

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum]

VOLUME 7.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1855.

NUMBER 29.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY R. W. WEAVER, OFFICE—Up stairs, in the new brick building, on the south side of Main Street, third square below Market.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for One Dollar and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the "Star of the North."

BE KIND.

Oh! wouldst thou have a happy heart
Free from dull care and woe?
If thou wouldst wouldst be happy
Strive to make others so.

To best enjoy life's richest gems
And treasures, is to share
Those blessings with our fellow men,
And help their woes to bear.

Then let us raise the drooping head
And dry the falling tear;
And whisper words of hope and peace
The lonely heart to cheer.

How oft our hopes vanished too,
Like mist before the sun,
Like flowers nipped by the frost when they
To live had just begun.

How sweet seemed one consoling word,
Fresh from the heart's pure spring;
Like dew-drops on the throbbing flower
Whose freshness did it bring!

Oh! friendly words—they soothe and bless
The weary care-worn soul.
Then spare them not: for they may make
A broken spirit whole.

Buckhorn, Pa. EFFIE.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee little man!
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes—
With thy red lip redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn birch janny grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
For I was once a barefoot boy!
Prize thou art—the grown up man
Only is republican.

Let the million-dollar ride—
Barefoot trudging at his side—
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward shine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bird's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of owl and habitue
Of the tenants of the wood,
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his coil,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the drible's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-otter trails in vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black swan's cunning ways,
Hanson of his waltz of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of grey hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he talks,
Face to face with her he walks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on thee barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's time in June,
Crowding years in one brief morn,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Hamming birds and honey bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Fished the snouted brook his game;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purple over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand riddled pickered pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine the bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Sill as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
Seemed a complex China toy,
Fashioned for the barefoot boy!

Oh! for forest dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread—
Fester spoons and bowls of wood,
On the cool stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a noble swang fold;
While for music came the play
Of the piper frogs obstinate;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was mousar; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool winds kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide,
In the prison cells of pride—
Lost the freedom of the soul,
Like a colt's for work beaded,
Made to tread the mill of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil—
Happy if their track be found
Never on an overladen ground—
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know the joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

GEN. SIMON CAMERON has offered to give \$1000 towards securing the location of the Farmers' High School in Dauphin county, Pa.

TRUTH WELL STATED.

We print to-day the main portion of a letter of Prof. LONGSTREET, and desire to call the attention of our readers to it, as a bold and manly exposition of the infamous and corrupting tendencies of Know-Nothingism.

Professor L. is one of the most eloquent and popular divines in the south-western States, and has long been considered the head of the Methodist Church in that section of the country. He exposes, with a bold and masterly hand the awful consequences that must inevitably follow the success of this God defying, infidel combination.

In July last, I had just heard of a new organization in the country—secret in its movements, and going under the name of Know-Nothing. Its principles I understood to be in opposition to Catholics and foreigners, to be planned in the dark, strengthened by oaths, and manifested at the ballot box. It filled me with alarm.

I saw in it the elements of rapid expansion and awful explosion. I exhibited them to the class that graduated in that month, and forewarned them to have nothing to do with it. Had I been inspired, I could hardly have foreshadowed its history more accurately than I did. Of my prediction nothing remains to be fulfilled but the outpouring of more blood. My forecast in relation to it ought to insure respect for my judgment, in and about Oxford at least; but it is the very forecast which is raising a buzz of discontent against me in this vicinity now.

This is the sin which brought out against me the recondite presses which I have named above. It is called "dubbing in politics," but its true name is "Unpalatable Truth." This is the sin for which I am soon perched to be sacrificed. They that stoned the prophets of old are yet alive, and why should I expect a better fate than theirs? Well, I do not know that a better use could be made of "my old carcass than the offering of it upon the altar of this "American" Baal. An incense might arise from it that would do more to purify the Church and the State from this modern abomination than anything which can emanate from my poor, frost covered brain. The public has now the sum total of my political sins, public and private—I shall speak at large of the new order in appeal to my Church at some future day. If I may be allowed to do so. I am committed against it, and I shall oppose it forever—not in the class-room, but by every where else; not as a partisan, but as a Christian. This the patrons of the university should know—For all the honors and emoluments of earth I could not be induced to assume a position of neutrality in regard to it. If all experience be not a falsehood, and all its history a fable it will throw this country into ceaseless convulsions if it be not crushed, and that speedily.

In my view, every man who has a scruple's influence should rise against it now, immediately, ere it be forever too late. Indeed it allows no neutrality. With its professed Americanism it assumes an absolute dictatorship. It will allow no man to question its purity or its policy. It gathers within its pale men of dignity, talent, and piety, preachers and teachers, and with them the most depraved, abandoned, desperate, God-defying sinners upon earth; binds them by oaths in bonds of fellowship, and sets them all to work in politics, and nothing but politics. I find a Christian brother among them; I read to him II Cor. vi. 14 and on, and I implore him to come out from such connections; and it addressed me in tones of despotic authority on this wise: "Sir my name is politics! "Right," cries my brother; "old man, you'll ruin yourself if you meddle with politics!" I say to him, "Your oaths are against the laws of God and your Church." "Sir," it responds, "do you thus denounce the pious of my order? Have you no respect for the Church or your place?" I denounce the sinners of the band, and the saints reprove me. I reprove the saints, and the sinners denounce me! The saints shield the sinner, and the sinner the saint—If such a combination is not enough to make the Church and State both shudder, I know not what would.

On me the new order bears with intolerable pressure. It rises before me like the ghost of Banquo at my every step in the pathway of duty.

I am a preacher. If I preach upon the sanctity of oaths, it regards itself insulted and attacks me accordingly. If I preach to Christians to come out from the wicked, it insults me for assailing know-nothings. If I preach that the love of Christ is not bounded by State lines, it charges me with attacking the article of its creed against foreigners.

I am a teacher. If I teach that unlawful promises are not binding, I shall be charged with justifying the exposure of know-nothing secrets. If I set the lesson to my pupils wherein J. B. Say, says that every accession of a man to a country is an accession of treasure, I am to be published to the world, as indoctrinating my pupils in anti-know-nothing politics. As I am ever to be gored by this young mad bull, I had as well take it by the horn at once. Let the order keep its hands off me, the church, and the constitution, and I will never disturb it; but when it creeps from its den, under the name of politics, with one arm around a Methodist preacher, and the other round the desperate demagogue, and introduces them to me as united by triple oaths in indissoluble bands of wedlock, I shall not stop to inquire whether its name suits its character, or what the delicacies of my calling demand of me; but under my Christian impulses of horror, I will pronounce the union adulterous by the prior spousal of the one, and the anti-prostitution of the other, I will warn the first, by

the shade of Wesley, to return to his first love ere his candle stick be removed out of its place; and I will warn the other, by the shade of Washington, to repent and return to the principles of that great man, ere he made republicanism a stench in the nostril of all true patriots. And if they hear me not, I will, with God's help, drive them out of the land, though it cost me my life to do it. When it throws its lasso into my lecture room and drags from it its cave one of my foster children, and there indoctrinates him in random swearing, disorganizing plots, religious persecution and shocking ethics, I shall not stop to consult the dignities of phrase or place, or to segregate its holy from its vile; but from the instincts of my nature, I will cry aloud "Thou double faced monster, spare the young—For God's sake spare the young! I have taught them frankness, openness, independence of thought and action, modesty, prudence, reverence for age, and courtesy to all. Do not, I implore you, substitute for this teaching your cavern tactics, your bandit-like oaths, and signs, and grips, and passwords and nonsensical forms. Teach them not to sunder all other ties from those of the Know-Nothings. Throw one sacred element into your combustible combination that shall prevent it from setting fire to our schools and colleges." Missions—fathers—Whig fathers—Know-Nothing fathers—picture to yourselves your son, no yet out of his teens, standing amidst a motley group, gathered from every grade of society, with one hand on the left breast and the other up bearing the flag of his country, while some wretch, perchance from the sinks of society fetters him with oaths, which are to seal his independence, freedom of speech, freedom of action and freedom of suffrage forever! If this does not drive Christians out of the order, welcome be they to their religion! If this does not unite every father in solid phalanx against it, let no man covet a place in a school or college in Mississippi. Yes, verily, I am in my "dotage." I am a raving madman, or the Church and State are on the high road to ruin. Such is the order of which I may not speak at all, or only in court phrases!

Now gentlemen editors, and Know-Nothings, you have something sensible and tangible to harp upon without resorting to rumor. I am against you for life. You peck at me as though you supposed it would distress me sorely to lose my place. You are mistaken, sirs; I was twice on the point of resigning it, but by earnest entreaty was induced to retain it. Be assured, gentlemen, after filling five chairs for five years, and performing duties enough to wear out most men in that time it will not cost me a sigh to relinquish it. Never will I hold it upon condition that I must treat Know-Nothingism with respect.

Nations, like men run mad at times, and nothing but time and blood-letting can cure them. Still, while there is hope, all good men should strive to relieve them. My course is taken—carefully, thoughtfully, prayerfully taken. I am no Catholic. Put Methodism and Romanism on the field of fair argument, and I will stake my all upon the issue; but I am not such a coward as to flee the field of honorable warfare for savage ambush fighting, or a fool as to believe that a man's religion is to be formed by harassing his person. Nor am I quite so blind as not to see that when the work of crushing churches is begun in the country, it is not going to stop with the overthrow of one. All Protestantism almost will be against me—two thirds of my own church I judge, will be against me—the trustees will be against me—the trustees will be alarmed for the interest of the college, my colleagues of the faculty will be uneasy, my best friends will be pained, but I have an abiding confidence that nothing will be lost by my course in the end. It will be madness in me to withdraw their sons from the able teaching of my colleagues for my fault—to attack the college to injure me; but these are days of madness, and this is the way in which obnoxious professors are commonly attacked. Be it so. I have done my duty, and I leave the consequence with God. And here I sign my name to what I deem the best legacy that I could leave to my children—a record that neither place, nor policy, nor temporal interest nor friendships, nor church, nor threatening storms from every quarter, could move their father for an instant from principle, or awe him to silence when the cause of God and his country required him to speak.

AUGUSTUS B. LONGSTREET.

FASHION.—The present fashion for ladies' dresses is as many flounces as can be tacked on between the waist and the lower extremity of the extended skirt. In fact a fashionably dressed lady in the streets is nearly all flounces. The short mantilla looks like flounce number one, and from its lower edge downward, the dress resembles a series of pyramidal steps—a silken stair case upon which a cat or a cupid might easily climb. Of course the lower circumference of this mass of furberlows is enormous, and the lilliputian hat, scarcely visible at the apex of the cone, gives one an idea that the figures has no head; a notion which our Yareh cruelly suggests, in some instances, is not far from the truth.

JENNY LIND and her husband, it is said, harmoniously and actively engaged in carrying out her plans for the establishment of public schools in Sweden. She keeps up her correspondence regularly with the friends she made in this country during her professional visit.



Letters from Watering Places.—No. 1.

Fashionable watering places—What they are—Who there—What they eat, drink and wear—What they do there—New bath house—Great preparation for staying away children, nurses and single gentlemen—The horses and carriages—Fashions—Food and milk—Chandeliers—Do the ladies paint—High prices of air, &c.—The writers for the dailies out—Hurrah! Hurrah!

DUSTY HOLLOW, 3/4 mile from Sand Hill, New Jersey, July, 1855.

As per arrangements made with you, I write from this fashionable watering place, that you may be posted up in the doings of the fashionable world in summer, as well as the dailies—but, believe me, I tremble when I assume the task, knowing as I do, that the writers for the dailies have used all the Poetry and the Dictionary up in describing the favorite resorts, but as you pay me and not the landlords, I am in duty bound to give you a truthful picture, if nothing else.

I arrived here per boat, and notwithstanding the kind offers of a dozen seedy gentlemen I met on the wharf to carry my port folio, I declined all attention for fear I should commit myself to the place or people, and walked off to the hotel. On my arrival there, I called aloud for the book, and having written my name, John Crankey, Esq., and the name of your valuable sheet as large as possible, and having tipped the book-keeper the wuk upon giving it the finishing touch, I expected of course that the freedom of the house would at once be presented to me in the landlord's snuff-box, but judge of my surprise and indignation, when the stupid fellow returned a vacant stare as much as to say, "Well, vot of it, who are you?" I immediately, upon discovering this cool treatment, demanded a room and commenced this thrilling letter.

The season cannot be said to be fairly opened yet, as the house is only half full of folks, but the absence of the other half is fully made up by the plenitude of bed-bugs, so that after all the house may be considered full. Great preparations are being made for the crowd daily expected, two small six by twelve, and one four, panes-of-glass-windowed room, over the oven and cook-house, are being white-washed for single gentlemen. The wood-shed has been cleaned up and bedded a week ago for children and nurses, and in fact, we may be said to be almost ready for a rush of visitors. All the old horse that could be bought on time, together with those turned out to die upon the common, are in the stable living on half rations until the fashionables arrive. All the old worn out city hacks too, that could be collected at a small outlay, are under the shed, loftily designated the carriage house. Well, some of them look fine, being newly lined with chintz and newly lamp-blacked, but then very little profit accrues to the stable keeper, as they only ask from three to five dollars for the use of a team two hours. Cheap! you would say on beholding the turn-out.

The excellent advantages for bathing, so modestly mentioned in the "card" of this house, have also been looked to. The broken glass that had been thrown into the stream on the "bathing ground" this spring, is supposed to have sunk, as the bottom is a soft mud, and hence no danger to the feet may be anticipated. The little fellow who lacerated his foot yesterday while bathing, did it when he foolishly waded off the ground. The bath-house is new; any one could tell that by the hair being still on the boards just as they come from the saw-mill.

The table is very good—cherry and pine—but I can't say much for what they put on to eat. I have been green enough to suppose (you know that this is my first season at these fashionable resorts) that the boarders at fashionable watering places lived upon fresh vegetables and fruits, and good meats and fresh fish—may be they do so by every time the boat arrives at Dusty Hollow baskets of stale vegetables, and meats, and even fish, and cans of city distilled milk, arrive from New-York.

Well, a change of diet is a good thing, but a valid who seeks counsel, and a shattering health, and a broken constitution, the city we get starved, and the Russian army are equal to their army in the Crimea is their finest troops and they are equal to the "Chasseurs de Vincennes" and are dead shots as all admit.

The Committee to examine sites for proposed State Agricultural College, have postponed the time for receiving propositions, until the 15th of September. A number of liberal offers have been made, and quite a spirit is aroused.

A PERSON of £50 a year has just been granted by the British Government, from the civil list, to the well known and popular author of many works of Christian philosophy and literature, Dr. Dick.

when they come to the dinner table. I felt sorry for one poor young lady yesterday; she had been here only a week, and as she brought only fourteen different dresses with her, which had exhausted the samples of her robes at Stewart's, she was compelled to leave as she had worn two a day and had exhausted her trunk, and as the boarders had seen all of her dresses, she has gone to spend a week at Newport; and so she will wear it at different places, I suppose, the whole season—poor thing! how she is knocked about!

Geo. Frederick Tiptop Swell is here with his "loss" and buggy; the roads don't altogether suit him, but an occasional smile from the lady, up to her ears in flounces, who promenades the piazza with him, reconciles him to his demerit fate. Old Mr. Stoutbug, president of the Thundering Lumber Association of Wall street, is here with his three daughters. I don't see much of him as he goes to "the street" every morning and returns at night. Mrs. Stoutbug is managing for the daughters. Several young gentlemen, in stunning cravats and white stockings, arrived yesterday, and I noticed that some of them, in attempting to take out their toothpicks after dinner, accidentally showed a pair of scissors from their vest pockets. Can they all be editors? I reckon not, as I heard an animated discussion on the price, style and importer of the goods in the dress of the lady who was pouring over the Picaeus on the balcony.

We are going to have a hop in a day or two, and if anything occurs worthy of note, you will hear again from your loving correspondent, JOHN CRANKEY, Esq.

A Powerful Delicacy.

The following is an extract from the address of Judge Johnson, of Georgia, in sentencing G. D. Cornet to death, for the murder without provocation of W. W. Hailes:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred this shedding of blood. It was in one of the thousand ante-chambers of hell, which mar like plague spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tipping shop—the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cess-pool which by spontaneous generation breeds and nurtures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and sabbath breaking. I would not be the owner of a grocery for the price of this globe converted into precious ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime, he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and converted this trembling culprit into a demon. How paltry this price of two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and, therefore, the vender has committed an offence not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but in sight of Him who is unerring wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames to anger and violence and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. It is not high time that rigid enactments of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

The following specimen of sable eloquence purports to have been delivered in a colored meeting house situated somewhere in the "outskirts" of this city. Messrs. Chapin, Beecher, Cuyler, and others of that class, must look to their laurels. The topic would seem to be the depravity of the human heart, and one of the strong "pinks" of the argument is thus illustrated: "Brethren, when I was in Virginia, one day de ole waman's kitchen table got broke, and I was sent into de woods to cut a tree to make a new leaf for it. So I took de ax on de shoulder, and I wander into the depths of de forest. All nature was beautiful as a lady going to de wedding. De leaves glistened on de maple tree like new quarters in de missionary box, de sun shone as brilliant and nature looked as gay as a buck rabbit in a parsley garden, and de little bell around de ole sheep's neck tinkled softly and musically in de distance. I seed a tree suitable for de purpose, and I raised de ax to cut into de trunk. It was a beautiful tree! De branches reach to de four corners of de earth, and rise up high in de air above, and de squirrels hop about the limbs like little angels flapping their wings in de kingdom ob heavens! Dat tree was full of promise, my friends, just like a great many ob you. Den cut into de trunk, and make de chips fly like de mighty scales drooping from Paul's eyes. Two, three cut I gave dat tree, and alas! it was holler in de butt! Dat tree was much like you, my friends, full of promise outside, but holler in de butt! The groans from the Amen corner of the room were truly comical and affecting, and we will venture a small wager that on the most practical sermon preached in de city, on that day at least—

Why he Married an Irish Girl.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"My son," said Mr. N., "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, Father," said the boy, "I'm not able to keep two women—if I'd married a Yankee girl, I'd have had to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

There is a biting sarcasm and a fearful truth hidden in the above little scrap which we have caught as it floated on the surface of the tide of newspapers. Who can wonder while looking at the pale-faced, languid woman one meets on every side, that a man would feel it a terrible risk to take such a one for a wife. Lotions, and cosmetics, and rouges cannot conceal entirely the pallor of disease, or the languor born of enfeebled constitutions, even though these creatures of hair-cloth and grass-cloth, and padding, and lace, with their sweeping robes of costly tissues, affect a matchless form of rarest grace. Many of them would look upon a natural waist as an actual deformity; and so with their murderous appliances of steel and whalebone, and silken cords deatly as the hangman's rope, they bind down the elastic frame of their bodies, and press the delicate organs of life, that henceforth cry continually in their own fearful language of pangs and tremors and sleeplessness, and indigestion, "give, give, give room, give air, or we perish with us!"

God pity these women, say we—those suicides—they have placed themselves beyond mortal aid. Suffering is their lot, and helplessness, and continual reproach if they have dared to think. What creatures for wives and mothers!

Ah, these are the mothers of the little they faced, or sallow puny creatures who tricked out from behind closed windows upon the passers by or walk solemnly behind their curtains in the streets. There is nothing of the activity and hilarity of childhood about these little beings, whose fine light hair tortured into curls and the unnatural blueness of whose complexion tell of a scrofulous diathesis.—They look prematurely old—they soon fade away—the fashionable mammas look interesting for a little time on their mourning weeds—little graves accumulate in the churchyards and cemeteries—and the newspapers have lengthy disquisitions upon the terrible mortality of infants.

Of course, if a man "marries a Yankee girl" he must hire an Irish girl to take care of her. Fortunate man if one Irish girl suffices for the demands of the feeble, helpless creature. And it is refreshing to look from the pale mistress to the rosy Irish girl, even though she may be coarse or even a little gross in appearance. Health bounds in her veins. There is strength and power in her muscles. They have been developed by harder exercise than thumping the harp or fingering the pianoforte.

But the man—at least the younger ones—full two-thirds of them, are as puny as the women. What the next generation would be—other than a generation of mouldering little bodies in tiny graves, it is difficult to say, unless some of the young men, like that sensible fellow chronicled above, do marry with these healthy Irish and German girls who can not only take care of themselves, but their houses, their husbands and their children.

They cannot be more ignorant of the laws of life than most of their educated sisters, and they have the advantage of healthy constitutions. The ignorance of physiological and hygienic laws among educated women would be amusing were it not pitiful. If by a strange accident one of the poor creatures happens to have anything so useful, she is ashamed to have any person aware of the fact.

No lady who possessed canaries would be ashamed to know their wants—what food was proper for them—what treatment necessary during the process of moulting and incubation—what care demanded for the well-being of the little fledglings, &c., &c. But to know anything of the anatomy and physiology of the human body—how indicative! To know what food and treatment is best adapted for the children by the fireside—how improper!

We are aware, and yet pained to hear a few days since, the remarks of a lady moving in the best circles of this city, whose name, among other influential ones, had been lent as trustee of a Hospital for Women. She acknowledged in a whisper to a lady physician that she was much interested in physiology, but she would not have her physician know it for the world, nor one of her social circle. And she is a sickly woman whom a little knowledge acquired years since, might have saved from those long years of suffering. And with all her wealth, her refinement and education, not one bit happier is she, nor one bit better fitted for many of the important duties of life than the "Irish who takes care of her."

GOOD DAY'S WORK.—Mr. John W. Bitter, of West Earl township, Lancaster county, on Saturday week, cut ten acres of very heavy wheat on his own farm, with one of Hussey's Reapers, and two horses, in eight hours. It took six men to bind the sheaves from the reaper. There were 12 large four horse loads of the wheat, averaging, it was thought, about 35 dozen to the load.

GOVERNOR BIGLER has accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address at the Agricultural Exhibition to be held at Pottsville, 24th ward of Philadelphia, on the 11th, 12th 13th and 14th of September next.

A soldier was whipped to death at Fort M'Henry last week by a surgeon.

AUGUST.

Our Anglo-Saxon grand fathers called August the *Arn-Monath*, because it was the month for filling the barns with the products of the land.

The weather is still sultry and hot, nor need we anticipate a very marked change in the thermometer, from the fact that the same sun that ruled during the months of June and July, continues to pour down his scorching rays, sometimes so powerful and persistent as not to effect vegetation alone, by parching it up, but making such impression upon spring and rivulet as to cause intense suffering to beasts, and make man at last to pray with the Poet,

"Read, oh! ye lightnings! the sealed firmament
And flood a parching world. Rain! rain!
pour! pour!

Open—ye windows of high heaven! and let The mighty rain drops come!"

The season is approaching when there is a stronger predisposition to bilious colic, bilious remittent fevers, and intestinal diseases than attend the months of winter and spring. These diseases are not infrequently of very grave character, and they occur much oftener than they would were there more strict regard paid to the usual precautions of health. Because of the too general neglect of common prudential maxims August has received the appellation of the sickliest month of the year. In this latitude it is the month of cucumbers and green fruit. And he that indulges to any extent in either will make himself liable to be awake in the night! with all the pangs and horrors of bilious colic, or the cramps and vomitings and purgings of cholera morbus. Beware! beware! and while you are on your guard in reference to yourselves, see to it that you caution your children against making free ports of their stomachs to all the trashy fruit, lily cooked vegetables, and cucumbers they can possibly devour, for depend upon it, much, very much of the trouble from worms and the concomitant disorders of digestion with which they are so generally afflicted during this season of the year originates from this dangerous habit.

To the use of good, ripe fruit—the matured production of a tree or shrub, in which the saccharine matter is properly evolved and distributed through the pulpy part—we have no objection. These are the gifts of Nature intended for man's refreshment. But to eat early, green apples and pears—little shriveled peaches—plums as hard as bullets, etc, fit articles to eat, is to be guilty of uttering a libel against *POISSON*, and so the goddess teaches very many of those daring to indulge in them.

No, we affirm that, no matter how powerful your constitutions, grow strong your powers of digestion; belong you to town or country; be you man, woman or child, you cannot eat with impunity, much less with advantage, vegetable matters which have not been softened and changed by culinary processes; nor fruit which has not acquired its ultimate degree of maturity in flavor and softness, or which has not undergone a somewhat analogous change by the action of fire, as in boiling, stewing, roasting, etc.

If then, dear reader, you would escape many of the ills so commonly incident to this month, attend to these friendly cautions and suggestions.—*Medical Reformer.*

A Drink of Water.

The day has been hot and sultry—the mercury in the thermometer standing at blood heat. We were fatigued, having just returned from a long ride among our patients, and from our exposure to the parching rays of the sun we felt the need of a good cool drink of—

"Water—pure and bright
In its liquid light"
From our noble well.

And now that we have had it, and feel refreshed—as the printer demands more copy to fill this page—we'll indulge in a few rambling remarks respecting water.

Drink is one of the very important essentials to the healthy operations of the animal machinery. It is intended to lubricate, dilute, moisten, cool, and to supply wastes; and what more useful, what more necessary for the filling of all these important ends than Water? In looking about us, we find it to be the natural "drink" for both the vegetable and the animal creation; and innumerable facts and inferences might be adduced to prove it to be the drink for man; that

"For pure, healthful blood"
that no other so powerfully contributes to physical strength, and endurance of labor and fatigue, and to the vigor and clearness of the intellect, and that *unlike those who do*

Hot and rebellious *spurs to their blood,*
"Their equal days
Feel not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth
And sick digestion,
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they live; their only fate
To ripe old age, and rather sleep than death."
No other liquid is so adapted to every age and temperament—every season and climate, none so exhilarating—none so refreshing. In health or sickness, whether exhausted and fatigued from exercise, or whether parched with "burning fever," what so cooling, what so relied as water? Ah there it is that we are able to appreciate the meaning of Proctor.

"In sickness, or when frame and spirit sank,
I turned me to thy crystal stream and drank
Invigorating draughts."
Then let the votaries of the goblet revel in the halls of Bacchus, if revel they will; let them indulge in the "crystal glass," and chant the virtues of "rosy wine," but as for you kind patrons and friends! beware!

"—melancholy, sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and sorely troubled soul,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the bowl."
Medical Reformer.