

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Justice for our Country.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the "Star of the North."  
MOURN NOT WHEN I'M DEAD.

Mourn not when I'm dead,  
But plant o'er my spirit's grave  
A tree that in summer will bloom;  
If ye come where I lie,  
For the dead ye may sigh,  
But shed ye no tears o'er my tomb.

When my body ye lay  
'Neath the cold heavy clay,  
Sing a hymn in a low, mournful tone,  
Softly lay me to rest;  
Place the sods on my breast,  
And leave me to slumber alone.

Then when I am dead,  
Weep not o'er my bed,  
But rejoice that my spirit has flown;  
And believe I'm at rest,  
In the land of the blest,  
Where sorrow and tears are unknown.

Oh! welcome the grave,  
Since the Lord Jesus gave  
His life as a ransom for ours:  
His love will us cheer  
Through Death's valley so dear,  
And strewn the tomb sweetly with flow'rs  
LILLIAN.

Henlock, Col. Co., Pa.

## Life Among the Mormons.

We stated last week that we had received a long letter from a person named Parrot, residing in Bristol, in which he detailed his experience among the Mormons, which we had had left with the greatest disgust. This person's statement, the accuracy for which is vouched for by the Rev. J. B. Clifford, is to the effect that some time since he became entangled in the meshes of Mormonism through the influence of a "leader," a most pleasing and fascinating man, who introduced the subject to him; and he was led to join a church which met at Milk Street. For a time he was perfectly enchanted with the system, and with his wife and children was preparing to leave his home and take his departure for the settlement on the Salt Lake. At first he observed the strictest sanctity in their public services and movements, but after a while their real character began to develop itself, as he says "in the most Satanic manner." After honestly watching their private and public actions, and carefully observing their principles, and having been, by the priest, favored "to attend one of their secret council meetings held every Monday night, when they secretly concoct their hellish and diabolical purposes to entrap the innocent," he determined to withdraw from them, and on the 18th of March last he wrote a note to the pastor requesting to be excluded from the "church." For this course of conduct he was publicly anathematized in the following language:—"May his eyes sink in his sockets; his flesh rot and fall from his bones; may he wish to die, but be not able; may his right arm wither; may he beg his bread, but none be given to him." Mr. Parrot states that Brigham Young, the present head of the Mormons, has now about twenty women whom he denominates as his wives, besides the keeping of the wives of the missionaries while they are away on missions for five and seven years together, and he instances the case of an "elder" or "priest," who has just been removed from Cheltenham for having seduced twenty young women. The Mormons now number, in officers, as follows: 3 presidents, 7 apostles, 2086 seventies, 715 high priests, 514 ordinary priests, 471 teachers, 227 deacons, 331 missionaries, altogether 4345 trained officers or black epistles, ready for anything their leader, Brigham Young, has for them to do." Mr. Parrot states in conclusion that the real object of the American Mormon leaders called priests, in their mission to the United Kingdom, is, under the mask of religion, to recruit men, women and children, for the purpose of raising an army to carry the Book of Mormon by the sword and fire into the present peaceful States of America, of which army Brigham Young, like a second Mahomet, is to be the king. The men, on leaving England, are expected to provide themselves with a six-barrelled revolver, a Minie rifle, a sword and a large knife, under the pretext of killing buffalo, while the women are taught to make bullets, &c. The Mormons intend to call to their aid the neighboring unaffected powerful tribes of Indians around Utah to assist them in deluging the States in rivers of blood.—*Bristol (Eng.) Times.*

**ASTRONOMICAL.**—That the light of the stars proceeds from self-luminous bodies, is proved both by its intensity and by direct experiments in polarization; and that these bodies are composed of matter like that of which our sun is composed, is shown by its obeying the same law of gravitation, as is especially proved by the binary stars, which revolve about a common centre of gravity in conformity with that law; that many of them at least, are bodies of immense size, is evinced by the amount of light which, at such a vast distance, they send to the earth. The planet Sirius is asserted on the highest authority to emit as much light as 63 suns like ours.

## THE GERMANS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY THE REV. E. W. HUTTER.

So deeply is the State of Pennsylvania indebted for her prosperity to the German portion of her citizens, that we feel that an article devoted to them will not be out of place in this meridian, where they comprise so large a part of the population. The German character once employed the pen of the learned and enlightened Tacitus, one of the first historians of antiquity. They evidently inherit all the virtues ascribed by this author to their ancestors, with few of their vices, which Christianity has in a great measure banished from among them. These ancestors migrated chiefly from the Palatinate, from Alsace, Swabia, Saxony, and Switzerland, with an admixture of natives of every principality and dukedom in Germany.—When we reflect, at this day, that the stock of most of these bold pioneers in the settlement of Pennsylvania, consisted only of a few pieces of gold or silver coin, a chest of clothing, a Bible, and a Psalter, and that now their descendants are scattered nearly over the whole West, and own the most immense possessions, we are forcibly struck with the miraculous changes wrought in the progress of time by an Overruling and Divine Hand. If it were possible to determine the relative proportions of these sums, the contrast would form such a monument of human industry and economy as has seldom been witnessed in any age or country on the face of the earth.

The principal part of the Germans of Pennsylvania are Farmers—hardy and industrious tillers of the soil—the most noble of all the secular occupations which can engage the attention of man. More skilful cultivators of the earth, too, we hazard nothing in saying, can be found nowhere in this country, or any other, between the rising and setting of the sun.

The Germans set a great value upon paternal property. This useful principle in human nature prevents much folly and vice in young people. It moreover leads to lasting and extensive advantages in the improvement of a farm; for what inducement can be stronger in a parent to plant an orchard, to preserve forest trees, or to build a commodious and durable house, than the idea, that they will be possessed by a succession of generations, who shall inherit his blood and name.

What strikes a traveler through our German counties most forcibly, is their mammoth herds, called in their own language "Schweizer Schener. Ineed, it is their invariable custom, in settling a new tract of land, first to provide large and suitable accommodations for their horses and cattle, before they expend much money in building a house for themselves. No feature in their character speaks so loudly in behalf of their industry, as this willingness to suffer discomfort themselves rather than impose it on the dumb and uncomplaining beasts. They believe with King Solomon, that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." But from this let it not be inferred, that their dwellings are deficient in the comforts of life. The reverse is "on the fat of the land," and none boasts of so many and such substantial domestic enjoyments.

Another fact, which never fails to rivet the attention of a stranger, is the extraordinary size and strength of their horses. A German horse is known in every part of the State. He seems to "feel with his lord" the pleasure and pride of good and bountiful living. It is a well established fact, that the German horses of Pennsylvania perform double the amount of labor of the New England or Southern breed, from the fact that they are more plentifully fed. For the same reason, their cows yield double the quantity of milk, and of a quality vastly superior.

In a word a German farm can be distinguished from the farms of the other citizens, by the superior size of their barns—the plain but compact construction of their dwellings—the height of their enclosures—the extent of their orchards—the fertility of their fields, the luxuriance of their meadows—the giant strength of their cattle—and by a general appearance of plenty and prosperity in all that belongs to them.

ability to declare: "This house is my own." of a numerous population, indeed, with the art of civilization to enable them to occupy the chosen land. For our own sake, I should not like to see an importation of Coolies, because not a desirable population; but to the poor creatures whose lives are now sacrificed by tens of thousands in China, to escape the torture and death to which they are at present subjected, servitude would be a blessing.

The want of a rule in the Senate, such as that proposed by Mr. Stuart, of Virginia, since the affair of Sumner, has become absolutely necessary, unless personal insults or offensive reflections on the States represented, are hereafter to be resented like other insults in other places. We are told of the clause in the Constitution, that members are not elsewhere responsible for words used in the freedom of debate, that is, in the Senate. I am not legally responsible for calling a man a liar in the street; but I should be a very mean fellow if I did not knock him down for doing so. One of the severest things said in the Senate lately, was by Gen. Mason, of Virginia—severe because just—"that liberties of speech had been taken on that floor, which no gentleman would dare to take elsewhere." Certainly a gentleman would never use language to another's face under shelter of impunity, which he would not use to his face in another place. In my estimation nothing can be more cowardly, especially if spoken when the party was not present to resent it. I am no friend to dueling, but cannot deny that it has its use in promoting good manners. I regard the Senators, especially as the ambassadors of sovereign States and bound by their relations to each other, to behave with the utmost respect and courtesy, much less to trample out of the way to seek opportunities for insult and crimination, with respect to each other, or the sovereignties they represent. How long would the recent treaty convention at Paris have continued if one of the Plenipotentiaries had undertaken to assail the despotism and serfdom of Russia? Count Oloff might perhaps, from a sense of what is due to his associates have sustained himself at the moment; but we cannot doubt that he would have held the speaker personally responsible for the insult. There is, it must be admitted, a wide difference in point of sensitiveness between the South and the North on these subjects. In the one case words are things—in the other, words are only words. This cannot be better exemplified than by an anecdote I have heard of a dispute between a Southerner and a Yankee New Yorker.—

"You're sir," said the Yankee. "On this the Southerner knocked him down. "Why, Mister," said the other, "that's queer—up in New York we'd argy that pint."

H. M. BRECKENRIDGE.

**ABOUT LUCK.**

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent Lecture, says—  
I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret about what is called good luck.—There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in poverty to a wretched old age the misfortune of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others.

One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he killed away his time fishing when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetual burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employees to leave him.—Another with a lucrative business lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed the bottle. Another who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments: he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing and by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men—and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard working man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a latter-demonium creeping out of a groggery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown kicked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a slogger, a knave or a tippler.

**COMMON SENSE ON SLAVERY.**

H. M. Breckenridge publishes a communication in the Pittsburgh Union upon the subject of Sumner and slavery, from which we make the following extracts:—  
I will here put a question to every candid man, and I will defy him to give an answer, that will place any one State of the Union on a higher ground than any other on this subject of the slave trade. It is clear, that it was left in the power of each State to prohibit the slave trade within its own limits.—And was this done, by any one, or all of them? We know in point of fact, that Massachusetts and Rhode Island, especially the latter, were actively and lucratively engaged in the slave trade down to 1808 and after that time, and that immense sums were realized, now forming a large portion of their capital. The difference is, that while the South has retained the slaves, who from barbarous Africans, have become comparatively civilized and humanized, daily better fitted for freedom, liberated almost as fast as they are fitted to be so—and at the same time, while the culture of cotton, constituting the basis of our commercial greatness—the capital of the North, in part derived from the same source, is equally well employed in trade and manufactures. The difference is that the South has the negroes and the North the price. In my opinion, those who cry out and abuse either section of the Union, on account of slavery, and the fruits of slavery, are alike short sighted rebels against the all-wise dispensations of the Almighty. It has hitherto been, and will continue in future to be, the means of advancing the condition of the black race, who will owe their freedom and their fitness for it to slavery among a humane and christian people. The true point of a view is to compare the present condition of Africa and the condition of those who were brought here in slavery, with the present condition of their descendants: A greater number are at this day in the enjoyment of freedom, as civilized and christian men, than the whole number imported during the continuance of the trade. There is an enlarged philosophical humanity, as well as a short sighted one. The bondage of the Israelites in Egypt, was wisely ordained. It was necessary to the formation

of a numerous population, indeed, with the art of civilization to enable them to occupy the chosen land. For our own sake, I should not like to see an importation of Coolies, because not a desirable population; but to the poor creatures whose lives are now sacrificed by tens of thousands in China, to escape the torture and death to which they are at present subjected, servitude would be a blessing.

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## A Wife in Ecstasy and a Husband in Fidgets.

The deed is accomplished. My wife has got a piano, and now farewell to content and the evening papers, and the big cigars that make ambition virtue—oh, farewell!—And oh, ye mortal engines, whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit! But stop, I can't bid them farewell, for one of them has just come. It came on a daisy. Six men carried it into the parlor, and they grunted and arried it. It weighed a ton and shined like a mirror, and has carved Cupids climbing up its legs. And such long—whew! My wife has commenced to practice, and the first time she touched the machine I thought we were in the midst of a thunderstorm, and the lightning had struck the crockery chest. The cat, with tail erect, took a bee line for a particular friend upon the fence, demolishing a six shilling pane of glass. The baby awoke; the little fellow tried his best to beat the instrument, but he didn't do it—he beat him.

A teacher has been introduced into the house. He says he is the last of Napoleon's grand army. He wears a huge mustache, looks at me fiercely, smells of garlic, and goes by the name of Count Run away-and-never-come-back-again. He played Extract de Opera the other night. He runs his fingers through his hair twice, then grins, then cocks his eyes up to the ceiling like a monkey hunting flies, then down came one of his fingers, and I heard a delightful sound, similar to that produced by a cockroach upon the tenor string of a fiddle. Down came another, and I was reminded of the wind whistling through a knot hole in a hen-coop. He touched his thumb and I thought I was in a peach orchard listening to the braying of a jackass. Now he runs his fingers along the keys, and I thought of a boy rattling a stick upon a picket fence. All of a sudden he stopped, and I thought something had happened. Then came down both flats, and oh, Lord! such a noise was never heard before. I thought a hurricane had struck the house and the walls were caving in. I imagined I was in the cellar and a ton of coal falling in on my head. I thought the machine had burst, when the infernal thing stopped and I heard my wife exclaim, "Exquisite."

"What the deuce is the matter?"  
The answer was—  
"Why, dear, that's La Sonnambula."  
"D—n Sonnambula," thought I, and the Count rolled up his sheet of paper.  
He called it music, but for the life of me I can't make it look like anything else, than a rail fence with a lot of juggling niggers climbing over it. Before that instrument of torture came into the house I could enjoy myself, but now every darned woman in the neighborhood must be invited to hear the new piano, and every time that blasted thing shrieks out, like a locomotive with the bronchitis, I have to praise its tone, and when the invited guests are playing I have to say, "Exquisite! Delightful! Heavenly!" and all such trash, while at the same time, I know just as much about music as a codfish. There are more tuning hammers than comfort in our house, and I wish the inventor of the piano was troubled with a perpetual nightmare, and obliged to sleep in one of his instruments all his life.

As for myself, I had rather put my head under a tin pan and be drummed to sleep with a pair of smoothing irons than hear "La Sonnambula," or any other La thumped out of a piano. Scatter pennies in front of my mouse, and draw together all the wandering minstrels in the city—hand organs, banjos, fiddles, tamborines, rattling bones and fish horns. Let the juvenile monkeys crawl in at my windows in search of three cent pieces, let me be awakened at midnight by the cry of "murder!" ring the fire bells and have a devil of a time generally—do all this, and I will not complain; but banish the piano.—My piano has got to go. I am going to launch the infernal machine out of the window the first dark night, and my friends and neighbors, I advise you to sleep with cotton in your ears, for when she gives her dying groan, you'll think you've fallen out of bed, or a fallen star has gone to sleep on your house-top. For the information of Young America, I will state that the pieces of brass wire and ivory keys they are welcome to, but the skeleton I want for a refrigerator.—*Exchange.*

**Good Moral Habits.**

Lord John Russell has lately delivered an address in Exeter Hall, London, and we make the following extract from a full report of it in the London Times:—  
Young men in these days, and, for aught we know, in all ages, expect to have moral and religious progress made not only easy, but pleasurable, triumphant and ingenious—dignified with theories and sweetened with indulgence. They want a royal road to improvement—a wide road, a pleasant road, and not very tedious. So Lord John Russell does not hesitate to disabuse them, and gives them the stern old advice that the only way to be found in good habits. Bad passions and various inclinations, in one form or another, are the real obstacles to progress, and they are powerful ones. Strong restraint is necessary to subdue them, and that restraint is to be found only in morality and a good teacher. Good moral habits are the very sinews of the frame, whether that frame works or solid consistency, that gives us working power and makes us true men. All the talk in the world goes for nothing if it

does not end in good moral habits, the want of which is sure to make a clever man a fool, wise reforms nugatory, and a great nation profligate and corrupt. Let Heaven send good harvests;—let our cities resound with the hum of factories and the traffic of streets; let the earth be covered with our railways, and the ocean with our ships; but let the salt of life be wanting—let luxury spoil the rich, and intemperance degrade the poor; let classes be set against each other; let the moral sense be once blunted by bad habits, and then all that should have been for our wealth becomes an occasion for falling, and cities, factories, railways, ships, art, science, everything on which we were lately boasting ourselves, passes over like a traitor to the camp of destruction, and obstructs that moral and political progress of which it seemed to be the chief means. Immorality, whether public or private, is the one source of mischief, and Lord John Russell has read a good lesson to a self-flattering and self-indulgent generation when he points out that nothing is to be done and no progress made without good moral habits. Whether all the young men who heard him last night thought this more than so much sermoneering we know not, but if they live long enough they will find it all true, to their pleasure of their cost.

## COGNITIONS BY AN OLD FOY.

An honest physician is the noblest work of God. Medicine offers more temptations than any other profession or calling, to imposture, to quackery, to snobbishness; in a word, to dishonesty. He who resists all these temptations is an honest and conscientious man. To the great public, medicine is a sealed book, an unsolved problem; yet medicine concerns the highest interests of humanity. The Father of Lies uttered an incontrovertible truth when he said, "yea, all that a man hath he will give for his life." Because the people are ignorant in regard to medicine they are superstitious in their estimate of its powers; they are superstitious in their estimate of the qualifications of its practitioners; they follow the dictates of common sense in regard to every other interest; they judge well of the best blacksmith, the best builder, the best steamboat pilot, the best engineer. They know how to judge accurately in regard to commercial and political interests. They even show remarkable acumen in the discussion of metaphysics; but of medical men and medical science they are mainly ignorant. Men learned in all things else, are fools in medicine. Men to whom all things else in heaven and on earth appear familiar, seem to babble in the knowledge of medical men and things. Hence, the eminent jurist, the successful merchant, the distinguished politician, the eloquent divine, employ as their physician the ignorant and designing quack: they have an idea that some persons are born to be doctors—that medical skill is an inspiration rather than the result of patient observation and profound study—a gift rather than the acquisition of labor and thought.

The people are profoundly ignorant of medical science; hence, the ignorant pretender successfully competes with the honest man of sciences for their patronage and favor. With them medicine is a sort of theology wrapped in mystery beyond the reach of the intellectual grasp. Man is a creature of hope—he never dies. The post-mortem dream succeeds the day dream of life, and even when he is in his grave he hardly realizes that he is dead at last. He still hopes on. Life on earth, with its refreshing air and its bright suns, and stars, and flowers, and friends, is sweet, very sweet. He die! no; he will yet live—there are so many medicines—so many doctors! There is yet a remedy. Was not such an one, just with the same disease, cured by such a doctor, or such a nostrum? Why should he not be cured as well as others? The ignorance and the hope of mankind—these are the two great facts on which the vultures of charity have feasted and fattened. These are the foundations on which have arisen the dual palaces of therapeutical knaves. In part over the Townsends, the Moffatts, the Parkines, and such like—nothing better was expected of them. I pass by homeopathy, and hydropathy—some of the followers of these *isms* may even be honest. I come directly to the regular old school, and ask myself, are we guiltless? Can we say to suffering humanity, "shake not thy grey locks at us, for we have always acted in good faith?" Alas, I fear that we are not by any means immaculate. "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." I hope that honest doctors will not be found so rare as rich saints. I doubt not that many may be found: but the ignorance, and the hope of the afflicted—their prejudices and their whims, and the natural cupidity of man, are strong temptations to imposture. Why not give the patient a little medicine? He thinks that he needs it. If I do not prescribe a drug, he will apply to another. I will prescribe a *medicina mentis*, a medicine for the mind. Why not use the speculum vaginæ? The patient has heard of it, and thinks her case calls for that very instrument. I will use it every three days: it will do no harm, and its frequent use will justify a large fee. Though I can see only the os uteri, she will believe that I understand all the mysteries of her disease, when I have "looked through the speculum." The patient has a chronic and acute dysentery—it will inspire him with a remarkable degree of confidence if the physician employ the speculum ani. He is dull of hearing—perhaps has been deaf for a quarter of a century—have at him twice a

week, at any rate, with the speculum auris. He is blind—bring out the ophthalmoscope, and look at the arteria centralis retinae: he will believe that you saw the centre of his brain. He has consumption—examine his sputa with the microscope, and tell him that you found nucleolated cells, and that he is in no danger, as tubercle is aplastic. He is in the last stage of phthisis, his very throat is tuberculous—tell him that only the throat is diseased, and that you may have a way of curing that, by applying the specific to the very spot affected—all that is necessary is the probang and a solution of caustic.—Alas, poor human nature! thy love of life, thy credulity, thy faith, thy hope, are mines for the impostor, richer than those of California, Australia and Ophir. Thou art blameless, or at least sufficient the penance due thy faults; but a deep damnation awaits him who would levy blackmail on thee, on the verge of the grave.—*St. Louis Medical Journal.*

**SMOKING IN BRONCHITIS.**—Thos. C., of Pittston, Pa., wants to know whether the smoking of tobacco is of use in sore throat and bronchitis? His physician recommended it, and for a while it appeared to allay the tickling cough.

It is singular that any physician should recommend a course that must ultimately prove only injurious. Its first effects are soothing, and, insidious narcotic that it is, it modifies the tickling and transcendently allays the cough; but alas, the cause producing the irritation and the cough will all the while burrow down deeper into the system and wider spread its frightful ravages. The essential characteristic of this disease is inflammation—there is too much heat in the parts. Tobacco smoke in the first place is hot; in the second it is narcotic, and being drawn back against the very parts already too much heated its first effect is too increase this heat and thus aggravate the disease, and its second effect is to deaden nervous sensibility without at all arresting the progress of the inflammation. This insidiousness goes on until it marks the victim as its own. So far from tobacco smoking being a remedy in these throat difficulties we are abundantly satisfied that its general practice has been one of the great causes producing them. We have known persons to rapidly convalesce on abandoning the practice, and have known others to relapse and speedily die on resuming it again.—*Middle States Medical Reformer.*

**OUR OPINION OF TOBACCO.**—Ezra T., of Webster, Mass., says he wants to see our opinion respecting the almost universal habit of tobacco chewing.

Though treading on sensitive ground we shall not refrain from placing our "opinion" upon record. We view the use of tobacco as a vile, pernicious and expensive habit. It is derogatory to the virtue of personal cleanliness, injurious to health and a perpetual drain upon the purse. Its tendency is to engender debility, imbecility, disease, and premature death. It tends to exhaust and derange the nervous powers, to induce dyspepsia and all its kindred evils, as it is a recognized principle in nature, that whatever enfeebles the body must, in the end, and in the same degree, enfeeble the mind, it reaches the intellect and exerts a ruinous effect upon the mind. Thus affecting body and mind it should be totally abandoned.—Yet we painfully realize the fact that the habit is on the increase. Oh could those young men who are about learning its use but realize the evils it has in store for them they would turn away with loathing and disgust, and ne'er touch the "vile stuff" again.—*Medical Reformer.*

**ABOUT TEETH.**—It is a matter beyond doubt that in young children the front teeth are produced at the seventh month, and nearly always those in the upper jaw first. These are shed in the seventh year, and are then replaced by others. Some infants are even born with teeth. Such was the case with Marius Curtius, who, from this circumstance, received the name of Dentatus; and also with Cn. Papius Carbo, when both their distinguished men. Both this phenomenon happened in the case of a female, it was looked upon, in the time of the kings, as an omen of some inauspicious event. At the birth of Valeria, under such circumstances as these, it was the answer of the sooth-sayers, that any city to which she might happen to be carried would be destroyed; she was sent to Suesna Pometia, at that time a very flourishing place, but the prediction was ultimately verified by its destruction. Some persons are born with a continuous bone in their mouth, in the place of teeth; this was the case with the upper jaw of the son of Prusias, the king of Bithynia.—*Dental Advertiser.*

**DAILY BATHS.**—Thos. M. W., of Loc Haven, Pa., asks, Are daily baths advantageous?

To a certain class of invalids they doubtless are, but to those in the enjoyment of health we cannot advise them—the declarations of Hydropaths to the contrary notwithstanding. Our observation has convinced us that their daily use by persons in health has proved injurious, by depriving them, to a very great extent, of a valuable prophylactic when they get sick, for notwithstanding their persistent use of the bath daily, we have known them to get sick. Our opinion is that a man who is well—never violating any physiological law—should let himself alone. He needs no medicine, nor does he need to be continually scouring himself when he is not sick.—*Medical Reformer.*