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R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.]

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A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes, When the winds are low: Brighter than the spring-time blushes, Reddening out of snow, Were the voice and cheek so fair Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Climbing through the light:
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Seem'd she, saying "Holy One,
Thine, and not my will be done."
[ALICE CAREY.

CROMWELL AND MILTON.

During bis morning drills and evening ca rousals, Gibbons mind was still occupied with the design of writing some history. This cherished project has been familiar to him through all the changes of his life. His early readings from the period when he first beintention. When he was en idle student at Oxford, when he was considered an apostate from the faith of his ancestors, when he became a Protestant again, when he became a receptic, in youth and manhood—as Protest-ant, Roman Catholic, an unbeliever, as a Catholic, an unbeliever, as man of letters, and as a man of fashion, as a soldier, and as a politician, the faint voice within still whispered that he was to be a historian. This is directly contrary to the opinion of Mr. Carlyle and Dr. Johnson, that the mind of a man of genius is of a peculi-arly plastic nature, and that it is in his power to be either a great orator, statesman, poet,

Look at Cromwell and Milton. Here are two men having so striking a family likeness that they may be considered brothers; they were both men of genius; men of stern and earnest temperaments; men whose days were spent in strange and unknown ways, with precipices and deep waters on every side; but who were slways upheld by a solemn nusiasm and calm determination, that made them set as nought all the powers of For them the ordinary attractions of life

had no charms. They were sent into the world for no other purpose than to eat, drink and be glad. What to them were seventy years of luxury and pleasure, if they were to be purchased by an eternity of misery !-Was the Bible true or false? Were heaven and hell true or lies? They looked into their hearts, and a fluttering spirit told them that the Bible was true, that heaven and hell were true, that life, death and eternity were true Each then labored under his great Task-mas-ter's eye. But how different were their lives and yet how much the same! How unlike are their portraits, and yet how like! Yet could Cromwell have been anything more than the statesman and soldier? Could Milton have been anything but the philosopher and poet? Was not Cromwell essentially a man of action, and Milton not less essential ly a man of speculation? Could Milton have won the battle of Worcester? Could Cromwell have written Paradise Lost? It was not assuredly for want of opportunity that Crom-well was not a great poet, for his youth and obscurity, such as were very likely to nurse the mind to apply itself to the quiet study of the mind to apply used to the quies study of literature and philosophy. We know well that Milton devoted his life to study of literature and philosophy. We know well that ature and philosophy. We know well that the philosophy. We know well that the philosophy well the philosophy well that the philosophy well the philosophy well that the philosophy well the philosophy well the philosophy well the philosophy well the ph even in his early days of his voca-The design of some great work, which posterity would not let die, was formed in youth, health, and happiness, and carried out in old age, defeat, blinduess, poverty, and ruin.—Frazer's Magazine.

DR. WARREN'S WILL .- The late Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston—a man who stood at the head of the old School Medical profeshow many drunkards, how many blasphe sion of Massachusetts, and who was a strong advocate for general post-mortem examina-tions and a more thorough and continued study of anatomy—willed his body for dissection, and his skeleton for preservation in the Medical Museum. From an exchange destruction of money, of irritating the particles of the pa

The will required that the body should rethe veins; at the end of the next twentythe veins; at the end of the next twentyone hours the funeral ceremonies should
take place and the body be deposited beneath St. Patil's Church, and twenty-four
hours thereafter was to be given for examination to the officers of the Medical College
and, the Physicians of the Messachusetts
General Hospital. After this the flesh was
to be taken from the bones, the bones macerated, wired and deposited in the College
Museum.

which interfered he believed with the ac- 22 bites occurred in March, April and May; living. He endeavored to make the best lived, and provided for rendering his body, after death, the most useful to survivors.

Médical Reformer.

de by two strongly marked cases, lasting 365 and 360 respectively. The usual average is 41 days.—N. Y. Times.

Voltaire asserts, that, "Every gambler is an evil in the first place, because it is a practice which produces nothing. If the whole human family were all skilful gamesters, and should play constantly for a whole year, there would not be a dollar more in the world at the end of the year than at its commencement. On the contrary, there would be much less, besides an immense loss of time. But, secondly, gaming favors corruption of mind. It is difficult to trace the progress of the gamester's mind from the time when he commences his course, but we know too well the goal at which he is bound to arrive. There may be exceptions. but not many; generally speaking, every gamester, sooner or later, goes to perdition and often adds to his own woe, by dragging thers along with him.

It discourages industry. He, who is ac

customed to secure large sums at once, which bears no proportion to the labor by which they are obtained, will gradually come to rerewards of industrious exertion as insipid .-The famous philosopher, Locke, in his "Thoughts on Education," thus remarks, "It s certain that gambling leaves no satisfac tion behind it, to those who reflect when it is over, and it in no way profits either body or mind. As to their estates, if it strike so deep as to concern them, it is a trade then, and not a recreation, wherein few thrive; and at best a thriving gamester has but a poor trade of it, who fills his pockets at the price of his reputatron." J. T. Headley, in letters from "Italy, and the Alps, and the Rhine," says that "A gambler carries his re pulsive soul in his eyes, in his face, nay, almost in his very gait. His very presence causes a chilling atmosphere around him, that upsets all that approach him. Gambling more completely metamorphoses a man than any other crime except murder." Gaming is always criminal, either in itself, or in its tendency. The basis of its covetousness, a which you have neither given nor intend to give an equivalent. I have often wondered how sober and intelligent people, who have consciences, and believe the doctrine of ac-accountability to God—how professing Christians, as is sometimes the case in this country, can sit whole evenings at cards. What ons have they of the value of time? Can they conceive of Him whose example we are bound to follow, as engaged in this way? What a herculean task has Christianity ye to accomplish!

The excess of this evil has caused ever the overthrow of empires. It leads to conspiracies and furnishes conspirators. Per-haps this vice has nowhere been carried to greater excess than in France. There it has its administration, its chief, its stockholders, its officers, its priests. It has its domestics its informers, its spies, its pimps, its assas-sins, its bullies, its aiders, its abettors, in fact, its scoundrels of every description; particularly, its hireling swindlers, who are paid to entice the unwary into the "hells earth," so odious to morality, and so destructive to virtue and Christianity. In England, this vice has been long looked upon as one of pernicious consequence to the common-wealth, and has been for a long time proweath, and has ogen for a long time pro-hibited by law. Every species of gambling is strictly prohibited, and is frequently pun-ished with great severity. Men of immense wealth have been known to enter gambling houses, and in a few short hours, to be re duced to beggary.

. The young should be warned never to enter this dreadful road. Shun it as you would the road to eternal destruction. Fly the temptation as you would the bite of an asp or a scorpion. Take not the first step; if you do, all may be lost. Say not that you can command yourself when you approach the confines of danger. So thousands have only the dream of lunacy. When you are inclined to think yourselves safe, consider those who once thought themselves equally so, have been corrupted, distressed, ruined by gaming, for this world, and that to come. Think how many families have been plunged by it into beggary, and overwhelmed by in vice. How many men have become lare how many drunkards, how many blasphe mers. "If Europe," says Montesquieu, "is to be ruined, it will be by gaming." Burgh, in his dignity of "Human Nature," sums up the evils of gaming, as follows: "It is the destruction of money, of irritating the passions, and stirring up avarice; of innumerable sneaking tricks and trauds: of encoun agement of idleness; of disgusting people against their proper employments, and of debasing all that is truly noble and valuable

STATISTICS OF HYDROPHOBIA.-By Dr. Blatch dogs, 6 by cats, 1 by a raccoon, and 1 by a cow. Out of 62 cases, 4 died the first day, 9 the second, 6 the third, 18 the fourth, He did this to break what he considered superstitious reverence for a dead body, on of knowledge very essential to the 18 the next quarter; 18 the next, and 22 th last. The average time of sickness was 66

in the human soul .- N. Y. Observer.

The rapidity with which large fortunes are acquired in this country, without the neces sity of much education or refined intelli gence, is the source of a great deal of the tasteless extravagance and gaudy show that characterize the style of living of our so-called "fashionable society." The family who by a sudden turn of fortune's wheel rise at once from the obscurity of a mediocr position in the world of gentility, to a station in the front rank of "Upper-ten-dom," are naturally desirous to signalize their calumni-ation by a stunning display of resources, and their previous education (or rather their want of one) renders their effort to shine more conspicuous by their gorgeous vulgarity and bad taste, than by any attribute of increased refinement and elegance. Their dress, their manners and their mansions are, consquently, absurdly exaggerated copies of the richness, the self-possessed breeding, and the luxury of European high life, and the ceremonies of their fashionable intercourse, in many stauces are carricatures of the pomp and etiquette of the "haut ton" of foreign asisto acy. Parade with them becomes fuss; courtesy, affectation, confidence, impudence; privilege, license; elegance, and costliness, profusion and extravagance; and exclusive

iess, presumption.

In a country founded on principles of so cial and political liberty and equality, this attempt to imitate the fashionable vices of the monarchial system leads inevitably to abuse and exaggeration, and produces dis-content and envious ill-feeling among that very large class of respectable people, who, with equal rights, have not the ability or the fortune to indulge in equal luxury, and must be "snubbed" by those whom chance alone has placed socially above them, while they are fully conscious of their own moral and intellectual right io stand at least in the same

rank of worldly consideration.

And besides these evils, there is also another, even greater, which this national folly encourages; this is the morbid hankering after riches, and the consequent sacrifice of comfort, intellectual culture, and often the nicer shades of nonesty and bonor, to the eager pursuit of the coveted wealth which is to enable the possessor to assume a position among the gorgeous circles of the money exclusives, who form the upper stratum, par excellence, of our large metropolitan commu nities. As our contemporary, the Sandusky Register tersely remarks, in this connection

"Here, in a nut-shell lies what we regard as the great evil of republican institutions; not that the evil approaches ever so remotely the good: no! we are hopeful indeed of liberty and tree institutions but when there is danger is it not well to be on the look-out to avoid it. So many men acquire immense riches in America, and the lists are so equally open to all, that ambition and competition are feverishly, unnaturally excited. There is one universal struggle for wealth going on, in which health and happiness are often overthrown, and in which vir'ue, honesty, peace, mental repose and spiritual growth will be overwhelmed, and every private and national virtue deterioated, and to which even public prosperity will fall a victim, if the combatants do not pause to consider what risks are run-what periled by this mad 'fever of living'' to grow rich."

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor thirty-five, or thereabout; one of those men who seem born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was noth-ing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the mul-titude of other Browns who were boin, grow up, and die in this world of ours.

to visit a town some fifty miles distant on the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, in order to give himself an opportunity

to look about. Walking leisurely along the street, he wa ran up to him, exclaimi

Father I want you to buy me some can-

Father!' Was it possible that he a batch elor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it?

ne enquired of the little girl.
'I spoke to you, father,' said the little one

'Really,' thought Mr. Eliphalet Brown this is embarrassing.

What is your name? The child laughed heartily, evide

hinking it a joke, 'What a funny fathe ou are,' she said; 'but you are going to buy ne some candy ? 'Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you

won't call me father any more,' said Mr. B. The little girl clapped her hands with de-

light. The promise was all she remember

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionar store, and actually bought a pound of candy which he placed in the hands of the little

girl. In coming out of the store they en ed the child's mother.

'O, mother,' said the little girl, 'just se

how much candy father has bought me.'
'You should'nt have bought her so muc at a time, Mr. Jones,' said the lady, 'I am afraid she will make herself sick. How did you get home so quick? I did not expec

at all. It isn't my name. I am Eliphale Brown, of W——, and this is the first time I ever came to this city.'

'Good heavens! Mr. Jones, what has pu this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you Perhaps it is your intention to change you wife ?

Mrs. Jones' tone was defiant, and this ten ded to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment 'I have'nt any wife, madam; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I neve

'And do you intend to palm this tele of upon me?' said Mrs. Jones, with excitement 'If you're not married, I'd like to know who I am?
'I have no doubt you are a most respec

able lady, said Mr. Brown, and I conjecture, from what you have said, that you name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madam 'Melinda,' said her mother, suddenly tak-

ing the child by the arm, and leading her up to Mr. Brown, 'Melinda, who is that gentle-"Why, that's father!" was the immediate

reply, as she confidingly placed her hand in

'You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? Yo hear what that innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing inpudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I'd like to know if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? I would like to have you answe that. But I presume you never saw her before in your life.

'I never did. On my honor, I never did I told her I would give her the candy if she would not call me futher any more.

'You did, did you? Bribed your ow child not to call you father! O, Mr. Jones this is infamous! Do you intend to deser me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? and is this your first step?

Mrs. Jones was so overcome that, without any warning, she fell back upon the side walk in a fainting fit. Instantly a number of persons ran to he

'Is your wife subject to fainting in way?' asked the first comer, of Brown.

'I don't know. She isn't my wife. don't know anything about her. ' Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?'

'Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones.' 'Sir,' said the first speaker, sternly, 'this no time to jest. I trust that you are no the cause of the excitement which mushave eccasioned your wife's fainting fit.—
You had better call a coach and carry her home directly.'

Poor Brown was dumbfounded.

'I wonder,' thought he, 'whether its pos sible that I'm Mr. Jones without knowing it Perhaps I'm really Jones, and having gon crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I'm Jones. In spite of all, I will insist that my name is Brown.

'Well, sir, what are you waiting for? is necessary that your wife should be re moved at once. Will you order a carriage! Brown saw that it was no use to protract the discussion by a denial. He, therefore without discussing the point, ordered a hack

ney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered and was about to close the door upon her. 'What, are you not going yourseif?'
'Why, no; why should I!'

'Your wife should not go alone; she ha ardly recovered.

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in.

Where shall I drive ?' said the whip. 'I—I—I don't know,' said Mr. Brown.
'Where would you wish to be carried?' 'Home, of course,' muttered Mrs. Jones. 'Where is that?' asked the driver.

'I don't know,' said Mr. Brown. - street,' said the gentleman

already introduced, glancing contemptuously

Will you help me out, Mr. Jones? said the lady, 'I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit into which your cruelty drove

'Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones? asked Mr. Brown with anxiety.
'Of course,' said Mrs. Jones.

'Then,' said he resignedly, 'I suppose am. But if you will believe me, I was firm ly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth, I have'n tion of this house.

Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor but good heavens! conceive the as ment of all, when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very fac simile of Mr. Brown, in form, features

and every other respect!

'Gracious!' ejaculated the lady, 'which which is my husband?

An explanation was given, the myster leared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sough for the embarrassing mistake. It was free accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite d lighted to think that after all he was not Mr

Jones, with a wife and child to boot.

Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this "Comedy of Errors" happened He is afraid of losing his identity.

The difference between an hone and a dishonest banker is, that one fails in making money, the other makes money in

Extravagance in the Pursuit and Repub- Mr. Brown, 'it's all a mistake; I ain't Jones How Brother Pearce Converted Fenster it and Eliphalet macher.

The following amusing anecdote of the distinguished (?) representative in Congress, we clip from that excellent paper, the Philadelphia Sunday Manager Their, delphia Sunday Mercury. The joke was per-petrated by the inimitable New York Correspondent of that paper, who gets off some-thing 'rich, racy and rare,' every week; and who seems to be well acquainted with the subject upon which he writes. The joke is quite characteristic of the man. Read it:—

'I see that the Rev. and Hon. J. J. Pearce. of the northern part of Four State, a K. N member of Congress, has become a subjec dent knows him well, and would like simply to say that the only fault in John Pearce is that theology doesn't agree with his moral constitution. In making Pearce a minister, the materials which would have made a glorious landlord, an efficient stage proprieto or an acute and successful auctioneer, were sadly perverted. Pearce is a Methodist minister, and his wife is possessed of certain real estate that will support him independently of his church. He had, some years ago, near Lockhaven, a fine field of tobacco. He was one day sitting a-straddle the fence sur-rounding this field, whittling a pine shingle, and humming 'The Old Ship Zi old local preacher, whom I will call Brown, who had always regarded Pearce with jaundiced eye, thus accosted him:

Brother Pearce, don't you think you'r bacco? Don't you think it makes a sting in the nosetrills of the Lord ?

Pearce ceased whittling.

'Why?' he asked.

'Why? He asked.
'Why? Why, hain't you a helpin'
the devil? Hadn't a man—specially a man
what's got grace—ought to do every thing for the glory of God. And does rais air cursed stuff glorify the Lord, eh? 'Do you do everything with a special eye

o God's glory ?'

'What's that white stuff sticking out of

that bundle you have under your arm?'
'That air's cotton muslin stuff for shirts.'
'Do you believe that slavery glorifies
God?'

'No, no! Hell's a leetle too good for the when the Lord parts the sheep and the

goats?'
'And yet,' said Pearce, 'you'll wear cotton shirts and eat sugar, the two very articles upon which all the negro's labor is expended.' And then jumping down from the fence and tucking in a white rag which protruded from a rent in the rear of his namentionables, he added, staring his would-be accuser in the eye: 'You glorily God, do you, in all your actions? You wear cotton shirts, and d—n the slaveholders, and you sweeten West India rum with sugar, the very objects for which all the negro's sweat is expended, and then curse me for raising my own to-bacco! You're a pretty Christian, you are.'

nacco! You're a pretty Christian, you are.'
The old local preacher sneaked away, eaving Pierce to take another chew from his sheet-iron tobacco box, and expectorate to his heart's content.

Pearce is 'some' at a campmeeting, and then he gets himself worked up into a rapturous phrensy, his red head and dilating eyeballs really assume a remarkable aspect At a campmeeting in Nippenose Valley, some four years since, there was one tough old customer named Fenstermacher, that never could be induced to come to the anxious seat. Pearce had striven hard to gain him over to the Lord's side but as he owned a good dis-tillery, and the church wouldn't receive him unless he quit the business, old Fenstermacher would not budge an inch. It was the last day and hour of the said meeting, and Pearce was speaking from the top of a dry goods box with his watch in his hand.

"Only fifty-five minutes more," he shouted, 'and more than a thousand sinners still unconverted.

Old Fenstermacher was in front of him

Then a prayer and hymn followed, and again Pearce cried, looking at his watch: 'Only thirty minutes to damnation!'

The same process was repeated until but ive minutes of the time remained, when Pearce, with hair disheveled, and standing out from his head in all directions, said, wit terrible solemnity, in a voice intended for the Dutchman's special case :

amnation!'
The old fellow turned pale as ashes for a

o his knees on some straw: 'Oh mine Cheesus, 1 george up, and sells my dishtillery to Sam Yerker for sixteen tousand tollars to morrow

Six months after that day the old man was a pillar of the Methodist Church in Nippen

Such is the character of the Honorable Me Pearce, a man who, I doubt not, is much belied, but who nevertheless is not just so wel softer heads and harder hearts.

IMPORTANT CHANGES IN MEXICO property was published in Mexico on the property was published in Musico 228th nltimo. The people in general con-cratulated President Commonfort on that important step. The Jesuits are to leave the country. The Spanish difficulties are settled. The ports are open for emigrants, and liberty Congress. Such liberality gives some hope that Mexico will yet rise from her debase ment, and assume rank among the vations of the earth as a fixed and permanent power.

"Never saw such stirring times," as ne spoon said to the saucepan. Those two gentleman who stood upon

he point of honor, the other day, for ten min-ntes, performed a very delicate feat. "Come in, children, out of the wet," as the shark said when he sucked in the little

What is the cause of that bell ringing ?" inquiried Pete. "It's my deliberate conviction that so

one has pulled the rope," answered Jc-A partisan paper says it is a mistake that the (opposite) party plays upon a thou-sand strings. The organ of that party is a

It is said that a Yankee baby will crawl out of the cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a pat-

ent before he is six months old. Jenkins is a man who takes matter umorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a 'bustin biler,' Jenkns cried after him, "there goes my es-steam

ed friend. A young man was conversing in a public house of his abilities and accomplish-ments, and boasting a great deal of his mighty performances. When he had fin-ished, a Quaker quietly observed, 'there is one thing thou canst not do; thou canst not tell the truth.

A STRING OF PUNS .- "Josh, I say. I's going down street t'other day, an' I seed a tree bark."

"Golly !. Sam, I seed it hollow." "I seed the same tree leave."
"Did be take his trunk wid 'im?"

"Mr. Julius, is you better dis morn "No Mr. Snow, I was better yesterday but

I'se got ober dat." "Am dere no hopes, den, ob your disc

"Discovery of what?" "Your discovery from der convalescence

which fotched you on yer back."
"Dat 'pends, Mr. Snow, altogedder on the prognostications which amplify de disease for should they tarminate fatally, he hope ations which amplify de disease; slave-holders. The devils sure to get 'em the colored indervidual wont die till his breff lefs him some other time. As I said before, it all depends on de prognostics, and till de disease come to a head it am hard to tell wedder de nigger will discontinue his come

Nooks vs. Snooks.-Nooks met Snooks in a tight place, and neither could turn out without some danger of overturning their respec

ive caris. "If you don't turn out," said Nooks, "I'll serve you just as I did a man I met half a mile back here in just such a place at this." Snooks was impressed by the decision which Nooks displayed, and promptly com-plied with the request; but just as he was getting by, he inquired:

"How about that man you me

you serve him ?" "Oh, well—hem—you see when I found as how he wouldn't turn ont for me, why— hem—I just turned out for him—that was

all!" Nooks is a wag of the first water!

The captain of a canal boat was bringing a large number of passengers down the Pennsylvania Canal, and had been considerably irritated by the publications in the papers, showing that the traveling public were all for Adams. Watching a favorable oppor-tunity, while nearing a bridge and while his passengers were on deck discussing politics, he cailed out, 'all in favor of Jackson will stoop their heads.' Every man ducked his head of course to avoid coming in collision with the bridge, and the captain triumphantly raised his head crying 'unanimous for Jack son,' and so it was reported in the democratio papers of the next village. This was considered the best political dodge of the cam-

POETRY -A "brilliant" young miss, disoursing on poetry, bursts out in the hifatutin strain: "Poetry, sir, in my opinion, is harmony. It is the voice of the angels, the mumajestic symphonies of Boreas; the seas cho its music, and the waves onward without cessation, in chromatic scales xpress its very soul. Poetry to me is the-Jane, my dear, where did you purchase that

love of a bat? Nebraska appears to be filling up with large bodies of emigrants, mostly young men. They go with the plough and the axe in hand, and not Sharpe's rifles. This may ecount for the peaceable and secure set nent of the territory, in such striking conrust in Kansas, which was commenced with wagger and violence, and has co with trouble and outrage ever since.

ainted with blood on the mother's side that hey could not be admitted into the best society, sold out last year and went to Paris.— One of the daughters, it is now reported, has married a foreign ambassador at the court of Louis Napoleon.

Words are little and
To love, whose deepest yows are ever m
By the heart's beat alone. O, silence is
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss.

Medical Reading.

From the Middle States Med. Reformer. Is a Southern Climate Beneficial to Con-sumptions:—Aaron W——, of Tamaqua, Pa., asks whether it be a fact that a South-ern clime is best calculated to promote the recovery of persons laboring under Con-sumptive disease?

We know that this is the opinion very generally entertained—that "the refreshing breezes, the orange groves and flowers, and eternal spring" of the South are preeminently calculated to benefit the consumptive, and that all thus diseased or having a ten-dency to it should go to the middle climate of the South. Now to our mind-and our opinion has been strengthened by observation and considerable investigation—this is all a fatal error—an error fearfully demonstrated by innumerable marble records in the West Indies, Maderia, the South of France, as well as Florida and L. our own country.

Reflect a moment. The peculiarities of the Southern climate are foggy, damp, wet; the Southern climate are loggy, damp, wei; at one time suffocatingly sultry, at another cool, damp and chilly. These changes too are sudden and great, often over thirty de-grees in less than six hours. Well the sysgrees in less than six hours. Well the system of the consumptive is in a relaxed condition. The tendency of such a climate, instead of proving bracing and tonic, increases this difficulty. He needs the life giving influences of the clear, dry air of the North, and he must have it to successfully seems the fetal results of consumption. escape the fatal results of consumption, be-cause having a less amount of lungs he necessarily consumes a less amount of air, in bulk, than the imperative wants of the system demand. Well it has been demonstrated that the system demands are system demands. strated that the warmer air is, the less nourishment it contains-that a cubic inch of cold air contains a greater proportion of oxygen—the blood purifying and life giving element, than the same amount of warm air. The consumptive then, who is already living on a short allowance in this important particular, if he leaves hence at all, instead of going to a latitude where this allowance will be diminished, should by all means go where every inch of air he consumes will afford him the largest amount of nutriment. Instead then of going South let him go North. We may recur to this subject again.

EPILEPTIC FITS AND EPILEPSY NOT THE SAME Disease.—By H. S. Barrows, M. D.—The disease known among us as epilepsy is involved in no inconsiderable obscurity, and I verily believe that there is a difference between it and epileptic fits. I not only be-lieve that epilepsy is incurable, but that no well attested case of cure can be produce That epileptic fits have been, and may cured I have no doubt, if the case is in season. We cannot pronour case to be one of epilepsy merel it presents some of the pathogne oms, any more than we are autho pronounce certain hepatic troubles of a hronic character, consumption, merely because they present some symptoms in com-mon with that fatal disease. The pathognomic symptoms of epilepsy are convul-sions with sleep. The attendant symptoms usually are foam issuing from the mouth, laborious respiration as in the act of strangling, pulse at the commencement quick and small, in the progress of the paroxysm lan-guid and full, eyes swollen and protuberant, constantly in motion and turned up so as to conceal the pupils, teeth grinding often with great violence, the jugulars turgid, the tongue swollen and protuberant, the head convulsed, and sometimes seized with tetanus, and either drawn forwards to the chest, or backward towards the spine where itinues fixed and quite immove The thumbs are strongly rivited within the palms; all the muscles are either convuls to such a degree that several men can scarcely restrain their motion, or the whole body becomes rigid like a marble statue. Sometimes it comes on suddenly and without the least warning of its approach; but frequently it is preceded by

ude, singing in the ears, &c. Epilepsy is that organic affection of the cerebrum which predisposes the individual to certain fits or convulsions, marked by a certain characteristic of periodicity, and may occur monthly, weekly or daily. sic of the spheres, the royal harp of love, the parent of purity, the benign instrument of tradiction pronounce it incurable by human

charity. Poetry breathes sweetly in the pas-sing zephyrs, and sings lullababies in the Epileptic fits are certain convulsions of the epileptic character, being or not being mark-ed by periodicity, depending upon any of the various causes of irritation, and in which the cerebrum is functionally affected. These fits are curable, and are the fits which have been cured by those who make epilepsy a speciality in their practice, and who received the credit of curing a disease which

in fact never existed .- Worcester Jour. of Med. BLEEDING IN PUERPERAL FEVER .- At a meeting of the College of Physicians of Phila-delphia, March 6th, 1856, in discussing this subject Dr. Beesley said:—In the early years of my practice, I adopted the plan recom-mended by Dr. Dewees, and bled and purged freely in such cases, and I regret to say, with not that success I desired. But for the last eight years I treat them differently, sel-

dom taking any blood from them. Dr. Condie said:—During a practice of 39 years, I have seen enough of puerperal fe-ver to strengthen my adherence to the belief, confirmed now by the conclusions of obconfirmed now by the conclusions of ob-stetricians in every part of Europe, and by the majority of those in our own country, that bleeding in this disease is altogether mischievous.—Transactions of College of Phy-