THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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MARION'S DINNER.

BY REV. E. C. JONES.

A British officer, sent to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, was conducted into Marion's encampment. There the scene took place which is here commemorated. The young officer was so deeply affected by the statements of Marion, that he subsequently resigned his commission and retired from the British service.—*Grimshaw's History.*

They sat on the trunk of a fallen pine,
And their plate was a piece of bark,
And the sweet potatoes were superfine,
Though bearing the embers' mark;
But Tom, with the sleeve of his cotton shirt,
The embers had brushed away,
And then to the brook, with a step alert,
He hied on that gala day.

The British officer tried to eat,
But his nerves were out of tune,
And ill at ease on his novel seat,
While absent both knife and spoon.
Said he, you give me but Lenten fare,
Is the table thus always slim?
Perhaps with a Briton you would not share,
The cup with a flowing brim!

Then Marion put his potato down,
On the homely plate of bark—
He had to smile, for he could not frown,
While gay as the morning lark;
'Tis a royal least I provide to-day,
Upon roots, we rebels dine,
And in Freedom's service we draw no pay,
Is that code of ethics thine?

Then with flashing eye and with heaving breast,
He looked to the azure sky,
And, said he, with a firm undaunted crest:
Our trust is in God on high.
The hard, hard ground is a downy bed,
And hunger its fang forgoes,
And noble and firm is the soldier's tread,
In the face of his country's foes.

The officer gazed on that princely brow,
Where valor and genius shown,
And upon that fallen pine, his vow
Went up to his Maker's throne:
I will draw no sword against men like these,
It would drop from a nerveless hand,
And the very blood in my veins would freeze,
If I faced such a Spartan band.

From Marion's camp, with a saddened mien,
He hastened with awe away,
The son of Anak, his eyes had seen,
And a giant race were they.
No more on the tented field was he,
And rich was the truth he learned,
That men who could starve for Liberty,
Can neither be crushed nor spurned.

LIFE IN THE CRIMEA.

BY A RETURNED SOLDIER.

I am just home invalided. Dysentery has done for me more than the bullet and the sword; and I have returned to my native shore a broken and shattered man. I have, however seen strange things, and have earned something for myself beyond half-pay—namely, the right to talk about what everybody is glad to listen to.

One of the most surprising pieces of experience I have picked up whilst living amidst scenes of conflict and violence, is the extraordinary indifference with which men soon come to regard personal risk when danger is continually around them. It seems to me, however, that there is some spice of barbarism in this indifference. I do not think it is so readily entertained by those who have a high sense of the privilege and value of life, as it is by those who have few objects in view beyond the gratifications of sense. To the former, courage becomes a matter of calculation. Men, when they prize their lives highly on account of the capacities they feel to be within them, are capable of acts of great bravery, provided an aim of high ambition is before them; but they will not encounter the chance of destruction for a straw; those, on the other hand, who have not learned to cast up accounts with themselves, will as soon face the cannon's mouth for the most trifling object as for the highest and grandest achievement. This, no doubt, is coolness; my own observation has induced me to hesitate as to whether I would accord to it the more dignified appellation of courage. In the majority of cases in which it occurs in the ranks of the British army, I am convinced that coolness is born of indifference rather than of bravery; and in support of this opinion, I adduce some incidents I have witnessed myself.

Soon after the allied armies had taken up their positions on the south of Sebastopol, green coffe began to be served out to the British troops. After a few days of hesitation and consideration, some adventurous fellows, in the intervals of their assaults upon the earthworks of the fortress, and of their labors at the trenches, planned an attack upon the scarcely less formidable green berries. They contrived to roast them in the tops of their canteens; and then set up extemporaneous coffee-mills, by rolling round shot over the dried berries laid upon pieces of stone—In this way they managed so far to crush the coffee as to make it defenceless to hot water; but so soon as the rumor of this culinary success was noised abroad, cannon balls suddenly rose in value; and when a Russian shot has been hurling through the air, I have known a dozen stalwart fellows start for it, their eyes fixed upon it during its descent, as if it had been a cricket-ball, rather than a messenger of destruction and death; and lucky did he think himself who was nearest to it when it buried itself in the ground, perhaps just beneath his feet. At first, in their haste and inexperience, these amateur cricketers occasionally made the important mistake of running for a shell, in place of a round shot; and I have heard, in the excitement of the moment, a burst of laughter, and shout of merriment echo thro' the air from their comrades, when the error has been pointed out by half-a-dozen of the adventurers being knocked over upon their backs, maimed and bleeding from the bursting of a deadly missile.

After a few weeks' practice, the men became very expert in distinguishing shells by their flight through the air, and took pretty good care not to run after them, when they did not present themselves unsought. But they still made very little of them when they did, just casting themselves down flat on the ground until the explosion was over, and the fragments were scattered. There was one huge shell, however, they never could get used to which was fired from one particular mortar, this shell measured sixteen inches across, and contained eighteen pounds of gunpowder in its mischievous cavity. It was emitted from a raft that lay in the harbor, and occupied some forty seconds in its flight; first, a very perceptible whiff of white smoke burst out in the raft, then, on came the ponderous missile, turning over and over in its flight—whish—whish—whish—with an intermitting whistling sound; at last down it pitched on the ground, with the force of fifty tons concentrated in its impact, bursting with a tremendous explosion at the instant. The fragments of this shell were scattered, when it burst, more than 300 yards in all directions, it therefore never could be looked upon in the light of an agreeable neighbor—a quarter of a mile was by no means a respectable distance from it. In consequence of its whistling note, this monster *horrendum mirabile* was christened Whistling Dick, and watchmen were set to look for the white whiff of smoke from the floating raft, whenever parties were engaged upon the works within its range. The instant this was noticed the alarm was raised, and the men rushed to the shelter of the nearest hole or embankment within their reach.

A hole or pit dug hastily into the ground is the first rudiment of a protective work.—Several such lodgments are made during the hours of darkness, in advance of the foremost trench, and from four to six riflemen are sent to occupy each. One of these men are kept constantly on the look out, above the edge of the pit, ready to take aim at any chance object that is presented to his eye, the rest of the party while away the hours, in the absence of any stirring excitement got up in their behalf by the enemy, the best way they can. They are completely sheltered from the effects of round shot, and even shells fall and burst within a yard of their lurking place without working them any harm. If, however, one of these explosive spheres lights, by any unlucky chance, quite within the pit, it is certain destruction to the whole. Yet the watching the descent of the shells that fly in their direction, seems to afford rather a pleasurable excitement than otherwise. I have often heard remarks of a speculative kind ventured with the most perfect nonchalance, which for their point the probable safe arrival of one of these deadly missiles, that seemed to be coming straight for the speculator down from the clouds. It is no unusual thing for small bets in tobacco to be laid as to how far off some shell will fall. Wagers as to the course overhead of round shot were amongst the common resources to which the little garrisons of these rifle pits turned for amusement.—The passage of a ball to the right or the left of the vertical often determined the pipe in which a last charge of the precious weed should be smoked. The scenes in these holes are, however, sometimes of the most painful kind. I remember once to have made one of a party of four in a pit as large as a round table, and six feet deep, and which was entirely isolated from all friendly aid during the continuance of daylight. Of this party, two were suffering from a severe dysentery, a third was supporting a shattered arm, and the fourth had his eye knocked out by a splinter produced by a cannon ball.

Upon one occasion I chanceed to be in a pit advanced to within 80 or 100 yards of one of the Russian works. At this time our behavior was so carefully watched, that the top of a feather could not be shown for a moment above the embankment without a dozen rifle-balls whizzing past it. There was an officer with the party, but he was suffering so severely from dysentery, that he lay for a long time in a fainting state, with his head on the knees of one of the men. While in this sad predicament, the fancy seized him that if he could have some hot coffee it would at once revive him. He expressed his wish; and it was found there was coffee in store, but no wood at hand for the fire.—Observing this difficulty, one of the privates remarked that he would soon furnish the wood. He seized a pickaxe which had been used in the construction of the pit, and in an instant jumped from the hole. Without the slightest hurry in his deportment, he took his way to a tree that was prostrate on the ground about forty yards to the rear of the position, and, with his back to the Russians, began leisurely to pick off chips with his axe. The enemy appeared to be staggered at first by the coolness of his bearing, but very soon a leaden storm was whistled around him in all directions. With perfect unconcern, however, he continued his operations; and, wonderful to say, was untouched by the missiles. The Russians became more angry and eager, and most probably fired with less than their usual care and precision. At length they laid a large gun upon the adventurous woodpecker, and three times a round shot rushed within a few inches of him. By this time, he conceived that he had made chips enough for his purpose; so he stooped down and gathered them together in the skirts of his long greatcoat, sauntering back through the leaden hail-storm, and dropped into the pit with his treasures unscathed, to the great suprise and infinite relief of his comrades, not seeming to have the slightest idea that he had done anything out of the usual way; and, indeed, I do not think the notion had ever been clearly presented to his mind what the risk was that he had volunteered to meet.

All the world knows that the naval service is quite as much marked by gallantry as the army. They also share with it the matter-of-fact indifference to personal risk I am just now particularly alluding to. On board ship, matters of ordinary routine often go on under fire, just as if the vessel was hundreds of miles away from the enemy. Immediately before the attack upon the forts of Sebastopol, in which the fleet bore a part, an officer of the Rifles, who was invalided, had been sent on board one of the small steamers to recruit. One of the first incidents of his repose, however, was his going with the vessel into the engagement. She was placed in circumstances of peculiar risk, for she had on board a large quantity of shells, which she had recently brought for the general service of the fleet, and she was near the Agamemnon when the red-hot shot were striking her sides. She bore her share in the action and was at last ordered out of the fire by the admiral. The invalided officer was standing by the bridge when the captain of the ship came down from his station on the paddle-box, whence he had been directing his manœuvres. The steward came up to him at the instant, and touched his hat with the announcement: "Dinner is on the table, sir." The announcement was received with all due honor, and immediately afterwards the officers were at table discussing the merits of a fine boiled turkey, with the appropriate accompaniments, all of which had been prepared amidst the balls at the redoubtable fortress of Sebastopol.

Outside Glitter and Inside Gloom.

Many homes are elegantly furnished, with small additions to domestic comfort. In this fast age, the Mrs. Potiphars often live in palatial residences, overlaid with gorgeous decorations for the eyes of fashionable visitors, while the home-loving Mr. Potiphar sighs for the quiet ease of the humble old homestead. The Marysville Tribune gives an amusing sketch of the inner life of one of these comfortless households:

"I do declare, Mr. Smith! this is too bad! Here you are stretched out on the sofa, mussing it up, and my nice carpet is all spoiled by the tramp of your coarse boots. I shall be ashamed to bring any one into the parlor again—and I have taken so much pains to keep every thing nice! I do think, Mr. Smith, you are the most thoughtless man I ever did see—you don't appear to care how much trouble you give me! If I had no more care than you have, we would soon have a nice looking house—it would not be long till our new funiture and house would be just as the old," said John Smith's wife to him, as she saw him in the parlor taking a nap on the sofa.

Mr. Smith rose up eagerly and answered, "I was tired and sleepy, Mary, and the weather is so hot, and this room so quiet and cool, and the sofa looked so inviting, that I could not resist the temptation to snooze a little.—I thought when we were building a new house, and furnishing it thus, that we were doing it because the old house and furniture were not so comfortable and desirable, and that I and my own dear Mary would indulge ourselves in a little quiet leisure in these nice rooms; and if we chose, in lounging on the sofas and rocking in these cushioned arm-chairs, away from the noise of the family and the smell of the cooking-stove. I did not dream of displeasing you, Mary, and I thought it would give you pleasure to see me enjoying a nap on the sofa this warm afternoon. I noticed when Merchant Swell, or Colonel Bigman and their families were here, you appeared delighted to have sofas and cushioned arm-chairs for them to sit in or lounge upon. I thought the house and the sofas were to use—that we were seeking our own pleasure when we paid a large sum of money for them; but I suppose I was mistaken, and that the house and furniture are for strangers, and that we are to sit in the old kitchen, and if I want to take a nap, or rest a little when fatigued, I am to lie down on a slab in the wood-house; and if you want to rest, you can go to the children's trundle-bed, in the little, close bed-room, where the flies can have a good chance at you."

The irony of Mr. Smith's reply only provoked his wife, and seeing himself threatened with a repetition of Mrs. Smith's speech, with unpleasant additions and variations, and knowing that he would get tired of gaining victories over her in argument, before she would think of getting tired of defeat, he took himself out, and left Mrs. Smith to fix up and dust out, and lock him out of his own house, and took a seat in an old chair in the kitchen, which Mrs. Smith said was good enough to use every day, in the kitchen where no one can see it.

Poor, mistaken Mrs. Smith, thought I.—And yet many are like her. They want a fine house, and when they get it they want an out-house built to live in, and they confine their family to a few small rooms, poorly furnished, while the main room, well furnished, is never seen by the family, only when visitors come! Both house and furniture are too grand for use. The carpet is too fine for the husband to walk on—the mirrors are too fine for him to look into—the furniture is all too fine for him to see or use.—Just so it goes; we dress, [we women, I mean, and I am sorry that many men are as foolish as we are,] to please others, or rather to excite their remarks; we build houses, and furnish them for those outside of the family, and live as poorly when we are rich as we did when we were poor; as poorly in the new house as in the old.

It is a fatal day to enjoyment, when a family gets a house and furniture too fine for use; and yet many have an ambition to have it so. Better would it be if they were contented with such a house and such furniture as is suited to every day use; the house large enough to accommodate one's friends, and the furniture such as all use when at home.

Aunt Fanny on Shanghais.

Mrs. Gage, who wrote for the Ohio Cultivator, gives her experience with shanghais as follows:

"Our Shanghais! what shall I say of them? When Doesticks described his sorrows under the infliction of Barnum's present, I thought he dealt in hyperbole; but when our friends, the D——s, sent four of these rapacious monsters to summer with us, I learned more of the troubles of Shanghia life than I ever before had dreamed of in my philosophy.

"There were four gigantic birds, 'which no money could buy,' and, as they drooped in the city and pined for green fields and fresh breezes, we offered them a home for a few weeks. Such crowing! it was like the rumbling of a young Vesuvius, and the clapping of the wings broke the night's silence like the crashing of old oaks in a storm. The eggs were wonders, and forthwith old speckle and dominique were robbed of their own pretty treasures, and the big brown stranger put in their place. But though they did all duty, 'watching and waiting with patient, tender care,' 'twas a failure. No callow young came forth to peep at break of day. Time, eggs, and hope—all were lost.

"Then 'Prince Albert' took sick, and three weeks of nursing barely saved his precious life. Next, 'Betty Root' injured her spine by jumping from the roost, and for a month has not walked out; and has to be carried out airing by hand. 'Madam Victoria' says, as plain as a hen can, that she will not lay eggs when they are only eighteen cents per dozen, so crooks her long neck, lifts her big feet as high as possible, and sets them down on every occasion upon my mignionette and verbenas, and picks my rosebuds with as little compunction of conscience as if they were cut worms or caterpillars, while 'Peter the Great' makes himself an object of dread by tramping on all the young chicks that cross his path. Shanghais *are Shanghais*; but give me the birds that get their own living, and go to bed at night and get up in the morning without help. To be serious, I think them a troublesome fowl and hard to raise, but their eggs are very large, and richer than than common eggs, yet thin shelled and difficult to be kept from injury."

BOY-LOVE.

One of the queerest and funniest things to think of in after life, is "boy-love." No sooner does a boy acquire a tolerable stature, than he begins to imagine himself a man, and to ape manhood ways. He casts sidelong glances at the tall girls he may meet, becomes a regular attendant at church, or meeting; carries a cane, holds his head erect, and struts a little in his walk. Presently, and how very soon, he *falls* in love; yes, *falls* is the proper word; because it best indicates his happy, dilerious self-abasement. He lives now in a fairy region, somewhat collateral to the world, and yet, blended somehow extricably with it. He perfumes his hair with fragrant oils, scatters essences over his handkerchief, and desperately shaves and anoints for beard. He quotes poetry, in which "love" and "dove" and "heart" and "dart" peculiarly predominate; and, as he plunges deeper in the delicious labyrinth, fancies himself filled with the divine afflatus, and suddenly breaks into a scarlet rash—of rhyme. He feeds upon the looks of his beloved; is raised to the seventh heaven if she speaks a pleasant word; and is betrayed into the most astonishing ecstacies by a smile; and is plunged into the gloomiest regions of misanthropy by a frown.

He believes himself the most devoted lover in the world. There never was such another. There never will be. He is the one great idolater! He is the very type of magnanimity and self-abnegation. Wealth! he despises the grovelling thought. Poverty, with the adorable beloved, he rapturously apostrophizes as the first of all earthly blessings; and "love in a cottage, with water and a crust," is his beau ideal paradise of dainty delights.

He declares to himself, with the most solemn emphasis, that he would go through fire and water, undertake a pilgrimage to China or Kamschatka; swim the storm-tossed oceans; scale impassable mountains; and face legions of bayonets, but for one sweet smile from her dear lips. He doats upon a flower she has cast away. He cherishes her glove—a little worn in the fingers—next his heart. He sighs like a locomotive letting off steam. He scrawls her dear name over quires of foolscap—fitting medium of his insanity. He scornfully deprecates the attention of other boys, of his own age; cuts Peter Tibbets, dead, because he said that the adorable Angelina had carroty hair; and passes Harvey Bell contemptuously, for daring to compare "that gawky Mary Jane" with his incomparable Angelina.

Happy! happy! foolish boy love! with its hopes and fears: its joys and its sorrows; its jealousies and its delights; its raptures and its tortures; its ecstatic fervors and terrible heart-burnings; its solemn ludicrousness, and its intensely prosaic termination!

Correspondence of the Public Ledger.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 1855.

President-making having commenced in good earnest, and public observation being exclusively directed to the squabbles among Know-Nothings and Republicans in the House, I must, as an honest chronicler, bring to your notice the Democratic family jars in the Senate. Before the last session closed, it was ascertained that General Cass declined standing for the succession. Mr. Buchanan's friends understand his purpose of retirement, after the accomplishment of his mission to England, and Judge Douglass had announced that his name should not be presented to the country. This left the field unoccupied for Senator Hunter, although at that time the condition of parties presented faint hope for success. Senator Bright, with a keen eye for preferment, put in for the Vice-Presidential stakes, but not with the concurrence of Mr. Hunter, who is too shrewd a tactician to entangle himself with any Vice Presidential alliance. Senator Brodhead had likewise inclinations for the same prize on which Mr. Bright had fized his eyes.

After the adjournment, Mr. Hunter retired to his farm, and made three stirring speeches during the Virginia Gubernatorial campaign. Mr. Bright, after remaining and arranging matters in Washington, started for the west, and being a great buyer of lands, he repaired to Lake Superior, the grand theatre of land speculation and the resort of many politicians during the Summer months. Mr. Brodhead left for Philadelphia, to start a party under the name of Mr. Dallas for President, which might secure him votes in the Pennsylvania delegation for Vice President in the Cincinnati Convention. Events were prosperously ripening when the dashing election of Mr. Wise, which he carried himself by storm, transferred to him popularity and political power, which Mr. Hunter had ever failed to achieve. His star, which had seemed on the ascendant, now grew dim before the rising fortunes of Mr. Wise. The State elections which ensued—so unexpected in their results—changed the whole face of affairs. The Pennsylvania election was suggestive of Mr. Buchanan—his name loomed up before the country and all eyes were turned towards him. It now became apparent that the Know Nothing organization, with its Abolition proclivities in the north and west, must die out in the South; and, although some States had voted the American ticket, yet in 1856 the whole South would be united, that 29 votes from the free States would elect a President, and that Pennsylvania alone could furnish 27.—With these considerations operating on the minds of politicians, Mr. Buchanan's strength increased in every section, and he seemed likely to receive the Cincinnati nomination without an effort.

The other parties, seeing their expectations foiled by the current of events, found it necessary to check the progress of Mr. Buchanan by breaking down the Union, the national paper, and wrest that weapon out of his hands. Messrs. Nicholson and Forney are its editors, the former a well known friend of Gen. Pierce, and the latter of Mr Buchanan. At the Democratic caucus, convened as usual, to select a paper for public printing, it was found that Messrs. Hunter, Bright, Brodhead, Mason, Bayard, Butler, and Brown of Miss., who, although they entered the Senate themselves through the straight gate of caucus nominations, refused to submit to the majority. Senator Bright, notwithstanding his rancorous opposition to the President for the last two years, made a speech in the caucus extolling him and his public measures, but declared hostilities against the "Union."—Others of them made similar speeches. They regard the President as out of the field for a nomination, and that his friends may be propitiated by their professions of regard into their support.

They have, however, decreed that no friend of Mr. Buchanan shall speak through the columns of the government paper at Washington; and in this they are likely to succeed, even if success is acquired by the aid of Know Nothings and Republicans, who compose the minority side of the Senate.—This, then, is the first gun fired into the camp of Mr. Buchanan.

The report that the government of President Alvarez, in Mexico has been overthrown still remains unconfirmed and uncontradicted. Hopes are expressed that the rumor may prove groundless. He is, beyond doubt, the most honorable, and perhaps the purest man, who has for some time held power in Mexico; and, moreover, he is well disposed towards our Government, and has given marks of his friendship. This may have incited the representatives of England, France, and Brazil to encourage a revolution in that distracted and disjointed State, which very probably has resulted in the overthrow of his administration.

SPECTATOR.

PROFOUND.—"Pompey, why am a beehive like a bad tater?"

"Kase it's round."

"Kase its round! What nonsense! Guess again."

"Well I won't guess, kase you so ugly. I know well 'nuff what it am, only I won't guess it for spite."

"Do you gub it up?"

"Well, yes."

"Well Pompey, don't the hive hold the bees?"

"Yes."

"Well, dat makes the beehive a bee holder and a beholder am a spectator and a spectator am a bad tater. See de inference?"

Girls who Want Husbands.

BY NELLIE GRAY.

There is a great deal of truth in what Nellie Gray says to "girls who are anxious to merry." Some may object to the manner of telling it, but the facts are facts, notwithstanding; and to those marriageable maidens, "who make fools of themselves, and go into a fit of the hips every time they see a hat," we commend them:

Girls, you want to get married, don't you? Ah, what a natural thing it is for young ladies who have such a hankering after the sterner sex. It is a weakness that woman has, and the reason she is called the weaker sex. Well, if you want to get married, don't for conscience sake, act like fools about it.—Don't get a fit of the hips every time you see a hat and a pair of whiskers. Don't get the idea into your heads that you must put yourself in the way of every young man in the neighborhood, in order to attract notice; for if you don't run after the men, they will run after you. Mark that!

A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch and puckers; she puts on many false airs, and she is so nice! that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at meeting, coming in, of course about the last one, always at social parties, and invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid, just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. Men will flirt with you, and flatter you simply because they love to do it, but they have no more idea of making you a wife than they have of committing suicide. If I was a young man, I would have no more to do with such a fancy than I would with a rattle-snake.

Now, girls, let Nelly give you a piece of advice, for she knows from experience, if you practice it, you will gain a reputation of being worthy girls, and stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is well enough that you learn to finger the piano, work embroidery, study grammar, etc., but don't neglect letting grandma, or your dear mother, teach you to make bread, and get a meal of victuals good enough for a king. No part of a house-keeper's duties should be neglected; if you do not marry a wealthy husband, you will need to know how to do such work, and if you do, it will be no disadvantage to you to know how to oversee a servant girl, and instruct her to do these things as you would like to have them done. In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. Affectation is the most despicable of all accomplishments, and will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affectation—it has a transparent skin which is easily to be seen through.

Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so modest, becoming, and lovely appearance as a neat and plain dress. All the flummery and tassel work of the dress-maker and milliner are unnecessary.

If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty one particle; if you are homely, they only make you look worse.—Gentlemen do not court your handsome faces and jewelry, but your own dear selves.

Finger-rings and folderols may do to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk do it naturally, and do not be so distressingly polite as to spoil all you say. If your hair is straight, don't put on the curling tongs, to make people believe you have got negro blood in your veins. If your neck is very black, wear a lace collar, but do not be so very foolish as to daub on paint, thinking that people are so very blind as not to see it; and if your cheeks are not rosy, do not apply pink saucers, for the deception will be detected, and become the gossip of the neighborhood.

Finally, girls, listen to the counsel of your mothers, and as their advice in every thing. Think less of fashion than you do of the kitchen; less of romance than you do of the realities of life; and, instead of trying to catch husbands, strive to make yourselves worthy of being caught.

AN IRISH WARDROBE.—At an auction sale in a country town, a trunk was put up when one of a party of Irish laborers observed to a companion:—

"Pat, I think you should buy that trunk."

"An' what should I do with it?" replied Pat, with some degree of astonishment.

"Put your clothes in it," was the adviser's reply.

Pat gazed upon him with a look of astonishment, and then, with that laconic eloquence which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed:—

"*An' go naked!*"

Not long since a premium was offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation; and the latter word, by mistake of the printer, having been changed to "irritation," a farmer sent his wife to gain the prize.

NARCOTICS.

In relation to the propriety of using this class of what have been considered to be valuable medical agents, there exists a wide difference of opinion among medical reformers. This difference of opinion, we think, constitutes one of the most serious difficulties in the way of an union of our scattered forces. It is true that we might "agree to disagree" upon this matter, until such a time as one or the other party should see their error and abandon it, and we are perfectly willing to do so, if we cannot do better. If our principles are corret the practice will ultimately be brought to correspond therewith; and if we can agree upon the former, (which I believe we generally do) there is no necessity of disputing about the latter, especially if it is pretty nearly right.

It is generally conceded by those of the profession who still resort to the class of agents named at the head of this article, that they possess no positive curative powers, but that they allay irritability, and relieve pain and suffering, and thus keep the patient in a more comfortable condition while nature, assisted by positive remedies is effecting the cure. Aside from this effect these agents possess no properties but such as are available in other and perfectly innocuous remedies. On the other hand it is admitted by all medical men that this class of remedies are capable of producing lasting and incurable injuries to the human organization; and such injuries we believe may also be produced by most of the articles that belong to the Materia Medica.—Any medicine capable of producing catharsis, emesis, diuresis, etc., may be administered in such quantities, and for a sufficient length of time to inflict irreparable injury upon the body; but this does not condemn and banish it from the list of remedies; if it did we should soon have no remedies, and for such reasons alone we are not willing to proscribe the narcotics.

But do the narcotics—opium for example—"in authorized medicinal doses," produce lasting injurious effects? It is admitted that it does; and so may lobelia and capsicum, if administered when they are strongly contra-indicated. In acute gastritis (inflammation of the stomach) 'authorized medicinal doses' of capsicum would produce lasting injurious effects; and the exhibition of lobelia in the same manner, when the system is already excessively relaxed would probably produce permanently injurious effects; and so may any of the positive agents of the materia medica. Then we cannot condemn opium for this reason neither. All these remedies then—if there is no other objection to them—require to be administered—not so particularly "by skilful hands"—but when indicated, and then alone.

The above arguments being sound, let us enquire whether the action of opium upon the human organization is not inherently antagonistic to the laws of vitality—for this we contend is the only true and scientific method by which medicines can be distinguished from poisons.

It is abundantly demonstrated by the experience of the whole medical world, that the chief effects produced by this drug, is sedation. That is, it calms or diminishes activity. If administered, "in authorized medicinal doses," to a man in health, it depresses the activity of the vital functions; if the dose is moderately increased this effect becomes still more apparent; if you continue to increase it, the vital functions are still more depressed until stupor and coma indicate that the sedative power of the drug is overcoming vitality; and if convulsions supervene they are but the spasmodic efforts of the sinking vital powers to recover their natural ascendency in the system.—Push the effects of the drug a little further and the vital forces expire, driven out by the legitimate and natural action—not of the body, as Dr. Trall would say—but of a drug inherently antagonistic to vitality. The action of opium then, must be, in all cases, destructive in its tendency.

Now the final question in relation to this subject comes up for solution somewhat in this form: Are reformers who profess to adopt a system of medical practice in harmony with the laws of vitality—who profess to assist the natural healing powers of the system to overcome disease—who cure disease by assisting nature, and who condemn the dominant party in physic for professing to cure disease by destroying vitality—justified in the administration of remedies, the continual and only effect of which are to depress, overpower and destroy vital activity?

We cannot scientifically say that we administer them for the control of morbid action only, for every medical man, that knows any thing, knows that there is no such a thing as morbid action independent of that which is normal. What some men have called morbid action, is the same, produced in the same manner, by the same forces and the same organs as that which is termed healthy or physiological action—they are not independent, they cannot be separated, there is no evidence that they are different in their origin or course or termination; but on the contrary the opposite theorem is demonstrable. If we reduce or depress morbid, we also reduce or depress healthy action—they are "one and inseperable now and (heretofore, as well as) hereafter."

This then being the legitimate and only effect of this drug, we may ask, in conclusion, do cases occur in which we are justified in depressing, counteracting or opposing the efforts and manifestations of vital action? We are sure that according to the principles which govern us in the administration of remedies, we cannot admit this drug, and others of the same nature and tendency, into our collection of medical materials; but whether a case might not occur, in which the destructive tendency of the drug would prove less injurious than the pain and suffering, which it would alleviate may be still a debatable question; for we are well satisfied that this is the only ground upon which its use can possibly be admitted among genuine reformers. For my own part I can say that so far I have not found such an one in my practice that could not be relieved by remedies that are truly innocuous.—*Medical Reformer.*