

## THE BLOOMER COSTUME.—DANGEROUS BREACHES.

This will never do! We have the strongest faith in change and revolution; and have tried to like the idea of bringing the oriental female fashions into New England, but all to no purpose. In descriptive paragraphs and in illustrations, the thing looked somewhat agreeable. But we have seen the female form divine in this outlandish toggery—and we are driven to the verdict which Jeffrey once pronounced on the affections of Wordsworth. Our first impressions on seeing the costume were disagreeable. The woman appeared reduced in height, and angular exceedingly. Women always look shortened in anything like a man's dress. Those that we saw—of the usual height—presented the figures of little girls; till you looked at their faces, and were conscious of all the incongruity. Our New England women are generally spare and thin; and pale for the most part. The effect of a great flapping straw hat over their features and neck, is particularly bad—it absolutely annihilates whatever grace belongs to the feminine bust. For want of the exercise taken by the rougher sex, the shoulders and general shape of ladies are not sufficiently developed or rounded; and consequently, in this dress, the upper portion of their bodies shows very hard outlines, totally inconsistent with the softness and fullness which should belong to them.—Although the ladies we have seen in our streets had the appearance of big, awkward school-girls. Heaven help us, we have no more favourable opinion to pronounce, in this distressing business! Why that immeasurable sombrero is chosen for the head puzzles us. A neat bonnet would be a thousand times more womanly, and becoming. We saw the wind dragging at one of these vast umbrella things, and such a struggle as the wearer had to keep it on her head! We could not laugh; delusions are not laughable.

The fact is—this dress only becomes children and young girls; it requires the round faces and rounded proportions of youth. It will never answer for our adult women. A respectable woman of middle age would look like an absolute monster in it. We believe that in spite of their natural desire to seem, as they cannot be, of the superior division of the race, women will be frightened from the use of the manish garments by the ugliness of them. They require paddings and shawlings and drapery of the legs and feet. The fuller and fatter women of England require these things; and the thinner women of New England cannot do without them.

Plain truth, dear ladies, needs no flower of speech. So take it—with a smile or with a screech.

People advocate the curt garments, on principle—the principle of selfishness. It is on that very principle we chiefly condemn them. We have too much of this *utilitarianism*. We are too much disposed to sacrifice to it most of the graces and amenities of life. These last are of little account, compared with the necessity of doing things smartly, going ahead everywhere—everywhere realizing. "Rough and ready" is too much the motto. But, without going as far as Lord Chesterfield, in homage to "the graces," if we do not think more of the finer and softer senses of our nature we will only enjoy life in a crude and hasty way and make this civilization of which we boast so much, but a poor part of the large and genial thing it ought to be. Our business here is not merely to work and run, and cook and trade and put machineries in motion.—This running of the women into utilitarian trowsers and hats, shows the somewhat hard and material tendencies of our commercial society. So much for the principle.

The thing itself will subside very soon. The petticoat and skirt may be much shorter, and must be; and young girls will wear pantalets not unbecomingly.—But for all the purposes of gracefulness, the deluding puffiness and general effluence of skirt must continue rigorously necessary, not alone to the symmetries; but to the happy influences of women.—*North American Age*.

Love not your children unequally, or if you do, show it not, lest you make the one proud, the other envious, and both foolish. If nature has made a difference, it is the part of the tender parent to help the weak one.

## MYSTERIOUS CANINE INSTINCT.

Mr. Justice William's death was extremely sudden. He had passed the shooting season with his valued friends Mr. and Lady Augusta Milbanke, at the Yorkshire Moors, a family with which he had been long connected, having set for some years for a borough of the Duke of Cleveland, her ladyship's father. From thence he went to pass a week with Lord Brougham in Westmorland. While there he felt a sharp pain in the chest, but this was only mentioned afterwards, for he never spoke of it to Brougham. On his way through London to his residence in Suffolk, he consulted his physicians, who considered it as connected with the liver, and of no grave importance. On his arrival at his seat, he was seemingly quite well, and went out daily to shoot. After a week or ten days, he was on the 14th of September, somewhat indisposed, but had been out riding before breakfast. He did not dine at table, there being some visitors there. Lady Williams left him pretty well in the drawing-room, and returned after dinner, but before the company retired from the table. She found him apparently well, and playing with her lap-dog. She went to the dining-room, and came back for the dog in three, or at the most four, minutes after she had left him well. No sooner did she open the drawing-room door than the animal set up a loud bark, and rushed past her violently, barking and howling all the way. She asked him what ailed the dog, but received no answer. She repeated the question, and seeing him as she thought, asleep, called his servant to see if his head was not too low. The man said, "No; he is sleeping comfortably." She approached him, and again asked him to speak. She observed one eye nearly open, the other half closed, but his colour as usual. The servant and another thought still that he slept, but her ladyship felt sure that he was gone. So it proved, for he speedily became cold and pale, nor could any of the remedies that were applied restore him. He had complained when he awoke just before dinner, that he had in his sleep dreamed of a sword piercing his breast. The examination of the body proved only that all the nobler parts—both head, chest, and abdomen—were in a state of perfect health, except a very slight enlargement of the spleen and liver, of no moment. He never had gout, nor had any of his family. We have entered into this detail on account of the very remarkable circumstance of the dog's instinct. It is quite clear that the poor animal was aware of the fatal change some time before any observer of our own species could discover that the spirit of its master had passed from this world.—Many stories have been told of such an instinctive sense, but it has never before, we believe, been established on such irrefragable evidence as the facts above detailed constitute.—*Law Review*.

**THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.**—Without the shepherd's dog, the whole of the mountainous land in Scotland would not be worth sixpence. It would require more hands to manage a stock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to markets, than the profits of the whole stock would be capable of maintaining. Well may the shepherd then feel an interest in his dog. It is indeed he that earns the family's bread, of which he is content with the smallest morsel. Neither hunger nor fatigue will drive him from his master's side: he will follow him through fire and water. Another thing very remarkable is, the understanding these creatures have of the necessity of being particularly tender over lame or sickly sheep. They will drive those a great deal more gently than others, and sometimes a single one is committed to their care to take home. On those occasions they perform their duty like the most tender nurses.

Can it be wondered at, then, that the colley should be much prized by the shepherd; that his death should be regarded as a great calamity to a family, of which he forms, to all intents and purposes, an integral part; or that his exploits of sagacity should be handed down from generation to generation, and form no small part of the converse by the cozy ingle, on the long wintry nights.

**THE SEA DIMINISHING.**—Lieutenant William D. Foster, of the Navy, has an interesting communication in the *National Intelligencer*, in which he undertakes to show that all the phenomena of change in the ocean line of sea

const, and appearance of rocks above the water, which have been observed and commented on from time to time, are caused by a constant diminution of the waters of the ocean; a process is at all times going on by which substances held in solution in the ocean waters are converted into solids.

## COMBAT BETWEEN A NEGRO AND AN ALLIGATOR.

While on the Banks of Bengo, we were anxious to know if the river really contained any crocodiles or alligators; and for a small reward, a negro fisherman offered to catch one. He immediately killed a sucking-pig and run a moderately thick stick through the entire length of its body, which he cut open. To the middle of this stick he attached an iron chain, eight or ten feet long, by means of a clamp, and further elongated the chain by fastening a cord to it. Armed with two strong barbed iron lances, he went on board his light canoe, and put out a short distance from the shore, while we remained in the hut watching his proceedings with curiosity. At a venture he threw the pig into the river, and scarcely a minute had elapsed, ere a pair of enormous widely-extended jaws rose above the surface, and quickly disappeared with the treacherous prize. The fisherman took advantage of this moment, to fasten the end of the canoe, and also, to attach his two lances by long ropes to the boat.—The voracious animal soon devoured his booty, and drew the boat, which of course followed his every movement, first to one side of the river and then to the other, always seeking for the deepest water. The rope being continually drawn tighter and tighter, the alligator darted with great violence above the surface, whereupon the negro vigorously thrust the lance at his head, and the big monster again dived. Certain of approaching victory, he stood calmly with uplifted lance, watching for an opportunity of throwing it again, whenever his adversary might rise above the surface. We were much astonished at the man's patient assiduity, for there was once a pause of half an hour, during which the animal did not appear; but as he became gradually weaker he rose more frequently, and at last always with his jaws wide open. The numerous wounds inflicted by the lance, and consequent loss of blood, so completely exhausted the poor alligator, that he had great difficulty in drawing the boat after him; but suddenly collecting all his remaining strength, he pulled the boat on one side with such violence that the fisherman fell into the water. In an instant he dexterously flung himself into the boat, and continued to strike his antagonist with his harpoon. The combat lasted nearly an hour and a half, when the alligator yielded without resistance to the superior force of the negro, who gradually brought his boat alongside of us, and then leaning on shore, fastened the rope to a cocoa palm in front of his hut. He then fearlessly approached the animal, which was nearly covered with water, and deprived him of all possibility of escape, by inflicting several deep wounds. Life was no longer in the alligator when he was abandoned to his fate but it was doomed to inevitable death; and when we gave the man his promised guerdon, he observed coolly, that he would gladly exhibit a similar proof of his skill everyday. The animal was twenty feet long.—*Literary Messenger*.

**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.**—The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate:

Whenever there was a plum pudding made by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game, he prevailed upon the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he saw that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish and turning it in his hands as if merely examining the china, he said "this dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again as though without design, with the plums next to himself. "Is it possible," said the mate taking up the dish, "I should not suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and, as in perfect innocence, he put the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain; the captain laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out; so we'll just cut the pudding lengthways this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."