

brought out upon it, by the premature and incessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a nutmeg that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the parent of a muslin boy that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small plaited? Or is my child composed of paper or linen, that impressions of the finer getting-up art, practised by the laundress, are to be printed off, all over his soft arms and legs, as I constantly observe them? The starch enters his soul; who can wonder that he cries? Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be born a Torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then: why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up? Am I to be told that there is any analogy between Augustus George Meek, and Jack Sheppard?

Analyze castor oil at any institution of chemistry that may be agreed upon, and inform me what resemblance, in taste, it bears to that natural provision which it is at once the pride and duty of Maria Jane to administer to Augustus George! Yet, I charge Prodigit (aided and abetted by Bigby with systematically forcing castor oil on my innocent son from the first hour of his birth. When that medicine, in its efficient action, causes internal disturbance to Augustus George, I charge Prodigit (aided and abetted by Bigby) with insanely and inconsistently administering opium to allay the storm she has raised! What is the meaning of this?

If the days of Egyptian mummies are past, how dare Prodigit require, for the use of my son, an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this agonizing sight. I beheld my son—Augustus George—in Prodigit's hands, and on Prodigit's knee being dressed. He was at the moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature; having nothing on, but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments. Trail- ing from Prodigit's lap, on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage—I should say, of several yards in extent. In this, I saw Prodigit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upwards, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourni- quet, he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it, and smile?

I fear I have been betrayed into express- ing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Anybody? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodigit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. I do not complain of

being made of no account. I do not want to be of any account. But, Augustus George is a production of nature, (I cannot think otherwise.) and I claim that he should be treated with some remote refer- ence to nature. In my opinion, Mrs. Prodigit is from first to last, a copvention and a superstitious. Are all the faculty afraid of Mrs. Prodigit? If not, why don't they take her in hand and improve her?

P. S. Maria Jane's mamma boasts of her own knowledge of the subject, and says she brought up seven children besides Maria Jane. But how do I know that she might not have brought them up much better? Maria Jane herself is far from strong, and is subject to headaches, and nervous indigestion. Besides which, I learn from the statistical tables that one child in five dies within the first year of its life; and one child in three within the fifth. That don't look as if we could never improve in these particulars, I think!

P. P. S. Augustus George is in convul- sions.

#### A Remarkable Dancer.

"Donato, the one-legged dancer," is at- tracting much attention in London, and a paper there thus describes his feats:

"When Senor Donato first presents him- self, hopping on from the side-scenes, no pleasurable emotion is felt; on the contrary, the immediate feeling rather partakes of the disagreeable. To see a man, in the very prime of life, with one leg, and one stump, without support, coming forward, smiling, and proffering to do, in a state of mutilation, what few male dancers, perfect, and whole, of the greatest art and expe- rience, ever could do—namely, afford un- qualified gratification—seems to shock one's delicacy, no less than to mock his credulity. Senor Donato, however, enlists your sympathies pretty well, before you have finished inspecting him. By his ex- traordinary bounds and pirouettes, on his entrance, he fixes your attention in a mo- ment, and you are astonished at beholding a dancer accomplish, on one leg, what you cannot remember any professor of the Terpsichorean art having accomplished on two legs. For when astonishment has passed off, your interest in Senor Donato is exhausted. On the contrary, you see some- thing to be pleased with, in his perform- ance, every moment, until at last you ac- knowledge that he is not only one of the most surprising dancers you ever beheld, but one of the most engaging, and such is the case. A person may smile at hearing the word 'graceful' used in speaking of a one-legged dancer, but if ever the term were applicable to a male Terpsichorean artist, it is to Senor Donato, whose motions, actions, gestures, and general deportment, are instinct with that natural ease and propriety, which are the essentials of grace. In short, the fact of Senor Donato having but one leg, is forgotten by the spectators, and their sympathies are en- chained in following his marvellous feats of agility and science; and these are by no means easy to describe.

Senor Donato enters, bounding on the stage to the tune of some Spanish dance. He accompanies the tune with the castanet, which he plays with more consummate skill than any one we ever heard. This may be a trifle, but it is a great gain for him. His pirouettes are made with incomparable ease, and the dexterous manner in which he swings his body round, performing two revolutions, is beyond all belief. Among the most difficult feats he performs, is plac- ing a castanet on the ground, with his right hand, at right angles to his body, and taking it up with his left hand, without bending his leg, all the time. The practi- tioners in gymnastics will understand the difficulty of achieving this feat, standing on two legs. That part of Senor Donato's per- formance, however, which engages most at- tention, and creates the greatest excitement, is the cloak dance. How the dancer flings the cloak around him, making it assume all sorts of fanciful shapes—now clothing his body with it, transforming it, as it were, into a sea shell—now waving the mantle over him, like a banner, and now changing it into a floating cloud, and making it de- scend like a mist around him—must be seen to be understood. Enough, let us hope, has been said to show that Senor Donato is one of the most remarkable performers of this, or any other age; and that London is about to do his talents full justice. Follow the example of many of the towns and cities of the continent, is evident from the crowds that attend Covent Garden nightly, and from the immense enthusiasm his per- formance creates.

SERMON, '28. DINNER.—A minister hav- ing preached a very long sermon, as was his custom, some hours after asked a gen- tleman his opinion of it; he replied, that 'twas good, but that it had spoiled a goose worth two of it.'

The Yankees take good care of their dead soldiers. In each coffin a bottle is placed, containing within a record of his name, rank, company, regiment, date and cause of death.

#### State of South Carolina.



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
COLUMBIA, May 8, 1865.

To the Officers of the Civil Government of the State:

THE cessation of hostilities renders it proper that the Civil Government of the State should be restored without delay, and that the functions of the several departments should be at once resumed. To that end, all officers of the State, whose offices have been kept in Columbia, will with all convenient promptitude return to that place, re-open their offices and resume their proper duties.

By the Governor. A. G. MAGRATH.  
Official: W. S. MULLINS, Lt. Col. and A. D. C.