

man, or a public dinner, which costs you ten, and leaves you the wish that you had staid at home?

HINDOO CHAMPOOING.

Not unlike one part of the Egyptian bathing, (as described by Mr. Buckingham in the foregoing article,) is the Hindoo process of champooring. This has lately been introduced into Europe. How strange that cleanliness is so much neglected in the United States. For though we do not believe that the matter which ought to be removed from the skins of decent people ever amounts to one or two pounds, as intimated by Mr. B., we do most fully believe that the coating which covers, like a varnish, the skins of most people claiming to be decent, but yet neglecting to bathe, sometimes amounts to several ounces. Nor are these remarks on bathing and champooring—nor is bathing itself—out of place, even in mid-winter. There must ere long be a reform on this subject in our community, if we mean to be at all a healthy people. But now for a description of the champooring:

One of the attendants on the bath extends you on a bench, sprinkles you with warm water, and presses the whole body in an admirable manner. He cracks the joints of the fingers and of all the extremities. He then places your face downwards, pinches you over the kidneys, seizes you by the shoulders, and cracks the spine by agitating all the vertebrae; strikes some powerful blows over the most fleshy and muscular parts; then rubs your body with a hair glove till you sweat; grinds down the thick and hard skin of your feet with pumice stone; anoints you with soap; and lastly, shaves you and plucks out the superfluous hairs. This process continues for three quarters of an hour, after which a man scarcely knows himself—he feels like a new being.

A late law of the state of Maine repeals all restrictions upon the botanic practice of medicine. This is the ninth state which has done the same. We are onward.—*Thomsonian*, 1838.

Original. Original.

A DREAM.

BY MISS M. F. HAYWARD.

I dreamed wealth unbounded was mine, that
my store
Had Fortune increased, till I asked, for no
more;
That my eyes ranged o'er earth, far as sight
could extend,
Yet saw not the bounds of my own fertile land;
That my home was a palace,—yet was I not
blest,
For with all those treasures came care and
unrest;
And though words of affection were breathed
in my ear;
'Twas my gold that was worshipped—the heart
spoke not there.

Then I dreamed I was gifted the peerless in
mind,
And my name high in Fame's glowing temple
was shrined;
That mine was that genius—the poet's high
dower,
To sway o'er men's passions a limitless power
They gathered around me, the noble and proud
And I heard the applause of the glittering
crowd;
But cold was that pageant, and weary to hear,
For tho' mind bowed in homage, *the heart spoke*
not there.

Then I dreamed I was beautiful; faultless and
fair,
All blended perfection in loveliness rare;
And the guerdon of beauty, the world's hollow
praise
Was mine; then I listed those sweet burning
lays,
And deemed them all beautiful—but cruel and
cold
Came the bitter conviction—a false tale they
told;
For disease and misfortune all beauty can mar,
And I learned but too soon, that *the heart spoke*
not there.