

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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**THE WORLD WITHIN.**  
Many tell us of the beauties  
Of the world wherein we dwell;  
Of the forest, rock and fountain,  
Of the crystal light and dell,  
Of the onward tides that chain us  
With a holy binding spell;  
Of the gentle word of kindness,  
That invite us—that is well.  
Still there's a world of beauty  
Lies hidden from the view—  
The sacred world within us,  
With its varied shape and hue,  
Who can read the happy spirit?  
Who can paint the pleasing scene?  
Are not thoughts that thus inherit  
Brighter far than gems we see?  
Have not hopes more verdant foliage  
Than the palm or forest tree?  
Do not thoughts more gently ripple  
Than a peaceful moon-lit sea?  
Through the storms of adverse fortune  
On the outward world may frown,  
Still the inward world may glisten  
With a radiance all its own.  
The rock majestic towering,  
The cavern-bounded shore,  
May be marched in mind's imagining  
Till time shall be no more;  
The ocean's vast expansion,  
With its fathomless abyss,  
And treasures deeply hidden,  
Are small compared this.  
The mind's insatiate longing  
With endless motions rife,  
Knows no ending or a limit  
Through the active path of life;  
Even then its powers expanding  
When this world no more is seen,  
Proves the beautiful enduring  
Of the world that dwells within.

From Macaulay's History of England.  
Titus Oates and Know-Nothingism in 1679 to England.

One Titus Oates, a clergyman of the Church of England, had, by his disorderly life and heterodox doctrine, drawn on him the censure of his spiritual superiors, had been compelled to quit his benefice, and had ever since led a vagrant life. He had once professed himself a Roman Catholic, and had passed some time on the Continent in English colleges of the order of Jesus. In those seminaries he had heard much wild talk about the best means of bringing England back to the true Church. From hints thus furnished he constructed a hideous romance, resembling rather the dream of a sick man than any transaction which ever took place in the real world. The pope, he said, had intrusted the government of England to the Jesuits. The Jesuits had, by commissions under the great seal of their society, appointed Catholic clergymen, noblemen, and gentlemen to all the highest offices in Church and State. The papists had burned down London once. They had tried to burn it down again. They were at that moment planning a scheme for setting fire to all the shipping in the Thames. They were to rise at the signal and massacre all their Protestant neighbors. A French army was at the same time to land in Ireland. All the leading statesmen and divines of England were to be murdered. Three or four schemes had been formed for assassinating the king. He was to be stabbed. He was to be poisoned in his medicine. He was to be shot with silver bullets. The public mind was so sore and excited that these lies readily found credit with the vulgar; and two events which speedily took place led even some reflecting men to suspect that the tale, though evidently distorted and exaggerated, might have some foundation.

Edward Coleman, a very busy and not very honest Roman Catholic intriguer, had been among the persons accused. Search was made for his papers. It was found that he had just destroyed the greater part of them; but a few which had escaped contained some passages which, to minds strongly prepossessed, might seem to confirm the evidence of Oates. Those passages indeed, when candidly construed, appear to express little more than the hopes which the posture of affairs, the predilections of Charles, the still stronger predilections of James, and the relations existing between the French and English courts, might naturally excite in the mind of a Roman Catholic strongly attached to the interests of his Church. But the country was not then inclined to construe the letters of papists candidly; and it was urged, with some show of reason, that if papers which had passed over as unimportant were filled with matter so suspicious, some great mystery of iniquity must have been contained in those documents which had been carefully committed to the flames.

A few days later it was known that Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey, an eminent justice of the peace, who had taken the depositions of Oates against Coleman, had disappeared. Search was made, and Godfrey's corpse was found in a field near London. It was clear that he had died by violence. It was equally clear that he had not been set upon by robbers. His fate is to this day a secret. Some think that he perished by his own hand; some, that he was slain by a private enemy. The most improbable supposition is, that he

was murdered by the party hostile to the court, in order to give color to the story of the plot. The most probable supposition seems, on the whole, to be that some hot-headed Roman Catholic, driven to phrensy by the lies of Oates and by the insults of the multitude, and not nicely distinguishing between the perjured accuser and the innocent magistrate, had taken revenge of which the history of persecuted sects furnishes but too many examples. If this were so, the assassin must have afterwards bitterly execrated his own wickedness and folly. The capital and the whole nation went mad with hatred and fear. The penal laws, which had begun to lose something of their edge, were sharpened anew. Everywhere justices were busy in searching houses and seizing papers. All the jails were filled with papists. London had the aspect of a city in a state of siege. The train-bands were under arms all night. Preparations were made for barricading the great thoroughfares. Patrols marched up and down the streets. Cannon were planted round Whitehall. No citizen thought himself safe unless he carried under his coat a small flail loaded with lead to brain the papish assassins. The corpse of the murdered magistrate was exhibited during several days to the gaze of great multitudes, and was then committed to the grave with strange and terrible ceremonies, which indicated rather fear and the thirst of vengeance than sorrow or religious hopes. The houses insisted that a guard should be placed in the vaults over which they sat, in order to secure them against a second gunpowder plot. All their proceedings were of a piece with this demand. Ever since the reign of Elizabeth the Oath of Supremacy had been exacted from members of the House of Commons. Some Roman Catholics, however, had contrived so to interpret that oath that they could take it without scruple. A more stringent test was now added, and the Roman Catholic lords were for the first time time excluded from their seats in Parliament. The Duke of York was driven from the Privy Council. Strong resolutions were adopted against the Queen. The Commons threw one of the secretaries of state into prison for having countersigned commissions directed to gentlemen who were not good Protestants. They impeached the lord treasurer of high treason; nay, they so far forgot the doctrine which, while the memory of the civil war was still recent, they had loudly professed, that they even attempted to wrest the command of the militia out of the King's hands. To such a temper had eighteen years of misgovernment brought the most loyal Parliament that had ever met in England.

Yet it may seem strange that, even in that extremity, the King should have ventured to appeal to the people, for the people were more excited than their representatives. The Lower House, disintegrated as it was, contained a larger number of Cavaliers than were likely to find seats again. But it was thought that a dissolution would put a stop to the prosecution of the lord treasurer; a prosecution which might probably bring to light all the guilty mysteries of the French alliance, and might thus cause extreme personal annoyance and embarrassment to Charles. Accordingly, in January, 1679, the Parliament, which had been in existence ever since the beginning of the year 1661, was dissolved, and writs were issued for a general election.

During some weeks the contention over the whole country was fierce and obstinate beyond example. Unprecedented sums were expended. New tactics were employed. It was remarked by the pamphleteers of that time as something extraordinary, that horses were hired at a great charge for the conveyance of electors. The practice of splitting freeholds for the purpose of multiplying votes dates from this memorable struggle. Dissenting preachers, who had long hidden themselves in quiet nooks from persecution, now emerged from their retreats, and rode from village to village for the purpose of rekindling the zeal of the scattered people of God. The tide ran strong against the government. Most of the new members came up to Westminster in a mood little differing from that of their predecessors who had sent Strafford and Laud to the Tower.

Meanwhile the courts of justice, which ought to be, in the midst of political commotions, safe places of refuge for the innocent of every party, were disgraced by wilder passions and fouler corruptions than were to be found even on the hustings. The tale of Oates, though it had sufficed to convulse the whole realm, would not, until confirmed by other evidence, suffice to destroy the humblest of those whom he had accused; for, by the old law of England, two witnesses are necessary to establish a charge of treason. But the success of the first impostor produced its natural consequences. In a few weeks he had been raised from penury and obscurity to opulence, to power which made him the dread of princes and nobles, and to notoriety such as has for low and bad minds all the attractions of glory. He was not long without confidants and rivals. A wretch named Carstairs, who had earned a living in Scotland by going disguised to conventicles and then informing against the preachers, led the way. Bedloe, a noted swindler, followed; and soon, from all the brothels, gambling-houses, and sponging-houses of London, false witnesses poured forth to swear away the lives of Roman Catholics. One came with a story about an army of thirty thousand men who were to muster in the disguise of pilgrims at Cornton, and to sail thence to Wales. Another had been promised canonization and five hundred pounds to murder the King. A

third had stepped into an eating-house in Covent Garden, and there had heard a great Roman Catholic banker vow, in the hearing of all the guests and drawers, to kill the heretical tyrant. Oates, that he might not be eclipsed by his imitators, soon added a large supplement to his original narrative. He had the portentous impudence to affirm, among other things, that he had once stood behind a door which was ajar, and had there heard the Queen declare that she had resolved to give her consent to the assassination of her husband. The vulgar believed, and the highest magistrates pretended to believe, even such fictions as these. The chief judges of the realm were corrupt, cruel, and timid. The leaders of the country party encouraged the delusion. The most respectable among them, indeed, were themselves so far deluded as to believe the greater part of the evidence of the plot to be true. Such men as Shaftsbury and Buckingham doubtless perceived that the whole was a romance; but it was a romance which served their turn, and to their seared consciences the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge. The juries partook of the feelings then common throughout the nation, and were encouraged by the bench to indulge those feelings without restraint. The multitude applauded Oates and his confederates, hooted and pelted the witnesses who appeared on behalf of the accused, and shouted with joy when the verdict of guilty was pronounced. It was in vain that the sufferers appealed to the respectability of their past lives; for the public mind was possessed with the belief that the more conscientious a papist was, the more likely he must be to plot against a Protestant government. It was in vain that, just before the cart passed from under their feet, they resolutely affirmed their innocence; for the general opinion was, that a good papist considered all lies which were serviceable to his Church as not only excusable, but meritorious.

While innocent blood was shedding under the forms of justice, the new Parliament met; and such was the violence of the predominant party, that even men whose youth had been passed amid revolutions—men who remembered the attainder of Strafford, the attempt on the five members, the abolition of the House of Lords, the execution of the King—stood aghast at the aspect of public affairs. The impeachment of Danby was resumed. He pleaded the royal pardon; but the Commons treated the plea with contempt, and insisted that the trial should proceed. Danby, however, was not their chief object. They were convinced that the only effectual way of securing the liberties and religion of the nation was to exclude the Duke of York from the throne.

**Dreams and Aspirations.**  
From the experience of many observers, and my own (says Dr. Forbes Winslow), it seems evident that in all cases of incubus, a disturbance of the circulation is the predisposing cause, and the dreamer thus affected invariably seems to lose all power over the voluntary muscles, and this condition of the muscular system differs from others to be subsequently indicated. And, further, we make remark, that in incubus the intercostal muscles are implicated, hence the irruptive efforts of the dreamer to resist attacks, and so forth. One example will suffice to illustrate the latter statement:—  
"A gentleman of our acquaintance, of a robust, active temperament, and well formed, dreamed that he saw a low, dirty looking boy open his bed room door, and in the most impudent manner stare him in the face, seemingly without heeding that he was wide awake; and from this circumstance he became alarmed, from a conviction that there was some adult associate at the outside of the bed-room; that he attempted, nevertheless, to speak to the intruder, but he could not; and yet he saw, with a sense of indignation, the juvenile thief open different drawers, from one of which he extracted a gold watch, and diamond studs and rings, with a handful of notes and a bag of sovereigns; and after packing them up, deliberately, the delinquent came up to his bedside, and with a most impudent leer, nodded his head, and said, 'Good night, old chap.' The wretch of the sleeper was so great that he tried hard to rise and seize the thief, but he could not; he was equally impotent in the attempt to throw something at him, or to make any noise to arouse his servants. But these efforts awoke him, lying upon his left side, and his arm pressed against the heart, while his lower extremities were cold."  
We may, therefore, reasonably suppose, the whole phenomena to the fact, that some of the muscles were deprived of a due supply of blood, and to an excessive supply of this fluid to the brain.

**LAPLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.**  
The number of the Russian Lapps does not exceed 2,000; those of the Swedish Lapland were estimated in 1844 at 4,000, and those of Northern-Norway 5,000—an aggregate of only 11,000 souls. Besides the Lapp population, there are to be found on a shore of the White Sea several villages of Russians, stretching along from Kerett to the Bay of Kandalahschka (or Candalax.) Between the village of Kandalahschka and Kola, on the coast at the mouth of the Touloma, a distance of 213 wersts,—141 miles—there are seven post stations, the mails being carried from one to another by reindeer, four of which animals are kept at each station. This mode of transport, however, is only employed in winter; in summer everything being transported first a few miles by land to Lake Imandra, then the whole length of that fine body of water some sixty miles, thence across to the River Touloma, and down that stream to Kola. The navigation of the lake, by the way, is not always free from danger.  
The language of the Lapps is similar to that of the Finns, from which race they are originally an offshoot. The Lapps are generally of middle stature. They have large heads, short necks, small brown-red eyes, owing to the constant smoke in their huts, high cheek bones, thin beards and large hands. Those of Norway are distinguished from the Russian Lapps by the blackness, luxuriance and gloss of their hair; the more northern portion of the race are somewhat larger, more muscular and of a lighter complexion than the rest. Those of Sweden and Norway are to some extent more cultivated, enterprising and industrious than those of Russia, and make light of the greatest privations and hardships. The richest of the latter have not more than 800 reindeer, while the former possess from 2,000, to 3,000. In Sweden and Norway, whoever owns from 400 to 500 passes for a man in moderate circumstances; with 200 a small family with proper prudence can live without suffering from want but less than this number plunges a family into all the troubles of poverty.—Whoever has not more than 50, adds his beard to that of some rich man, and becomes his servant—almost his slave, and he is bound in the proper season to follow him to the hunting or fishing grounds.  
Fish, game and the flesh of the reindeer are the usual food of the Lapps. Bread they never eat, though of the rye meal which they procure in Kola or of the fishmeal in baster for the products of their reindeer herds, they make a sort of flat or pan cake, mingling the meal with the pounded bark of trees. For this purpose the meal is first soaked in cold water, and the cakes baked upon a hot iron. They are eaten with butter or codfish oil, which is esteemed a great luxury. The mingling of the bark with the meal is not done merely for the sake of economy, the Lapps considering it an excellent anti-scorbutic.—They are very fond of salt, and eat nothing uncooked. Their cookery is all done in unglazed copper vessels, perhaps because in all Lapland there are no pewiters; more probably, however, it is a long-descended custom, since in all Northern Asia the use of copper was formerly universal, and the art of overlaying that metal could hardly be known by the rude inhabitants. Nevertheless cases of poisoning from the copper never occur, being rendered impossible by the perfect cleanliness of the copper vessels, which after every meal are scoured with sand till they shine like mirrors. Besides, after the food is sufficiently cooked it is immediately poured into wooden vessels of home manufacture.

**A Clean Sell.**  
A shrewd countryman was in New York the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality with his eye teeth out. Passing up Chatham street, through the Jew's quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to buy. At last a dirty looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.  
"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman with a very innocent look.  
"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir."  
"Are they clean?"  
"To be sure sir, step in, sir."  
"Then," resumed the countryman with perfect gravity, "put one on for you need it."  
The rage of the shop keeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

Eliza Emery warns all girls in the South and West to look out for her gey, deceiving runaway husband, David. Think he may be easily known; and to prove so, says "David has a scar on his nose where I scratched him."  
A law in Kentucky allows any widow who has a child between six and eighteen years of age, to vote in the school district meetings.  
It is a singular fact, that when the Indian swears he swears in English. There are no oaths in the Indian vernacular.  
An old maid, speaking of marriage, says it is like any other disease—while there is life there is hope.  
Wealth creates more wants than it supplies.  
Hope is the light of the lamp, but Faith is the light of the sun.

**THE MISERIES OF HOOPS.**  
Hoops make useful, pretty toys  
For active little girls and boys;  
But hoops on woman, gentle,  
Are things to sneer at and to scoff,  
And like the whoop of a whooping cough,  
Neither useful nor ornamental.  
For while frail woman bones her skirts,  
And with a skeleton flannels and flirts,  
She has so much to carry,  
Mau finds it hard with her to talk,  
And harder still to sit or walk,  
But hardest of all to marry.  
For when a smitten wretch has seen,  
Among the lost in crinoline,  
The one his heart holds dearer,  
Oh! what a chill to ardent passion,  
To feel that first! this hollow fashion,  
He never can be nearer!

That instead of timidly drawing near,  
And pouring into the thrilling ear,  
The flood of his soul's devotion,  
He must stand and bellow in thunder tones,  
Across a half acre of skirts and bones,  
As if halting a ship on the ocean!  
And if, by chance, the maid of his choice,  
Shall faintly hear her lover's voice,  
And smiles her condescension—  
Why he captures a mass of hoops and rings,  
Skeletons, bones, and other things  
Too horrible to mention.  
Thus lovely woman hoops to folly,  
And drives poor man to melancholy,  
By her great frigid zones;  
Then let her hear a warning voice,  
Between her hoops and hoops make choice,  
And give the dogs her bones.

**Hard Study versus Hard Eating.**  
Students and dyspeptics, read this article from Hall's New York Journal of Health:—  
Hard study hurts nobody, but hard eating does. It is a very common thing to attribute the premature disability or death of students and eminent men to too close application to their studies. It has now come to be a generally admitted truth, that hard study, as it is called, endangers life. It is a mischievous error that severe mental application undermines health. Untinking people will dismiss this with the exclamation of "That's all stuff," or something equally conclusive. To those who search after truth, in the love of it, we wish to offer some suggestions.  
Many German scholars have studied for a lifetime, for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and a very large number, from twelve to fifteen hours; lived in comparative health and died before the sixties.  
One of the most sterling living minds, Professor Silliman, the elder, is now, in midwinter, traveling through the country, at the age of nearly eighty years and in good health, delivering geological lectures, and living mentally on hard rocks, iron, iridium and the like. Another strong example of the truth that health and hard study are not incompatible, is found in the great Missionary, Thomas H. Benton, now past three score and ten, and in the enjoyment of vigorous health; a more severe student than he has been and is now, the American public does not know. Dr. Charles Caldwell, our honored preceptor, lived beyond the eighties, with high bodily health, remarkable physical vigor, and mental force scarcely abated; yet for a great part of his life, he studied fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, and at one time gave but four hours to sleep. John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," is another equally strong example of our position. All these men, with the venerable Dr. Nutt, now more than eighty years old, made the preservation of health a scientific study, and by systematic temperance, neither blind rye spasmodic, secured the prize for which they labored, and with it, years, usefulness, and honor. The inculcation of these important truths was precisely the object we had in view, in the projection of this journal, with the more immediate practical application to the clergy of this country, whom we see daily disabled or dying scores of years before their time; not as is uniformly benevolently stated, from their "arduous labors," but by a persistent and inexcusable ignorance of the laws of life and health, and wicked neglect of them. We use this strong language purposely, for the ignorance of duty to their own souls; for upon both classes of duty the lights brightly shine, full bright enough for all practical purposes—lights of nature, of science, of experience, and of grace. How much of the hard intolerant theology of the times was concocted and perpetuated by dyspeptic stomachs, reflecting men can readily conjecture. We take it upon ourselves to guard and guide the shepherds. We would like to say much more on this subject, but long articles are neither read nor copied, and by many a long cigar or a long quid would be preferred. For the present, therefore, we content ourselves with the enunciation of the gist of this article.—  
Students and professional men are not so much injured by hard study as by hard eating; nor is severe study for a lifetime, of itself incompatible with mental and bodily vigor to the full age of threescore years and ten.

**WHO OWNS LAND IN GREAT BRITAIN.**—In Great Britain about sixty thousand families own all the territory, which is occupied by over twenty-seven millions of inhabitants.—Five noblemen—the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyll, Athol, Sunderland and Buccleugh—own, perhaps, one-fourth of Scotland. The estate of the Duke of Sunderland comprises about seventy thousand acres, or more than one thousand square miles.

**CAN IT BE TRUE?**—The New York Evening Post says there are at least two thousand gambling houses in that city, and probably a hundred faro banks.

**Ancient and Modern Water Works and Tunnels.**  
We are liable to forget the great works of the past, in our admiration of the present age, hence it is a good thing, sometimes to recall what the old engineers have accomplished, as a healthful stimulant to excite our modern engineers to greater efforts.  
The old Roman aqueducts, for supplying that city with water, in the days of its glory, when compared with the greatest of modern works of this kind, dwarf them into insignificance. Rome had one aqueduct—Aqua Apia—ten miles long all underground; another—Aquo Vetus—forty-three miles and nearly all underground also; another—Aqua Marcia—fifty miles long, and the Anio Nevus fifty-two miles long, with arches 109 feet high. There were also four other aqueducts amounting to nine altogether, for supplying Rome with water by gravitation, for there were no steam engines in those days to pump it up from the adjacent river Tiber for city use, as is now done in Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland and other of our cities.  
The noblest work of modern engineering for supplying any city with water is undoubtedly the Croton Water Works of New York; its artificial tunnels are carried over valleys, through hills, and over rivers a distance of forty miles. The work is stupendous to be sure, for it carries a condensed river from the mountains into the City, but compared to the old Roman water tunnels is not so much to boast of.  
The city of Montreal has recently finished some great work of engineering for supplying itself with in the same manner as the city of Philadelphia, by employing the water power of the river to pump itself up to an elevated reservoir. The water from the St. Lawrence immediately above the rapids, is connected by canal five miles long to a basin where two large wheels 36 feet in diameter work force pumps, which drive the water through iron pipes for about three miles to a double reservoir situated on the mountain behind the city, at a height of 200 feet above the river level. These reservoirs contain 20,000,000 gallons, and were cut out of the solid rock.—Thus from the elevation of 200 feet the water is conducted through the whole city.—Next to the Croton Water works those of Montreal, we understand are the greatest of the kind in our continent.  
From present indications there are a number of cities in the United States which will yet surpass old Rome in extent and population, and which must be supplied with water from distant sources. As no city can be kept clean and healthy without a good supply of water, we tell them to go to Rome for encouragement and example.

Some great works of tunneling or boring through mountains, have, within a few years, been executed in Europe and in our own country, for carrying railroads thro' them, and the tunnel now boring through the Green Mountains, three miles long, is considered to be the most expensive work of the kind ever attempted by our engineers; but we have only begun to execute works of this kind, and we require to be stimulated. The Alleghenies, the Rocky Mountains and other mountains have yet to be tunneled to make pathways through them for the "iron steed." Look at what the old Romans did. They cut a tunnel as part of a drain for Lake Fucinus, and it was bored one mile through a mountain of hard concretion. It was in the form of an arch, nine feet wide and nineteen feet high. There was no gunpowder then to assist the miners in blasting; all the work of cutting was executed inch by inch by steady labor with the pick, wedge and chisel. Considering the amount of labor required for this work, our engineers have much to imitate them.—Scientific American.

**AN UNFORTUNATE MAN.**—Sheriff Asael Wright of Northampton, Mass., is something of a wag. A few days ago a scurvy looking stranger presented him with a paper, earnestly begging for money. Believing him an impostor, Mr. Wright handed back the paper, saying: "I presume you wouldn't have asked me if you had known my situation; for whether you believe it or not, every bit of property I have in the world is in the hands of the Sheriff." The astonished and compassionate stare of the fellow's eyes at that moment was a sight to see.—Springfield Republican.

**PRECEPTS CHILDREN.**—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine has the following sensible remarks upon the system of unnatural forcing many parents adopt in training their children in order to gratify their own pride with their preternatural displays of similitude:—  
"How I have heard you, Eusebius, pity the poor children! I remember you looking at a group of them, and reflecting, 'Far of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and turning away thoughtfully, and saying, 'Of such is the kingdom of trade.' A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight! It is too often the dead warrant, such as the condemned stupidity looks at—fatal, yet beyond his comprehension. What should a child three years old—nay, five or six years old—be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes. I would say to every parent, especially to every mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; each is very much akin to us all, and in children's out-of-door play sells them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon

the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes. Let children have a free, open-air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkeys, and the chickens—they may form worse friendships with wiser-looking ones; encourage a familiarity with all that love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children love them. There is a language among them which the world's language obliterates in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving, than that you should make them wise, that is, book-wise. Above all things, make them loving; then will they be gentle and obedient; then, also, parents, if you become old and poor they will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go."

**BREATHING.**—There are certain physiological laws which, from their simplicity as well as their importance, should be familiar to every person. These principles can hardly be too often urged upon the attention of the reading community; for it is a melancholy fact that with all that has been written and said upon the subject of health, there is a widespread ignorance or indifference in relation to its preservation.  
The process of breathing is very simple, though the machinery by which it is performed is complicated and wonderful. And herein, at least, "all men are created equal;" neither can man boast in this respect over the brute beneath him, for all existence is sustained by the same process. Here the prince and the beggar—the man of colossal intellect and the meanest insect, are upon a common level.  
Yet the art of breathing seems but ill understood, or if understood but poorly practiced. Certain it is that thousands of people of both sexes stop breathing altogether long before they have lived to old age, for the simple reason that they do not breathe properly while they have a chance. Consumption, asthma, and kindred disorders, that count their victims by multitudes which no man can number, result in numerous instances from this fruitful source of mischief. The lungs are so constructed, that the largest one (the right lung), when properly used and developed, will contain a gallon of air; yet it may be so contracted as to contain no more than a gill; and when this stage of contraction is reached, a person had better make his will, and all other necessary arrangements for an untimely death.

It is just as easy to have a broad chest and fully developed lungs as it is to have them contracted; yet there is only one way given, "under heaven or among men," whereby this result may be attained, and that is to breathe properly. In the first place, if you would do this, you must keep erect, whether sitting or standing; and then you must breathe fully—that is, you must fill the lungs to their very bottom. Furthermore, you should exert your arms, strengthening by throwing back your arms and shoulders as far as possible, drawing in all the air you can, and then letting it off by the slowest process. This invigorates the whole system, and soon becomes a luxury which one will not dispense with. It is particularly necessary for persons of sedentary habits, such as clerks, shoemakers, tailors, teachers, etc. These persons should never allow themselves to sit in a sloping posture; and as often as every half hour should get up and fill their lungs in the manner just described.

There is a style particularly common with young America, of sitting with the heels as high or higher than the head. What is more common than to see a man reading his newspaper, or smoking a cigar, with his feet perched upon a desk, or some object higher than his chair? The practice is at once vulgar and mischievous, and, long continued, can but result disastrously to the health.  
The true position of the body is indispensable. A person should make it a matter of serious and solemn duty not to get into the habit of stooping. They can soon get accustomed to it, that it is as easy to stand erect as to bend. There in the habit of stooping may find quite a struggle overcome it; but the reward will richly repay the labor. Not only should the stooping posture be avoided through the day, but also in bed. The position should be such during sleep that the lungs will infuse the greatest possible quantity of air.  
This leads us to remark upon the ventilation of sleeping apartments. It is an amazing fact that hundreds of families sleep without their air, carefully closing all the doors and windows that can admit any, as though it were an enemy against which they were to barricade their castles, instead of a friend without which they can not live. The air of a bedroom is thus breathed over and over again, till it becomes impure and unhealthy; and by this means the system is enervated, and disease is engendered.—Dwellings should be built with an eye to this important matter of ventilation; but even where they are not, a partial remedy exists, for a window can be raised, or a door opened, or both.

These suggestions, as we have already intimated, are of the simplest kind, which every person can understand and adopt.—Their importance can not be over-estimated. The whole subject of physiology is one of the greatest importance, and no man should be ignorant in relation to the structure of his system and the proper use of its functions.—Life Illustrated.