

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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THERE IS SOMETHING GOOD IN ALL.

In the bright blue heavens above us,
On the smiling earth below,
In the hearts of friends that love us,
In the thorny paths we know;
There is something sweet to bless us,
There is something sweet to cheer,
As the gentle winds caress us,
As the blooming flowers appear.

As the gentle breathings meet us,
From some spirit fount of joy,
With all radiant glories great us,
With their beautiful employ,
In the grief dimm'd world without us,
In the Spirit-world within,
Ere is gathering round about us,
Something good for us to win.

Then let hope be bright before us,
Let us taste joy's fountain brim,
The dark clouds may gather o'er us,
And our brightest dreams grow dim;
From our inmost spirit feeling
There is still an angel call,
To the heart this truth revealing,
There is something good in all.

WOMAN'S WORK.

It is granted as a principle that ample scope should be given for the man to perform his share of the social work, and ample means of instruction to enable him to perform it well.

What provision is made to enable the woman to do her work well and efficiently? It is not charity, nor energy, nor intelligence which are wanting in our women, any more than dauntless bravery in our men.

But something is wanting, or surely, from so much good material more positive and extended social benefits would arise. What is wanting is more moral courage, more common sense on the part of our legislators.

If women were better educated, they would sympathize in the necessity of giving a better education to women. They would perceive the wisdom of applying, on a large and efficient scale, the means of health, strength, and progress, which lie in the general capacities of the gentler sex—material ready at hand, as yet wasted in desultory, often misdirected efforts, or perishing inert, or fermenting to evil and despair.

Lying at the source of the mischief we trace a great mistake, and a great want. The great mistake seems to have been that in all our legislation it is taken for granted that the woman is always protected, always under tutelage, always within the precincts of a home, finding there her work, her interests, her duties, and her happiness. But is this true? We know that it is altogether false.

Mrs. Jamison.

How to Break up a Cold.

Dr. Hall, in his *Medical Journal*, gives the following directions for breaking up a cold: "A bad cold, like measles and mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course in about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed within forty-eight hours of its inception. Many a useful life may be spared to be increasingly useful, by cutting a cold short off, in the following safe and useful manner. On the first day of taking a cold there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this go to your room and stay there; keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it requires a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. In addition, put your feet in water half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hotter water from time to time, for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in, then dry them thoroughly, and put on warm, thick, woolen stockings, even if it be summer, (when colds are most dangerous,) and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food, but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm tea, and at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken, without any medicine whatever. This theory is no doubt, good for weak constitutions, but for a hale, hearty person we would recommend the substitute of cold water drinks in the place of tea."

YOUNG GENERALS.—Alexander the Great died at the early age of thirty-two. Hannibal gained the battle of Cannae at about the same age. Scipio fought at Zama when not much over thirty. Julius Cæsar had conquered Gaul when he was forty-five. Gormanius was poisoned in his thirty-fourth year. At the battle of Plassey, Clive's age was not so advanced as that. Napoleon gained his mighty victory at Austerlitz when he had scarcely completed his thirty-fifth year; and at the time Wellington finished his campaigns in the plains of Waterloo he was only forty-six years old.

LITTLE GIRLS.—There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, unassuming, full of kindness to brothers, babies, and everything.—They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dewdrops in the breath of woman.—What a pity they should ever become worn—fine and heartless coquettes!

LYDIA LITTLE'S LOVERS, OR THE RIVALRY IN "A FIX."

One of the prettiest lassos that ever graced a country dance or turned the head of a lover, was Lydia Little, the subject of the following sketch.

Nobody could deny it; she was very pretty. Even her rivals allowed that she was quite fascinating, and her bitterest enemies declared that after all, she was a beauty.

Although Lydia was really handsome, it was a very unfortunate circumstance that she was conscious of the fact. It is no injury to be a pretty girl, if she doesn't know it; but Lydia had quite as perfect a knowledge of her charms as even her warmest admirers, and the consequence was, she became one of the most vain, spiteful, and malicious coquettes that ever made a bonfire of true hearts in order to laugh at the flame.

Lydia had ardent admirers, far and near, for her beauty was famous in all the villages within twenty miles of the town, in which her father, a very rich old farmer, resided.

Although Lydia smiled on all, there were only two who were known to possess very great importance to her eyes and who seemed to cast all other lovers in the shade.

One of these young men was named White and the other Brown. These, it was said, were Lydia's favorite colors, and it only remained for her to choose between them. Indeed it was a matter of debate in the village, whether it would be better to become a little white or a little brown.

Messrs. White and Brown both lived at a distance from their mistress, but White had the advantage over his rival—he lived the nearest. These two young men had never heard of each other, although they had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance.—White was afraid of Brown, and Brown was afraid of White, so that Lydia, out of their kindness, was very careful that they should never meet at her house.

If the rivals feared each other, they feared Lydia's father still more. He had tried to put a stop to her innocent flirtations, and repeatedly threatened to shoot her suitors if they didn't keep aloof. Besides that his name was Little, and he was a little fierce and the boys were not a little afraid of his resentment.

One day when Lydia's father was gone from home, and was not expected back until late at night, she determined to send for one of her suitors to come and keep her company during the evening. But which should she choose? Here was a dilemma indeed. She reflected that Brown was with her last, and feeling that it would be very unjust for her to allow White to come in his turn, she resolved that White should be the man.—So she dropped a line to White, and had everything prepared for his reception in the evening.

Lydia felt so convinced that her dear White would fly to meet her, that she would have been willing to stake her life that he would be there at the appointed time. White was very punctual, and she felt that he loved her too well to allow anything whatever to interfere with the interview.

However, as the time passed, and he did not arrive at the moment, she began to change her mind, and to wonder how she ever permitted White to occupy her heart with such a noble fellow as Brown.

"Brown would not have failed—he would not, I know."

Such thoughts were running through her mind, when there was a rap at the door. She knew White was there, and forgetting her resentment, flew to admit him. What was her surprise on finding that it was not White but Brown!

"Don't be surprised," panted the delighted lover. "I shouldn't have dared to come—'raid of the old man—but I saw him—middle of the afternoon—he told me—(I'm so out of breath I can't hardly speak)—he was not coming home till midnight."

"So you took an opportunity of visiting me during his absence, eh?"

Lydia smiled on him at first, but then she looked thoughtful and finally appeared quite perplexed. She was considering what a fix she would be in if White should be coming along about that time.

"You must stop," said she nervously. "Father'll be home, I expect him every minute, and if he should find you—"

"Pshaw! there's no danger," said Brown. "He won't be home yet awhile. And if he comes, I can slip into the kitchen and go out at the back door."

Finding she could not send her lover away, Lydia resolved to make the most of him while he stayed.

"Oh," said Brown quickly, "I've a rich joke to tell you—"

"Do let me hear it."

"As I was thinking this way to-night, who do you think I met?"

"Who?"

"Your particular friend—Mr. White."

"My particular friend?" sneered pretty Lydia.

"But how did you know him?"

"Oh, I had caught a glimpse at him before. But he didn't know me, and that's the cream of the joke."

"How so?"

"Why you see we fell in with each other, and as he was coming this way, we got to talking about the folks in these dignities—"

Says I, "old equire Little lives somewhere here, don't he?"

"Yes," says he, grinning, "for the moon, above and I could see him grin—"

"Do you know his daughter?"

"I've heard of her," said I; "she's pretty they say."

"Well, she isn't anything else," says White; and he looked at me just as though he was

pulling the wool over my eyes completely. "She has plenty of beaux, I hear," says I. "Yes," says he, laughing, "there's a fellow by the name of Brown trying to come in there. I suppose you know?" "Oh, yes," says I, "but he can't."

"I looked very closely at him, and saw that he did not mistrust that I was Brown, and could hardly keep from laughing right out. "He can't come in," says I. "There's a fellow by the name of White that's going to cut him out, I hear." "Yes," says he, "I know White." "Do you though?" says I. "Can't you introduce us sometime?" In return, I will do you the favor to introduce you to Brown, whom I am intimately acquainted with. Brown's a pretty nice kind of a fellow, although he may be unfortunate in love affairs. He's a good natured fellow, and I presume if he were in my place now, and you were White himself, he'd sooner joke with you than quarrel with you." "That's just the way with White," says he. "He would not quarrel with you if you were Brown."

"I talked with the fellow in this way for some time, and kept my countenance so well that he'll be surprised, I reckon when he learns I'm Brown myself. Wasn't it a rich joke, Lydia?"

"Ah, very," replied the girl laughing heartily. "But what noise is that?"

"There are footsteps."

"Oh, it is father!" exclaimed Lydia not a little flushed. "Quick—quick—you must be gone."

Brown did not wait for ceremony, but dodged into the kitchen in hot haste. He would have hastened from the house in an instant, but he heard a voice which sounded so strangely, that he had a very curious curiosity to know if it was indeed Mr. Little that had just come.

He crept softly back to the door by which he had just made his exit, dropped on his knees and applied his ear to the key-hole.

At that moment he heard a noise that sounded so much like a heavy kiss, that it made his heart come up into his mouth as large as a pumpkin.

He looked; and O, the faithfulness and fickleness of woman! There was Lydia, blushing and smiling in the arms of his rival, of his new acquaintance, White.

"Brown's first impulse was to break through the door and eat up his rival, but he soon thought better of it, and determined to give him a few minutes' respite before he demolished him entirely.

"There, stop," cried Lydia. "You shan't kiss me again to-night."

"Why not?" asked White.

"Because you didn't come to see me at the time I appointed. It is all of twenty minutes late. That's why."

"You don't imagine what a good excuse I've got, said White, laughing.

"What is it?"

"I met a chap that bothered me."

"That was me," thought Brown, still looking through the key-hole. "Did bother him, and bluffed him off very nicely, too. I wish I had rung his neck for him."

"You can't guess who it was, Lydia," said White laughing.

"Do you know?"

"To be sure I do—though I didn't mistrust I know him. It was my redoubtable rival, Mr. Brown."

"The plague," muttered the listener, biting his lips in perplexity.

"Did you see that fellow?" asked Lydia. "O, I wish you knew how much fun I've had with him. Why the great fool flatters himself that I am silly enough to love him."

"Highly complimentary," thought Brown, grinding his teeth and looking harmless daggers through the key-hole.

"You'd be amused to have heard me talk with him and lay on the soft soldier. He got the wool over his eyes nicely. He did not know me and I chatted with him about you, and myself and him, and it went down like a pill taken in apple sauce."

Lydia laughed heartily to think how the rivals had fooled each other, and each believing all the time that the game was on his own side, and White laughed too at the thought of having played such a nice game on Brown.

Brown was the only one that did not laugh. The thought of having been made such a fool of, didn't, by any means, inspire him into a merry mood.

"I can't stand this," thought he, scowling at the key-hole. "I must have my turn now. White may take my place here in the dark if he likes, and I will step into the sitting-room."

He stole cautiously out of the back door, and proceeded around the house.

A moment after, Lydia and her dear White, who was having a fine time of it, heard the sound of foot-steps approaching towards the door.

"It's father!" cried Lydia; believing the old gentleman had really come. "You must not be seen, White. Run in there quick and get out of the house as soon as possible."

She pushed White into the kitchen and hastened to the front door.

Having made up her mouth to give her father a sweet kiss as soon as he entered, she stood ready to throw her arms around his neck, when to her astonishment, who should appear but Brown.

I need scarcely inform the reader that White impelled by the same laudable curiosity which led Brown to make the discovery we have seen already, had his eye to the key-hole.

"What! you again?" said Lydia, bestowing upon Brown the kiss she had reserved for

her renegade parent. "How glad I am you came back. But it is rash in you—"

"Love makes the heart bold," said Brown, giving Lydia an extra hug, for the express benefit of White, who he expected was at the key-hole. "I began to think the old man hadn't come after all; so I came back to bid you good bye more deliberately."

"Ah! you are a good fellow, but I can't let you stop now. I really expect father every minute."

"Well, I'll go pretty soon, but I must finish telling you how I bluffed off your dear friend White."

"My dear friend!" echoed Lydia contemptuously; I would wish you to know how much I detest that fellow—"

"I thought so; and for that reason when I had the talk with him on the road, as I was falling you, out of my head, for your feelings, I determined that he shouldn't visit you to-night. So I followed him until he didn't dare to come any further, for fear I would mistrust that he was coming to see you. Didn't I bluff him off, and wouldn't I laugh to see him enter just now?"

"What a fool I have been making of myself," said White glaring through the key-hole. "Brown is the man Lydia loves after all, and instead of fooling him so completely as I thought I was doing, when we met, he was all the time playing off a contemptible trick on me. I'll rush in and demolish him and tell that laughing sally just what I think of her."

White was on the point of carrying this savage resolution into effect, when an unusual bustle in the parlor caused him to delay. He heard Lydia whisper, "father is coming," he heard the paring kniss, the front door opening—and the next moment Brown was thrust unceremoniously into the kitchen, where he himself was concealed.

If the reader imagines that the rivals on being shut up in the dark room together, floored each other like two wild beasts, I would beg leave to inform him that it is very much in error. The rivals did nothing of the sort, as we shall see.

Brown heard a light footstep, and he knew White was in the room.

"My dear fellow," he whispered.

"What the deuce do you want?" growled the irritated White.

"What a rich joke! ha! ha!" laughed Brown. Lydia thinks she has been making fools of us, but I believe we both understand her now perfectly."

"Lulia doubt about that," said White, bitterly.

"There is no use of being sorry about the matter," observed the philosophical Brown. "Our acquaintance has commenced under peculiar circumstances, and I think it is our duty to cultivate it. I overheard your conversation with Lydia, looking through the key-hole, and as you witnessed my interview with her just now, we are even on that score. Give me your hand and let us be sworn friends in future."

"I am proud to make your acquaintance," said White.

"We needn't quarrel about her," observed Brown, "for she is not worth a thought. I wonder a man of your penetration never saw what she was before this time."

"If so showed a man as you were deceived," replied White, "what would be expected of me? But we both know her now, and we can whistle her off without a pang."

"What a sensible fellow you are!" exclaimed Brown. "What a pity it is that I never made your acquaintance before."

The rivals shook hands and became sworn friends on the spot.

Hearing Lydia's father talking very loud to her in the parlor, they thought it a good time to make their escape, and they glided out of the house unheard by the old gentleman or daughter. On the following day, as Lydia was laughing heartily at her adventure on the preceding night a small neatly folded billet was brought to her by the post-man.

"It's Brown's hand-writing," she said to herself, as she broke open the letter with a smile of satisfied sincerity. Let's see what he says."

She read as follows:

"To Our Dear Lydia—"

"As you are now in all probability laboring under the erroneous impression that you have that most admirable trick-off on us, we have formed ourselves into a joint committee of two, in order to devise means to set your mind at rest on the subject. The truth is Lydia, we, the undersigned, understand each other perfectly and see through your entire course of conduct better than you imagine. However, we have formed a wise resolution to allow you to retain your natural colors through life, before we so far forget ourselves in this respect as to think of inducing you to become either White or Brown."

"Trusting that this official document contains such an explanation of our views as you will affectionately understand, we hereby bid you an adieu, and hope that you may have better success in your attempts on others."

(Signed),

TIMOTHY BROWN,
OLIVER WHITE.

P. S.—(not official)—Messrs. Brown and White beg leave mildly to suggest to their dear Lydia, that in future, when she is in want of victims, she will stand a better chance of meeting with success, if, instead of attempting such sterling colors as White and Brown, she should try something nearly approaching Green."

Lydia read this important document twice before she fully understood its import: then in a fit of vexation and rage she threw it on the floor and stamped it with her pretty little foot.

When the first burst of rage had passed, she reflected that she was no more than justly punished for her foolish heartless flirtations.

The event proved a salutary lesson to the pretty Lydia, for from that time she gave over her practising anything like coquetry, and became a sensible sort of girl.

A year after, Lydia married a respectable young farmer, and sent to her old friends Brown and White, a polite and pressing invitation to the wedding.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Served him right," said the Jury, in other words, verdict for the Defendant—and so it did. The Law of the Road says, "Keep to the Right!" He did not do it. So his near fore-wheel ran crash! (1) into the mass of the heavy freight-wagon, and flew into splinters. The heavy horses sprang as if a demon lashed them; his best strength, his best skill, could neither turn nor guide the mad creature; and the trim, slender carriage, shattered and sidling, slung for a moment higher and you across the street before the flying beasts; then, as they swerved from a tree, whirled, as one kicks over a basket; upside-down, a splintery tangle of sticks and springs, into the ditch. Away went the fleet beast; plunged headlong over the wharf at the far end of the street; one was drowned, and one hauled out, strangled and almost dead, scared, wounded, lamed, and worthless. The foolish owner was pitched into an area, and picked out over the iron railing with a great cut over his ear, his nose broken, his shoulder dislocated, and a tremendous contusion on his side.

Five hundred dollars, dead loss; just because he didn't keep to the right! And not per centa whatever, unless for money caused to be spent by the triumphant defendant, whose very triumph would almost remunerate him.

Yes, and if that impudent-looking, tight-pantaloons-wearing, invisible-legged little dandy had kept to the Right, the burly athlete of a fellow who just passed would not have trilled him round so provokingly with one hasty knock of his huge shoulder as he strode down the street on his own side the walk. Don't swear, young man. It won't help you, nor hurt him; and if you undertake to punish him he will swallow you alive—if he wants to—without salt or gravy. Run along; and next time, keep to the Right!

And there's a right in the Path of life, too. In business and in pleasure, keep to the Right! Green said up in the dry county line, in the town with Brown, and undertook to run Brown off. He took pains to understand him; fought against him with light artillery, and the sapping and mining process of spreading rumors and stories. Before he knew it he was upset in a ditch. He overtraded, in his furious zeal, couldn't meet his notes, "burst up!" and is now a salesman in the very store he once owned, and labors in the shadow of a judgment obtained against him for slander, and kept hanging over him, by the vindictive Brown, who wickedly swears that poor Green hasn't seen the last of it yet. Green had better have kept to the Right!

So had young Wriggles. He had an overweening idea of his personal attractions and conversational and intellectual powers. And like most conceited men—and monkeys—and Oliver Goldsmith—he could not bear to see anybody do anything without trying to do it himself. Therefore, when he found that Thomas Strong was engaged to that pretty little Flora Henning, he forthwith undertook to "cut out" the said Strong; who being well meant, and finding out what the little man meant, actually pulled his nose before Flora's face, when he found him in her parlor one evening and hustled him in a very indecorous manner forth from the dwelling.

People who will run on the wrong side of the road catch abundance of thumps and little bits of pity. You will be sure not to be on the wrong side if you keep to the Right!—*Life Illustrated.*

LITTLE MAUD.
BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all?
O where is the voice on the stairway,
That looked up so pouting and red,
The little short steps in the entry,
The silvery laugh in the hall?
O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all?
Little Maud!

The peaches are ripe in the garden,
The apricots ready to fall;
The blue grapes are dripping their honey
In sunshine upon the white wall;
O where are the lips, full and melting,
That looked up so pouting and red,
When wedged the sun-rippled bunches
Of Isabella over her head?
O Maud! little Maud! say where are you?
(She never comes to our hall!)
O where is our dainty, our darling,
The daintiest darling of all?
Little Maud!

A country pedagogue had two pupils, one of whom he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were very late, and were called to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boy, why did you not come?"

"Please sir," said the favorite, "I was dreaming I was going to California, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat bell I was going in."

"Very well, sir," said the master, glad of a pretext to excuse his favorite; "and now sir, turning to the other, 'what have you to say?'"

"Please sir," said the puzzled boy "I—I was a wantin' to see Tom off."

Days Without Night.

There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly when he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest, than the absence of the night. We arrived at Stockholm from Gothenburg, four hundred miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—had not taken note of time, and returned about midnight; it was light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the street, as if the inhabitants were gone away, or were dead. No sign of life—stores closed.

The sun goes down at Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is great illumination all night; as the sun passes round the earth toward the north pole, the surface of its rays is such that you may see to read in the middle of the night. Dr. Baird read a letter in the forest near Stockholm at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the Bohemia, where on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travelers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only in the night. The sun goes down to the horizon; you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The hens take to the trees about seven o'clock, P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get into the habit of rising late, too.

Exercise in the Open Air.

From the Hartseno's expedition to the Polar Sea, we extract the following:

"Nature has qualified man to breathe an atmosphere 129 degrees above zero, or 63 below it, a difference of 193 degrees, without injury to health; and the doctrines of physicians that great and sudden changes of temperature are injurious to health, is disproved by recorded facts. There are very few Arctic navigators who die in the Arctic zone; it is the most healthy climate on the globe to those who breathe the open air. We have among our associate observers one who observes and records the changes of temperature in Australia, where the temperature rose to 150° at 3 o'clock, P. M., and next morning at 5 was down to 40°—a change of 75° in 14 hours; there the people are healthy—and another at Franconia, N. H., where the changes are the most sudden, the most frequent, and the greatest extent of any place with which I am in correspondence on the American continent; and yet there is no town of its size that has so great a proportion of its inhabitants who pass the age of three score years and ten. It is the quality of the changed air that constitutes the difference that physicians notice, and not the temperature."

Old Dan Tucker in India.

A very curious illustration of Progress in India, was furnished to me one day during my sojourn with Mr. Place. We were dining together in his bungalow, when a wandering Hindoo minstrel came along with his mandolin, and requested permission to sit upon the veranda and play for us. I was desirous of hearing some of the Indian airs, and my host therefore ordered him to perform during dinner. He tuned the wires of his mandolin, extemporized a prelude which had some very familiar passages, and to my complete astonishment began singing, "Old man saamed to enjoy my surprise, and followed up his performance with "Oh Susannah," "Buffalo Gals," and other choice Ethiopian melodies, all of which he sang with admirable spirit and correctness. I addressed him in English but found that he did not understand a word of the language, and had no conception of the nature of the songs he had given to us. He had heard some English officers sing them at Madras, and was indebted entirely to his memory, for both the melodies and words. It was vain to ask him for his native born airs; he was fascinated with the spirit of our national music, and sang with a glow of delight which was very amusing. As a climax of skill; he closed with "Malbrook se va l'en guerre," but his pronunciation of French was not quite successful. I have heard Spanish boatmen on the isthmus of Panama singing "Carry me back to ole Virginny," and Arab boys in the streets of Alexandria, humming "Lucy Long," but I was hardly prepared to hear the same airs from the lips of a Hindoo in the Great Mogul.—*Bayard Taylor's Letters.*

Oh, gentle readers, look around you. See this once active and playful child, the joy and hope of doating parents. Yester-morn it was gamboling about in all its infantile "loveliness and vivacity;" last night, in consequence of cold and wet feet it was seized with the croup; to day it is a corpse. Notice the youthful form of yonder girl; her beauty and gaiety a few months ago gladdened the eye of every beholder; she is now wasting away, in a slow and remediless decay, we are told, caused by the exposure of her feet to wet and cold. Witness the agonies and sufferings of her that is breathing her last on yonder couch. Why must the grave receive her form so soon? A few weeks ago she was a beautiful and blushing bride. One evening party after another, in honor of her marriage, was attended, and alas, like so many "bellees and beauties" of our age, she was a worshippier at the shrine of Fashion—that destroyer of comfort and that sworn enemy to health. Her feet, which outvied the fairest production of chisel or pencil, dared not be incased in leather, for that would have been horrid and frightful! but shoes of the thinnest kind; she soon became the victim of shivering ague, catarrh, and pains rheumatic, and now

"The lusture of her beauteous eye,
Assumes the ghastly stare of death."

Then behold that fondest of mothers, from whence comes her lingering disease, and pain, and suffering? from what origin the invisible canker that is slowly but surely eating out her vitality? Still the same answer, repeated exposure of her feet to the damp and cold. Much further and wider might this melancholy picture be enlarged—but the task is too painful.

But why is the exposure of the feet a more prolific cause of disease than the exposure of other parts? Fortunately for mankind, the laws of nature are plain and simple and it requires no medical lore to show the reason. All kinds of impressions made on the feet exert a great influence over the whole body at large. Who can remain composed and "winces none at all" on experiencing the peculiar feeling produced from tickling them, and what punishment on earth is more severe than the cruel Turkish bastinado? These show their tenderness and extreme delicacy of feeling. Who, permit me to ask, has not felt a pleasurable glow diffused through the whole body, on holding them to the fire awhile after being chilled and shivering, and what process can we adopt, to so quickly cool and allay the heat congealing through our arteries and veins, as to immerse them in cold water? Are the internal organs of the body a prey to wasting inflammation, as in the hectic fever of consumption, there is a sensation of burning heat in the feet. Is the body feeble, and the stomach unable to perform its digestive functions, feet are habitually cold. In both health and disease there is a constant sympathy between the feet and the different organs of the body.—And, gentle reader, wherever the weak spot of thy organization is located, in whatever part the greatest predisposition to disease is, that part will inevitably suffer from the impressions of cold and moisture on thy feet, or extremities of thy feet. Remember this—never forget it. Expose the feet, and how soon may the functions of the skin be checked—the head troubled with undue inflammations of blood, and hence heat and inflammations—the digestion impaired, and long doctor bills to pay.

But allow me to enquire among what class do we find the great number of sufferers from such exposures? Is it among the indigent? Is it the "hardy sons of toil,"—those who cannot always watch the storm, nor avoid the muddy walls or wet streets? No, kind readers, 'tis very seldom any of these; but for the mass of pitiful victims, we must look among the affluent, the "fair and lovely of the land," those who need only leave their chambers and take

Their rural walk.

O'er hills, through valleys, or by river's brink,
When invited by the "fair blue sky and shining sun," or who have all the means to protect themselves against the cold and rain if courtesy or pleasure should prompt them to go forth at their seasons. "These that become the most frequent victims, that suffer the penalty for bowing to a custom which induces them to neglect their feet, and brave both cold and storm with a covering that would make the strong man tremble in fear of what might follow. Is not the line of the poet appropriate here?

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." The season is her, and with it comes the importance of guarding your feet. Leather of various kinds, pliable and soft, and yet sufficiently firm to protect your feet, can every where be obtained. You love your daughters; you would not that the winds of heaven should visit their cheeks too roughly, nor the elements too harshly treat their fragile forms; you procure them veils, and cloaks, and shawls, but their feet, how many of you neglect this most important part, suffering them to wear shoes with soles as thin as paper, and yet wondering why they are always complaining, and never well! Think of it, mothers. And daughters, you that are beautiful and lovely, know you not that you are endangering your beauty and loveliness, each time you thus venture abroad? and however much your "neat feet, neatly dressed," may be admired, remember that they are a poor, a very poor substitute for a clear complexion, brilliant lustre of the eye, or the rosyate hue of health, all these you will, with unfailing certainty, lose by the continued exposure of your feet to the wet and cold.—*Medical Reformer.*

Who, that has procured medicine for any length of time, does not feel a crowd of very painful recollections rush upon the mind from the words cold and wet feet? What a sorrowful catalogue of suffering and misery experienced by the once beautiful and lovely, do they not force back upon the memory. And though woman, the fairest and loveliest of God's creation, has been the most frequent sufferer, man, with all his strength and sternness, can very often point back to the same cause, for many hours of torture and excruciating pain. No other agency has been more prolific in producing

The languid eye; the cheek
Deserted of its bloom; the flaccid shrunk
And withered muscle; and the vapid soul,
Nor has the carnage chamber of disease, or the charnel house of death, scarce found agencies more certain and faithful in their horrid work.

Cold and wet Feet a Prolific Cause of Disease.

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Oh, gentle readers, look around you. See this once active and playful child, the joy and hope of doating parents. Yester-morn it was gamboling about in all its infantile "loveliness and vivacity;" last night, in consequence of cold and wet feet it was seized with the croup; to day it is a corpse. Notice the youthful form of yonder girl; her beauty and gaiety a few months ago gladdened the eye of every beholder; she is now wasting away, in a slow and remediless decay, we are told, caused by the exposure of her feet to wet and cold. Witness the agonies and sufferings of her that is breathing her last on yonder couch. Why must the grave receive her form so soon? A few weeks ago she was a beautiful and blushing bride. One evening party after another, in honor of her marriage, was attended, and alas, like so many "bellees and beauties" of our age, she was a worshippier at the shrine of Fashion—that destroyer of comfort and that sworn enemy to health. Her feet, which outvied the fairest production of chisel or pencil, dared not be incased in leather, for that would have been horrid and frightful! but shoes of the thinnest kind; she soon became the victim of shivering ague, catarrh, and pains rheumatic, and now

"The lusture of her beauteous eye,
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