

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

At ten minutes past ten they reached the foot of the scaffold. It had been erected in front of the palace of the Tuilleries, in the square called after Louis XV., and near the spot where stood the statue of the most impure of kings—a king who died tranquilly in his bed. The condemned man was three minutes descending from the carriage. Upon quitting the Temple he had refused the redingote which Clerly had offered to him and now appeared in a brown coat, white waistcoat, gray breeches and white stockings. His hair was not disordered, nor was any change perceptible in his countenance. The Abbe Firmont was dressed in black. A large open space had been kept round the scaffold with cannon ranged on all sides; while beyond, as far as the eye could reach, stood an unarmed multitude. The executioner had opened the door of the coach, and descending, Louis fixed his eyes upon the soldiers who surrounded him, and, with a terrible voice, cried "silence!" The drums ceased to beat, but at a signal from the officer the drummers again went on. "What treason is this?" he shouted. "I am lost! I am lost!" For it was evident that, up to this moment, he had been clinging to hope. The executioners now approached to take off a part of his clothes; he repulsed them fiercely, and himself removed the collar from his neck. But all the blood in his body seemed to be turned into fire when they sought to tie his hands. "Tie my hands!" he shrieked. A struggle was inevitable—it came. It is indubitable, says Mercier, that Louis fought with his executioners. The Abbe Edgeworth stood by, perplexed, horrified, speechless. At last his master seemed to look inquiringly at him, he said, "Sir, in this additional outrage I only see a last trait of the resemblance between your majesty and the God who will give you your reward."

All these words, indignation of the man gave way to the feelings of the Christian, and Louis said to his executioners: "I will die up to the end. They tied his hands, they cut off his hair, and then, leaning on the arm of his coat, he began, with a slow tread and a steady demeanor, to mount the steps, then very steep, of the guillotine. Upon the last step, however, he seemed suddenly to pause, and walked rapidly across to the other side of the scaffold; when, by a sign commanding silence, he exclaimed, "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me." His face was now very red, and, according to the narrative of his confessor, his voice was so loud that it could be heard through the streets as far as the Pont Neuf. Some other expressions were distinctly heard: "I pardon the authors of my death; and I pray heaven that the blood you are about to shed may never be visited upon France." He was about to continue, when his voice was drowned by the renewed ringing of the drums, at a signal which he obeyed, was given by the comedian Dagey, in anticipation of the cries of "Vive le Roi!" "Silence!" cried Louis XVI., losing all self-control, and stamping violently with his feet. Heard, one of the executioners, then seized a pistol, and took aim at the King. It was necessary to drag him along by force. With difficulty fastened the fatal plank, he continued to utter horrible cries, only interrupted by the fall of the knife, which instantly struck off his head. Samson raised it aloft, and showed it to the people. And the people shouted, "Long live the Republic!"—Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution.

A Place for the Strong-Minded.

A modest traveler tells us that the Jews are in Thessalonica, (European Turkey) reverse our accepted laws of Hymen, by purchasing their husbands. The modus operandi is thus described:
"Brokers are employed to negotiate marriages. The father of a marriageable girl goes to a broker, and inquires what bridegrooms there are in market. He chooses one higher or lower in the social scale, according to the dowry he can afford his daughter, the price he can pay, and makes an offer of so much dowry. The bridegroom, then, the broker, demands more; they chaffer and bargain for weeks, perhaps, and a bargain is struck. The parties never see each other till married. The dowry is the wife's only security against divorce. The husband can divorce her when he chooses, but he must pay back the dowry, that she may be able to buy another husband. Mrs. D. was telling a Jewish girl that we do not require any dowry in America. "How then?" said she, in utter astonishment, "do you do when he wants to divorce you?"
"An exchange paper gives the following case of absence of mind:
A girl who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening, and in bashful trepidation, she blew us out and drew the candle behind the door and kissed it."

A DROLL ACCOUNT.

The Turkish papers are dabbling in American politics. Listen to one of them on the Kansas question. The language is translated by the Constantinople correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune:
"In the northern part of America there is a province called Kansas, which having a very warm climate the inhabitants are much given to agriculture. They have, therefore, imported a large number of slaves from Africa, and employed them on their lands. The people who live in the north of this province regard slavery as inconsistent with humanity, and having so apprized the inhabitants of Kansas, urged them to desist from this improper practice. Having repeatedly done this, and not having been listened to, the two parties assembled, and after ascertaining the number of each, deputed representatives to the seat of the American government, called Washington, to have the matter tried. Now, as there has been for some time past a great coolness between the American Council of Nobles and the people of America, they could not fall upon any agreement on the subject of the people's quarrel in Kansas. The difficulty increasing daily in strength, it was foreseen that trouble would arise out of it. The enemy existing between the two councils resulted in each endeavoring to prevent the labors of the others, and consequently nothing was done by either. Moreover, as the army of the American republic is wholly disorganized, and consists of Bashi Bazook soldiers, the council of the people desired to have them properly trained and placed under some kind of order, with regulations and pay assigned them. The chief of the republic likewise was in favor of this arrangement, but the Council of Nobles continued to oppose that of the people, and a great quarrel arose between them on the subject. This state of things, therefore, being productive of the ruin of the foundations of the republic, and the destruction of its government, the chief of it decided upon settling this affair of the army in some manner or other, and for this purpose last August, called up both the Councils and gave them two weeks, in which time to come to a settlement of their differences. Now it happens that by said republic, if the people's Council do not also consent to it, the chief of the government, even together with the Council of Nobles, cannot take one aktha out of the Treasury; as the former would not consent to give him any money for their support, he had to dismiss all the soldiers and sell the vessels of war to other governments. Of a truth it is clearly seen that this discord between the two Councils will very soon cause the ruin of that republic, and proves the value of the peace and happiness which we will enjoy under the benevolent protection of the shadow of our blessed Sultan."

CHINA.

The eyes of the civilized world are at this moment turned upon the Celestial Empire, in consequence of the internal discord, the bombardment of several of her forts by the American and English fleets, and the reported destruction of Canton by the latter. What it will amount to is an enigma that time alone will solve; but we are inclined to believe that the star of the Tartar dynasty is on the wane.
China is the most populous and ancient empire in the known world; it is 1390 miles long, and 1330 wide; its population is over 360,000,000. The capital of this vast empire is Peking, which contains at least one million inhabitants. The chief product of the country is tea, of which over 50,000,000 pounds are annually exported from Canton, the principal port of shipping, and the only place foreigners are allowed to visit. All the necessities of life are found in abundance throughout the country. The arts and manufactures are at a high state of perfection, but stationary—no anything like improvement is totally prohibited.
The foreign commerce of China amounts to about \$40,000,000 annually, the whole of which is transacted with appointed agents, called Hong merchants. The revenue of the whole empire is estimated at \$200,000,000, and the revenue derived from foreign commerce by the Emperor, varies from \$4,000,000 to \$6,000,000.
Smuggling is carried on to a considerable extent and for several years past, the English have smuggled annually, at least \$50,000,000 worth of opium, much of which was paid for in specie. Philanthropists of the whole civilized world, have long, without avail, tried to put an end to this trade on account of the great injury it does to the physical condition of all who use it. The dying scene of a confirmed opium chaffer is a horrible picture.
The religion of the Chinese is something similar to Buddhism, their chief God being Fou. This saint endeavors to inculcate the morality of Confucius, their great philosopher, who was born 550 B. C.
The great wall and canal of China, are among the mightiest works ever achieved by man. The Chinese language has nearly 40,000 letters, or characters. The chief trade of this country is with England. About thirty United States vessels annually visit Canton. The first American vessel that ever visited that port, was in 1714.
The Chinese, like their neighbors, the Japanese, are an exclusive set. They wish to have very little to do with any nations outside their own. Foreigners are allowed to live at certain factories or stations, below Canton, and if they dare trespass beyond the prescribed limits, insult, death, and destruction will almost assuredly follow the bold adventurer.—Pennysonian.

A Fancy Baronet in a Lecture Room.

Sir Robert Peel has been delivering a lecture at Birmingham, relative to his Russian visit, and the sights which he witnessed in Moscow at the coronation of the Emperor and Empress. The present head of the house of Peel was known to be "fast" in the days of his father, the great Minister, and his career since he came to the title has not disabused that impression. The lecture in question, to use the words of a metropolitan journal, was a tissue of indiscretion, bad taste, and buffoonery—the coarseness of the Coal-hole and slang of the Casino.
Sir Robert told his audience that he was "horribly flattered" by the innkeepers, and "thorribly done" in his dinners, for which he had to pay £60 a day. At Moscow he was "dressed to an enormous extent" by a person who charged him £100 for each of the four greys which drew his carriage from the railway station to the hotel. At Nishni he bought some turquoises, which he intended to sell to make good his losses, "as I am always anxious to recover, and never like to be done." He drove from Moscow to Nishni, a distance of four hundred miles, in twenty-eight hours. The horses got knocked up, and when they fell exhausted were left by the roadside. The postillions met the same fate. "I never enjoyed anything so much."

At Nishni he was delighted with the fair, "and the brick of a Governor. During the whole time I was in Russia I never saw such a brick as this Governor was. I never saw a man with such capacity for drinking as this brick of a Governor; no matter how much champagne he took, I did not notice that he ever appeared the worse of it." He then described the coronation. "As the Emperor entered, she fell flat on the floor—I supposed by accident. I was, however, to kiss some sacred stone or other, and then she came in with hair disheveled, looking like Norma in the opera."

His description of the French representative at the coronation is striking, whatever may be said of its taste. "We were present at the coronation by Count Morny, the French Ambassador, a spick and span man, of considerable splendor, and who, by the way, is one of the greatest speculators in the world. He speculates in everything, and bought a lot of pictures to sell again and made a profit of it." The Belgian ambassador, the Prince de Ligne, is said to be "the very picture of swelling insignificance; so swelling, indeed, that he could not for the life of him look down from the contemplation of his own importance."

Criticism like this, expressions like these, and levity about the great affairs of State, such as we meet with in this speech, are enough to make the great Sir Robert Peel turn uneasy in his house of clay. If the wealthy and flippant young baronet had gone to Russia as a private gentleman to see what he describes, he would have been open to no severer impeachment than bad taste in the manner of his narrative; but he represented in an official capacity the British crown and people on this occasion, and hence the annoyance which he met at the exhibition he has made.—Liverpool Times.

Moral Influence of a Literary Taste.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn, in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time; for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compacted of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But, to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and "stands homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the reach of my words, let me say to him, that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will carry you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle.—Hilbard.

DOUBTERY THE CORNER.—The following reminiscence of Coroner Conroy acquires an interest from recent occurrences. He held an inquest upon the body of an Irishman, who was killed by an Italian some months ago. During the investigation he examined the Italian, who did not understand a word of English, when the following colloquy occurred:
CORONER.—Do you speak English?
ITALIAN.—(Demonstrations either that he did not understand English, or the question, or both.)
COR.—Do you speak German?
ITAL.—Same demonstrations as before.
COR.—Do you speak French?
ITAL.—Same demonstration as before.
COR.—Do you speak Spanish?
ITAL.—Demonstration as before.
COR.—(Expanding exultantly.) There, gentlemen of the jury, you see I have addressed him in five different languages, and he does not understand one.—N. Y. Post.

Young American.

A certain Judge, while attending Court in a shire town, was passing along the road where a boy was just letting down the bars to drive some cattle in. His father stood in the door of his home, on the opposite side of the road, and seeing what his hopeful boy was doing, shouted out—
"John don't you drive them cattle in there; I told you to put them in the pasture behind the house."
The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect—and the third time gave positive orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with as coolness which positively shocked the Judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official dignity:
"Oh, ya-a" replied the youth, casting a glance at the Judge and then at his parent, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither, and 'twixt she and I, we've aboyt got the dog so he don't.—Arthur Gilman.

Republican Platform.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, has knocked to pieces the Republican party. The issue now is, submission to the laws of the land, or open rebellion. Greeley, of the "Tribune," says, that the decision of the Supreme Court "is entitled to just as much weight as the judgment of a majority of those congregated in any Washington bar room." This style of language sounds as though treason was a settled point with the leaders of Black Republicanism.

Mr. James Pike, known as one of the writers of the "Tribune," writing from Washington, says:
"But if Mr. Buchanan is not clear and forcible in style, we must admit that the doctrines of the inaugural are sufficiently pointed and distinct. Of these, we come at once to the expression of a firm conviction, blunt as it may seem, that this Union is not worth saving, nor his Government worth preserving; upon the basis of the Inaugural, backed by the coming decision of the Supreme Court, to which the President, by intimation, clearly points."

Look at the Bright Side.

Looking with you from the same point of view as if you had a season ticket for a funeral? Can't you find a better name for this world than "a vale of tears," and "scene of tribulation"? If you can't, it will do you good to read a letter which a friend has just furnished us. It is from a wife in Massachusetts to her husband in California. She doesn't intend to go through the world with an air as if

"Muffled drums were beating
Funeral marches to the grave."
Here is the letter:
"My Dear Husband—As it is some time since you left us for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say we are all enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at the present two of his boys have got the small pox, Amanda Jane has got the typhus fever, Betsey is down with the measles, Samuel, our booped with the cow the typhus fever, and little Peter has just cut off seven of his fingers with the hair-cut. It's a great mercy that he didn't chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions, we are all well, and getting along nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about me.

I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda stopped last week with a tin pedlar. Poor girl! she's been waiting for the last ten years for a chance, and I'm glad she's got married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to elope though. She was a great eater; and I find the baked beans don't go off near so fast now as they did. The way that girl would dip into the tin and beans was a caution to the rest of the family.
The cow took it into her head yesterday to run away, which was very fortunate, I'm sure, for the barn caught fire and was consumed. I was in hopes the cow would go too, for it's very inconvenient, but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive much injury.

Some boys broke into the orchard the other day, and stripped all the fruit trees. I am glad of it, for if they had't, I presume the children would of made themselves sick by eating too much.
Hoping that you enjoy yourself in California as well as we do at home, I remain your affectionate wife."

A SHARP YOUNGSTER.—A little boy on his return from Sunday School, recently addressed his mother as follows: "Mamma! "Well my dear, "Mamma the teacher says people are all made of dust." "Yes my dear, so the Bible says." "Well, mamma, are white people made of dust?" "Yes." "Well, then, I s'pose colored people are made of coal dust, ain't they?"

HARD TO PLEASE.—A countryman in one of the western counties, with a load of meal drove up to a lady's door, when the following conversation took place:
"What do you want any meal ma'am?"
"Do you ask for a bushel?"
"T'pence, ma'am—pr'mo."
"Oh, I can get it for five."
(In a despairing voice)—"Dear lady will you take a bushel for nothing?"
"Is it sifted?"

The Daily Banking Business of Philadelphia.

People have but a very imperfect idea of the extent of the business carried on in Philadelphia and especially of the financial business. They are accustomed to think of New York as the one great money centre, and to treat Philadelphia transactions as scarcely worthy of consideration. We have so few banks and the amount of their capital is so small as compared with those of New York, that it is not regarded as at all important or interesting that the extent of our financial operations should be inquired into. It is very well, they say, that the business of New York Clearing House shall be reported; but it is of very little consequence that there should be any similar establishment here. It will be news to nearly every one, not actually engaged in the Banks, that there is and has been for some time in daily operation, an arrangement corresponding in some measure to the New York Clearing House. It is not established by law; but the Banks have made the arrangement for their own convenience and to enable them better to serve the interests of the public.

Every morning, at about half-past eight o'clock, a deputation of clerks from each of the seventeen banks in the city arrives at the Girard Bank. They repair to a large room in the upper story, where there is a long table, on which all have their particular positions assigned them. Here they unpack certain carpet bags, valises and walle, and in a little while the table is covered with packages of bank notes, checks, and other representatives of the circulating medium. These are all the receipts of each bank on the previous day, including notes of the various city banks, checks on other banks, with a bill on the back stating the aggregate amount received by it. These packages are interchanged, the money re-counted; and the balance struck. The sum received by each bank, in notes and checks of every other bank, is thus accurately ascertained. This comprises an immense amount of work, but as it is in skillful and experienced hands and is conducted in a systematic manner, it goes on very rapidly, and rarely occupies more than half an hour, the several deputations of the Banks then dispersing to their own proper institutions. At half past eleven o'clock, on each day a clerk from each bank arrives at the Girard Bank, to adjust the balances, ascertained in the morning with specie checks. It is thus ascertained which are creditor banks, and checks are given and re-counted.

During the half hour or more in the morning, while the clerks of all the banks are busy at their work, the scene presented is a most animated one. Some forty or fifty gentlemen are overhauling great bulky packages of notes and checks counting them off with the rapidity that is only to be acquired by long practice, calling out to one another the sums of their countings and calculations, and passing to one another bundles of notes, amounting sometimes to hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is safe to say that the amount of money passed in this way ranges, in the course of a week, from forty to fifty millions of dollars. This, we apprehend, is quite beyond the conceptions of most of our readers. The system adopted for getting through with so much work in so short a time is an admirable one. It is in view of it, moreover, that the recent change in the hour of opening from 9 to 10 o'clock, has been adopted.—Phila. Bulletin.

The "Man of Pleasure."

The following graphic portrait of the "Man of Pleasure" is taken from a sermon on "Christian Manhood," delivered last Sunday week, in New York, by Rev. Mr. Cuyler:—
"I trust that no young man here will need to be warned against that wretchedly false idea of 'manhood' which is so rife in certain circles of this million-peopled city. The counterfeit 'manhood' of an oath and a bottle of brandy and a pack of cards—a box in the theatre, and a bet on the race-course. Hundreds of young men are constantly aspiring to such badges of social nobility as these! You may see these ambitious youths ordering, with a consequential swagger, their wine suppers at the fashionable 'hells.'—You may detect them at the midnight hour pulling the door bells of haunts of infamy; and whispering false names through the iron lattice; you may discover an infidel book in their trunk, locked up with an obscene print, a revolver, a sporting calendar, a directory to brothels, a few French novels, and—no Bible. Young women! beware of such social serpents as these. They will enter your houses as their 'fathers' entered Eden, only to seduce and destroy. New York has her full share of these characters; they pass for 'men of gallantry,' 'men of spirit,' 'men of pleasure.'"

Every now and then there is a tremendous explosion in our community, which blows off the covering and lets us all look in upon the rotten heart of a certain style of city life. During the last week we have all been looking with consternation. We have stood in the chamber whose walls were bespattered with blood, and have seen the bitter end of a career which cost off the sweet restraint of domestic purity for the polluting excess of a 'strange woman.' We have seen a remarkable cluster gathering around that corpse, amid hysterical tear and ill-tempered sentiment. We have seen the unblinking courtesan testifying against the 'man of pleasure' who had hung her able for other spoil, the officer of justice swearing to scenes of broth and bitterness in a house where God's law of marriage had been trampled under foot; and amid such surroundings we can

dearly some yet fresh from the family altar of a rural home. 'Who did that deed of darkness?' is yet a painful mystery; it is ripe to certain that there has been foul murder done to conscience and to character within those walls long before the garbiter's noose was slipped and the assassin's poison driven to the heart. Heaven save you, my dear young friend from the 'manhood' of lawless liberalism! And Heaven save our great metropolis, when its Brussels cap is stained with blood and the quiet of its steeplest steels is broken by the midnight shriek of murder!"

Civilization in Turkey.

The introduction of the French and English among the Turks during the Russian war, it would seem, was to be productive of some good in the way of civilization in Turkey. Like the "Celestial" Empire, that country has been less influenced by the civilizing tendencies of the rest of the world, with the exception of Japan, than any other race of people who exist under any other organized form of government.
Agencies of questionable character often produce beneficial results to mankind—Christianity was introduced into China by means of the "Opium war," at the point of the bayonet, and the march toward improvement has since been perceptible both in the social and moral condition of the natives.—The European revolutions of 1848, though for the most part productive of no real benefit to those engaged, accomplished as they were by bloodshed and carnage, have been the direct means of giving the people of France greater religious toleration than before enjoyed; while in Italy there is certainly more freedom of opinion than before.

We are glad to perceive that in Turkey good is growing out of evil. Religious toleration is granted to all, if we are rightly informed, and it is said that the Sultan is about to abolish polygamy, that relic of barbarism, by first setting the example to his subjects. It is stated on good authority that he has "penanced off" all his wives save one, and has discontinued the Oriental practice of compelling the women to appear in public only when veiled. Leniency is to be exercised towards the Christians, or millets, as they have been called. The young ladies of Turkey will doubtless be pleased with the privilege of being seen, like the fair sex of other lands.

The Turks are also said to be eager to receive the customs of the civilized world. The war has introduced changes in the Turkish Empire which will continue until the last vestige of superstition, ideas and manners by which the people have been enthralled shall have been obliterated.

The Area of the Great Lakes.

The five great lakes of North America have recently been surveyed, and it is found that they cover an area of 90,000 square miles. The total length of the five lakes is 1534 miles. Lake Superior, at its greatest length, is 355 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; elevation above the sea, 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan is 260 miles long; its greatest breadth is 108 miles; its mean depth is 900 feet; elevation, 687 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. Lake Huron, in its greatest length, is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 300 feet; elevation, 574 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. Lake Erie is 250 miles long; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 200 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6000 square miles. Lake Ontario has a length of 180 miles, and its mean breadth is 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation above the ocean, 262 feet; area, 6006 square miles.

Influence of Tobacco on the Brain.

Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on the brain, in a late clinical lecture on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain: "I would caution you, as students, against excess in the use of tobacco, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a large experience of brain disease, and I am satisfied now that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no other cause or agent that tends so much to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic diseases of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco."

John Phoenix, Jr., thus graphically describes the employment of our reverend Puritan ancestors soon after the settlement of New England. "He says, 'they planted corn and built houses, they killed the Indians and hung Quakers and Baptists, burnt the witches alive, and were very happy and comfortable indeed.' They were fine, tolerant, jolly old fellows." John is an innocent youth, but occasionally does hit the target in the center.

The Passenger's Home-Coming.—Mr. Buchanan was accompanied to Washington by his nephew and private Secretary, James Buchanan Henry, and his niece, Miss Harriet S. Lane, and Miss Hatty Parker. Miss Lane will remain at Washington to do the honors of the White House, but Miss Parker will return to take charge of Wheatland after the inauguration.

"Cato, what do you s'pose a deacon dat de sun goes down towards de sea in de winter?"
"Well, I dunno, Sambo, unless he s'posed de 'demony' of de north, and so he am 'bliged to go to de south where he 'spenence warmer longitudes."
Peace of mind is as essential to health as it is to happiness.

MOTHERS WOULD THE MAN.—Independent of the phrenological teaching, that men of marked character derive their goodness, greatness or genius exclusively from the maternal source, and not from the paternal, a common opinion that a marked man has a superior mother, is quite general in circles where no pretensions to science exist.
Where both father and son become distinguished, as in the instance of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, it should be recollected they both had mothers of extraordinary mental energy.

Two-thirds of all young men who come to the cities to seek their fortunes, from their poor homes in the country, and who finally own the shipping, reside in palaces, control foreign commerce, hold the highest offices in the gift of the people, had mothers worth having.
A thousand incidental circumstances may have been in the way to prevent a development of the true latent powers which many a mother possesses. An imperfect education; straightened condition of her family; early marriage and subsequent demands of a group of young children, in connection with the state of society in which her lot was cast, all may have been unfavorable for an exhibition of the real elements of her mind and character. Still, the concealed power is there, which she transmits to her sons, who, under the strong impulse of necessity in one case, or polished educational discipline in another, make the world conscious they are in it.

The mother of the celebrated Goethe was but eighteen when he was born. She was a lively girl, full of German sentiment, with warm impulses, by no means much troubled with a conscience, exceedingly afraid of her husband, who was near twenty-two years her senior, and seemingly both willing and skilful in the invention of white lies adapted to screen her children from his minute, fidgety, and rather austere superintendence. She "spoiled" her children on principle, and made no pretension to conduct a systematic training, which she abhorred. She said of herself, in after years, that she could "educate" no child; was quite unfit for it, gave them every wish as long as they laughed and were good, and whipped them if they cried or made wry mouths, without ever looking for any reason why they laughed or cried. Her belief in Providence was warm with German sentiment, and not a little tinged with superstition. She rejoiced greatly when her son published the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," which she loved as a memorial of a lost pietistic friend. Her religion was one of emotion rather than of moral precepts. She was generous and extravagant, and after her husband's death, seems to have spent capital as well as income. She was passionately fond of the theatre, a taste which she transmitted to her son. Her hearty simplicity of nature made her everywhere loved. Her servants loved and stayed with her to the last. She seems to have had at least as much honor as her son, and, which for Germans was not inconsiderable, and not much more sense of awe. She gave the most detailed orders for her funeral, and even specified the kind of wine and the size of the cracknels with which the mourners were to be regaled, ordering the servants not to put too few raisins into the cakes, as she never could endure that in her life, and it would certainly chafe her in her grave. Having been invited to go to a party on the day she died, she sent for answer, that "Madame Goethe could not come, as she was engaged in dying." Yet her sensitiveness was so great that she always made it a condition with her servants that she should never repeat to her painful news that they had picked up accidentally, as she wished to hear nothing sad without absolute necessity. And during her son's dangerous illness at Weimar, in 1805, no one ventured to speak to her of it till it passed, though she affirmed that she had been conscious all the time of his danger without the heart to mention it. This peculiarly Goethe inherited.—Med. World.

SLANDERING DOCTORS.—A great many jokes are cracked at the expense of the doctors, and at the expense of the reputation for intellect of those who crack them; for a moment's consideration, which, by the way, in this fast age, is not given to anything of true importance, except by the few—a moment's consideration would teach any one, that it is to the doctor's interest to keep the patient alive as long as possible, for as long as the patient lives he pays! Witness the desperate efforts made to protract life for a few hours, in the last extremity; how the medicine is poured down every five minutes, as long as the dying man can swallow; how the blister plaster encircles ankle, wrist, and waist, to kindle up again the powers of life, for, with returning life, returns the prospect of dollars. For our part, we could never appreciate the philosophy of torturing the poor dying body in the ways just alluded to, to the last moment of existence. The great Washington prayed to be allowed to die in peace. When our last hour comes, hoist the window, throw the door wide open, without a draft; moisten the lips; clear the room of all but one or two; let all the pure air possible, get to the laboring lungs. Just imagine, reader, what would be your feelings for relief, if a pillow were pressed over your face for a minute, and you may have some idea of the desire a dying man has for all the air he can get. But as evidence that doctors are not such a mercenary class as represented sometimes, the fact conveys an idea that requires eighty dollars to keep one under a doctor, there being forty thousand doctors in the United States; while there are only five hundred professed undertakers, the frequency of both not included.—Hall's Journal of Health.