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WHOLE NO 104

SELECT POETRY.

TO THE WINDS.

Talk to my heart, O winds—
Talk to my heart to-night;
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight—
Finds always new delight,
In your soft, low, sweet
Come up from your cold bed
In the still twilight sea,
For the dearest hope lies dead
That was ever dear to me;
Come up from your cold bed,
And we'll talk about the dead.
Tell me, for oft you go,
Winds, lovely winds of night,
About the chambers low,
With sheets so dainty white,
If they sleep through all the night,
In the beds so chill and white?
Talk to me, winds, and say,
If in the grave lie rest;
For, O, life's little day,
Is a weary one at best;
Talk to my heart and say
If death will give me rest.

SELECTED STORY.

THE EVE OF A JOURNEY; OR, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A respectably dressed middle-aged woman sat in the window-seat in the fine old hall of Chedbury Castle, situated in one of the midland counties of England. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance, except a look of settled yet patient anxiety, which deepened, as the short October's day drew near to its close, and broad slanting sunset gleams and shadows stole across the quiet little shrubbery and grass plot, upon which she looked out fixately. The servants, after having made her the offer of refreshment—which she declined—came and went upon their various errands, without any apparent consciousness of her presence. And this was an occasion upon which a personage of higher note might very easily have been overlooked—one of those times of general bustle, preparation, and delightful confusion, when every body seems to be busy helping somebody else, and the bonds of discipline undergo a not unpleasant relaxation. The family were going abroad.

Two or three men servants, under the direction of an elderly dame—with respectability imprinted on every wrinkle of her countenance and rustling out of every fold of her black silk dress—were busily cording trunks and portmanteaus. She stood over them, proud, pleasant and important, for she was one of the traveling party—my young lady's own woman, who had waited upon her from childhood. She looked upon her own trunk complacently, for it carried her fortunes; and, had she ever heard of Caesar, she could have made a very apt quotation. "As it was, she unbent in a little stately chat with a man who wore, like herself, the aspect of an old, privileged retainer.

"Well, Mrs. Jenkyn," he remarked, "I cannot but say that I wish you were well across the seas and back again, to tell us all that you have met with out among the Mountseers—for I reckon you will come back to Chedbury, and so perhaps will my lord, and so will Mrs. Moreton; but, as to our young lady, we shall have seen the last of her when she leaves the park gates behind her to-morrow. There are not so many like her, from all I've heard of foreign parts—so good and so pretty—with so many acres at her back, that they'll let her away from among them so easily. Take my word for it, some prince of the blood, or duke at the very least—for where you're going they're as thick as blackberries at Marlborough—will take and marry her, whether she likes it or not. Besides," he added, striking his voice into a confidential whisper, "old stories'll be left on this side of the salt water. They won't cross it after her."

The stranger in the window-seat started, with a quick, uneasy movement. "That side, for the other side," returned Mrs. Jenkyn, "it's not for them that eat the family bread to be raking up what's past and gone out of people's minds! And before strangers too," she added, with a side glance in the direction of the window-seat.

"You're always so touchy, Mrs. Jenkyn," returned the old man—speaking, however, in a submissive tone—"just as if nobody cared about the family but yourself. And what's the use of minding the woman who's sat there four mortal hours, and never stirred or spoken? She's either deaf or stupid."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the discreet Mrs. Jenkyn; and, at this moment, the woman, as if to justify the old lady's observation, roused herself from her deep pre-occupation, and said abruptly—"Will any one take a second message from me to Mrs. Moreton? I have come many miles to speak with her. It is now getting late, and I want to be on my way home."

Mrs. Jenkyn answered her very civilly—"I will go and carry your message. It is very seldom that Mrs. Moreton keeps any one waiting; but I suppose," she added, smiling, "nothing goes quite straight at a time like this."

At this moment the bell rang. It was Mrs. Moreton's bell; she wished to see the person who had been waiting so long.

"Here William," said Mrs. Jenkyn, "show this good woman into the stone parlor. Mrs. Moreton

will speak to her there; and, ma'am," she added, good-naturedly, "you can take a look at the pictures on the grand stair-case as you pass at the foot of it."

The gossiping old man, as they went along, had many things to point out to his silent, steady-looking companion. He left her, however, at the turning of one of the long passages to run back to the stone parlor, the door of which had been slightly ajar, and she had seen the old man's face as he had strayed into forbidden precincts. Between this spot and the stone parlor there were several intricate windings, and he expected to find the woman standing exactly where he left her. Without his guidance, however, she had preceded him to the door of the stone parlor, and waited for him, with a look of abstraction as fixed as if her feet had brought her to the threshold of their own accord.

"So, mistress," exclaimed the old man, "you are not quite so much a stranger in this place as I thought."

He bent on her a look of keen scrutiny. She was too little conscious to be embarrassed by it, and replied quietly—"I have been here before."

While this little scene was being acted below stairs, Mrs. Moreton—half governess, half friend to the heiress—was seated with her young pupil in the great drawing room. They, too, had been busy. The splendid apartment showed marks of disarrangement. The elder lady had placed a little table within the embrasure of the deep old fashioned window, so as to give her drawing—upon which she was very intent—the full benefit of the already declining daylight. She was about fifteen; fair, and ingeniously-looking; of slender figure, with mild, almost melancholy brown eyes.

"I think I shall have time to finish this," she said, musingly; "it will please papa when he comes home this evening, will it not, dear Mrs. Moreton?"

"My lord will think that you have made great progress," replied the lady, without lifting her eyes from a very long line of figures.

"I do think it is like old Chedbury—like enough, at any rate, to remind us of the place, when we are away. Although, after all, there is not much here that I shall miss. You and papa, and good old Jenkyn, are all going with me; and who else is there in the world whom I care about? Yes," she went on, thinking aloud, "if I had some one to leave behind—some young companion who would miss me and talk about me when I am far away—I think I should be happier. I sometimes think it very strange"—she looked up at Mrs. Moreton—"that my father has never allowed me to make any friends of my own age. But, of course," she added, after a pause, "he cannot be expected to enter into all that a girl feels. How different everything would have been if my mother had lived!"

Without making her pupil any answer, Mrs. Moreton started up with a sudden exclamation, and ran to the bell. "Is it possible," she said, self-reproachfully, "that all this time I have forgotten the poor woman who asked to speak to me four hours ago?"

Mrs. Moreton entered the stone parlor with some kind words of apology, and seated herself in her accustomed chair, prepared to lend her attention to the visitor. But the woman—she she the same who sat out those four hours so patiently in the window-seat—followed the old servant through the long passages with such a face of blank, un-questioning apathy? Her look of settled pre-occupation had dropped from her face like a mask; yet her real features, now revealed, wore as carefully fixed expression. Every line quivered with agitation; yet her eyes, through it all, were never removed from Mrs. Moreton's face. She held to the table for support. She trembled in every limb—not from timidity, but from anxiety, eagerness. Her soul was gathered up into her face.

Mrs. Moreton did not particularly observe her. Her thoughts were still at work with the business of to-day and to-morrow. "Well, my good woman," she said, mechanically, by way of opening the case, as she opened all cases that came before her in that stone parlor, as the delegated Lady Bountiful of Chedbury—"what can I do for you?" There was no rejoinder. "My time, to-day," she went on, in the same gentle, yet rather magisterial tone, "happens to be rather valuable."

"I am sorry," replied the stranger, "to have to trespass upon it." Mrs. Moreton, struck by a something peculiar in the woman's tone, looked up; for the first time became conscious of those eyes—earnest, imploring, and with an unspoken history—that were fastened upon her own, and said, with much loss of state and more of gentleness than she had yet shown—"You seem to be in some trouble. Can I do anything to help you?"

"You can—you, and no one else in this world can."

"I—surely we have never met before," replied Mrs. Moreton, feeling by the woman's manner that hers was no case of every-day appeal for charity.

"Pray tell me your name."

The woman was silent, and her lips seemed to be slightly convulsed. At length, with a violent effort to conceal a strong emotion, she answered—"It is one that you have heard—it is, or was, for I now bear it no longer, Elizabeth Garton."

Mrs. Moreton's face had been lighted up with a kindly interest; but a shade, like the sudden fall of a curtain, now dropped across it, and shut out the sympathy she had begun to manifest. She rose, and said coldly—"In that case I am not

aware of any matter in which I am likely to be able to serve you. I must refer you to Mr. Andrews, my lord's agent, he being the person with whom it will probably be most fitting for you to communicate." She then moved towards the door, but her effort to leave the room was vain. The visitor, like the old mariner in the weird story, held her with her eye. Before she could reach the door, she tried to pass this stranger, and could not.

"Listen to me, madam," exclaimed the visitor, "and then you will not mistake my errand. It is not Lord Chedbury; not his agent; not anything either of them could give me, if it were this great house itself, that I want. It is you—you only, that can help me, and you will help me—you must." She spoke these words almost authoritatively; yet, checking herself, went on in a tone of deep and touching submission—"You are a good lady, Mrs. Moreton; you have every one's good word. You will not make yourself hard against the supplication of a broken heart: God himself has promised to listen to it."

Mrs. Moreton trembled. She was indeed a woman of this world, but with much tenderness and large sympathies. "I do not feel harshly towards you—forgive me if I appeared harsh; but your coming here took me by surprise. Lord Chedbury's orders are exceedingly strict respecting you; and I understood that you were settled comfortably in your own station in life, far above any kind of want."

"I am settled comfortably," returned the woman; "above want—above my hopes. I have a kind husband, a home, and children. Every one is good to me. No one casts up my fault to me. No one, I think, remembers it now, except myself, when, upon my knees, I ask God to forgive me that, and all my other sins. That I had ever known Chedbury, or seen Lord Robert—he was Lord Robert then—would have sunk into the past long before this, like a dream—except for one thing—O! Mrs. Moreton, my daughter! Her, too, I had put from me, as much as a mother can forget her child; but since I heard you were all going beyond seas—perhaps forever—I know not what it is that has come over me; something that will not let me rest, day nor night—it is a fire in my heart. Have pity upon me. I do not ask to speak to her—not to say nor to hear one word. She need not know that it is her mother—need not know that there is such a person in the world whole. All I ask is to see her—only to see her—my daughter; only to see my daughter."

Mrs. Moreton was deeply agitated. "It is impossible, and I am cruel in you," she said, "to ask to—eruel to yourself—eruel to me, trusted as I am by Lord Chedbury—eruel, most of all, to her. You know under what strict conditions his lordship brought home his daughter, so soon as the death of the old lord, his father, made this house his own. You know, too, that these conditions, hard as they might seem, were dictated by no personal unkindness towards yourself; but grew out of your daughter's altered position, and a sense of what is due to the station she will one day occupy. She has been trained carefully in all the ideas that befit a young gentleman's daughter. She has as yet seen little of the world, and knows nothing of its evil. She left you at three years old, not more innocent than she still is, now." Mrs. Moreton paused a moment, and went on with emotion—"That opening life—that young unsullied mind, what should I—what would you—have to answer for if we darkened it by a shadow of bygone misery and evil in which she had no share? She has been taught to believe her mother dead. My poor woman," she went on solemnly, "you must be deaf to her. A day will come, not in this world, when you may claim her as your own."

"I must see my child now, that I may know her in heaven," exclaimed the woman wildly. "I must see her, that she may comfort me in my thoughts, and be near me in my dreams. Do you," she exclaimed, suddenly, "who talk to me so wisely, know what I, the mother of a first-born child, am talking about? Did you ever feel a child's arms clinging round your neck, and find the little being growing to you day by day as nothing else can grow; loving you—whether you are the best woman in the world or the worst—as nothing else will ever love you; not even itself when it grows older, and other things come between its little heart and yours?"

Mrs. Moreton returned to her chair, sank into it, and wept. The stranger saw her advantage. She flung herself on her knees before Mrs. Moreton. She kissed the hand in which she believed the balance of her fate to be trembling. She kissed her very gown, and covered it with tears.

Mrs. Moreton, withdrawn within in severe colloquy with herself, was scarcely conscious of these passionate demonstrations. It was her heart she communed with; bearing on it, although a little dimmed by constant attrition with the world, a higher image than that with which a somewhat rigid thralldom or convention had impressed upon her outward aspect.

There was a pause of a few moments. "Even if I am doing right in this"—so she reasoned with herself—"the world will blame me. Yet, if I am doing wrong, God will forgive me." She rose from her chair. "Get up," she said, "my poor woman. You shall see your daughter. But you must first make me one solemn promise. I am trusting you very deeply; can you trust yourself?"

The woman made a gesture of passionate aversion, for at that moment she could not speak.

"Fear, then," said Mrs. Moreton, "swear that you will be true to yourself and to me; that you will pass through the room in which she is sitting, without either word or look that can betray you."

She rang the bell. "Send Mrs. Jenkyn to me." "Jenkyn," she said, when the confidential servant appeared, "this good woman's business with me is over; but, as she comes from a distance, I would like her to see something of the house before she leaves. You can show her over the principal rooms—as much as there is time for before dark."

"And the great drawing-room, ma'am!" insinuated Mrs. Jenkyn.

"Certainly; it will not disturb your young lady in the least."

It was rather an extensive orbit that the two had to traverse; and the old housekeeper, who had revolved in so many years, moved so slowly—at least, so it seemed to her companion—from point to point, from picture to picture, that, by the time they reached the great drawing-room, the sunlight had almost faded from it.

Almost; for there was still a strong, slanting, golden beam, that played and flickered about the picture frames, and glanced to and fro upon the white and gold of the heavy, carved arm chairs—a few moments, and it would be gone. The girl—who, sitting in the window, rejoiced in the after-thought of the sun, which gave her a little more time to finish her drawing—did not know how lovely it made her; kissing her innocent young forehead, and resting, like a benediction, upon her smooth, shining hair. She went on quietly with her sketch; Mrs. Moreton (who had returned to see that faith was kept) persevered with her accounts. Mrs. Jenkyn and the woman walked round the room very slowly. When they reached the door that led into an inner apartment, Mrs. Jenkyn, with her hand upon the lock, said—"And this is the favorite sitting room of my lady, my lord's mother."

She held the door open, but her companion still lingered.

Mrs. Moreton looked up from her accounts, and said impressively—"I think you have now seen all in this room, and Mrs. Jenkyn has more to show you in the others."

"But why," said the young lady, speaking for the first time, but without looking up from her occupied pen, "should the good woman be hurried away," she said, with a sort of careless sweetness, still without looking up, "as long as you can find anything to amuse you. You do not disturb us in the least."

Almost while she spoke, she suddenly rose and flitted about the room from table to table, in search of something needed for her drawing. She soon found it; but once, before she returned to her seat, she passed close to the woman—so close that her silk dress rustled against the homely duffle cloak. Mother and daughter really so near—conventionally so distant—with a world between them!

Mrs. Jenkyn's fingers were again upon the door handle, and the concluding part of her oft-told narrative was upon her lips. They had still the state bedroom to see, and they passed into the boudoir.

"And this," she went on, "was my lady's favorite apartment. It used in her day to be called the blue drawing-room, because—But you are tired," she said, remarking that her companion's attention wandered.

"Yes—no," said the visitor, incoherently; "I must go back I have forgotten something in the next room."

She did go back. She turned the handle of the great folding door; but before she could push it open, she was met by heavy resistance from within. In the half-opened space stood Mrs. Moreton, confronting her with a stern auditory whisper—"Woman! are you mad or wicked?"

The mother stood arrested—guilty. She turned to follow the housekeeper; but there was an anguish at her heart that could not be controlled.

"Hark!" exclaimed the young lady, her pencil falling from her fingers, and she turning pale as death—"What is that?"

Mrs. Moreton shuddered. A cry, piercing and inarticulate, like that of a dumb creature in agony, burst from the inner room.

They rushed together into the boudoir. "It was the poor woman, ladies," said the housekeeper, anxiously. "I fear she is very ill; it has come upon her quite of a sudden."

She was standing up in the middle of the room, rigid as if her feet had grown into the inlaid boards. Her eyes were glassy, and her mouth was a little drawn to one side.

"Run, Jenkyn," exclaimed the young lady, "for wine, or whatever is most necessary. We will attend to her."

She took the poor woman by the arm; she drew her into a chair; she bent over her; she rubbed her cold hands in her own. When the wine was brought, she raised the glass to the patient's lips, and, while she did so, the sufferer's breath came and went thickly, with a hard stifling effort. She felt that kind young heart, beating against her own. Who can tell—who but the Giver of all consolation—what balm there was in that one moment; what deep unspoken communion; what healing for a life-long wound? But the mother kept silence, even from good words. Only, while the young lady was so tenderly busying herself about her, she took hold, as it were unconsciously, of one fold of her dress—she stroked it with her hand—she smoothed it down, as if pleased with its soft-

ness; and so long as she dared to hold it, she did not let it go.

It was almost dark. The young lady stood at the window of the great drawing room, looking after a solitary slowly-retreating figure, still distinctly visible, in spite of the grey dusk spreading like a veil over lawn and lake and garden; through which the distant mausoleum loomed dimly above the woods.

"The poor woman!" she said, softly; "she is not fit to travel home alone; yet she would neither consent to stay all night, as I wished, nor let old William drive her—strange, was it not, Mrs. Moreton?"

But Mrs. Moreton had left the room. The young heiress still looked out upon the scenes she was so soon to leave, as her destiny had decreed, forever. She moved on she knew not what. Her heart was stirred—an invisible touch had been upon it. She leaned her head pensively against the window, while many thoughts, as vague as the shadows that were so thickly falling round her, chased each other rapidly through her fancy. Many visions gathered round her; but among them there was no presence of the coronet that afterwards spanned her brow—the exornet of the princely yet peasant-descended house of Stora. Still she watched the retreating figure, until it was lost in the deepening darkness; and when she did turn from the window, she heaved a deep and pitying sigh.

Her sadness suited the hour of twilight, and it passed with it. She knew not, nor did she ever know, who had that day been so near to her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION BY THE MALE OF A VESSEL.

The following narrative of a remarkable operation on the subclavian vein, by the mate of a vessel, given in the November number of the Scalpel, exhibits the value of self-control under desperate circumstances, and is characterized by the editor as "one of the most extraordinary circumstances in the whole history of surgery."

Edward T. Hinckley, of Wareham, Mass., then mate of the bark Andrews, commanded by James L. Nye, of Sandwich, Mass., sailed some two years and a half since (we find the date omitted in our minutes) from New Bedford, Mass., on a whaling voyage. When off the Galapagos Islands, one of the hands, who had shown a mutinous disposition, attacked Captain Nye with some violence, in consequence of a reproach given him for disobedience. In the scuffle which ensued a wound was inflicted with a knife, commencing at the angle of the jaw, and dividing the skin and superficial tissues of the left side of the neck, down to the middle of the clavicle, under which the point of the knife went. It was done in broad day, in presence of the greater part of the crew; and Mr. Hinckley, the mate, being so near that he was at that moment rushing to the captain's assistance. Instantly seizing the villain, and handing him over to the crew, the knife either fell or was drawn by some one present, and a frightful gush of dark blood welled up from the wound, as the captain fell upon the deck. Mr. Hinckley immediately thrust his fingers into the wound, and endeavored to catch the bleeding vessel. With the thumb against the clavicle, as a point of action, and gripping as he expressed it to me, "all between," he found the bleeding nearly cease. The whole affair was so sudden that Mr. Hinckley stated to me he was completely at a loss what step to take. Such had been the violence of the hemorrhage, a space on the deck fully as large as a barrel-head being covered with blood in a few seconds, that it was evident from that and the consequent faintness, that the captain would instantly die, should he remove his fingers from the bleeding vessel. As Mr. H. said to me, with the simplicity and straightforward style of a seaman—"I brought-to for a minute, to think over the matter. The bleeding coming upwards from under the collar-bone, and being completely concealed by it, it was plain enough that I couldn't get at the blood-vessel without saving the bone in two; and this I would not like to have tried, even if I had dared to remove my fingers. Finding that my fingers' ends were so deep as to be below the bone, and yet the bleeding having stopped, I passed them a little further downwards, still keeping up the pressure against the bone with the middle joints. I then found my fingers passed under something running in the same course with the bone; this I slowly endeavored to draw up out of the wound, so as to see if it was not the blood-vessel. Finding it give a little, I slowly pulled it up with one finger. When I was pulling it up the captain groaned terribly, but I went on, because I knew I could do nothing else. As soon as I could see it, I washed away the blood, and was astonished and very glad to see there were two vessels, as I supposed them to be, one behind the other; the cut was in the front one. It was the full breadth of the knife, or about half an inch, and neither across nor lengthways, but about between the two a d went about half its thickness through the blood-vessel. It was smooth and blue in appearance, and the cut had stopped bleeding, as I supposed at the time, because the vessel was pressed together by being stretched across my finger. As I had often sewed up cuts in the flesh, and knew nothing about tying blood-vessels, and supposed that was only done when they were cut in two, as in amputated limbs, I concluded to try my hand at sewing it up; so I took five little stitches—

They were very near together, for the wound was certainly not half an inch wide, if so much." On inquiry of Mr. Hinckley if he cut off the thread each time, and threaded the needle again, he said "yes; but I only cut off one end, and left the other hanging out." This he learned from a little book, prepared for the use of sea captains and others, when no surgeon was on board. Mr. A. continued—"I twisted the ends together loosely, so as not to make a large one, and let a lump out of the wound over the bone; then I closed all up with needles and plasters. On the fourteenth day I found the strings loose in the wound, from which matter had freely come; it healed up like any other cut."

"Poor Captain Nye finally met a sad fate. He was drowned on the destruction of his boat by an enraged whale."

AMERICAN SPIRIT—A TRUE SKETCH.

Previous to the last war with England, when British officers were in full tide of their odious impressions, an American ship belonging to Boston was at Demarara, discharging her cargo, when she was boarded by a boat from a gun brig lying at no great distance. The crew were mustered, and protections examined, and one New Hampshire boy, a noble and fearless spirit, and young in years, of a vigorous frame, was ordered into the boat. The officer collared the youthful seaman, but was instantly held sprawling by a well-directed blow of his fist.

The boat's crew rushed to the spirited American who was finally overpowered, pinned, thrown into the boat, and conveyed on board the British brig.

The Lieutenant complained to the commanding officer, of course he had received from the stalwart Yankee, and his battered face corroborated his statement. The commander at once decided that such insolence demanded exemplary punishment, and that the young Yankee required on his first entrance into the service, a lesson which might be of use to him hereafter.

Accordingly the offender was lashed to a gun, by the inhuman scullions of tyranny and his back lashed to the lash. Before a blow was struck he repeated his declaration that he was an American citizen, and the sworn foe to tyrants. He demanded his release, and assured the captain in the most solemn and impressive manner, that if he persisted in punishing him like the vilest mutator, for vindicating his rights as an American citizen, the act would never be forgiven—but that his revenge would be certain and terrible.

The captain laughed aloud at what he considered to be a menace, and gave the signal to the boatswain's mate. The white skin of the young American was soon lacerated; blows fell thick and heavy on the quivering flesh. He bore it without a murmur or a groan; and when the signal was given for the executioner to cease, although the skin was hanging in stripes on his back, which was covered with clotted blood, he showed no disposition to faint or falter. His face was somewhat paler than it was wont to be, but his lip was compressed, as if he were summing determination to his aid, and his dark eyes shot forth brilliant gleams, showing his spirit to be unshaken and that he was bent on revenge, even if his life should be the forfeit.

His hands were loosened, and he rose from his humiliating posture. He glared fiercely around. The captain was standing with a demonic grin upon his features, as if he enjoyed to the bottom of his soul the disgrace and torture inflicted upon the poor Yankee. The hapless sufferer saw a smile of exultation, and that moment decided the fate of his oppressor. With the activity, the ferocity, and strength of the tiger, the mutilated American sprung upon the tyrant, and grasped him where he stood, surrounded by his officers, who for the moment seemed paralyzed with astonishment, and before they could recover their senses and haste to the assistance of their commander, the American had borne him by the throat with one hand, fiercely embracing him with the other; despite his struggles, he leaped with him into the turbid waters of the Demarara! They parted to receive the tyrant and his victim, and then closed over them, and neither were ever afterwards seen; both had passed to their long account.

Unannounced woman each, With all their imperfections on their heads."

LOO CHOO ISLANDERS—A young midshipman, attached to the Japan Expedition, gives the following description of the dress of the inhabitants of Loo Choo, one of the Japanese islands.

"I was among the first to land, and enjoy a rich treat in a sight of the Loo Choo islanders. Their appearance is in the highest degree effeminate and simple, and is increased by their dress. They shear the top of the head, leaving a ridge of hair all around. This, when it grows long, is gathered up and made into a knot on the crown, the ends being turned under and concealed, and all brushed so smoothly as not to leave a hair out of place. It is then kept in its place by two pins crossing each other. Their dress consists merely of a piece of light, airy material thrown over the shoulders, and gathered by a belt at the waist, the ends hanging down almost to the ground. Their sandals are made of a kind of straw, secured with a strap over the instep, and another connecting with it, rearing over the feet and passing between the big and next toe. This is the general dress. That of the mandarins and the 'upper ten' is somewhat richer; there is a little more of it, and they are allowed the luxury of stockings. All, upon entering a house, leave their sandals at the door."