

almost unknown, or existed only as a slow disease, that had to battle with life for many years before its strong victim succumbed to its power. It has been thought that the bad health and constitutions of our farming population, particularly the female portion of farming families is owing to a change of diet. There is no truth in the idea. Farmers live as judiciously now as they did fifty or a hundred years ago. On our mountain towns, among the primitive hills and pure air of Vermont, all over New England in fact, the population are better fed and better clothed, are subjected to less injurious exposure, and are called to bear less prostrating fatigue, than in those good old times a hundred years ago. Yet, where the pure air flows freest, where the dark wings of miasma never come, all along the beautiful green mountain ridge; through Vermont and Massachusetts, do we find consumption doing its deadliest work and an aggregate of female invalids that can hardly be equalled in any miasmatic valley in the far Southwest.

It is in vain to look for the causes of all these evils in anything but the atmosphere of the dwelling. The food is wholesome, the air as pure as any in the world, and the water as good. The simple statement of the case is, that the houses are made too close, the rooms are kept too hot and the grand ventilator—the chimney—is closed. The evils are insidious, and in the manner of its approach should be a warning. A reference to experience will show, that when the stove was first introduced, the heat was intolerable. Afterwards it became agreeable, then it was found necessary; still further on, the heat was raised until, at last the weakened and relaxed skin, shrank with dread from a breath of cold air, and all stirring from the room was forbidden on penalty of a cold. The difference between the atmosphere out and in doors made the transition always attended with danger. Every physiologist, and every common observer, understands the intimate sympathy, that exists between the skin and the lungs; and here, at this point, is where consumption and other similar diseases step in, find prepared for them a house, swept and garnished. Here lies the secret of mountain diseases, the erysipelas, low fevers, rheumatism, &c., &c.

We by no means propose the abolition of stoves. They form a prominent part of family economy. The poor cannot do without them, nor will the rich. The fire and the lamp should in all cases be controlled by the thermometer. This little instrument should be in every house. Again, free ventilation, that shall secure to every room good pure air, is absolutely indispensable, and still further, a proper amount of cold and friction to enable the skin to retain its tone, should be observed by every individual who spends the winter in doors.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

A WESTERN COURT SCENE.

Some person who lives out west of the Mississippi, has written the following for the Boston Bee:—

"Here, Jim, let's have them fellars what's got to be tried," said the Judge.

"Come-out here, yer cascads," said Jim, as he thrust his hand into a small closet, which was used as a cell, and sneaked out a couple of "bad looking tickets," and placed them on a seat near the bar.

"Silence!" roared the Judge, striking his fist down on the table. "Bill Kitchen."

"Here, sir," answered that person as he took his stand at the bar.

"Bill Kitchen," said the Judge in a loud voice, "you are accused of stealing a pair of hens from neighbour Goodluck's hen roost. What have you got to say for yourself, you rascal?" "All a d—d lie," said Bill.

"Mister Kitchen," said the Judge, rising up in a passion, "I would anferm you that this honourable court will punish all persons by a fine of five dollars for using profane language. Don't let me hear the like again, you vile blasphemer!" After waiting a moment he turned to the prisoner and asked—

"Have you got any witness to prove that you didn't hook the hens?" "Yes, yer honor, I have one; this feller," said he, pointing to the person who was hauled out of the closet with him. The witness being sworn, the Judge said to him—"Well, old 'un, what do you know about these hens? Did he hook 'em or not, eh? Tell the truth."

"Why, as to that, I couldn't tell. I believe I saw him have a pair of cocks; but whether he had hens with 'em, I shouldn't want to say."

"Did he steal the hens or not?" roared the Judge. "Y-ess, n-o—yer honour."

"Old feller, I'll ask ye for the last time—"

Here a person gave a tremendous sneeze, when the Judge turning quickly, caught the offender in the act of repeating it.

"Whose chip is that?"

"Mine," answered the owner.

"Yours! Very well. I shall fine yer three shillings for the sneeze and one shilling for bringing him in here! fork out, you old sinner, and don't stand there gaping. I'll add another shilling."

"Mr. Judge, I guess you can't find anything about sneezing in your law books," said the offender.

Jim, put that man and his young 'un out of the room, never let me have any more such doings, or I'll comyer."

The court being again quiet, the Judge turned to the ass, and said—

at an enormous wallet, and proceeded very leisurely to examine its contents. He returned it with a resolute air and turning to the clerk, he said—

"Must do it—short!"

At this moment Jim entered the court, bearing the feathered witnesses.

"Well, the feller's right, there both cocks, and no mistake," said the Judge, after having looked at them for some minutes. "But, look here, Kitchen," continued he "it's just as bad as if they were hens, and as I'm rather short at the "stumpy" just now, I shall fine you five dollars."

Mr. Kitchen paid the V. and left the court followed by his witness.

"Is there any more fellars to be tried? 'cause if there is, I'm ready for 'em."

"No, your honor," answered the clerk.

"Well, feller citizens, the court is dismissed," said the Judge.

On leaving the bench, the plaintiff came forward to receive his fowls, when the Judge with a knowing wink to the clerk, said—

"Here, Jim, them cocks belong to me, they're the perquisites of office!—so hand 'em over!"

As he took the roosters, a thought seemed to strike him, and he bawled out,

"Here, fellows, come back! I reckon I'll set these up at six pence a shot, thirty yards; it'll be a good chance—they're prime ones!"

They all promised to come and have a try, and the Judge and clerk left the court together.

LAUGHTER.

Douglass Jerrold converses not unsophistically. Without it, our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like; the iniquities of our heart to sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, husky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top—for foreheads would have gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter—as it is, its first intelligence! The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world, smiles the first answer that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shakes its nurse's arms, or, in waggish humor, playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny, declares to him with ears to hear the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and acutely as they will. They must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumph, and stand upon his broad grins; for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish. Let man then send a loud ha! ha! through the universe and be reverently grateful for the privilege.

SOMETHING TO CREATE "LAUGH FITS."—The following smacks just a little bit of the antique. But it is good nevertheless:

The Anaconda, belonging to Welch & Co.'s Managerie, while they were exhibiting at Columbus, Ohio, was suddenly taken ill—it was supposed to have been an attack of "dyspepsia," induced by slothful habits, and the occasional swallowing of a full-sized rabbit, whole. Dr. B——, a regular physician, who was staying at the Neal House, was called in. He prescribed a dose or two of calomel, etc., which relieved it considerably, but did not effect a complete cure. Welch, who was preparing to move about that time, promised the doctor that in case the varmint died, he would send it to him, in part payment for the trouble he had taken. A week or so after this it died, sure enough, and having been nicely coiled up in a whiskey barrel, which was then filled up with spirits, it was then forwarded to the doctor, who, not having time to attend to it just then, had it deposited in the back room of the hotel, which was used as a sleeping room by sundry stage-drivers, &c.

Some of these, having noticed the whiskey stamp on the barrel, took the liberty of inserting a spigot in the side next the wall, where it was not likely to be perceived, and for a week or two those who were in the secret had a jolly time of it whenever it was their turn to stay over night at the hotel. The time having arrived for the doctor to return home, he went in to overhaul his snakeship, and was much surprised to find him "out of liquor," and in an advanced state of decomposition. He said nothing, but had him buried as quietly as possible.

The next morning, on his way home, seated on the stage-box beside the driver, he, in the course of conversation, related the "suckernstance," when the driver was immediately taken with the most violent rechings, and seemed to go into a fit of convulsions; in fact, it required all the doctor's strength to keep him from pitching off the box. After several unsuccessful efforts to speak, he finally managed to articulate—"d—n your infernal snake! I thought the liquor had a thundering strange flavor."

DOG-MAN SPARE THAT DOG.

AIR—"Woodman, spare that tree."

Dog-man, spare that dog, touch not a single hair; He's been out to the bog, and got all muddy there; 'Twas Tim, the butcher's hand, that made him all so fat; So you must let him stand, Or I will lay you flat.

That old familiar dog, whose glory and renown Have set the folks agog, the wonder of the town; Fellow! forbear the stroke, see—lowly how he lies; Give him the slightest poke, and I'll poke out your eyes.

My heart-strings round thee cling, give him some bark, old fellow; How nobly dost thou sing, and the wide welkin rend; Old dog! upon the slave, and drive him from the spot; While I've a hand to save, his club shall harm thee not.

"Bob, where is the state of Matrimony?" "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying o' digits. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A KENTUCKIAN'S ACCOUNT OF HOW HE GOT THE MITTEN.—The following account of courtship in Kentucky, and the causes and manner of the emigration, is amusing and will serve as a good specimen of the western style of narrative:

"Had just returned from the Seminole war, and was eighteen years old, when I became acquainted with Peggy, a darling little thing, as delicate as fresh butter and sweet as honey. It was corn husking time, and I told her about the Indian war, and how we had bivouacked and the rest of it, and she listened to it all, and in less than a fortnight I was in love over head and ears. Was, as I said, just eighteen—she sixteen. For her sake I could have whipped a whole wigwam of Seminoles, what I could, by jingo! Several months passed and I thought I was getting on, well with her, and kept sneaking about her, like a wolf about a flock of sheep, or a sentry round a watchfire when we were out against the Indians, but said neither no nor yes. One evening, however, she said to me—

"Ralph," says she, "you are a deal too wild."

"What," cried I, "Peggy, I too wild! You should see old Hickory, that's the man you may call wild."

"Ralph," said she, "indeed you are too wild, rough as a bear, and drink too much whiskey."

"Monongahela, Peggy—genuine Monongahela; and why should I not drink it since God lets it grow? Peggy" said I, "genuine Monongahela, and all paid for, owe no man a cent have got six stout niggers as you'll find in old Kaintuck, and a thousand dollars cash besides, that my father left me and a trifle over; and if you'll say the word, we'll be man and wife."

"Ralph," says she, "you are quite too wild, drink too much; will see about it in eight days, will think about it, and you may come and ask me in eight days and no sooner."

"I was obliged to do her will and wait eight days, as restless as if I had Spanish pepper rubbed into me, and when they were passed, I went down to Peggy's house, and who'd I find there? Asa Dumbling, sitting arm in arm before the kitchen fire; and when he saw me he laughed in my face, and Peggy laughed too. I had half a mine to lather him by way of a wedding present. I couldn't get her out of my mind for ever so long, but at last my brother said to me,

"Let the girl be, Ralph," said he, "it she meant to have you, she wouldn't have let Asa come sparking about her; she's only making a fool of you."

"And I thought to myself, Joe's right a bout that."

VALUE OF MARRIED LIFE.

By the register general's report in England, it is ascertained that men and women, married at 26, live together on an average in that country 27 years. The widows survive their husbands a little more than 10 years, and widowers, live not far from 9 after the death of their wives. When the husband is 40 and the wife 30, the mean term of married life is 21 years—the widows surviving 13 years after their husband's death, and the widowers only five after the loss of their wives. Probably there is no essential difference in the laws of life in the United States and England; but it should be added by way of encouragement, that both sexes, by being married, have a longer lease of life than they otherwise would have.—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

MARCH OF MIND.

An honest farmer in the State of Pennsylvania, married a Miss from a fashionable boarding school for his second wife. He was struck dumb with her eloquence, and gaped with wonder at his wife's learning.

"You may," said he, "bore a hole through the solid air, and chuck in a mill stone, and she'll tell you clean to a shavin how long the stone will be going clean threw. She has learned kimistry and cockneyology, and talks a heap about ox hides and comical affibities. I used to think it was air I sucked in every time I expired; howsomever, she telled me that she knowed better—she telled me that I had been suckin' in too kinds of gin, ox gin and high gin. My stars."

Love is a complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate desire for a companion. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the ages of twelve and twenty; some have been known to be bidly affected with it at the age of sixty, and even older.

SYMPTOMS.—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs, a great fondness for poetry and music, gazing at the moon and stars, admiring of flowers, loss of appetite, neglect of business, subject to melancholy, a constant desire to sigh, and a loathing for all things save one.

EFFECTS.—A strong heart burn, pulse high, stupidity eloquent eyes, sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing.—At times imagination bright, bowers of roses, winged cupids, and buttered peas, and then again oceans of despair racks, tortures, and hair-sprung pistols.

CURE.—Get married.

ANALYSIS OF A LADY'S TEAR.

This was really effected by the celebrated Smithson, one of the fellows of the London Royal Society. Nothing, it seems, eluded the grasp of this enquiring man, who, not content with operating on the common subjects which nature had placed before him, presumed to approach the fount of beauty itself, wherein to satisfy his curiosity. He had analysed more than a dew drop—a lady's tear! He caught the pearly treasure as it fell from its source, and on submitting it to his tests, discovered that it contained two separate salts.

Why are the females of the present day like the lily in the scriptures? Because they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.