

THE EDITORS' SONG.

The editor sits at his table, Writing as well as he's able, Paragraphs, leader and pun, His scissors beside him are lying, Whilst he is in agony trying, Of copy to furnish enough.

The Baby Convention 'Improved.'

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

Mrs S— says she did not know that she was expected to read an essay at the celebrated gathering, and as she had no opportunity of expressing her views in that way, she makes use of another mode of communicating with the public and writes an editorial. From it we copy the following: "It is estimated that one half of all the children born in this country die in infancy. This is fearful, and calls aloud for investigation. We think it is principally chargeable to the incompetency of mothers. The wealthy and their imitators, imitate the European aristocracy in leaving their children to the care of servants, forgetting how essentially different is the structure of society here and the old monarchies. There, servants remain in families from generation to generation. There is promotion in the sphere of servitude, the child's nurse becomes the mentor of his manhood, and is as proud of his graces as a parent could well be. Here, a nurse takes care of one baby one week, and another the next, cares little or nothing for her charge, but working for money, and looking anxiously forward to the day she herself will employ some one to take care of her children.— The child in charge must get sorry care, and when she comes to have any of her own, she is the wife of an American sovereign, with the road open to a country seat and town house. She immediately apes the manners of her former mistress, must have some one to take care of her child, and being unable to hire a full servant, picks up some little starveling out of some alley, and starts her to the streets with the baby in her arms, or in a willow wagon to be shaken and thumped over crossings and jammed into and out of deep gutters, with shocks enough in one day to kill a half grown animal, of any other species. The baby's intellect is unduly excited by the strange sights and sounds, so that the physical pain is unheeded for the time, but when it is brought in, the excitement is over, and the soreness from the barbarous motion induces loud complaints, when it is sent out for another thumping by way of cure. We are seriously of the opinion that very many babies are thumped to death in those barbarous, springless child's carriages in which they are dragged about. Parents themselves are very careful to have under them, the easiest steel springs and softest cushions when they ride for pleasure, but they thrust their infants into a machine with a motion exactly like that of a cart, and on cushions which to themselves would be unendurable, and have them knocked over rough pavements by the hour. These two-wheeled carts with the gig top, and the axel running through the bed, which

are so largely in use at the present time, are cruel, and people who use them should try a daily ride on a cart to judge of the comfort of the motion enjoyed by their children. We are of opinion that if a healthy lamb was subjected to a daily ride in one of these carriages, it never would live to be a sheep. We have seen infants very weary and fretful after a ride in a very easy carriage, and held tenderly in their mother's arms. How must they feel after being pounded, by the hour, in the most uncomfortable carriages made for their especial use? This is but one case in which the physical nature of infants is outraged. It is not more than about one mother in ten, who lives in such a way that she can supply her infant with a sufficient quantity of wholesome nourishment. Nay, it is positively vulgar, for a mother to have food for her babe, and so, comparatively few make earnest endeavors to feed their children properly, while even those who do wish to follow the dictates of nature are generally deterred by fashion, which requires them to compress their waists, spend their time in hot rooms, and otherwise abuse their own system until it is better fitted to distil poison than baby food. A very few escape this evil, and fall into another almost as bad, viz: the scientific plan of feeding at stated hours. If these would consider that the future intellectual nature of the child depends upon its present animal development, and take a lesson of the lambs on the hill-side, who feed whenever nature prompts, and that without dyspepsia, they would cease to regulate baby appetite by scientific opinions. It may appear strange, but nevertheless it is true, that two-thirds of all the babies who die, die of cold, hunger, poison and personal abuse. It is very common for the infants of wealthy parents to suffer for the common necessities of life. A young infant wants a constant supply of artificial heat, when it is not very close in its mother's bosom to be nourished by the warmth of her body. Every time a young infant's clothes are disturbed so as to let the air round its limbs, they should be warmed at a fire, and the soft flannel skirts well warmed and wrapped closely around it. Soft woolen stockings should be put on at the first dressing and always worn. No weather is ever warm enough in this latitude to dispense with a fire in tending a new born infant. We have sat over a fire when the mercury has stood above 90, and warmed a pair of two-day old feet for half an hour, and had the little fellow look so perfectly comfortable and sleep so soundly afterward, tucked away in his hot flannels with his face uncovered in a room where the windows were all open, that we were well repaid for enduring an extru perspiration.— An infant's eyes should be carefully guarded from strong light, but the face never be covered so as to compel it to re-inhale the air once thrown out of the lungs. For the first few weeks he should be held upon a pillow, to prevent bruising the soft flesh on bony arms, and as the mother's room should always be cool, the little fellow should be so wrapped up that he can safely be carried to the kitchen fire to be warmed. Colic in young children generally arises from cold, or improper food. All that a baby wants is to be kept comfortable. For this they should be moderately clean, much washing and dressing worries them, cosy and warm, with pure air to breathe, plenty of wholesome milk, and room to grow. These are purely animal wants, and for want of attention to them thousands die annually. Those who, like us, may have felt slightly shocked at the convention for bringing babies to a level with animals, should reflect that in so bringing them, the projectors have elevated the poor little bipeds, for no other class of young animals have their wants so little understood and so poorly supplied. SLEIGHING IN NEW YORK CITY.—From 8 to 11 o'clock, it is no exaggeration to say, that in Broadway life was constantly in danger. We never saw more criminally reckless driving.— Huge sleighs, black with yelling, crazy men, racing through the street at the highest speed; they smashed together, breaking legs and arms; they tore down iron awning posts, ran over pedestrians, killed their own horses, yelled themselves hoarse, cursed till they could no longer articulate, threw snow into rival sleighs; till their arms refused their office; in short, went stark, staring, diabolically mad—for all of which a feet of snow stands responsible. Last night Broadway seemed to be infested with whole sleighloads of reckless or drunken vagabonds, who stowed their vehicles half full of chunks of ice and snow, which they hurled upon the sleighs they met, selecting those full of women and children, and then shouting as if they had done a trick mean enough to disgrace a mad dog. Many persons were seriously injured by these pieces of ice, and all enjoyment was chilled by the fear that every approaching gang would repeat the outrage. A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and clients all went to see it, and every body exclaimed— "Oh, how like the original! It's the very picture of him!" "Taint like him," said an old farmer. "Just show us where it is not like him," said they. "Taint," replied the farmer; "dout you see he's got his hands in his own pockets? 'T would be as like again, if he had his hands in somebody else's!"

Character in Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12, 1855. Any one who has lived much in New York must have observed the spruce, well-to-do appearance of the active, busy men who throng the streets at all hours. There is nothing needy or seedy about them. They are living, moving, breathing evidences of the full life and prosperous energy around. How different is the case here! The avenues and public edifices are thronged with forlorn-looking individuals on the look-out for some sinecure in which they may drag on an easy, lazy existence. Coats are threadbare, hats soiled and lustreless, boots muddied, gloves (if any) dirty and gaping, cheeks unshaven, air languid and listless—enough to make an American blush. It would seem as if the refuse of the nation sought to fill its places of emolument or honor. These candidates for preferment or for spoils infest the purlieus of the capitol, and crowd the steps and doorways of the Presidential Mansion. Most melancholy, but most true. No city in the world can exhibit such deplorable squalidness. From the four quarters of the land they come. Certainly no capital ever presented so beggarly an appearance. Nor do the members of the national legislature impress one with an idea of the dignity and importance of the great country they represent. Many of them have the stamp, the unmistakable stamp of vulgarity; some of dissipation, some of recklessness and unscrupulousness. Few, comparatively few, have the bearing and manners of cultivated gentlemen. The noisy, brutal strife and eloquence of the stump appear to have been mainly instrumental in procuring the federal seat of government the honor of their presence. A New Yorker cannot but be struck with their (I speak generally) bad taste in dress. The eternal dress coat, so characteristic of Western men, is the mode in Congress. No style of garment for day wear appears so outrageous and mal-apropos. Occasionally the eye rests upon a gentlemanly-looking member, dressed *comme il faut*. Most refreshing! It is a pity—but we must say it—that were it not for the foreign society in Washington, we should see but little elegance. There are, it is true, some Americans in this city, as elsewhere, who excel in all the accomplishments and charms of life—men and women who detect vulgarity at a glance, and discern at once the lady of the gentleman. But, unfortunately, to most of them, a lady is a female dressed elegantly or rather expensively, and a gentleman is a man full of presumption, pretention, swagger and impudence. They do not seem to understand good breeding. Not possessing themselves refinement of manners and cultivation of mind, they know not how to estimate these attractions in others. In the political vocabulary of the members courtesy is an inadmissible word. To them, harshness, roughness, rudeness, ill-breeding, are democratic symbols—types of republicanism. One would think their favorite motto was "A gentleman cannot be a democrat." Let a man chew tobacco, wear a black dress coat, dirty shirt, and gold chain in the morning, neglect his beard, slap his companion on the shoulder, speak dictationally, or very familiarly, and disgust the refined; he is a true democrat. Marat would, no doubt, were he living and one of our citizens, be regarded as a prominent candidate for the Presidency. Robespierre would be too much of a gentleman in these days for political distinction. Let not Americans visit Washington with the hope of realizing any idea of the power or dignity of their country. Let them linger in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans as long as they can, but let them shun the federal capital. I make these remarks, Mr. Editor, with sorrow. Proud of my country, I feel mortified to see the hands to whom its destinies are confided. Take away the Judges of the Supreme Court and officers of the army and navy, (the only permanent officeholders in the country,) and I see nothing in the individuals, as a mass, who control its affairs, to command admiration, and very little to warrant esteem. The men who framed the republic, its founders, were its greatest ornaments. Merit, capacity, virtue, intelligence, were then of some account. Tobacco, whiskey, dress coats in the morning, (not very important, but significant;) the stump, vulgarity and hypocrisy and buncombe now rule the nation. Decay is stamped on our apparent blooming life and vigorous prosperity. Our only hope is in some new, strong, determined national party, a foe to humbugs, political charlatans and official quacks, with the motto, "Down with dress coats and soiled shirts in the morning—non-interference by foreigners, and woe to political aspirants without merit, talents or decency." GREAT DISASTER AT HAMBURG.—The most heartrending account of the devastations caused by the hurricane and flood of the 1st of January are beginning to pour in from every quarter, and go to prove that their disastrous effects are of nearly if not of equal magnitude to the memorable storm of 1825. The hurricane appears to have swept with equal force over the wide district from the Dutch coast up to Lubeck. How far up the Baltic remains to be ascertained. In all the numerous islands of the Elbe the embarkments which surround them, and which are raised and kept in order at a great annual expense, were broken through in many places and the land laid under water. The bathing island of Wangeroog, off the coast of Oldenburg, has suffered very considerably. The bathing establishment, the school-house, and several private dwellings are com-

pletely washed away. The church was preserved, but the churchyard was so furrowed up by the waves that the coffins have been disinterred and are thrown about in all directions. The lighthouse escaped. In the storm perished an American packet-ship, the George Canning, with the loss of every soul on board, some ninety persons. The Canning sailed from New York for Hamburg on the 3rd ult, and was seen during the tempest lying off Heligoland, i. e. pending, as it appeared, to make for the river in the morning. She was never seen again, and her fate is now only ascertained by the washing ashore of fragments bearing her name, of several bodies, and of a tin box containing her papers. She struck on the Sea horn, a sandbank at the entrance of the Elbe. NATURE'S SANITARY LESSONS.—All the invaluable laws and methods of sanitary reform, at best are but clumsy imitations of the unseen wonders which every animalcula and leaf have been working since the world's foundation, with this slight difference between them and us—that they fulfill their appointed task, and we do not. The sickly geranium which spreads its blanched leaves against the cellar panes, and peers up, as if imploringly, to the narrow slip of sunlight at the top of the narrow wynd, had it a voice, could tell more truly than any doctor in the town, why little Maggie sickened of the scarlatina, and little Jocky of the whooping-cough, till the toddling wee things who used to pet and water it were carried off, each and all of them, one by one, to the kirkyard sleep, while the father and mother sat at home, trying to supply by whisky the very vital energy which fresh air and pure water, and the balmy breath of woods and heaths, were made by God to give; and how the little geranium did its best, like a heaven-sent angel, to right the wrong which man's ignorance had begotten, and drank in, day by day, the poisoned atmosphere, and formed it into fair green leaves, and breathed into the children's faces, from every pore, whenever they bent over it, the life-giving oxygen for which their dull blood and festered lungs were craving, but in vain! fulfilling God's will itself, though man would not, and was too careless or too covetous, to see, after six thousand years of boasted progress, why God had covered the earth with grass, herb, and tree; a living and live-giving garment of perpetual health and youth.—[North British Review. CANE JUICE AS A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, has published, in the Boston Medical Journal, an article describing the cures effected upon persons afflicted with consumption and bronchitis, by inhaling the vapor arising from boiling cane juice. It appears that chemical investigation has discovered two very different properties in sugar—the freshly cut cane juice destroying the cold-blooded animals as quick as lightning. From witnessing this remarkable property of killing so rapidly, the doctor seems to infer that it would cure equally as effectually, and he tried the experiment on a consumptive Frenchman, by making him inhale the vapor of boiling cane juice. The man got well. The doctor, in a fit of medical enthusiasm, ascribed it to the vapor, and he wishes the world to know the good effects of this remedy. It has long been observed by overseers of sugar plantations, that weakly or sickly persons grow robust and strong when set to skimming the pans during the boiling of cane juice. The fragrant cane juice is perfectly respirable, and penetrates into the smallest bronchial tubes, and produces beneficial effects. If there is anything in the discovery, the fact ought to be extensively circulated, for consumption is the greatest of all the destroyers of the human race. SALERATUS.—The newspapers are denouncing Saleratus as a poison, and the cause of the death of a large proportion of the children who die annually. In the midst of this hub-bub, we are asked, 'What is Saleratus?' 'Wood is burnt to ashes—ashes are lixiviated—ley is the result. Ley evaporates by boiling—black salts are the residuum: The salts undergo a purification by fire, and the potash of commerce is obtained.—By another process we change potash into pearlsh. Now put this into casks, and place them over a distillery wash-tub, where fermentation evolves carbonic acid gas, and the pearlsh absorbs and renders it solid; the product being heavier, drier and whiter than the pearlsh.—It is now Saleratus.'—[S. E. Post. CHEAP AND INVALUABLE DENTIFRICE.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of water; before quite cold, add thereto one tea-spoonful of tincture of myrrh and one table-spoonful of spirits of camphor: bottle the mixture for use. One wine glass of the solution, added to half a pint of cold water, is sufficient for each application. This solution applied daily, preserves and beautifies the teeth, extirpates all tartarous adhesion, produces a pearl-like whiteness, arrests decay, and induces a healthy action in the gums. CRANBERRIES AND ERYSIPELAS.—The Niles (Michigan) Republican says: "A lady visited our family a few days since, and stated that her daughter had the erysipelas very bad. We called to mind the remedy recommended by a New Haven editor. On returning home in the evening she found the disease spreading rapidly, and had assumed a frightful appearance. She immediately applied a poultice made of cranberries, which seemed to arrest it at once, and the second poultice effected a complete cure."