

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

Adapted from the Original of Mother Goose, for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Sing a song of specie,
Gotham all awry,
Seven and fifty Bank birds
Knock'd up in pi;
When the Banks were open'd
The Cashiers tried to sing,
Wasn't that a pretty dish,
To send to Gov'nor King!

The King was up at Albany
Fighting off the brokers,
The Cashiers were in Wall st.
Working hard as stokers;
Presidents were shining
Up and down the street,
Out rushed a Brown bear
And knock'd them off their feet.

Hark! hark! the Banks do bark,
The brokers have come to town,
Some with "bags" and some with "trags"
To hunt the specie down.

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
He jumped into the Barbary coast,
And drew out his supplies,
And when he got his specie out,
With all his might and main,
He rushed into another bank
And knock'd that all things considered,
He might as well deposit it again.

Here we go up, up, up!
Here we go round, round, roundy!
Here we go backwards and forwards,
Here we go down, down, downy!

Ra! ba! Bank sheep, have you any gold?
Yes, marry, have I, three bags toled;
One for depositors, one for me, [see!]
And one for an old chap that lives across the

Note shaver! Note shaver!
Fly away home;
Your notes are protested,
Your fingers will burn.

One—Two! What shall we do?
Three—Four! Close up the door.
Five—Six! They are coming like bricks,
Seven—Eight! Ask them to wait.
Nine—Ten! Good friends, come again.
Eleven—Twelve! The deposits we'll shelve.
Thirteen—Fourteen! Stop exporting!
Fifteen—Sixteen! Ain't we fixed in?
Seventeen—Eighteen! Keep 'em waiting!
Nineteen—Twenty! Vaults are empty!

There was a Public had a Bank,
And it had naught to give her,
It paid out its notes, and marked its checks,
And bade the folks consider.

The folks considered very well,
But couldn't get their money,
And bade them play another tune
"Oh! specie-paying's funny!"

Monday night, it shall be the whole care
To say that our Banks are all of the square,
On Tuesday morning the folks will come in,
Never a one of 'em get any tin.

Fifty odd banks were bulled up by the Yorkers
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
When they expect suspension I don't know,
But come the smash did and remarkably soon;
'Yorkers, New Yorkers, New Yorkers,' said I,
'Why do you exchange so remarkably high?'
'To keep up business while we can,' they
did cry,
'But we'll fall and be with you by and by.'

There was a Teller who had naught,
And drawers came to spot it;
He stepped into the specie vault,
And then they thought they'd got it;
But he crept out the other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

How many days has our note to run?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Pay my check, pay my check, Banker's man,
No I can't, master, by any plan;
Then take it and cross it and mark it with G,
And then it will do for Tommy and me.

Pretty Director! your Bank let me milk,
I'll give you an imported silk;
And a dozen gloves as you shall see,
If you will come down with a discount to me.

Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
They laid abed till the clock struck ten,
Robin starts up and looks at the sky,
To Bank! brother Richard, our specie is dry;
Do you go before with the check and the bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack nag.

High ding diddle, remember Nich. Biddle,
The Banks have gone up like balloons;
The Democrats laughed to see the sport,
And the Brokers went in for the spoons.

The wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bow!
If the bowl had been stronger
My tale had been longer.

THE COUNTERFEIT DOLLAR.

A rich dressed lady, followed by a man servant, stopped at a market stall one Saturday, and bought a pair of chickens of the old huckster woman. The lady offered a five dollar bill which the huckster couldn't change. A man making some purchases at the same time, offered to oblige the huckster by taking the bill, and giving five gold dollars for it. He gave them to her, and she returned the just change to the lady.

The latter had not walked a square before she discovered one of the gold coins was counterfeit. She took it back to the market woman who insisted upon her taking a gold dollar instead, saying that she would see the man who had given the bad one, the next time he passed, and make him take it back.

Quite willing not to lose the dollar, the lady consented. A few days afterwards she passed the stall again, and stopped to ask if the woman had seen the man who had given her the counterfeit dollar.

"Laws, no, honey," was the reply. "I wasn't going to let you keep it, being you are my best customer, but I just passed it the very next time I had to make change, and no fuss. Never you mind, honey, the woman as I gave it to served me the very same trick last week. I was glad to get a chance to pay her off."

"I am very sorry it is going any further," said the lady. "I came here on purpose to get it and destroy it. I thought I could better afford to lose it than many another. Now I shall always be sorry I did not do my duty when I had it in my power."

"Laws, then, I wish I'd kept it, for Peg Bly, who I gin it to, will likely pass it off on some poor body; and it does seem fair that the big bugs should lose what must be lost, anyhow. I will just see if Peg has got it yet, if you're willing to wait a bit."

No—Peg had not got it! She would have scorned to keep it so long. But choosing her victim with some discretion, among those she called big-bugs, she gave it to a middle-aged man, whose fingers were so cold that he was less particular in examining his change than usual. Arriving at home, he found the dollar bad, but could not remember at what stall he had received it; so in great indignation at the dishonesty of those hucksters, he had made up his mind to pocket his loss.

He went to church regularly—or, rather, to Methodist meeting—but of all things, he hated the poor-table, which was passed around every Sunday for contributions. Yet he generally put something into it, because folks, eyes were upon him. The next Sunday when it came around, he maliciously put therein the counterfeit dollar. "There," thought he, you are welcome to that!

He did not blush, or feel ashamed. Observers would never know the cheat. However, when the preacher read in the Bible-lesson about Ananias and Saphira, he had to comfort himself with the remembrance that the age for miracles is past.

That afternoon a lady called upon him, and complained that a counterfeit dollar, which she had given to such a huckster, had been transferred to another who had given it to him. She had come to redeem that dollar, as her conscience troubled her about it, and she supposed it was still in his possession, of course.

The avaricious man always took great care of his reputation. He protested that the market woman must be mistaken, as he could show her every gold dollar in the house, and they were all good. She must have given it to some other man.

The lady was so sure that she hesitated, and was inclined to urge the matter, when the unucky wife said to her husband.

"George, you put a gold dollar on the poor plate. That must be it!"

Shame and anger suffused his face; but he said plausibly. "Oh, perhaps so! I did not think of that! Now what a pity! I should have observed more closely. But I will make it up another time."

"I feared it would be so. It has gone to the poor, who can least bear its loss," said the lady. "But it is my fault, and I must trace it out. Who is your pastor, sir?"

Being informed, the preserving lady called upon him.

To go back a little. When the deacon, or whatever he may be called, saw the little gold coin deposited amidst the copper and small silver on the plate, he was passing around the meeting, he was rejoiced, and as he was also treasurer, he took the amount home and placed it in the fund. The ministers to that church are supported by voluntary contributions, and the time being come for paying the allowance, to their pastor, it was counted out, and to make change, some money taken from the poor fund, the counterfeit dollar being a part of it.

The good man received his pittance with joy, which was shared by his needy wife and their nice children. There was much planning and plotting as to the spending of the small sum. All extravagant hopes from it were brought into due compass, and every dollar appropriated in the most absolutely necessary manner. The father retired to write a sermon upon the bounty of God, and the wife who was banker and disbursing, went to put away the money. Then she detected the base coin.—With indignant flushing cheeks she took it to her husband.

"Oh!" he said, "it is hard, hard! But the Lord will teach us how to do without it. He feeds the young ravens."

"Do you think it would be wrong to pass it husband? I mean at some of those rich dry goods stores. I can't do very well without my gown. We are so poor! Others would not miss it. It came to us as a good one. We need not be too particular."

"Oh wife," was the reply, "this is a temptation of Satan. Passing a counterfeit dollar is just the same as telling a lie, and seeing others to tell lies too. Throw it into the fire, that it may deceive, and disappoint no one else, and forget we ever had it. That is all we can do."

The wife, discontented and sad, returned to her work of mending the children's clothes. Her eldest daughter, a girl of twelve was ironing in the kitchen. She came in with a woful face, saying:

"Mother, dear, look here! Father's best linen neck cloth was hanging on the chair, and baby pulled it off and switched the corner of it into the fire. It was half burned up before I could pull it out. What will father do?"

"So she put on her bonnet, and went to the gentleman's furnishing store, kept by Mr. B., a member of her church. She bought her husband a new neck cloth, which she hoped he would never know from the old one.

That very day the lady called—and asked to see the Rev. Mr. —. She told the story of the counterfeit dollar, and asked if he had seen anything of it, saying that she had come to redeem it. The minister said that it had luckily fallen into his own hands, and joyfully did he hasten to his wife's room.

"God verily numbers the hairs of our heads," he said. "He will not suffer one of his little sparrows to fall to the ground. Give me the bad dollar, for a lady has come to give us a good one in its place."

Then came the agony of confession of the hitherto honest wife. She will weep and write to her dying day at the remembrance of that look of surprise and wounded trust, which her beloved husband's face worn as he heard it.—She went at once to the lady and told her all. It was a brave deed, for she was a minister's wife, with a whole congregation watching to detect a slip from uprightness. The lady, she feared, would report her delinquency, but she had fallen into merciful hands, and her fault was kept secret. They went together to the furnishing store.

The store keeper examined his till and desk. There was no such dollar to be found, and no one could tell to whom it had been passed.—One of the shop girls had probably passed it without seeing that it was not gold.

The lady left a dollar to replace it, should any one bring it back, and went home disappointed.—Her husband was a magistrate, and she knew that he was so strict in bringing offenders to justice, that she never mentioned to him this counterfeit, for fear of getting the market-woman into trouble for passing it, knowing it to be such.

That night her husband came home from his office, looking exceedingly weary and sad. His wife pressed to know the reason.

"Oh," said he, "the duties of my office are sometimes so painful! I have just had to send such a nice lady-like woman to the lock-up for the night because it was too late to examine her at once. She seemed in great distress about something; but she can't speak a word of English, so I couldn't make it out.—I think, though, that her husband is sick."

"Why not let her go, and take her up again in the morning?"

"Well, she is accused of a serious charge—counterfeiting—her distress may be all sham, only a plan to get her husband off. I don't want him warned. I have set a watch about the house, but can do no more until morning. There are great numbers of counterfeit gold dollars in circulation, and this woman the neighbors say, has tried to pass three within a week. I have been anxious to discover the rogues; and I don't believe this woman had anything to do with it. However, I had to shut her up, the neighbors are so indignant. To-morrow it will be looked into, and the woman set free I have no doubt."

"Perhaps her poor sick husband may die of anxiety and alarm, meanwhile."

"Well, put on your bonnet wife. You can speak German. I should feel easier, I confess if I knew more about this matter, and will go to her residence."

The wife hastily made ready. They had to go to a dirty narrow court, people by the lowest Irish. When they arrived and inquired for the man, they were shown into a destitute room, without fire or light, at the door of which they had knocked, but received no answer. When they approached the bed, a man spoke as if just awaking, and said in German:

"Olga, have you come? I am so cold, and I have been dying for a drink of water. I could not reach my medicine, Olga, and it is long past the hour. But, poor wife, you have gone through much, no doubt—and have they paid you?"

The magistrate sent the officious neighbors for fire and light, while his wife gradually broke the news to the husband, for he had not heard of his wife's arrest. The neighbors were afraid to tell to a man so ill. He was lying, wasted by a low fever, almost to a skeleton. He seemed horror-stricken at the idea of his wife's disgrace, and turning away from the lady, he wept bitterly.

From ejaculations, and fragmentary sentences, she gathered that he belonged to a noble family in some little German principality, and had been obliged, on account of sympathy with Hungary, to fly with his wife. They had expended all their means before they

had been able to get any employment, and since the failure of her husband's health, the poor wife struggled to support them both with her needle. He turned to his visitors again to explain about the counterfeit. He gave the neighborhood and market people gave his wife had money repeatedly, thinking shrewdly that she, being a foreigner, would not be likely to know the true coin value. When she ignorantly tried to buy things with this bad money, she was harshly treated. Therefore, when she had another gold dollar given to her, he supposed she had shown it to her neighbors to ask if it were good, and had not been able to make herself understood by them. He had not seen her since she left him to take home some shirts to Mr. B.'s furnishing store.

The magistrate perceived that these people were innocent, and went at once to obtain the woman's release, while his wife stayed and busied herself in procuring comforts for the destitute invalid, without consulting him at all about it, for she saw that his proud spirit rebelled against receiving as charity even the means of prolonging life.

It was not long before her husband returned, and never was there a sadder or tenderer meeting than between the sick man and his liberated wife.

Although medical attendance was procured and every comfort placed before him, the sufferer died that night, with his last words the lady who had thus enabled him to have the comfort of his wife's presence in the last, dark hour.

The lady herself, however, felt keenly self-condemned. She told her husband the whole story, shedding tears of pain.

"What a dreadful chain of sin and sorrow I have occasioned," she said.

"I do not think you were to blame," her husband replied, "for you only left the dollar to be given to the true passer."

"Oh, no! I was almost sure that the market would not be particular. I thought she would get rid of it the first chance she had.—Yet, I said, 'that is no concern of mine.' It was difference to right which has had the force of intentional wickedness. See what a series of sins I occasioned. The market woman gratified her revenge first, and did a dishonest act besides; then that hateful hypocrite put it into the poor-fund in church—cheating in the temple. The moment his wife spoke of his contribution, I saw detected guilt in his face, but he told more falsehoods—he pretended he did it by mistake, and that he would make it up! Then the poor minister's wife, over-tempted by poverty to be dishonest! Oh, what agony it will always be to her, to remember it, and to me to know that I occasioned it! And the starving, innocent German lady, who came near being deprived of her husband's last kiss; and who endured hours of misery, knowing that he was suffering in her absence! Oh, husband—

"One ill deed,
Sows countless seed.
I shall never forget this lesson. Pray God that every one of my sins of omission may not be followed by such a train of mischief!"

It is to be remembered that the lady had the dollar set in a plain bracelet, and wore it constantly upon her arm. Every day the same coin left a green mark from corrosion, and as she washed it off, she thought how blessed it would be if the consequences of sin could be as easily effaced. But that, she knew by experience, could not be. In three days since she had suffered to slip through her fingers, had brought sin or unhappiness to herself, the two hucksters, the hypocrite, the minister's wife, and the persecuted foreigner. They—none of them—would ever, during their whole lives, escape from the consequences of her culpable neglect, in not stopping the circulation of that counterfeit dollar.

Shingling a House.

James H.—was a young man who commenced life with every flattering prospect, and a wife and lovely children soon blessed him. Unhappily by slow degrees he became—to make a long matter short—a drunkard. One evening he left his wife in tears, as was too common, repaired to the house of a man who sold him the deadly poison, and drank so much that he sank down in a kind of stupefaction easily mistaken for sleep. All his companions had deserted him. Near midnight the landlord's wife came into the bar room and told him:

"I wish that man would go home, if he's got one to go to."

"Hush! hush!" says the landlord, "he will call for something else directly."

"I wish he would make haste about it, then, for it is time every honest person was in bed," said his wife.

"He's taking the shingles off his house and putting them on ours," said the landlord.

At this time James began to come to his senses, and commenced rubbing his eyes, and stretched himself, as if he had just awoke, saying, "I believe I'll go."

"Don't be in a hurry, James," said the landlord.

"O, yes, I must go," says James, "so good night!" and off he started.

After an absence of some time, the landlord one day met and accosted him.

"Halloo, Jim, why haven't you been to see us?"

"Why," says James, "I had taken shingles enough off my house, and it began to leak, so I thought it was time to stop the leak, and I've done it!"

The tavern-keeper astonished, went home to tell his wife about it, and James has since let run alone, and attended to his own business. He is now a happy man, and his wife and children are happier than ever.

Col. Yell's First Court.

When Colonel Archibald Yell, afterwards killed at the battle of Buena Vista, had taken his seat for the first time upon the bench, in Arkansas, the bar was composed of a set of lawyers who had always browbeaten his predecessors and had their own way. Judge Yell determined to put a stop to this. The first case on the docket was called, and the plaintiff stood ready. It was a case that had been in litigation for five years. Gen. Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked, in an overbearing tone:

"Our witnesses are absent, and therefore, I demand that the case be continued until next term, in course."

"Let the affidavit be filed, for not till then can I entertain a motion for continuance," was the reply of the Judge.

"Do you doubt my word as to the facts?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed sharply, and involuntarily raised his huge sword cane.

"Not at all," replied the Judge with his blandest smile; "but the law requires that the facts justifying a continuance must appear on record, and the court has no power to annul a law, nor any will to see it annulled."

The Judge's calm and business like tone and manner only served to irritate the bully, and he retorted, shaking his sword cane in the direction of the bench. "Whatever may be the law, I, for one, will not learn it from the lips of an upstart demagogue and a coward!"

Judge Yell's temper was a little moved at this reply, but he only turned to the clerk, and said, "Clerk, you will enter a fine of fifty dollars against Gen. Smoot, as I see him named on my docket, for gross contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."

He had hardly communicated the order, when Gen. Smoot was rushing towards him, brandishing his sword cane. Every glance was fixed on the countenance of the Judge, for all wished to know how he would bear the coming shock of the duelist's fierce assault; but none however could detect the slightest change in his appearance. He did not change color, nor did a nerve seem to tremble; his calm eye surveyed the advancing foe with little of perturbation. He set perfectly still, with a little rod of painted iron in his hand. Smoot ascended the platform, and immediately aimed a tremendous blow at the head of his foe. At that blow all expected to see the victim's skull shivered to atoms. The general astonishment then may be conceived, when they beheld the little iron staff describe a quick curve, as the great sword cane flew from Smoot's fingers, and fell with a loud clatter at the distance of 20 feet in the hall. The baffled bully uttered a yell, and snatched his bowie knife from its sheath, but ere it was poised for the desperate plunge, the little iron staff cut another curve, and the big knife followed the sword-cane. He then hastily drew a revolving pistol, but before he had time to touch the trigger his arm was struck powerless by his side. And then, for the first time, did Judge Yell betray perceptible emotion. He stamped his foot till the platform shook beneath him, and shouted in trumpet tones, "Mr. Clerk, you will blot this ruffian's name from the roll of attorneys, as a foul disgrace to the bar. Mr. Sheriff, take the criminal to jail!"

The latter officer sprang to obey the mandate, and immediately a scene of confusion ensued which no pen can describe. The bravos and myrmidon friends of Gen. Smoot gathered around to obstruct the sheriff, while many of the citizens lent their aid to sustain the authority of the court. Menaces, shouts, and curses were mingled. The new Judge used his little iron cane with terrible efficiency, crippling limbs, yet sparing life. The Sheriff, imitating the clemency of his honored friend, discharging the use of either knife or pistol, actually trampled and crushed all opposition, singing out at every furious blow. "This is the way to preserve order in court!"—a sentiment which he accompanied with a wild peal of laughter. In less than two minutes the party of the Judge triumphed, the clique of Gen. Smoot suffered a disastrous defeat, and the bully himself was borne away to prison. Such was the debut of Archibald Yell in Arkansas; and from that his popularity as a man, as a Judge, as a hero and as a politician, went on rapidly increasing, till eclipsing the old and most popular names, it set on the bloody eve of Buena Vista.

Speculators and Capitalists.

The following lively, characteristic and effective story is of Parisian origin, but will fit this latitude as well as that:

Two gentlemen were chattering on the Boulevard. One was a great speculator, developing the plan of a magnificent project, the other a dazzled capitalist, ready to snap at the bait. He hesitated a little, but was just yielding for conscience sake.

Near these two paused a couple of youngsters of ten or twelve years. They were looking into a tobacco shop close by, and one cries out to the other:

"By the pipe! I'd like to smoke a sou's worth of tobacco."

"Well," said the other, "buy a sou's worth."

"Ah, as luck will have it, I haven't the sou."

"Hold on! I've got two sou's."

"That's the sticker, just the thing—one for the pipe, and one for the tobacco."

"Oh, yes! but what am I to do?"

"You! Oh! you shall be the stockholder; you can spit."

It was a flash of light. The capitalist thrust his hands into his pockets and fled.—The speculator cast a furious look at the two urchins and turned down the street.

The Tow Misers.

A miser living in Kuta had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither and presented himself to the great master as an humble commender in the art of avarice, anxious to learn and under him to become a student.

"Welcome," said the miser of Bassora, "we will go to the market to make some purchases."

"They went to the baker."

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the man of Bassora to the one of Kuta; "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two, as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and sparingly, too, in being satisfied with butter."

They then went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil," said the host to his guest, "oil is compared with the best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They then went to the vender.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality; white and transparent as water was the reply."

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kuta; "by this rule water is the very best. Now at home I have a painful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you."

And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised," said the miser of Kuta, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"

The Eye Lashes.

The beauty and expression of the eye is not altogether dependent upon its color and brilliancy. It may sparkle with intelligence and wit, or mildly beam with benevolence, innocence or pity; and yet, if it be overlung with a flat and shaggy eye-brow, or imperfectly shaded with eye-lashes, composed of a few short bristles set wide apart, much of the beauty will be lost. Hence we find those who attach most importance to external charms, have been, in almost every age, extremely solicitous to improve and preserve the form and symmetry of these important appendages to the organs of sight.

We need not dwell upon the importance to beauty of long, silken, glossy eye lashes, which have so often been the theme of lovers and of poets. Lord Byron, who, in all enthusiasm of an eastern lover, added the deep feeling of a poet, has sung some of the finest gems on a beautiful eye lash. He says:

As a stream late concealed
By the fringe of its willows,
Now rushes revealed
In the light of its billows—
As the bolt burst on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flashed the soul of that eye
From the long lashes round it.

While the females of our country, as well as those of most parts of Europe, pay little attention to promote, by artificial means, the growth and beauty of the eye-lashes, in Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and Hindostan, this is one of the first objects of a mother's care. We mention this, not as a reproach to the former, nor as a commendation of the latter, but merely as a matter of fact.

It is well known that the hair, when left to itself, seldom grows long; but either splits at the top into two or more forks, or gradually tapering from the root, terminates in a very fine, almost invisible point. When this is the case, its further growth is completely arrested. The Circassian female, aware of this fact, carefully removes the fine points from each eye-lash by means of a pair of scissors. Every time this is done their growth is renewed, and they become, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. This operation of tipping is repeated every month or six weeks.

Punch's Defence of Ladies' Dresses.

There are two sides of the crinoline question; hear both—what may be said for as well as what has been said against ladies' present attire. Equity to everybody, but especially fairness to the fair.

The superiority in length and circumference of dresses, so much complained of, is good for trade, and against excess in the milliner's bill a set off is afforded by diminution in that of the laundress. Stockings may now be worn for any length of time. Moreover, they may be made of the very cheapest and coarsest material—there being as far as they are concerned, no longer any necessity for even so much as common sense.

It is very true that the length and expansion of the fashionable dress gives its wearer the form of a bell-mouthed tumbler with a stem to it, turned upside down. No doubt, a lady might be a fish from the waist downward, and stand upon a caudal fin in that dress, without looking at all the worse than she looks in it now. But this is precisely the recommendation; that of serving to conceal those perfections of form, which, when they are allowed to be perceptible, attract an amount of observation which must be unpleasant to the object of it, and which can

do the observer no good. Many men, now living, are old enough to remember the time when the style of dress, in consequence of being calculated to exhibit, and not to hide, personal advantages, affected young men with very frivolous and vain impressions.—Dresses were then worn so short as not quite to sweep the street, and wherever you went, if there were well-dressed girls there, you were continually catching a glimpse of a much too dainty foot and ankle, twinkling with a far too elegant little sandal. This trivial object continually attracted the attention of young men, who ought to have been thinking of other things. Now you never see anything of the sort, and at the same time a lady can hold her clothes at any elevation she likes, when she simply shows a passing view how to step out like a man in boots the same as his own—except that they are not so interesting to him.

Every husband, father ought to approve of the fashionable dresses, for they preclude his wife from attracting unnecessary attention, and if they tend slightly to hinder him from getting his daughters off his hands, they have an exactly equal tendency to prevent his sons from marrying for mere beauty, so that if they marry at all, they marry prudently, looking to the financial and not to the bodily figure, and thus become comforts instead of burdens to their parents and friends; And sons who marry imprudently are infinitely more expensive than unmarried daughters.

Lastly, these dresses are considered very pretty by the great majority of the wearers, who think about dress as they do every thing else, gregariously, and have no other idea of what is pretty than what is fashionable. Shrouding their charms in excess of modesty, the indulge in a harmless vanity, and flatter themselves that they are creating a great sensation, whereas they create none but what is excited in the masculine mind by a bundle of clothes.

The world has always appeared to us as most ill-used and long-suffering being. It is represented as a monster of vice and folly.—Not a crime or absurdity can be committed, but it must be abused and ridiculed as its author.

Not a reproach, gentle or vulgar, can take