

## THE CITIZEN'S VISION.

The citizen sat by his parlor coal fire;  
Wild was the night, but he piled the higher,  
And he looked at his wife, and his heart beat with joy,  
And he felt it overflow as he looked at his boy—  
And the citizen's heart beat with joy.

And, 'Oh!' thought the citizen, 'how I am blessed!  
Loved by my wife—by my child I'm caressed;  
Ah, could I but draw back the curtain and see  
All that must happen to mine and to me!  
And the citizen wished he might see.

His chair it was easy, his fire it was bright,  
And 'twas all the more cheerful that wild was the night;  
And the citizen slept, and he dreamed a dream,  
And the curtain was drawn by the Hand Supreme,  
As the citizen dreamed a dream.

He saw his own form lying pallid and cold,  
And the church was lit up, and the bell it was tolled,  
As into the chancel they lowered the dead,  
While the hymn it was chanted, the prayer it was read,  
And the citizen knew he was dead.

A dark panorama then seemed to out-roll,  
And he saw the dear ones whom he loved like his soul,  
Meeting first with indifference, next with cold scorn,  
Till they wished in their hearts they had never been born,  
And he saw his dear ones meet with scorn.

And then came dependence, and then biting want,  
And their lodging was cheerless, their clothing was scant;  
And with weeping, and praying, and sewing for bread,  
The eyes of the mother were swollen and red—  
Praying for 'daily bread.'

'Mamma,' said the boy, 'are you going away?'  
'Yes, my dear child—I go after the pay  
For the work which has kept me busy so long;  
And she even was happy, and hummed an old song!  
Poverty humming a song!

As she hurried along at the edge of the night,  
Avoiding the streets where the gas burned bright,  
The tempest played pranks with her thin summer shawl,  
(Of her elegant wardrobe, this was all—  
A faded, thin, silk, summer shawl.)

With a tear in her eye, but a smile on her face,  
With sorrow, yet gladness, she entered the place,  
For she'd written a list of the things she would buy  
With the little proceeds of her industry—  
Of the coal, food and clothing she'd buy.

As she gave her employer her bundle of work,  
She saw 'neath his eyebrows the evil one lurk;  
But she thought she was safe in the depth of her woe—  
No gulf yawned beneath one already so low—  
She was safe in the depth of her woe.

'Do you think I will pay you?' he scornfully said,  
As he slowly examined each stitch and each thread;  
And then, rudely pulling, he tore down a seam,  
She sank on the floor, as she uttered a scream—  
And the citizen woke from his dream.

Thank Heaven! 'twas a dream—his loved ones were there  
And he sits by his fire in his easy arm chair;  
Yet he fears, after all, it is but a reprieve,  
And, spite of his senses, he cannot believe  
It is anything but a reprieve.

And now, as the citizen walks in the street,  
If a feeble old woman he chances to meet,  
He relieves the distress of somebody's wife,  
For he thinks of his dream and the shortness of life,  
And says, 'She was somebody's wife.' II. II.

## Medicine a Humbug.

'The Science of Medicine,' says the Water Cure Journal, is thus dissected by one of its professors. The following is a remarkably interesting letter from an American medical student in Paris. This writer says that he once heard Magendie, the celebrated French physician and physiologist, open a lecture somewhat in the following words: 'Gentlemen: Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science, indeed! It is nothing like a science. Doctors are mere empirics when they are not charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine?

Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it.

Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the medical school; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, such another materia medica—*Ek beint el apres?* What's known about all that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier (God knows it was famous enough in its day!) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the doctors educated there knew just as much, and were quite as successful as any others.

I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog; that's something; we can alleviate diabetes, and see distinctly we are fast approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as well as any disease.

'We are collecting facts in the right spirit; and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our professors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as medical science. Who can tell how to cure the headache? or the gout? or diseases of the heart? Nobody.

Oh! you tell me the doctors cure people. I grant you people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, nature does a great deal. Imagination does a great deal. Doctors do—devilish little—when they don't do harm.

Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I

was the head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some 3,000 or 4,000 passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one I followed the dispensary, and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it, and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal; they would feel they were neglected (sick people always feel neglected, unless they are well drugged—les imbeciles!) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was a little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary.

This is pretty plain speaking for a doctor.

## Origin 'Seeing the Elephant.'

Some years since, at one of the Philadelphia theatres, a pageant was in rehearsal, in which it was necessary to have an elephant. No elephant was to be had. The 'wild beasts,' were all traveling, and the property man, stage director, and managers almost had fits when they thought of it.

Days passed in the hopeless task of trying to secure one; but at last Yankee ingenuity triumphed, as indeed it always does, and an elephant was made to order, of wood, skins, paint and varnish. Thus far the matter was all very well; but as yet, they found no means to make said combination travel.

Here again the genius of the managers, the stage director and property man stuck out, and two 'broths' were duly installed as legs. Ned C—, one of the true genuine 'b'hoys,' held the station of fore legs, and for several nights he played that heavy part to the entire satisfaction of the managers and audience.

The part, however, was a very tedious one, as the elephant was obliged to be on the stage about an hour, and Ned was rather too fond of the bottle to remain so long without 'wetting his whistle,' so he set his wit to work to find a way to carry a wee drop with him.

The eyes of the elephant being made of two porter bottles, with necks in, Ned conceived the brilliant idea of filling them with good stuff. This he fully carried out; and elated with success, he willingly undertook to play fore legs again.

Night came on—the theatre was densely crowded with the denizens of the Quaker city—the music was played in the sweetest strains—the curtain rose and the play began. Ned the 'hind legs,' marched upon the stage. The elephant was greeted with round upon round of applause. The decorations and the trapping were gorgeous. The elephant and the prince seated upon his back, were loudly cheered.

The play proceeded; the elephant was marched round and round upon the stage. The fore legs got dry, withdrew one of the earks and treated the hind legs, and drank the health of the audience in a bumper of genuine Elephant eye whisky, a brand, by the way, till then unknown. On went the play and on went Ned drinking. The conclusion march was to be made—the signal was given, and fore legs staggered towards the front of the stage.

The conductor pulled the ears of the elephant to the right—the fore legs staggered to the left. The foot lights obstructed the way, and he raised his foot and stepped plump into the orchestra! Down went the forelegs on to the leader's fiddle—over, of course, turned the elephant, sending the prince and hind legs into the middle of the pit.

The managers stood horror struck—the prince and the hind legs lay confounded—the boxes in convulsions, the actors choking with laughter, and poor Ned, casting one look, a strange blending of drunkenness, grief and laughter at the scene, fled hastily out of the theatre, closely followed by the leader with the wreck of his fiddle performing various cut and thrust motions in the air.

The curtain dropped on a scene behind scenes. No more pageant—no more fore legs—pit, boxes and gallery, rushed from the theatre shrieking between every breath.—[Have you seen the elephant?]

CALIFORNIA.—We have felt sad in perusing our morning papers of to-day to see such an increased record of crime, and now we ask you, sage and most sagacious politicians, how do you account for the increase? You cannot tell. We knew as much. Of such men as the mass of you selected in this State, whom they take as their politicians, it may be truly said, 'you are genuine Know Nothings'—(we mean in the literal sense.) Its legislators are no better, and its magistrates, state committees, jailors, &c., have been little less than than thieves.

From the constable to the nominee for Congressional honors, from the Senator to the Governor, they have prostituted their trust. This is the kind of crew which has ruled California, and now we are reaping the harvest of just such planting, and it serves us right.

We have no particular wish to be severe, but we do think that the full grown human is but little better than the boy, and that a birching often humbles him, and brings him down to a sensible consideration of his responsibility to society and his fellow man. Some men have been properly castigated in this country, but they are few in comparison to those who deserve it.

We ask our fellow citizens to take for instance the banking interest—many of those engaged in it have been more or less the worst of gamblers. The poor miner,—we say in one sense poor, though he may have gained some dust, but poor in his knowledge of human nature—he has thought that if he deposited his hard earned wealth in the iron safe of a banker, it was safe indeed, but who among them has yet got one dollar out of

Page, Bacon & Co., Adams & Co., Dr. Robinson, or old Wright?

Not one of them has got a dollar, and the legal gentlemen who manage those affairs at the Bay, as well as the courts before which they practice, intend to keep it in the courts until they eat up all the funds, and then they will come to a decision, whereupon the miserable client will get his shell, and his legal friend will take the oyster.—Such has been the administration of civil law in this State, and criminal law has even been worse. Common gamblers and most debased villains have been our most popular men, harlots our admired women, thieves our officials, and yet we complain that the stream of political and official life has become tainted and corrupted.

What else could be expected? Judges have divorced women that they might debauch them—they have acquitted gamblers because they played at their tables, they have liberated thieves because those thieves knew stories pregnant with wrong and crime against themselves—they have sold their judgment to those who could pay the most—from the U. S. Senator to the constable they have aimed to stuff ballot boxes, cheat the people, collect taxes from them to pay themselves for the successful robbery,—and now, because they have sent away some of the most unblushing, honest rogues of the gang, they think they have wrought a reformation.

Why, in our opinion, they have not yet got hold of the tail of the 'varmint.' Col. Doane, as daguerreotypist, is a very stout looking man, and may be a pretty good commander, but if he can trap all the San Francisco and California thieves which swarm through this country, he will accomplish an immense work, and we advise him in this good work to commence high and work down.—[The Sacramento Age, Sep. 15.]

ARRIVAL.—We were somewhat surprised on Thursday by the unexpected appearance in our office of Elder Addison Pratt, who arrived here on the Emma Packer from the Society Islands, after a passage of forty-one days. Elder Pratt, it will be remembered, was appointed by the conference of the church held in San Bernardino last April, to take a mission to the Society Islands. He immediately made the necessary arrangements and started for those lands, leaving this port on the 24th of April. No sooner had he arrived at Tahiti than he found himself restricted in his operations by the oppressive enactments of the French protectorate over that and the adjacent groups, and without the liberty to preach to the natives on that island, Tubuai, or any of the islands upon which he had formerly labored. Two chiefs, one from the island of Ana and the other from Taroo, hearing that he was at Tahiti, came down for the purpose of taking him back with them, and went to the Governor to get his permission, as they had understood that toleration had been extended; but when they informed his interpreter of their wish, they were driven from his presence with imprecations and violent language, and told that br. Pratt had done all the preaching that he would be permitted to do there, and that he should not leave Tahiti for any other island with such object. Finding that every effort to obtain the privilege of ministering unto the people, was unavailing, and an opportunity of returning off ring, Elder P. deemed it wisdom to return.

This intolerant and illiberal course has also been pursued towards the English Protestant missionaries; they are not permitted to preach to the natives and the majority of them consequently have left. One of their number, (Mr. Howe) who is preaching to the whites in Tahiti, published a small catechism, in the native language, to some of the ideas of which the Catholic dignitaries took exception, as, in their opinion, they were derogatory to Catholicism. Suits against this gentleman were instituted, and after several trials, he was fined, and his books condemned to be burned!

Elder Pratt informs us that Elder Alvarus Hanks, who left Great Salt Lake City for those islands, and who has been laboring there since 1850, is diligently and successfully attending to the duties of his ministry on the islands of the Paumotu or chain group. He has baptized nearly all the inhabitants of one island, and large numbers on the other islands. Being some distance from Tahiti, he has succeeded in prosecuting his labors without attracting much attention. There is a very general desire among the natives to leave their sunny home and emigrate to Zion, which has doubtless been increased by the tyrannical conduct of their French masters.—[Western Standard, Oct 4.]

THE MERCHANT AND THE QUAKER.—A merchant had a dispute with a Quaker, respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated; using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error, but the latter was inflexible.

Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and enquired of the servant if his master was at home.—The merchant, hearing the enquiry and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs—'Tell that rascal I'm not at home.'

The Quaker, looking towards him, calmly said, 'Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind.'

The merchant, struck with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced the Quaker was right, and he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said,

'I have one question to ask you; how were you able, with such patience on various occasions, to bear my abuse?'

'Friend,' replied the Quaker, 'I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was a sin, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a

passion always speak loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice, I should suppress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule, I have with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper.'

The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may be, was benefited by the example.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—The art of taking pictures on paper was discovered about the same time as ambrototyping, and the same difficulty as to whom the credit of the invention justly belongs, exists in common with the other art. The two are linked together, as paper pictures cannot be taken without the aid of ambrotypes. The same process is gone through with the glass plate as in forming ambrotypes, except that there is a slight alteration in the nitrate of silver and the negative baths, which last is only used in photography instead of ambrototyping, as we erroneously stated yesterday, and there is also an alteration in making the developing solution. The paper used by photographers generally is Canson's positive or salted paper, although there is a paper made expressly for the purpose, which is not ready prepared, but may be salted or albumenized by the operator, who would use in such a case a solution of murate of ammonia and distilled water, in which the paper would be left two minutes. But supposing the paper salted, we will go on to the operation of taking the picture. The prepared paper is now placed in a bath of nitrate of silver and distilled water for five minutes, when it is taken out and dried hastily before a fire. It must now be kept from the daylight, or else it will turn black and be unfit for use. It is now called 'excited paper.' After becoming dry, the paper is placed on the magnetic glass picture, which has been coated with a very fine varnish made for this purpose, to prevent the impression on the glass from being rubbed off, and then put in a pressure frame made of glass and wood, the back of which is covered with thick felt, so as not to allow the light to enter at that point, and then exposed to the direct rays of the sun, which prints the picture on the paper. When sufficiently printed, which generally occupies from 1½ to 2 minutes, the photograph is removed and plunged in a coloring bath composed of hyposulphate of soda, chloride of gold, chloride of silver and clean water. It is kept in this bath from 15 minutes to six hours, and then placed for 15 minutes in what is termed the 'fixing bath,' of clean water and hydrosulphate of soda, which makes the picture indelible. After this it is left in a clean water bath for 10 or 12 hours, then removed and dried. It is then colored and finished.—Sac. Age.

MESQUITE TREE.—We are permitted, says the Pacific, of September 11th, to make the following extract from the notes of the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, who has recently visited Los Angeles:—

'We here saw a Mesquite tree, about nine feet high and ten across. It is a beautiful tree, producing a plentiful supply of beans, which, among the inhabitants of Mexico, are used for fattening cattle, and when pounded, they produce a fair article of flour for bread. No tree is more valuable in the desert, nor does anything surpass it as an ornamental tree.

It is also very valuable as a hedge plant. It is important that its worth for cattle feed and hedging, as well as for ornamental purposes, should be faithfully tried in the upper part of the State. If it can stand the cold, it will be found very hardy in every other respect. It grows on almost any soil without water. This and the cottonwood are the only varieties of wood found in the Colorado country. The tree is of the Accacia species, having the appearance of an inverted bowl, that is, it is semi-spherical.

The foliage, very thick evergreen. Its palmate or fern-like leaf has from five to twelve leaflets on each side of the axle. The branches shoot out low down like those of a neglected scrub apple tree, armed with hard sharp thorns. One variety bears a screw shaped bean, the other one resembles the common string bean.

The tree grows about twenty-five feet high, seldom higher. The gum is excellent for medical purposes, and for pasting is equal to gum arabic, which it resembles. The gum exudes from all parts of the bark quite plentifully. An Indian will collect a double handful in half an hour.'

EXERCISE IN OPEN AIR.—From Hartstene's expedition to the Polar Sea, we extract the following additional proof of the wisdom of the doctors:—[Boston Statesman.]

'Nature has qualified man to breathe an atmosphere 120 degrees above zero, or 50 below it, a difference of 180 degrees; without injury to health; and the doctrines of physicians that great and sudden changes of temperature are injurious to health, is disproved by recorded facts.

There are very few Arctic navigators who die in the Arctic zone; it is the most healthy climate on the globe to those who breathe the open air.

We have among our associate observers and records, the changes of temperature in Australia, where the temperature rose at 115 at 3 o'clock, p.m., and next morning at five o'clock was down to forty degrees—a change of seventy-five degrees in fourteen hours.

There the people are healthy—and another at Franconia, N. H., where the changes are the most sudden, the most frequent, and of the greatest extent of any place with which I am in correspondence on the American continent, and yet there is no town of its size that has so great a population of its inhabitants who pass the age of three score years and ten.

It is the quality of the changed air that constitutes the difference that physicians notice, and not the temperature.'