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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

My Mother's Grave.

The beautiful lines by SAMUEL CAMERON, Esq., breathe the very spirit of poetry, and will find an echo to their melancholy music in every sympathetic breast:

Long years have flown, dear mother,
Since o'er thy voiceless grave
I've heard the night wind's requiem,
And the willow's pensive wave;
Where twines the tender cypress vine,
And blossoms the violet fair,
And sweetest odor breathes around
Affection planted there.

I'll know thy love, dear mother,
No more whilst time moves 'round,
Wrapt in thy shroud thou sleepest now
Beneath the cold damp ground;
A solitary branch I droop
Above life's lessening stream,
And youth's bright time but seems to me
A lovely, mystic dream.

Oft I'll return, dear mother,
To that lone, hallowed spot,
So sad and yet so soothing,
So far, yet unforgot:
And fancy time is mingling
With the voices of the wind
A prayer for the lonely one,
Left weepingly behind.

And how blest, when life is o'er,
The life which is but breath,
To sleep near thee the tranquil sleep,
Dreamless, but not of death;
With the sustained and sacred hope
That we shall meet once more
Amid the bowers and by the streams,
On heaven's unclouded shore.

THE PRINTER AND THE TYPES.

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood by intelligent people than the "art preservative"—the achievement of types.

Every day their lives long they are accustomed to read the newspaper, to find fault with its statements, its arrangements, its looks, to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roguish and acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some word with a waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They imagine they discourse of a wonder indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet woven for thought to walk on, the rags that fluttered upon the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is to us something more wonderful still. When we look at the one hundred and fifty-two little boxes, something shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose a printer's "case," noiseless, except the clicking of types, as one by one they take their place in growing line—we think we have found the marvel of the wondrous art.

Strewn in those little boxes are thin parallelograms of metal, every one good for something that goes to make up written languages: the visible footprints of thought upon carpets of rags.

We think how many fragments of fancy there are in the boxes; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he only has a little chart to work by; how many facts in small handfulls, how much truth in chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements until he holds in his hand a stanza of Gray's Etegy, monody upon Grimes "all buttoned up before." Now he sets up a "Puppy missing," and now "Paradise Lost." He arrays a bride in "SMALL CAPS," and a sonner in "Nonpareil." He announces that the languishing "live" in one sentence, transposes the world, and deplores the days that are "evil" in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way into the printer's hand, like a little clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches into line. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing of the ear; but perhaps not.

The types that told a wedding yesterday announce a burial to-morrow—perhaps in the self-same letters, and we know not what the types that compose this article may perform as their next duty.

They are the elements to make a word of. Those types are a world with something in it as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer, and as grand as autumn; flowers that frost cannot wilt, fruit that shall ripen for all time.

SINGULAR WILL.—An inhabitant of Montgaillard, in France, who died in 1822, left the following curious testament:—"It is my will that any of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral, shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black; but that on the day of my burial, the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of tolling the bells, I will have drums, fiddles, and fifes. All the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes and minuets." The singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family, the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

A backwoodsman, who had never seen a pair of sugar tongs, being invited to a tea party, requested a person who unhappily was seated near him, to give some information respecting its use. "It is a very ingenious instrument," said the cruel wag, "which has been lately invented for the purpose of "blowing the nose." It is now in general use in genteel society; and it is expected that the disgusting custom of using fingers will be altogether abolished." The sugar dish was handed around; the unfortunate "lion" seized the tongs, and the polite part of the assembly were scandalized at the *outre* application of the instrument and the explosion which followed.

New Jersey has twenty representatives in the service of the government in its various departments at Washington.

[Reported for the Easton Gazette.]

REPORT OF LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF EASTON—AT ITS SECOND COURSE.

The Rev. Dr. BRAUNS delivered the 6th Lecture of the course. He said it makes an American feel patriotic to travel in Germany. The Germans so love our country, admire us and all that belong to us that it naturally excites in us a greater pride in our country and its countrymen, of whom we begin to think from the respect paid us, we are not the most inconsiderable. They think America a Paradise and gaze upon American travellers as golden messengers from the promised land. An incident just occurs to me in illustration of the exaggerated notion they have of every thing great and small, that is American: My host came in my chamber one morning when I was performing an operation of which every man ought to be ashamed, and ran out to tell his neighbors what an enormous strop the American was sharpening his razor upon.—They have the most exaggerated notions about our country and its institutions, and this leads them to magnify all our excellencies and makes them blind to our defects. Liberty, in their eyes, no doubt, covers a multitude of faults. To use their own words they call everything American gros—great, grand, magnificent. The most celebrated attraction to the traveller in Germany is the Rhine. It was on a 3d of July that I was at a roadside inn, the only guest, for not being laid down in Murray's Guide Book, it was of course never visited by any of the swarms of English travellers who flit thro' Germany, not always, however, sucking its sweets. Murray's Guide Book is their chart, their vade mecum, there can't be anything worth seeing the Englishman firmly believes, not laid down in it. I was alone therefore at this inn, situated as it was in a very picturesque country sprinkled with rural villages, watered by babbling streamlets, with shady walks and green hills on every side often bearing the ruins of some ancient castle on their summits which invited the traveller's ascent; and within two miles of where I was the far-famed Rhine rolled its rapid tide. The approach of the 4th of July awakened in me in that strange land recollections and sentiments which that day must always and everywhere awaken in the American's bosom; and I bethought me how I could spend the day in a manner consonant to my feelings. I could not let out my patriotism in a speech after the manner of those orators at home who are wont to spread themselves on that ever glorious day. If I spoke in English no one would understand me, and if in German I had a narrow chance of being arrested for spreading incendiary doctrines. It occurred to me that if I devoted the day to the beholding of the many objects of wonder and beauty for which the banks of the Rhine were famed the world over it would be a golden day in the calendar of my after life. I therefore set off the next morning for the Rhine, two miles distant. The road is as level as a bowling alley and strewn with villages in which live the German peasantry. It is early morn, the first beams of the sun are crimsoning the hill tops, glittering upon castles, crumbling walls and pouring a flood of golden light into the opening road. We stroll along leisurely, stopping to examine those peasant villages which present so queer an appearance to an American. They are inhabited by none but the humblest class: not a merchant, no lawyer, not even a physician is there to be found—whether that is a privation for which they are to be pitied, some may doubt. The pastor is the only man of any education or refinement in the village, and he does not visit the peasants but seeks society in the neighboring towns which are always numerous. The houses are built of wood, the interstices filled with mud, or mud and bricks. The floors are of mud, the occupants are Germen peasants—men, women, children and pigs; they are in fine, the abodes of stupidity, dirt and pigs. In all of these villages there is a public bake-oven—no private ones—in which each family in its turn bakes its bread of rye—very rarely do they taste flour. This turn comes round about once in three weeks. I need not inform you that they don't suffer much from dyspepsia or any other ill to which the eater of warm bread is heir. I ate some of this bread when it was fresh, and found it good and sweet. I also ate some not fresh which was not good and sweet—no, not by no means. I had been a sufferer from dyspepsia and had been ordered to eat stale bread for it, but I thought there was a point at which antiquity ceased to be desirable. In Germany all are members of church. In infancy every child is baptised, and at 14 years of age admitted into the church by confirmation, for performing which right the pastor receives about fourteen cents. When the girls marry they present the pastor with a lemon and pocket handkerchief. The reason of this I could never learn, though being a bachelor I am curious about such matters; and all old customs have some cause for their origin; I guessed, however, and yankees are good at guessing—that the lemon is a sign of the sourness of the state into which she is about to enter and that the handkerchief signifies she would have many tears to wipe away. Knowing what he will get for confirming and marrying the pastor can easily reckon his revenue each year. They have schools and every child is compelled to attend. I was present at an examination and thought they displayed greater proficiency, especially in answering bible questions, than our own schools. The teacher is a sort of jack-of-all-trades, being organist and choirster in the church and officiating in the afternoon in place of the pastor, and filling at least half a dozen other employments. The German pastors never perform service twice themselves, on the same Sunday.

But we have tarried long enough at this German village and must hasten down to the river. There we are carried on board a steamer which is going up the river towards Mentz in a small boat, paying a grotchen, about two cents, the universal charge in Germany for that service. We are handed on board the steamer by the mate with much politeness, and conducted at once to the captain who asks us which cabin we will go in. There are always three cabins in these steamers. In the first go, the Germans say, German princes and fools—meaning by the latter, English noblemen—and latterly since Americans have begun to take first cabin, they say, not liking to be disrespectful to us, princes, fools and Americans. The third cabin is equivalent to our forward cabin and deck passage. I took the second cabin which is the most agreeable and pleasant for sight seeing.—They have no steward with his ding dong, and gentlemen will you please call up to the captain's office and settle. We may now pay some attention to the inner-man if you please, not having breakfasted before. And here I may remark that providing for the inner-man is a duty which the German never neglects. Little tables are arranged on deck at one of which we sat down to our coffee and roll—everybody drinks coffee in Germany. We next begin to look about us, we prepare to drink in the beauties of that unequalled scenery, about which we have heard so much. But we realize, as Curtis, the Howajji, has remarked, that it is not so much what one sees, but what one feels, that gives to the scenery such a charm.—The Rhine is 800 miles long, 600 navigable, but only about 100 miles of it is noted for its scenery. The Rhine itself is a muddy stream, running at the undignified rate of seven miles an hour. Ancient castles, ruins, palaces of recent erection, vinyards and and towers met our gaze. One of the first circumstances which drew my attention, was Cæsar's Bridge, an awful bridge to cross as the readers of his Commentaries will remember. It was erected in 55 B. C. The beautiful part of the Rhine begins at Cologne and ends at Mentz. Cologne is the city where the perfume of that name is made. It is the most inodorous of cities. There is no danger of being lost in it, you can always tell in what street you are by the smell. Bingen is one of the towns you pass on the Rhine. The readers of Mrs. Norton will recall her beautiful ballad of "Bingen on the Rhine." We also pass the Mouse Tower, famous for the legend which Southey has commemorated in a poem.—The legend firmly believed in by the German peasants is that of a bishop who in a time of scarcity, to rid himself of the importunities of the poor people who were starving, told them to go into his granary and help themselves, when he had the doors closed and set fire to the building, burning up hundreds of the famished wretches. For this savage cruelty and treachery his palace was infested by rats; to escape them he fled across the river and built the mouse or rat tower, as it is called, but the vermin followed him, and at last devoured the bishop, leaving but a heap of bones for the once pampered prelate.

At Coblentz was the monument erected by a French General on the invasion of Russia, inscribed "in commemoration of the Russian Campaign," which being observed by a Russian General following the retreating French he added 'approved by me.'

Mentz is a very ancient city, its cathedral was built in the year 968. I saw there the remains of a Roman encampment, built by the Roman General Drusus 14 years B. C. Mentz is also famous for being the birth place of the inventor of printing, Guttenburg as the Germans contend. There has, you know, been much dispute as to whom the honor belongs to. While at Mentz I got acquainted with a party with whom I spent some pleasant hours. I was looking at the vinyards which are numerous in this vicinity. They are planted upon hill-sides and look more like a patch of beans with short bean poles than any thing else. Every spot of earth is cultivated by the German peasant. The land is divided into strips and these again into narrower strips, and every spot as large as a negro's foot is made productive.

While examining these vinyards I heard a sound of my own language, and hoping to find a countryman to whom I could unbosom myself in conversation about our land of the free, I approached and saluted the strangers but soon learned that one was an Englishman and the other a German who had lived in the United States. A stranger has no hesitation in Germany in addressing himself to any one near him even if it be a lady, whether on steamboat, in cars, stage or country or at table of hotel. This, however, gives you no right to call upon a lady at her house. Not so in America, here a party may ride together a whole day and never exchange a word unless to inquire how near we are to our journey's end or to wonder if we shall get dinner. I was soon in familiar conversation with the party upon whom I had obtruded myself. The German was very polite, as they all are, no stranger can fail to mark the universal courtesy which is shown him in Germany.—When I enquired the way to a certain place the German informed me with much particularity and begged me to take that way as though it would be a personal favor.—Of course I obeyed, as I didn't know any other way. He offered to be my guide, and I was soon made acquainted with all that was worth seeing in Mentz. We travelled together on the steamboat where I saw his wife and a young woman in her company. I afterwards learned while we were taking coffee together at Bingen that the young lady was going to visit her betrothed in a neighboring city. There was no secret made of the engagement. As soon as a pair are engaged in Germany cards are sent to their relatives and intimate friends, informing them of the fact, and to their less intimate acquaintances cards with the names of the lady and gentleman, written one below the other. Calls are made and congratulations offered, and I have often known the engagement to be announced from the pulpit, or published in the newspapers. So you see there is no occasion there for a young lady to commit the sin of saying she is not engaged when she is. There is, however, no visiting, no calling upon the young ladies before betrothal as is the fashion in U. S. and other countries. A young man sees a lady at a ball or two, dances with her two or three sets, and they are engaged. He has no other opportunity of learning her character before betrothal, and then you know, it is too late. The moonlight strolls must all be taken after the affair is settled. It is not etiquette there for a young gentleman to escort a young lady from a ball, a party or elsewhere. To do so would be a gross violation of etiquette. To fail to do so here would be an act of great discourtesy. A servant girl is generally in attendance to wait upon her young mistress home, guarded by an enormous lantern. I often observed in Germany a woman doing the work of a man or of a horse or ox. I have seen a woman at work by the side of one of these in the field or road while the husband or brother sauntered behind with his pitch-fork and pipe. It is no myth about the men being the lords of creation there. Our country is proverbial for the deference and courtesy with which woman is treated.—Let it be said to our honor, that, whatever faults we may have, an American never fails in courtesy to the gentler sex. Wherever she may be and whoever she may be, high or low, rich or poor, the American gentleman is the flower of courtesy and the mirror of chivalry in his bearing towards the other sex. May it ever be their character. I have no fear for the progress of that country where woman receives her full meed of respect and honor. You have heard much of the beauty of these German peasant girls. It is all a humbug. I don't think I saw one pretty peasant girl during my stay at Germany. You can always tell an American in Germany by stains of tobacco juice about his mouth, or hearing an order for brandy and water. Hearing a girl say that some travelers who had just arrived at an inn where I was were Americans I asked her how she knew. Oh! she said they had hardly got to their rooms before they called for brandy and water. I always looked at a gentleman's mouth when I wanted to find a countryman, and if there were no marks of the Virginia weed about the mouth corners and no miniature flood on the floor, I retreated. I said that the children in Germany were better instructed than ours. Why is it that they are not so intelligent when grown up? I have these reasons for it. They are forced to go to school till a certain age, 14 years, they cannot hope to rise to a higher position in society, and lastly the newspaper is not a daily luxury in Germany as it is here. Though Germany was the cradle of the reformation, a spirit of infidelty long pervaded its literary scientific and social circles, but recently the cause of religion has assumed a more cheering aspect and more liberal and evangelical doctrines are diffusing themselves.

For the Easton Gazette.

MR. EDITOR: I have noticed for some time a great lack, upon the part of the youthful members of this community, of anything like a taste for literature. It appears that young men, instead of frequenting the halls of literature, instead of trying to learn and improve themselves, instead of attending the debates of the Christian Association and taking part in the exercises, instead of taking books from the library and reading them, they appear only to think of dress—of what kind of a coat is most becoming to them, or how their new *beaver* sets; of what sort of *blacking* upon their upper lip will look most like a *moustache*; or of attending parties and flirting around with their *swallow-tailed* coats—while the young ladies pay an unceasing attention to the kind of dress they shall wear, the most brilliant decorations for the person, the tightest glove, the smallest slipper, or the greatest expansion of crinoline.

I was forcibly struck with this want of taste for educational pursuits on the part of our youths on Wednesday night, the 12th inst., when the students of Easton Academy had an exhibition. They had spent much time in preparing for it, but received poor encouragement. The Christian Association neither, is patronised with that liberality that might be expected from a town the size of Easton. A good library in my opinion is the very greatest luxury we can have, and I trust in the name by which the Association is hailed and the purpose for which it is intended to accomplish, that it will be sustained and kept in a flourishing condition, for the enlightenment of the present and coming generations. Although gentlemen of distinguished ability have lectured upon various, subjects the lecture room is scacely ever creditably filled. The exercises are enlived by fine strains from the Sax-Horn Band, which I am glad to say are making rapid progress in the science of music.

I am in hopes that upon calm and deliberate reflection the youthful portion of our community may be induced, wheresoever they may be found, "to come into the feast." May we not hope for this change, may we not hope that a greater interest may yet be felt in the case of literature? OBSERVER.

GROWTH OF ANIMALS.—Man grows for twenty years, and lives 90 or 100.

The Camel grows for 8 years, and lives 40 years.

The Horse grows 5 years and lives 25.

The Ox grows for 4 years, and lives 15 or 20 years.

The Lion grows for 4 years, and lives 20 years.

The Dog grows for 2 years, and lives 12 or 15 years.

The Cat grows for 1½ years, and lives 9 or 10 years.

The Hare grows for 1 year and lives 8 years.

The revenue collected at Boston for the year past amounted to $1,327 210, a decrease from the year preceding of $1,225,357.

Domestic Reading.

FROM THE "HEARTHSTONE."

GO TO BED EARLY.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: Do not hurry up the young and the weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studious, or even for the well who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain, without going to sleep again, until the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from its resting place. By all of which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has made the first step towards degradation and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night, at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young, should be in bed; and then the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health, in early rising in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, Winter and Summer.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BEDDING.—A mattrass filled with horse-hair is preferable to a feather bed, which heats and relaxes the body, and disposes it to pulmonary and hectic complaints. The bolster should be stuffed with horse-hair, and covered with a small pillow filled with feathers. The bedding might consist either of sheets with blankets and a counterpane, or a single cover thinly quilted with cotton wool. The latter might be easily washed, and will last for several years. In very cold seasons a counterpane, quilted with a few pounds of soft feathers, might be substituted for the former; but it should not be used in summer.

The use of feather beds, excepting in cold climates, and seasons, is highly injurious. It is certainly hurtful in many diseases, and some are actually occasioned by that pernicious practice. Feather beds imbibe the perspired vapors thrown out of the body: and unless they are frequently and carefully shaken, aired in the sun, and provided with a new covering, the noxious vapors thrown out of the body may be resorbed, to the great injury of the health. Indeed, such beds should be exposed every morning to the open air, before they are made up. They are particularly calculated for camp-beds, not being so apt to become damp.

The observations of Locke upon this subject are extremely judicious. He remarks that the bed should be hard, for strengthening the parts: whereas being buried every night in feathers, melts and dissolves the body, is often the cause of weakness, and the forerunner of an early grave. Warmth about the kidneys, the necessary consequence of sleeping on down beds, is very apt to induce the stone, and to occasion other disorders.

But though mattrasses made of hair or straw ought to be preferred in hot countries, and in warm seasons of the year, yet in northern climates, where people are much accustomed to use feather beds in winter, bad consequences have arisen by exchanging them for mattrasses during the cold season of the year; and it has been found very apt to call forth gouty or rheumatic affections in those who have a tendency to such complaints.

With regard to the bolster, it should be well stuffed and elastic. Some recommend that it should be filled with feathers in winter, and with horse-hair in summer; but others contend that it should be always stuffed with horse-hair, as it is proper to keep the head cool. The pillow should be so disposed as to suit the usual manner you have adopted of placing your head, so as to be perfectly easy.

Various devices have been contrived for improvement in beasteads and bedding.—The latest, the cheapest, the most compact, the most durable, the lightest, and most comfortable spring bed we have any knowledge of, is the one known as How's elliptic spring bed. This bed is composed of a series of elliptic steel springs placed at either end, upon which are suspended tough, elastic wooden slats, which may be readily removed, and in a moment a large double bed may be tied up in a small bundle and conveniently carried under the arm. Vermin have no chance for a lodgment in them. And the springs may be used any length of time, and if one should chance to be injured or broken, it may be repaired with the greatest ease. The same principle is arranged in an invalid bed, easily adjusted from a reclining to a sitting position. This bed is simple and durable, and is invaluable for the sick in the family, and especially for aged persons, and will doubtless become a permanent institution in the furnishing hospitals and retreats for invalids hereafter.

It is highly improper for young people to sleep in beds overloaded with clothes.—They heat the blood more than is consistent with health, and produce an immoderate and enervating perspiration, which still more weakens the organs already relaxed by sleep. But to old people, warm bedclothes are highly proper and necessary, in order to preserve or increase their heat.

In regard to bed-clothes, the most comfortable discovery hitherto made was the invention of sheets, by means of which, dress may be thrown off with comfort, and the body almost in a state of nature given up to repose, whilst by woolen coverings, or blankets, in number or thickness, adequate to the warmth required, the body is kept in a proper and equal temperature.—Nothing, however, has proved more injurious to health than damp linen. If there is any fear of dampness, the sheets should be removed, and repose taken between the blankets. Cotton sheets are much pleasanter in Winter than linen sheets.

The use of curtains has been objected to: but they are in some degree necessary to exclude the light, which, at least in the Summer season, might discompose the slumbers at too early a period, and in Winter they are useful, to exclude the cold.

The old custom of warming the bed deserves to be particularly reprobated, as it has a direct tendency to produce weakness and debility. It is still more dangerous when done with a charcoal fire, the poisonous vapors of which must be highly pernicious.

With a view to health, it is desirable that beds, instead of being made up as soon as people rise out of them, should be turned down, and exposed to the fresh air from open windows for some time.

The bed should never be placed near a wall, more especially if there is any risk of its being damp, or in any country where lightning is frequent; for a flash of lightning, accidentally entering through a window, will take its direction along the walls, without touching anything that is not close to them. Beds shut up in close alcoves are extremely objectionable.

The greatest care ought to be taken to beat and thoroughly to air, any bed in which sick persons have lain; and if any have died of contagious disorders, the beds in which they have lain ought to be buried or burnt, or washed with potash and boiling water.

OLD AND YOUNG SLEEPING TOGETHER.—A habit which is considerably prevalent in almost every family, of allowing children to sleep with older persons, has ruined the nervous vivacity and physical energy of many a promising child.—Those having dear old friends, whose lives they would like to perpetuate at the sacrifice of their innocent offspring, alone should encourage this evil; but every parent who loves his child, and wishes to preserve to him a sound nervous system with which to buffet successfully the cares, sorrows, and labors of life, must see to it that his nervous vitality is not absorbed by some diseased or aged relative.

Children, compared with adults, are electrically in a positive condition. The rapid changes which are going on in their little bodies, abundantly generate, and as extensively work up vital nervo-electric fluids. But when, by contact for long nights with older and negative persons, the vitalizing power of their tender organizations is absorbed, they soon pine, grow pale, languid and dull, while their bed companions feel a corresponding invigoration. Dr. Hufeland, the German physiologist, attributes the frequent longevity of schoolmasters to their daily associations with young persons.

Invalid mothers often prolong their existence by daily contact with their children. I once knew a woman who, by weak lungs and mineral doctors, had been prostrated with incurable consumption. Her infant occupied the same bed with her almost constantly, day and night. The mother lingered for months on the verge of the grave, her demise being hourly expected. She still lingered on, daily disproving the predictions of her medical attendants.—The child, meanwhile, pined without any apparent disease. Its once plump little cheeks fell away with singular rapidity, till every bone in its face was visible. Finally it had imparted to the mother its last spark of vitality, and simultaneously both died.—*Physio Medical Recorder.*

DEATH FROM WANT OF SLEEP.—"The condemned was placed in prison, under the care of three of the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from falling asleep, night or day. He thus lived for nineteen days, without enjoying any sleep. At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so intense, that he implored the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangulated, garroted, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, shot, quartered, blown up with gunpowder, or put to death in any conceivable way which their humanity or ferocity could invent. This will give a slight idea of the horrors of death from want of sleep."

POLL EVIL.—This disease, in the earlier stages of its growth, is completely under the control of the following specific: Alcohol, 1 pint; gum camphor, 2 oz; oil hemlock, 1 ounce; oil cloves, ½ ounce; Venice turpentine, one ounce. Apply with the palm of the hand, two or three times a day, rubbing the tumor well at each application: Continue the use of the remedy till the swelling begins to subside, and the soreness is removed.

No lady will be admitted to the next Woman's Rights Convention who does not shave and sing bass. Moreover, the officers are expected to wear a moustache, says a roguish exchange.

The large sum of £171,558 is annually paid by the East India Company for the support of idolatry in Hindoostan.

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