

The Lehigh Register
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fashionable and most modern styles of type, we
are prepared to execute, at short notice, all
kinds of Book, Job and Fancy Printing.

STARTLING, BUT TRUE!
WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW.

How often it happens, that the wife lingers from
year to year in that pitiable condition as not even
for one day to feel the happy and exhilarating in-
fluence incident to the enjoyment of health.

THE BLOOMING BRIDE.
But a few years ago in the flush of health and youth,
and buoyancy of spirits, rapidly, and apparently in-
explicably, becomes a feeble, sickly, sallow, debilitated
woman, with frame emaciated, nerves unstrung,
spirits depressed, countenance bearing the impress
of suffering, and an utter physical and mental prostration,
arising from ignorance of the simplest and
plainest rules of health as connected with the mar-
riage state, the violation of which entails disease,
suffering and misery, not only to the wife, but often
HEREDITARY COMPLAINTS UPON THE CHILDREN
"INTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION."

**TRANSMITTING CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA,
HYPOCHONDRIA, INSANITY, GOON,
KING'S EVIL, AND OTHER
AND WORSE DISEASES, AS A
DREADFUL INHERITANCE
FROM THE PARENTS.**

"And must this continue? Must this be? Is there no
remedy? No relief? No hope?"
The remedy is by knowing the causes and avoiding
them, and knowing the remedies, and benefiting by them.
These are pointed out in

**THE MARRIED WOMAN'S
PRIVATE MEDICAL COMPANION,**
BY DR. A. M. MAURICEAU,
PROFESSOR OF DISEASES OF WOMEN.

One Hundredth Edition, (500,000), 1890, pp. 276.
For new copies, price, \$1.00.

A standard work of established reputation, found
in the catalogues of the great trade sales in New York,
Philadelphia, and other cities, and sold by the principal
booksellers in the United States. It was first published
in 1847, since which time

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES
have been sold, of which there were upwards of
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SENT BY MAIL,
attesting the high estimation in which it is held as a
reliable popular Medical

BOOK FOR EVERY FEMALE.
The author has devoted his exclusive attention to the
treatment of complaints peculiar to females, in respect to
which he is yearly consulted by thousands, both in person
and by letter.

Here every woman can discover, by comparing her own
symptoms with those described, the nature, character,
causes of, and the proper remedies for, her complaints.

The wife about becoming a mother has often need of
instruction and advice of the utmost importance to her
future health, in respect to which her sensitiveness for
this consulting a medical gentleman, will find such in-
struction and advice, and also explain many symptoms
which otherwise would occasion anxiety or alarm as to
the peculiarities incident to her situation are described.

How many are suffering from obstructions or irregu-
larities peculiar to the female system, which undermine the
health, the effects of which they are ignorant, and for
which their delicate frames seeking medical advice
Many suffering from post-partum fever (falling of the womb)
or from *fluor albus* (weakness, inability, &c.) Many are
in constant agony for many months preceding con-
fined. Many have difficulty in not dangerous deliveries
and slow and uncertain recoveries. Some whose lives are
endangered during such time, will each find in its pages the
means of prevention, and a safe and certain relief.

It is of course impracticable to convey fully the various
subjects treated of, as they are of a nature strictly in-
fused for the married or those contemplating marriage.
Reader, are you a husband or a father? A wife or a
mother? Have you the sincere welfare of those you love
at heart? Prove your sincerity, and lose no time in
learning what causes interfere with their health and hap-
piness not less than your own. It will avoid to you and
yours, as it has to thousands, many a day of pain and
anxiety, followed by sleepless nights, incapacitating the
mind for its ordinary avocations, and exhausting those
resources for medical attendance, medicines and advertised
remedies which otherwise would provide for declining
years, the infirmities of age, and the proper education of
your children.

In recognition of the universal popularity of the work,
as evidenced by its extraordinary sale, various impos-
sible have been attempted, as well on book-sellers as on
the public, by imitations of title page, spurious editions,
and surreptitious insertions of advertisements, and other
devices and deceptions, it has been found necessary,
therefore, to

CAUTION THE PUBLIC
to buy no book unless the words "Dr. A. M. MAURICEAU,
129 Liberty Street, N. Y." is on (and the entry in the
United States, the Canadian and British Provinces
All letters must be post-paid, and addressed to Dr.
A. M. MAURICEAU, Box 1224, New-York City,
Publishing Office, No. 129 Liberty Street, New-
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phia to Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch
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Goods will be received and shipped from
No. 65 North Wharves, below Vine street,
Philadelphia. The Line is fitted out in the best
possible manner, which enables him to trans-
port all Goods entrusted to his care with safety
and despatch. As he is a new beginner, he
hopes, by careful and prompt attention to busi-
ness, to be favored with a liberal share of patronage.

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at Allentown are requested to take them away
without delay.

June 27.

LEHIGH REGISTER.

A FAMILY JOURNAL—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Devoted to Local and General News, Agriculture, Education, Morality, Amusement, Markets, &c., &c.

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Poetical.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Dear girls, I like to hear you talk
About your pleasures, wants and woes;
But wish, when out with me you walk,
You made less noise about your beaux.

In weaving knots, man-traps, and chains,
For husband-hunting all excel;
Such open wars and desperate pains
Must frighten more than I can tell.

You all admire my *fiance*
And marvel how I charm'd the man
Whom all in vain had sought to slay—
I won him, girls, without a plan.

I dwell within a secret tower,
Where fops of fashion seldom come;
It blooms with many a lovely flower,
By honest people called "Sweet Home."

I kept a little page, call'd Pride,
A clever lad, who could discover
A vain pretender at my side,
Or at a glance a genuine lover.

My lady's maid was Modesty—
I hid her from a country place;
She had been taught to make, you see,
A bonnet that would shade my face.

Miss A-la-mode engaged her once—
A fickle barefaced belle of fashion,
Who, after having call'd her dunce,
Discharged her in a fit of passion.

She really was an honest girl,
And scorn'd with paint to feign a beauty;
She smug'd my face with powder pearl
She deem'd no portion of her duty.

My coachman was bluff Harry Heath;
He drove me early round the park,
But grumbled if with folks of wealth
I wish'd to ramble after dark.

To midnight routs, to plays and balls,
He had a terrible objection;
He said they hinder'd morning calls,
And dimm'd my fine and clear complexion.

My dear companion, neat and good,
Belov'd by all, was Industry;
Though poor, she came of noble blood,
And claim'd descent from Piety.

With dusting-brush about the house—
In this room, that room, in and out,
She frighen'd every fly and mouse,
Who wonder'd what she was about.

If she glanced in a mirror, straight
Its polish'd surface beam'd with light;
'Twas just the same—your look amur'd!
Like Spring, whate'er she touch'd look'd

These were the only arts I used;
So, ladies, if you like the plan,
Just to the same—your look amur'd!
Yet each night win a nice young man.

(From Graham's Magazine.)

THE QUADROON GIRL.

BY VIOLET.

CHAPTER I.

The tropical heat of noon was over, but
the air was still sultry and oppressive. A
slight breeze had indeed sprung up, but too
light to raise the heads of the drooping
flowers, it only whispered to them, perchance
in praise of their luxurious grace, and then
died again into stillness.

There was but one moving figure to be seen
and it ill accorded with the desolate character
of the landscape, for Lucille, the Quadroon
girl, was very beautiful and clad in the brilliant
hues which so well became her; seemed to
tread the lonely path by the light of her own
liveliness.

It was indeed a dreary scene, for she was
approaching one of those extinct volcanoes
with which the island of Martinique abounds
and the rugged ground was seated and dark-
ened by the hot breath which had passed over
it. Here and there the masses of gray stone
were covered with the exuberant vegetation of
that glowing climate, but for the most part all
was bare and black, as though some ancient
course rested upon the spot, and chilled the gen-
erous hand of nature.

Lucille seemed little to heed the scene; her
large eyes, dark as night, and swimming in
liquid lustre, were sadly gazing earthward, and
her small head set so proudly on the column-
like throat, was bent dejectedly. Occasionally
she raised it to reconnoitre, and at last a gleam
of pleasure and recognition shot across her
face. A stranger would never have dreamed
of human habitation in that wild spot, but
Lucille's eyes sought out a dark hollow in the
rock, and already distinguished within it the
stooping form of an aged woman. As she ap-
proached, her steps quickened, and at last,
seemingly in unconquerable impatience, she
darted forward into the cavern.

"What, Lucille! and hast thou come at
last!" said the old woman, "and will naught
but sorrow ever bring thee to my side?—
Nay, deny it not, there are tears in thy heart,
hanging like thunder-rain in the heavens; and
see, the first touch of my hand has brought the
torrent down!"

It was true, Lucille had flung herself to the

ground in an agony of tears. The violence of
her sobs shaking down her hair into a wilder-
ness of darkness round her polished shoulders.
Very soon, however, like the storm drops to
which the large tears ceased to flow, and she looked up.

"Mother, you are right," she said; "wheth-
er by the love you bear me, I know not; but
you read clearly as ever the secret of my heart,
and I dare not, if I would, deny it."

"Gabriel has deserted thee."
"It is so, mother: but oh! tell me at least
that his heart is still my own—that he has
striven to free it, but cannot."

"Lucille, canst thou bear it? I can tell
thee somewhat."

"Oh! mother, there is nothing I could not
bear if only he loves me still—did I not tell
you long since, when first I bent over him in
that wild fever, that I could die content, may
that I could live and see his face no more, if
but once I heard him say that he loved me?"

"And thou hadst that wish?"
"Yes! dear mother, you foretold that I
should live to hear those precious words, and
I did."

"No great wisdom was needed for that
prophecy, child," rejoined the other with a
fondness of tone that came strangely from her
thin, withered lips. "Even now, I marvel as
I see, that he could ever gaze enough on those
eyes of thine."

"Hush! mother, hush!" said Lucille, im-
patiently snatching away a silken lock which
the old woman was smoothing over her fingers;
"you said you had somewhat to tell me; con-
ceal it not, if it concern him or his."

"Thine own fears have sufficiently fore-
warned thee, my child." The girl hid her face
in her loosened hair.

"He will marry?" she whispered at last
as if afraid to give voice to the words. "But
mother may he not love me still? Oh! the
white woman's eyes may be blue as our sum-
mer heavens, but will she love him as I have
done? will her pale cheek burn as mine at the
sound of his footsteps? will she toil for him
through the heat of noon, and watch through
the silence of night?" Lucille raised not her
head, and her companion, in compassion as it
seemed, broke the pause.

"My child, he may love thee yet."
"Oh! thanks, mother, thanks, your words
are ever true—now will I cast off the selfish-
ness of this sorrow, and, if only he will some-
times say that he loves me still, be happy as of
old."

She sprang lightly to her feet and began
to wind her scattered hair around her beautiful
head.

"Lucille, what of thy child? he is won't so
to fill thy talk, and to-day thou hast told me
nothing of him."

There was alas! no shadow of shame on the
young girl's cheek, as she answered—"He
will mother, and fairer than ever: you say
my skin bears scarcely a trace of the swarthy
hue of our people, but his—oh! it is purer
than moonlight, our darkness has all fled to his
eyes. I would that they had been blue, but
he has at least his father's rosy mouth and
clustering golden hair. Did I tell you mother,
that when last Gabriel saw him, he wept?"

"Thou didst not, child. I am glad for thy
sake that the babe is so fair, perchance yet he
may save thee, or even if Gabriel marry this
Madelaine de Beaucour, who is doomed by some
fate or other to cross thy path in life, even her
heart may be touched by the beauty of this
child, and knowing the wrongs of our race she
may stoop to save him from poverty and labor
and set him amongst his father's people. Thou
wouldest be a happy mother, then Lucille!"

"I know not that I could take aught from
her hand," answered the girl proudly, looking
unconsciously so majestic in her queenlike
beauty, that her companion wondered for the
hundredth time how Gabriel Delacroix, even
with his pride of descent and worldly ambition,
could resist its influence.

A moment's thought, however, and she sigh-
ed deeply. What availed the charm of that
mien, or the warmth of that heart? Did a
European ever wed with one of her despised
race? and was not Madelaine de Beaucour,
whose name rumor had united with that of
Gabriel a daughter of the wealthiest family of
all their wealthy oppressors?

Lucille at that moment, was saddened by
no such sorrowful reflections, her elastic nature
had already thrown off for the time the burden
of her grief. Of her proverty she thought
little; a flower-maker by trade, she could
always earn a sufficiency by the exercise of her
graceful art, either amongst the luxurious ladies
of the island, or by exporting her handiwork
to Paris. To her position, sanctioned, alas!
by custom amongst our race, there attached
little idea of disgrace, and could she have hoped
to retain something of her lover's affection, and
to bring up her child in greater ease and refine-
ment than she had known herself, she might
yet have been happy.

"Mother," she said, after a pause, "it would
relieve my heart to look upon the beauty of

this white woman, Madelaine. I knew her
father's chateau well, I will take the boy in my
arms, and if she is alone, I will even speak to
her, and hear the voice that has charmed my
Gabriel. She cannot see the child unmoved,
for he is fairer than the fairest babe ever cradled
beneath their rich roofs."

"Do as thou wilt, my Lucille," replied the
old crone, fondly, "and," she added with a
bitterness that seemed far better to accord with
her harsh features, "unto her and hers, if
she show thee aught of the overweening pride
of her people."

CHAPTER II.

It was a bright, burning day, with scarcely
a breath of air stirring, even through the cool
jealousies of the Chateau de Beaucour.

The fair Madelaine lay languidly on the sofa,
the delicacy of her transparent skin enhanced
by the soft white drapery and rich lace in which
she was robed. The room was partially dark-
ened, and on one side knelt a servant, who gen-
tly agitated a large fan of eastern workmanship,
while, on the other, a young girl, who served as
companion to the heiress was reading to her
the last French novel.

Within the shrubbery, and not many paces
from the house, poor Lucille had lain, crouch-
ing in the stifling heat, for many hours; anx-
iety to accomplish her object, and the fear of
detection, having induced her to take up her sta-
tion much earlier than was necessary.

The excessive heat, and want of nourish-
ment, had made her very faint, though the
child, whom she had fed and rocked to sleep in
her arms, lay still and peaceful as a waxen im-
age of infancy.

She had dressed herself with unusual care,
and bore in a light basket on her arm, some of
the choicest specimens of her skill—delicate,
night-blossoming buds, and gorgeous tropical
buds, imitated with wonderful accuracy and
grace.

At length her child awoke and she began to
fear from his restlessness that she should be ob-
liged, for that day at least, to give up her plan,
when from the lofty door of chateau, Madelaine
de Beaucour, attended by a lady and gentleman
entered the grounds. Lucille's eyes dilated,
and her bosom heaved; but no! it was he, she
saw at a glance, and her gaze was again rivet-
ed on the lady. Something like disdain flash-
ed across her beautiful face as she looked, and
then faded into an expression of relief and con-
gratulation: truth to tell, the lady with all the
adjuncts of wealth and luxury around her, could
not bear a moment's comparison with the dark-
eyed Quadroon, and Lucille felt this instinc-
tively.

While she paused irresolute, then caressing
her child, slowly advanced, with her stately
tread, to where Madelaine had seated herself,
but her tongue failed her, and she could
only silently display her gracefully fashioned
flowers.

The lady looked on coldly, and made no an-
swer to her companion's warm comments on
the rare beauty of the mother and child.—
Her gaze was directed to the proffered flower-
basket, and after turning over its contents with
a careless hand glanced at the Quadroon.

"Your own work I suppose? Ah! I would
have purchased some, for they are really well
done, but you have nothing all white, I see,
and these gaudy colors hardly suit my com-
plexion."

"Strange, is it not?" she continued, turn-
ing languidly to her companion, "that the ab-
sence of refinement in these people, should be
so perceptible even in their dress—they all pre-
fer those glaring colors."

"Nay," he answered quickly, but with as
little care to subdue his tone as she had dis-
played, "if they have all the gorgeous beauty
of this splendid creature, they should wear no
other hues."

Lucille stood motionless, only her curling lip
betraying that she was conscious of their words.
"Would the white magnolia or the silver
lotus, please the lady Madelaine?" she asked
in her soft, rich voice?

"Yes; either *do*," replied the lady.
"You may make me a wreath of the white
magnolia, I think, and bring it here by next
week—not later," she added, with half a smile,
and waving her hand in token of dismissal.

But the young girl by her side had started
up—"Oh! Madelaine, the child, have you
noticed it? I never saw anything half so
lovely! What magnificent eyes! May I not
hold him a moment?" she continued, with a
pretty beseeching look at Lucille, and already
taking one tiny hand in hers.

The mother's face softened, though she held
the boy yet closer to her bosom.

"These, these, of what are you dream-
ing?" exclaimed Madelaine angrily, rising from
her seat. "I forbid you to touch the child;
every other girl, of common modesty, shrinks
from these low-born creatures, and the off-
spring of their depravity;" and she swept
haughtily into the chateau with her compan-
ions, the abashed girl giving deprecating
glances at Lucille.

The Quadroon followed Madelaine's retreat-
ing steps with a look of fiery disdain, and long
after the party had disappeared, still she stood
transfixed to the spot, every muscle quivering
with suppressed anger. Her boy's soft fingers,
wandering in wonder over her averted face, re-
called her thoughts, and she turned away with
a step of yet stouter pride than the lady.

Through the night, and the next, and again
the next, two women sat together in the cavern
of the gray rock. Of night pure and
holy was their talk, for as the hours sped by, the
beautiful face of the younger woman was trans-
formed to something like the bitterness and
cruel rage of the elder. Her occupation accord-
ed little with the expression of her features,
for she was skillfully fashioning into all but
living beauty, the snowy flowers and swelling
buds of the white magnolia.

"Are you sure that it cannot fail, mother?"
she whispered, after a long pause.

"As sure as that sun will rise to-mor-
row!"

"But you have not tried it," she added hur-
riedly with a creeping shudder.

For all answer the old crone tottered across
the room, and uplifting the folds of a bright
hued shawl, which lay upon the floor, displayed
the motionless form of a small mountain goat.
It seemed to have laid down and died there with-
out a struggle—so peaceful was its attitude.—
The girl shuddered violently as her companion
dragged the body across the cave, and precipitated
it over the hill side.

"No son shall she live to bear him," mut-
tered the old woman fiercely, as she took the
wreath from the girl's hand; then drawing a
vial from her bosom, she poured into each
open cup and half-closed bud, a few drops of
clear white liquid.

The following day was one of rare festivity
at the Chateau de Beaucour. A grand fete, at
which the heiress, in her bridal array, was to
appear for the last time as Madelaine de Beau-
cour, had been planned; for the next morning
she was to see her bride Gabriel Delacroix.

As she sat in her chamber, robing for the ball,
she was told that a Quadroon girl waited with-
out, asking to see her.

"Ah! my white magnolia wreath," she said
gaily, "it will be more becoming than this
tara of pearls: bring the girl here, Theresa,
quickly."

With her own hands, Lucille placed the clus-
tering flowers amid the lady's hair, and then
retired. Through the open windows she watch-
ed the bride elect, treading with *him* the
graceful mazes of the dance, her cheek flushed,
her blue eyes sparkling.

Still she watched on, and prayed with
clenched hands, until she marked the lady's
cheek blanch, and her hand seek her brow with
a troubled gesture. Then she laughed wildly,
and sped away from the perfumed air and the
brilliant light of that festive scene. Even as
she fled, the bride had fallen to the earth, and
was borne to her room, silent and motionless.

Only when they uncovered her pale bosom,
and unlocked her shining hair, her hand, in obedi-
ence to some strange spell, sought the flowers
on her brow, and none could remove them.

The sun rose upon her, a bride indeed: in
her bridal array, fair and flower crowned, but
cold, voiceless, and still forever.

What impudent questions are these?
How should an editor know?
When a lady gets stalled on a gutter,
That runs in a populous street,
(Like a fly that is stranded in butter),
And has to uncover her feet?
As gently the calico lifts her,
And gives it her graceful sweep,
Is a feller to blame when he chances
To give at her ankles a peep?
Just to see if they're thick or they're thin?
Mr. Editor, is it a sin?

Or when a plump bosom is covered
With a delicate Honiton lace,
Whose whiteness, like full-blooming lilies,
Contrasts with the rouge on her face,
Like artificial flowers in flour,
(If I may be allowed so to speak),
Should a feller be checked if he's curious
Within the lace meshes to peep?
Just to judge of the contents within?
Mr. Editor, is it a sin?

The Tattler.

There is no being on the habitable globe
more degraded and more contemptible than a
tattler. Vicious principles, want of honesty,
servile meanness, despicable insidiousness, form
its character. Has he wit? In attempting to
display it he makes himself a fool. Has he
friends? By unhesitatingly disclosing their se-
crets he will make them his most bitter ene-
mies. By telling all he knows, he will soon
discover to the world that he knows but little.

Does he envy an individual? His tongue fruit-
ful with falsehood, defames his character.
Does he covet the favor of any one? He at-
tempts to gain it, by slandering others. His
approach is feared, his person hated, his compan-
y unsought, and his sentiments despised as
emanating from a heart fruitful with guile,
teeming with iniquity, loaded with envy, hat-
red and revenge.

Influence of Marriage.

Habit and long life together are more neces-
sary to happiness, and even to love, than is
generally imagined. No one is happy with the
object of his attachment, until he has passed
many days, above all, many days of misfortune
with her. The married pair must know each
other to the centre of their souls—the mysteri-
ous veil which covered the two spouses in the
primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds,
how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the
rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of
caprice, or burst of passion, am I to be exposed
to the fear of losing my wife and my children,
and to renounce the hope of passing my declin-
ing days with them? Let no one imagine
that fear will make me become a better
husband. No! we do not attach ourselves to
a possession which we are in danger of losing
the soul of a man, as well as his body, is in-
complete without his wife; he has strength, she
has beauty; he combats the enemy and labors
in the field but he understands nothing of do-
mestic life; his companion is waiting to pre-
pare his repast and sweeten his existence. He
has crosses, and the partner of his life is there
to soften them; his days may be sad and trou-
bled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he
finds comfort and repose. Without woman,
man would be rude, gross, solitary. Woman
spreads around him the flowers of existence of
the creepers of the forests, that decorate the
trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed gar-
lands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die
united; together they reap the fruits of their
union; in the dust they lay side by side; and
they are united beyond the tomb.

High Foreheads.

The notion that high foreheads, in women as
well as men, are indispensable to beauty, came
into vogue with phrenology and is going out
with the decline of that pretentious and plausi-
ble "science." Not long ago more than "one
lady" shaved her head to give it an intellectual
appearance, and the custom of combing the
forehead probably originated in the same mis-
taken ambition. When it is considered that a
great expanse of forehead gives a bold, mascu-
line look—that from *frons* (forehead) comes the
word "effrontery"—it will not be wondered at
the ancient painters, sculptors and poets con-
sidered a low forehead "a charming thing in
woman," and indispensable to female beauty.
Horace praises Lycoris for her low forehead,
and Martial commends the same grace as deci-
dedly as he praises the arched eyebrow. Pain-
ters and sculptors know very well that modesty
and gentleness could not be made to consist
with tall heads or extremely broad ones; and,
accordingly, without a single notable exception,
their women—unless made on purpose to rep-
resent shrews and the coarser class of Cyprians
have low foreheads. But nature, a higher au-
thority, has distinguished the fairest of the sex
in the same way: and foolishly perverso are
they who would make themselves anew in the
hope of improvement. Girls, don't shave the
tops of your foreheads any more, or use "Pau-
dre Subtle" to destroy the hair. All sharp
eyed young sparks can easily detect such "ar-
tistic" operations of the toilet, and laugh in
their sleeve at the causes.

That Night and that Man.

'Twas night! The stars were shrouded in a
veil of mist—the vivid lightnings flashed and
shook their fiery tresses in the face of heaven
—the deep toned thunder rolled across the
vaulted sky—the elements were in commotion
—the storm spirit howled in the air—the winds
whistled, the hail stones fell like a shower of
pearls, the large undulations of the ocean
dashed upon the rock-bound shores, and cur-
rents leaped from the mountain tops—in short,
it was a night awful beyond imagination;
Dutch Bill sprang from his couch with ven-
geance stamped upon his stern brow, murder in
his heart, and the instrument of death in his
hands. The storm increased, the lightnings
flashed with brighter glow, the thunder growled
with a deeper energy, the winds whistled with
a fury, the confusion of the hour was congenial
to his soul and the stormy passions that raged
in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a
stronger grasp, a demoniac smile gathered on
his lips, his hair stood on end, he grated his
teeth, raised his arm, sprang with a fearful
yell of triumph on his victim, and relentlessly
killed—A MEN WEG!

Benefit of Oiling the Body.

The practice of daily inunction is common in
many warm countries, and serves to soften the
skin, and keep the body in health. In some
regions vegetable oils are chiefly used; cocoon
and castor oil by the negroes in the West
Indies, by the East Indians, and the natives of
the Pacific Islands; palm oil, nut oil, and ghee,
or fluid butter, by the African races; olive oil
on the shores of