

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The autumn leaf is falling—
Falling from the stately tree,
From the sturdy oak and walnut,
From the elm that shades the lea;
They are falling, all are falling—
Sport of every wind that blows,
O'er the forest and the meadow—
To their last and long repose.

They are falling—they are falling—
In their serene and sober brown,
In their russet, and their yellow,
'Neath the frost of Autumn frown;
Forest vine and lady's bower,
Each and all their tribute yield,
When October, yellow, bliveth
With his white breath o'er the field.

They are falling—all are falling,
Even the slightest of their kind;
Maple leaf, with sheen so golden,
Still the earth's decay must find;
And gorgeous crimson o'zier,
Apparled like a king,
Away to earth must hasten,
Still to earth its beauty fling.

And they're falling—all are falling,
Save the willow's verdant leaf—
Lance like leaf, persistent clinging,
Tho' its lease of life is brief;
It must fall, as all are falling,
Change its green for sadder hue,
At the bidding of the Frost King,
For its life is Autumn's due.

Tho' they're falling—these are falling—
Is it that we should sorrow?
Their last of life the brightest,
Tho' of death their hues they borrow:
They must fall and still must fall,
'E'en the brightest, gayest, best,
To all the Autumn corneth
And the frost of death is rest.

A Thrilling Incident.

One beautiful summer afternoon, I, in company with my wife and child—a little prattling fellow of six summers—started out for a walk. A little dog that was much attached to the child persisted in following us. Twice had I driven him back, the last time I thought effectually. The afternoon was fine, and as we followed the serpent-like windings of the railroad, our conversation very naturally turned to the scenes and little incidents of our walk; the gay plumed songsters, the chattering squirrel, and the humming bee, all conspired to take our attention.

Becoming wearied, at length, we sat ourselves on a grassy knoll by the side of the railroad, about two hundred yards below where a sharp angle occurs; lying it from view. Our little boy was higher up a bank, busily plucking the blue bells and dandelions that grew in profusion around, and we soon lost sight of him altogether.

My wife was engaged in perusing a copy of "Baxter's Saints' Rest," while I had cast myself on the grass beside her, enraptured in the beauty of the landscape spread to view. There a field of tassel corn gently waving to and fro, while here a field of sweet-scented clover shed its grateful fragrance on the air. 'Twas like some enchanted bower—the silence broke only by the tinkling sheep bells, or the lowing of kine as they peacefully grazed on the distant pasture—I was thinking of the infinite wisdom of the Creator, in thus making earth so beautiful for poor sinful man, and how thousands are swept away from his charms and forever forgotten, when I was aroused from my reverie by the shrill whistle of the approaching train. Instinctively I turned to look for little Harry, when a quick exclamation from my wife caused me to turn.

She was as pale as death. "William, look at our child," she faintly whispered. I did so; and, my God! who can tell the agony that wrung my heart at that instant! The little recreant had wandered upon the track unheeded, and sat himself down on one of the oaken sleepers to cull his flowers, just below the curve, unconscious of the death that hovered near him. I started up the track towards him, beckoning him to come to me as I advanced. Instead of doing so, he, apprehending some playful sport, commenced running directly up the track, and laughing as he went. The smoke from the advancing engine was at this instant distinctly visible; it was not possible that I could overtake him in time to save him from that cruel death. As it was, I was but hurrying him on to his doom. No, it was evident my efforts could be of no avail, I breathed a prayer to Him on high, and staggered back.

At this moment the sharp bark of a dog broke upon my ear. With one gleeful bound our boy cleared the track, and grasped the woolly intruder in his arms.

The train rushed around the curve with a whizzing sound. The iron monster was cheated out of his prey. I am an old man, but I must confess that I once more held our little truant in my arms, safe, the tear of gratitude started in my eye. The little dog had perseveringly followed the child unseen, to the means of saving his life. Blind, blind indeed, is he who could not see the finger of God in this.—*American Presbyterian.*

DICKINSON'S GREAT SPEECH.

We copy below an extract from the great speech of Hon. D. S. Dickinson, at Tammany Hall last week. We hope our friends will not stop till they read it through:

The old whig party, combating the Democratic party upon financial issues, proved, with all its errors, a foe man worthy of the democratic steel. It brought into the field a great and powerful array—its Websters, Clays, Claytons, Davises and Choats—a grand galaxy of talent, and although in the opinion of the democracy and of the whole people, as the event showed, it maintained unsound notions in regard to internal improvements, a protective tariff, a national party rallying around the constitution. It was too national a party to serve the purposes of the managing leaders who had taken possession of it, and hence the old whig ship was scuttled, her crew dismissed, and the republican party inaugurated, sailing under its black and bloody colors, and based upon a single idea, no higher or worthier in State or national legislation than the single idea of slavery. The party took to itself all the bad elements of the whig party, dismissing the good, gathering the debris, the desertion, the treacherous material of the democratic party; gathering all the "isms" and "lies" of any name, to march in a crusade, like the army of Peter the Hermit, to expel the infidel slaveholder from this holy land of the republic. (Applause.) To Kansas, which was in no more danger of becoming slaveholding than of becoming one vast rice field, it sent its sanctified rifles for the purpose of shooting the gospel into every creature (laughter); and it chartered the Browns, the blues, the reds and the blacks to go there and enter into this "irrepressible conflict." The whole legislation of the country was brought to a stand, public attention was arrested, and whenever Kansas shrieked republicanism lifted up its responsive voice. Kansas was the stuck in trade, the floating capital for republicanism to trade upon; and by means of that it took possession of the State of New York and other democratic States, taking advantage of temporary divisions of the democratic party, arraying together a motley crowd, including those who knew it was a cheat, and down to honest error and blind fanaticism.

In process of time Kansas was played out. (Laughter.)

Like an insect that flits its brief hour in the sunshine, deposits its eggs and dies.—Kansas was permitted to go quietly out, but it left a successor. Some of those chartered to enter into the conflict, together with a portion of the sanctified rifles, were taken to do duty in another direction. I have heard this opposition party styled black republican. I have never called them so and if I am to give them any designation, if I were to place any adjective before the substantive, I would call them Brown republicans. (Applause and laughter.) I have very little to say concerning the miserable men who have entered into this "irrepressible conflict," in earnest, upon whom the law has laid its hand. I will leave them there. But I have much to say concerning those who set their ball in motion. This Brown who they now turn their backs upon, was recently a hero. His name was borne upon every breeze, and mingled with the loudest shrieks that came from Kansas. He was not only John Brown, but Osawatimie Brown, Captain Brown, Major Brown and General Brown. (Applause and laughter.) But now that he is in the hands of the law, he is called "crazy old Brown," and left to his fate. What we assert is that the conduct of Brown and his associates is the natural and legitimate, if not necessary harvest, from such sowing as year after year the republican party has made. This slavery question has been agitated without any cause under heaven. So far from slavery advancing upon the free States, the free States have been advancing upon the slave States, and not a single inch of the Territories of the United States, either of the old or that recently acquired from Mexico, was ever adapted to slavery; for there is not a rod of it upon which hemp enough could be raised to thread the blacks. It is so ill adapted to slavery that if the slaves did not run away from the masters, the masters would have to run away from their slaves. (Laughter.) Nevertheless, the public mind was excited, and republican pulpits, presses and firesides were redolent of Kansas and slave territory. Every reasoning man knows that in the beginning we were all slave States; that we were much when we entered into this federal compact to perpetuate the blessings of liberty. They know that one by one we became free States, until we had at the time this "irrepressible conflict" was inaugurated by a majority of sixty votes in the House of Representatives and six in the Senate of the United States, and every day the free States were growing stronger and the slave States, too, stand ready, whenever this republican pressure shall be removed, to abolish slavery in their own way and in their own time, as we in New York have done, and as has been done in New England, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The democratic party is a party of "let alone" in everything except sustaining the constitution. It believes our sister States are our equals in right, not only upon paper, but in spirit—(cheers)—not only equal in theory, but in practice; that possess all the rights that we possess and enjoy. The highest duty of both slave and free States we hold to be to have a kind regard for each other, in all their varied relations under the federal compact, which that compact suggested in

Plant Fruit Trees.

Plant them now, as soon as the frost has nearly stripped them of their summer foliage, and in three or four years golden rewards may be reaped in yellow, juicy apples, and luscious, mellow pears, to say nothing of the stone fruits. The latter are more safely planted in spring but do not wait until spring to set out apple and pear trees. The present is a more leisure season, a better selection can usually be made, and the tree is in its place and ready to start into growth at the ordinary leading time in spring. It can also better withstand the drought of midsummer than when planted in spring. Perhaps the only exception to successful fall planting are, first, where the soil is wet and the contractions and expansions of superabundant moisture destroys the root fibres; and second, in the case of tender varieties which are liable to winter-kill. A tender tree moved in late fall cannot withstand the extreme cold and sudden changes of winter like one which has been unmoisted. On this account it is usually advised to plant peach, nectarine, apricot, and sometimes tender plum and cherry trees, in spring. A few of the late growing and tender sorts of apple trees may also be left until spring in the northern states; but with the majority of trees, and especially in this latitude and southward, fall planting may well be commenced with the fall of the leaf.

No universal "direction" for setting out trees can be safely given. As a general thing, it is better to give trees and plants abundant depth; to prepare the soil under them so that they can send down roots where moisture will always abound, no matter how parched and dry the surface soil.—To secure this it is advised to dig a large deep hole and fill with rich surface soil.—With a single, but very common exception, this rule is a good one. We refer to those localities where the subsoil is clay or hard pan of so compact a texture as to retain water. Even on these the large deep-hole method is best, if proper drainage be provided; but in most cases tree planters will not take this trouble or expense. If on such retentive soils the tree be planted in a deep mass of rich earth, its roots will be invited downwards, and they will literally stand in a basin of water. We advise, therefore, that in planting trees, the soil in which they stand be loosened and prepared only to the depth to which it may be kept free from standing water. If a thin surface soil rests upon a retentive subsoil, break up the latter as deeply as possible, by subsoiling and loosen it where the tree is to stand, but little deeper than elsewhere. A deep, porous soil is always best for fruit trees, but such a soil cannot be found in every locality, and where not found it is imitated by preparing the soil at hand as deeply as may be. If ploughed nine or ten inches deep, and subsoiled six or seven, it will then be loosened fifteen or sixteen inches deep, and the hole for the tree may be made to that depth, filling it also with surface soil naturally rich, or made so by the addition of rotten manure or peck, decayed leaves, &c. We have this week examined apple and pear trees fifty hundred years and more old, which stood upon a clay subsoil, but the roots were not found out in the surface soil thirty to sixty feet in every direction. Usually these trees are found on limestone soils, loose and porous deeply down, and they are most frequent upon knolls, hillsides or slopes having a dry deep loamy or stony subsoil.

On wet soils good success has been attained by preparing the ground, setting the tree directly upon the surface—no hole being dug—and then placing soil around and upon the roots, up to the collar or point where the soil reached in the original locality. The tree then stands upon it in artificial hillock, and sends its roots out into the dry surface soil thus prepared. A general rule may be stated thus: Plant the tree on as deep a soil as possible, but avoid putting it where its roots will be far down in a barren subsoil beyond the reach of air and warmth, surrounded with stagnant cold water.

In transplanting all trees, they should usually be planted only as deep as they grew in their original positions. Heaping the earth around the trunk higher than this often proves fatal. In planting in holes, let there be ample room for the roots to be spread out naturally, and drop in the loose soil around them, packing it down carefully.

DOUBLE HEADED GIRL.—There is a double-headed girl in Kentucky who is thus described: Mad'le Christina Milly is now in her ninth year, and possesses the extraordinary appendages of two fine heads, four arms, and four legs, all concentrated in one perfect body. She has two pretty and intelligent faces, denoting vivacity of life and genuine mirthfulness. She sings sweetly many of the most popular songs and ballads of the day, and can converse with two persons at the same time on one or different subjects. The movements of her body are easy and quick, enable her to dance, walk or run with as much grace and rapidly as any child of her age. Not the least deformity will be found in her limbs, body, or features. Upon looking at her, one would suppose there were two persons fastened together, after the fashion of the Siamese Twins, but such is not the case. There is but one body.

A MAN in this world is like a boy spelling in short syllables; but he will combine them in the next.

Coal and Health.

During the season of summer, when the atmosphere is warm and balmy, the cheerful breezes have free scope to dance through all our apartments, and ventilation is effected upon natural and convulsive principles. The time, however, is at hand, with the approach of cold weather, when doors and windows must be closed to shut out the piercing wind, and when fires must be maintained in all dwellings to heat our sensitive frames. This is the season when means should be adopted for securing the requisite amount of the pure air of Heaven, under all the circumstances of artificial heating, in every dwelling—public and private.

The importance of ventilation is generally recognized, as the evils that have been caused by dwelling in ill ventilated apartments have been set forth in various publications. There are some facts connected with this question, which are not so well understood. Thus, many persons mistake warm, for pure air; hence they do not make a distinction between the two, and do not seem satisfied that a room is habitable until they have expelled all the warm air from it. There can be no question, we believe, about the salubrity of warm dwellings in cold weather, if the air in them is only maintained in a pure condition. The circulation of air in a room is dependent upon the heat which is generated in fires, grates, stoves, or heaters. The hot air expands, rises and seeks vent, and the cold air rushes in to supply its place. The grand secret of good ventilation therefore, is a plentiful supply of fuel—an important fact too generally overlooked. The houses of the poor are kept close and ill conditioned cold weather, because the inmates cannot provide sufficient fuel for their wants—Coal is as much an article of life and health, in the winter season, as food, and yet how few think of this! In those churches, schools, and other public buildings, where fuel is saved at an expense of an inefficient supply of fresh air, a cent wise and a dollar-foolish economy prevails; and this is the principle idea we wish to impress on the public mind at this time. Arrangements for ventilation may be made in endless variety; but without an abundant supply of fuel, neither comfort nor proper ventilation will be secured. Fuel is ventilation, in cold weather, what steam is to an engine—its governing power.

CHESTER COUNTY.—A young man, eighteen years of age, was brought to the prison of Chester county, on Thursday last, charged with the murder of a young girl aged nine years. The child was found in Octoraro creek, in West Nottingham township, Chester county, with her head mashed in the most horrible manner. The young man arrested is a resident of West Nottingham, and was engaged in ploughing in an adjacent field. Some blood was found on his clothes which he accounted for by stating that the plough handle had struck him in the face, causing his nose to bleed. His name is Reyburn. The girl was dragged one hundred yards to the creek, near the field in which Reyburn was working. Reyburn alleges that he saw two black men, on the 25th, near the place where the murder was committed. The supposition is that an attempt had been made to perpetrate a rape upon the body of the child. The name of the young girl was Susan Emma Kimble, daughter of Larew Kimble, of Lower Oxford, Chester county. This murder is justly regarded as one of the most atrocious ever perpetrated in a civilized community, and calls for condign punishment.

The trial of Patrick Lafferty, at West Chester, for the murder of John Reed, which has occupied the Court for the entire past week, was concluded at seven o'clock on Monday evening, the jury finding a verdict of murder in the second degree against the prisoner. The homicide occurred on the 19th of July last, near Catham, a small village lying in the western part of Chester county. The victim was an estimable citizen of some sixty years of age, who was attacked by Lafferty in consequence of a polite refusal to get into a wagon and ride. Lafferty is an Irishman by birth, about twenty-four years of age, had been drinking, and perpetrated the murder by stabbing the victim with a knife while attempting to escape. One of the stabs entered the heart, while six others were found upon the body of the deceased. The entire circumstances connected with the murder were detailed by witnesses who were on or near the highway at the time of the terrible occurrence.

An Irishman, who had lain sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place, "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Och, no, your reverence, it was the other chap I was afraid uv," replied Pat.

A New Yorker from the country whose wife had eloped and carried off a leather bed, was recently in St. Louis in search of that—not that he cared anything for his wife but the feathers—"them's worth 68 cent a pound."

HAPPINESS.—There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second is never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

SONG OF THE NEWSPAPER.

I am a Newspaper;
I carry the news
To all of your dwellings—
Wherever you choose;
A more faithful servant
Can hardly be found—
Almost omnipresent,
I'm scattered around.

Like stars in the heavens,
And sands on the shore;
Like leaves that have fallen
When Summer is o'er,
I fly o'er the land,
I pass o'er the sea,
I brave every danger—
It's pleasure for me.

I gather the news from
The steamers, and cars,
And telegraphs, sparkling
With trade, peace and wars;
I fill up my mission,
Defending the Truth,
And teach useful lessons,
For old men and youth.

Personal Allusions.

We commend the following observations to those who are addicted to the habit to which they allude. Politeness is nothing more than gentleness and kindness, and to inflict unnecessary pain or mortification upon any person is a breach of courtesy, and marks the person guilty of it as unworthy of being called a gentleman. Nothing is so common, and yet nothing is so vulgar as in such thorough bad taste, as to make allusions to a person's appearance, clothing, habits, &c., to his or her face. There are hundreds who make it a practice, not we hope, for the purpose of insult, but because they don't know any better. "Why do you wear your hair in that horrid style?" "What a miserable taste you have in dress!" "Your shirt is not stylish enough." "What curious eyes you have." "Well, of all the bad teeth, yours do beat all!" Such remarks are very popular ones, and yet how few think, and invariably make to whom they are addressed passably happy. To have an individual who imagines he is good looking, come along and roughly state, "How like the devil you do look!—getting old, worn out, eh?" is not, however, of a nature that increases ones respect for himself, and in nine cases out of ten is apt to make one feel moderately unhappy. These very persons who are so profoundly ignorant of etiquette, good taste, and decency, are not very insensible to the point of the joke, when such remarks are applied to them, and grow furious at the impudence that suggests it. You can always set down a man, therefore, who speaks of anything in regard to your dress or person except in the way of compliment, as a profound ass, whose usefulness to society ended when he quit making dirt pies, and he became a disgrace to his parents.

A PRISONER'S ETIQUETTE.—A curious case of prison etiquette occurred in Delaware—A number of prisoners broke jail, and among them was one named Turner, under sentence of death for rape. He called upon the Attorney General, coolly seated himself in his office, and informed the gentleman that a number of prisoners had escaped, among them himself; that he was prepared to go back again whenever he could be assured that he would be safe in so doing—Several of his social companions had been discharged, and in their stead a woman had been placed in jail who was afflicted with scarlet fever; he had formerly notified the deputy sheriff that if such conduct was persisted in he would be obliged to change his quarters, and that receiving no satisfactory evidence on the part of the officers of the jail that his grievances would receive attention, he had thus availed himself of the first favorable opportunity of giving a practical turn to his indignation by leaving the premises. He did not care a straw about the sentence of death hanging over him, but he did not want to catch the scarlet fever. The escaped prisoner was escorted back to his old quarters.

A witness in London had a testament presented to him, but he declined to be sworn. Being asked his reason for refusing he replied "I can tell a lie with any man in England but I'll not swear to it."

"I would do anything, go to the end of the world, to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Go there," said she, "and stay, and I shall be pleased."

WOMAN has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

"John, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw craps on the door the next morning."

If you never quarrel, you cannot have the luxury of a reconciliation; a hill cannot be had, you know, without going to the expense of a valley.

The attention of restless and fickle men turns to no account; poverty overtakes them whilst they are flying so many different ways to escape it.

HE THAT KNOWS HIMSELF knows others; he that is ignorant of himself could give but a shallow lecture on other people's heads.

THE doctor is not unfrequently Death's pilot-fish.

"Is He Rich?"

How often is this question asked? Has an acquaintance married a husband—"is he rich?" is the first inquiry propounded by her friends? Not "is he honest, industrious, sober and honorable," but "is he rich?" Not has he a mind that distinguishes him among his fellow men and calls forth their homage and adoration, but "is he rich?" "has he the dollars and cents?" He may have everything else—a manly heart, a master intellect, he may be upright, steady and industrious, but if he lacks the dimes and dollars, he is but "a sounding brass and a tinkling symbol." The great sin of our country is *idolatry*—an idolatry as degrading, yet as complete as that of the Hindoo, or the Pharisee; yet, more degrading, for there is something awfully grand and impressive in the majestic river, ever moving onward, yet, silently, to the sea, and in a gorgeous luminary of day, as he comes forth from the chambers of night heralded by streaming fire; but we bow down to the Dollar—the dull, senseless Dollar, and make it a God! We work for it by day, we lay in our beds and dream of it by night, we go to the Sanctuary of Christ, and instead of meditating on His amazing love, we suffer the Dollar to come in and take possession of our thoughts!

Our lives are spent in the service of our real God Dollars; we bring up our children in the nature of our dollar, we teach them that the Dollar is the main thing to be gained, we teach it by precept and example. We profess to be charitable, we profess to feel for the poor, we profess respect for honest poverty; we speak of silver and gold, and this world's goods, as "trash" and all the while we are hypocrites, and liars, for we think more of our God Dollar than of our Saviour Jesus Christ! We have missionary enterprises on foot, and we talk patriotically of the poor heathen bowing down to "stocks and stones," and yet how much better are we, bowing down to silver and gold! With as much propriety may they send preachers to us, as we to them. The practices of all men around us belie their professions—they profess to be the followers of Christ, and they are followers of the Dollar. If the realization of the Dollar involves the selling of the widow's only bed, or the orphan's last dress, there are people, professed Christians too, who would not hesitate an instant. "Is he rich?" Yes, he is rich, put "riches shall take to themselves wings and fly away," and when he shall strive to enter Heaven, and shall not be able, then will understand how hard it is for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.

Doctor's Degrees.

Some years ago, the University of St. Andrews one of the most famous in Scotland, having rather a lean treasury, resolve to replenish it by a new branch of commerce, and announced that it would sell its Doctor's Degrees at £20 apiece. Many took advantage of this liberal offer; and among the rest a certain minister, who thought his services would be more acceptable to his flock, were he possessed of a handle to his name, put the required sum in his purse, and went up to St. Andrews to purchase the coveted honor. A man servant accompanied him, and was present when his master, having previously footed the bill, was formerly presented with the official parchment. On his return home the new doctor sent for his servant and addressed him as follows:

"Noo, Sandy; ye'll ay be sure to ca' me doctor; and gin anybody spies at ye about me, ye'll ay be sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the Dr. will see ye in a crack, as the case may be."

"That, a' depends," replied Sandy, "whether ye ca' me doctor too."

The reverend doctor stared.

"Aye, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I found it cost so little, I'e'en got a diploma myself. Sae ye'll be good enough to say, doctor, put on some coals; or doctor, bring me the whiskey.—And gin anybody spies at ye about me, ye'll be sure to say the doctor's in the pantry, or the doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be."

NEATNESS IN DRESS.—The neglect of the outward appearance indicates either a little mind or a disregard to the opinion of our neighbors. One should always be neat and clean in person and dress, because this is an evidence of respectability. No lady who has any regard for herself, or any respect for the society in which she moves, will be slovenly in her appearance or careless in her attire. It is true, there is no danger in being too particular, but every lady is entitled to follow her own taste as to dress, provided she dresses suitably—that is, according to her age and circumstances.

The young of either sex, but particularly the female, ought to regard their external deportment and appearance as, to a certain extent, essential to character.

To dress simply and without ostentation is a mark of modesty; but in endeavoring to avoid everything like display, young ladies, especially, should be careful not to fall into the opposite extreme—that of prudery. There is more sincerity, if there be less nicety, in the conduct of a really virtuous than there is in that of a prude; and some degree of freedom, so far from being incompatible with the strictest virtue, is one of its principal privileges. If a lady is obliged to receive company *en dishabilla* it is a sign of good breeding if she appears perfectly at ease, and makes little or no apology for her appearance.—*Ec.*