

The Iowa Capital Reporter.

BY GEORGE PAUL.]

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, SCIENCE, ARTS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

[\$2 00 PER ANNUM.]

NEW SERIES.

IOWA CITY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1851.

VOL. 10.--NO. 10.

Iowa Capital Reporter,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
GEORGE PAUL,
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

JOB PRINTING.

THE REPORTER OFFICE HAVING BEEN
thoroughly renovated, the proprietor is
prepared to execute with neatness and dispatch,
all kinds of
PLAIN FANCY JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
BOOKS, FRAMING, JUSTICES BLANKS,
HARD-BILLS, CLERKS' BLANKS,
BLANK COUNTY, BLANK WARRANTS,
ORDERS, THE DEEDS,
MORTGAGES, LABELS, &c.
We are also prepared to do all kinds of
Casting, will receive prompt attention.

DONALD M. MCINTOSH.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, CEDAR RAPIDS.
Lincoln county Iowa, will practice in the
different courts of law and equity in this State;
will promptly attend to all business entrusted
to him; will devote particular attention to
conveyancing; and would respectfully solicit a
share of public patronage.
May, 1851.

GILMAN FOLSON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, IOWA CITY.
Iowa, will practice in Johnson and the
adjacent counties, in the Supreme Court of
Iowa and in the District Court of the United
States.
May, 1851.

S. A. BISSELL.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT
LAW, Tipton, Cedar county, Iowa.
May, 1851.

JAMES D. TEMPLIN.

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY
Public, Iowa City, Iowa, will practice in
the different courts of this State.
May, 1851.

D. P. PALMER.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT
LAW, will practice in the District and
Supreme courts of Iowa and in the United States
District court. Bloomfield, Davis co. Iowa.
May, 1851.

W. PENN. CLARK.

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR
in Chancery, Iowa City, Iowa, will attend
to all business entrusted to his care in the U. S.
District court, and the Supreme and District
courts of the State of Iowa, and also act as
LAND AGENT. Office over the store occupied by
George Andrews.
May, 1851.

WM. E. LEFFINGWELL.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT
LAW, De Witt, Clinton county, Iowa, will
practice in the Supreme and District courts of
this State.
May, 1851.

GEORGE S. HAMPTON.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT
LAW, Iowa City, Iowa, will practice in
the different courts of this State.
May, 1851.

MORGAN RENO.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT
LAW, Iowa City, Iowa, will practice in
the courts of this State, and attend promptly
to all business entrusted to him.
May, 1851.

L. B. PATTERSON.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT
LAW, Iowa City, Iowa, will attend to all
business entrusted to him in the line of his pro-
fession.
May, 1851.

CHARLES A. ROBBINS.

WATCH-MAKER, ENGRAVER, AND
Jeweller, Iowa City, at the sign of the
"Big Watch," corner of Clinton and College
streets.
May, 1851.

G. D. CROSTHWAITE.

GENERAL LAND AGENT,
Iowa City, Iowa.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND, WAR-
rants, grants, and other documents, but
good for the land on which they are located.
Also, will locate Bounty Land Warrants,
issued under the act approved Sept. 28, 1850.
Also, will furnish EXCHANGE, on any of
the Eastern Cities or St. Louis, in sums to suit
and on reasonable terms.
May, 1851.

E. E. GAY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Oils,
Paints, Dye-Stuffs, Druggists' Glass Ware, Bur-
lington, Iowa.
Also, dealer in Books and Stationery, Surgical
Instruments, Teas, Gold and Tin Foil, Por-
celains, Window Glass; a great variety of fan-
cy articles, sporting and fishing tackle.
Agent for Dupont's Gunpowder; also, for
Smith's Machine Cards, a supply of which will
be kept on hand.
May, 1851.

SWAN'S HOTEL.

Iowa City, Iowa.
THE subscriber, owner and proprietor of
the above house, would inform the public
that he has taken possession of said estab-
lishment, and is prepared to accommodate the
travelling community, transient or regular
boarders, and will endeavor to give general sa-
tisfaction.
If connected with the above establishment is
a large and extensive LIVERY STABLE,
where strangers can at any time be accommodated
with conveyances at very low rates of the country.
May, 1851.

DENTISTRY.

TEETH FILLED WITH GOLD
or other full teeth inserted on plate
or pivot, in the best style and on
reasonable terms.
May, 1851. CHARLES A. ROBBINS.

FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKING.

MRS. C. WILSON, (LARGE OR CORSETT),
would most respectfully inform the ladies
of Iowa City and vicinity that she is now ready
to perform all kinds of fashionable and plain
dress making, at her residence, (white frame
house known as Fisher's).
April 30, 1851.

CHARLES REALLEY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
in Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes,
and Leather, Muscatine, Iowa.
May, 1851.

MISSOURI STATE MUTUAL

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COM-
pany, of St. Louis.
Directors—John P. Fallon, John S. McCune,
W. A. Conn, T. W. Hoyt, Daniel D. Page, F. A.
Eddy, C. H. Peck, S. M. Edgell, C. M. Vallan,
J. Sigerson.
Applications taken by the undersigned at
the usual rates. GOWER & HOLT, Agents.
Iowa City, May 1851.

Gold & Silver Lever Watches.

CYLINDER and Verge Escapement Watches,
guard, fob and vest chains, for sale here.
G. A. ROBBINS.
May 1851.

Row My Boat Lightly.

"Row my boat lightly."
"Tis fragile, 'tis frail."
Row my boat gently,
Hail, boatman, oh hail!
Hear thou my summons,
Aye list to my call!
Bright is the water,
Yet dark 'neath its pall.

Thy slightly fairy oar
Dip light in the wave,
'Tis light its white foam crest
There's many a grave.
Thy slightly fairy oar
Dip light in the stream,
'Tis light its dark billows
Lurk dangers unseen.

Watch my boat closely,
The danger is nigh,
You toss covered race—
Bodes danger and fear—
That small distant speck
May cloud thy sky o'er,
And bear in its bosom
The tempest's wild roar.

Bear lightly my bark,
On this boisterous sea,
While fancy paints brightly,
And hope dances free—
The clear crystal wave
Shall mirror my star,
And woo with its beauty
Its image afar.

Wait gently my bark
O'er life's stormy sea,
Faith is my helmsman—
Love a pilot for me—
Hope is my bright star,
'Mid dangers and strife,
To guide me in safety
O'er the Ocean of Life.

From the Washington Republic.

A Swollen Head, and the Man- ner of Treating it.

Smith and Rogers are good-looking, middle-aged gentlemen, and very clever, worthy, and talented fellows, too, and tolerably prosperous in the affairs of the world; but, strange to tell, they will occasionally get out on a bit of a lark, without the advice and consent of their constitutional advisers—*id est*, their wives. Now it happens last week that, after making a night of it together, and indulging in a brief morning nap, they met at the barber's.

"Good morning, Smith," said Rogers. "How do you find yourself?"

"Pretty bright, Rogers," said Smith. "A little queer, though."

"Ah, indeed," said Rogers. "Fact does look a little queer."

"What?" said Smith. "Look a little queer! What do you mean by that?"

"Why, Smith, I don't mean any of these. I only think your head does look a little queer. I think it's swelled some."

Smith's face was well lathered, clear up to the temples, and his long hair brushed backwards, hung over the chair. He suddenly leant forward, and, dropping the towel from his neck, and looking into the serious face of Rogers with amazement, exclaimed:

"You don't mean to say that?"

"But I do, though," said Rogers; "yet it may be only a notion of mine."

"Oh! said Smith; and he threw his head back again and the lathering process went on.

By this time Rogers had completed the insertion, around Smith's hat, under the leather lining, where it fits the head, of a copy of the Baltimore "Sun" which he showed to Robinson, a friend who just then stepped in, at the same time placing the point finger of the right hand alongside of his nose, and casting a side glance towards Smith.

"Good morning, Smith," said Robinson; "how do you find yourself this morning old friend?"

"Pretty bright, Robinson," said Smith. "I hope you are well my friend."

"Quite well, I thank you, Smith—quite well. But how, what—eh, your head. Mr. Smith, isn't it, eh, swelled some?"

"Swelled some?" exclaimed Robinson. "swelled some? Eh—how?"

"Oh, nothing, Smith, nothing. I did think—but it's nothing, I suppose. I tho't there was a little tension of the skin—enlargement of the—swelling, in fact; but I suppose it's a—"

"You suppose it's what?"

"Nothing, oh, nothing only a notion of mine, Smith," said Robinson. "It couldn't be that a man's head could spread out of a sudden, I should think."

"I should think not," said Smith. "The barber was now done with him. 'I should think not!' And he repaired to the glass to put on his cravat. 'I should think not, indeed!' and as he surveyed his polished face and sleek hair, he was evidently pleased."

"No, no, my boys," he said with a smile. "Smith has a hard head; Smith's head don't swell for a frollic!" and Smith laughed a glad kind of a laugh, which seemed to indicate an agreeable condition of the inward man, such as a man realizes when he is pleased with himself and the rest of his race.

The barber gently pried the wisp to Smith's back, and Smith's gloves were neatly drawn on, and the barber's boy, as he smoothed its silky surface, and in a soft tone, "Hat, sir, your hat?"

"Yes," said Smith—yes, thank you.

boy—but! what!—my hat! yes!—how's this!—too small!—eh, Rogers, that is my hat!—why?"

"Smith," said Rogers, "the fact is, I think your head is swelled—some!"

"Pshaw!" said Smith, hesitatingly, "that c-a-n-be; yet how is this?"

"Depend upon it Smith," said Robinson, "your head must be swelled—some."

"What it can't be," said Smith, very hesitatingly, "it can't be Robinson; how could—but does it really look so?"

"—yet this hat's a—"

"Well, Smith," Robinson continued, "I don't see how a good rubbing could do any harm, especially if cologne should be freely used; and—"

"The fact is," said Smith, "my head would feel better after a little rubbing—"

"—and, as the barber's assistance, off went the hat, and cravat, and down sat Smith.

"Glad-glad-glad!" said the barber, and his liquid flowed gratefully over the unfortunate head of the perplexed Mr. Smith, and the palms of the barber's hands played freely around and about it.

"Ah!" said Mr. Smith—"ah!" again and again he inhaled with a long inspiration the reviving perfume, and then for a time he closed his eyes and gave himself up to the soothing manipulations of the silent and assiduous barber. At length, after the towel, and the comb, and the brush, had been successively applied, and the neck had been well rubbed, and the external head once more presented the appearance of order and neatness, Smith arose and was about to attire himself once more, while his two friends were profoundly absorbed in the morning papers.

"Smith," said Rogers, suddenly, "try your hat on first. See if you are really benefited."

Smith took up the hat, from which Rogers had quietly extracted one fold of the paper, and placed it gently upon his head. He took hold of the brim on each side, and drew it down.

"Rogers," said he, "there is improvement; but—my hat will not come on. Smith said this with some solemnity."

"Oh! exclaimed Rogers, "if that's the case—if there's improvement, Smith—if there is, Smith, there's no occasion for alarm. But won't your hat go down? No, that's a fact, if it won't. Well, Smith, let me tell you."

"I always find, 'shampooing to be the most good. Suppose you try it.'"

"Well," said Smith, "if the cologne has benefited me thus much, it looks reasonable that—"

"That the 'shampoo' will benefit you so much more. Exactly—that's clear enough," said Mr. Rogers.

"Certainly!" said Mr. Robinson. "And down sat Mr. Smith."

The towel was fixed before, and the shampoo was freely applied, Mr. Smith's head was rubbed like a ball of soap between the palms of the barber's hands; and the fingers of the barber ran through Mr. Smith's hair, and Mr. Smith's head looked like a field of tall grass after a heavy blow and a heavy rain. At length the towel again absorbed the moisture, the comb again reduced chaos to order, and the brush again finished the artist-like work.

"How now, Smith?" said Robinson. "Smaller?" (Another fold of the paper has been extracted.) "Smaller Smith?"

"My hat's higher to fit; there's no mistake about that," said Smith.

"But don't it fit yet?" asked Rogers.

"No not quite," said Smith—not quite; and yet it's high; pretty high."

"De gentleman's hair is tolibly long," suggested the patient artist, who had already earned two tips and a quarter, and who now thought another levy would make an even half.

"Your hair is long," said Rogers. "Yes, for such thick hair," said Robinson.

"But my hat went on yesterday," said Smith.

"But you don't expect to get entirely cured at once, do you?" said Rogers.

"Well I intend to get my hair cut," said Smith, and down he sat upon the chair, where the masculine Dolittle soon reduced his sable fleece, the two friends, meanwhile reading very intently, Robinson's paper being up-side down all the while.

"Now, you'll do, I think," said Rogers.

"I should think so," said Robinson. "If I don't," said Smith, "I know what will help me out."

"Smith you don't mean to—"

"Certainly not," said Robinson. "Mean to what?"

"You don't mean to use a compress, nor astringent, nor—"

"Oh, no, said Smith, impatiently; 'I wish I had done it at first; but I didn't think of it. To-day or tomorrow I shall have furnished me with a prime hat at once."

"That's a fact," said both the friends together.

"I dare say I had as well do it yet," said Smith.

"Certainly not," said Robinson; "I'll go to the hatter's and pick a hat out for you."

Mr. Robinson was not gone long; and when a boy brought two or three hats, a selection was soon made by Mr. Rogers' assistance; but Mr. Smith was mood and melancholy.

"At length, with a tearful look, and a faltering voice, he said—"

"Gentleman, this thing of picking a hat is a bad business—a bad business, gentleman."

"It really is," said Robinson. "And I am done with it, Rogers."

"And so am I," said Smith, with a sigh; "I have had enough of it."

every one else, and I have had enough of it."

"That's my opinion," said Smith. "And mine," said Robinson.

"Rogers," said Smith, "I wish if you have any change you would just pay this barber for me."

"Certainly," said Rogers, as he handed over the money.

"Robinson, did you tell Stevens the money was good for this hat?"

"Certainly," said Robinson. "What is the matter? You have not been so deeply injured."

"No," said Smith, tearfully. "No, not very. But it's my opinion, I say, that every vender of intoxicating drinks, and every one else, should be held accountable for all the evils and all the expenses he occasions."

"And mine too," said Rogers. "And mine too," said Robinson.

"And the two friends looked at each other very cunningly."

"I am glad," said Mr. Smith, "that both of you my friends, concur with the manipulations of my friend, the barber here, have been very pleasant, and time was not pressing with me. This new hat is very desirable, also. Your sentiments are very just, too, and I derive much pleasure from that. And now that in accordance with them, you have paid the barber, and assumed the payment for this new hat, you can dispose of the old one as you please—after first taking the paper from the lining. Excuse me as I have bank business to attend to. Good morning."

"And never was Smith so much amused as the ladies on the square, as that blessed morning; and Stevens has informed us that there is no more punctual customer in the city than the jocular Mr. Robinson, who called to pay for a hat the other day, half an hour after he had bought it."

HEALTH OF THE CITY.—The health of the city, at present, is such as to admonish all of the necessity of prudence in living. The weather has been excessively warm for several days past, and highly unfavorable to health. Three deaths occurred on Sunday from cholera, to-wit, Mr. John Prugh (of the firm of Prugh & Cook) and two children of widow Candee. With the exception of a lingering case or two in the family of the latter we have heard of no other attacks.

[Burlington Telegraph.]

LATER FROM SALT LAKE.—Independence July 20th.—The mail under charge of W. Y. Rush and Jo. Parsons reached here yesterday, having left Salt Lake on the 1st inst. Business was dull, with little money in the valley.

Phelps, Cogswell and Holliday, with a part of their goods, had reached the city of Salt Lake, without serious interruption. Kincaid and Livingston were 125 miles this side. Holliday's ox team at Fort Laramie. Their second train at Scott's Bluff.

The mail out was at Ash Hollow, and a number of emigrants on Sweet Water, doing well.—St. Louis Republican.

CHOLERA AT FORT LARAMIE.—Our neighboring town of Fort Laramie, which has been the scene of so much suffering, is now the scene of a cholera epidemic. On Friday the cholera made its appearance in the family of Mr. Stripe, of the Palace Hotel, and in the course of the day Mr. Stripe, Maj. J. Huner, and a Mr. Beamish fell victims to its attack. No other cases had occurred at latest accounts. The death of Mr. Stripe will be lamented by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Maj. Huner was an old citizen, extensively known throughout the State as a member of both our territorial and state legislatures, and universally esteemed for his kindness of heart and rectitude of character.—Bur. Telegraph.

CHOLERA AT WEST POINT, LEE COUNTY.—We regret to learn that the cholera has been prevailing, to an alarming extent, for some days past, at West Point, Lee county. Up to Thursday morning last, as we learn from the Fort Madison Statesman, some 30 cases had occurred, 8 of which proved fatal. The names of the deceased are, Bertha Fletcher, a child of Mr. Hunt, Levi Jackson, E. Gustav Brand, William Green, David Groesbeck, Mrs. Starke and B. Dingman.—Bur. Telegraph.

Itasca Lake.—The Source of the Mississippi.

From Schoolcraft's Narrative.

Itasca Lake, the Lac La Biche of the French, is in every respect a beautiful sheet of water, seven or eight miles in extent, lying among hills of diluvial formation, surmounted with pines, which fringe the distant horizon, and form an agreeable contrast with the green foliage of its immediate shores. Its greatest length is from southeast to northwest, with a southern prolongation, or bay, which receives a brook. The water is temperate and bright reflecting a foliage produced by the elm, lynn, maple and cherry, together with other species more abundant in northern latitudes. The lake itself is of an irregular form.

The broadest part of the lake is in the central portions of its valley. Its depth is great in all its lower parts, and increases as it flows onto the Gulf, and its general descent and velocity are such as to appear very striking characteristics. Nobis views arrest the eye of the observer, in every part of its diversified course. Originating in a heavy and extensive bed of diluvial soil, superimposed upon primitive strata, it soon wears its channel down to the latter and after running over them for several hundred miles, plunges at length, at the Falls of St. Anthony, over the carboniferous limestone formation, which is so prevalent and so valuable for its mineral deposits below that point. This is finally succeeded by diluvial and alluvial banks, the latter of which are semi-annually enriched by fresh deposits and exhibit a delta as broad and as exuberant as the Nile. Like the latter, it has its cataraacts in the Falls of St. Anthony and Pankagama, and in numerous lesser leaps and cascades, where its current is tossed into foam, and threatens destruction to the navigator. Such are the physical traits, and these are enough in character, magnitude, and variety, to lead our contemplation irresistibly "through nature up to nature's God."

From the data above given, the descent of the Mississippi will average a fraction over five inches per mile.

Famine in India.

A British writer, recently remarking on the horrors which sometimes attend Christian rule in Pagan lands, sketches the following graphic but fearful picture:

"Turn your eyes backward upon the scenes of the past year. Go with me into the north-west province of the Bengal presidency, and I will show you the bleached skeletons of five hundred thousand human beings who perished of hunger in the space of a few short months. Yes, died of hunger, in what has been justly called the granary of the world. The air, for miles was poisoned with the stench of dead. The rivers were choked with the corpses thrown into their channels. Mothers cast their little ones beneath the rolling waves, because they would not see them draw their last gasp, and feel them stiffen in their arms. Jackals and vultures, approach and fasten upon the bodies of men before life is extinct. Madness, disease and despair stalked abroad, and no human power present to arrest their progress."

"And this occurred in British India, in the reign of Victoria the First. Nor was this event extraordinary or unforeseen. Far from it—1835 witnessed a famine in the northern provinces—1822 saw one in the Deccan. They have continued to increase in frequency and extent under our sway for more than half a century. Under the administration of Lord Clive, a famine in the Bengal provinces swept off three millions—and, at that time the British speculators had their granaries filled to repletion with corn!—Horrid monopoly of the necessities of life! Three millions died, while there was food enough and to spare locked up in the storehouses of the rich."

"Too add to this—these famines are now called to regard the last dreadful carnage—that of the last year—we are made acquainted, by the returns of the custom house, with the fact that as much grain was exported from the lower part of Bengal as would have fed the half million who perished, for a whole year!"

SOUTHERN NULLIFICATION.—Maj. Donelson, of Tenn., now in Washington, tells an anecdote which shows the extent of Southern secession:

Coming up the Southern route from Memphis, he fell in with an old man, whom he fancied, and with whom he entered into conversation, by asking him whether he had lately heard anything about nullification; or nothing of it, of late. The old man replied that he was probably taken for a man who knew little of anything; but for all that, he had known Gen. Jackson, and would now tell Major Donelson that he had three sons, and that if any one of these turned nullifier, he would not kill him, but exchange him for a dog, and then kill the dog. It is impossible for an old man to use a more energetic figure.

Young America.

Col. Cunningham, in his recent travels in America; gives the following picture of the young Americans:

"Young England is frequently accused of being too precocious, but, in this respect, what comparison will she bear with Young America? At the public table at Rockport, a boy, about 13 years of age, entered freely into conversation respecting the merits of the different candidates who were about to stand (or run, as it is here termed) at the next election, for some government officers at the neighboring town. This embry politician was condemning one party for coalescing with the whigs, and another for too highly favoring the democratic party. It would, moreover, astonish some of our respectable gentlemen of Boston, to see the men of this age, with their own hands, to a counting-house, carefully remove his goods, and having placed his case in the corner, open his pocket-book and transact business to the amount of many thousand dollars, then whistle an opera tune, and ask your opinion, not forgetting first to give his own, respecting the merits of Jenny Lind. I received it as the opinion of an intelligent person of New York, that the American youths are really wonderful at business, their quickness being perfectly surprising, in which they far surpass any Europeans by many years their seniors; but that after the age of twenty-five or thirty years, they were not superior to the sedate German, the more modest Scot, or prudent Englishman. It is not impossible that this precocity, in the development of the intellect, may, perhaps, have the effect of weakening its powers."

A Hint to Borewoms.—A correspondent of the Boston Post relates the following anecdote of ROBERT G. SHAW, one of the merchant princes:

"We have an anecdote to tell about Mr. Shaw, which was never before in print, and which we think will humble our mercantile readers, and not give offence to our venerable friend. We happened to be present when the occurrence took place. A gentleman met him on the street, and upon a brief conversation, asked him to lend him ten dollars as he was short—not an uncommon thing for him at that time. It was many months ago. Mr. Shaw raising his spectacles, replied:

"Yes sir, with pleasure, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"Why, that when we next meet you will turn your face towards me, look pleasant, and not turn away. I lent Mr. Shaw a small sum of money a month ago, and ever since that time he has cut me most decidedly. Meet him where I will, on State street, Commercial street or in the Exchange, and he always turns his face away. When I lend a man money and he is owing me, I want him to look me full in the face, as if nothing had happened; and then I shall be willing to lend him again."

This is a veritable story.

The Ill-looking Horse.—A Fun that was no joke.—A Frenchman, near the Canada line, in Vermont sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as being a very sound, servicable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every enquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse, the Frenchman gave a favorable reply—but always commenced his commendation with the depreciatory remark—"He's not look very good." The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge for himself, without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute inspection, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made the purchase, and took him home. A few days afterwards he returned to the seller, in high dudgeon, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse. "Vat is de matter?" said the Frenchman. "Mister!" said the Yankee, "matter enough—the horse can't see—he is blind as bat!" "Ah!" said the Frenchman—"Vat I was tell you?—I was tell you he was not look very good—be gar, I don't know if he look at all!"

THE RUSSIAN PARANT, as he is false, ly called, says a letter from St. Petersburg, is bought and sold with the land on which he lives, and is a being in no way superior to Monsieur Cuffes, although his skin is white or rather brownish, with beads that were never visited by that companion of civilization, the razor; his person is the impersonation of filth, and his countenance the mirror of ignorance. The depression and poverty of these poor creatures is really pitiable, and next to some parts of Ireland, I must give to this class of humanity the unenviable position of the most miserable part of the great family to which we all belong.

A Yankee peddler, with his cart, overtaking another of his clan on the road, was addressed:

"Hullo, what do you carry?"

"Drugs and Medicines," was the reply.