The Columbian,
AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, IN
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

TERMS.

Two Dollars a year, in advance. If not paid in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents.

Address all letters to
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Editor of the COLUMBIAN,
Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 6. BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1866. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Terms of Advertising.

One Square, one or three insertions	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion less than thirteen	—
One Square one month	2 00
Two " "	3 00
Three " "	5 00
Four " "	6 00
Half column "	10 00
One column "	15 00
Executor's and Administrator's Notices	3 00
Auditor's Notices	2 50

Editorial Notices twenty cents per line.

Other advertisements inserted according to special contract.

A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than Heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health—and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

MARRIED FLIRTATIONS.

THE last dying cadences of a delicious dreamy waltz, across whose weird notes the soul of Beethoven had poured out its magic sadness, were floating over the crowd that filled the ballroom of the fashionable Washington hotel; there was the stir and murmur of separating couples, and the ill-suppressed yawn of weary "wall flowers," that followed in the wake of every brilliant waltz. Kate Elwyn stood in the recess of the window, playing carelessly with the faded jessamines and tuberoses of her boquet, while her lovely blue eyes wandered from one place to another, evidently in quest of some familiar countenance, which they could not discover.

There were few more beautiful faces than her own, even in that festive crowd, where half of the belles of the Union had brought their diamonds and bright eyes to dazzle the grave politicians and law-makers of the land. Rather beneath the medium size, with the fragile delicacy of a fairy, her complexion had the transparent waxen bloom that you look for only in children, while her heavy bands of golden hair lay over her somewhat low forehead in rippling waves of amber. Very dark blue eyes, translucent as a sapphire of the first water, and a little crimson mouth, carved like Cupid's bow, gave additional piquancy to her face; and altogether she was as perfect a specimen of the radiant blonde as one sees out of a picture gallery or a novel.

Suddenly her cheeks blossomed into roses, her whole countenance brightened, as a tall and rather elegant-looking gentleman languidly sauntered toward her.

"Charley, I thought surely you never were coming!"

"I've only been down to the supper-room for a few moments, my dear; I'm sorry you have missed me. Anything I can do for you just now?"

"Yes—do get my fan and shawl, and we'll go up stairs. It's after one o'clock, and I'm completely tired out."

"Couldn't, my dear," said Mr. Elwyn, breaking a moss-rose from his wife's boquet, and fastening it jauntily into his coat; "I'm engaged for three waltzes and a quadrille. Miss Raymond would never forgive me I am afraid for deserting her."

Kate's lips curled haughtily, and a deeper shade of crimson stole into her cheek.

"Jealous, eh?" laughed her husband, patting her bright hair lightly. "Now, Kate, that's a little too silly in you. Don't you know that at a place like this a man is expected to make himself generally agreeable to the ladies? Pray, my dear, don't become so absurd and ridiculous as to—"

"And so," interrupted Mrs. Elwyn, bitterly, "your wife's wishes and conveniences are secondary to Miss Raymond's will."

"The green-eyed monster has certainly invaded your peace and love!" said Mr. Elwyn. Upon my word, I have always given you credit for a little more common sense.

"Charles," said Kate quietly, and without heeding the careless sarcasm of his tone, "I am weary of this round of senseless gayety; I am sick of the tumult and vanities of Washington. Will you take me home?"

"Why, Kate! after all your anxiety to pass a Winter in this great centre of social and political life! You have been teasing me ever since we were married, to indulge you with a season in Washington."

"I know it, Charles," she meekly answered, trying to suppress the tears that were filling her eyes; "but I have at last learned the folly of seeking real pleasure anywhere but in the precincts of one's home. My taste for gayety is satisfied, and you can't imagine how homesick I feel!—how anxious I am to see the dear little ones again! When will you take me back home, Charles?"

"Next week, perhaps, my love—or the week after, if you positively insist upon it."

"Oh, Charles, why not go to-morrow?"

"Impossible, Kate. I am positively engaged for every day this week, for drives and excursions in the neighborhood of the city."

"Engaged," repeated Kate, opening her blue eyes. "I knew nothing of these arrangements."

"No, my dear, I suppose not," said Elwyn lazily. "Did you suppose I was going to come and ask your permission every time I wanted to drive out with a lady or smoke a cigar with two or three gentlemen?"

Kate's lip quivered, and she turned quietly away. Charles Elwyn looked after her with an aroused expression in his eyes and a half smile on his lip.

"She's jealous, as I live!" he muttered. "Jealous of Aurora Raymond and the pretty widow. Well, let her pout it out at her leisure—it will never do to encourage this sort of thing."

If he could have seen her a few minutes afterward, just when he was whirling through the waltz with Miss Raymond's midnight curls floating over his shoulders—sobbing in the silence of her own dimly-lighted room, the golden hair all unloosed from her hair-pins and jewelled comb, and her blue eyes looking like morning glories drowned in rain—well, perhaps it would have done him good, perhaps not. It is not always best to let a man know the full extent of his power over that miserable little captive, his wife. It is astonishing how much the sex delights in tormenting its victims. There is always one blessed avenue of relief open to womankind, however—a good cry! No wonder that Kate Elwyn felt better when she wiped away the shower of tears and brushed back the lovely rippling tresses from her fevered forehead.

"What shall I do?" she murmured to herself, deluging her handkerchief with rose-water, and trying vainly to cool her burning eyes; "what ought I to do? Oh, I wish I had never come away from home; it's a judgment on me for leaving my dear little babes in the hands of cold hirelings. I was happy before I ever thought of this hollow, deceitful whirlpool of fashion."

She burst into fresh floods of tears, as she remembered her husband's last words.

"It was cruel of him to speak in that cold, sneering way to me," she sobbed.

"Have I lost all the spells he used to tell me I possessed? If he only knew how these things hurt me, I am sure he would treat me in a very different manner."

She sunk involuntarily back, as if some rude hand had struck her, and Miss Raymond's clear, melodious laugh suddenly floated up audibly through the closed door of her room. And then she set her compressed lips together, and a new look came into the liquid depths of her wet blue eyes.

The gilded minute-hand of the carved Parisian clock on the mantel had travelled nearly twice around the circlet of enamelled figures before Kate Elwyn lifted her gaze from the bunches of velvet roses in the carpet. What was she pondering on?

"Sitting up, eh, Kate? Why, I thought you were tired to death," said Mr. Elwyn, as he entered the room, and his wife laid down her book and welcomed him with a bright, careless smile.

"Yes, I have been so much interested in that delightful book," exclaimed Kate enthusiastically. "I do wish I knew whether Sir Guy gets the property or not."

"She has got over her sulks amazingly quick," was the husband's internal comment, as he kicked off his boots and lazily unfastened his lavender neck-tie.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Elwyn, I've had such a charming ride!"

And Aurora Raymond sprang lightly from the carriage step, one tiny, gloved hand resting lightly on Mr. Elwyn's arm, the other holding up the folds of her violet mantle. He touched his hat gallantly as she tripped up the hotel steps, all smiles and dimples.

"I wonder if Kate would like a turn round Jackson Square before dinner," he said to himself, consulting his gold watch. "I'll run up and see—poor little thing."

He sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time, and burst into his wife's room.

"Put on your bonnet, puss, and we'll take a ride," he exclaimed. "Hallo, she isn't here; what the mischief does she mean?"

No, she was not there; neither was her blue velvet hat with the white ostrich plume, nor the magnificent Cashmere shawl that had been sent from India for her wedding present just five years ago; and Mr. Elwyn came slowly down stairs again, feeling much inclined to get into a passion.

"Do you know where my wife is?" he asked Mrs. Artworth, a lady who spent one-half of her time at the windows, and the other half catechizing the servants, and who consequently knew all that was to be known concerning people's outgoings and incomings generally.

"She's out riding in Colonel Warrington's barouche—been gone over since morning," returned the gossipping matron, with great promptitude.

"Out riding?" Elwyn's brow contracted.

"Strange—very strange," he muttered, "to drive out in that sort of way without so much as saying a word to me! I always thought that Warrington was a puppy, and I'm sure of it now."

He went down and dismissed the equipage, and then returned to the drawing-room, as restless as the Wandering Jew. After one or two turns across the long apartment he sat gloomily down in the window recess. Even Aurora Raymond's pretty lisping chatter could not interest him now. "Would Kate never come?" he thought, as he looked for the fortieth time at his watch.

She came at last, just in time to run up stairs for a hurried dinner toilet—came smiling and lovely, with her hair blown by the fresh wind and her eyes sparkling radiantly. Elwyn—dog in the manger as he was—could have knocked Colonel Warrington down for the involuntary glance of admiration with which he looked after his fair companion.

Presently Mrs. Kate re-appeared in a magnificent dress of lustrous silver green silk, lightened up by the flash of emeralds at her throat, and frosted green mosses dropping from her hair.

"Why have you put on that odious green dress?" asked Elwyn, catching at some slight pretext as an escape-valve for his ill-humor. "You know how much I dislike green."

"Oh, well," said Kate nonchalantly, "You are so fidgety, Charles. What difference can it make whether I wear green or yellow? It is an entirely bygone fashion for husbands and wives to study one another's whims *a la* Darby and Joan. We dress entirely to please the public, the gay world, you know. And I put on this silk dress to please Mr. Garnett—he admires green so much!"

Charles Elwyn stared at his wife in speechless astonishment. What did it mean? She had always been the humblest slave to his slightest wish or caprice, and she smilingly set him at defiance. What evil spirit had possessed her?

She never came near him all the evening—never sought his approval by the little shy glances of appeal or the questioning looks that had been so inexpressibly dear to him. No—she chatted away, bewitchingly self-reliant, the centre of an admiring group, until Mr. Elwyn was ready to rush out of the room in a transport of exasperation.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your treasure of a wife, sir," said Colonel Warrington. "I have always known she was a beauty, but I never appreciated her claims as a wit."

Elwyn glared speechless at the polite Colonel, who was evidently surprised at the ungracious reception of his little compliment.

"Just what I might have expected," he muttered to himself, plucking fiercely at his moustache. "What in the deuce did I bring her here for, if I didn't want every fool in society to fall down and worship her?"

"Would you like a drive after dinner, Kate?" he asked one evening after about three days spent in this very edifying manner.

"I couldn't possibly this evening," she said, adjusting the wreaths of ivy that depended from her shining hair. "We've arranged such a nice moonlight party to ride to the navy yard."

"Well, what is to prevent me from driving you there?" asked Mr. Elwyn anxiously.

"Our party is all made up," said Kate coolly. "I've promised to go in Mr. Garnett's carriage. He is so delightfully agreeable, and I like him so much."

"The dickens you do," growled Elwyn, his face elongating and growing dark.

"But I'll tell you what you might do if you pleased," suggested Kate innocently. Miss Raymond would like to go, I've no doubt, or Mrs. Everet, and there could be no possible objection to an extra carriage in the party, so that—"

"Hang Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everet!" ejaculated the irate husband.

"With all my heart, my dear," said Kate only. "Only you see it is quite impossible for me to break my promise to Mr. Garnett."

Mr. Elwyn's temper was by no means improved when he stood on the hotel steps and watched the merry party drive off, their gay voices and jubilant laughter re-echoing throughout the evening air like a mockery of his own gloomy reflections. He had never felt so utterly forlorn in the whole course of his life.

"Dear me, what a beautiful evening for a ride," sighed Aurora Raymond, looking up from a volume of poems, as Mr. Elwyn re-entered the drawing-room, looking not unlike a man who had just had a molar extracted.

But he didn't take the hint, acting, as Miss Raymond afterward indignantly remarked, more like a bear than a man, and sat down to the perusal of the newspapers. Alas, for the midnight curls and oriental eyes—their spell was broken.

How long the slow creeping hours seemed before Kate came back! Long ere the sound of carriage wheels grated on the pavement before the door he went up to his own room and tried uselessly enough to amuse himself with books and letter-writing. All his efforts were unavailing; between him and every occupation to which he turned crept one gloomy thought—a sore pang—to think that Kate was happy without his society, and that she never missed his absent voice and smile.

"I wonder if I'm jealous?" he muttered to himself. "It's not an agreeable sensation, at all events. I wonder if Kate felt so whenever I flirted with Aurora and the widow?"

This was a new consideration.

Would the time ever come when Kate's heart would be estranged by his own conduct—when her loving sensitive nature would cease to respond to his touch? The very fancy was agony.

He was wrapped in these gloomy meditations when the door opened, and his bright little wife tripped in, looking very much like a magnified sunbeam. She stopped suddenly when she saw his head bowed upon his hands.

"Charles, does your head ache?"

"No."

"Then what is the matter?"

"My heart aches, Kate," he said sadly. "It aches to think that my wife has ceased to love me."

She came to his side and put her arms around his neck with caressing affection.

"Charles, what do you mean?"

"I mean, Kate, that when you desert me for the society of others, and cease to pay any regard to my wishes, I can come to but one conclusion."

"Charles," said Kate, smiling archly up into his face, does it grieve you to have me prefer the society of others to your own?"

"It breaks my heart, Kate," he said passionately.

"Then, dearest, let us make a bargain. Let us allow Miss Raymond and Mrs. Everet to console themselves with Colonel Warrington and Mr. Garnett, while we are so happy with each other. Shall it be so?"

"Kate, you have been playing a part!"

"Of course I have. Did you suppose for a moment that I was in earnest?"

The loving kisses she showered upon his brow dispelled every lurking shadow from the husband's heart, and he felt how inexpressibly dear his wife was to him.

In the next day's train Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn left Washington, mutually convinced that they had had enough of the gay capital. There were two unmistakable good effects consequent on their sojourn, however. Kate was satisfied to remain quietly at home for the rest of her life, and Charles was completely cured of every latent tendency to flirt.

AN ANCIENT RELIC.

WE clip the following interesting account of the oldest relic in the world from one of our foreign exchanges:

There is an anecdote on record of some English visitors of one of the Continental churches which boasted of its relics, having been shown a very old sword as one of its rarest treasures. "What is this?" asked one of the party. "That sword, sir," said the custodian, "is the one with which Balaam smote his obstinate ass." "Ass!" retorted the questioner; "why, Scripture does not mention that Balaam had a sword, but only that he wished for one." "Oh, sir," was the ready reply, "this is the very sword which Balaam desired to have!". Without laying too much stress on the authenticity of this sword, we can offer satisfactory proof that England possesses a genuine relic of antiquity fully six centuries older than the age of Balaam, which the late Baron Bunsen justly declared to be the "oldest royal relic and human remains to which a date can be assigned in the world." In a large glass case, standing in one of the upper chambers of our great National Museum, is to be seen the skeleton, decently encased in its original burial clothes, of one Pharoah Mykerinus, and surrounded by fragments of the coffin, whereon the name of its occupant can be easily read by the Egyptologists of the present day; affording thereby conclusive evidence that it once contained the mummy of a king who was reigning in Egypt more than a century before the time of Abraham.

The proof of this may be thus explained: About two years ago Herr Dumichen, a German explorer of the mountains of Egypt, following up the indications pointed out by M. Mariotte, a distinguished archæologist, discovered on the buried walls of the Temple of Osiris, at Abydos, a large tablet containing the names of the ancient Pharaohs from the time of Mizraim, the grandson of Noah and founder of the Egyptian monarchy, unto that of Pharaoh Seti I., the father of the well-known Rameses the Great, including thereby the chronology of nine centuries, viz: from B. C. 2300 to B. C. 1400. This historical tablet, by far the most important ever yet discovered, may be compared to the sculptured figures of the Kings of England at the Crystal Palace, from William the Conqueror to her Majesty Queen Victoria, which we presume will afford sufficient evidence to the wanderer from New Zealand, when in the year of grace 1866 he may be exploring the ruins of ancient London, of the order of the succession of the monarchs of England.

Astronomical evidence, moreover, enables us to determine the time of two important epochs in the history of Egypt, one of which is connected with our present subject. Sir John Herschel has fixed the age of the Great Pyramid of Chizeh to the middle of the twenty-second century B. C. The tablet of Abydos shows that the Pharaoh whose bones we now possess succeeded the builder of the Great Pyramid, with only two intervening kings. The tropical cycle has been calculated by the Astronomer Royal at B. C. 2005, a date which coincides with Abaham's sojourn in that country. We are therefore warranted in assuming that the remains of Pharaoh Mykerinus belong to the age to which we have assigned them. About forty years ago the Pyramids of Chizeh were explored under the direction of Colonel Howard Vyse, whose work affords much valuable information to any one interested in the subject of Egyptian archæology. As he was not present when these identical remains were discovered, he gives the account of their being found in the words of his superintendent, who thus minutely records the details:

"By your request I send you the particulars of the finding of the bones, mummy-cloth, and parts of the coffin in the third pyramid. In clearing the rubbish out of the large entrance-room, after the men had been employed there several days and had advanced some distance toward the southeast corner, some bones were first discovered all together, and no parts of the coffin or bones could be found in the room. I therefore had the rubbish, which had been previously turned out of the same room, carefully re-examined, when several pieces of the coffin and the mummy were found. There was about three feet of rubbish on the top of the lid; and from the fact of the bones and part of the coffin being all found together, it appeared as if the coffin had been brought to that spot, and there unpacked."

It is known that the Saracens broke into and plundered the Pyramids during the thirteenth century of the Christian era. Edrisi, an Arabian author of repute, who gives an account of opening the Pyramid, on the authority of one who was present on the occasion, says: "After they had worked at it for six months in great numbers, hoping to find treasure, they came at last to a long blue basin. When they had broken the covering of it they found nothing but the decayed, rotten remains of a man, but no treasure by his side, excepting some golden tablets, inscribed with characters of a language nobody could understand. Each man's share of these amounted to one hundred dinars."

The golden tablets inscribed in an unknown language were of course carried off by the plunderers, who, though unable to comprehend the mysteries of hieroglyphics, well understood that universal tongue which has been the circulating medium of all ages and all people from the beginning of the world. The long blue basin, in other words the sarcophagus, which once held the coffin of King Mykerinus, remained in its original position until six centuries later the explorations of Colonel Vyse took place. The sarcophagus was then found to be composed of basalt, which bore a fine polish of a mixed blue and brown color. The exterior was very beautifully carved in compartments not unlike the Doric style, which confirms the opinion that Grecian architecture owes its origin to Egypt.

Unfortunately the ship containing this beautiful tomb was wrecked off the coast of Spain, and thus what was destined for England became irrecoverably lost in the depths of the sea. But its more precious contents, which Edrisi so ignobly described as "the decayed, rotten remains of a man," and which are in reality the veritable bones of good King Mykerinus, whose interesting history proves him to have been one of the best and greatest of the ancient Pharaohs, are visible to the present generation; in the estimation of some the most valuable, as they certainly are the most ancient of all the archæological treasures contained in the British Museum.

The gods of Egypt have long passed away, the tombs of her kings have been rifled; "son of Pharaoh" has become a by-word and reproach in the land which once was ruled by the greatest monarchs of antiquity, but which no longer possess a prince of its own; Egypt has become the basest of kingdoms; the so-called towns of Upper Egypt consist of mud-walled huts, built up beside her former gorgeous temples, and the most magnificent palace-tombs which the world has ever seen; desolation is visible on every side. But the corpse of the good old King Mykerinus, to use the language of a distinguished foreign scholar, "reposes at this hour in greater security than it did four thousand years ago in the island, the mistress of the world, whose freedom and free institutions are stronger bulwarks than the ocean which encircles her, among the treasures of all the realms of nature, and the most exalted remains of human art. May its rest never be disturbed, so long as the stream of history shall roll on!

EXAGGERATION.

THE habit of exaggeration in language is a characteristic of many people which appears to us to afford a truer index of their general qualities than is ordinarily observed. Some people's tongues are eternally emulating the frog in the old fable, and always straining into an ox—a state of verbal inflation alike ridiculous and false. There are those who never experience a moderate and occasional degree of pain but they speak of it as a "splitting" headache, an "awful" spasm, or "dreadful" torture. If they meet with a slight incision of the skin they have "cut their finger to the bone;" the application of a mustard poultice for five minutes never fails to "flay them alive;" a common cold is mentioned seriously as a "most violent influenza;" and a week or two of fever is accorded as a "severe and frightful illness." The "superlative" is the reigning mood with them; skim milk becomes Orange County cream, and small beer London stout. "Superb," "exquisite," "wonderful," "glorious," "tremendous," "charming," "delicious," "beautiful," "terrific," astonishing," and such extreme adjectives, hang on their lips as plentiful as conjunctions; and we often wonder, while gauging the narrow calibre of the brain whence the big torrent issues, how such large furniture could be found in such a small house. Let these people report a story of a circumstance, and you can hardly detect the original; they see everything through a magnifying-glass and kaleidoscope blended. Talk of painting in veritable colors, the foreground and outline, often given in mere words, beat the Raphaelites by notches; a Dutch garden all tulips and peacocks, or a Summer sunset all purple and gold, are soft and unimposing compared to the limning power of one of these fluent sign-painters.

We once kept account for a lady during a three miles' walk through sandy lanes, who declared herself "half dead" with fatigue every few minutes; and we found that she died exactly eleven times and a half at the end of her journey, when she swallowed cider and sandwiches in the most vital fashion, considering her multiplied state of demise. We met a cottager's child, which she rushed up to and pronounced to be an "angelic little cherub;" but our near-sighted eyes could only perceive about as average a bread and butter devouring little biped as ever plagued a mother; then she informed us that the view to the left was "grandly sublime," though there was nothing to elicit rapture beyond a broad common, fringed with a plantation, barely relieved in the foreground with a very yellow pond and still yellower goslings.

We chanced to tell this lady of a visit we had paid to the Porcelain Works at Worcester, and mentioned among other things that a part of the materials used was ground animal bones; shortly afterward we were told that we must have made a mistake in our recital, for Mrs. H. had repeated our account, and impugned our veracity by declaring that cups and saucers were made of ground human bones, and saying that we had assured her of the fact. We informed her one day that a marble figure just put up in a friend's hall was three hundred weight, and were laughed at soon after for having told Mrs. H. that it was three tons. We have never talked much to Mrs. H. since these florid mistakes.

CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

How many human beings lie in the soil we tread! Has any reader ever thought of infinite hosts of those who have travelled down the dark valley and mingled with the dust beneath our feet? The graves hide them, till gradually slow decay removes all that is recognizable. Yet in dense countries men require even the space allotted to graves. With us this is constantly going on. The church that once had its churchyard around it, with trees and fields, is hemmed in by stores or dwellings; the church loses its congregation, is removed, and we call on the dead to rise and begin their journeyings. This removal is not done always creditably, nor is an appropriate place always given to the remains of the dead of former generations.

The Indians in this were in advance of us. Some tribes, every ten years or so, gathered all the remains of the dead and committed them to one large decent grave, with, in their eyes, becoming ceremonial.

In Paris the remains of former generations have become a show. This city of fashion has a subterranean world. Vast quarries, bearing the names of America, Montmatre, and Montrouge penetrate the rock. The evacuations below the plain of Montrouge and the left bank of the Seine have, since the last century, borne the names of Catacombs. On the ninth of November, 1785, the authorities suppressed the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, which had been a burying ground for ten centuries, and eight feet of elevation above the surrounding lands were made up of man.

The bones of the dead were removed to the unused quarries; and the work once begun, the other cemeteries began to disgorge, till it was estimated that one hundred millions of dead were accumulated in the Catacombs. The bones are not thrown in pell-mell; they are received at the entrance called Puit de la Tombe Issoire, and thence carried to the galleries and arranged in piles about a yard wide and two yards high. The tibia and the femurs form the outer wall, the skulls the coping and ornaments, the other bones fill up the space. Streets corresponding with those in the city above lead you from one end to the other. Regular piles, altars, chapels, made of these relics of humanity, alone meet your eye, with occasional monuments from old cemeteries. Twice a month the Catacombs are open to visitors, and on those days crowds flock to the entrance near the old Barriere d'Enfer, each furnished with a ticket of admission from the prefect of la Seine. Here guides are ready, torch in hand, to guide you to the most curious localities. No one is allowed to enter without a guide, for though the names of the streets are put up, and a long black line leads to the entrance, people have been lost and died of starvation.

Before the quarries were used by the city as catacombs, they were a resort of smugglers, who used to store brandy here, and get it up inside the city through a house in the St. Jacques suburb.

THERE are moments when the two worlds, the earthly and the spiritual, sweep by near to each other, and when earthly day and heavenly night touch each other in twilight.

TROUT-FISHING.

THE following from the *Country Gentleman* gives us some practical information in relation to trout-fishing. We transfer it to our columns for the benefit of tyros in the sport: "First, as to the habits of the trout. They seek in the warm season clear, cool running water; in the Winter they retreat to the deeper water, such as fords and deep holes. The trout may be said to dislike civilization, and when the forest and brush are cleared from his old haunts, he takes good care to leave also. There are many streams in this region, which twenty years ago yielded trout abundantly, that are now almost deserted. Solitude is therefore indispensable to their increase, except when propagated by artificial means. When Spring opens, and the streams are warmed by the sun, the trouts run up into the brooks, and may then be taken by experienced anglers. The trout is very shy, and he who would catch him must keep without the range of his eye as much as possible. Noise does not frighten him. They usually lie under logs or the edges of rocks, or under banks, or in any place where seclusion can be obtained. When in search of food, as at sunset or in the early morning, or at times on cloudy days, they are all about the stream, but will oftenest be found in quick water, or in the very deepest water. Second, the best time to catch. This is usually in the morning and at evening. Cloudy days preferred to bright days, because the fish are then less liable to see the angler. Often in pond-fishing a light ripple on the surface of the water is as good as cloudy weather. And often, too, I have had great success in the brightest days. It is impossible to tell just when they will bite best. My rule is to go whenever I get ready, and take the chance. April, May, and June are the best months. Then as to the bait. For brook-fishing there is nothing better than the angle-worm or a dew-worm. For pond-fishing the artificial fly, and so *vice versa*. Large trout, however, are oftenest caught with the fly. Minnows are good, and will frequently tempt large trout when the worm and fly both fail.

RAZORS.

ENGINEERS as a class were the first to head the modern "beard movement" in this country; but many may like to read the following extract from a little work by Mr. Kingsbury, a practical razor-maker, of Bond Street: "The edge of a razor, pen-knife, and every other very keen instrument, consists of a great number of minute points, commonly called teeth, which, if the instrument is itself in good condition, follow each other through its whole extent with great order and closeness, and constitute by their unbroken regularity its excessive keenness. The edge of such an instrument acts on the beard, the skin, or anything else, not so much by the direct application of weight or force as being drawn, even slightly, along it; because by this operation the fine teeth of which it consists pass in quick succession, in the same direction, and over the same part of the substance. My readers will be convinced of this if they will make the following experiment on their glove or their hand, as they like best: Let them hold the razor either perpendicular or obliquely, and press on it with some considerable force in a direct line from right to left, and they will have no great reason to fear the consequences. But let them move it from that direction, let them draw it toward them or push it from them, in the smallest degree, in the gentlest manner, and it will instantly make an incision. When they have made this experiment they will be convinced of the truth of what I have asserted, namely, that in the operation of shaving very little weight and even very little force are necessary." Hence it follows that the best razor will have the teeth of its edge set almost as regularly as a good saw, and that the best test in buying a razor is to examine the edge by means of a strong magnifying-glass. This also explains the good effect on the keenness of a razor caused by dipping it in hot water, which necessarily clears the edges of any small clogging substances.—*London Engineer.*

YOUR MOTHER.

SPEAK kindly to your mother, and ever courteously tender of her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward. Others may love you when she is passed away, a kind-hearted sister, perhaps a kind-hearted brother, or one whom, of all the world, you may choose for a partner, may love you fondly; but never again, while time is yours, shall the love of one be to you as that of your old trembling mother has been. In agony she bore you; through puling, helpless infancy her throbbing breast has been your safe protection and support; in your wayward childhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened your parched lips, her eye that lighted up the darkness of wasting nightly vigils, watching always in your fretful sleep. Oh, speak not her name lightly! Speak gently, then, to your mother; and when you, too, shall be old, it will in some degree lighten the remorse which will be yours for other sins, that never wantonly have you forgotten what was due your mother.