

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER 52.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1862.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,666.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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

Terms of Subscription.
One Copy per Annum in Advance, \$1 50
If no paid within three months from commencement of the year, 2 00
4 COPIES A COPY.
Not subscription received for a less time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless the option of the publisher is taken.
Money may be sent by mail to the publisher or a bank.

Rates of Advertising.
Quarterly (10 lines) each week, \$0 25
Three weeks, each advertisement insertion, 10
12 lines per week, 50
Three weeks, 1 00
Special advertising insertion, 35
Targeted advertisements in proportion.
A liberal discount will be made to quarterly, half yearly or yearly advertisers, who are strictly confined to their business.

Selections.

From the Cariboll Magazine.

The Shallowell Mystery.

[CONCLUSION.]

CHAPTER VI.

As soon as Messrs Lurley and Sniffleton had departed from Ringston's rooms, that gentleman arose from the sofa, indulged in an extensive wash, shared off his moustache, and carefully committed the remains of that ornament to the flames, decorated himself with a pair of black whiskers of modest proportions in its stead, then drawing a small portmanteau from beneath his bed, he took from it a groom's complete suit, drab great coat and all.

These he put on and they fitted him beautifully. Then at about half past four he departed, leaving everything as it was afterwards found. He then walked on to the next station, distant about five miles from Shallowell, and timed his arrival so as just to catch the parliamentary up-train.

On his arrival he took a cab to the East End of the town, and at a ready-made clothes-shop he exchanged his habiliments of servitude for the nearest approach he could obtain to the ordinary garb of a gentleman. He then turned into the first hotel to which he came, and ordered a private room and breakfast. He did not leave it again till after dark.

There is a lyric which was very popular at the commencement of this century celebrating the importance of three blessings—"Wife, children and friends." In the two first Ringston could not boast any share. But with respect to the third he was indeed fortunate. There were three men who would have done anything for him that one man can do for another.

Whether or not he deserved the affection he inspired we will not pretend to investigate, but the fact cannot be denied, though we must leave it to psychologists to state the reason why the best men are not always the best loved.

Of the trio we have indicated, Tracy was in India; in Mavery he had not confided because he felt his doing so would have placed his friend in a very awkward position; but Aldridge still remained. Ringston and Aldridge had been school-fellows, and they always kept up the friendship of their boyhood, though their paths in life had led very different ways. Ringston had succeeded to a tolerable fortune when he came of age, but he was already involved, and soon ran through the remainder.

Aldridge had been working hard as a merchant, and was now a man well known upon 'Change.

He gave Mr Arthur a hearty welcome, when that gentleman arrived at his little Hampstead villa at five minutes to six (Aldridge always dined at six).

Ringston entertained too high an opinion of his own story to commence it till dinner was over. But when the port was fairly under weigh, he favored his friend with a regular narrative of his year at Shallowell. Aldridge made occasional efforts to moralize, but as his valuable reflections were constantly interrupted by his bursts of laughter, their good effect on his guest were materially diminished.

When at last the subject was pretty nearly exhausted, Ringston said to his host—

"You remember, old fellow, when I first mentioned to you casually that I was going to the bad, you suggested to me that it would be useful to do something instead—I mean in the way of getting food ('bread' is the proper expression I think, but I always hated bread), the same as other people do. I did not see it in the light then; but now—don't laugh at me, there's a dear fellow—I have actually a fancy that I should like to become a respectable member of society."

Aldridge did laugh, but when he had recovered, he said, "Well, what do you imagine you are fit for?"

"Well I should say my special mission was to be a proceptor of youth, but I have heard that it is not a remunerative employment. At the time I mentioned you know you talked of taking me into your shop, but I should not wish that—I might be in the way, and just now I want to go abroad, but still I should prefer something mercantile."

"You imagine you have a speciality that way?"

"Well, I can speak five languages, and might even write them decently if I tried hard; as for accounts, I don't know much about this kind of light literature" (and he laid his hand upon a ledger, which was peeping out from beneath a mass of newspapers on a side-table); "but I cannot imagine there is anything in it much harder

than calculating the odds at hazard, or making a safe book on a large handicap, and oh! I say, Fred if it was a business with any bills in it, would not I make the parties take half the amount in cleaned gloves and empty cigar boxes, and add the interest to the new bill. By Jove, the very idea of being the other side of the counter is quite refreshing."

And he began to rub his hands as if in anticipation.

"I am afraid I could not introduce you to anything of that sort, but if you are really in earnest, and mean to turn over a new leaf, I think I can assist you."

"If I was not changed, do you think I would wear such a coat as this? I will not glade to the waistcoat, as far as my past life is concerned, upon my honor as an embryo merchant, I have thrown up the sponge."

"Well, you have come to me to-night just in the nick of time. I have embarked a good deal of money in an Australian Land Company, and we want somebody to go out immediately to look after our affairs there. If you would like to go, I have no doubt I could get you appointed."

"As far as I am concerned, you may consider the bargain concluded," replied Ringston, "and thank you," as he shook hands with his friend across the table.

You had better see about your outfit to-morrow. What shall I fill this in for," said Aldridge, taking a cheque-book out of a drawer in his bureau. "Two hundred? we shall pay your passage, you know."

"Thank you, don't trouble. The fact is, I am sorry to say I have more money than I ought to have at this moment; for I had an extraordinary run of luck the last fortnight before I left. I have actually brought away more than a thousand pounds. There were some things I should like to have paid; but it would not have gone very far, and I never like to raise jealousy or other bad feelings in the bosoms of my business connection. However, thanks to you, I have a new life before me, and I shall hope to settle with them all some day or other."

CHAPTER VII.

Our curtain draws up on Shallowell once more.

It is the twenty-third of November. Exactly twelve months have elapsed since Mr. Ringston's mysterious disappearance. His unfortunate landlady has never been able to let her lodgings since. A superstitious terror has prevented her from moving any of Ringston's things; indeed for some time after his departure, she reaped a small harvest by exhibiting the "Chamber of Terror." On this particular morning, Mrs. Jones, who had taken the house next door, formerly occupied by Mrs. Brown, has looked in for a little chat.

Accordingly she improves the occasion by relating the awful history to that lady, gratis.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones, it was exactly twelve months ago this blessed day. There had been stories about for a long time about his killing himself, when he had been in Shallowell a year, or being took—you know who by."

Mrs. Jones gave a little shriek, and said, "You don't," to imply that she did.

"And so could not help feeling uncomfortable-like all the morning, when he never rung for his breakfast, and I said as much to Jemima—didn't I, Jemima?"

"That you did, mum, as sure as I'm a standing here," said that domestic, leaning on the handle of her quietest broom.

Jemima always availed herself of the opportunity of neglecting her work on these occasions, to perform the more important duty of corroborating the statements of her mistress.

"Yes, Mrs. Jones," continued that lady, "and though he were a very nice gentleman to give that person—we won't mention his due; he were a bit impatient like sometimes; and if he were to ring his bell three or four times, and Jemima and I was busy, or anything, and didn't answer it directly, he'd come to the top of the stairs, and call out—'Devilled kidneys for two,' interrupted the unmistakable voice of Mr. Arthur Ringston himself, proceeding from the exact spot which the landlady had just indicated."

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the three females all went into hysterics; but as this arrangement left no one to pick anybody else up, they were compelled to come to sooner than might otherwise have been expected.

Mrs. Jones, who felt that she had not as good grounds as her companions for a lengthened fit, was the first to recover.

It had written to Mavery from town, inviting him to breakfast, but cautioning him not to mention it to any one till he had seen him.

With fear and trembling the trio who had been assembled in the kitchen carried in the breakfast, but they saw nothing of Mr. Ringston, though they could hear him moving about in his dressing-room. Their minds were greatly relieved, however, when at half past ten, punctual to the moment, Captain Mavery arrived.

"Mr. Ringston is here," said the landlady, in a tone intended to carry terror into the Captain's breast.

"Of course he is," replied that gallant officer; "I have come to breakfast with him."

Captain Mavery had not to wait long for his host. Ringston soon explained to him why he had shown such an apparent want of confidence.

"It would have been such an awful bore for you if you had known all about it; and really, until the last moment, I had not made up my mind what I should do."

"Of course, as I had not mentioned the thing myself, I asked Aldridge to keep it quiet, too."

"Yes," said Mavery, "and when I saw the old ruffian in town about a fortnight after you had taken yourself off, I could not conceive why he kept laughing at my account of your mysterious disappearance."

"He must have enjoyed it slightly; but it was the luckiest thing imaginable that I went to him. As I was telling you, he sent me to try and sell some shares in his Land Company, in Australia. Well, I worked hard at it, I can assure you, and I got rid of a good many during the first two months. Then there came that row about the convicts, and things looked very bad; everything went down in the market; our shares especially were at a frightful discount. Well, you know, a run of bad luck never depressed me much. I looked at things calmly, and felt certain the depression was only temporary, and would soon pass away. I had not invested the money I took out, so I bought a couple of thousand shares at ten shillings a share. Next month they discovered the gold. The great Fozzleygallah diggings are exactly in the centre of our property. Each of those shares is now worth—just pass The Times—one hundred and sixty-three pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence."

"After that," said Mavery, "if you will allow me, I will ring for your beer."

When the landlady answered the bell, she left the door wide open, and several female faces were visible upon the landing.

Ringston nodded to her, and said "I shall dine at home, to-day."

On inquiry, Ringston found that Mavery had a man servant, and that he was a tolerably sharp fellow.

Accordingly they sent for him. Ringston then gave him all the bills of the Shallowell tradesmen which had been collected before he left, with a cheque on a London banker for the amount of each.

"You will be particularly careful," said Captain Mavery, "in paying these, to say, 'Here is your bill, which Mr. Ringston sent for yesterday.' If they should say 'You mean a year ago,' or anything of that sort, you will point out the date."

Ringston had had all the dates most carefully altered, and then photographic copies taken of the originals on similar paper.

The horror which this device caused, fully came up to his most sanguine expectations. "Do you remember your debut with Glen Croff's pack?" said Mavery.

"Yes," said Ringston, "I hope poor Bitwell quite recovered from the effects of that escapade."

"Oh, yes, by-the-by, they meet to-day. 'I suppose it is too late to join them now.'"

"Well, I don't know; if we ride hard, and they should not find us directly, we might have a chance. Erosus is as fresh as a daisy."

Glen Croff's had a capital run that day—Some nice open country, and the pace first-rate. A magnificent burst of five and thirty minutes, when the huntman's mare broke down, and his second horse nowhere near.

Sniffleton dropped into his place with Bitwell well up. Away they go, over Marsley Down, then beyond points for Ellersford Park. He finds his way through the palings, (perhaps he knows the hole of old), and the bounds are not far behind him.

But the said palings are not so pleasant to ride at. They may be rotten or they may not. And to top this neatly after the burst over the down, is no easy matter.

But a careful observer would have said that all the roses returned when Captain Mavery and his friend entered the room, though their visit to her cheeks was but of an instant's duration, and their departure left her paler than ever.

Ringston bore his introduction to his hostess with tolerable equanimity. He even managed to get through two sentences and a half, and then a bow, though not up to "our Arthur's" mark, and he is beside Laura.

"Can you give me a dance, Miss Etheridge?" he asked.

"I do not dance so much as I used to do, Mr. Ringston, but I can promise you the next quadrille but one."

He seated himself by her side. The next dance was a polka; and though spectators only, they did not find it too long. Then followed a waltz, and somehow the lady was persuaded to attempt it. They were to stop immediately if she found it too much for her. But this was a point she did not seem to take into consideration until the music had stopped, and then she said she thought it had done her good.

The greater part of that evening, whether dancing or not, Mr. Arthur was not very far from Miss Laura's side.

The next morning he called to ask how she was. Of course it was only proper that he should inquire whether she had suffered from dancing more than usual. But even if every credit is given him for the best possible intentions, he paid an unconsciously long visit. Neither Miss Etheridge nor her mamma, however, appeared displeased, for the latter lady said before he departed,

"We are very quiet people, Mr. Ringston, and we do not give parties now, on account of my daughter's health; but if you would not mind taking a family dinner with us to-morrow, we should be most happy to see you."

Mr. Ringston said he should be delighted, and he not only said it, but he looked it, which is not always the case with everybody who makes use of the same phrase.

And a very pleasant little dinner it was. And the next day Ringston called, as a matter of course, to inquire after his hostess and her daughter.

Mrs. Etheridge was shopping, but Laura had not felt quite well enough to accompany her, so Arthur found her alone in the drawing-room. He paraded a few ordinary sentences, and then, for he was not the man to daily long when he had made up his mind what to say, he began at once—

"Miss Etheridge, I should like to tell you my story; I know you must have heard a great many versions of it, and I should like to give you my own. You see I am vain enough to think it will interest you—"

"When I came here first, it was reported that at the end of the year, I had spent a certain sum of money, I was going to kill myself. This was partly true, partly false. I had not a very great deal of money to spend, but I grieve to confess that the idea of self-destruction had at one time some hold upon my imagination. The life I had led was so worthless that it was not unnatural I should feel small compunction in putting an end to it. The position which I had here amused me, but I saw that it must necessarily collapse. As the year drew to a close, I had almost made up my mind to do the fatal deed, though I had provided some time before, means of retreat; but the officers' ball changed all my theory of life and death. I went unwillingly, I felt no interest in the pageant. As I leaned against a pillar, and the dancers whirled past me, I thought how great was the distance between those children of life and one on whom already rested the heavy shadow of death. But I lifted up my eyes, and met a glance which I shall never forget. It bore the sweet tidings of pity—a woman's pity—into my inmost soul. A sweet voice completed the spell the eyes had begun. 'I forced on my belief words I had never heard before, but whose weight I had never felt until that moment. I knew that there lived a being for whom I could gladly work. In an instant it seemed branded on my brain, in letters of fire, that those who would escape the labor allotted to man entail a curse upon themselves."

"Well, my pride induced me to keep up the mystery with which I had allowed myself to be surrounded. In all other respects I have led a new life. In a word I have worked, worthy of the bells of Shallowell, far less of Laura Etheridge, but still a home and a heart."

Once more that glance met his: the pity was replaced by love, and the sweet voice murmured—

"I have never lost the memory of that evening, or forgotten you for a moment."

And she never will forget him—never while her sweet smile gives him new courage to press onward in the path in which he will live the respect of all who know him.

Never, whilst she can lessen every sorrow, and double every joy. Never, till she has forgotten that from her he learnt to labor and to love.

Experience in Horse-Flesh.

A correspondent of *The Chicago Times*, who has been following the Army of the West, gives an amusing account of his experience in equine locomotives. Here it is: "Speaking of horses reminds me of some experience I have had in that line during my pilgrimage with the army as a journalist. It is a matter of some importance that every correspondent should have some kind of a riding animal at his command, otherwise he will find himself deficient on emergencies when haste is essential. My first idea of the proper thing was a gallant charger, gaily caparisoned, prancing high and low when crowds were about, and always holding himself in readiness for a public exhibition. This is the officer style of doing the thing. I found that the article was difficult to procure, and expensive to keep, having no soldiers at my command to guard a fine horse night and day to prevent his being "cramped" and carried off. Before I had done with experiences in this line, I was contented with more modest pretensions. During a period of four months, I have been owner and sole proprietor of five horses. The first of these was a relic of the Donelson fight. He came from somewhere in the mountains of Tennessee, and from a habit of climbing rocks and holding on by his nose, he was much addicted to standing on his hind legs, without regard to who might be in the saddle. This was a favorite feeding position, and grass being scarce at that time, and hay and oats scarcer, he was accustomed to take his meals in the tops of small trees, where his cultivated taste taught him to find tender twigs and juicy buds. This nutritious food gave him a frame like a clothes-horse, and his legs, to use an apt phrase, were as fat as a rye-straw. His back-bone split a new saddle in two, and cut a hair-cloth blanket into shreds. I could have got along with this, but he constantly brought me to shame and disgrace by going on his hind legs for browse on state occasions, to say nothing of a propensity for climbing every steep cliff he came to, and sliding me over his tail in the operation. He was a good horse to go bird-nesting with, in case of emergency, to run up the side of a house and get out of danger, but he was so far from my idea of a perfect horse that I sold him for \$30, as Floyd's veritable war-charger, to a trophy-seeker who wore blue spectacles and carried a portfolio. As I saw him afterward, in company with others as poor as himself, dragging an army wagon, I conclude that the purchaser was not sufficiently vigilant to elude Uncle Sam's watchfulness and get him home. My last glimpse was as he stood upon his hind legs, with his fore-foot on a rail-fence, apparently reaching for browse in the moon.

My next attempt was in the mule line.—A friend in the Quartermaster's Department insisted on presenting me with a superb riding animal which had come into his possession, he didn't say how, but suppositively by the camp process. The beast had a prepossessing exterior. Ears as long as my arm, a head like a butter-firkin, pipe-stem neck, body as comely as a sugar hoghead, and legs not to exceed eighteen inches in length. With this inviting exterior, he had a disposition still more outre and perverse, if possible. The first time I mounted him, he kicked up his heels, and landed me over his head, some twenty feet in advance. The next time, he sat down on his haunches, and laid saddle and all over his tail. Then he laid down and rolled over and over, faster than a Bengal monkey could have followed his lead, and finally, he resorted to every trick an animal could be guilty of, to show his perverse temper. He had a way of making a great fuss when the saddle-girth was buckled—putting on a deplorable countenance, and groaning dismally, as though his life was being squeezed out. You might pull and tug for ten minutes, straining the girth up to the last notch, and fairly tiring yourself out with exertion, when, upon stepping back with a malicious consciousness of having brought the ugly brute to terms, you would see his body collapse, and the girth hang suddenly limp and loose, while he looked askance with a cunning leer, as much as to say: "How do you like that, now?"

He never failed to inflate himself like a balloon when the saddle was to be put on, and then collapse for the satisfaction of having it turned around and unseat his rider at the first mud-hole he came to. I rode him for the sake of the thing for two long weeks. I got a pair of spurs with rowels an inch and a half long, and flayed his sides with them whenever he ventured to flap his ugly ears at me, and I finally had the satisfaction of seeing him tumble down a bluff a hundred feet high and break his neck.

Having had enough of vicious horses, I determined to try a quiet one next time. I accordingly invested in a demure specimen of the pony breed. He proved all I could ask for, for, from that onward during my term of ownership, I did no hard work except to urge him to a due sense of his duty as a horse, and more especially a journalist's horse. The arguments used in this controversy were clubs of the largest possible size, sharp-pointed sticks, spurs at the rate of several a day, building fires under his tail, and, on occasions of emergency, felling good sized trees upon him as a starting impediment. He was patient under these afflictions, and never suffered anything to disturb his equanimity except the two last alternatives, which were always reserved for an impending battle or a sudden movement to the rear. He was the best horse in the

world to lead an army with, for he was sure to be behind and out of danger, but the very worst for a retreat for obvious reasons. I was finally obliged to succumb to his pertinacity from a scarcity of timber and spurs, the soldiers having used the former for fuel, and his rider having demolished all of the latter that were available in ten regiments. I sold him to an army chaplain who was too much reduced by bad whist and the Tennessee quickstep to exert much physical force, and he was taken prisoner while going at a mad gallop of fourteen miles in fifteen hours, with several thousand howling Texan rangers in the rear.

I then determined to live upon my wits, so far as horse-flesh was concerned. So I found myself in possession of a borrowed animal, sometimes riding a mule, sometimes bestriding a picked up horse from the woods, and not unfrequently disgracing myself and my profession by resorting to the corral of rejected and broken down Government horses. Sometimes I had a saddle and no horse; other times I had a horse and no saddle; again I had both, and no bridle; and, as a consequence, during the majority of the time I wandered about disconsolately, carrying a saddle and a bridle, and looking for a horse, or leading a horse and searching wretchedly for a saddle and bridle.

Of my next attempt at ownership I can say but little. I had reason to believe him all my fancy pictured him. He has unlimited style and action, enduring capacity for getting over the ground, and a generally prepossessing demeanor; but the next morning after I became his owner the picket rope was found out and the horse gone, while the stake was attached a paper containing an original drawing of a schoolboy horse on the high prance, mounted by a man composed of two roundities for head and body, and four straight lines for legs and arms.—Underneath was the pithy announcement, "Off for Dixey." The picture was remarkable for the expression of the countenance, where the artist had forgotten to insert the usual organs of vision and taste, and for the three erect hairs which composed the tail of the horse. It was also remarkable for the effect produced on my mind, on finding it in place of my valuable horse. By a singular coincidence, a Scotch deserter, who had been pressed into the Rebel service, hung several times, and periodically starved to death, and who brought information that the Rebels were greatly disaffected and had nothing but corn bread and molasses to eat, disappeared, and never was heard of afterward. It was insinuated that he was a spy, but I believe Gen. Halleck does not allow spies within his lines—at least that was why he turned the newspaper correspondents out. I lost forty dollars by that operation. I now rejoice in the possession of a *chef d'œuvre* of horse-flesh. I paid \$10 for him—saddle, bridle, and all—and I feel safe in saying that Uncle Sam hasn't money enough to buy him. He left the Texan Ranger Association on the occasion of the late battle in consequence of his rider having met a cannon ball and stopped to cultivate its acquaintance, while he went on in pursuance of previous orders, and never passed until he had gone clean through our ranks, and found a mule in the rear, which he proceeded to manœuvre with all possible speed.

He brought along several specimens of his master in the saddle-bags and holsters, which he seemed to regard with sanguinary affection; and, being inspired with a sight of the remains, he immediately went on the rampage among the quadrupeds in the vicinity, and put them all *hors de combat* with his teeth and heels. He was captured and bestriden by an ambitious warrior, who was immediately carried into the midst of an artillery fire, which singed the hair off. By the application of several lariat ropes and a rail fence all around his feeding place, he lost the better favor, and became a sensible horse, hating a desire to do mischief and fight mules. He never loses the opportunity to go the wrong road, to bolt fiercely and unexpectedly in the direction of the enemy's pickets, to run over general officers and their staffs, to kick up his heels desperately at military persons of great airs and dignity, and above all, to indulge in the delights of his heart—thrashing a mule. With these and numerous other amiable qualifications he has endeared himself to my heart, and money cannot buy him.

With a change of scenes it is fit to bring about a change of names. In memory of that historic spot where for months I have burned the midnight oil, and eaten hard bread and bacon, I subscribe myself SENIOL.

Painting Faces.

This is, alas! an old, old story. The ladies of ancient Persia, like the Jewess Jezabel before them, painted their faces and tinted their eyebrows; the women of Syria never even washed themselves, but spread a perfumed paste over their skins. The beauties of Greece were famous for their skill in coloring their faces, and Galen himself did not disdain to instruct them in the art. A Roman lady of fashion kept one female attendant, whose special duty it was to take charge of her paints, pastes and cosmetics. Nero's wife Poppaea, used a paste that became so hard that it could only be removed by a warm bath of asses' milk. Then, as now, the example of an empress was law to the sex; every woman adopted the fashion, and wore what was called "the domestic face"; so that the Roman husband was said to be a stranger to the face of his wife.

A correspondent of the *Spectator* declares

the women have attained such exquisite skill, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, but they will make lips, cheeks and eyebrows by their own industry. The *Spectator* dubbed the painted ladies "Picts," and beauties without paint "British," and thus pleasantly compares them together: "The British have a lively, animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead, uniform countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes work with soft passions, sudden surprises, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the object before them, or the ideas presented to them affect their imaginations. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears on all occasions."

A Pict, though she takes all pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh, in a languishing lover, if fetched to near, would disfigure a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones without saying something uncomplaisant; but I would only recommend them to consider how they like coming into a room newly painted; they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive."

When we come to consider the chemical composition of the preparations used to impart fictitious beauty, we are almost inclined to dispute the truth of Bacon's apothegm, that "rouged cheeks and curled hair are better than rouged and curled hearts."

Violet powder, a composition of orris root and wheat starch, is comparatively innocuous; but even this must not perniciouly be stopping up the pores of the skin to some extent, but not even this negative praise can be accorded to any of the other preparations of the toilet-table. Dr. Bevel says, speaking of the danger arising from the unwholesome sale of deleterious compounds by perfumers: "I need not state that arsenic, the acid nitrate of mercury, tartar, emetic, cantharides, colchicum, and potassa caustica, form a part of their ingredients. Soaps are colored green by sesqui-oxide of chromium, and rose by bi-sulphuret of mercury. The varieties of toilet-vinegars are so far from being that, being applied to the skin, still impregnated with soap and water, they give rise to a decomposition, in consequence of which the fatty acids of soaps, being insoluble in water, are not removed by washing, become rancid and cause a chronic inflammation of the skin. Their dyes contain noxious substances, as nitrate of silver, sulphur, oxide and acetate of lead, and sulphur of copper; and depilatories for removing hairs, and cosmetics for taking away freckles, are all dangerous."

Pearl powder is made of French chalk, oxide of zinc, and oxide of bismuth; *blanc de perle* of pure oxide of bismuth alone, which being insoluble in alkalies, can be removed from the skin with difficulty; indeed, it is doubtful if, after continued use, it can be thoroughly removed by any means. It is liable to become black by exposure to the influence of sulphureted hydrogen, present wherever gas or sores exist, and has a tendency to produce a twitching of the facial muscles, likely to end in paralysis. Under the name of stearite, the hydrated silicate of magnesia enters largely into the composition of a face-powder, while scarcely two species of rouge are alike. "Blanc de Rose" is made of carmine and liquid ammonia; rouge mostly of talc powder and carmine, the common sort, called "theatre-rouge," having Brazil wood substituted for the more costly carmine. Such are the dangerous assistants called in by women who,

"seeking to beautify their features, And their beauty supposing to mend, Make eyes of reasonable creatures." *Chambers' Journal.*

THE RUSSIAN LOCUST WAR.—Confidential papers contained, during the last few years, frightful accounts of the destruction by the locust. In Bessarabia these animals covered an area of 123,000 acres with their eggs; in the Cheroneus and Tauric Governments twice that space was occupied. All possible means were resorted to to kill these eggs, such as digging, collecting and burying, burning them, plowing the ground and tramping it hard with horses and cattle. On one piece of land of 1,000 acres, near Chotin, not less than 4,400 bushels of locust eggs were collected. About the first of May, when the eggs began to hatch, rollers and harrow were brought in requisition, but all to no avail. Towards the last of July this pest passed beyond Budor, on the Danester, in a width of six miles, and in a mass from seven to eight inches thick, and crossing the river within two days, they spread themselves along the low land on the opposite shore. Here it was that a battle was fought such as the records of Natural History can show no parallel to—man of all nationalities gathered to defend their homesteads and in a short time 1,400 men stood in arms against the destroyer.

Meanwhile the locusts had spread over an extent of sixteen square miles. To prevent them from attacking the surrounding fields, deep ditches, twenty-four to twenty-nine miles long, were dug, and men placed along these ditches to kill the locusts dropping in to them. Others fought them with bush-harrows and brooms in those places where ditches could not be made. Where the ground was clean, herds of horses and cattle were driven along to crush them. Pickets on horseback, were stationed to watch the movements of the enemy breaking through the ranks. Eight days were thus occupied. Three-quarters of the locusts were destroyed, when the remainder had completed their last change, and became winged insects.

On the 9th of July the first swarms rose in the air and flew in different directions. The battle was not fought in vain. While in the province of Chernouss, nearly the whole crop was destroyed, Bessarabia suffered but very little.