

WESTERN PLAIN:

A PAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICAL, LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 1.

CHATHAM, CANADA WEST, TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1852.

NO. 52.

D. R. VAN ALLEN'S COLUMN.

Definition of Quackery.

J. FORBES, M. D., F. R. S., Editor of *The British and Foreign Medical Review*, &c., after a frank acknowledgment of the danger and inefficiency of the ordinary treatment by drugs, which he thinks no better than good, as unassisted Nature says: "The now fashionable system of Hydrophaty is not inert, and furnishes, perhaps, the best evidence we have of the curative powers of art; it is, when rationally regulated, a most effective mode of treatment of diseases and shows the facility with which drugs may be dispensed with."

He strongly urges a trial of it, and reminds the reader, that "the distinction between quacks and respectable practitioners, is one, not so much of remedies used, as of skill and honesty in using them."

Modern Hydrophaty took its origin "at a time when it would really seem as if the science of medicine was rapidly sinking into a confirmed decline—not to say dying of its own drugs and poisons." And now to prove that I do not write "without book," I will quote, in support of this observation, the language of some of the most distinguished members of the medical profession. Dr. Paris says: "The file of every apothecary would furnish a volume of instances where the ingredients of the prescription were fighting together in the dark."

Dr. James Johnson says: "I declare it to be my most conscientious opinion that if there were not a single physician, or surgeon, or apothecary, or man midwife, or chemist, or druggist, or drug in the world, there would be less mortality among mankind than there is now." *Revue* says: "Thousands are slaughtered in the quiet sick room." *Revue* says: "More infants are perhaps annually destroyed by the mortar and pestle than in the ancient Bethelheim fell victims in one day to the Herodian massacre."

Speaking of the plague, Dr. Madden says: "In all our cases we did as other practitioners did—we continued to bleed, and the patients continued to die."

And who does not remember Sir Astley Cooper's famous declaration, that "the science of medicine was founded on conjecture and improved by murder?" Dr. Brown said that he "wasted more than twenty years in learning, teaching, and scrutinizing every part of medicine." Sir William Knighton said: "Medicine seems one of those ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity." *Gregory* declared that "medical doctrines are little better than stark, staring absurdities." *Abernethy* said: "There has been a great increase of medical men of late years, but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion." "The ancients," says Dr. Dickson, of London, "endeavored to elevate physic to the dignity of a science, but failed; the moderns, with more success, have endeavored to reduce it to the level of a trade." Says the celebrated French physiologist, Magendie: "It is not a little remarkable that, at a period when the *positive* is sought in every quarter, the study of a science so important to humanity as medicine should be almost the only one characterized by uncertainty and chance." Professor Chapman of Philadelphia says: "The use of that noxious drug *calomel* is a disgraceful reproach to the profession of medicine; it is quackery—horrid, unwarranted, murderous quackery." He asks: "Can not the veriest fool in Christendom salivate—give calomel?" "But" says he "I will ask another question: who can stop its career at will, after it has taken the reins in its own destructive and unmanageable hand?"

Whoever heard of the Water Cure emanating the patient to a skeleton, perforating both tables of the skull in many places, destroying the nose, rotting the jaws, ulcerating the throat, and causing many other grievous burdens and deformities which are very common results of drug medication?

Now where is the Quackery? Is it not among those whose remedial agents produce all and far more than all the train of evils above enumerated? Or are you still prepared to say that the Hydropaths are Quacks? One of whom treated 7,500 cases, only 49 of whom terminated fatally. I think I am justified in saying that no other human being in the whole wide world has ever achieved, in medical practice a triumph like this. And yet great as this triumph is, it has been achieved by a Practitioner of Hydrophaty—one of those persons who, the gentlemen of the drug school are pleased to term "hoors" and "quacks."

CHATHAM WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT.
D. R. VAN ALLEN, HYDROPATHIST.
He begs to announce that he will some time in May next, open a Water Cure Establishment in the Town of Chatham.

He asks the question:—Is there in all this broad land, a sick, bedridden sufferer, quite beyond the reach of all the combined medical professions? Bring him to the Establishment and if his recovery is among the possibilities, he may yet "wake up his bed and walk."

To ensure early reception, applications should be made immediately.
More than 100,000 cases might in a very short time be recorded, to prove that Hydrophaty is sufficient for any and every disease, which is curable of being touched by any known remedy.

New Hydrophaty establishments are springing up everywhere. In the East, in the West, in the North, and in the South, wherever the Water Cure has been tried, it has met with almost miraculous success.

Patients are requested to bring two heavy comforters; also two blankets, two coarse cotton and one heavy linen sheet, six towels, and a quantity of old linen for bandages.

Terms:—The terms for Treatment and Board will be \$8 for the first week, \$6 for

the second week, and \$4 for each successive week. Parties in Town wishing to live Hydrophatically in order to avoid disease, will be boarded at the Establishment for \$2,50 per week.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
SALTER & JONES,
PROVINCIAL SURVEYORS.
Land & General Agents.
King-Street, Chatham, 1851. 32.

DRs. Robertson & Askin.
CAN be consulted Professionally at all times. OFFICE—over the Store of Messrs. Eberts & Robertson, King Street, Chatham.

DR. E. B. DONNELLY,
WILL give SPECIAL ATTENTION to diseases, incident to WOMEN and CHILDREN.

OFFICE—Residence, King Street, Chatham.
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A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited in Town and Country.

GEORGE TURNBULL,
MERCHANT TAILOR, between Messrs. Dolsen's & Burns, King Street, Chatham, keep constantly on hand a full assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doecskins, Tweeds, Vestings, &c.
May, 19, 1851.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL
AND GENERAL STAGE
OFFICE.
CHATHAM, CANADA WEST.
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MR. R. S. WOODS,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—Over the Drug Store of Messrs. Eberts & Robertson, King Street, Chatham, April, 22nd. 1.

WALTER MCCREA,
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ONE of ADAMS' best Fanning Mills for sale cheap, enquire at this Office.

SAVE YOUR ASHES!!
R. & W. DUFF will pay the highest price for 20,000 bushels of good Ashes, delivered at their Ashery on McGregor's Creek, next to Holme's Distillery.
Chatham, 9th June, 1851. 7-1/2.

E. B. DONNELLY, M. D.
Office at the Chatham Medical Hall, King Street, C. W.
RESIDENCE on King Street, first door above Mr. McDowell's Foundry, Chatham, C. W.

NOTICE.

WANTED immediately, a Male Teacher for the United School Sections No. 2 & 3 in the Township of Tilbury West. All letters to be Post-paid, addressed to THOS. L. PARR, Secretary.
Tilbury West, 6th Feb. 1852. 42-1/2.

TO RENT.
THE SUBSCRIBER has Two rooms to let over Mr. GRIFFIN'S BRICK STORE, and one over PEGLEY & CROSS' DRUG STORE. For price apply to him at his office over Pegley & Cross.

R. S. WOODS,
Chatham, March 13, 1852. 46-1/2.

POETRY.

The following lines were written by a young clergyman of the Church of England. He is settled in Nova Scotia. On the urgent request of some of his friends, who considered the violin inconsistent with the gravity due to the ministerial office, he gave up his. How reluctantly he did so may be seen by the poem. That a friend so dearly loved should have been sacrificed at the request of any party but conscience, would hardly be contended; and if the writer of these verses was fully convinced that separation was required by duty, he must find a consolation in its remembrance, which we think we should look for in vain under similar circumstances.

A Lament.

AT PARTING WITH MY VIOLIN.
By J. A.
Farewell, my friend, a long farewell!
For we are doomed to part:
Thy mellow tones no more shall wake
Their echoes in my heart;
For there are those who call me still
The harbinger of sin,
And now at length they separate
Me and my Violin.

They value not the tender tones,
The melody or the mild
That many a long and lonely hour
Have oft from me beguiled,
Awakening tender sympathies
Partaking not of sin—
An angel's voice was thine to me
My sweet old Violin.

How often when thy tender cords
Were floating o'er my brain,
Have I heaved departed friends
A long and silent train!
Thy voice had waken'd memories
Deep in the heart within,
That bound me with the silent dead—
Me and my Violin.

How many deep, deep mysteries
Lie hidden in the soul,
Which prove that it is but a part
Of an harmonious whole!
The principle which separates
Must then partake of sin,
But discord never came from thee,
My sweet old Violin.

In this cold selfish world of ours,
How little do we find
Companions to the noble traits
And feelings of the mind!
But music ever calls them forth—
It cannot then be sin—
Then why condemn the humble strains
Of my old Violin.

How often when temptations come
And evil thoughts assail,
Does music prove a remedy
That scarce is known to fail—
Then why shouldst thou be ever called
The harbinger of sin!
It is because they know thee not,
My sweet old Violin!

Thou rend'st inexcusable
Th' excitement of the bowl,
The noxious weed, and many things
Injurious to the soul
We need not pleasures voice without
When music is within;
My wife and family wert thou,
My sweet old Violin!

But now farewell, a long farewell!
"The best of friends must part!"
And every day but tears away
Some tendril from the heart.
Thy voice that called me back
From error and from sin,
Shall never more be waken'd by me,
My sweet old Violin.

(From the Toronto Daily Patriot.)
A PEDAGOGUE IN LOVE!

TORONTO POLICE COURT,
16th July, 1852.
O'SULLIVAN vs. WHITESIDE.

Mr. Collins appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Dempsey for the defendant.
It appears from Mr. Collins' statement, that the defendant, (who is a Widow Lady), employed the plaintiff (who is a schoolmaster), to instruct her children, in the usual branches of a polite education; but by reason of his misconduct and dissipated habits, had to discontinue his services, before the termination of his engagement, and refused to remunerate him for his services, while in her employment.

Mr. Dempsey contended that the plaintiff's misconduct, by presuming to make love to his fair and lovely client, while engaged in the instruction of her children, disentitled him to his salary.

Mr. Collins.—It is the first time I heard that love-making was considered an offence—if lovers were deemed criminals, the largest portion of our countrymen would now be criminals in a Penal Colony, probably Mr. Dempsey among the rest! The fact is, the plaintiff has been very badly treated: he was unceremoniously ejected from the house of the defendant, as also from her affections, without getting the usual notice to quit. It is very true, that when strongly encouraged by the defendant, the plaintiff, like the generality of Irishmen, drafted a declaration of his affections.

Mr. Dempsey.—Yes but my fascinating client, had the good taste to demur to his declaration.

Mr. Gurnett, (the Police Magistrate).—And Mr. Collins's client was non-suited.

Mr. Collins.—Shakespeare has observed, that "the course of true love never did run smooth," and it has been verified in the present instance.

The learned Dominie having entered the Witness box, made a graceful bow to His Worship, which would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield, or to a French Dancing

Master. No pen less gifted than that of a Dicken's or a Lever, could adequately describe the grotesque appearance of the amorous Pedagogue. An ample quantum of butter milk and whiskey, was the distinguishing characteristic of his physiognomy, which bore all the inflammatory appearance of a Lantern in a Light-House! The nasal organ of this "gay Lothario" prominently protruded, and its longitude, threatened to come into hostile collision with his chin! It was gemmed over with a profusion of rubies, which afforded ample evidence, that he sacrificed freely at the shrine of the "Jolly God" at the same time, that his wild and inexhaustible droolery, being sworn and examined, he gave his evidence as follows:

I am a Preceptor by Profession—the defendant agreed to pay me at the rate of £20 a year, with board, washing and lodging, for "teaching the young ideas of her children to shoot." I accordingly magnified their intellects, exalted their ideas, extended their faculties, elevated their minds; and they made such astounding and prodigious progress, under my preceptorship, in Greek and Latin, as to be able to demonstrate, with mathematical precision, the age of the Grecian Helen the day she eloped with the Trojan Paris.

Mr. Gurnett.—You are a very learned man Mr. O'Sullivan!

Witness.—That is not all your Worship. I have also illuminated their sentiments, clarified their brains, irradiated their understandings, and crystallized their conceptions! (roars of laughter); and as for Geometry, I taught them to construct an equilateral triangle on the point of a needle! The fact is, your Worship, my lamented Mother—rest her soul in glory; and may the Heavens be her bed, and the clouds her blankets—told me, that the first day I was ushered into this world of care and trouble, Apollo and the nine Muses descended from Mount Parnassus, and smiled on my cradle, and ever since I have been a genius. (Reverend laughter.) After all this, the defendant told me to compute my cane, or in vulgar phraseology, to cut my stick, and never again to let my ugly phiz be seen within her domicile! And all this too, your Worship, was done at a time when *Lola Montes* could dance an Irish Keel in my pocket, without the slightest fear of stumbling on a bank note, or knocking her toe against an old ten penny bit! You know, your Worships, that the perfidious sex have been doing mischief from the commencement of the world! Eve brought love and misery on mankind—the faithless Helen caused a ten years war, which laid old Troy in ashes—Cleopatra ruined Mark Anthony—and even the Holy Bible tells us, that Herodias's Daughter induced King Herod to behead John the Baptist!

Mr. Gurnett.—It appears, Mr. O'Sullivan, that you entertain a different opinion of the sex, when you were making love to the defendant.

Witness.—Yet! but after pulverising my heart, she jilted and exterminated me! The poet was right when he said—
"Woman! that art fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her!"

(Laughter.)
Cross-examined by Mr. Dempsey.—I never courted Mrs. Whiteside, till I saw she was anxious for the sport herself—sure I would be no Irishman, if I did not reciprocate the celestial feeling. I have a love-token here that she gave me, and a remarkable one it is too. (At this stage of the proceedings, the witness produced a handkerchief, having on one side a representation of a Cardinal Wiseman and *Lola Montes*, walking together at Drury Lane Theatre; while the other side represented Bishop Milne and *Parson Gregory*, dancing a hornpipe, at Donnybrook Fair, for a wager. The production of this strange article in open Court, caused great laughter.) I never refuse to augment the capacity of my pupils in Greek and Latin, but I would not descend so low as to demonstrate vulgar fractions. Oh no! Mr. Dempsey, that would be *infra dig.*, quite beneath me; *paulo majora canamus*. I soar higher. It was not for that I read *Horace* and *Virgil*, *Homer* and *Lucian*. I must support the dignity of my profession, and leave common cyphering to hedge schoolmasters, who are ignorant of the sublime beauties of the Meonian bard. I was never to see drunk, but was a little mellow on St. Patrick's Day. Sure I would be no true Milesian, unless I sprinkled the shamrock with a little of the "mountain dew" on Paddy's own day—every flower and plant requires to be moistened in spring—it promotes vegetation. (Laughter.) Was it not with whiskey St. Patrick banished all the serpents from the country? Everybody—even my countryman, Squire Lewis, at the Sign of the Big-Loak, on King-Street—knows the Saint's mother kept a "shedden" in the County of Tipperary; and all the poets, from *Hesiod* down to *Bobby Burns*, were loud in their laudations of two "barley trees." Tom Moore tells us to
"Fill the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle,
On the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle."

(Loud Laughter.)
Mr. Dempsey having headed witness a letter, asked him if it was not his production? Mr. O'Sullivan having answered in the affirmative, Mr. Dempsey read its contents as follows:

Most adored idol of my Soul;
When I view these lips of thine,
Their ruby hue, invites my fervent nite!

The sparkling brilliancy and fiery lustre to your eyes, have turned my melting heart to a cinder! Your jet black ringlets have bewitched my seven senses! I wish you would throw off that widow's cap, and amancipate your coal-black locks from the bondage of its narrow borders!

How altered you air,
With that close cap you wear,
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free.

Be no longer a churl,
Of your black silk on out,
But that banner unfurl,
Och! how! Widow Machree.

Most peerless divinity of my inmost heart, whose beauty super-exceeds the *June's* and *Dido's*, the *Helen's* and *Venus's* of antiquity, in the same geometrical proportion as the moon out-splendours the minor constellations, take pity on me, and allow me to ease my bleeding heart, by reclining on your snow white bosom. 'Tis true, my head is bleached with the frost of fifty winters, but *Cupid* has kindled such a fire in my heart, that, like *Mount Etna*, whose top is constantly covered with snow, at the same time that it discharges burning lava from its centre, so my poor heart, red as the cinders from the bowels of *Hecla*, is now sending forth its heaving sighs, to pay the homage of my white locks to those charming black curls of thine.

I have the super-addling joy to subscribe myself, your burning-hearted worshipping lover,
PATRIC MCCARTHY O'SULLIVAN,
(Roars of Laughter.)

Mr. Dempsey.—Are you not ashamed for having written such an insulting letter to the mother of your pupils?

Witness.—No! What should I be ashamed of? I can truly say, with my poetical friend, *Horace*—
Vixi super idoneis puellis,
Et malitiam non sine gloria,
Et bravely fought as the champion of beauty.

Here the witness turned to the Bench, made three most obsequious bows, and retired from the box, amid roars of laughter.

Mr. Dempsey.—I am prepared to prove, your Worships, by the testimony of the Defendant's servants, that the Plaintiff was repeatedly drunk while engaged in teaching Mrs. Whiteside's children, and otherwise misconducted himself in such a manner as to disentitle him to his salary.

Court.—Very well Mr. Dempsey. Bring forward your witness.

Kitty Doherty, sworn and examined by Mr. Dempsey. I am living in the service of Mrs. Whiteside. I know Paddy O'Sullivan the Schoolmaster, and shure good right I have! Many's the time I had a scalded heart from him, striving to put him to bed when he was drunk. If the big bay furnace the City there was whiskey, Paddy would drain it in a week. (Laughter.) On Patrick's Day, he went to Polly Kelly's shoeless shop, at the corner of Nelson Street, where he got lots of native from Polly, as he lets on to be curtin her. Paddy was drunk all the live long day, St. Patrick's Day, and for two days after. The Mistress sent me and Biddy Burke to Polly Kelly's, to bring him home. We found him stretched along the side of the hearth dead drunk, with the side of his hat and one of his whiskers burned clean off; and he was snoring so loud that you'd think it was *Tim Canty* the luntzman, who had come over from ould Iceland, and was blowing the horn to gather the hoards. (Roars of Laughter.)

Mr. Dempsey. Did you assist in his revenge?

Witness. Yes we put him in a wheelbarrow, but he was mighty cross intirely; he kicked at us and cursed very badly; so that I was obliged to leave Biddy Burke with him, to keep him engaged, while I whipped out to the back yard, and made a *seaguan*, to tie him to the wheelbarrow. When I got back Biddy got her shawl and fastened one of his hands with it; I tied the other with Polly Kelly's garter, and we rolled the sot home to the Mistress's in the dead of the night, in that way. When we got home, he was as a sheet and as cold as a stone. The Mistress thought he was dying and sent off for Doctor King. When the Doctor cum he put some long pipe down his throat, and then the whiskey came galloping up for all the world like the pump in the yard. He used to be always troubling the Mistress with talk, and vexing her with love letters. One day he asked her to let him kindle his *doodeen* with the fire of her eyes.

Cross-Examined by Mr. Collins. "Tisn't that I say it myself, I came of a decent stock of people—my grandfather was cousin *Garin* to ould Father *Tim Lotus*, Parish Priest of *Doonbeg*; and from my mother's side, who came across the broad Shannon from *Kerry*, there was an O'Sullivan or an O'Connell, from *Talice* to *Derrylane*, that were not her blood relations. You would like to look at my mother, your Worship, when she was dressed off on a Sunday, going to *Bawnogue Chapel*. She wore a speck and span new gown with five flounces to it; a muslin cap with four dainty borders to it; a pair of elegant calskin pumps which she never soiled till she got within half a mile of the chapel; and her arms were purtier than any *Indian's* face, the sun had polished them nicely. That dirty Attorney who wanted to throw a slur on my karacter, what had his mother, the dirty mouthed dog? she had't as much laffity in her cap as would make a breeches for the knave of spades. (Laughter.) Me father too, he was the largest and finest looking man in the parish; he was six feet six inches without stockings; and if he only had a pair, he would be half an inch higher; his shoulders were so broad that *Murty Delaney*, the lame tailor, and *Poll Kelly*, could dance a *munee* jig on them, and leave room for the *Bilder*. (Laughter.) The Attorney need't think my Mistress would marry either him or his old schoolmaster. I won't answer any more of his ugly questions.

Mr. Collins. I won't ask the witness any more questions—she is a regular turtur, who has brass enough in her face to make a knock-er for a hall door. I thank my stars that I have been saved from matrimony, and with it the violent tongue of the opposite sex.

The Magistrate dismissed the complaint, by reason of the Plaintiff's misconduct. Poor Dominie left the Court much crest fallen, and vowing eternal vengeance against woman kind in general.

Extraordinary Cheese Mill.

Willy, whenever he comes along, is sure to be found in possession of some good thing. His last is an extensive cheese manufacturer, and its extent may be judged from the following conversation:

"Two men were seated at a table, in Nash ville, drinking ale and eating crackers and cheese; their conversation at length turned upon large cheeses.

"That was a very large cheese presented to Andrew Jackson."

"Yes, it weighed nine hundred pounds and upwards," answered the other.

A young gentleman, who was sitting reading a paper in the same room, inquired,

"How much did you say, sir?"

"Nine hundred and upwards," answered the other.

"That is about half as large as some my father makes in this country," was the young man's reply; "this cheese generally average two thousand pounds."

"Two thousand pounds!" exclaimed the two strangers in perfect astonishment. "Why how does he manage a dairy capable of making such an enormous cheese?" inquired both, simultaneously.

"Very easily," replied the young man—"He has an extensive trough, leading down the side of a large hill in his place, and half way down there is an immense vat; the cows are milked in the trough, and the milk runs into this reservoir about midway, on the side of the hill."

Leaving the strangers to digest his description, the young man coolly laid down his paper and walked off. Presently the landlord stepped in.

"Do you know that young man that left this room a few minutes since?" inquired one of the strangers.

"Yes," said the landlord; "he is the son of a dairy owner in this country."

"What is his character for truth and veracity?" inquired the stranger.

"I never heard it doubted," replied the landlord.

"My reason for asking," says the stranger, "is that he has been telling us that his father manufactures cheese at his dairy in this country, which average two thousand pounds."

"I don't know anything about the weight of the cheese," answered the landlord, "but I know that his old man runs at the bottom of the hill, on his place, two saw mills, which are driven the whole year round by the whey which runs from his cheese press!"

"Will you be so kind as to order up our horse?" quietly remarked the traveller.

The Cow Dairy Husbandry and Cattle Breeding.—By M. M. Milburn, Author of *Prize Essays of the Royal Agricultural Society*. London, Orr & Co. This is one of the admirable series known as "Richardson's Rural Handbooks." The various kinds of milk-producing and fat-producing breeds of cattle are described, and the important subject of dairy management, as practised in various localities in this country and abroad, is detailed, evidently by a practical hand. Altogether, a mass of information is brought before the reader which might even be looked for in vain in works of a more pretending character. We extract.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY SYSTEM.

"In this district, celebrated for its *double Gloucester* cheese, the practice is not so entirely dissimilar to the *Dunlop* and *Cheshire* modes, as to require a very minute detail. They weigh usually about twenty-two pounds each, are a rich and useful cheese. The single Gloucester, or one half new milk, and one half blue or skimmed, are disappearing from public approbation. The milk fresh from the cows is taken and mixed at once with the rennet and anatto, and left for an hour covered up to prevent the escape of the heat, which is maintained, so far as it can be, at the same degree as in *Cheshire*, and the curd is broken by a knife with three blades, or a sieve made of wire. The whey is taken out with a wooden dish, and is placed in the vat, over which a linen cloth is spread. Into this cloth the curd is put, and pressed with the hands until it will bear the cover of the vat, which is then placed upon it, and loaded with a weight, or it is placed in the cheese press. The curd is then torn in pieces by a curd mill, and again placed with a clean cloth in the vat, and pressed. In four or five days the curd is thoroughly deprived of the whey, and is taken to undergo the process of drying. No salt is mixed with the curd, but it is rubbed upon the exterior of the cheese, some twelve to twenty hours after it has been put in the press. It is rubbed in with the hand, so long as the curd appears to absorb it; and the cheese is again transferred to the press. This takes place three times each day, and the quantity of salt allowed for waste, which a cheese of twenty-two pounds will absorb, will be about ten ounces. When taken from the cloth, they are wiped and laid to dry, in the ordinary manner, being frequently turned. When intended for sale in London, they are scraped and painted. A coat of red colouring matter, dissolved in ale, is used, which is rubbed on the cheese with flannel. Of course this has no beneficial tendency."

A boy at the age of ten years was sent to school for the first time. The teacher, to test his information asked, "Who made you?" The boy could not answer. The teacher told him the proper answer and desired the boy to remember it. Some hours after, the teacher repeated the question. The boy rubbed his hand in great agony, and at length answered, "Iswow! I've forgot the gentleman's name."

All the Spaniards want in this world is sunshine and garlic. Out of every hundred men you meet when Madrid, 95 are leaning against posts, while the other five are "sitting" their breath by chewing one of the most disagreeable condiments that has been discovered since skunks were invented.