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Literary.

An Obliging Disposition.

It is several years since the following capital story made its last circuit of the papers, and we start it once more on its travels. It will find some new readers and many old ones who will enjoy it.

There is nothing like an obliging disposition, I thought to myself, one day when travelling in a railway car from Boston to Worcester, seeing a gentleman put himself to considerable trouble to land another gentleman, who had fallen asleep, at his destination.

"Passengers for West Needham?" cried out the conductor—"the car stops but one minute."

"Hallo!" exclaimed a young man in spectacles, at the same time seizing an old gentleman by the shoulders, who was sleeping very soundly, "here's Capt. Holmes fast asleep, and this is West Needham, where he lives. Come, get up, Capt. Holmes, here you are."

The gentleman got upon his feet and began to rub his eyes, but the young man forced him along to the door of the car, and gently landed him on the road side. Whiz went the steam and we began to fly again. The obliging young man took his seat again, and said with a good deal of satisfaction to somebody near him—"Well, if it hadn't been for me, Capt. Holmes would have missed his home finely. But here he has left his bundles:" and the young man picked up a paper parcel and threw it out. "Well," he said again, "if it hadn't been for me Capt. Holmes would have missed his bundles finely."

When we stopped at the next station a lady began to rummage under the seat where Capt. Holmes had been sitting, and exclaimed in great alarm:

"I can't find my bundle."

"Was it done up in a piece of brown paper?" I asked.

"Yes it was, to be sure," said the lady.

"Then," said I, "that young man yonder threw it out of the window at the last stopping place."

This led to a scene between the obliging young man and the old lady, which ended by the former taking the address of the latter, and promising to return the package in a few days provided he should ever find it.

"Well," said the obliging young man, "catch me doing a good-natured thing again. What can I do for that poor woman, if I cannot find her bundle?"

Whiz went the steam, ding, ding, ding, went the bell, the dust flew, the sparks flew, and the cars flew, as they say, like lightning, till we stopped again at the next station, I forget the name of it now, but it would be of no consequence if I could remember it. An old gentleman started up and began to poke under the seat where Capt. Holmes had sat.

"What are you looking for?" I inquired.

"Looking for?" said the old gentleman, "why, I am looking for my bundle of clothes."

"Was it tied up in a yellow handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, and nothing else," said the old man.

"Good heavens," exclaimed the obliging young man, "I threw it out of the car at Needham; I thought it belonged to Capt. Holmes."

"Capt, Holmes!" exclaimed the old fellow, with a look of despair, "who is Capt. Holmes? That bundle contained all my clean clothes, that I was to wear at my son's wedding to-morrow morning. Dear me what can I do?"

Nothing could be done but to give his address to the obliging young man as before, and console himself with the promise that the bundle should be returned to him, provided it was ever found. The obliging young man was now in despair, and made another solemn vow that he would never attempt to be obliging again. The next station was his landing place, and as he went toward the door of the car, he saw a silver-headed cane, which he took hold of and read the inscription on it, "Moses Holmes, East Needham."

"Well," again exclaimed the obliging young man, "if here isn't Capt. Holmes' cane!"

"Yes," said a gentleman, who got in at the last station, "and the old man is lame, too. He will miss his stick."

"Do you know him?" inquired the obliging young man.

"Know him? I should think so," replied the gentleman; "he is my uncle."

"And does he live at East Needham?" asked the obliging young man.

"Of course he does. He never lived anywhere else."

"Well, if it don't beat everything," said the obliging young man, "and I put him out at West Needham, a mile and a half the other side of his home."

Romantic.

Of all the romantic stories in the Arabian Nights, there is none more extraordinary than the little episode that has just occurred at St. Petersburg. You will have noticed that an attempt was made to shoot the Emperor, which was frustrated by the prompt action of a young man who stood near the would-be assassin. That young man, acting from a momentary impulse in striking down the arm he saw raised against his sovereign, was afterwards so frightened at his own rashness that he ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. He was pursued and brought back to the presence of the Emperor, at whose feet he threw himself in a state of terror, as if he had been the assassin himself. The Emperor raised him, embraced and kissed him, and proclaimed him a Russian noble from that hour. The romance of the story is this: The new Russian noble, only five minutes before, was a poor illiterate drudge in a small hatter's shop in St. Petersburgh. A week ago, his habits and daily occupation were of the most vulgar and menial character. To-day he ranks with the most ancient nobility of the empire. A subscription was at once set on foot to provide him with means to sustain his new dignity, and presents are flowing in upon him from every direction. His photograph is displayed in every shop window, prayers are said for him in all the churches, and a retinue of the Czar's own servants are in constant attendance upon him. And this great change has come upon him simply because, doubtless, he impulsively seized an arm he saw holding a pistol and this diverted the shot from its intended destination. There is something so melodramatic about the whole affair that one is disposed to question whether it may have been a carefully devised spectacle, the object being to gain favor on the part of the Emperor from the lower orders, to whose ranks the Emperor's savior belongs.

A Romance of Truth.

There are the elements of a novel of surpassing interests in the following story, the truth of which is vouched for:

A man by the name of Holden, a Canadian by birth, went to Cayuga co., N. Y., in 1820, and married a Miss Taber, daughter of poor but respectable parents. In 1833 this couple, with their two children, David and Mary—the oldest three years and the youngest six months old—moved to the then wilds of Wisconsin, and commenced the laborious life of farming and hunting.

David was a bright little fellow, and at five years of age, when at play near the house, with his hatchet, had the misfortune to sever the little toe from his left foot.

In 1842 Mr. Holden returned to Cayuga co., N. Y., to look after a little property that had been left his wife by the death of her parents, and while there he received the sad intelligence that some unfriendly Chippewa Indians, taking advantage of his absence, had killed his wife and children and burned his house and barn to ashes.

Holden had always a misanthropic turn of mind, and at this point of his misfortunes, that sourness increased to almost a hatred for every human being.

He lost his parents when a mere infant, his only sister was drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the river St. Lawrence, and his two brothers were killed by the bursting of a cannon in Montreal. Without kith or kin in all the wide world, he resolved to proceed at once to the shores of the Pacific and there end his days among the wild fur-traders of Oregon. Enlisting at a branch house of the Hudson Bay Fur Company in St. Louis, he crossed the Rocky mountains near the head-waters of the Columbia, and then floated down the river in a bark canoe until he reached Vancouver—the company's headquarters of the Pacific coast. Receiving a sharp reprimand by the commandant of the station for inattention to duty, Holden soon deserted, and on a horse borrowed without leave—for the occasion—rode about 800 miles south, and hired out as shepherd to a rich old Mexican ranchero, or farmer, just east of Monte Diablo, in what is now called Contra Costa county, California. Here he worked for six years, for good wages, acting as general superintendent of the entire ranche, embracing upwards of 8,000 acres. The old Mexican had a violent temper, and was noted as a wilful tyrant and a fierce desperado; but he and Holden got along remarkably well together until the latter, by accident, shot a valuable horse; and a coldness then at once ensued which resulted in the separation of the two men. A month afterward, the Mexican died, and Holden presented a large mortgage against the estate, foreclosed it and took possession.

On the 19th of January, 1848, gold was first discovered in California, on the American river, in El Dorado county. These latter have since been known as the southern mines, and the way to them led by Holden's extensive ranche. Many of the early miners of '49 and '50 recollect but too well the inhospitable selfishness and miserly meanness of the rich old farmer on this extensive ranche. On no account whatever would he permit a traveller to sleep on the premises, and for every morsel of food furnished, the highest price must be paid.

Late in the evening on a cold, raw, stormy day in November, 1850, a young man or a boy not more than 20 years of age, limped slowly up to the house where the old man was smoking his pipe, and modestly asked if he could obtain a few mouthfuls of something to eat.

"Got any money to pay for it?" asked the old miser.

The young man replied that it took every dollar of his money to pay his passage to San Francisco; that he was now on his way to the southern mines, and that the first money he obtained he would certainly send it or bring it back in return for something to eat; that he had traveled all day on foot in the cold driving storm without one morsel of food, and that he was now chilled to the bone, and almost dying with hunger.

"Bah," was the insulting reply of the old tyrant—"do you think I am green enough to believe all that nonsense? Eat acorns, grass, anything you can find on the road; but don't come to me! Do you think I am going to feed all the miserable beggars that are stroling through the country? Begone! Begone! or I'll set the dogs on you!"

The fair-faced lad burst into tears, and exclaimed: Oh dear, I wish I was back in old Cayuga!"

"Back where?" quickly inquired the old man.

"In Cayuga county, New York," sobbed the boy.

"If you're from Cayuga, you may come in," said the old fellow, softened at the recollection of his deceased wife and children. "What's your name?"

"Holden," gasped the boy—"for God's sake give me a mouthful of something to eat; I'm fainting!"

Quickly placing before the lad a bottle of wine and a plate of bread and meat, the old fellow said:

"Have you always lived in Cayuga?"

"I was born there!" was the feeble reply, "but my parents moved to Wisconsin when I was but three years of age. When I was eight years old, one day, when my father was away from home, some Chippewa Indians came and burned down the house, and killed my mother and sister on the spot. They sold me to some Decotahs who took me at once to the upper Missouri and adopted me into their tribe. Three years ago I ran away, and have since lived with an uncle in Cayuga!"

During the delivery of the foregoing remarks, the old man stood as if petrified. Finally, gasping for breath, he asked:

"What is your first name?"

"David!"

"Remove your left boot!"

The request was complied with, and the old man screamed with joy.

"My own son!" and fell senseless on the floor.

This story is denuded of all extraneous dressing in order that it may be crowded into this small space, but, with the exception of the names, it may be relied upon as strictly true. The old man is now dead, and we have seen the son gazing with content and happiness on an amiable lady and three children, 7,000 head of cattle, and 8,000 acres of land, that he could honestly call his own.

THE Senate, the well-grounded belief is, will reject the disfranchising clause of the Congressional Plan. Unless the House recedes from its action, the measure will be lost, and Thad. Stevens said he would rather lose it than recede. But there is some reason for believing that the leader's power will not suffice to hold the House where he now has it.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

Strange Customs.

The following is a curious account of the habits and customs of some of the tribes in the interior of Africa, as we find it in the new volume of travels by David and Charles Livingstone, just issued in London. Speaking of the women in Morambala, the narrative says: "These damsels looked with considerable disgust on the 'men in bags,' as the trowsered whites were called. Even the less fastidious matrons quieted their children by threatening to fetch the white man to bite them. In their eyes, Dr. Livingstone, busy with wet and dry bulb themometers, was an object of pity 'playing with toys, like a little boy!' but when they beheld the travelers spreading butter, 'raw butter,' on their bread, their disgust was beyond expression. They only use butter after melting it to annoint their heads and bodies.

"The most wonderful of ornament, if such it may be called, is the pelele or upper-lip ring of the women. The middle of the upper-lip of the ring is pierced close to the septum of the nose, and a small pin inserted to prevent the puncture closing up. After it is healed the pin is taken out and a larger one is pressed into its place, and so on successively for weeks, and months and years. The process of increasing the size of the lip goes on until its capacity becomes so great that a ring of two inches in diameter can be introduced with ease.

"All the Highland women wear the pelele, and it is common on the upper and lower shire. The poorer classes make them of hollow or solid bamboo, but the wealthier of ivory or tin. The tin pelele is often made in the form of a small dish. The ivory one is not unlike a napkin-ring. No woman ever appears in public without the pelele, except in times of mourning for the dead. It is frightfully ugly to see the upper lip projecting two inches beyond the tip of the nose. When an old wearer of a hollow bamboo ring smiles, by the action of the muscles of the cheeks the ring and the lip outside of it are dragged back and thrown above the eye-brows. The nose is seen through the middle of the ring, and the exposed teeth show how carefully they have been chipped to look like those of a cat or crocodile.

"The pelele of an old lady, Chikanda Kadze, a chieftainess, about twenty miles north of Norambula, hung down below her chin, with, of course, a piece of the upper lip around its border. The labial letters cannot be properly pronounced, but the under lip has to do its best for them against the upper teeth and gum. Tell them it makes them ugly, they had better throw it away, they reply, 'Kodi! Really! it is the fashion!' How this hideous fashion originated is an enigma. Can thick lips ever have been thought beautiful, and this mode of artificial enlargement resorted to in consequence?

"The constant twiddling of the pelele with the tongue by the younger women suggested the irrelevant idea that it might have been invented to give safe employment to that little member. 'Why do the women wear those things?' we inquired of the old chief, Chensune. Evidently surprised at such a stupid question, he replied, 'For beauty, to be sure! Men have beards and whiskers; women have none; and what kind of a creature would a woman be without a pelele? She would have a mouth like a man, and no beard; ha! ha!' Afterwards, on the Rovumwa, we found men wearing the pelele as well as women."

Lifting Three Thousand Pounds.

The Herald of Health gives a striking account of Dr. G. B. Winship, the strong man, who is a physician in Boston. He is the fourth physician of the family. Instead of giving drugs to his patients, he gives exercise to strengthen them, and good hygienic advice. He is generally opposed to the use of drugs. He can lift 2600 pounds, intending to go on to 3000 pounds, and stop there. His history is remarkable. While in college he had practiced gymnastics, but after a while discontinued them, when one day he was taunted as being the smallest in his class, which was true. He afterwards was grossly insulted by a classmate who was larger and stronger than himself, who also told him to help himself if he could. He then determined to put himself on an equality with his antagonist, and said to a friend, "Wait two years, and I promise you I will make my tormentor apologize, or give him such a thrashing that he shall remember it for the rest of his life." He practised an hour a day for two years, when he was notoriously the strongest man in his class, and he called on his opponent to apologize or fight. The apology was given promptly.

Among those effects of physical training he has found in himself and others that it has given a steadiness to his nervous system. He used to be remarkably nervous, so that it was torture to hear the grating of a slate pencil, the filling of a saw, or scratching on glass, but by exercise his nerves ceased to be impressible by such things; headaches and indigestion were removed. He seems to think that too much exercise of this kind might have an effect on the mental power.

Lifting he regards as of the greatest importance. He says, both from his own experience and that of hundreds of his pupils, that without regarding it alone as a panacea, but merely one means of improving health, he has found it the great remedial agent in cases of dyspepsia, pulmonary consumption, biliary affections, neuralgia, chronic rheumatism, and general debility. He recommends all his pupils to practice till they can raise not less than a thousand pounds, nor more than fifteen hundred.

Muscular *action* may be excessive, but always probably at the expense of intellectual power. But muscular *development* he regards as always advantageous. He thinks that lifting will tend to expand the chest and the lungs better than any other exercise, though it should not be practiced alone. It has proved very successful, in a hygienic point of view, to ladies, but it must not be too much or suddenly attempted. It generally takes his patients a little less than three months to double their lifting power. He can "put up" a dumb bell weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, with one hand, and thinks he can increase it to two hundred and thirty.

Students ought to try all this, at least to the extent of keeping up health, but more than that, with the hope of uniting the highest physical with the highest mental powers. This is what makes nature's true noblemen. It might save thousands of students from untimely graves, and thousands more from those dissipated habits which in many cases arise from bodies over fed, but not duly exercised. It is by the well-balanced development of every power that the truest, and most pure and useful manhood is attained.

A French Story.

A few days since, the Marchioness de ——, a stately lady of ancient family in Faubourg St. Germain, asked one of her friends to get a drawing master for her two daughters. Great stress was properly laid on the habits and manners of the drawing master; it was necessary that he should be talented, respectable, and very sedate and grave. Her friend obtained for her the services of an able artist who possessed all the desired qualities, and gave the artist a letter of introduction to her. When the artist called at the old family mansion in Faubourg St. Germain, he was told that the Marchioness was absent, but was momentarily expected, and had given orders to show him into the drawing room if he came while she was away. He was shown into the grand old room which looked so like one of the saloons of Versailles, the artist could scarcely refrain from thinking he must be in Louis XIV's palace. To pass away the time the artist examined the objects placed on a stand with shelves on one side of the fire-place. They were objects of art collected in Italy and Germany. While examining one of the curiosities whose nature and use defied his acuteness, a portion of it fell down his sleeve, and in his efforts to recover it the portion fell down his drawers. He was greatly embarrassed. Were he to undress to get it, there was danger the mistress of the house would return at a most critical moment of the process. So that was not to be thought of. He shook himself almost to pieces, with no result but to drive the object into his boots. To pull off boots and stockings in a drawing room of the Faubourg St. Germain was as heinous an offense against good manners as to undress.

At last he remembered his skill in walking on his hands, and he argued that as a reversal of a bottle brought to the orifice the objects at the bottom, so if a man placed his heels over his head the heels would surrender all unattached objects which might be at them. Time pressed, and he at once turned a half summersault and stood on his hands, his feet in the air. He walked about the room in this position, kicking his heels together to accelerate the fall of the objects in his boots. The noise he made by kicking his heels together prevented him from hearing the door open and as his face was directed to the floor he could not see that several persons had entered the room. The new comers were the Marchioness and her daughters. I cannot pretend to express their surprise at seeing a gentleman promenading about the drawing room on his hands. You may easier conceive it. They stood for some minutes in silent confusion. A turn in his course brought the artist's face in their direction; he looked up, and, before I can describe it, was on his feet and as silent and confused as they had been. He fully expected to be shown the door. A smile on the Marchioness's face reassured him. He confessed to her what had occurred. She laughed heartily over it, gave him her hand and became at once his warm friend.

Dancing Women.

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growling; "they are immensely fond of saltatory motion. I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and confided to me that she had no stockings to appear in, and without them, her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No, you're out," said Growling. She knew that I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper twig. Now what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again, sir—you'd never guess it; and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed to paint her legs!"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir," said the doctor; "and she relied upon me for telling her if the cheat was successful."

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I complied, on one condition, namely, that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you old rascal," said Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got some rose pink, accordingly, and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" inquired Durfy.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So, you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jenny!—she was a merry little minx—by-the-bye, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings."

"Jenny," said I, for fear your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?"

Smart Dog.

The town of Astoria, Oregon, can boast of the smartest dog that has been heard from lately, if Van Dusen tells the truth in relation to the doings of his canine. While visiting Tillamook Beach this summer, the dog was troubled very much with fleas, and had become tired of scratching. He was discovered one day hunting around the house for something, and finally picked up a piece of loose soft cotton batting and started off for the beach with the cotton sticking out of his mouth. He went to the water, slowly backing down into it, and holding his head up so as to keep the cotton dry. The fleas started for his head as the dog kept backing in the water, and finally there was but the cotton out of the water, when suddenly cotton disappeared, and the dog made his appearance minus cotton and fleas. The cotton was picked out of the water, and was found actually alive with fleas. Van says he saw the dog do it—so it must be so.

OVER five millions of dollars have been already expended in attempting to span the Atlantic Ocean with a telegraph wire.

Miscellaneous.

Woman's Health.

Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe contributes an article in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, on the subject of Woman's Labor, and thus refers to the subject of Woman's Health:

A woman's health is her capital. In certain ways of work she obtains more income, but she spends her capital to do it. In another way she may get less income and yet increase her capital. A woman cannot work at dress-making, tailoring, or any other sedentary employment ten hours a day, year in and out, without enfeebling her constitution, impairing her eyesight, and bringing on a complication of complaints; but she can sweep, cook, wash, and do the duties of a well-ordered house, with modern arrangements, and grow healthier every year. The times in New England when all women did housework, a part of every day, were the times when all women were healthy. At present the heritage of vigorous muscles, firm nerves, strong backs, and cheerful physical life has gone from American women, and is taken up by Irish women. A thrifty young man, I have lately heard of, married a rosy young Irish girl, quite to the horror of his mother and sisters, but defended himself by the following logic: "If I marry an American girl, I must have an Irish girl to take care of her; and I cannot afford to support both."

"Now domestic service is all the while fitting a girl physically, mentally and morally for her ultimate vocation and sphere, to be a happy wife and to make a happy home. But factory work, shop work, and all employments of that sort, are in their nature essentially undomestic, entailing the constant necessity of a boarding house life, and of habits as different as possible from the quiet routine of home.

"The girl who is ten hours on the strain of continued, unintermitted toil, feels no inclination, when evening comes, to sit down and darn her stockings or make over her dresses, or study any of those multifarious economies which turn a wardrobe to the best account. Her nervous system is flagging; she craves company and excitement; and her dull, narrow room is deserted for some amusement or gay street promenade. And who can blame her? Let any sensible woman, who has had experience of shop and factory life, recall to her mind the ways and manners in which young girls grow up, who leave a father's roof for a crowded boarding house, without any supervision of matron or mother, and ask whether this is the best school for training young American wives and mothers.

"Doubtless there are discreet and thoughtful women who amid all these difficulties, do keep up thrifty, womanly, habits, but they do it by an effort greater than the majority of girls are willing to make, and greater than they ought to make. To sew or read or study after ten hours of factory or shop work is a further drain on the nervous powers, which no woman can long endure without exhaustion.

"When the time arrives that such a girl comes to a house of her own, she comes to it as unskillful in all household lore, with muscles as incapable of domestic labor, and nerves as sensitive, as if she had been leading the most luxurous, do nothing, fashionable life. How different would be her preparation, had the forming years of her life been spent in the labors of a family! I know at this moment a lady at the head of a rich country establishment, filling her station in society with dignity and honor, who gained her domestic education in a kitchen in our vicinity. She was the daughter of a small farmer, and when the time came for her to be earning her living, her parents wisely thought it far better that she should gain it in a way which would at the same time establish her health and fit her for her own future home. In a cheerful, light airy kitchen which was kept so tidy always, as to be an attractive sitting room, she and another young country girl were trained up in the best of domestic economies by a mistress who looked well to the ways of her household, till at length they married from the house with honor, and went to practice in homes of their own, the lessons they had learned in the home of another. Formerly, in New England, such instances were not uncommon; would that they might become so again!

"The fact is, the places which the daughters of American farmers used to occupy in our families are now taken by young girls from the families of small farmers in Ireland. These are respectable, tidy, healthy and capable of being taught. A good mistress, who is reasonable and liberal in her treatment, is able to make them fixtures. They get good wages and have few expenses. They dress handsomely, have abundant leisure to take care of their clothes and they soon acquire skill in doing it equal to that displayed by women of any country.

"They remit money continually to relatives in Ireland, and from time to time pay the passage of one and another to this country, and whole families have thus been established in American life by the efforts of the younger girl. Now, for my part, I do not grudge my Irish fellow-citizens these advantages obtained by honest labor and good conduct—they deserve all the good fortune thus accruing to them. But when I see sickly, nervous American women jostling and struggling in the few crowded avenues which are opening to mere brain, I cannot help thinking how much better their lot would have been, with good strong bodies, steady nerves, healthy digestion, and the habit of looking any kind of work in the face, which used to be characteristic of American women generally, and Yankee women in particular.

"The matter becomes still graver by the laws of descent. The woman who enfeebles her muscular system by sedentary occupation and over-stimulates her brain and nervous system, when she becomes a mother, perpetuates these evils to her offspring. Her children will be born feeble and delicate, incapable of sustaining any severe strain of body or mind. The universal cry now about the ill health of young American girls is the fruit of some three generations of neglect of physical exercises and undue stimulus of brain and nerves. Young girls now are universally born delicate. The most careful hygienic treatment during childhood, the strictest attention to diet, dress and exercises, succeeds merely so far as to produce a girl who is healthy so long only as she does nothing. With the least strain her delicate organism gives out, now here, now there. She cannot study without her eyes fail or she has headache; she cannot get up her own muslins, or sweep a room, or pack a trunk, without bringing on a headache; she goes to a concert or a lecture, and must lie by all the next day from the exertion. If she skates she is sure to strain some muscle, or if she falls and strikes her knees or hits her ankle, a blow that a healthy girls would forget in five minutes, terminates in some mysterious lameness which confines our poor sybil for months.

"The young American girl in our times is a creature who has not a particle of vitality to spare—no reserved stock or force to draw upon in cases of family exigency. She is exquisitely strung, she is cultivated, she is refined; but she is too nervous, too wiry, too sensitive; she burns away too fast; only the easiest of circumstances, the most watchful of care and nursing can keep her within the limits of comfortable health:—and yet this is the creature who must undertake family life in a country where it is next to an absolute impossibility to have permanent domestics. Frequent changes, occasional entire break downs, must be the lot of the majority of housekeepers, particularly with those who do not live in cities.

"In fact we in America have so far got out of the way of a womanhood that has any vigor of outline, or opulence of physical proportions, that, when we see a woman made as a woman ought to be, she strikes us as a monster. Our willowy girls are afraid of nothing so much as growing stout; and if a young lady begins to round into proportions like the woman in Titan's and Giorgione's pictures, she is distressed above measure, and begins to make secret inquiries into reducing diet, and to cling desperately to the strongest corset-lacing as her only hopes. It would require one to be better educated than most of our girls are, to be willing to look like the Sistine Madonna or the Venus of Milo.

"Once in a while our Italian opera-singers bring to our shores those glorious physiques which formed the inspiration of Italian painters; and then American editors make coarse jokes about Barnum's fat women and avalanches, and pretend to be struck with horror at such dimensions. We should be better instructed, and consider that Italy does us a favor in sending us specimens not only of higher styles of musical art, but of a warmer, richer and more abundant womanly life. The magnificent voice is only in keeping with the magnificent proportions of the singer. The voice which has no grate, no strain, which flows without effort, which does not labor eagerly up to a high note, but alights on it like a bird from above, there carelessly warbling and thrilling—a voice which then without effort sinks into broad, rich, sombre depths of soft, heavy chest-tone, can only come with a physical nature at once strong, wide and fine—from a nature such as the sun of Italy ripens as he does her golden crops, filling it with the new wine of song."

The Morals of New York "Societies."

An indignant Frenchman, stirred thereto, by a stricture in the New York *Times* upon Parisian vice, declares that the morals of New York, especially in "good society," are much worse than those of Paris. He says:

"Let any foreigner pass through Broadway at night, and observe the signs and transparencies which indicate the entrances to the dens of vice which everywhere abound on that street, and tell me if we have anything to boast of over Paris? Such infamous institutions would not be permitted in that city, or at all events such "indecent display" of them would not be permitted. I know of nothing in which we are behind Paris in these things. We have our public restaurants fitted up with "private apartments for ladies and gentlemen." We have places of public amusement which are notoriously *rendezvous* for improper persons—assignation places under the disguise of places of amusement—picture galleries used for the same purpose. Houses of ill-repute everywhere abound, and are well patronized. Hotels in which persons notoriously reside in the most shamefully illicit relations. Anatomical Museums, too disgusting to be visited by any decent person, are kept open on our most public streets, and rendered very attractive by a gorgeous display of "gas lights," and into which all applicants are admitted without regard to age, sex, or condition. The vice of intemperance, too, is infinitely greater in the city, and in this country, than in Paris. Every American who has been abroad knows this to be true. And as respects admitting improper persons into society, I do not think we have anything to boast of in that particular either.—At the *Bal d'Opera*, a few evenings since—professedly a most select and *recherche* affair—persons might have seen quite as obnoxious to remark as Mdlle, Therese—and as for proprieties of behavior, I am constrained to say that I never saw exhibitions of such gross disregard of the common decencies of life in any *Salle* in Paris, as I saw at the Academy of Music on that occasion. I saw a man take liberties with the person of a female at the supper table too disgusting to mention, and which would not be tolerated in the lowest dancing-garden in Paris. I also saw the son of the editor of the leading (so-called) newspaper of this city so drunk and disorderly that two policemen had him by the throat and collar, ejecting him forcibly from the house. I saw indecencies in dress and costume that would have compelled the wearer to have retired from any company in Paris to which decent people are invited."

Roman Lawyers and their Fees.

The bar with us is one of the great forces of society, and opens a road to affluence and to political success. But the old Roman lawyers seem to have had some advantages over their modern brethern, to judge by an article in the *British Quarterly*:

At first the Roman pleaders received no remuneration beyond the services which every client owed to his patron. Subsequently, when law had become a difficult science, it became the practice for clients to reward their advocates by making them presents, which (to evade the Cinctan law passed to prevent this) were often disguised as secret loans. Before the fall of the republic these fees equaled in magnitude the largest fees known in modern times. Even Cicero, who was regarded as a model of disinterestedness, is said to have received from Publius Sylla about $40,000 as a fee for his forensic services. In modern times many large fortunes have been made at the bar, but, we imagine, none to be compared with that of M. Licinius Crassus, whose fortunes is said to have exceeded $15,000,000. One mode of rewarding advocates, by legacies left to them by their clients, appears to have been a source of considerable profit, and was esteemed highly honorable to the legatee. Cicero boasted that in this way he had received twenty millions of sesterces, more than $800,000. We fear that clients in our days are not so liberal in their last wills and testaments.

In fact, during the best days of Rome success at the bar was the surest introduction to popularity, distinction and political power. No wonder then, that the art of forensic speaking was greatly cultivated with so much success. Probably no age has produced a band of more eloquent men than Cicero and his contemporaries of the Roman bar. Nor were the barristers of Rome distinguished only for oratory. Many of them were men of enlarged erudition, of literary taste, and of varied acquirements. Varo, "the most learned of the Romans," Quintilian, Suetonious, Pliny and Tacitus were all advocates; and the volumes of Cicero still bear testimony to his versatility and power in almost every department of literature. Under the emperors the eloquence of the Roman bar had greatly declined, as all that is manly and great must decline and wither with the loss of freedom. Moreover, the treatment of the bar was not always such as to encourage much mental vigor. Lord Mackenzie relates that one day Gallicus was pleading before the Emperor Claudius near the banks of the river Tiber, when the advocate, having irritated the Emperor, was by his orders thrown into the river. Some days after a client of Gallicus brought his case to Afer, the most celebrated advocate of the age, and requested him to plead it before the Emperor. "Who told you," said Afer, "that I was a better swimmer than Gallicus?

About Good and Poor Milk.

Mr. N. T. True, of the *Maine Farmer*, writes that milk differs more widely in quality than almost any other article. It differs in different breeds, and in cows of the same breed, and even in the same cow at different seasons of the year. Let a cow be fed on meadow hay alone, and that late cut, and her milk will look blue and thin, and void of cream. Buyers of such milk have reason to complain of poor milk. On the other hand, the same cow fed with sweet clover hay, or fed with meal, will give you milk entirely different in quality. Milk kept in a foul cellar will be essentialy affected by the odors arising from the decomposition of vegetable matter.

John W. Geary and the Soldiers of the Mexican War.

Read!!! Read!!! Read!!!

John W. Geary, the candidate of the Radical Abolitionists for Governor of Pennsylvania, was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the 2d Pa. Regiment of volunteers in the war with Mexico, upon the organization of that Regiment in the city of Pittsburgh. William B. Roberts, of this county, was the Colonel commanding and died in the city of Mexico. After his death, Geary was promoted to the Coloneloy. The Fayette County Volunteers were attached to this Regiment, and known as Co. H. They distinguished themselves for gallant conduct and intrepid bravery in all the important engagements from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, including the bloody assaults upon the gates of that city. They continued in service until the end of the war, and were honorably discharged. The survivors, upon their return home, were received with well earned and highly distinguished honours by their fellow-citizens. Here, at the County Seat, they were honored by a splendid reception, participated in by the citizens of the county generally, as well as by the ladies, who greeted their return with all that delicate attention and refined taste peculiar to their sex. At Connellsville, also, they were the recipients of a handsome ovation, the heartfelt tribute of the citizens and ladies of that place and vicinity. The reception at Connellsville took place on Saturday, July 15th. 1848. The reception speech was made by Dr. James C. Cummings, and the response by Sergeant Peter A. Johns. After the delivery of the speeches, and partaking an elegant dinner prepared for the occasion, the returned soldiers met together and unanimously adopted, a preamble and series of resolutions, which show up the character of John W. Geary in such a light as would render his election as Governor an everlasting disgrace to the State of Pennsylvania. These resolutions, it will be seen, were unanimously adopted by true and tried soldiers, by men who knew Geary well, and by men who did not hesitate to proclaim their estimate of his character, and that too not in tender, dainty sentences, but in well expressed and forcible language. The testimony of these proceedings, gains additional force from the fact, that it was uttered at such a time and under such circumstances as to exempt it entirely from any imputation of political influences. The proceedings were published in the papers of this county, by request of the soldiers, on the 27th of July 1848, and here they are. Again we say, read, read, read.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were offered by the returned volunteers, of Company H, 2d Pennsylvania Regiment, and unanimously adopted by the meeting:

WHEREAS, The discharge and arrival home of the remaining members of the Fayette Volunteers has again placed them in the position of citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and enabled them to speak and assert their rights, they now embrace this occasion, the first opportunity since their return, to express their deep and ABIDING INDIGNATION of the conduct of John W. Geary, since he was elected to the command of the 2d Penna. Regiment, at the City of Mexico. The said John W. Geary procured his election by a mere plurality of votes, by FALSEHOOD and DECEPTION—while he was promising to give company H, the privilege of electing their own officers, according to the laws of the State of Pennsylvania; he, the said Geary, bargained with others for votes promising and giving appointments in said company H to men from other companies who might answer his peculiar purposes. The law of Congress of the 13th of May, 1846, calling for Volunteers for the war with Mexico, has this provision:

SECT. 5. And be it further enacted, that the said Volunteers so offering their services shall be accepted by the President, in companies, battalions, squadrons and regiments, whose officers shall be appointed in the manner prescribed by law in the several States and territories to which such companies, battalions squadrons and regiments shall respectively belong.

The said Geary, while he availed himself of this law to get himself into a high office, refused the same right to company H, which legally and properly belonged to them. Therefore,

Resolved, That we, the remaining members of the Fayette County Volunteers, view the conduct of the said John W. Geary towards company H as an OUTRAGE upon their just rights, as secured to them by the laws of Pennsylvania as well as the laws of Congress. The whole course and conduct of the said Geary being INCONSISTENT WITH THE CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN OR MAN OF HONOR—it was treating us as a set of men who did not know their rights, and who could not appreciate them—it was CORRUPT and MERCENARY in all its bearings, characteristic of a LOW AND GROVELING CREATURE, hunting and seeking popularity for courage and patriotism THAT HE NEVER EARNED, by bargaining with supple tools and mercenaries, one of whom at least was a notorious black leg.

Resolved, That the arrest and trial of 1st Sergt. JOHN A. CUMMINGS, by a Court Martial, for daring to assert his rights and those of the company, was A BASE AND COWARDLY EXERCISE OF USURPED AUTHORITY ON THE PART OF THE SAID JOHN W. GEARY—after he, the said Geary, had SURREPTITIOUSLY AND VILLAINOUSLY SUPPRESSED the order of the Adjutant Gen. of this State, (issued by direction of Gov. Shunk,) directing him to fill all vacancies in the 2d Regiment of Penna. Volunteers by election—taking advantage of his STOLEN authority to cover up his WORSE than BASE MOTIVES, and to injure the hard earned fame of a brave and gallant officer.

On motion of Peter A. Johns, it was

Resolved, That all the harm we wish Col. Geary, IS THAT HIS DISGRACE MAY FOLLOW HIM THROUGH ALL THE LANES AND AVENUES OF LIFE, AND THAT HE MAY NEVER DIE OR GET OLD.—*Genius of Liberty.*

The Newspaper.

It is plain that journalism will henceforth and forever be an important and crowded profession in the United States. The daily newspapers is one of those things which are rooted in the necessities of modern civilization. The steam engine is not more essential to us. The newspaper is that which connects each individual with the general life of mankind, and makes him part and parcel of the whole; so that we can almost say, that those who neither read newspapers nor converse with people who do read them are not members of the human *family*;—that is, not actually, not now; though, like the negroes of Guinea, they may become such in time. They are beyond the pale; they have no hold of the electric chain, and therefore do not receive the shock.

There are two mornings of the year on which newspapers have not hitherto been published in the city of New York—the 5th of July and the 2d of January. A shadow appears to rest on the world during those days, as when there is an eclipse of the sun. We are separated from our brethren, cut off, lost, alone; vague apprehensions of evil creep over our mind. We feel, in some degree, as husbands feel, who, afar from wife and children, say to themselves, shuddering, "What things may have happened and I not know it!" Nothing quite dispels the gloom until the *Evening Post*—how eagerly seized—assures us that nothing very particular has happened since our last. It is amusing to notice how universal is the habit of reading a morning paper. A hundred vehicles and vessels convey the business men of New York to that extremity of Manhattan island which may be regarded as the counting-house of the Western Continent. It is not uncommon for every individual in a cabin two hundred feet long to be sitting absorbed in his paper, like boys conning their lessons on their way to school. Still more striking is it to observe the torrent of workingmen pouring down town, many of them reading as they go, and most of them provided with a newspaper for dinner-time, not less as a matter of course than the tin kettle which contains the material portion of the repast. Notice, too, the long line of hackney-coaches on a stand, nearly every driver sitting on his box reading his paper.—*North American Review for April.*

Speculations and Abuses under the Freedmen's Bureau.

Generals Steadman and Fullerton, the Commissioners appointed by the President to investigate the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau in the Southern States, have presented their report. They have performed that duty only in the military departments of Virginia and North Carolina. The effects of the manner in which the affairs of the Bureau have been administered has been carefully noted, as to the relations between the white and black races, and advantage has been taken of every opportunity to converse with people of all classes and conditions, and obtain their opinions with reference to the Bureau. In Virginia a majority of the freedmen to whom rations are delivered are undoubtedly able to earn a living if they were removed to localities where labor could be procured. In the districts controlled by faithful agents of the Bureau there has been no conflict between them and the citizens. But in many places where the agents are not men of capacity and integrity, a very unsatisfactory condition of things exist. This originates from a variety of causes which are inimical to the welfare of the freedmen, and to the arbitrary use of power, &c., in deciding land claims, trying questions involving contracts, crimes and even actions affecting the marital relations. The Commissioners recommend the removal of the officers of the Bureau in Virginia, and that their duties be performed by the officers commanding the troops in that department. The presence of both the Bureau and the military is unnecessary. The restoration of civil law and the recognition of the civil rights to the freedmen renders the latter perfectly secure, with the troops to protect them. The effect of the operations of the Bureau has only promoted habits of industry among the negroes when officers of high character have had control. It is the idle and worthless who look to it for support. General Brown is laboring faithfully and zealously to harmonize and protect the interests of both races.

In North Carolina, the feeling toward the Bureau is much the same as in Virginia, except that there appears to be a more universal desire on the part of all classes to have it removed. Col. E. Whittlesey and the Rev. Horace James, officers of the Bureau, are interested in the cultivation of a large farm in Pitt county. Capt. F. A. Seely, of the Eastern District, is interested in the cultivation of a plantation in Wayne county, and Capt. J. Rosecrans, Commissary of Subsistence, has an interest in a Pitt county plantation. Capt. Seely is charged with prevaricating as to the extent of his interest in the farm. Capt. Rosecrants, who is sub-agent at Newbern under Col. Seely, and Commissary of Subsistence, uses freedmen like the others, and supplies them with rations as part payment for their labor. Rations had frequently been taken from the warehouse at unusual hours. In a particular case of four barrels of pork, Capt. Rosecrans denied all knowledge about it. His brother, a citizen, sometimes an acting Commissary Sergeant, attempted an explanation, to the effect that the pork was delivered to a Mr. Mervin, by mistake and returned. Mervin says he borrowed four barrels of pork of Rosecrans which had been returned, and further, that he had exchanged with Rosecrans two barrels of brown sugar, for two barrels of white sugar and paid Rosecrans five cents per pound for making the exchange. A settlement of four thousand freedmen opposite Newbern is the scene of deplorable misery and want. The small pox recently scourged the place from end to end. The Rev. Mr. Fitz presides over this colony and has exercised the most arbitrary despotic power, and practiced revolting and unheard of cruelties. A tax which the Rev. Mr. Fitz says goes to support the Bureau, is imposed upon the owner of each hut for ground rent. All business transacted by these people is heavily taxed. The Commissioners could not ascertain how much money the Rev. Mr. Fitz had collected in this manner. He says Seely required from him $1,000 per month. Seely evinced a desire to shield Fitz by stating that a great deal of what was said against him resulted from prejudice. A freedman who stole provisions from Seely and James was killed by being shot while attempting to escape from performing the penalty inflicted on him—digging on Seely and James' farm. At Goldsboro, the Superintendent is cultivating two farms on his own account, the freedmen receiving for their labor a little clothing and scarcely a cent of money. At Wilmington, Quartermaster J. C. Mann is cultivating a rice plantation "to convince Southern people that the negro will work." Majo I. C. Wickersham, sub-agent, cultivates a nice plantation near Wilmington. He compelled negroes to fulfil their contracts by putting them to work with ball and chain in the streets of Wilmington. The arbitrary power exercised by some of these officers in making arrests, imposing fines, inflicting punishments, disregarding local laws, and especially the statute of limitations, creates prejudice against the Government. If the officers were all honest and intelligent, with even limited legal information, it might be safe to trust them with this extraordinary power, but in many instances the men do not possess the slightest knowledge of law. Generals Steadman and Fullerton make the same recommendation as to the officers of the Bureau in North Carolina as in the case of those in Virginia.

Legal Notices.

ESTATE OF JAMES BONES, LATE OF Manor township, Lancaster county, dec'd.—Letters of Administration on the estate of said dec'd, having been granted to the subscribers residing in Conestoga township, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them, without delay, properly authenticated for settlement.
WILLIAM W. BONES,
SAMUEL W. WRIGHT,
apr 18 6tw* 15 Administrators.

ESTATE OF PAUL SHERICK, DEC'D.—Letters Testamentary on the estate of Paul Sherick, late of Washington Borough, Lancaster county, dec'd., having been granted to the subscriber residing in said borough: All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them, without delay, properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN EVANS,
may 9 6tw*18] Executor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—ESTATE OF Esther Bartholomew, late of Strasburg township, Lancaster county, dec'd.—The undersigned Auditor appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of John Smith, Administrator of said dec'd, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will attend for that purpose, on TUESDAY, the 29th day of MAY, 1866, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.
BENJ. HERR, Auditor.
may 9 4tw 18

ESTATE OF SUSAN SHEAFFER, (Widow,) late of the City of Lancaster, deceased.—Letters testamentary on said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted thereto are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them without delay for settlement to the undersigned, residing in the township of Penn, said county.
DAVID HOCHSTETTER,
may 3 6tw17] Executor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—ESTATE OF George Weidler, late of East Earl township, Lancaster county, deceased.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of B. F. Kinzer and W. W. Kinzer, Executors of the last Will of said dec'd, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will sit for that purpose on FRIDAY, JUNE 8th, 1866, at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the Library Room of the Court House, in the City of Lancaster, where all persons interested in said distribution may attend.
MARTIN E. STAUFFER,
may 16 4tw 19] Auditor.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM DUGAN, DEC'D.—Letters of Administration on the estate of William Dugan, late of Conoy township, Lancaster county, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber residing in said township: All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them, without delay, properly authenticated for settlement.
JOHN KOB,
may 16 6tw* 19] Administrator.

WANTED.

100,000 SPLIT HICKORY SPOKES,
100,000 HICKORY PLANK,
50,000 POPLAR SCANTLING,
By SPRECHER & SHEAFFER,
Southeast corner of Duke and Church st.
may 16 3mw 19