

his coat to a fiddler, nor give away his cheese, nor carry a fiddle and wallet,—and after all to be mocked and laughed at by such an odd quiz of a fellow! "If," thought he, at last, "the upshot of all this is a fever in the evening, which carries me quickly off, be it so,—it remains a bitter wedding."

After a few hours of rain, the two companions reached the valley, where a swollen and rapid torrent rushed across their path, which had swept away every vestige of the little bridge that led to the village, with the exception of a single small plank; the herdsman heeded not the narrow footing, and was stepping boldly across, when the fiddler began to roar out lustily against the dangers of the path—"For my life and soul, I will not move from this spot. Neither cat nor rat could pass over there. I should be a dead man if I ventured on that cursed plank. Let them fiddle yonder who can swim. I wish I was in a down bed, with my fiddle for a pillow."

"Don't make such a noise about it," cried Berthold; "if our journey has led us as far as this, we shall surely get on a little further; if I have brought the fiddler this length to the bitter dance, I will also bring him to the wedding-house. Though I am a fool, I am, nevertheless, a good-natured one."

With these words, the herdsman took off the fiddle and wallet from his back, and supplied their place with the dwarf, whom he carried over as easily as a bundle of straw. Then he fetched the fiddle, wallet, and crutch, which lay as heavy as so many stones upon his shoulders.

"Well, the best of it now is," said he, "that we shall soon reach the village; either my head is turned, or that wallet is filled with flesh and blood, and Master Almerich's body is stuffed with chaff."

"Nonsense!" replied the fiddler with a broad grin. "You have behaved well, child; it would be a great pity if the bride yonder should not get you; you have the genuine patience of the lamb in you; yet I also perceive you have also strength enough, with your heart in the right place, and as much wisdom as there is any need of in the country. Come, let us paint your cheeks, and take out the old cap you will find in my wallet, and the green waistcoat, and get that belt about you; then take up the rest of the things and follow me; to-day you shall be the fiddler's boy, and not a living creature know you."

The fiddler opened his wallet, threw out the disguise to Berthold, shut it hastily again, painted his face with cranberries, and his beard and eyebrows with a bit of coal, and then they walked gayly on, the last quarter of an hour, towards the village.

Evening was just coming on, and the sun broke out all at once from under the clouds; the birds began to sing cheerfully; the flowers opened their leaves as if to listen, and Berthold felt his clothes sooner dry than if he had been sitting close to a large fire.

In a few minutes, our wanderers mingled with the merry wedding guests; noise and merriment were echoing all around; and no one looked sad but Siegelind, who kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the ground. The old fiddler was welcomed with shouts of applause; the rain had prevented the arrival of the band of fiddlers and pipers who had been invited on the occasion, and everybody pronounced it a piece of marvelous good luck for the wedding, that Master Almerich should have got thro'.

"Now, children," exclaimed the old boy, "fetch us something to drink, and some cheese and bread; and do not forget that youth who has dragged myself as well as my fiddle here to-day."

The guests ran about to execute the old fiddler's commands, and even Gertrude and Bernhard seemed well pleased, and brought whatever was on the table. Poor Berthold's heart was bleeding; he kept, however, eating and drinking, that he might not be obliged to speak. Meanwhile the old fiddler put dry strings on his instrument, and began to tune it so stoutly that it thrilled thro' marrow and bone, and quickly drew the attention of all upon the musician.

"Bless me! whispered Bernhard to Gertrude, "upon my faith it is the very dwarf who gave me the bewitched wine and cheese! Be gentle to him wife, and say not a single word."

All at once the fiddler struck up so stoutly and briskly upon his fiddle, that the very house shook: blow upon blow, he commenced such a furious strain, that the whole company leaped up from their benches, and began dancing as if mad. "Heigh! heigh!" shouted the people, "there is a fiddle!" and every one capered and whirled through the wedding-chamber as if they danced for a wager. The young people led out the dance, and the old ones hobbled as fast after them as they could: nobody remained in their place but Siegelind, who wished herself ten thousand miles away from the merriment, and Berthold, who looked steadfastly and sorrowfully upon his beloved.

In the midst of his fiddling, Master Almerich beckoned to the beautiful bride to step near to him—"There stands a bottle yonder, where your bridegroom has been seated, and some old cheese with it. I dare say it will not be the worst in the house. I would taste a little of it. This playing makes me a little nice in the palate."

The good-natured bride was little interested in the perservation of the precious articles. She brought them and placed them upon a chair beside him, thinking the old man might take as much as he could eat.

The dwarf quickly laid his fiddle aside, raised the bewitched bottle in his right hand, and the cheese in the left, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Well, my good people, well, here's the health of that beautiful bride there and her sweetheart; may she live long and joyfully!"

"Long and joyfully," resounded through the room, while fifty bonnets and hats were tossed up in the air.

But horror-struck and deadly pale did Hilderbrand, and Bernhard, and Gertrude become, when they saw the wondrous wine and enchanted cheese in Almerich's uplifted fist. "Dares he—can he—will he?" darted through their hearts; but wo and alas! in one turn of his hand, the

glutton, with his large ox mouth, had swallowed the bewitched draught and marvelous cheese without leaving a morsel.

A roar of passion from the red-haired Hilderbrand, and a gush of tears from Gertrude now terrified the people; while old Bernhard stood like one petrified. A cheerful smile flew over the countenance of Siegelind, and Berthold rose boldly from his bench, ready to use his fists upon Hildebrand if he should dare to touch the fiddler.

"You rogue! you beggar!" at last exclaimed Hildebrand, "who told you to give that old fool of a fiddler that gift of Heaven? You may now give your house and your bride, too, to the rabble. I do not care a straw more for you and all that remains to you."

With words of venom and execration, Hildebrand rushed out of the room, while, silent and terrified, the outraged Bernhard and his crowd of guests looked after him. "I am a dead man!" at last exclaimed Bernhard; "my child and we are all ruined; the wedding feast and adornments are all unpaid! O, cursed, horrid miser!—Bring me a knife—a knife!"

"A fig for a knife!" exclaimed the fiddler. "There the bridegroom has just come, and has brought with him a whole wallet full of gold and the bride loves him with all her heart, and the guests are still together, and my fiddle is in glorious tune."

With these words, Almerich crippled forward to the half-bewildered and yet joyful Berthold, and drew him into the circle. He wiped his face with the skirt of his coat, and showed to the delighted bride and the astonished guests their well-known neighbor, who was dear and welcome to all. The wallet was hastily dragged forward, and, Almerich having quickly opened the lock, behold! pure red gold, in coins and chains, tumbled out from it, dazzling the eyes of all with their splendor. Old Bernhard and Gertrude embraced by turns the lovely Siegelind and the ugly dwarf. Almerich took his fiddle, and struck up a tune which bewitched them all; and they danced till midnight in joy and glory. The musician then escaped, and left a whole house full of merry makers around the two happy lovers, who, till their last day, a thousand times blessed the bitter wedding, in which they had been so wonderfully united by the benevolent lame dwarf.

THE NEW DRESS FOR LADIES.

We clip the following from the Boston *Carpet Bag*, a rich and racy sheet. It seems to be a strong advocate of the "Bloomer Costume," therefore it must be a favourite with the Ladies. At the head of this article, (in the *Carpet Bag*), stands the cut of the young lady who first appeared out in the "Bloomer Dress," in Boston.—Indeed we think it has its admirers even in our village, as we understand that a Lady or two has appeared out in this place, though we cannot vouch for any one being seen in broad day light.

We see it stated in the prints that two or three ladies have had the courage to venture abroad in Boston, dressed in the new costume, and we are happy in being able to give to our readers, in the above cut, a representation of the first "Bloomer dress" that appeared in the streets of our city. It is taken from a fine daguerreotype by Chase, and though not precisely what the dress will be eventually, it yet gives a very good idea of its general appearance. The lady herself has improved upon it since the picture was taken, by adding a slight ruffle, to fall over the boot. A veil, which we have omitted in our picture, she likewise wore.

Much attention was, of course, attracted by this lady's appearance, and the press described her as being but "blossoming sixteen," an error on the side of youth of nine years! The juvenility of appearance which the dress imparts would, we should think, conduce to its adoption by those, if there are such, who don't care about growing old too rapidly.

We hope that others may be induced to follow the examples already set. It would require the favour of but a few of the leaders of fashion to have it succeed. Many ladies with whom we have spoken concerning it, have commended the change. Some have objected to it, on the ground that there would be an imagined indelicacy about it—as if a short dress were not compatible with modesty of character and deportment. To admit this would be doing gross injustice to thousands. As well might we believe, with some cynics wearing long dresses and long faces, that a young and artless girl, who loves to romp and play and laugh and sing, in happy abandon, may not be as virtuous and chaste as the precise miss, who with formal mouthing of virtuous words, tires the ear without pleasing the heart, and sits prim and sedate, hardly daring to look up from her lap for fear that some odious man may meet her glance. We all know the proverb that applies to this case; and the same rule, slightly extended, may apply as well to the other. Another objection that we have heard is, that the ladies would be so started at if they showed their feet and ankles in the manner that it is supposed this dress will compel.—It is the scarcity of an article that establishes its value; and, even if this objection were valid, the interest that leads people to follow a woman a quarter of a mile in the rain to see her lift her garment at the crossing-places, would cease; there would be no more peeping and jostling to see that marvel of nature, a woman's foot; so common a thing wouldn't pay for the trouble of following it. Another objection that some have urged is, that there would not be distinction enough between the costume of the two sexes. This is almost too idle to answer, but yet we say, that masculine habits need not be assumed with the apparel, and the distinction in manners would be as evident as now. This objection is very frivolous, for, according to our idea of the new dress, it partakes in no particular of form or fabric of the masculine dress—at least not enough to render a label necessary to discern the difference betwixt them.

We believe the ladies would not compromise their dignity or their modesty by adopting the new costume. We shall stick to this, notwithstanding the avowal of Mrs. Partington that she shall never curtail the black bombazine; but she belongs to that class of women who look well in everything.

THE BLOOMER COSTUME

It is hardly to be supposed that it is in the annoying curiosity or idle vulgarity of the boys in the streets to prevent the adoption, by the better half of our race, of a great improvement in costume. There may be philosophers who think this subject a very trifling one and the improvement in question not worth encountering the ridicule of the boys, but we think they must be very shallow philosophers. Wherewithal shall we be clothed, is one of the great questions of life. He who clothed the birds and the beavers with feathers and fur, left mankind to complete his creative work in regard to themselves—and for thousands of years the various tribes of men have made more or less advancement towards perfection in the business.

To us it seems that the costume of the female portions of the most civilized nations is woefully behind-hand in many respects. It is sadly deficient, both in utility and beauty, if not positively detrimental to health and comfort. A lady, highly dressed in the latest Parisian style is as unfinished as a Sphinx. There is an enormous consumption of textile fabric for no earthly purpose but to impede motion and sweep the streets. The idea of adaptation, neatness, finish, is entirely lost sight of. Mrs. Bloomer has had the boldness to encounter the silly prejudice of her own sex and the heartless ridicule of the ill-bred of the other, and put her plastic hand to the task of finishing the civilized female dress. Without trenching on the distinguishing characteristics of the male attire, either in materials or form, she has produced a dress which is at once neat, graceful, modest and bewitching—if that is any recommendation. The saving in the quantity of stuff must be considerable, and the saving in the wear, by avoiding the abrasion of the pavement and the contamination of mud is beyond calculation.

The general adoption of the dress will do more for the national wealth than the mines of California, and more for the national health than all the discoveries in medicine since Galen. These are our sincere and earnest opinions, and we accordingly wish the new invention all possible success. Both in an economic and aesthetic point of view, it hardly yields to any improvement of the age that can be named.

Moreover, we learn that the most gifted and beautiful of the sex are everywhere making preparations to adopt the New American Style. It will be a great thing for the ladies of Paris before long to be dressed a l'Americaine.

DRESS.

A lady reader desires us to publish the following, by Miss Weber, the young lady who sports a "frock and trousers." We readily comply with the request, and are quite willing, if woman was the original wearer of trousers, that she should again resume them.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

The nether garment was first worn in the bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judah. How far it resembled the modern trousers we have no definite information; but the fact is worth keeping in mind that women were the original wearers of trousers. The exclusive claims which man so pertinaciously maintains to the use of this garment, is founded upon no principle of moral or social policy. It is an arbitrary claim without solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard which she has assigned solely to man, is the natural token of his sex. But man effeminates himself, contrary to the evident purpose of nature, by shaving off his beard; and then, lest his sex should be mistaken, he arrogates to himself a particular form of dress, the wearing of which by the female sex he declares to be a grave misdemeanor.

Common sense teaches us that the dress which is most convenient, and best adapted to our wants and circumstances, is the dress most proper for us to wear. Surely a case can be imagined in which the superiority of the male attire is not palpable. I am cognizant of no reason why women should not wear this dress. If girls were accustomed to it from an early age, we would see fewer delicately formed women, and none with overlapped ribs.

OH! SUCH A BLOOMER!—A very pretty genteel formed Miss, paraded Washington street, yesterday afternoon, in the Bloomer Costume, with a slight variation from former patterns. She wore an elegant pink bonnet, spring style, a rich black silk figured tunic, snugly fitted about the waist and neck, opening in front, with silk cord lacing, underlying which was a splendid wrought muslin ornament. The skirt was whole and reached a little below the knees. The trousers were of superb white silk, quite full,—rather too full to look well, and fastened round the top of a nice gaiter boot, which was fitted neatly upon a delicate little foot. The young lady was alone, appeared quite modest, and, of course, was "the observed of all observers." The conduct of passers was very courteous, each one expressing his or her admiration of the new costume in silence.—Boston Commonwealth.

DOGISH ADVERTISEMENT.—A Kentucky Editor advertises as follows:—

"Wanted at this office, a bulldog, of any color except pumpkin and milk, of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation and bad disposition—who can come when called with a raw beef steak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove and steals the exchanges."