Our First Nurse.

Sit down, and I'll tell you about it. Charley and I were engaged; and as youth comes but once, we got married, and left other couples to grow gray, if they liked, on the distant prospect of damask curtains, fine furniture, and trains of servants. Charley did not know the meaning of a "club house;" and as to the diamonds and satins the shopkeepers flashed in my eyes, I did not give them a thought. We had some nice books and some choice engravings. You might have gone into many a parlor on which hundreds had been lavished, and liked ours all the better when you came back. Still it wanted something—that we both agreed; for no house can be said to be properly furnished without a *baby*. Well, Christmas day brought us one, weighing the usual eight pounds, and as lively as a cricket. Such lungs it had! Charley said it was intended for a minister.

Well, now it was all right; at least it would have been if the baby had not involved a nurse. We had, to be sure, a vague idea that we must have one, and as vague an idea of what a nurse was. We thought her a good kind of creature who understood babydom, and never interfered with any little family arrangements. Nota bit of it.

Of course, the first thing she did was to make preparations to sleep in my room.—Poor Charley was sent off into a desolate spare chamber; Charley, whose shaving operations I had watched with such interest—whose cravats I had tied to suit my fancy every morning; whose hair I had brushed up; and—well, never mind the rest, the old maids and old bachelors will deem all this perfectly ridiculous.

It was soon evident that this bran new baby of ours gave nurse an ascendency over us. You might have seen this with half an eye, as she folded her hands complacently over her apron strings, and sat down in my little rocking-chair by the fire opposite the bed, and then fixed her basilisk eyes upon me as Charley left the room. Poor Charley! he neither drank, nor smoked, nor gambled; he was too fond of home for any of these things. So he wandered up stairs and down, and sat in the parlor staring at the fire till he could bear it no longer, and then stole up stairs to get comforted. But as often as he did so, would you believe it? that woman watched his every movement; just as if he were infringing some one of her rights and immunities.

What if he did bring me a sly piece of cake in his pocket? Who likes to live forever upon gruel? What if he did open the sun-blind and let a little blessed sun-light in, when she tried to persuade us into a belief that "it would hurt baby's eyes?" What if he did steal one of her knitting needles, when she sat there, evening after evening, knitting round and round and round that interminable old grey stocking, until my nerves were wound up to the screaming point? What if I did tell him that she always set her rocking-chair upon that loose board in the floor which sent forth that ugly squeak, and that she always said, "Bless me!" and yet was sure to get on it the very next time she sat down? What if I did tell him that after dinner she always wanted to take a sly nap, and would muffle the baby up in so many blankets that it could not cry if it wanted to, and would draw the curtains closely round my bed, and tell me "it was high time that I took a nap,"—I, that could never, either by stratagem or persuasion, be induced to sleep in the day time?

And what if I did complain to him that she wanted to put a sticky pitch plaster upon my neck, for a little ghost of a cough, (occasioned by her stirring the ashes in the grate too furiously,) and that when I clapped it on the bedpost instead, she muttered spitefully, that "a handsome neck would not keep me out of my coffin?" What if I did tell him that she tried on my niece little lace collars when she thought I was asleep at night, though I cannot bear to have anybody mussing my things about after I have laid them so orderly in my drawer? And what if I complained that she kept pressing me so constantly to drink detestable porter, under the pretence that its second-hand influence might "make the baby sleep?" What if I did do all this? Was he not my husband? Didn't I tell him everything; laugh with him; cry with him? And didn't he like it, too? Of course, he did.

And poor Charley! he was forlorn too.—His cravats were tied like a fright all the time I was confined; his buttons were off his pretty velvet vest; and he hadn't had the heart to get his boots blacked. Poor Charley!

Well, that nurse had the impudence to tell us, at last, "we acted like two children." Children! We! Us! The parents of that eight pound baby! That was the last drop in our cup. Charley paid her off; and I was so glad when she went that I laughed until I cried.

Then we both drew a long breath and sat down and looked at the new baby—our baby; and Charley asked me about its little sleeping habits, and I told him with a shake of the head, that I could not speak definitely on that point. Then we discussed the respective merits of cribs and cradles, and the propriety of teaching, at an early period, that impressive line of Mrs. Hemans—

"Night is the time for sleep!"

And then Charley got up, put on a noiseless pair of slippers, arranged the fire-irons, oiled the creaking hinge of the door, laid a chair over the squeaking board in the floor, that he might not tread on it, then gently shaded the night lamp, and looked at me with a sort of congratulatory nod. So far well; but in hanging his vest over a chair, out rattled a perfect tempest of florins, shillings, and sixpenses, on the hearth! Of course, the baby woke, frightened out of I don't know much growth, and screamed until it was black in the face. In vain its poor, inexperienced papa kissed it, scratching its little velvet face with his rough whiskers the while! In vain we both walked the floor with it; the fire went out, the lamp went out; and just at daybreak it came to us like a revelation, the sarcastic tone of the old nurse, as she said, "Good by; I hope you'll get along comfortably with the dear baby."

And so we did. Do you suppose one night's watching was going to quench our love, either for the baby or for each other? No, nor a thousand like it; for as Dr. Somebody hath it, "it was one of the kind that was not born to die."—*Extract.*

TRIFLING DIFFERENCES.—What is the difference between large bodies of water when stirred by a trumpet and a devoted swain?—The one makes love and the other lakes move.

What is the difference between a glovemaker for the nobility and one who adores women? The one loves the girls, but the other gloves the earls.

What is the difference between a well-known sort of chewing tobacco and a certain Irish name? The one is honey due and the other is Donahue.

What is the difference between anger and an oven? One makes you heat and the other bakes your meat.

What is the difference between a washed jackass and a ragged outer garment? One is a clean MOKE and the other a mean cloak.

What is the difference between a centipede in a bath tub and a squalling child just in the way? One is appaling in a bath and the other a-bawling in the path.

What is the difference between the highest unit and a beautiful quadroon girl? One is a fine nigger and the other a nine figure?

What is the difference between a successful lover and his rival? The one kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss.

BETTER THAN A DRAM.—A hint for workmen in poor health, who have to rise early, and to walk any great distance before breakfast: Into the bottom of a tumbler or sugar basin put the yolk of two eggs (when they are cheap) and mill them up into a froth, with some powdered lump sugar or brown sugar, then fill the tumbler or basin with boiling coffee, and you will have a "before breakfast" fit for a king, and on the strength of which you may defy malaria or a ten miles walk. I write this for the "delicate," as health is everything with them, for themselves and their families; and it is better far than taking the morning dram or glass of beer; and it is a cheaper and far better tonic than can be purchased. Engineers on railways agree that coffee is the very best thing to take early in the morning. Plumbers and painters should drink "pure unadulterated" milk.

[From the New York Mirror.]

Hair.

As the eye gives beauty of expression to the face, so does the hair give beauty and elegance to the shape of the head which would otherwise be unformed. To whatever age we refer, we find hair has been cultivated and preserved by those women who desire to please, as among the first of those charms which gave them power over mankind. The ancients differed materially from us in their taste, for with them, and indeed to a very late date, yellow hair was considered the most beautiful, and belonged entirely to youth, while dark hair was the color worn by matronly dames and aged men. Thus we find Demertius of Macedonia, an uncivilized Charles II, dyeing his hair yellow in accordance with this custom, Sometimes false hair was used. The custom died in giving place to the powdered hair introduced during the reign of Louis XIII, of France.

Shakespeare makes Bassiano in the "Merchant of Venice," speaking of yellow hair, says:

"Look on beauty,
And you shall see it purchased by the weight
Which therein works a miracle of nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head—
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre."

About the only exception we find to this custom in ancient times, are those of Sappho—the "Tenth Muse" of Plato Julius Cæsar, and Theseus. Sappho is said to have had very dark hair. Alceus one, of her lovers, calls her,

"Dark haired, chaste, sweetly smiling Sappho."

and Antipater speaks of her as

"The beautiful dark haired woman of Lesbos."

Julius Cæsar was extremely negligent of his hair, and had dark hair, while Theseus who, according to Plutarch, was a "dark-haired, handsome youth," won Ariadne by a total neglect of hair dressing.

Milto, better known as Aspasia, so called from her great resemblance to that great beauty, is represented "with yellow hair, the locks a little curled, and long and beautifully flowing." She was the only woman in the Court of Cyrus, of Persia, whose favorite she became, who did not color or adorn her hair. From this, we judge this custom was often at variance with the simplicity of nature.

Baily, whom we cannot but look upon as a madman, yet whose lines in their madness are even more grand than those of Lee, says in a strain gorgeously beautiful:

"With lightsome brow, and beaming eyes, and bright,
Long, glorious locks, which drop upon thy cheek,
Like gold-hued cloud-flakes on the rosy morn."

And Byron speaks of "long floating auburn curls" and "glossy ringlets."

Hector, accorking to Homer, had black hair, and his great enemy Achilles had yellow hair. Describing the funeral rites of Patroclus, Homer says:

"Patroclus descent on the appointed ground,
They place, and heap the sylvan pyla around,
But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides her yellow hair;
Those curling locks which from his youth he vowed,
And sacred grew, to Sperchula, honored flood."

Alexander the Great had long flowing hair and richly curled. His mother is represented in medals of her age, according to Plutarch, with leaves gracefully intertwined in her hair. It was a custom with the ancients to powder their hair yellow, as it lately was to powder white.

Beards have always been considered as a type of wisdom. Lucian speaks of several cases in which the beard of a man was taken as the recommendation of his skill in physic. The golden beard of Æsculapius is quite a famous.

Plutarch informs us that a certain omen having been translated by the Soothers to read that "a person of courage and superior beauty should take the reins of government in his hands, and suppress the tumults with which Rome was then agitated." Sylla, who was then in power, said, "I am the man, for my locks of gold are sufficient proof of my beauty."

Boadicea had yellow hair which fell in rich profusion down to her thighs.

The Emperor Nero had yellow hair as did also his wife Poppæ Sabina. A single hair coming out of her head Nero caused it to be fastened with gold to the head of the statue of Juno.

Byron, who had an appreciative eye for every point of female beauty, and language no less beautiful to express it, says of golden locks:

"Here I can trace the locks of gold
Which round thy snowy forehead wave."

And again:

"That form with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of geminoid and braided hair,
With shape of fairy lightness."

Charlemage had hair of an unusual color for a man in the prime of life—beautifully white.

Lucretia Borgia was possessed of hair which caught and charmed the eye of Lord Byron, and that tasteful judge of beauty, Leigh Hunt, added to the beauties of being of a golden hue, and luxuriant, falling in rich profusion over her shoulders, it possessed the charm of length and fineness.—Leigh Hunt, in that beautiful article published in the Indicator on "Female Beauty," after stating he is in possession of a single hair of this mysterious and beautiful being says: (we quote from memory.) "If ever hair was golden it is this; it is not red; it is not yellow; it is not auburn; it is golden and naught else, and though natural looking, too, must have had a surprising appearance in a mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture—an angel from the sun."

Mary Stuart, in childhood, had yellow hair, but in age she wore false yellow to conceal her gray locks. Brantone says of her gray hair:

"Si beau—si blonde—et cendres."

Elizabeth of England wore false yellow hair, and that red! "There is no accounting for tastes."

Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," had brown hair. His taste was in favor of yellow.

Tasso, the great epic poet, had yellow, and sang of no other.

A sketch of the Countess Guicicoli reads thus: "Her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn."

The French first introduced powdered hair as a beauty, and among the first whom we hear of as using powder, is Annie of Austria, wife of Louis XII, whose hair was a light brown, curling, and of great profusion. This style we cannot admire. The only true state for hair is its natural one. "Heaven never hangs out false colors."

The hair of Ninon de L'Enclos was long and curling, of a dark brown color, which she usually tastefully arranged and adorned with pearls.

Catherine of Russia had hair of a beautiful light brown color, which she dressed with great skill and simplicity.

The action of grief upon the hair has, in many cases, been most effectual. Maria Antoinette's hair turned gray from grief. Byron speaks of hairs "gray from anguish," and in the "Prisoner of Chillon:"

My hair is gray, but not with years;
Nor grew it white,
In a single night,
As men's have grown by sudden fears.

Collins, in his ode to the "Passions," says of Hope:

"And Hope enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair."

As mementos, hairs in all ages have been in use, and there is no custom more beautifully poetical than this. Death robs us of a being loved and esteemed. Time brings forgetfulness.

"For the griefs
That press on busy spirits may not turn
Their steps aside from the worn paths of life;
Or bear upon the memory, when the quick
And selfish course of daily care sweeps by."

Memory is fruitful, and such mementos are quick awakeners.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind,
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains:
With hairy springs we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey.
Hair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us by a single hair.—*Pope.*

And each unto the other was a dream;
And so they gazed without a stir or breath,
Until head into the golden stream
Of her wide tresses, loosened from her wreath,
Sank back, as she did yield again to death.—*Lord.*

Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gem which round it gleam,
Are the pure drops of dewy even,
That ne'er have left their native heaven.—*Dr. Blake.*

An angel face; its sunny wealth of hair,
In radiant ripples bathed the graceful throat,
And dimpled shoulders.—*Francis S. Osgood.*

Ascent of Mount Ararat.

Major ROBERT STUART, of the British army, in a communication to the London Times, gives an interesting account of the ascent of Mount Ararat, made by himself and four other Englishmen. The party started on the 11th of July. We give the following extract, which concludes the account of the ascent:

Wrapping ourselves in our rugs, we passed the night as well as could be expected, and at peep of dawn on the 14th we resumed the ascent. It certainly was toilsome and slow, but was nevertheless satisfactory.

From an elevation of about fourteen thousand feet above the sea we saw the sun rise in unclouded majesty, lighting up simultaneously to our view vast tracts of the Russian, Persian, and Turkish empires. That was a glorious sight never to be forgotten.

About one thousand two hundred feet from the summit we came upon an oak cross that had been fixed there in the rock by Professor Abich in the year 1845. It was in Russian characters and was still legible.

This was the most difficult part of our ascent. The obstructions were frequent, and the climbing at times perilous; but caution and perseverance enabled us to overcome everything, and at nine, A. M., we had the satisfaction of standing on the highest point of the mountain. Here I struck to the hilt in the snow at kama, or short double-edged sword, which we found at the foot of Abich's cross. Here also, as loyal Britons, we drank the health of our beloved Queen in brandy. Her Majesty will, perhaps, deign to accept this expression of allegiance on considering that her's is probably the first name that has been pronounced on the solemn height since it was quitted by the great patriarch of the human race, for no record or tradition exists of the ascent having ever been made before, although repeatedly tried by men of different countries, both European and Asiatic. Professor Abich made several attempts, but failed in all, as is proved by the position of the cross, by the testimony of the natives, and even by the confession of his own countrymen.

We descended on the tracks of the others, and got back to the tents about four p. m.

The whole surface of Mount Ararat bears evidence of having been subjected to violent volcanic action, being seamed and scored with deep ravines. The rocky ridges that protrude from the snow are either besalt or turfa; and near the surface we found some bits of pumice on a spot which still emits a strong sulphurous smell.

The summit itself is nearly level, of a triangular shape, the base being about two hundred yards in length, the highest point is at the apex of the triangles, which points nearly due west. Separated from it by a hollow is another point of nearly-equal altitude, and the base of the triangle is an elevated ridge, forming a third eminence. These three points stand out in distinct relief on a clear day.

The snow on the top is almost as dry as powder, and in walking over it we did not sink more than half way to the knee. The impression left on my mind is that the summit is an extinct crater filled with snow. We experience no difficulty of respiration; except being sooner blown by exertion than we should have been at a lower level. The cold was intense, and though a perfect calm prevailed at the time at the foot of the cone, as we afterwards learnt, a keen wind was blowing from the west, which raised a blinding mist of fine snow that prevented us taking any distant views.

As may be supposed, our success has created no small sensation throughout the country. The fame of it preceded us wherever we went. It was announced as a sort of wonder to the caravans traveling eastward, and the Kaimakam of Bayazid has made it the object of a special report to Constantinople.

From the sacred character of the mountain, and the traditions associated with it throughout the East, identical as they are with scriptural records, I am inclined to think that a degree of importance will attach to this performance in popular estimation beyond what is due to a mere exhibition of nerve and muscle; and this, no doubt, will tell in favor of our national prestige.

On the 15th we ascended Lesser Ararat; but this, being an ordinary affair, does not call for a detailed account. I would only observe that perhaps from no other spot in the world can a finer or more extensive view be obtained. This view we had the good fortune to enjoy to perfection, with a cloudless sky and clear atmosphere.

To save our readers the trouble of referring to a gazeteer, I may state that the summit of Greater Ararat is 17,323 feet above sea level, and 14,300 above the plain; from base of cone to summit may be above 6,000 feet. Lesser Ararat is 13,093 feet about sea level.

MORE ABOUT THE AEGOLITE.—We understand that this curious phenemenon was observed at Copper Harbor, Eagle Harbor, the Cliff Mine, Ontonagon, the Norwich Mine, and at Superior. The distance between Marquette and Superior, is a straight line, is not far from two hundred and fifty miles, which may aid us in forming something like a correct conception of the immense magnitude of this object. The most minute observations which have come to our knowledge were made at the Norwich Mine, and on board the propeller Manhattan.

The passengers and crew of the vessel observed a fire ball of the most dazzling brilliancy, about half the apparent diameter of the sun, very high in the heavens, and moving toward the South, attended by a roaring or rushihg sound, terminating with explosion. It remained in sight about thirty seconds, when it suddenly disappeared or faded away. A line of smoke or cloudy vapor was thrown off from the fiery nucleus as it moved along, which remained visible in the heavens for half an hour or more, after it had disappeared. At first this lay on a line making the path of the meteor. But it soon began to wind itself into a sinuous or serpentine form and finally coiled up.

At the Norwich mine it appeared very high in the heavens, about North and to move in a Southwestward direction; some four minutes after its disappearance there were two or three loud reports following each other in rapid succession like the roar of a distant cannon. The phenomenon was witnessed by twenty or thirty persons, who noted the time between its disappearance and the sound spoken of, and computed its distance from the earth to be about forty-five miles.

Our able contemporary of the Miner, who is good authority upon such matters, says:—

"Its size cannot be very definitely ascertained, but it must have been very great.—There are optical reasons which prevent our approximating with certainty to the true dimensions of a ball of fire such as this appeared to be. The observers at the Norwich and on the lake represent it as having been about half the diameter of the moon. A solid substance to appear so large at a distance of forty miles must be 800 feet in diameter."

"The object was undoubtedly a detonating Meteor or Aeroline, of the same character of those which have been observed and recorded for the past two thousand years.—The stones of which they are composed are found in great numbers in various portions of the earth. They uniformly contain iron, nickle, corals, nowhere else found. They do not belong to our earth or atmosphere, bnt are probably minute asteriods performing their regular orbits around the sun, and are drawn to the earth when they fall within the sphere of attraction of that planet. They always move with planetary velocity."—*Lake Superior Journal, Sept.* 13.

☞ A correspondent writing us from New Elizabeth, Hendricks county, says that at a Black Republican meeting held at that place, on the evening of the 24th ult., to hear "H. C. NEWCOMB and other able speakers," the entire crowd, all told, numbered just twenty-five.

AT Mr. NEWCOMB's appointment, at North Salem, on the afternoon of the same day, his audience was not QUITE so large as at New Elizabeth.

Fremontism is running to seed out in Hendricks.

Small Feet.

Women are mistaken when they suppose a small foot an element of beauty. A foot should bear a just proportion to the figure; if too large, it argues coarseness, and gives a heaviness to the manner—the person labors with a cumbrous platform beneath him, which entirely forbids ease and grace of movement. A large foot, however, argues a certain honesty of character. We are sure Andrey had large feet; we knew it instinctively when Touchstone interrupts his discourse with the melancholy Jacques to say, "bear your body more seemly, Andrey."

Large feet imply stability. A man who is jealous in his temper should marry a woman whose feet are large; such are generally keepers at home, and modest withal—they are not given to gadding—their feet abide in their house.

Large feet are incompatible with genius, or the finer shades of character. They have a natural and inveterate planting to the earth, which is not favorable to the flights of fancy, or the delicate observances of sentiment.—They are apt to have, also, an unseemly scuff, and what country people call a "ke chuch" sound, because of their weightiness. Such persons, also, who have large feet, are apt to wear the shoe down at the heel—in other words, to go slip-shod—a thing unpardonable and monstrous in such a one, albeit dainty foot may be very taking thus carelessly sandalled. But the experiment is hazardous to make.

"When swift Camilla scours the plain,"

and the country maiden scarcely starts the dew from the grass as she 'trips' along, we are sure their feet are small, for large feet cannot "trip;" hence, when Touchstone says "Trip, Andrey, trip," we knew it is in mockery.

Large feet are apt to send the toe up into the air while walking, in most unseemly wise. They cannot

"Dance so footingly.
Observing tune and time.

On the contrary, they are apt to lag behind the measure, like the laugh of a collard behind a joke.

No man requiring speed would send a large footed messenger, because of the delay caused by the difficulty which such persons find in overcoming so much force of gravity; therefore "foot-hot" was a goodly phrase of the olden time to signify speed, and Mercury is well symbolized with wings upon his feet. Indeed, as the form of the foot fixes the destiny of an animal, so the size of the foot is a fair index to character.

We do not like a foot too small for the height any more than we like one too large. A small foot indicateth coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Enobarbus:

"I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street."

No woman ever did or would have done the like but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet.

Antony sends her pearls, saying:

"The firm Roman to great Egyptsends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose feet,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms."

No man alludes to a woman's foot in any way if he loves her, unless it be beautiful.

Hermione, on the contrary, had a firm, well proportioned foot, betokening majesty. When she enacts the statute scene, we are sure she had a well-sized foot.

"Oh! royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty,"

is the exclamation of Leontes.

A woman will never enact the part of a statue if conscious of an ill foot, unless her intellectuality may have perverted her instincts, as in the case of Madam de Stael, who at one time personated in this way; and Talleyrand, if we mistake not, offended her past retirement, by saying he knew who it was by the *pes destal*, (pedestal,) a terrible pun where the feet and ankles are ill-shaped.

Desdemona, Ophelia, and Cordelia must have had long, slender feet, which go with more sentiment than with magnetism or genius. Miranda, on the contrary, had elegantly proportioned feet, worthy the chaste Diana herself. Then, too, Kate, dainty Kate, the sharp shrew, the pretty vixen, had a little arched foot, graceful and elastic as the spring of the tiger's. When Petruchio says,

"Why does the world report that Kate doth limp,"

it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more when he says,

"Did ever Diana so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait!"

Tennyson hath a delicate eye for a foot when he represents Idea in this wise:

"She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those same leopards. Kitten-like he rolled
And pawed about her sandal."

And again, describing the retinue of the princess climbing the rock in pursuit of minerals, he says:

"Many a light foot shone a jewel set
In the dark crag."

Women with large feet never like to climb the hills.

The sentiment of beauty is less in size than in a certain litheness and elasticity.—"Light as a fawn, "Fleet as the greyhound," "With a step like the stag," are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman.

Dress has a great effect upon the foot, and we fear very long dresses demoralize it. The long robe certainly destroys its elasticity.—We like to see the foot

"Beneath the petticoats,
Peep out and in, like little mice,
Which shun the light."

This was very pretty in a lover who saw his mistress bathing her feet in a brook, and wrote her:

"Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the water sweet;
Fear not, lizard, newt or toad
Will not dare to come where thou hast trod."

The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick—that of the Irish flat and square—the English short and flimsy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionably small.

A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a spring to it, as if did not quite belong to the earth, and touched it daintily if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness—should be round and firm, and not too small.

"I have hurt the wrist of my foot," said a beautiful child, who never misplaced a phrase, because his words were given him only as he stood in need of them. Now this pretty phrase "wrist of my foot," conveys the true idea of an ankle. It should have the grace and flexibility of the wrist, to which it corresponds.

Touching this subject we often thought it unseemly when beautiful women go to be newly sandalled, and we see them place their foot so composely upon the knee of the artisan, with the white covering nestling away amid frills and embroidery. We were the more convicted of unseemliness when we read the following lines, sent to the house together with a pair of delicate gaiters, from one of our fashionable city shoe stores:

"A little glove stirs up my heart, as tides stir up the ocean,
And snow white muslin, when it fits, wakes many a curious notion.
All sorts of lady fixins thrill my feelings as they'd order,
But little female gaiter-boots are death, and nothing shorter."

☞ A person of our acquaintance asked another how old he thought Miss R——was. I do not know her age exactly; he replied; she varies from seventeen to twenty-five.

FAST TRAVELLING.—It is said that the train on the Great Northern Railroad, on which the Queen of England was a passenger, on her journey to Scotland, was driven at the rate of seventy miles an hour.

☞ Colonel JIM LANE, with a squad of his Kansas cavalry, are at present in Nebraska. They found it *convenient*, we presume, to leave Kansas by the shortest route, and at as good speed as the state of the roads would permit.

A FREMONT GERMAN.—The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says that LOUIS RITTER—a notorious FREMONT German of that city—recently wrote as follows:

"THE COLORED POPULATION IN CLEVELAND ARE MORE INTELLIGENT AS A CLASS, THAN THE IRISH AND GERMANS OF CLEVELAND."

This declaration of sentiment was undoubtedly provoked by the fact that the great mass of the Irish and German population of Cleveland are found arrayed in opposition to black republicanism. RITTER should emigrate to Africa—he would there find society more congenial to his feelings. His countrymen we opine, would not be sorry to get rid of him.

MARK THE PREDICTION!—As in 1855 Virginia served as a breakwater in arresting the tide of know-nothing fanaticism that was sweeping over the country, so in 1856 (says the Trenton True American) will the middle and western States—New Jersy, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—perform the same patriotic function in resisting and beating back the black and swelling surges of abolitionism and disunion that are crowding upon us from the East, and whose murmurs sound

"Like the raven's croak on the infected house."

☞ JAMES GORDON BENNETT is greatly shocked by the attacks of some know nothing papers on his private character! Poor fellow! he was horrified in the same way when the manager of the opera excluded him from the house as one coming under the head of "improper persons."

ANOTHER ACCESSION.—Mr. Geyer, U. S. Senator from Missouri, an old line Whig has written a long and able letter in which he abandons the Fillmore party and announces his determination to vote for and aid in the election of Buchanan.

M'KERNAN & EDGAR.
REAL ESTATE AND STOCK OFFICE.

Rates of Commission are as follows:

All sales from $300 to 3,000 inclusive, will be taxed at 2 ⅌ cent, as commission; as the value of the property advances above $3,000 the rate per cent. will decrease in the following ratio: From $3,000 to 4,000 at 1¾ ⅌ cent.; from 3,000 to $5,000 1½ ⅌ cent.; from 5,000 to $7,000 1¼ ⅌ cent.; from $7,000, and as much greater as the sum may be, it will not be less than one per cent. and all sums as above mentioned going above $3,000 will be 2 ⅌ cent.; charged on first $3,000. On all sales of property, which we do not make commission is charged. No sale, no commission or charge whatever. We require notice to be given two weeks previous to a withdrawal of property from our books. And we further wish it understood that we hold all persons responsible for the commission on Property when trades may be commenced with the owners of said property before the withdrawal of the same.

Washington St., Adjoining the Palmer House.
Have now ENTERED ON THEIR BOOKS more than

$1,000,000 REAL ESTATE

For sale on Commission.

FARMS IN MARION COUNTY.

No 243. 50 acres 1 mile north-west of Indianapolis, on Fall Creek.
No 271. 360 acres of land and a grist mill, situated on Fall Creek north-east of Indianapolis.
No 330. 240 acres 8 miles south of Indianapolis; 120 acres in cultivation.
No 427. 70 acres of land 7 miles south of Indianapolis.
No 356. 56 acres land east Deaf and Dumb Asylum.
X 373. One-half of a flouring mill, 4½ miles N. E. of Indianapolis.
No 415. 320 acres 2 miles east of Indianapolis in a high state of cultivation.
No 517. 80 acres in Lawrence Township, 6 miles N. E. of Indianapolis.
No 569. 21½ acres three-fourths of mile east of Indianapolis.
No 610. 96 acres 2 miles west of Indianapolis; good improvements, with saw mill.
No 650. 400 acres on the line of Marion and Johnson counties, 12 miles from Indianapolis, 2 miles from Lawrenceburgh R. R.; tolerably improved.
No 691. 95 acres 1½ miles south of Indianapolis, part improved.
No 786. 15 acres; 10 cleared, 5 timber, on the Crawfordsville Road, 2 miles west of Indianapolis.
No 807. A grist mill and saw mill on Eagle Creek 8 miles west of Indianapolis. Will exchange in part for city property.
No 829. 164 acres on the Michigan Road, 2 miles east of the donation line; 100 acres improved, balance in pasture.
No 373. A farm of 265 acres adjoining Ind'pl's.
No 864. 160 acres land 3 miles S. E. of Indianapolis; 90 acres improved.
No 893. 39 acres land near Indianapolis; good improvements.
No 915. A grist and saw mill and 10 acres of land, 2 miles west of Indianapolis on T. H. & R. R. R.
No 917. 40 or 50 acres of land on Michigan Road, one-half mile from Indianapolis.
No 933. 24 acres improved land, 7 miles S. E. of Indianapolis.
No 934. A grist and saw mill and 50 acres of land, 8 miles north-west of Indianapolis, on the Crawfordsville Road.
No 935. 119 acres highly improved land 3 miles south east of Indianapolis.

BOONE COUNTY.

No 299. 168 acres of land near Northfield.
No 790. 80 acres, one-half improved; to trade for R. R. Stock.
No 19. 80 acres south-west of Lebanon.
No 603. 160 acres, 60 acres cleared; 8 miles north-west of Lebanon.
No 790. 80 acres land, some improvements.
No 919. 250 acres land, 2 miles from Northfield; good improvements.
No 922. 30 acres land 14 miles from Indianapolis.
No 927. 119 acres land 1½ miles from Lebanon. Will trade for city property.

BENTON COUNTY.

No 520. 430 acres timber land.

BARTHOLOMEW COUNTY.

No 784. A grist mill and saw mill on Clifty Creek 10 miles east of Columbus, all in good order.
No 215. 80 acres land, with saw mill, grist mill, saw mill and woolen factory, 6 miles north of Columbus.

CLARK COUNTY.

No 879. 189 acres land splendidly improved, ten miles from Louisville and nine from New Albany.
No 924. 130 acres land, some improvements.

CLINTON COUNTY.

No 427. 160 acres land one-half mile from I. & L. Railroad; part cleared.
No 879. 200 acres land 4 miles from Thorntown.
No 885. 163 acres land with good improvements.

DELAWARE COUNTY.

No 585. 160 acres land, 60 acres cleared, 12 miles from Muncietown.
No 601. 132 acres, timbered land.
No 909. 160 acres land 7 miles from Muncietown.

DAVIESS COUNTY.

No 487 281 acres timbered land.

DEARBORN COUNTY.

No 390. 150 acres land, 90 cleared; good improvements.

FULTON COUNTY.

No 577. 120 acres 1 mile from Rochester.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.

No 799. 80 acres well timbered 6½ miles from Brookville.
No 805. A steam saw mill with 5 acres land, seven miles from Brookville.

HENDRICKS COUNTY.

No 920. 120 acres land, 40 in cultivation.
No 907. 10 acres land and a good new steam saw mill 4½ miles north of Danville.
No 268. One undivided half of a steam flouring mill with 4 acres of land at Stilesville.
No 785. 10 acres of land with a steam saw mill.
No 827. 153 acres 4 miles north of Danville, 100 acres cleared; best watered farm in the county.

HANCOCK COUNTY.

No 460. 160 acres one mile north of N. Road.

HOWARD COUNTY.

No 882. 160 acres of land, 4 acres cleared.
No 883. 120 acres land 7 miles from county-seat.

HAMILTON COUNTY.

No 646. 86 acres one-half mile from Fortsville. Improvements good.
No 835. 40 acres about three miles north of Westfield, to trade for property in Indianapolis.

HENRY COUNTY.

No 419. 186 acres land, well improved and a good grist mill on Blue River one half mile from Knightstown.

JASPER COUNTY.

No 605. 10,000 acres land.
No 633. Several tracts of wild lands.
No 865. 4,000 acres, mostly fenced.
No 906. 320 acres land, half timbered.
No 926. 300 acres part prairie.

JOHNSON COUNTY.

No 841. 127½ acres 2 miles west of the Bluffs.

JENNINGS COUNTY.

No 637. 100 acres land, well improved, with a large flouring mill, situated one-fourth of a mile from Vernon.
No 851. 40 acres land, good improvements; two miles from Owensville.
No 887. 86 acres land on M. & I. Railroad, three miles from Queensville. Improved.

MADISON COUNTY.

No 273. 172 acres land 2 miles north-east of Chesterfield; 90 acres cleared.
No 384. 280 acres. 22 miles.
No 778 400 acres timbered land best quality; will be exchanged for city property.
No 802. 160 acres improved land, one-half mile from the town of Anderson.
No 803. 160 acres part under cultivation, 6½ miles from Anderson on the R. & I. Railroad.
No 812. 80 acres land, 18 miles from the county-seat; to trade for city property.

MORGAN COUNTY.

No 285. 650 acres in the north-east corner of the county; 30 acres improved.
No 842. 40 acres in south-west corner of county.
No 914. 120 acres timber land.
No 929. 200 acres, 100 in cultivation.

MARSHALL COUNTY.

No 386. 120 acres on Yellow River.
No 811. 640 acres near Plymouth, to trade for city property.

MIAMI COUNTY.

No 894. 840 acres 5 miles from Peru.

PUTNAM COUNTY.

No 442. 240 acres land 3 miles from Cloverdale.
No 479. 160 acres land 4 miles from Greencastle, in good state of cultivation.
No 883. 160 acres land 5 miles from a Railroad Station; 50 acres cleared.
No 636. 263 acres, good improvements, 3 miles south of Manhattan.

PERRY COUNTY.

No 839. 380 acres on the Ohio River 4 miles above Troy, very well improved; to exchange for property in Indianapolis.

PARKE COUNTY.

No 869. 204 acres 8 miles from Rockville, in a good neighborhood; to exchange for property in Indianapolis.
No 895. 320 acres land on the Big Raccoon River, 7 miles from Rockville, well improved.

PULASKI COUNTY.

No 923. 80 acres, one-half prairie, bal. timber.

RUSH COUNTY.

No 383. 210 acres land, 7 miles south of Rushville.

RANDOLPH COUNTY.

No 485. A grist mill on Oakin Creek.

SCOTT COUNTY.

No 806. 200 acres on the Jeffersonville Railroad. Mill improvements.

STARK COUNTY.

No 872. 40 acres land 2 miles from Knox.
No 649. 80 acres land partly improved.
No 501. 160 acres land 1¼ miles from the county-seat.

TIPTON COUNTY.

No 258. 250 acres land; 60 acres cleared.
No 526. 20 acres land 3 miles south of Tipton; 35 miles north of Indianapolis.
No 901. 154 acres land, some improvements.
No 902. 250 acres land, some improvements.
No 899. 160 acres land, good improvements.
No 872. 360 acres land, 7 miles from Tipton.
No 860. 280 acres land, good improvements.
No 861. 80 acres land, 2 miles from Tipton.
No 910. 200 acres land on the Peru road, 7 miles from Sharpsville.
No 911. 100 acres land, 12 miles from county-seat; good improvements.
No 862. Lots Nos. 1, 8 and 3 in Petersburgh.

SHELBY COUNTY.

No 876. 100 acres of land 14 miles from Ind'p'ls.

ST. JOSEPH COUNTY.

No 931. 230 acres land; to trade for city property.

UNION COUNTY.

No 882. A woolen factory at Dunlopsville, with about 5 acres of choice land.

WARREN COUNTY.

Nos 782 and 783. 157 acres land, to trade for city property.

VERMILLION CO., ILL.

No 555. 240 acres opposite Montezuma.
No 826. 214 acres, to trade for property in Indianapolis.

CLARK CO., ILL.

No 831. 80 acres land, partly cleared.

HAMILTON CO., ILL.

No 832. 640 acres to trade for property in Indianapolis.

SCHUYLER CO., ILL.

No 83. 640 acres 9 miles from county-seat.

EFFINGHAM CO., ILL.

No 840.