American Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

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Poetical.

TO MY CHILDREN.

In the Boston *Transcript*, not long since, there was a very exquisite poem which was written in camp, after battle, and sent by a soldier to his children at home. It will stir good thoughts at any fireside, to read aloud:

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing;
Moaning, wailing through the air;
Breaking hearts, in anguish crying
For the lost ones—for the dying;
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting:
Brothers, red with brothers' gore,
Only that the wrong we're righting—
Truth and Honor's battle fighting—
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining,
For your kisses on my cheek;
For your dear arms round me twining;
For your soft eyes on me shining;
For your loved words, darlings—speak!

Tell me, in your earnest prattle,
Of the olive-branch and dove;
Call me from the cannon's rattle;
Take my thoughts away from battle;
Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
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Miscellaneous.

THE STORY OF A PRETTY WOMAN.

I was very beautiful. Why should I seek to deny that I knew the fact, when I learned it daily, hourly, from my mirror, from the admiring glances of all eyes, from the flattering tongues of those who sought thus to ingratiate themselves with me. And I was proud of my beauty, not vain, for I used no arts to attract attention to it, and dressed always with entire simplicity. But I had a haughty feeling of superiority, the possession of such charms seemed to set me apart from my own sex, and fit me for the worship of the other; a feeling that I was not made for life's common-uses, for its toils, its cares, and its sorrows; even the joys of other women seemed poor to me, for my soul craved worship only, cared not for love nor the happiness that springs from the mingling of true hearts.

My father was a wealthy merchant, absorbed in business, and deeming his whole duty done to his family when he supplied them with the means and appliances of luxurious living. I had a brother, who died before I arrived at womanhood—a noble youth, as I remember him, and who, had his life been spared, might have been my mentor, and saved me from many an unworthy triumph and many an hour of suffering.—There was a sister many years younger than myself—a plain, quiet, sickly child, and brother, who was (it pains me now to write it, for I would fain respect the memory of my mother,) a vain weak woman, almost characterless, in fact, except in the almost adoring love she bestowed upon this child. Such was our household, and I was its master spirit.

From my very infancy I had been accustomed to rule, in an indolent way, but right royally. No one but my brother had ever thought of disputing my will, and now that he was gone, I reigned with unlimited sway. I preferred the country, and from early spring to drear November days, with their early close, told of the near approach of winter, we were wont to inhabit our stately mansion, which, from a wood-crowned height overlooked the Hudson. The remainder of the year we occupied the elegant town house, where, in my languid way, I gave myself up to the dizzy round of pleasure that awaited me.

I dragged my mother from party to party, for a chaperon I must have, and she never dreamed of disputing my wishes, though she did not like to leave my sister, and was miserable away from the luxurious nook which was appropriated to her own use in our stately dwelling.

She must, herself, have had a faint, waxy prettiness in her youth, but her indolent, self-indulgent life had long destroyed the delicate bloom and contour on which she had prided herself, and triumphs for her vanity were things of the past. She shone now only in my reflected light, and derived some faint solace for her fatigues, her tight dresses, and uncomfortable shoes, from listening at parties to the many flattering remarks that my appearance was sure to elicit. These she would repeat to my father at next morning's breakfast table, and it was pleasant to see the good man enjoying, at second hand, all the fine things which were said about his favorite child.

'You'll be taking a husband one of these days, Ettie,' he would say. 'Some of these fine chaps that get their money from their fathers, or grandfathers, if ever they had any, will be coming to ask for you. I won't say no to a good fellow, if you could stoop to like him well enough to say yes; but there'll be just this bargain to be made. If he takes a wife, I must take a son, for you are not going to leave the old father's house. I don't see how I could well live through a day without a sight of my beauty.'

My father was a coarse man, almost without education, and had ways that shocked my fastidious tastes, at times. But he loved me truly, and all too fondly. I believe, even then, the only genuine emotion that had stirred my cold and sluggish heart was affection for him. His kiss upon my brow always made me happy, and his love, as I now look back to those days, seems the only real thing in all my brilliant existence.

Much as I loved the country and nature, I had all the worldliness of feeling that belongs properly to the dwellers in cities. I loved high position. I thought I might marry some day—with my glorious beauty I could always choose from numerous suitors, and therefore might enjoy my freedom long.—But the marriage I should make should be worthy of my beauty, which I had determined no rude casket should ever enclose.—I gave no encouragement to any one. Not one of my rejected suitors, even in the bitterness of his mortification, could assert that I had played the coquette, or stooped from my haughty pride to bestow on him words or glances more kindly than those which were dispensed to all.

And so the bright years rolled on, leaving in their track no care nor blight. My triumphs had not waned, my beauty had not shown signs of decay, my pride was as cold and haughty as in the earlier days, and yet, for five years I had been a leader in society, as much so as a young unmarried woman can be, the centre of its innermost, exclusive circle, round which scores of inferior suns revolved, pale in the dazzle of my loveliness. I was twenty-three, and began to weary of this life.

For the first time I was conscious of a want that admiration could not supply, of a longing for something different from the distant worship I had hitherto received. And when my mother one day hinted to me, in her timid way, that Margaret was now old enough to enter society, and that it might be well ere long I should make a selection from my numerous devotees, I went away silently to my room, and wept the first bitter tears I had ever shed.

I knew that my mother meant no unkindness; she had never spoken unkindly to me even in the days of my undisciplined childhood. She knew that Margaret would make no impression in the circles where I still reigned as a belle, and she was right in desiring that her favorite child should not be utterly eclipsed.

We were in the country then; it was early June, and never had my home, and all its surroundings seemed so beautiful. I knew that if I married I must leave it, spite of my father's Utopian plans. My own pride would not have permitted me to marry a man who would not insist upon a home of his own, and, though virtual mistress here, I meant, as a matron, to be real mistress of my husband's house. The question was who that husband was to be, and I found myself almost hating in advance the man who should have the right to bear me away from my beautiful home.

In a few days the first of our summer guests would come to us; all through the warm season our acquaintances came and went. The house was never empty. Most of those who would come to us this summer were persons invited by myself. I ran over the list mentally, wondering if among them would be found one man whom I could sufficiently respect—love was out of the calculation entirely—to be willing to receive him as my future husband. There were many whose worldly position might have satisfied my wildest desires; but when I had reached that conclusion I could not among them, nor among the merely eligible, name one from whom I did not shrink with distaste. And yet I was fully resolved, since they represented all that was best of society, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, to select from among them one to whom enough favor was to be shown to bring him to my feet before the summer was cast.

A strange, perhaps degrading revelation this of a girl's thoughts and resolves. I do not shrink from it, for it is the truth. I ask but speaking from my own experiences—not suggesting even the probability that another may have felt and acted the same.

I linger upon the threshold of my beautiful life—the life I was so soon to leave forever—more reluctant to cross it, to return, than I was even in that hour. The future then, stretched dim before me, with only mysterious premonitions of the destiny concealed within its veil. Now, long since, it has become a bitter and sorrowful past, whose griefs and wrongs I hesitate to disclose.—Let me hasten, therefore, lest my pen refuse its task.

Among our guests that summer were two who occupied social extremes; James Graham Lorrimer and Earnest Sinclair by name. Connected by some distant relationship, and singularly alike in person, they were the first to enter our hospitable home. The first was distinguished not only as bearing the illustrious name of his father, but that representing the wealth of a deceased uncle, now his own. He was thus set apart by birth and position and far above the common herd.—All advantages that attract the eye and win interest were his. He was the *catch* of the past season, but resisting all the temptations that beset him, had bent only at my shrine, and that so coldly and distantly as to pique me into unusual observation of him.

Mr. Sinclair I had not before met. His friend had asked permission to bring him to us, and it was understood that, before the close of the summer, he would leave the country upon a diplomatic mission to which he had been recently appointed. His personal advantages were perhaps superior to those of Mr. Graham Lorrimer, but he was poor and without position; a gentleman, however, in the highest sense of the term, as it took me no long time to discover. From the first I liked him better than his cousin. He was one of those men whose better qualities shine out in the domestic circle, gay, cheerful, ready in expedients for amusement, with varied conversational powers that suited every word and every mind, kind and thoughtful, not simply polite.

Mr. Graham Lorrimer was brilliant when he chose to exert himself, which was not often, and unexceptionably correct in all the *bienseances* of social intercourse, but cold mannered and haughty. He did not please me, and yet he had not been twenty-four hours our inmate before I had resolved to accept his suit should he offer, and I had little doubt that before the opening of another year I should be installed mistress of that magnificent city mansion where Mr. Graham Lorrimer reigned in the place of his late uncle.

Nor did I swerve from my resolve as the sweet summer days rolled on with their burden of beauty, perfume and pleasure. Other guests came and went, but the cousins lingered, and each day revealed to me more fully that my soul, that better portion of me so long dormant, was kindred to the soul of Ernest Sinclair. A new, delightful, timid joy possessed me in his presence. His voice was music to my ear, a glance of his eye thrilled me with a sensation half joy, half sadness. I thought I liked, admired him; but the time came, too late, when I knew that my heart had its awakening in that enchanted summer time, and that his was the hand that broke the spell under which it had lain a life time.

Nothing changed my purpose, however.—A few smiles brought Mr. Graham Lorrimer to my feet. The offer I had looked for was made and accepted. I was the betrothed bride of him whom I not only did not love, but esteemed far less than that other in whose society I daily passed the happiest hours.

In the autumn we were to be married. I had assented to everything my lover proposed, until he urged me to hasten the preparations for my marriage that Earnest Sinclair might be present at it before leaving for Europe.

The pang, swift and strange, which made me catch my breath almost with a moan when this request was made, should have enlightened me but did not. I refused coldly, saying merely that there was much to be done and I would not be hurried, and then, unheeding the surprised, half indignant look which James assumed, I abruptly left him in the library, where the late family conclave had been held.

I had meant to go to my room, but I seemed stifling; seizing my garden hat, in I passed through the hall; I passed out through the grounds, and soon found myself in a "bosky dell," deep in the grove that surrounded our house. I flung myself down upon a seat, and though the soft cool wind fanned my cheek gratefully, I felt it burning with an excitement strange to my cold, calm life. "I hate him, I hate him!" I exclaimed, and I verily believe I did, at that moment, utterly detest the man with whom, in a few months, I was to stand before the alter, to whom I was to make those vows of love and obedience and trust that should never be taken lightly on any lips.

How long I sat there, chafing in my solitary anger, I know not; but after a time a familiar tread came along the mountain path the clustering shrubs were parted, and with a thrill of joy I met the gaze of Earnest Sinclair, as he laughingly surveyed me. I ought to have been enlightened, but I was so self-centred, so unused to look beyond myself for my pleasures, that it did not even then occur to me that the feeling I was cherishing was one incompatible with my station of a betrothed wife.

I smiled back, all my anger gone, and Earnest, accepting my mute invitation, came and sat by my side. I fell into a subdued mood, as unusual to me as anger, and listened quietly as he talked of the scene before us of the days of that pleasant summer now so swiftly fleeting; of his expected absence from the country, scarcely heeding the meaning of his words till I suddenly found myself clasped in his arms, while he poured out the story of a love as profound as his being, as fond and true as his great heart.

Surprise kept me silent, and conflicting emotions. I see it all, now. I loved him, and was betrothed to another. I could have crept to his arms as to the safe shelter of a long coveted home, but my vows and my pride alike forbade it. Nature would have speech in that hour. One great cry of sorrow burst from my lips—'Oh, Earnest, my beloved!' I said, clinging to the hands that held mine for one brief instant. Then I rose up, and moved from his side. 'I am promised to James; you must never think of me more.'

I saw the joy light fade from his eyes, the flush from his face. Then I hid my face in my hands and let the tears, that would not be restrained, flow freely. When I looked up again he was gone, and years passed before we met again.

Five years later I stood, one summer evening, at the embowered gate of the humble cottage that was my home. The brief splendor of my life had faded as the sunset glories were even then fading from the sky. Beauty, fortune, home, all had been wrested from me. Of all I possessed of wealth or kindred, only Margaret remained to me, and the pretty cottage and few acres which now made our home. Yet I had never been so happy, even amid the triumphs of my belihood, as now.

It needs not many words to tell the story of that lustrum. I had fulfilled my promise to James Graham Lorrimer, and had reigned briefly over the city mansion and the brilliant circle that welcomed me with new delight as the bride of the most distinguished man in society. I was not happy—I had not expected to be. Conscience whispered the sin of a marriage without love. I knew that I had committed a double wrong—toward myself and toward him to whom I had pledged false vows. I was capricious in my moods, as haughty and cold to my husband as I had been to my lover.

No man is pleased to meet only coldness from his wife. I do not seek to shield Mr. Graham Lorrimer from the just condemnation of his sin, but I cannot deny that on my own conscience is laid a part of its heavy burden. Had I made one effort—the slightest—to make his home happy; had I ever remembered my duties to him, or seemed to care for aught but my own selfish pleasures, he might not have strayed so wildly from the paths of rectitude, and the sin and misery, and shame of his lot might have been averted.

I was not blind to the attractions of that beautiful woman through whom all this sorrow came to me and my husband, but I was so accustomed to believe myself superior, in personal beauty and fascination, to any one else, that I had no forebodings of the end.—My pride made me angry when I saw that I was sometimes openly neglected for her, but I did not love my husband well enough to feel jealous, and therefore never guessed the toils which were being woven about him.

It needs not that I enter into detail. Suffice that, so gradually that I suspected nothing, my husband transferred all his property to foreign lands. Unsuspiciously, in my utter ignorance of business, I set my name to whatever papers he or his steward presented me often without knowledge to their nature. And at last I rose one morning to find myself deserted, penniless, to learn that my husband had fled with the siren who for months had been luring him on to his destruction.

I went home to my father's house. I was welcomed with open arms, but the old familiar places were home no longer. I was miserable enough. My pride revolted against my situation, and, angry, disappointed, embittered against all the world, I dragged out weary days of fruitless complaining.

I was to learn a lesson of sorrow more real and vivid than this.

One morning a dispatch came to our country home, requesting my mother and myself to proceed at once to the city, and containing a vague intimation of danger to my father.—Alarmed and excited, we were soon at the station, where a train was due. The train was behind time—I remember waiting what seemed a dreary hour for it—and no sooner were we seated than it dashed off at such furious speed as, had my thoughts not been so wholly concentrated on my distressing errand, would have filled me with alarm, and with reason.

We had hardly passed Yonkers when a collision with an upward bound train occurred. Of this I have no memory after the first terrific crash. Days and weeks of utter blank unconsciousness followed—then more days of struggling uncertainty; and then I learned that, save Margaret, I was utterly alone. I had lost all on that fatal day—fortune, beauty, parents, home! Into a brief sentence or two may be compressed its story.

My father had been for some time engaged in certain gigantic speculations that gradually had absorbed his entire wealth. A sudden crash tottled down the airy fabric he had built. Already aged and feeble, the shock prostrated his remaining strength.—He fell, in an attack of apoplexy, and died without having recovered sufficiently to be removed from his counting room.

In the collision, my poor mother was killed instantly, probably without a pang, and mercifully spared the knowledge of my father's death. And how shall I tell the sad tale? when I recovered it was to find myself a mere wreck of the brilliant creature I had been, every vestige of my once glorious beauty vanished forever.

I had a little cottage and a few surroundings, the legacy of a deceased aunt. It was my sole possession; and thither Margaret and I repaired, glad to find a safe and quiet shelter beneath its humble roof.

Two years had we lived there forgotten by the world, in the deepest seclusion, when Ernest Sinclair presented himself one morning at our door. He came to tell that at last I was free from my legal bondage to the man who had forsaken me. Mr. Graham Lorrimer had died in Paris a few months previously, and Ernest was the bearer of his dying message of remorse to me, and of such remnants of his once large fortune as had escaped the ravages of the life he had led enough at least to keep poverty from the door.

Ernest Sinclair came often to us, and was ever welcome. Time passed, and the vows once repulsed were renewed. He loved me still, and how proud I was of that love which had attracted all men to me in past years. We were plighted, and I was happy in the present, happy in the promises of the future.

But that summer evening, standing at my vice embowered gate, I caught my last glimpse of happiness. As I waited for my lover, Margaret came creeping to my side, and told me, with many tears, that she was going out from that shelter, because she could not live to witness my happiness. To me she had always been the plain and inactractive child. I forgot that she had become the sweet and pleasant woman. Even as she spoke, something whispered to me that her unsullied youth might be preferred to my wrecked and marred woman blood—that the heart of Ernest was even then divided. I bade her go in and be of good cheer. And when Ernest came I bade him tell me, truthfully, if my suspicions were correct. It matters not how I learned the truth, but that night I laid Margaret's hand in his, and knew that henceforth all the days of my appointed life must be spent in loneliness.—Years have passed, and failing health warns me that the end is near, and so, with feeble hand I trace the sad story of a life useless, but to point a moral, or serve as a warning to my sex.

☞ The system of employing substitutes was practiced to a certain extent in the revolutionary war. Mr Elijah Gaylord, now or very recently a resident of New York city, and nearly one hundred years old, engaged as a substitute during the war of independence at Hartford, Conn., where he was born, in consideration of a cow, a suitable outfit of clothing, one blanket, a few farming utensils and twelve bushels of wheat per month.

☞ The last dodge of the conscript deserters is to don a Confederate uniform and come into camp as deserters. They are then sent to Washington take the oath of allegiance and are forwarded to the North. Seven were caught at this game last week.

☞ A few days since a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, asked a negro if the road he was traveling led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed curious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation. For the fun of the thing the traveler concluded to humor Ebony a little, and the following dialogue ensued:

'My name is ——, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart you can guess that from my appearance. Can't you see that I am a timber cutter?'

'No, boss, you no timber cutter.'

'An overseer, then?'

'No, sir, you no look like one.'

'What say you to my being a doctor?'

'Don't think so, boss—dey don't ride in a sulkey.'

'Well how do you think I would do for a preacher?'

'I sorter specs you is dat sir.'

'Pshaw, Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for. Don't I look more like a lawyer than anything else?'

'No siree, Bob, you don't dat.'

'Why Cuffee?'

'Why, now you see boss, I's been ridin' wid you for more'n a mile, an' you hain't cussed an' a lawyer always cusses.'

An editor out West gives the following notice:—'Our purse is lost! The finder is requested to return it, being careful not to disturb its contents, which were a brass rule, a piece of leaf tobacco nicely twisted, the stump of a cigar, and a very good leather string.'

'I am glad this coffee don't owe me anything,' said Brown, a boarder, at the breakfast table.

'Why?' said Smith.

'Because,' said Brown, 'I don't believe it would ever settle!'

A Re-Tailor.—A newsboy rushed into a retail store on Hanover street, the other day, and thus accosted the proprietor:

'Say, Mister, do you retail shirts here?'

'Yes, my son; we have them to fit you at one dollar each—very nice ones.'

'Oh, blazes! I don't want a whole one.—But I seed on your sign: Shirts retail and wholesale, and I thought you might retail mine, for it wants it bad; a dog got hold of it, and wouldn't let go if I'd kill'd him.'

An exchange comes to us with a notice that 'Truth' is crowded out of this issue.—This is almost as bad as the country editor who said, 'For the evil effects of intoxicating drink see our inside.'

A Little girl who had often contemplated the very aged appearance of her grandmother of more than eighty years, her face wrinkled and time worn, ran up to her one day, and asked, 'Grandmother were you alive when God made the world?'

☞ "If I'm drafted I'll go!"—The last seen of the individual who made this remark a year ago he was going—to Canada.

Hints to Housewives.

As a general rule, it is most economical to buy the best article. The price is, of course, always a little higher; but good articles spend best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor flour, meal, sugar, molasses, butter, cheese, lard, etc, to say nothing of the injurious effect upon the health.

Of West India molasses, the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom bought clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good.—Refined sugar usually contains most of the saccharine substance, therefore there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed and granulated sugars than we should at first suppose.

Butter that is made in September and October is best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white, and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mould appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sago, called pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. These articles, and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered.

The cracked cocoa is the best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen.

When a cask of molasses is bought, draw off a few quarts, else a fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Salt cod should be kept in a dry place where the odor of it will not affect the air of the house. The best kind is that which is called Bun, from its peculiar odor. Fish skins for clearing coffee should be washed, dried, cut small and kept in a box or paper bag.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and should not be used till three months old. Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using it, as it spends fast when it is new.

Discoveries at Rome.—In a letter addressed to the Paris Nation, M. Duchesnay gives an interesting account of the discoveries lately made in the environs of Rome, on the spot where Constantine defeated Maxentius, that is, near Cremera, outside the Porta del Popolo. On one of the hills of that locality a villa believed to have belonged to Calpurnia, Cæsar's wife, has this year been entirely exhumed. One of the conduit pipes found on the spot bears the name of that lady. At an insignificant depth below the surface of the soil, a suite of rooms has been found, which must have been the ground floor of the villa. The walls of one of these rooms are decorated with painted landscapes; one of them represents a grove of palm and orange trees, with fruits and birds on the branches. The colors are perfectly well preserved, and as vivid as if they had been painted but a few days ago. The ceilings have fallen in, but from the fragments it is easy to perceive that they were decorated with aerial figures similar to those discovered at Pompeii. Glass and pottery have also been found on this spot; but the great object of attraction is a beautiful marble statue of Agustus, in his triumphal robes, open enough to reveal a richly sculptured breastplate, the subjects of which are Rome with a cornucopia, and the twins by her side; Apollo with his lyre, mounted on a hippogryph; Diana with a heart, Mars sheathing his sword, a trophy, and a triumphal car drawn by four horses, and preceded by winged figures of Victory. The feet of this statue are broken off, but not lost; one of them is flanked by a cupid on a dolphin. The statue is 2½ metres in height, and bears evident traces of paint on its surface. The busts of Septimus Severus, his wife, and his son Geta, have also been found.

Marriage:—If there is a tie deemed sacred on earth, and holy in a brighter land, tis that which binds man to his kindred spirit to become as one in unity and love; and yet it rarely happens that he properly appreciates the kindness and sincerity of the female heart, by setting right value on a gem so productive of happiness to the possessor. There is nothing in life so pure and devoted as the unquenchable love of woman—more priceless than the gems of Golconda, and more devout than the idolatry of Mecca, is the unsealed and gushing tenderness which flows from the fount of the female heart.

It may here with propriety be asked, what so often enhances the sorrow of the female heart, causing many anxious days and sleepless nights? Is it not for the inconstancy of man? For whose sake does she bid adieu to the home of her childhood? For whom does she leave the loved father and the doting mother and the sweet sister who played with her in infancy? To whom does she cling with a fond embrace, when all but her have forsaken him?

A Great Curiosity.—On Saturday last, as one of the masons, at the West Harrisburg market house, was dressing one of the stones of which the building is being constructed, upon chipping off a block, he found a large petrified rattlesnake in the inside. The snake is in a most wonderful state of preservation. The scales are perfect, the back bone is clearly defined, and it is one of the most interesting specimen of petrefaction probably ever discovered. The gentlemanly superintendent of the work, Mr. Charles Swartz, has possession of the reptile at present.—*Harrisburg Union.*

☞ The lady who passed a five cent piece in one of the horse cars in Boston, last Tuesday, was very much confused by the wondering gaze of the other passengers. The conductor examined the piece very carefully to satisfy himself that it was genuine.

☞ Many a sweetly fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery serpent tongue within.

☞ The man who attempts to measure everybody else by himself, had better trim the pattern very carefully.

How Jimmy Imparted a Flavor to the Coffee.

The wife of our friend being in delicate health, it was resolved that a girl should be procured to do the housework, that the lady might have an opportunity to recover health and spirits. After visiting the intelligence office for two or three mornings, a fine, buxom lass of about twenty years of age, but six months from 'the owld sod," was selected, and instructed as to the duties that would be expected of her.

'Now, then,' says the lady, 'pour the ground coffee into the pot, then pour in the hot water, and, after a few minutes' boiling, put in one-half of an egg, so,' and the lady elucidated such demonstration by illustration. 'You understand, don't you?' says the lady.

'Indeed I do, mum' was the response.—'Bile the coffee, grind in the water, and put in the half of an egg. Isn't that it, mum?'

'All right,' replied the lady. 'Now then, to-morrow morning we'll see how well you remember.'

To-morrow morning came and the coffee was as good as could be expected. The third morning came, and, to the astonishment of our friend and wife, the coffee was undrinkable and nauseating; even the odor of it was sickening. Bridget was called, and questioned as follows:

'Bridget, did you first put the ground coffee in the pot?'

'Indade I did, mum.'

'Did you then put in the hot water?'

'Sure I did.'

'How long did you let it boil?'

'Five minutes, mum.'

'Did you put in the egg?'

'I did, mum.'

'Just as I showed you the other morning?'

'Well, to tell the thruth, mum,' says Bridget, giving her garment a twitch with her brawny hand, 'to tell the thruth, I would not put in the half of the egg, as ye towld me, but the egg was a bad one, and I thought ye wouldn't mind kaping the half of it, so I put in the crather as it was.'

Aromatic coffee, that. We should call it infantile chicken soup.

THE BEARD.

Nature has supplied the most of mankind with beards, and in very ancient times, the use of a razor upon it was unknown. In Greece, the first instance of shaving occurred in the reign of Alexander the Great. This warrior ordered the Macedonians to be shaved lest the beards of his soldiers should afford handles to their enemies. The sarcastic Diogenes, when he once saw some one whose chin was smooth, said: 'I am afraid you think you have great ground to accuse nature for having made you a man and not a woman.' In Cicero's time the genuine beard was not worn in society. But the *barbata* (gontee) seems to have been affected by the young Roman "swells."

The beard began to revive again in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. But of all the emperors who wore that ornament, none creates so much interest in posterity as the emperor Julian. His beard is the most famous beard in history. Speaking of it, he says: "I commence with my countenance. It had nothing regular, or particularly agreeable about it; and out of humor and, whimsicality, and just to punish it for not being handsome, I have made it ugly by carrying this long and peopled beard.'

The Brittons, like the ancient Gauls, allowed the hair to grow thick on the head; and, although they shaved their beards close on the chin, wore immense tangled moustaches, which sometimes reached their breasts.

It may be presumed that the northern nations felt the symbolic force of these appendages; we have a well known passage in Tacitus about the Catti, who says, made a general custom of what, among other German people was an affair of private daring—the letting the 'crinem barbamque' grow till they had killed an enemy. The Normans, when they conquered England, were well shaven, on the back of the head as on the face; but the Saxons wore full beards.

In Edward II.'s reign, beards were worn apparently by persons in years, great officers of State, and knights templars, but not generally. Sir John Mandeville, the traveler, who died A. D. 1372, was called Sir John with the Beard (persumably from its size.) In Edward III.'s time—the hey day of chivalry, of feudal ornament, of love poetry, of heraldry—long beard and fine mustache were in honorable estimation. In Richard II.'s reign, the fashion continued. The beard was 'forked,' and in all knightly effigies the mustache is long and drooping on each side of the mouth.

A sober and well governed gentleman of Elizabeth's time, regulated his beard as he did his dress, mind, manners or conduct. It was an index of his status or profession; an emblem of his feelings and tastes—a symbol to be respected like his coat of arms. The Reformer, John Knox, cherished a large and profuse one, obviously from its patriarchal character, from the honor shown it in the Jewish days, from whose sentiment he drew his inspiration. The scholar, such as George Buchanan, wore it—sometimes as one who followed Knox and Calvin.

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the civil wars of England; and the same rigor which the Puritan exercised on the head he exercised on his chin, and trimmed his beard as closely as he trimmed his locks. The Vandyke beard is the typical one of this period.—Peaked beards and mustaches were popular among the cavaliers; and were at least pretty generally worn.

Beards went out of fashion for more than two hundred years, among the Anglo Saxons of Europe and America; but they have been revived again, and are now cultivated and defended upon scientific considerations.

The mustache is approved because it is said to be a natural respirator; a defense to the lungs against the inhalation of dust, and the beard is defended as a protection for the throat against cold. It has been recommended that all preachers who are subject to throat diseases should allow their beards to grow. Travelers in sandy regions, millers, bakers and all mechanics should allow the beard free play.

☞ Crazy as George the Third was said to have been, there was evidently a method in his madness at times. Speaking to Archbishop Sutton of his large family, he used the expression, 'I believe your grace has better than a dozen?' 'No, sire,' replied the Arch-Bishop, 'only eleven.' 'Well,' rejoined the King, 'is not that better than a dozen?'

☞ Every young lady knows her lover by heart. But that's often a very uncertain kind of knowledge.

☞ Fashionable society has generally two faults—first, its being hollow headed, and second, in being hollow hearted.

☞ Cider becomes sour by working; men' minds get so by not working.

Our Chip Basket.

☞ Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

☞ The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer.

☞ Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

☞ The dog wags his tail, not for you but for the bread.

☞ The fox is very cunning, but he is more cunning who catches him.

☞ "Short visits are the best," as the fly said when he lit on the stove.

☞ What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?—Oh, any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with!

☞ Why is matrimony like a besieged city? Because those who are in it wish to be out, and those who are out wish to be in.

If a man is murdered by his own hired men should the coroner find a verdict of killed by his own hands?

☞ There is a town down east, where the people are so opposed to committing an assault that it is with difficulty they can be persuaded to strike a tune in church.

☞ The true way of reaching the right is through the heart of the wrong; he who goes around it finds but the other side of wrong, and the wrong side of right.

☞ A soldier, who was arrested for stealing a rebel's goose, said he found the bird hissing at the American flag, and arrested it for treason.

The police are after the perpetrator of the following conundrum: Why is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is something to a-dore.

'Was your son engaged before he went to the war?' asked Mrs. Gogg of a neighbor.

'No, but he has had several engagements since,' she replied.

'Why don't your father take a newspaper?' said a gentleman to a little urchin, whom he caught in the act of pilfering one from his door step.

'Cause he sends me to take it.'

☞ Dresses are coming down. The sign before the door of a mantua maker's shop, in the city, reads thus:

"N. B.—Dresses made lower than ever."

☞ If you wish your neighbors to notice you, buy a dog and tie him up in the cellar all night. They won't sleep for thinking of you.

☞ Flave said that if men should rise from the dead and read their epitaphs, some of them would think they had got into the wrong grave.

☞ Why was Adam the best runner that ever lived? Because he was the first in the human race.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil when uncultivated, shoots up in the rankest weeds; and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons.

A tavern keeper at Leigh, Lancashire, England, is apparently too proud to adopt the usual sign of his calling, and prefers to announce it by the somewhat pithy inscription, just over his doorway—'My Sign's in the Cellar.'

☞ Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James I, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might rein as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. 'Faith, mon,' said the King to the person who presented it, 'my son then must reign by candle light.'

☞ What strange creatures girls are.—Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and, ten chances to one, if the 'old woman, can spare any of her girls'—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a lifetime for victuals and clothes.

☞ That was a very pretty conceit of a romantic husband and father whose name was Rose, who named his daughter 'Wild,' so that she grew up under the appellation 'Wild Rose.' But the romance of the name was sadly spoiled in a few years, for she married a man by the name of 'Hall.'

☞ Pat was hungry, and got off the cars for refreshments. The cars very thoughtlessly went on. 'Yo spalpeen!' he cried, stamping on a run and shaking his fist as he flew after them. 'Stop there, ye old stame waggin, ye murtherin stame engine, ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!'

☞ "Mr. Timothy," said a learned lady, who had been showing off at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story."

"Divine Almira," meekly replied her adorer, "its thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy the upper story entirely."

An Opinion on Morgan.—It is related that an old woman ventured out in the midst of Morgan and his men in a little town in Indiana, and inquired of a rebel, who was sitting backward upon his 'frame,'

'Whar is the gayrillor?'

'D'ye mean John Morgan?'

'Yaas, jest so.'

'There he is,' said the reb, pointing to John.

'Well,' said the old lady, eyeing him from head to foot, 'We've got better lookin' horse thieves nor him in Hoosier, an' less said about 'em too.'

☞ When Gen. Lafayette was in the United States, two young men were introduced to him. He said to one:

'Are you married?'

'Yes sir,' was the reply.

'Happy man,' quoth the General.

He put the same question to the other, who replied:

'I am a bachelor.'

'Unlucky dog,' said the General.

This is the best essay on matrimony extant.

Avoid Deception.—Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinion and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.