

TIGHT AND UNSUPPORTED DRESS.—The folly, the wickedness, the slow murder of tight lacing, have often been exposed by the press, and yet, in order to be "in fashion," many ladies still continue to perpetrate this cruel suicide. We can do no more than to warn them, again and again, of the awful penalty that is sure to follow the violation of nature's unchangeable laws.

But another folly almost universally practised by females—the injurious effects of which are not so well understood—should also be exposed and censured. It is best to talk plain in these matters concerning health and life. The ladies, if they appreciate their own welfare, will thank us for it.

There is no doubt that very much of the ill health of females is caused by the load of warm clothing they wear, the only support of which is the hips. Thus they are subjected to a continued dragging weight, together with a continual pressure of the body, and that too, where there are no bones to resist the tightness. The abdomen being thus compressed, the breathing, instead of being full, is only partial. The lungs, instead of being inflated through their whole extent, are only expanded in their upper part—the blood is imperfectly purified, and the results are a fulness about the head, and a "dead" pain almost continually. The lower portion of the lungs, from want of use, become so tender—if we may use the word—that instead of being invigorated, the individual positively endures pain from a full inspiration. Many ladies have seen the foolishness of such a course, and instead of wearing their skirts unsupported, use braces, that the support may come on their shoulders, where it should.

Nor are ladies the monopolists of this system of torture and wicked folly. A cotemporary remarks, that years ago men would not have thought it possible to wear pantaloons hanging to their hips; but we are in an age that likes change, even though it be sometimes for the worse. Look, dear sir, at your boys—at the boys and young men you meet, and if three-fourths of them do not wear their pantaloons without suspenders—see if their young and tender forms are not tightly compressed with a belt, or their pantaloons drawn to an almost torturing tightness with a strap or buckle.

And yet you expect that nature, interfered with in this manner, is to perform her functions as well as if left free to act as God intended. You expect full breathing when the lungs have no room to act—that the blood will be purified when the lungs do not expand to their proper extent—and wonder why children, with this foul blood penetrating their delicate brains, have headaches.

Why, sir, the wonder, and the only wonder to us is, that they are not thus cursed all the time. No wonder that we see puny boys when their breathing is stopped and the circulation impeded. No wonder that the race is said to be degenerating. We enter our indignant protest against this murdering of the innocent. Give them the same chances for life that you had yourselves, fathers, and our word for it, the children will do well enough; but grant us a happy release from this practice of compressing the form of the tender child.—[Troy Times.]

THE STEAM ENGINE.—Behold the giant of the nineteenth century, how he is compelled to tug and strain the tireless sinews of his strength, in countless fields of usefulness and labor! See how bravely he bears us through the storm. Insensible to cold and careless of sleep, behold the snow that blockades our path fly before him in the dim star-light. With mouth full of fire, and nostrils expanded with smoke, here he laughs defiantly at the solstitial rays, beneath which every other laborer would melt. See him furrow the billowy brine for millions of miles, and interchange the growth of different zones. He spans the sea with bridges. He enters the factory, and seizing its central crank, he plies its complicated machinery with inconceivable velocity and power. He weaves our garments and carves our furniture. He multiplies our thoughts in books and newspapers, and impels them through the world.

He bores his way through rock and mountains, and leaves an avenue for the flow of commerce. He grinds the grain of continents, and carries it to meet the necessities of man. He clenches the tough quartz, and crushing it in his iron fist, compels it to surrender the golden treasures it so tightly held. He lifts and excavates; he flames, and saws and hammers, and yet with infinite and ethereal delicacy, he points the finest needle, and draws the metallic threads. No labor is too undignified for him to perform—no task too heavy for him to accomplish. He delights in noise, and dirt, and soot, and smoke. He is not afraid of his dainty fingers. Wherever work is to be done there is his home. Whenever a difficult job is placed before him, his iron muscles fairly thrill with joy.

See how, in the few years of his wonderful activity, whole forests have gone down his throat, leaves, and boughs, and mighty trunks. And who shall say that this laborious Titan has yet fully got himself in harness?—[Luther Marsh.]

ZAT IS MY TRUNK.—In the days of coaching over the Providence turnpike, before railway carriages were in esse, and baggage-crates existed, and when travelers had to keep a sharp look-out for the luggage, some forty or fifty passengers had just stepped on board the "Ben Franklin," and got under way on Narragansett Bay. A gentleman, who had occasion to get some of his wardrobe, had just hauled out from an immense pile of baggage stowed amidships, a new black leather trunk of portly dimensions, studded with brass nails, when a little withered Frenchman, of a mottled complexion, and fashionably dressed, darted from the crowd, and interposing between our friend and his property, exclaimed, courteously but positively,

"I beg your pardon, sarr—mais, pardonnez moi—you have got ze wrenc cochen by ze oreille—zat is my trunk?"

"Not so, monsieur—I hope I know my own traps."

"Restez tranquille—hold on dans un instant, I will prove my prope—ah! you see dis key, eh? Applying it to the lock, he threw up the lid, and then struck a triumphant attitude. "My key unlock you trunk—eh? tell me zat!"

"Stand out of the way!—it's my trunk, I tell you."

"Hold on von leetle minute!—zose shurts, eh?"

"To be sure they are!"

"Zose your drowairs, eh?"

"Certainly!"

"Vait a moment—I will prove my props, sarr?"

and the little Frenchman rumaging beneath a pile of shirts and socks, produced a bottle, and said deliberately, with a hideous grin—

"Zat—your—bot-telle of Dom-frees Ish (Itch) ointment—sarr—eh? Ave you got von leetle Ish?"

Zis your Remede for ze leprosy (leprosy) eh? Ah! I know it was my trunk!"

It is needless to remark that our friend immediately "opened a wide gap" between himself and the interesting victim of two of the most unpopular disorders known to suffering humanity.—[Ex.]

HOW MURAT MET HIS FATE.—The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, equally without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon; nor delay, nor for appeal. He advanced with his own accord toward the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on the narrow esplanade, lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers with loaded muskets awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit them to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive death of a part of its horror.—Murat, in stepping over the threshold of his chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged, and looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile, "My friends," said he, "do not make me suffer by taking bad aim." The narrow space naturally compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast. Do not tremble, do not strike me in the face; aim at the heart; here it is.

As he spoke thus he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a medallion, which contained in one focus of love, the image of his wife and four children, as if he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last hour, or to have their image in his last look as in his last thought. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death-blow without feeling it, absorbed in contemplation of all he loved upon earth! His body, pierced at so short a distance by twelve balls, fell with his arms open, and his face to the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom he had once possessed, and which he had come to reconquer for his tomb.—They threw his cloak upon the body, which was buried in the cathedral of Pizzo. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch; not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the companions of the new Alexander.—[Lamar-tine.]

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.—Once there was a little boy named Johnson, and his father told him not to ride a new pony he had bought, because it had a great many bad tricks, and might throw him. Johnny's mamma had just made him a new suit of clothes, a blue jacket with silver buttons, and a pair of white linen pantaloons.

Johnny's mamma wanted to take him out to visit, but he was so naughty as to tell the coachman to saddle the pony, because his father told him he could ride, but this was not true.

The old coachman told him that he had better not go, but he would, and in truth he looked very grand with his new clothes on, seated on the pony and prancing down the street.

Johnny went on very well until some bad boys in the street popped a whip right under the horses' head, and off he ran. Poor Johnny held on bravely, but it would not do. Just as they came to a soft muddy place the pony gave a hard jerk, pitching Johnny into the mud, and spoiling his fine clothes, besides frightening him dreadfully, but not hurting him.

When the coachman saw the horse come back without Johnny he was terribly scared, and all the neighbors helped to look for him, for they thought he might be injured very much, or perhaps dead, but they met him coming home looking worse than a chimney-sweep, and they were not sorry for him at all, because they knew how disobedient he had been. Then his father shut him up in his study for a whole day, and sold the pony that he had meant to keep until Johnny was older, and his mother kept his soiled clothes, and whenever he wanted to be disobedient, his mother would point to them and say, "Remember your ride, Johnny."

SINGULAR HABITS OF MENAGERIE BEASTS.—A writer in a Cincinnati paper describes a midnight visit to the animals of Raymond & Waring's Menagerie, in winter quarters in that city, with Driesbach, the famous keeper. He says:

It was a sight worth walking ten miles to see. We found, contrary to the assertions of natural historians, an elephant lying down. It has always been asserted that these animals sleep standing. The different caged animals were reposing in the most graceful and classical attitudes. The lion and the tiger, the leopard and the panther, were lying with their paws affectionately twined about each other, without regard to species or nativity. In cages where there is more than one animal, it is the never failing custom for one to keep watch while the others sleep. The sentry is relieved with as much regularity as in a well regulated camp of soldiers, although not, probably, with as much precision in regard to time. The sentinel paces

back and forth, and is very careful not to touch or do anything to arouse his comrades. Occasionally he lies down, but always with his head towards the front of the cage, and never sleeps until he is relieved. This singular custom, Herr Driesbach informs us, since his connection with the Menagerie, he has never known to be violated. Thomas Cart—generally known as Uncle Tom—who is the faithful night watch of the establishment, and who is now the oldest showman in the United States, confirms the statement.—[Ex.]

PADDY'S IDEA OF PERDITION.—Pat McCarthy was a broth of a boy, and altogether as "dacent" a man and as handy with a spade as any of the whole five hundred who were at work upon the railroad, then and now in process of building in the northern part of Ohio. He was a great favorite with the overseer, on account of his faithfulness and integrity of character,—but he had one fault that sorely grieved his employer.

Though as sober as a sexton for six days in the week, Pat could never resist the temptations of "pay day," and when Saturday came round never failed to get as "drunk as a lord." Having tried every other reformatory expedient in vain, the overseer at length bethought of the priest, who prevailed on Pat to "take the pledge," and sent him on his way rejoicing.

But, alas! the next pay day was "too many" for poor Pat, who staggering through the village at noon, met no less a personage than the priest who had attempted to reform him.

"You're lost, Pat—entirely lost!"—said his reverence, with a sigh of genuine sorrow.

Pat was bewildered for a moment, but having stared about him till he had fairly ascertained his local whereabouts, he exclaimed triumphantly—"Lost?—is it lost I am?—lost, in broad day light, half way between Jimmy Stacey's and the court house?—to the devil wid yer nonsense!"

CUT IT SHORT.—A certain barber of our town, having great gift of gab, used always to amuse his customers with his long yarns, while he went through his functions on their heads and faces. One day an old codger came in, took his seat, ordered a shave and hair cut. The barber went to work, and began at the same time one of his long stories, to the no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who, becoming irritable at the barber, said,

"Cut it short."

"Yes, sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gentleman again ordered—

"Cut it short, I say, cut it short."

"Yes, sir," clipping away, and gabbling the faster.

"Cut it short, cut it short, I say," said the old gent.

"Yes, sir," said the barber, going on with his story.

"Will you cut it short?" bawled out the old gent in a rage.

"Can't, sir," said the barber, "for if you'll look in the glass, you'll see I've cut it all off."

And, to his horror, upon looking in the glass, the old gentlemen found all the hair cut from his head.—[Ex.]

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN SOMERSETSHIRE.—At the annual meeting of the Somerset Archaeological Association, which extended over three days, it was stated that the remains of a rhinoceros and other extinct animals had lately been discovered in the neighborhood of Taunton, in connexion with the trees of a forest in which they lived. These trees were of existing species, viz., oak, alder, hazel, &c., thus showing that the climate of the country, when it was inhabited by the rhinoceros, bear, tiger, elephant, hyena, &c., was much the same as it is now. An important paper was also read by the Rev. W. A. Jones, M. A., describing the remains of ancient British hut circles, which he had brought to light on Croydon-hill, in the western part of Somerset. The outlines of several of the cabins were perfect, and some of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had used a great quantity of the stones to drain the adjoining fields. In another paper the author gave a description of the discovery of the calcareous skeletons of corals of the Devonian series, met with in the Quantock-hills. These were supposed to be the remains of coral reefs, akin to those which are found in the present day.—[English Paper, 1855.]

HOW POVERTY MAKES THE MAN.—A distinguished writer appositely says:—

Poverty is the nurse of manly energy, and heaven clinging to the thought, attended by love, and faith, and hope, around whose steps mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength. Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their origin, and what were their early fortune. Were they, as a general rule rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No, such men emerge from the homes of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learned the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants. They know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames. They put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act. The edge of their minds is always kept sharp. In the schools of life, men like these meet the softly nurtured darlings of prosperity, as the iron meets the vessels of porcelain. They crush them to pieces.

WHAT PRIDE COSTS.—An Illinois farmer, writing to a Chicago paper about the expenses of

a settler, says: "His living will vary according to the size of his family, and their propensity to gratify pride, which is always an expensive article in a new country." The good farmer might have added that pride was an expensive article anywhere. Certainly, if it is so costly an affair on a prairie farmer, it is none the less costly in our great Atlantic cities, which are full of the ruin caused by pride. Thousands are annually beggared, and tens of thousands straightened in circumstances by this same pride.

It is pride that makes the father dress his daughters beyond his means. It is pride that induces the mother to do the kitchen work, that Mary Anne may sit in the parlor and practice music. It is pride that leads families to live in houses finer than they can afford, to give showy parties, to waste the surplus of their income in a summer excursion. It is pride that has French mirrors, French laces, French china, French knickknackeries of every sort. It is pride, in short, that is at the root of half the extravagance of the age. Truly did the wise man say, "Pride goeth before destruction." Embarrassment and ruin are what pride costs.

CHINESE MORALITY.—This mental adiosyncrasy includes a moral one of similar character. It is my deliberate opinion that the Chinese are morally the most debased people on the face of the earth. Forms of vice which in other countries are barely named are in China so common that they excite no comment among the natives. They constitute the surface-level, and below them there are depths of depravity so shocking and horrible that their character cannot even be hinted. There are some dark shadows in human nature which we naturally shrink from penetrating, and I made no attempt to collect information of this kind; but there was enough in the things which I could not avoid seeing and hearing—which are brought almost daily to the notice of every foreign resident—to inspire me with a powerful aversion to the Chinese race. Their touch is pollution, and harsh as the opinion may seem, justice to our own race demands that they should not be allowed to settle on our soil.

Science may have lost something, but mankind has gained by the exclusive policy which has governed China during the past centuries.—[Bayard Taylor.]

A SCENE NOT IN THE BILL.—Conspicuous among the audience at the Baltimore Museum, not long since, was a country lovelorn swain and his intended. Whenever the dialogue on the stage turned upon love or marriage, the verdant Adonis bestowed a series of the most energetic hugs upon his equally affectionate deary, which attracted not only universal attention, but impeded the progress of the corps dramatique, who at times were unable to continue their roles, from the laughter excited by the loving couple's manœuvres. Wholly engrossed with the tender passion, the turtles discovered not that general attention was attracted towards them, and commenced a kissing scene. During the progress of this very pleasant and agreeable, but rather too public pastime, a wag seated beside the bride that was to be, attached to her back a placard that was on his seat, labelled in large characters "taken." The explosion of laughter that ensued, was universal, upon which the affectionate pair darted down stairs amid the almost deafening cheers of the audience.

NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.—Energy is the nerve of business, the soul of success. Shame on the craven spirit that on a first repulse sinks into inertia! Pity and contempt be his portion. But thrice three cheers for him who when misfortune throws him, is up and on his feet again before the blow can be repeated.

Such a one gives the world assurance of a man. He may droop for a moment, but instantly the tear is dashed away, the brow is uplifted. Determination unfurls her flag in his dauntless spirit, he sets his soul against his courage and wrestles with his luck. Dashed among rocks, and with a wreck in prospect, he yet steers safely out, sets every sail, and to the astonishment of those who thought his bark a total wreck, steers into port with flying colors.

He is up and on his feet again; up to meet other shocks if they must come; up to galvanize dead friendship into life; up to astonish those who gloried in his defeat; up to prove to them "there's no such word as fail."—[Ex.]

A BABY ELEPHANT.—The N. Y. Sunday Times has seen the baby-elephant that was born recently in that city, and gives a pretty account of the little creature:—

"These baby-elephants are very interesting objects. They are perfectly formed throughout, and differ from their parents only in size—but that difference is so amazing that it becomes ludicrous, and when you see the 'baby' walking to and fro under its mother, you cannot resist the impulse to laugh at the oddity of the comparison. And then the bulky mother's care of her 'baby' is so human like and affectionate. Give the baby an apple, for instance. The mother-elephant first takes it in her trunk, examines it closely, and then returns it to her infant to eat, having satisfied herself apparently of its innocuousness. And so with everything else. The watchful care, the jealous fondness, the assiduous and untiring attention of the parent-monster is eminently worthy of imitation by many a being who makes profession to a much greater share of intelligence."

A late writer traces the superior breeding of Virginians to their food. Their manners are all owing to corn bread. As thus—corn bread is easily digested; easily digested food frees us from pain, and keeps the bowels regular; well-regulated bowels give birth to good health and cheerfulness; cheerfulness makes us urbane; while urbanity gives rise to good breeding and hospitality. According to this philosopher, the