; but your physicians have erred most egregiously in their mode of treatment."

At this she seemed overjoyed, and said—

"I thought so, now do I have some hopes."

"Oh, madam, give yourself no uneasiness, I have seen many cases much worse than yours, and I have not a doubt but that you will be well in a month or two at most, under my prescription."

This acted like magic; the old lady said she felt twenty per cent. better just at seeing me.

"Now, madam," I observed, "I shall leave with you some simple medicine, which in fact is no medicine at all, and which I want you to use just as I prescribe. Here are three phials. The red mixture I wish you to take every morning before breakfast, a tablespoonful at a time; the brown mixture just before dinner, the same quantity; and the green mixture about nine o'clock at night, only a teaspoonful at a dose. By pursuing this course for a few days, I feel certain you will find great relief. You complain of pain in your joints, here is a rejuvinating ointment prepared by myself and now in great demand; by having the parts affected rubbed well with this every night and morning, I think you will find your pains soon removed."

With this I made my bow and told her I should see her early the next morning. On the morning following I called, and to my agreeable surprise found a wonderful change for the better. The old lady almost hugged me, saying, she felt like a different woman; that my medicines were the most palitable and the happiest in their effects she had ever taken; that she slept soundly and quietly during the night, a thing she had not done before for months.

"Just as I expected, madam," was my reply, "one of those mixtures have not only a diarrhoetic but a soporific effect. I feel now more confident that you can be cured."

Miss Ida was extremely polite to me and seemed almost to love me for the good I had done her grandmother. We were always chatting together when I was not in the room with my patient. Each day I had the happiness to find that my patient was doing well; but do not, reader, attribute this to my skill or to my medicines. It was now the spring season, and as the weather became warm my patient became relieved of her rheumatism, so for what the weather did I got the credit of doing. Upon calling one day, my patient complained of great soreness about the parts which had been rubbed with my ointment, and upon examination I found that the grit from the brickdust, by too great friction, had left a strong impression upon the cuticle. I told her the effect was just as I could wish; that the soreness was nothing more than the bad humors coming out which had produced her pains; that she might now cease applying the *locomotum unguem.*

Time rolled on; a month had now elapsed. I had the gratification to hear trumpeted through the neighborhood the wonderful cure Dr. Nonsuch had wrought in the case of Mrs. Goodwell. The slate which hung up in my office was filled with calls to come and see this person and that person. I had my hands full, and the whole talk of the people was about my skill as a physician. Mrs. Goodwell was worth to me a full practice, for nowhere did she go but she spoke of me in the most exalted terms, and advised all her friends (who were very numerous) to employ me as their family physician.—My visits to her house now were very frequent, but not professional. I was myself laboring under that most wasting of all diseases, love, and I wished to find the good Samaritan in the presence of Miss Siddons. I fancied that she liked me, at least, if not more. I knew her consent once obtained, the old lady would approve and be gratified at the match. I have often heard it said, "a fool for luck." It was truly so in my case. The many patients I had now to attend were only affected with bad colds, which were soon relieved by a few doses of Glauber salts and a diet of chicken soup. I thus far lost no ground, and sustained my reputation.

It was a bright day when I received a note from Mrs. Goodwell, requesting that I would come and see her, and bring with me my bill. Agreeably to request, I drew off her account and called in the afternoon. I found the old lady in fine spirits and good health. When she read the bill, which was for some forty or fifty dollars, (a pretty deep gouge) she went to a little box upon the mantle, opened it, took out a small piece of paper and handed it to me. What did I behold! a check for a thousand dollars!

"My dear madam," I exclaimed, "you are too generous, I can't think of taking this large amount for the small service I have rendered you."

"Sir," she replied, "it is a mere pittance for the good you have done me. I promised and published to the world that I would give the amount of that check to any one who would enable me even to walk, but you have done more by your skill—you have restored me to perfect health."

What could I say or do after this, but pocket the thousand, and thank the act of Assembly which made me a physician.—Miss Ida now came into the room, looking more charming and bewitching than ever. I thought my heart would break a few of the ribs on the left side by its violent throbbings. Oh! this love, what a very "peculiar and ticklish thing" it is! I composed myself as soon as possible and tried to converse, but every minute I felt as if I should choke. The old lady would occasionally help me out, or else I should have floundered. When my embarrassment had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Goodwell, thinking perhaps that three was too much company, left the room. Had there been a mouse hole in the floor I should have certainly crept into it; but, knowing that "faint heart never won fair lady," I looked up, hemmed and hawed a little, and determined to be bold. Miss Ida had her eyes cast down, and was tying her handkerchief into knots. This gave me courage; I thought it was a good sign; so, in a tremulous voice, and shaking from head to foot with confusion, I told her the history of my love. When I had finished, to my happiness be it said, blushing, she replied softly, my love was returned. Oh, memorable day, never to be forgotten! I thought my fortune was made, and I the happiest of earth's mortals. The old lady was soon made acquainted with the engagement, to which she gave her most hearty approval, with the declaration that on our marriage day she would settle on me one-half of her possessions.

The summer season had now approached: it was the month of August, and the billious fever had commenced to rage with great violence. I was sent for to see many persons laboring under this disease, and as I approached the bed side of each patient, I felt that I was about to fall from the sublime to the ridiculous; and too true were my worst expectations to be realized. I however shew no fears, and went to work after this manner: Having somewhere read, that purging and blood letting were good for billious attacks, I commenced operations by tying up the arm of each patient and depleting freely, and then prescribing a large dose of salts which I looked upon as the most active purge. I repeated this course upon every visit until, in three or four days, I found that I had bled and purged out the suffering life of my unfortunate patient. A single case did not recover under my hands. The distress and suffering produced in families by the many deaths, together with the talk of doctors who were jealous of my reputation, began now to throw me into disrepute. The tide of public opinion was against me. I was too weak in ability to stem the torrent. I saw that all the beautiful castles I had built in the air were fast tumbling down, and I a ruined man.—Troubles I believe never come singlehanded—give a dog a bad name and you might as well hang him. Just about this time, by way of a finishing stroke to all my prospects, what should I see but a handbill stuck up publishing me as a quack and vile imposter, and guarding the public against my imposition. This was written for revenge by my enemy (the man who had cheated me out of my property) when he learned of my success at the village B——. It was all over now. I was an undone man. My landlady (bless her good soul) notified me by a whisper that I had better leave quietly, as she heard the people talk about mobbing me. I took the hint, tied up my duds, paid my borad, and was off as fast as horse flesh could carry me, to seek my fortune in the world by some other vocation. Alas, miserable me! I have not only lost my profession, but what is worse than all, my sweet Ida Siddons with half of her grandmother's estate.

FOOD FOR COWS.—Mr. Chabert, the director of the veterinary school of Alford, England, had a number of cows which yielded twelve gallons of milk every day. In his publication on the subject, he observes that cows, fed in the winter on dry substances, give less milk than those which are kept on a green diet; and also that their milk loses much of its quality. He published the following receipt, by the use of which his cows furnished him an equal quantity of milk during the winter as during the summer. Take a bushel of potatoes; break them whilst raw, place them in a barrel standing up, putting in successively a layer of bran, and a small quantity of yeast in the middle of the mass, which is to be left thus to ferment during a whole week, and, when the vinous taste has pervaded the whole mixture, it is then given to the cows, which eat it greedily.

FEEDING POULTRY.—Professor Gregory, of Aberdeen, in a letter to a friend, observes: "As I suppose you keep poultry, I may tell you that it has been ascertained, that if you mix with their food a sufficient quantity of egg-shell or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay, *cæteris paribus*, twice or thrice as many eggs as before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be; indeed, a fowl fed on food and water, free from carbonate of lime, and not finding any in the soil or in the shape of mortar, which they often eat on the walls, would lay no eggs at all, with the best will in the world."

ANIMAL GRATITUDE.—An English paper says, "Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons who, like myself take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them happy and contented.—Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently and putting out their noses. My old horse rests his head on the gateway with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread."