

reconcile myself to leaving you whom I love so well and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and, hard, indeed, is it to struggle on silently alone, with the sure conviction, that I am about to leave all forever and go down alone into the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have trusted,' and, leaning upon His arm, 'I fear no evil.' Don't blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit.

Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirits' final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death—and our spirits shall hold one last communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the bright glimpses of the unfolding glories of that better world where partings are unknown.

Well do I know the spot, dear G—, you will lay me, often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot; and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sun-light linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then and whisper among the waving branches, "I am not lost but gone before!"—*Knickerbocker*.

#### A Rejoinder to "An Answer to 'Song for the Times.'"

BY MRS. M. F. H. THOMAS.

"The glorious day is dawning, girls,  
When women shall be free;  
When gowns and bonnets, caps and shawls,  
No more her gods shall be.  
But true to Nature's beauty, girls,  
We'll spurn the humps of art;  
Nor deem a dress of massive fold,  
Nor grace can impart.

When custom shall not make the right,  
Nor doom to jillory,  
All who dare overstep the bound  
It calls propriety;  
But true to Nature's promptings, girls,  
And true to Duty's call,  
We'll follow where that summons leads  
Regardless of its thrall.

Then health will not be vulgar, girls,  
Nor rouge nor pinioned waist,  
Will be resorted to, to please  
A low perverted taste.  
And man shall learn that woman, girls,  
Can think as well as flirt;  
And study more her mind and mind,  
Than length or breadth of skirt.

The glorious day is dawning, girls,  
When woman's soul shall rise,  
Above the low details of dress,  
To nobler sympathies;  
And scorn the mawkish training, girls,  
Prescribed by fashion's pupa,  
Nor pawn our souls to win the smiles  
Of empty headed fops.

Brooklin, May 2nd, 1851

BLOOMERISM IN NIAGARA.—Niagara against all Canada—good old Niagara is the first place in Canada where Bloomerism has been introduced. On Sunday last two or three of the fair sex of that town made their debut before the inhabitants of that place, and we are told showed off an ankle to perfection, and attracted the eye of the curious. We wish the reward lately offered in Hamilton to the lady who first introduced there, extended to our sister town, for we really think they deserve to be rewarded for their heroism.—*St. Catharines Journal*.

#### THE NEW COSTUME.

#### PANTALOONS vs. PETTICOATS.

LETTER FROM MRS. BLOOMER.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

In your "Considerations concerning Clothes," which appeared in the *Tribune* of the 17th inst., you show that the long flowing garments hitherto worn by dignitaries both in Church and State, are being laid aside, and that now Dukes, Priests, and Emperors prefer wearing the simple citizen's dress, except on extraordinary occasions. You assign no particular reason for this, but think it has been done from a kind of instinct.

Now, Sir, I think this laying aside of the cumbersome flowing robe can be easily and reasonably accounted for. No man who is accustomed to freedom of person and limbs will long bear the restraint imposed by an uncomfortable dress. No one who has been used to the comfortable, convenient, close fitting attire worn by men, can feel at ease with legs muffled in a long robe, and arms held in a proper position for sustaining its loose, flowing sleeves. Can it be thought strange then, that Dukes, Priests, Judges and Emperors should prefer rather to dispense with the "badge of authority" than to suffer the loss of freedom of motion? To my eye there is much more of dignity superiority in the appearance of him who is richly attired in a citizen's dress, than in him of the long robe; for the latter always calls up the image of a woman in a night-gown except that the night-gown has a more simple and easy look. I think it is solely owing to the inconvenience and discomfort of the full flowing drapery that it is so rapidly disappearing among men. We, who have discarded long skirts and tasked the blessings of freedom, can well imagine how ill at ease one must feel who has ever enjoyed perfect freedom of action, when compelled to envelope himself at times in the cumbersome fetters of the long robe. Not even a desire to command respect for "superior and sacred functions" will long induce men to bear this yoke of slavish ambition. In sickness the long calico wrapper is well, for both man and woman, but at no other time is the long dress becoming to him, or useful to her: on the contrary it is for both inconvenient and uncomfortable, and to woman in the highest degree injurious.

There is much said and written just now about woman's dress: Editors seem to think it their especial business to settle the question how long we may, and how long we may not, wear our skirts; and they have entered into the discussion with a spirit which I should be glad to see manifested on some other subjects lying more immediately within their province. In my opinion, women are the most proper persons to decide upon the style of their costume; and I doubt not their own good sense will guide them aright in the matter, and prevent their doing aught to shock the modesty or wound the feelings of the truly sensible and high-minded.

Many seem to think if we shorten our dresses just enough to permit them to pass over cigar stubs, tobacco juice, and other filth, that is all that is necessary to be done. You, Sir, I believe, entertain that opinion. But we who know from experience the evils of long skirts—even though they fall no lower than the ankle—and the blessings of short ones, cannot agree with those who think thus. The longer the dress, the greater the quantity of underskirts needed to give us a good figure; the shorter the dress the greater the number and weight dispensed with.

If we wear long dresses, we must from necessity wear considerable amount of underclothing; for even a lady in short dress and trowsers does not appear so decidedly immodest and vulgar, as does she with a long one clinging close to her form, whipping about her limbs. By shortening skirts two or three inches we might save them wiping up filth from the street, but they are just as cumbersome and crippling as the longer ones; whereas by shortening them nearly to the knee we not only give freedom and elasticity to our limbs, but relieve ourselves of the undue weight hitherto suspended from the waist.

We may look more graceful in the dragging skirt, but we feel more graceful in the short one.

The only question in regard to the new costume should be as to its utility; and there are enough of

us who can speak from experience on that point. Custom will make any dress look well; and already to my eye the *American* short dress and trowsers appear more truly graceful and genteel than the long, mopping, crippling drapery.

Yours Truly,  
Seneca Falls, N. Y. June 19, 1851.

AMELIA BLOOMER.

#### THE BLOOMER COSTUME—ATTENTION ALL!

Never was there a greater misnomer than that by which the new style of dress has come to be designated as the "Bloomer Costume." We beg the attention of our brethren of the Press to the facts in the case, that the public may not any longer indulge misapprehension with regard to so important a matter! It was not Mrs. Bloomer at all but quite another lady with whom the new idea originated. We refer to Mrs. CHARLES MILLER, of Peterboro, daughter of Gerrit Smith, Esq. The occasion of its origin was in this wise:—Accustomed to be much in the Garden among her flower-beds, the perpetual discomfort and annoyance suffered from the flowing skirts always sweeping the dust and drabbling in the mud, set Mrs. Miller upon the invention of some more convenient substitute.—The result was the shortening of one of her dresses and the assumption of petticoats. She had worn the new style but once when she was so struck with its convenience and the absurdity of the popular fashion, that with her accustomed promptness and decision she immediately metamorphosed every dress she had into the new mode and thus placed herself beyond all liability of recurring to the prevailing fashion. It was some weeks after this that she visited Seneca Falls, and brought her new invention to the knowledge of Mrs. Bloomer and Stanton who were at once pleased with the idea and won over to its adoption. It was some time longer, however, before Mrs. Bloomer ventured to appear in public in the new costume. Why it should be named after her rather than Mrs. Miller has already made her new substitute very popular in Peterboro, where it is worn so commonly as to have ceased to attract attention.

If the idea is worth anything as not a few of the most foolish in the community believe, she should in all justice have the credit of it.—We submit, therefore whether propriety does not demand that the new style be known henceforth as the MILLER COSTUME.—*Roman Citizen*.

SIAMSE TWINS OBTAINED.—The *La Grange* [Ga.] Reporter of the 11th instant says:—On the night of the 3d instant, a servant woman belonging to R. A. T. Ridley gave birth to a child having two perfect and distinct heads and necks on one body. It has two breast bones and two spines, and [it is supposed from external indication] two sets of digestive organs. In other respects it does not seem to be different from other children. Its legs and arms are perfect, and, excepting the parts above mentioned as double, there appears no deformity whatever. The most surprising part of the whole affair is that the mother is alive and doing well, although the child weighed at birth eleven and a half pounds. Dr. R. has preserved it in alcohol, in which state it was exhibited for several days at his office. It is his intention to present it to the Medical College at Augusta.

We had yesterday the pleasure of being shaved with a Jenny Lind razor, by a Jenny Lind barber, scented with Jenny Lind cologne, combed with a Jenny Lind comb, brushed with a Jenny Lind brush, washed in a Jenny Lind bowl, and wiped with a Jenny Lind towel. Then we put on our Jenny Lind hat, walked into a Jenny Lind restaurant and partook of Jenny Lind sausages. Then took up a Jenny Lind paper, and read a Jenny Lind editorial, smoked a Jenny Lind cigar; throwing ourselves back in a Jenny Lind chair, fell in a profound Jenny Lind reverie.—*N. O. Courier*.

SABBATH AT ALL TIMES.—By different nations every day of the week is set apart for public worship: Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. Add to this the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour, and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere.