

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

E. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

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From the Home Journal.

MY LADY WAITS FOR ME.

SUGGESTED BY A POPULAR GERMAN MELODY.
 GEORGE F. MORRIS.
 My lady waits!—'Tis now the hour
 When morn unbars her gates!—
 My vessel glides beneath the tower
 Where now my lady waits.
 Her signal flutters from the wall,
 Above the friendly sea!
 I live but to obey her call.
 My lady waits for me.
 My lady waits—for me she waits,
 While morning opens her golden gates.
 My lady waits!—No fairer flower
 E'er deck'd the floral grove.
 Than she, the pride of hall and bower,
 "The lady of my love!"
 "The eastern hills are deck'd with light,"
 The land-breeze curls the sea!
 By love and truth sustained, for light,
 My lady waits for me.
 My lady waits—for me she waits,
 While morning opens her golden gates.

SPEECH OF C. R. BUCKALEW, Esq.,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION, MARCH 4, 1856.

Mr. President, and gentlemen of the Convention—It is scarcely a fit thing to set cold meats before a company after a feast; but, Sir, this is an occasion when the feeble may stand up, and even the ill come forward. I have but little to say, and as I have been much in the habit, of recent years, of speaking to business questions and confining myself to the question, I shall do so at this time.

Mr. President, this Convention is composed of one hundred and thirty-three members. It is full. No delegate is absent from his place in this Hall. Upon the first vote for the selection of a candidate to be presented by Pennsylvania to her sister States, one hundred and twenty-eight gentlemen are placed upon the record in favor of a distinguished personage not now resident within the limits of our State, although a native of it, nor within the limits of the United States or contiguous territory, but located beyond three thousand miles of dreary water from us, and there discharging, with distinguished ability, the duties attached to the position which he holds. No intruder attaches to this nomination. It has not been begotten in caucus nor in the brain of any human being who expected therefrom personal advantage or promotion. Whatever may have been said of previous Conventions in this Commonwealth or elsewhere—whatever of reproach or of doubt may have been heretofore attached to any transaction in which our proud and gallant party has been concerned, this transaction, this event, stands upon an elevation where reproach doth not approach it. [Great applause.]

Sir, from whence comes this nomination by the Convention here assembled? It comes from the hearts and the judgments of the people of Pennsylvania. (Cheers.) That is the quarter from whence it proceeds, and there is the proof of it. One hundred and twenty-eight votes of this body, lacking but five of the entire number, were given with promptness and alacrity for the nominee of the Convention. Four gentlemen voted under the pressure of instructions for another, but immediately afterwards, after that technical duty was discharged, they enrolled themselves along with their colleagues for the candidate nominated. One gentleman only, did not join in the nomination, but he is just as certainly committed, and just as sure eventually to be enrolled with the others, as any future event can be certain. He voted for the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention. We have him there! (Applause.) Mr. President—this has been the action of the Convention. Thus much has been done and well done.—It has been accomplished in the right time and in the right way. It has proceeded from just and proper motives, and is emphatically sanctioned by, and based upon, the judgment and convictions of the people. Now, sir, what next? Another duty of this Convention will be to select gentlemen to represent our Commonwealth—our State—in the Convention at Cincinnati. They will go there charged with the message which we have prepared. And what is this message? It is to ask of the assembled representatives of the thirty odd States of the Union, to concur with us in this work which we have begun, in all honesty and in all earnestness; with deep convictions of its justice, of its wisdom, and of the necessity which has suggested it and which sanctions it. We have spoken here, and our speech has been put upon record.—And there has been sent trembling along the wires, with the swiftness of lightning, to the remotest corners of the confederacy, this voice thus uttered. What next? As a business question—for I am speaking of that idea predominant—what next is to be done? Why, sir, we are to evince our party friends in other States that we are right, and that duty and policy require them to go in with us. That is the point to which our common and united efforts should now be directed. And of what can we assure them to induce them to go in with us in the action proposed? Why,

we can assure them with united voice and without hesitation, that the electoral vote of this State will be given to the candidate whom we have named. We can tell them with entire truth, that members of the opposite party by hundreds and thousands have been considering the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, and stand ready to endorse it. If he be nominated, they are with us. I know many such. I have heard, and others have heard, many such voices of late, of active members of what was recently the Whig party. This nomination, therefore, has strength vastly beyond the limits of our own party. It grasps and collects the suffrages of honest, independent, patriotic men, who have never before been with us. What more need we urge upon the Democratic party of other States and those representing it? Why, sir, we can point them to the fact, that at this moment, from the Atlantic coast westward, through all the Central States, where the battle of the Constitution is to be fought out, there is no man who can be named as the peer and equal, on grounds of fitness, of the candidate whom we have named. The distinguished citizen of Michigan, long and favorably known to our people, is not before the country in connection with this subject. Excepting one or two of all the great men who commenced public life thirty years ago—of all that band of worthies that have distinguished the history of our own State, or of the general government, from these Middle States, and especially from Pennsylvania, there is but one proud, bold head yet above the waves. (Applause.) Some of them have struck down by the hand of death—some have fallen away from us in the presence of hot contests and from apostates at first, have become open and eventually insignificant enemies. (Applause.) And some have been found otherwise unfit for, or unworthy of the confidence and respect of the people.—But, sir, through all vicissitudes, when our glance has gone abroad in search of the faithful and the great, one figure has fixed attention and commanded respect. There has been with him a steady virtue and a mental power, that have confounded his enemies and fixed him firmly in the affections of the people.

When we have looked, of recent years, for one who stood up like a whole man in former times and yet stands up; who has traveled through the storm and the tempest with unimpaired powers and popularity; but one man meets the expected gaze, and that man is James Buchanan. (Applause.) Sir, our people have been thinking of this thing for some years. They have thought upon it earnestly, they have turned it over in their minds as they pursued their avocations in their respective neighborhoods, and they have expressed here to-day, through their delegates, the conclusions to which they have come. May we not trust that this voice, thus intelligent and thus decided, will be respected by our sister States when they assemble in council in June next. Yes, sir, there is no other candidate in the central portion of the Union who can be presented as the fair and equal competitor of the choice of this Convention; no other man about whose name such recollections, such evidences of fidelity and ability are gathered, as to who is now proposed as our standard bearer in the coming campaign, and who will secure to us, if nominated, a signal triumph.

But what more? When I read, either backward or forwards the history of our Commonwealth, I perceive, and afterwards recollect, one important and striking fact; and that is this:—that while the little Commonwealth State of Massachusetts and the State of Virginia, inferior to our own in many respects, have often furnished incumbents for the Presidential Chair, our own State has been overlooked, if not forgotten. We have occasionally reminded our brethren of the other States of some moderate and modest pretensions which we hold to on this subject, but for one reason or another they have never yet received their attention, and they have not acceded to our wishes.

Sir, the time has come when this favor ought no longer to be refused to this noble State of ours. (Applause.) The time has come when a fair claim of right arises on our behalf, and when it is our duty, founded upon self respect, to urge it with zeal and a determination that it shall be acknowledged. There are reasons why Pennsylvania should be listened to by the other States. In the most critical moment of every political engagement, of every political contest, since the foundation of our general government, to what point of the Union has the anxious, strained gaze of the Democratic party been turned? Whither? Why, sir, in a letter of Mr. Jefferson's—written in the dark and stormy days when he lifted up that flag which those who came after him have held up since—he wrote:—"Let but Virginia maintain her position and Pennsylvania stand firm upon her basis, and our Union will be perpetual and our prosperity boundless." [Great Applause.] Yes, Sir, there was then an anxious, patriotic eye turned from the heights of Monticello towards Pennsylvania, in hope, for the rescue of principle from the contests of faction. Away back, half a century ago, the sagacity of Mr. Jefferson discovered in this State the foundation upon which Republicanism could safely rest; he pronounced his judgment that so long as she stood with Virginia upon solid principles everything was well, and the prosperity of the country secure and certain. It has been so since. In every party emergency, when the cause of the Republican Democratic party looked dim and doubtful, when faint hearts failed, and the treacherous fell from us, and the feeble hailed in their course, Pennsylvania was looked to as the point

from which redemption must come. Sir, we have ordinarily been faithful to these expectations. Time after time, when the battle was doubtful, and threatened to go against our party, Pennsylvania came forward and grasped victory from the jaws of despair.—We have also in other respects performed our duty to our sister States and to the Union. No State stood forward more promptly to form the Constitution and Government of the United States; to establish solid, benevolent and patriotic principles as the base of this structure; which has become the admiration of the world. We have, sir, assisted our sister States when their interests were involved or their rights in jeopardy. To protect the Virginia frontier and Kentucky settlements against the treacherous savage, our soldiers rushed into the wilderness under "Mad Anthony Wayne." In the war of 1812, in the western wilderness, along the Northern Lakes and upon the Atlantic seaboard, Pennsylvanians were found laboring and suffering to uphold the common interests of the States and maintain the honor of the national flag. Sir, there are many here to whom I may appeal as witnesses, that in the more recent struggle in which our Nation was involved, on a distant soil, under a tropical sun, from the shores of the Gulf far away into the interior of Mexico, the Pennsylvania Volunteers plodded their weary way, fighting when required, suffering where suffering was to be endured, and zealously assisting to uphold the American character for fortitude and prowess before the civilized world. Why, sir, upon an appeal from Simon Snyder, the Democratic Governor of this State, at a time when Massachusetts refused the jails to the general government for prisoners of war, our Legislature opened our arms wide for national use, and gave an additional evidence of that patriotic spirit which I trust will always be characteristic of our people.

We have been very much complimented, sir. We have received compliments without number. This State has been literally loaded with them. She has been complimented during her whole history, for half a century, for her steadiness of purpose, her devotion to the Union, the valor of her sons, and for all those public virtues that elevate a State and make her admired and respected among the nations.

Have you not heard it said just before an important national election, that "as Pennsylvania goes so goes the Union," as goes Pennsylvania so goes the result; and the hearts of our brethren in other States have made us to dance with joy when Pennsylvania has gone as they desired her to go. Yes, sir, they have rejoiced exceedingly, and deeply grateful for our efforts, devotion and zeal. I speak in all kindness, with a proper appreciation of these compliments which have been showered upon us. We have been assigned a very important position in what is designated as the "federal arch" (an expression which I confess I have never exactly comprehended.) This State has been called the keystone of that arch; which holds it in place, and without which it would crumble into ruins; without which everything would go to destruction connected with it.—We have been told that upon this State has rested the Republican system of government; that it has constituted the base of it, and that our steady and solid population are to be relied upon under all circumstances. All this is well enough, and agreeable enough, but we can afford to dispense with further compliments, and therefore, what we now ask of our sister States of the Union, is this: that waiving all pleasant words, the coinage of kindness, politeness, or gratitude, they give us the request that we are about to make of them. [Loud and long continued applause.] We ask them to do this as no special or sole favor to Pennsylvania, but as a thing in itself honest, honorable, and without reproach, and above all, as one in which their welfare and our own are jointly and mutually interested.

Mr. President, they will do it. Sir, the Convention that is to meet in June next, will do it. I venture to pronounce this upon evidence that appears conclusive to my own mind. I venture to pronounce it upon information received from other quarters of the Union. I venture to pronounce it, because it is so reasonable and just a thing, that I believe the Democratic party will not miss doing it. I believe it will be done, because it is seen, and can be seen, by all intelligent members of our party in all parts of the Union, the nomination of Mr. Buchanan gives us a political position so broad and strong, that all the power of the combined political opposition in the country cannot prevail against us. Be it understood, then, in the first place, that Pennsylvania, in this nomination, is in earnest; in the next, that she is thoroughly united, and, in the last, that in her judgment, it would be unwise, and possibly disastrous, for other States to refuse a concurrence in her action.

I have spoken suddenly and impromptu, and have addressed myself simply to the duties of the occasion imposed upon members of this Convention and those chosen by them to represent the popular will. I say to all, there is a public, national duty upon us to unite in securing the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, at Cincinnati. The reasons for it are many and weighty; but I have only glanced at some of those most prominent and obvious. Suffice it to say, our hearts and judgments sanction this whole movement. Together, heart and soul, without faction, without opposition, without divisions, age, sex, without protest, we go into this thing, and we ask that the other States, for their own interests and honor, as well as ours, and for the success of our party, may join with us, and permit the people of Pennsylvania to show what kind of a majority they can give for a Pennsylvania Candidate for President of the United States. (Great cheering.)



"GEORGE SAND."

For the "Star of the North."
"GEORGE SAND."

MADAME DUDÉVANT, who under the above name writes five French books in a year, is the personification of that impulsive temperament which characterises the French people; and carries even French waywardness to the extreme. She is a "fast" woman in a "fast" nation and a "fast" age—a creature all nerve and passion—to whom reasoning is Greek, and cool discretion all Hebrew.—Not that her impulses are never reasonable nor discreet; for impulse may prompt to good as well as to evil. But her impetuous spirit never stops to question reason or discretion, and therefore consults them rather by accident than design. Her plots and pictures are not always consistent with themselves, for evidently her pen only catches the faint outlines of these pictures as they fly through a busy, restless mind.

An honest, healthy instinct is generally a safe guide, but the moral sentiment very easily becomes morbid and sickly when it does not rest on the basis of mental conviction and reason. In this country "Fanny Fern" is the imitation of "GEORGE SAND," and possesses all the characteristics of the "fast" French woman. But perhaps we should not say *woman*, for "George" has not only the name and all the boldness and dashing assurance of the hero sex; but has even done the *blooming* "Young America," and excelled the coat of male in full. She says it was first assumed by her for the sake of *economy*; because she could not then afford to be a walking sampler of a silk store, and carry on her person a small jewelry shop, upon her income of fifty dollars per month.

The activity of this lady increases with her years. In less than twelve months she has finished her *Memoirs*, written a comical romance entitled *Evenor et Lucippe*, written and superintended the rehearsals of *Manne Pavilla* at the Odeon, *Lucie* at the Gymnase, and *Françoise* at the Comedie-Francoise, (not yet played.) In all, five works.

In *Geo. Sand's* last piece, *Lucie*, a young American is the hero. It is the first time American character has been introduced on the French stage. Heretofore the Englishman stood the brunt for the entire Anglo-Saxon race. John Bull, on the French stage, is a classic character. An evening's entertainment in a French theatre without the apparition of a blustering Englishman would scarcely be complete. Neither would a theatrical company possess the requisite equipment without one or more artists who could say "Vive!" "No!" "Zank you, Zik!" "Very good," and "Very well."

Yet it must have astonished every one that, with the French love for abstractions and refinements in the arts, they had not before thought of separating the American from the Englishman on the stage. The American character, or especially the "Young American" character, shows itself distinguished enough on the Boulevard of Paris, not to be confounded with the English character, and all French writers have themselves made the distinction. But whether it is for ridicule or flattery, we hail the innovation of Madame Sand with pleasure, since it is a recognition of nationality, apart from the English character, whether well or badly represented, cannot but operate advantageously in a national point of view.

The piece of Madame Sand is the history of a quiet, chaste, severe family, without any straining at effect. A young seaman returns to the paternal home; he finds his heritage devoured; a servant-mistress during his absence has taken possession of the head and heart of his father. A child is the result of the relations with the servant, and in place of this child, dead-born, they substitute the daughter of an old hutsman, the interesting *Lucie*, whose dream is to restore to him whom she believes to be her brother, his lost property. All this work of capitation is hid behind the curtain. The action, from the moment it commences, brings only the sweetest emotion. The young sailor recovers his heritage and naturally shares it with his supposed sister. This result causes a lively displeasure to a young American, violently in love with *Lucie*. The original element of the piece is in this personage. Madame Sand has given him a phlegm purely Brittanic, with an obstinate pretension to the most volcanic passions. He is, no doubt, her most perfect conception of an American;

and if the innovation of Madame Sand is to be followed up on the French stage, let us hope never to see a worse travesty than the one in question. But it is to be hoped, also, that the coarser varieties of American products will not alone figure on the French stage; for there is something revolting to those personages who swear as much against nature as against society, who carry willingly the advertisement of their character awing to a cord around their neck, and whose effects upon the scene are produced by a studied coarseness.

There is much likeness between the French and American character; and each may be willing to take a lesson from the follies mirrored in the picture of the other.

The following is Madame Dudévant's record of her mind and manner in wearing male apparel:

"These observations and contingencies had occurred to me before establishing myself in Paris, and I had applied to my mother to solve this problem, seeing her live very much at her ease, and well dressed, on the three thousand five hundred francs a year: how it is possible to dress, even in the plainest way, in this frightful climate, unless one stays at home seven days in the week? Her answer was: 'At my age, and with my habits, it is very easy; but when I was young, and your father had but little money, he decided to dress me as a boy. My sister did the same, and we went everywhere on foot with our husbands, and to the theatre; wherever we chose. It saved as much as one-half of our income.' This idea amused me at first, and then struck me as very ingenious. As a child, I had been dressed as a boy; I had hunted in a blouse and gaiters with Descharres, and I found it very easy to resume a dress which was not new to me. At that time the fashion made it easy to disguise one's self. The men of that day wore long square frock-coats, called a *la propriétaire*, which reached to their heels, and had so little life, that when my brother appeared in his at Nohant, he said, laughing, 'It is not nice—such an easy fashion! the tailor takes the measure of a sentry-box, and fits a whole regiment!'

"So I had a sentry-box coat made for myself, of coarse gray cloth, with trousers and waistcoat of the same. With a gray coat and a woolen muffler, I looked precisely like a student in his first year. I cannot describe the pleasure I took in my boots; I should have been glad to sleep in them. With these iron heels I was sure-footed on the pavement, and flew from one end of Paris to the other. I felt as if I could have walked round the world; and then I had nothing to fear for my dress. I went out in all weather, came home at all hours, and set in the pit of all the theatres. No one noticed me, nor suspected my disguise; not only I wore it easily, but the absence of all coquetry in it and in my averted suspicion. I was too badly dressed, and looked too simple (with my accustomed wandering air, bordering on stupidity) to attract or arrest attention. *Women very seldom know how to disguise themselves, even on the stage.—They will not sacrifice their small vanities, their little feet, their graceful movements, their sparkling glances; and by all these things, but more particularly by the expression of face, they are at once recognized.* There is a way of slipping about which makes no one turn to look, and a deep, low tone of voice which does not sound like a flute to ears which may chance to hear. *In short, not to be remarked as a man, one must be in the habit of passing unnoticed as a woman.*

"I never went alone to the pit of the theatres. Not that people are worse behaved there than elsewhere, but on account of the paid clappers and the unpaid party, who, about that time, were very quarrelsome.—There was a good deal of pushing at the first representations, and I was not strong enough to stem a crowd. I always took my place in the midst of my compatriots from Berry, and they did their best to protect me. One night, however, we were seated near the chandelier, and I, without thinking, gave a frank and hearty yawn. The Romans tried to pick a quarrel with me; they treated me like a barber's boy. I then found I was very passionate and violent when offence was given; and had not my friends been sufficient in force to command the respect of the clappers I believe I should have been killed. This period of my life I speak was a mere accidental episode in which I felt, though it has been said that for several years I dressed in this

way, and although ten years after, my son, who had then no beard, was often taken for me. Whilst on this subject, I will relate how, at the first representation of 'La Reine d'Espagne,' by Delaunoy, I played a little comedy on my own account.

"I had author's tickets, and on this occasion took my ease, dressed in my gray suit, in the balcony, just under a box in which M'le Leverd—a clever actress, who had been pretty, but had lost her looks by the small-pox—was displaying a superb bouquet, which she had dropped on my shoulder. I was not man enough to pick it up. 'Young man,' said she, with a majestic air, 'my bouquet—well!' I pretended not to hear. 'You are not very gallant,' said an old gentleman by my side, springing forward to pick up the bouquet. 'At your age I was not so absent.' He presented the bouquet to M'le Leverd, who exclaimed, affectedly, 'Ah, indeed, is this really you, Monsieur Rollinat?' and they began speaking about the new piece. So, thought I, here is a countryman who will, I suppose, recognize me, though I do not remember ever seeing him. M. Rollinat, Senator, was the first lawyer in our department. While he was talking with M'le Leverd, M. Duris Dufresno, who was in the orchestra, came to say, 'How d'ye do?' to me. He had seen me before in my disguise, and taking M. Rollinat's place by my side, he began to talk to me, I remember, about La Fayette, whom he wished me to know. M. Rollinat came back to his place, and they spoke to each other in whispers; the deputy took leave, with rather too much ceremony for my appearance. Luckily the lawyer did not perceive it, and said, as he took his seat:—'We are compatriots, it seems. Our deputy tells me you are a very distinguished young man—excuse me, but I should take you for a child. How old are you—fifteen or sixteen?' 'And you, sir,' said I, 'you, who are a very distinguished lawyer—how old are you?' 'Oh, I, said he, laughing, 'am past seventy.' 'Well, then, like me, you do not look your age.' My answer pleased him, and we continued the conversation. Though I have never been very clever, yet a woman, if ever so little clever, is always more so than a student.

"The following year, M. Dudévant introduced Francis Rollinat to me, whom he had invited to Nohant to spend a few days, and I asked him to question his father about a little fellow with whom he had chatted a good deal, at the first and last representation of 'La Reine d'Espagne.' 'Why,' replied Rollinat, 'only the other day, in speaking of education, my father referred to him. He mentioned being struck by the quick intelligence and easy manners of the youth of the present day, and among others, of one who had talked to him of everything, like a professor, although he confessed he knew neither Greek nor Latin, and studied neither law nor medicine.' 'And did it not strike your father that the little professor might be a woman?' 'Was it you?' exclaimed Rollinat. 'Yes.' 'Well, in all the conjectures to which your name was not to be traced, gave rise, that is the only one that did not occur to him or to us. He was both impressed and puzzled; he still inquires about it, and I shall not undecieve him. Give me leave to present him, without telling him anything.' 'Do so; but he will not recognize me, for it is not possible he looked at me.'

"I was mistaken; M. Rollinat had looked to such good purpose at my face, that as soon as he saw me he gave a great jump and exclaimed, 'What a fool I was!'

CAUTIONS FOR SPRING.

Spring, the advent of which poets delight to celebrate as the wind-winged emblem of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness, will soon be upon us, and grand nature hold her festival. We could not mar the fair picture by any ill-timed shading. Let it remain to be enjoyed by all who have a taste for natural beauties, and are blessed at the same time with the buoyancy of health and constitutional vigor. We would, however, that it should be temperately enjoyed by even this description of persons. Our province here is not to turn away ungraciously or ungratefully from the rich stores of the seasons, which a bountiful Providence spreads before us, but rather to prolong the pleasure by a temperate and discriminating use.

The sluggish movements and pale shrunk skin, induced by wintry cold, will soon be succeeded by the light bounding step, carnation tint, and sparkling eye. The tenderness of all animated nature, even to the vegetable creation, will be to expansion, parts of the body, before, in a measure torpid, will be excited—the senses more acute, the feelings and intellect more susceptible of varied and energetic display. All the sympathies between organs will become doubly active. The great changes of temperature, and in the direction and force of the wind, at this season, in which one day differs from another as greatly as summer is at variance with winter, are attended by corresponding mutations in the activity of the functions of the living body. The skin, warmed and excited to perspiration in the noon-tide sun, will, without due precaution, be chilled, and have its pores suddenly closed by the keen, cold air of the evening and night.—The hurried breathing and circulation, by the active exercises of a vernal day, are often causes of painful palpitations, pains in the side and head aches, especially when they co-incide with a sudden obstruction to perspiration. The sensibilities of the digestive organs being increased, the full diet of winter, will tend, if persisted in, to give rise to fever, and aid in evolving inflammation of the lungs or of the liver, or rouse into

action latent irritations of the skin. In fine there is a general tendency to perturbation in the vital movements of the animal economy. Every part is prone to be excited, and to transmit its disturbances to other parts. As the skin obstructed in its office, it makes the throat, lungs, and muscles suffer—as we see in sore throats, coughs, pleuritis, spitting of blood, and rheumatism. Let the stomach be overtaken, and the complaints of the dyspeptic are redoubled—flushed cheeks and sick-headache become his constant companions. The person who has suffered from intermittent fever during the preceding autumn, is now in danger unless due precautions are taken, of a return of the "shakes." Scrofula, little troublesome during the winter, now breaks out with renewed violence—the glands, or small round bodies along the neck, on each side, become enlarged and painful, and if neglected they ulcerate. Diseases of the skin, whether letter or other, also become troublesome at this time, and give their possessors most unpleasant notice of the rousing of sensibilities, which had been, in a measure, dormant through the winter.

This may strike our non-professional readers as a dark catalogue,—and a most startling and painful contrast with the highly colored and enchanting accounts of the poets. But our hope is that it may arrest their attention, and guide them to profitable musings on the risks to which they are exposed: for no one can boast his entire immunity from danger, and consequent freedom from the necessity of precautions. These we shall endeavor to give with plainness and brevity. They consist mainly in attention to *clothing, exercise, and diet*. No sudden, or for a length of time yet to come, any diminution of the winter clothing should be attempted. Exercise should be moderate—less than could have been safely taken in a clear winter's day. If from any unforeseen or unavoidable cause, great bodily exertion has been used, so as to induce perspiration and fatigue,—rest in the open air, or remaining stationary in passages or cold rooms must be carefully avoided. Any feeling of chilliness or aching of the limbs at night, ought to be met by a warm foot-bath, frictions with flannel or a flesh brush, and a draught of simple warm herb, or which is more efficacious, composition tea. (See page 15 of REFORMER.)

Increase of thirst, feverish heat, pains of the head, or palpitations, with a sense of languor or uneasiness are best avoided—not by much medicine taking, but—by a reduction of the usual quantity of food, especially of the animal portion.

This is the season when persons afflicted with skin diseases are thought to have their blood in an impure state, and to be under the necessity of having recourse to the various popular purgative syrups, decoctions, and what not. They prove fine game for unscrupulous nostrum-makers and venders, and become ready dupes of such characters. Well we profess to have ourselves some purifying and alterative agencies, in the virtues of which we place great reliance. But before introducing the more prominent of these to notice, we must beg pardon of those laboring under scrofulous and cutaneous affections to whom they are in a peculiar manner beneficial, for the two notable drawbacks to our wishing their approbation and confidence. The first is, they *cost little or nothing*—the second, they are of *good taste*, and with healing virtues so unequivocally sanctioned by the wise and experienced of all ages and countries, as neither to require nor claim any puffing notice or lying eulogy! They are not of the class, nor have they any relationship whatever with those marvelous agents which are pompously introduced to public notice as curing nobody and curing everybody—which an infant might swallow with impunity, and the most desperate leprosy take with full assurance of his being cleansed from all impurities as entirely as the Syrian of old, after bathing, by the prophet's command, in the waters of Jordan. No, nothing of the kind. But to come to the point—they are *good pure water*, and *good pure milk*. Copious portions of the former, at this season will be found the very best purifier of the blood and remover of "peccant" matter; while the latter, as an article of diet, with good light bread, baked on the preceding day, with vegetables, may be regarded as the grand *vegetal and tonic*. Cheap and pleasant, within the reach of rich and poor, and gratefully pleasant to the taste, they will be found Nature's genuine restorative and elixir of life. When these are insufficient, then the advice of some competent medical man should be sought—a man who appreciates and enforces Nature's great remedies, reverences her laws as manifested in the mechanism of the human body, and prescribes only such agencies as act in concert with them.

If any of our readers happen to be eulogists of panaceas, and balms, and patent pills and powders, lovers of wonderful cures, and searchers after the incredible, we trust that they will have patience with us for our proffering of the language of nature and common sense, which at the present day is wonderfully in discount, and that, heedless of the specious logic of the charlatan and the flaming appeals of the nostrum-gentry, they will take time to give the teachings of these the attention their importance really demands. They will be wiser, and better too, if they act in obedience to these.

Medical Reformer.

A rich jour printer is found out west. He is being exhibited with ring-tailed monkeys, wild hogs, shaved horses, three legged calves and other trinkets.