

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 40.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1862.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,654.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription.
One Copy per annum, in advance, \$1.50
If not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2.00
4 Cents a copy.
No subscription received for a less time than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until the arrears are paid. All communications to the publisher should be addressed to the office of the Columbia Spy, and be accompanied by the name of the subscriber.
Advertisement.
Quart. (16 lines) one week, \$0.35
Three weeks, 1.00
One month, 1.75
Six weeks, 1.00
Three months, 2.50
Six months, 4.50
One year, 8.00
A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

Poetry.

Under the Snow.

BY GEN. LANDER.

The spring had tripped and lost her flowers,
The summer scattered through the glades,
The wounded feet of autumn goblins
Left ruddy footsteps on the blades.
And all the glories of the woods
Had fled their shadowy alliance down—
When, wilder than the storm it breeds,
She fled before the winter's frown.
For her sweet spring had lost its flowers,
She felt, and passion's tongue of flame
Ran reddening through the blushing bowers,
Now haggard as her naked shame.
One secret thought her soul had screened,
When prying maids sought her wrong,
And blushing maids sought her friend,
And mocked her as she fled along.
And now she bore its weight aloft,
To hide it where one ghastly blyth
Held up the rafters of the roof,
And grim old pipe-stems formed a church.
'Twas here her spring-time vows were sworn,
And here upon its frozen sod,
While wintry midnight reigned forlorn,
She knelt, and raised her hands to God.
The cautious creature of the air
Looked out from many a secret place,
To see the embers of despair
Flit in the gray ashes of her face.
And where the last week's snow had caught
The gray beam of a cyprus limb,
She heard the music of a thought
More sweet than her own childhood's hymn.
For rising in that cadence, low,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Her mother prayed her to and fro,
And rocked the Lord her soul to keep.
And still her prayer was humbly raised,
Held up in two cold hands to God,
That, while as some old pine-tree blazed,
Or gleamed far over that dark frozen sod,
The storm stole out beyond the wood,
She grew the vision of a cloud,
Her dark hair was a misty hood,
Her stark face shone as from a shroud.
Still sped the wild storm's rattling feet
To martial music of the pines,
And still her cold heart's muffled beat
Wheeled grimly up some a line.
And still, as if her secret were
No mortal word had ever found,
The dying sinner draped in snow
Held up her prayer without a sound.
But when the holy angel bands
Saw this lone vigil, lowly kept,
They gathered from her frozen hands
The prayer thus folded, and they went.
Some snow-flakes—wiser than the rest—
Soon faded over a thing of clay,
First read this secret of her breast,
Then gently robed her where she lay.
The dead dark hair, made white with snow,
A still stark face, two faded palms,
And (mother, beneath her stern frown)
An unborn infant—winking eyes.
God kept her counsel, cold and mute
Her needles, needles closed her eyes,
Her head-stone was an old tree's root,
Be mine to utter—"Here she lies!"
(Atlantic Monthly.)

Selections.

Love and Marriage in Persia.

When a poor man has a pretty daughter about eleven or twelve years old—the age at which Persian ladies are supposed to have matrimonial views—a marriage-broker waits upon him, and endeavors to strike a bargain for her. The broker, generally a moolah or priest, will perhaps offer from two to four hundred tomans, or say, from one to two hundred pounds English money, as a fair price for a young lady. The bargain completed, the girl probably becomes the wife of some khan, rich enough to afford himself such a luxury, and to give the broker a handsome profit on the transaction. It is usually all a matter of business, and a man posting up his accounts that at the end of the year, might note down that upon such a day he bought a lady, pretty much as though he had purchased a fine Turcoman horse or an English rifle, only the price of the two latter articles would be considerably higher than the first. It is seldom that either of the parties have previously seen each other, so that the lifting of the veil upon the wedding-day may be a delightful surprise, or a grim disappointment, according to circumstances. A Persian bride, when first brought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweet-meats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with oesmetics. Collyrium has been put in her eyes to make them dark and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed a coal black by indigo, or of a radiash brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of her broker. Her eyebrows are palastered, and painted so thickly that they look like a large piece of court-plaster set into arched tracks upon her face. "I say a large piece," because they are

joined artificially across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, are stuck on each side of them in the shape of number sixes, placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger nails and toe nails, are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! She plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman, with her skin all shriveled and burned up by caustics, and poisoned prickles of needles.

This odd underdressed creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trowsers possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as an American dandy is of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket with short sleeves, and a pretty chemise of soaj silk and white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms, and legs, and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds; but is not particular as to their beauty or value; a diamond is a diamond for her, whatever its shape or color may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments, but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an under-current of strange roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know, and child as she is in years, she could out-wit the wisest man who ever wore a gray beard.

One of the flat visits she receives after her marriage will most probably be from her father, who will tell her that his home is cold and cheerless since she has left, and that her mother is getting old. This pathetic appeal is certain to touch her heart, and she will employ the first money she can coax out of her husband to buy her father a new young wife. All Persia seems fairly wife-mad, according to our northern notions. A beggar asking for alms in the street will find his strongest claim to your charity on the startling fact that he has five wives at home, and has just married a young one. You take a servant from rags and hunger, and he spends the first few tomans he can scrape together in your service, in buying a brand-new wife. But the oldest, or first married wife, is usually house-keeper and mistress. She usually distributes rations of food to the rest, who hold her in much respect and some awe. The number of marriages is undoubtedly increased by the strange conditions under which some of them take place. A marriage contract is seldom intended to last the life of either party. A lady may be taken on lease, like a house, for a definite period; and this species of matrimony is much encouraged by the moolahs, who derive liberal fees from it.

Children are not the source of embarrassment, even to poor people, that they are supposed sometimes to be in more civilized countries. There need be no anxiety at all about them, indeed. They can always pick up rice enough to live somewhere, and the family of a rich man is often far too numerous for his children to expect to be rich men too. Hence it happens that poverty, far from bringing contempt on a man in the East, seems even to be invested with a kind of majesty. All men, therefore, think they have nature's own right to marry; and few trouble themselves at all about the care of a family; the world is wide enough for everybody, the say.

The shah, however, is under some difficulty occasionally in finding a new wife. A shah sent to one of the khans to propose for the daughter, a very beautiful woman. But her father begged that she might be excused as inconvenient an honor, for that when his majesty had enjoyed her society for a month he would probably forget all about her, and she must then, according to custom, remain in a state of widowhood for the rest of her life. A shah being an awful person in Persia, his majesty is said to have expressed such resentment at being crossed in his caprice, that for a long time the khan did not dare to marry his daughter to any one.

There appears to be no such thing as a mealliance in Persia. One of the innumerable sons of Fat-all Shah fell in love with a very old and ugly woman in humble life. The king tried to joke the young man out of his fancy. "Ah, sir," replied the prince, "if you could see her with my eyes!" This vague answer of sentimental Oriental flavor was considered to settle the affair completely, and to reply to all objections, which perhaps it did.

Persians have not the same jealousy about their women as the Turks have. If you are really intimate with a man, he would be very likely to introduce you to his wife; and the anderoon is by no means closed like a harem. The life of the anderoon is made up of domestic plots and quarrels, gossiping, visiting, smoking, bathing, and pulling about fiery. It is chiefly governed by doctors and old women, who pretend to a knowledge of necromancy and magic, with the making of love philtres. Fearful cruelties are said to be practiced among women, especially toward their servants; and it is to be more than suspected that the deep inner nature of the Persian woman is that of the panther or the tigress. There are no domestic

ragos in the world than some of those dyed and painted Orientals. An acquaintance of mine having lost a sum of money, suspected his Anderoon housekeeper of having stolen it; he was imprudent enough to tell her so; and the next morning, as he was taking tea, he was disturbed by strange noises, which appeared to him to come from a room at the other side of the house. He went to see what was the matter there, and found that the Armenian woman having discovered the real thief, had enticed him into a room with some of her female friends; they had then thrown him down upon the ground, gagged him, trussed him like a fowl with his legs and arms behind him, and had then proceeded to nip little pieces out of his body with red hot pincers which they heated in a pan of charcoal. They were thus agreeably employed when my friend found them, and they would doubtless have extracted a confession of the robbery if they had not been interrupted.

The women's apartments are usually very dirty and slovenly, untidy, and out of order. Beautiful china, cut glass, gold trays, and jeweled pipes; everything to eat, everything to drink, the sweetmeats, the coffee, the tea, the fruit, are all equally and abundantly dirty. There is great license in manners at Teheran; women of the highest rank pay visits to men without scruple, usually coming dressed like beggars, to avoid observation. The visits of the ladies to each other are interminable. They call at seven o'clock in the morning and stop all day, smoking and eating, and bragging about their clothes and husbands.

Public scandals are rare. If a husband should be too inquisitive, he is apt to be poisoned, and if a lover should be indiscreet he may chance to be short-lived. A great khan was stabbed by an unsexed hand, in broad daylight not long ago, at Tabrees, for boasting of a love affair.

Owing to the almost unrestrained liberty they enjoy, women mix themselves with everything in Persia; nothing is done without them; they have immense political influence; and they, with the wretched tribe of beldames and fortune-tellers who hang about the anderoon, overturn viziers and ministers at will.

As there is neither comfort, cleanliness, repose nor attraction in Persian houses, as wives are neither companions nor friends, and the sweet ties of home are almost unknown, so there is little domestic affection. A good-natured old lady of two or three and twenty, once told me, with a sly look, "My husband would have divorced me long ago, but that I am such a good cook." "He likes me best," said a plump little lady, proudly speaking of her position in the anderoon, to a lady of my acquaintance—"he likes me best because I am fat and soft like a feather bed." So it happens that the connexion between husband and wife being of so light a kind, when a man falls into dissipation, his wives and relations take part against him, and their first concern is to ask for their dowry and divorce.

When a man dies, his widows go, according to immemorial custom in the East, to his nearest relative, who is bound to support them. If they be young, he finds them new husbands; if old, food, raiment, and a home.

Something About the Chinese.

THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

M. Huc thinks that every nation has a peculiar smell, and hence he was always detected and barked at by Chinese dogs, though dressed as a Chinese! The odor of a Chinaman is something like musk, and they all know the smell of the European, though it is well understood that we smell less strongly than other nations. But the Chinese have some sensible ideas (though perhaps more economical than graceful) as to

DRESSING WARMLY ENOUGH:—They cannot imagine, says Mr. Fortune, how the Europeans can exist with the thin clothing they generally go about in. When the weather was cold, I used always to wear a stout, warm great-coat above my other dress, and yet the Chinese were continually feeling the thickness of my clothes, and telling me that surely I must feel cold. Their mode of keeping themselves warm in winter differs entirely from ours. They rarely or never think of using fires in their rooms for this purpose, but as the cold increases, they put on another jacket or two, until they feel that the warmth of their bodies is not carried off faster than it is generated. As the raw, damp cold of morning gives way to the genial rays of noon, the upper coats are one by one thrown off until evening, when they are again put on. In the spring months, the upper garments are cast off by degrees, and when the summer arrives, the Chinese are found clad in their dresses of cotton, or in the grass-cloth manufactured in the country. In northern towns, the ladies sometimes use a small brass stove, like a little oval basket, having the lid grated, to allow the charcoal to burn and the heat to escape; they place upon their tables or on the floor, for the purpose of warming their hands and feet. Nurses also carry these little stoves in their hands, under the feet of the children. Such, however, is the thickness and warmth of their dresses, that it is only in the coldest weather they require them! Little children, in winter, are so covered up that they look like bundles of clothes, nearly as broad as they are long; and when the padding is removed in warm

weather, it is difficult to imagine that you see before you the same individuals.

The prodigality of clothing is rendered the more necessary by the aversion of the Chinese, of which M. Huc speaks, for "gymnastic promenade." The most patient, industrious, and persevering of mankind, where there is an object to be gained, exertion without profit is a notion they cannot comprehend. To watch Europeans recreating themselves, by pacing up and down, and the activity of travelers hurrying to a goal, is a spectacle which rises in them the same emotions with which Copernicus contemplated the barren speculations of philosophical theorists:—

"Defend me, therefore, common-sense, I pray, From reveries so airy, from the toil Of dropping buckets into empty wells, And growing old in drawing nothing up."

Mr. Fortune and some English friends, who went up the country by canal from Ningpo, were accustomed to get out from the boat, when tired with sitting, and walk awhile upon the bank. "Is it not strange," they heard a Chinese say, "that these people prefer walking when they have a boat as well as ourselves?"

THE CHINESE NATURAL COURSE:—I have only to take the first man that comes, and after a few days' practice he will acquire himself his duties to a miracle. The most astonishing thing of all is the excessive simplicity of their means; a single iron sauce-pan is the sole implement they require for executing the most difficult combinations. The national predilection is for made dishes more after the manner of the French than the English. The humblest peasant is expert in concocting savory messes out of the simplest materials. A Chinaman, Mr. Fortune states, would starve upon what used, and perhaps continues, to be the harvest diet of Scottish laborers—milk and porridge for breakfast and supper, and bread and beer for dinner. The tea-makers whom we took over to India could not live upon the salt-beef and biscuit of our English sailors. They had a private store of articles with which, at small expense, they compounded dishes that gratified the palate, as well as appeased hunger.

"A real Chinese dinner cannot appear otherwise than strange to an unrefined foreigner, who imagines that there can only exist one method of living among all the nations in the world. To begin with dessert and finish with soups; to drink wine hot and smoking out of small porcelain cups; to employ two little sticks, instead of a fork, to take up the food, which is brought to the table ready cut into mouthfuls; to use, instead of napkins, little squares of soft, colored paper, of which a supply is placed by the side of each guest, and which a servant carries away as they are done with; to leave your place between the courses, to smoke or to amuse yourself; to raise your chopsticks to your forehead, and lay them upon your cup, to announce to the company that you have finished your dinner—these are all singularities which rouse the curiosity of Europeans. The Chinese, on their part, never get over their surprise when they see us at table, and they inquire how it is that we can swallow our drinks cold, and how we came by the singular and extravagant idea of making use of a trident to convey our food to our mouths, at the risk of running it into our lips or eyes. They think it very odd that our nuts and almonds are served in their shells, and that the servants do not take trouble to peel the fruit, and cut out the bones from the meat. Though they are not very nice about the nature of their food, and relish fritters of silkworms and preserved tadpoles, they cannot understand the predilection of our epicures for a high peasant, or a cheese which has all the movements of an animated being. At a dinner which was attended by Captain Laplace of the French navy, salted earthworms formed part of the first course, but so disguised that the confiding guests ate them without a suspicion of the truth."

A Fling at Dressing-Gowns.

My name is Albert Fling. I am an active, business, married man, that is, wedded to Mrs. Fling, and married to business. I had the misfortune, some time since, to break a leg; and before it was mended Madame Fling, hoping to soothe my hours of convalescence, caused to be made for me a dressing-gown, which, on due reflection, I believe was modeled after the latest style of strait-jacket. This belief is confirmed by the fact that when I put it on, I am at once confined to the house, "get mad," and am soberly convinced that if any of my friends were to see me walking in the streets, clad in this apparel, they would instantly entertain ideas of my insanity.

In the hours of torture endured while wearing it, I have appealed to my dear wife to truly tell me where she first conceived the thought that there was a grain of comfort to be found in wearing it upon my back! She has candidly answered that she first read about it in divers English novels and sundry American novels, the latter invariably a re-hash of the first. In both of these varieties of the same species of books, the hero is represented as being very comfortable the instant he dons this garment, puts his feet in slippers, picks up a paper—goes to sleep.

A friend of mine who has discovered that Shakespeare knew all about steam-engines, electric telegraphs, cotton-gins, the present rebellion, and gas-lights, assures me that

dressing-gowns are distinctly alluded to in *The Tempest*:

"Trinculo: O King Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!"
CALIBAN: Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash."

Having thus proved its age let us next prove that it is in its dotage, and is as much out of place in this nineteenth century as a monkey in a bed of tulips.

We find in the Egyptian temples paintings of priests dressed in these gowns: proof that they are antiquely heathenish. And as we always associate a man who wears one with Mr. Mantlini, this proves they are foolish. Ergo, as they are old and foolish, they are in their dotage.

I have three several times, while wearing this gown, been mistaken for Madame Fling by people coming to the house. The first time I was shaving in my chamber: in bounced Miss X—, who believed, as it was rather late, that I had gone down-town. She threw up her hands, exclaiming: "Good gracious, Fanny! do you shave?" "N. B.—Fanny is my wife's first name. The second time I had brought the wood-saw and horse up from the cellar, and was exercising myself sawing up my winter's wardrobe in the summer-kitchen, according to Dr. Hlow's advice, when the Irishman from the grocery entered, bearing a bundle. My back was to him, and only seeing the gay and flowery gown, he exclaimed, in an awfully audible whisper to the cook: "Sure your mistress has the power in her arms, jist!"

"Think of my wife, my gentle Fanny, having it shouted around the neighborhood that her 'brute of a husband made her saw all their winter's wood—yes! and split it and pile it too, and make all the fire, and cetera, and oh! I am glad my husband isn't such a monster!"

I turned on the Irishman, and when he saw my whiskers, he quailed.

The third time I was blacking my boots, according to Dr. Hlow's advice, "expands the deltoid muscles, is of benefit to the metacarpus, stretches the larynx, opens the oil-pockets, and facilitates expectoration!" I had, however, what Fanny calls her conservatory for my field of operation—the conservatory has two dried fish—geraniums, and a dead dog—rose, in it, besides a bad smelling cat—nip bush; when who should come running in but the identical Miss X—, who caught me shaving.

"Poor Fanny," said she, before I could turn round, "do you have to black the boots of that odious brute?"

"Miss X—," said I, turning toward her, folding my arms over my dressing-gown, spite of my having a damp, unpolished boot on one arm and a wet blacking-brush in the other hand, for I wished to strike a position and awe at the same time; "Miss X—, I am that odious brute himself!"

If you had observed her wilt, droop, stagger, fly. My wife went to the sea-shore last summer. I kept the house open, and staid in town; cause, business. When she returned, Miss X—, who lives opposite, called to see her. In less than five minutes my wife was a sad, moaning, desolate, injured, disconsolate, afflicted, destitute woman.

"How-ow-ow-could you do-it, Al-lal-berly!" she ejaculated, following every word as it came out with tears.

"Do what?"

"Oh-woh! oh-woh-woh-wa-ah!"

Miss X—here thought proper to leave, casting from her eyes a small hardware-shop in the way of daggers at me, as much as to say, You are vicious and I hate chess! (theatrical for hate ye.)

Fanny, left to herself, revealed all to me. Miss X—, through the venetian blinds, had seen a gown in my room, late at night.

"It is too true," said I, "too, too true!"

"Al-lal-berly you will break my heart, I could tear the d-d-destroy-er-er of my p-p-p-peace to p-p-pieces!"

"Come on," said I, "you shall behold the destroyer of your peace. You shall tear it to pieces, or I'll be dashed if I don't—I'm tired of the blasted thing!"

I grasped her hand, and led her to the back-chamber. "There, against the wall," "It is—" said she.

"It is," said I, "my dressing-gown! I never again put it on my shoulders, never. Here go!" Rip it went from the tail up to the neck.

"Hold, Albert! I will send it to the wounded soldiers."

"Never! they are men, bricks, warriors.—Such female frippery as this shall never disgrace them. Into the rag-bag with it, and sell it to the Jews for a Chiss sheep or a cockery shepherd. Y-m-m-m!"

The age of dressing-gowns has passed away. Rocco shows me a herring in decay! (Editor's Table of Continental Monthly.)

The Field after the Fight.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, in writing from the battle field at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., gives the following account of the horrible spectacles after the fight: "A visit to the field immediately after the retreat of the rebels and the pursuit of our forces, exhibited a spectacle seldom to be witnessed and most horrible to contemplate. The first approaches, occupying the further range of the enemy's guns, showed at the first glance the work of devastation made by those balls and shells which had overshoot the mark: Large trees were entirely cut off within ten feet from the ground; heavy limbs lay strewn in every direction, and pieces of exploded missiles were scattered all around. The carcasses of dead horses

and the wrecks of wagons strewed all over the woods, and other evidences of similar character marked every step of the way.

Half a mile further on and the more important feature of the struggle was brought to view. Dead bodies in the woods, the dead, and dying, in the field, lying in every conceivable shape, met the gaze on either hand. Some lay on their backs with their clenched hands raised at arms length, upright in the air. Others had fallen with their guns fast in their grasp, as if they were in the act of loading them when the fatal shaft struck them dead. Others still had received the winged messenger of death and with their remaining strength had crawled away from further danger, and sheltering themselves behind old logs, had laid down to die. Here were the bodies of those who had fallen in the fight of yesterday, and mingled with them those from whose wounds the blood was yet trickling away. The scene beggars all description, and I do not wish to attempt to depict its horrors. The larger guns had done some strange work. One case I saw where the entire lower portion of a man's foot had been carried away, leaving two toes and the upper portion remaining. Another had been struck by a bullet on the forehead, and the missile had followed the curve of the head entirely around to the termination of the hair on the back portion of his cranium.—The case of the celebrated Kansas scout, Carson, (not Kit,) was horrifying. His face and entire lower portion of his head were entirely gone, his brain dabbling in the little pool of blood which had gathered in the cavity below. I could fill pages with such cases, but it is useless to particularize. Suffice it to say the slaughter is immense.

Swearing a Contraband.

The following description of swearing a contraband is from a letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer from a member of Company K, First Iowa Cavalry: "Innumerable questions were propounded to him, when the corporal advanced, observing: "See here, Dixie, before you enter the service of the United States, you must be sworn."

"Yes, massa, I do dat," he replied, when the corporals continued:

"Well, then, take hold of this Bible," holding out a letter envelope upon which was delineated the Goddess of Liberty standing upon a Suffolk pig, wearing the emblem of our country. The negro grasped the envelope cautiously with his thumb and forefinger, when the corporal proceeded to administer the oath by saying:

"You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States, and see that there are no grounds floating upon the coffee at all times.

"Yes, massa, I do dat," he replied, "I allers settle him in the coffee-pot."

Here he let go of the envelope to gesture late by downward thrust of his forefinger the direction that would be given to the coffee-grounds in future.

"Never mind how you do it," shouted the corporal, "but hold on to the Bible."

"Lordy, massa, I forgot," said the negro, as he darted forward and grasped the envelope with firmer clutch, when the corporal continued:

"And you do solemnly swear that you support the Constitution of all the loyal States, and will not spit upon the plates when cleaning them, or wipe them with your shirt sleeve."

Here a frown lowered upon the brow of the negro, his eyes expanded to their largest dimensions, while his lip protruded with a rounded form, as he exclaimed:

"Lordy, massa, I neber do dat; I allers washes dem nice. Ole massa 'ticular 'bout dat."

"Never mind, old massa," shouted the corporal, as he resumed: "and do you solemnly swear that you will put milk in the coffee every morning, and see that the ham and eggs are not cooked too much or too little."

"Yes, I do dat; I's a good cook."

"And lastly," continued the corporal, "you do solemnly swear that when this war is over you'll make tracks for Africa almighty fast."

"Yes, massa, I do dat. I allers wanted to go to Chee-cargo."

Here the regimental drums beat up for dress parade, when Tom Benton—that being his name—was declared duly sworn in and commissioned a chief cook in Company K. of the First Iowa Cavalry.

CONCUSSION OF THE PRITANIAN MORTARS.

A Pittsburger on one of the mortar boats on the Mississippi, gives the following account of the effects of the firing: "To give you an idea of the concussion caused by the discharge of the mortars, I will tell you the effect it had on some things of my own. I had all my clothes in a strong box, placed in the hold of the mortar-boat. After two or three discharges of the mortar, the box was shattered to pieces and my clothes scattered over the hold. It even broke the straps of my knapsack, and scattered the contents. My cap was blown overboard and lost. The windows of a tug boat a quarter of a mile distant were broken. As for the effect on myself, it made me almost as deaf as a post, and I feel a continual ringing in my ears. Two days later he adds: "The firing of the mortars has ceased to have any effect on me, and I have entirely recovered from the deafness first occasioned by the firing."

"It is plum pudding!" shrieked our wife, and she hurled a glass of claret in our face, the glass itself tapping the claret from our nose.

"Bread pudding!" gasped we, plucked to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the din, and we had a distinct perception of feeling two plates smash across our head.

"Bread pudding!" we groaned in a rage, as the chicken left our hand, and flying with a swift wing across the table, landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gray dish took us where we had been depositing the first part of our dinner, and a plate of beefs landed upon our white vest.

"Bread pudding forever!" shouted we in defiance, dodging the soup tureen, and falling under its contents.

"Plum pudding!" yelled our amiable spouse, as, noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon us dishes with no gentle hand. Then in rapid succession followed the war office. "Plum pudding!" she shrieked with every dish.

"Bread pudding!" in smothered tones came up in reply. Then it was "plum pudding" in rapid succession, the last cry growing feeble, till just, as we can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper, "plum pudding" resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash, as our wife leaped upon the pile with her Celtic feet, and commenced jumping up and down, when, thank Heaven, we awoke, and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again; that's the moral.

As I sit to-night, writing this episode, the dead and wounded are still around me.—The knife of the surgeon is busy at work, and amputated legs and arms lie scattered in every direction. The cries of the suffering victim, and the groans of those who patiently await for medical attendance, are most distressing to any one who has any sympathy with his fellow man.—All day long they have been coming in, and they are placed upon the decks and within the cabins of the steamers, and wherever else they can find a resting place. I hope my eyes may never again look upon such sights.

Men with their entrails protruding, others with broken arms and legs, others with bullets in their shoulders, and one poor wretch I found whose eyes had been shot entirely away. All kinds of conceivable wounds to be seen, in all parts of the body, and from all varieties of weapons.

It is midnight, and besides the cries of distress, all is still save the hourly discharge of a broadside from the gunboats, sending heavy shells into the vicinity of the enemy's camps. I should judge that they are having a rather sleepless night, under the circumstances. The rain is beginning to fall heavily and mercilessly on the poor wounded who are exposed to its peltings. Every particle of sheltered space is occupied by them, and yet there are hundreds who have no protection from the storm.

Dreaming on Wedding Cake. A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the fair hand of a bride a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience: "We put it under the head of my pillow, shut our eyes sweetly as an infant blessed with an easy conscience, and soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was "my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment. Oh, that the dream had broken off here! But no; some evil genius put it into the head of our ducky to have a pudding for dinner just to please her lord.

In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us. "My dear," said we, fondly, "did you make this?" "Yes, love, ain't it nice?" "Glorious; the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding, ducky," suggested my wife. "O, no, dearest, bread pudding; I always was fond of 'em."

"Call that bread pudding!" exclaimed my wife, while her lips curled slightly with contempt. "Certainly, my dear; reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding, my love, by all means."

"Husband, this is really too bad; plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive, and a great deal better. I say this is plum pudding, sir," and our pretty wife's brow flashed with excitement. "My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we, soothingly, "do not get angry. I'm sure it's very good, if it is bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch," fiercely rejoined our wife, in a higher tone, "you owe it a plum pudding."

"Then, massa, it's so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself would not know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that."