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 ADVA

VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 12.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,678.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Office in Carpet Hall, North-westcorner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription. he Copyperancum, if paidin advance, if not paid within three months from commencement of the year, 200 at the extremity of which sat an old man months from commencement of the year, 200

A Conts & ODY
No abscription received for a less time than six nonths; and no paper will be discontinued until all trearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Money nay be emitted by mail an hepublisher is risk.

Rates of Advertising.

quart [6] ines] one week, \$0.38 three weeks, 75 three weeks, 50 (12 ines] one weeks, 50 three weeks, 50 thre

Noetry.

Autumn.

Now sheaves are slanted to the sun Amid the golden meadows, And little sun-tanned gleaners run To cool them in their shadows; The reaper binds the bearded car, And guthers in the go lden year; And where the sheaves are glancing, The farmer's heart is dancing. There pours a glory of the land, Finshed down from Heaven's wide nortals

As Labor's hand grasps Beauty's hand The golden year brings Beauty down, To bless her with a marriage crown. While Labor rises, gleaning Her blessings and their meaning.

The work is done, the end is near, Bent, Heart, to flute and tabor, For Beauty wedded to the Year Completes herself from Labor; She dons her marriage gems, and then She casts them off as giffs to men, And. sunbeam-like, if dimmer, The fullen jewels glimmer.

There is a hush of Joy and love Now given hands have crowned as There is a heaven up above, And a heaven here around us! And Hope, her prophecies complete, Creeps up to pray at Beauty's feet, While with a thousand voices

The periect earth rejoices! When to the Autumn heaven here He sister is replying.
The sweet to think our golden year Fulfils uself in dying;

That we shall find poor things of breath Our own Soul's leviness in death.

And leave, when God shall find us, Our gathered gems behind us. -London Athenaum

Selections.

The Phantom Bride.

"Will you love me even beyond the tomb?" The question came from the vermillion lips of a young girl at a fancy-ball in Paris during the reign of Louis XV. She was a brilliant brunette, with abundant raven hair, and wore the Spanish veil and mantilla, which she had assumed for the occasion, with all the grace of a daughter of Andalusia. Her interlocutor a young viscount of twenty, arrayed as a page of Mary Stuart, in Scotch plaid and Highland bonnet and feathers, had been pursuing the fair unknown all the evening with protestations of love and eternal fidelity. His answer was prompt and unhesitating.

"Yes, I swear it. If I die I will dream of you in the sepulchre, and a thrill of joy will welcome you if your foot but press the grass over my head."

"And if I should die?" inquired the young

girl in a sad tone. "If you should die, I will be as faithful to you dead as living; and if you should be permitted to visit me I will kiss your cold

hand with as much love as at this moment -and he pressed to his lips the little white band of the beautiful Spaniard. "Ah, well! I permit you, then, to love

me? We shall see if you are constant .-Farewell; we shall meet again." "But where?-when?" demanded the vis-

count, anxiously. "I cannot tell. Perhaps here-perhaps

elsewhere-but you will see me." And with a gesture which forbade him to

follow her, she disappeared in the crowd. Two years passed, during which Viscount

Ralph sought vainly at Marly, at Versailles -in every place of public resort-for his beautiful unknown. He was a Scotchman by birth, and like many of his countrymen, had entered the service of the King of France. But a court life did not comport very well with his slender fortune, and he became, ere long, deeply involved in debt. "You must find some rich heiress," said

his sympathizing friends—it was the usual resource of embarassed gentlemen of that day. But the Viscount had not forgotten the bewitching Andalusian, and was in no mood for the search. He was spared the trouble, however. His uncle, who was archbishop in partibus of an Assyrian city destroyed by the Romons, informed him one day that it was time for him to marry, and that he had found a wife for him. "Is she rich?" inquired Ralph. "I do not

ask if she is pretty-it is all the same to

"Very rich and very pretty." The Viscount thought of his unknown, and sighed; then thought of his creditors and consented. The uncle arranged everything, and when all was settled he gave his nephew his benediction and two hundred your oath? They have told you that I am pistoles, and sent him off to Burgundy to dead." pay his respects to M'lle de Roche Noire,

whom he was to marry in a fortnight. tion brought him at length to the ancient creeping over him.

feudal manor-house of Roche Noire, situated in the heart of a forest, on a lofty rock from which it derives its name. He was expected. The grand door of the mansion was

threshold, and conducted him to a large hall, slab, the third from the high altar." and a young girl. The former, whom he divined at once to be the Baron of Roche Noire, rose at his entrance and saluting him in the somewhat formal fashion of the day, presented him to his daughter Hermine. The latter had the delicate beauty of the flower which has unfolded under a northern sun. She was pale, with fair hair. and eyes of the deep blue of an Italian sky. Her figure was slight but graceful, her hands exquisitely shaped, and transparent as alabaster. So much the Viscount saw as he bent low before his betrothed, and in spite of his indifference, he inwardly con-

gratulated himself on his good fortune. The baron and Viscount exchanged the usual reciprocal compliments and inquiries. Ralph was accustomed to society, and understood the art of making himself agreeahle, the baron, spite of his seventy winters. had not forgotten how to be a courtier and Hermine had the simple grace, the dignity, the modesty without prudery, of a young girl of high birth, religiously educated, but soon became animated and sparkling, while Rulph watched Hermine and now and then murmured to himself. "She is charming! blessings on my uncle for finding me a wife at once so pretty and so rich."

When supper was announced he offered his hand to the young girl, who accepted it with a blush, while the baron led the wav to the dining-room. It was a lofty apartment, furnished in the massive style of Louis XIV, and upon the walls were suspended ancient family portraits. As Ralph's syes glanced over these he was attracted by one whose freshness formed a striking contrast to the smoky canvases of the defunct Barons of Roche Noire. It represented a young girl of dazzling, but foreign beauty. such as is only found under southern skies. A more brilliant daughter of Spain never danced the bolero in the perfumed gardens of the Albambra. The eyes of Rajob were fixed immovably upon the canvas; the first glace had told him that it was his long-lost mknown of the fancy ball.

"Come, my dear Viscount," said the barn, "let us be seated."

Raiph started and obeyed; then turned his eyes from the portrait to Hermine. In contrast with that glowing beauty she appeared to him utterly insipid. He made some remark about the picture. The baron did not reply, but a cloud passed over his face, and Hermine turned pale, and sat silent with downcast eyes. A chill seemed to be thrown over these three persons, just now talking so joyously. Brief remarks were made occasionally in a constrained tone, and the supper ended almost in silence. At its close the Viscount made the fatigue of his journey an excuse for retiring early. As the servant was conducting him to his apartment, they passed again through the

"Whose portrait is this?" he asked, pointing to the picture of the lady.

The servant besitated. "Speak!" said the Viscount, imperiously. "It is the portrait of M'lle Fulmen," said

the old man trembling. "And who is she?"

"The elder sister of M'lle Hermine." "But she is dressed in Spanish costume." "Yes, her mother was a Snanish ladv."

"And Fulmen, where is she now?" "She is dead," said the old man, solemn-"She lies at the left of the altar in the chapel of the Chateau."

Fatigue had no power that night to bring sleep to Ralph's eyelids. It was in vain that he extinguished the candles, and buried Folmen still pursued him. Now it was not appear to notice the pallor and abstrac-Fulmen radiant with beauty, as she was representd in the picture, and as he had seen her at the fancy ball; again, it was Fulmen, pale and cold, extended in her coffin under the pavement of the chapel. Then he remembered his oath, to love her as well dead as living, and a cold sweat bathed his brow. At that moment a light at the opposite extremity of the apartment attracted his attention; a door, whose existence he had not suspected, turned noiselessly on its hinges; the candles re-lighted themselves spontaneously, and a figure draped in a winding-sheet entered the room and approached his bed. It advanced slowly; the most acute ear could have detected no footsteps. Brave as he was, the viscount trembled at the apparition. When the figure was within a few feet of the bed the winding sheet was thrown back, and re-

"Fulmen!" he murmured; "the picture has descended from its frame!"

vealed a young girl dressed in Spanish cos-

It was indeed Fulmen, just as she was painted, save that the lips were pale, the eye mournful, the whole expression unspeak-

ably sad. "Fulmen!" repeated the viscount, with a tone of terror, in which was mingled a sort

of feverish joy. "It is I," she mid. "Do you remember

The teeth of Ralph chattered; but the voice was so pure, so melodious, that it A gloomy journey of several days' dura- nided him to shake off the terror which was

"No, you are not dead," he exclaimed, with an effort.

"I have been dead a year," replied Ful.

Ralph could not detach his eyes from this singular creature, whose marvelous beauty sweet." counteracted in some degree the terror which the apparition would otherwise have caused.

"Alas!" resumed the spectre - draping the shroud about her form with all the coquetry with which a living belle might wrap an opera cloak around about her-"I am dead, really dead, at seventeen, when life was full of light, and perfume, and music; when tears, even, were so sweet that they resembled smiles; when the present was so happy that the future was quite forgotten And then, I loved you. I trusted in you oath; but you did not care for me. You have come here to marry my sister."

"Fulmen!" murmured Ralph, who felt a oang of remorse at his heart, "I have loved you; I love you still."

She shook her head. "The dead are never loved," she said

nournfully.

Ralph trembled. He felt his blood cur dle in his veins. He remembered his oath. without any rigidity. The conversation Yet Fulmen did not complain. She did not overwhelm him with reproacles. She seemed resigned. He saw her lean her head upon her hand; a tear shone in her eye, and a

shiver passed through her frame. "I am cold," she said, and, rising from the chair in which she had seated herself, she approached the fire-place, and bent as if to warm herself by the half-extinguished brands. "The dead are always cold," she murmured.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Ralph, "you are not dead; but, dead or living, you are beautiful, more beautiful than any living wo man, and I love you as on the day I first saw you."

"The dead are never loved," she repeated mournfully.

"But you are not dead. The limbs of the dead are rigid: the flesh corrupt; they are insensible; they cannot walk; they cannor speak; you are not dead; it is impossible.

"I am dead," repeated Fulmen, in a tone of authority which admitted of no question, 'dead -and vet I suffer."

"You suffer," the viscount exclaimed.

"Yes. Because I died with a guilty thought in my heart. I remembered the ball where I met you It was earthly love, not penitence, that engrossed my last hours. Yet if you who are alive can love me still, God will perhaps pardon me, and I shall suffer no longer."

"I do love you," cried Ralph, gazing at the young girl so beautiful in her sadness. Yet a secret voice said within him, "Ah! i she were only alivel"

A pale smile passed over the face of the phantom. It rose and advanced toward him. Ralph involuntarily shrank back at its approach.

"You see," she said, mournfully, "it is lways so. The living fear the dead." "No, no!" said he, eagerly, ashamed of his mementerp terror; "no, Fulmen, my be-

oved, come!" She extended her hand, and took that of the young man. Ralph uttered a cry. His hand was pressed by the cold, clammy fing-

ers of a corpse. She let his hand fall. roice, "yoe see it cannot be-I shall suffer

And she fled, while Rulph was so overwhelmed that he had no power to speak or move. The candles went out suddenly; si-

lence reigned again in the chamber; the phantom had vanished. The next day dawned bright and beautiful. The Baron de Roche Noire, who did tion of his guest, proposed a hunt. The day was spent in the open air; and if, amid the excitement of the chase, the viscount thought of the occurances of the last night, they seemed to him only as a bewildering dream. But with the return of darkness and especially at the sight of the picture the apparition again seemed to him a re ality, and he defermined to ascertain the truth. Pleading a headache he retired to

called softly: "Fulmen!" Fulmen!"

There was no answer. Again be called:

"Fulmen! I love you though dead!" Immediatly the candles were re-lighted nd Fulmen again appeared. She threw off her winding-sheet and seated herself in a chair by his side. Her face had the cadaverous paleness of the tomb; her eye was sad; her step slow and painful; yet her exqueite beauty exerted the same fascination den passion of her ball room lover to the over Ralph as when sparkling with life and vivacity.

"Fulmen I love youl" he repeated, gazing at her with admiration.

"Yet if my hand should touch yours," she replied with a sad smile, "you would utter a cry as you did last night; the dead are always cold."
"Give me your hand and you will see."

said Ralph, extending resolutely his own.-She took it, and again there came over him the same terrible sensation as before: but he had self-control enough to conquer it, and again to repeat:

"I love you!" A Bright smile illumined the features of Falmen.

"My poor friend," she said, "I would gladly believe you; but if your love would end my sufferings, it must be so profound, nen, sadly. "They buried me in the chapel. so ardent, that it can conquer even the deopen, and the aged servant met him at the You can read my epitaph on the marble sire to live. A tomb with me must have attractions for you. And you are but twenty-two, Ralph. At your age life is

The viscount shook his head.

side would be infinite baniness."

"To live without you is death; to be united to you, even in the tomb, would be life." "Take care, my friend."

"Of what, dear Fulmen?" exclamed Ralph over whom the smile of the young girl seemed to exercise an overwhelming fascination. "Do you know," she said, "that if you utter such a wish, God may hear your prayer?" Ahl if he would! An eternity by your

"Ralph, my friend," interupted Fulmen, while a smile of celestial joy shone in her face,''take care; you will die if you love me.' "I wish to die."

"But you are betrothed to my sister." An exclamation of anger escaped him. "I hate her!" he said vehomently. "Why?"

"Because she is alive, while you are dead What has she done that she should enjoy the light of the sun, the perfume of the flow ers, the melody of the birds? Was she any

younger or more beautiful?" "Ralph, you are unjust. My sister had no control over her destiny or mine."

"You are right, perhaps, but I swear t youathat I will never marry Hermine. I wish to be yours, and yours only, forever." "You are mad, my friend; I cannot accept happiness at such a sacrifice."

She rose slowly. "Adieu, Ralph," she said. Marry Hermine and pray for me,"

"Fulmen! Fulmen!" exclaimed Ralph falling on his knees at her feet. "Do no: ibaudon me—I love you!"

"But your love is death." "It is happiness! It is life!" His tone was so earnest, so touching, that

the young girl besitated. "Let me live eternally with you!" he per

"Listen, my friend," she said at length, is if she could no longer resist his entreaties, "in this casket," pointing to a richly carved box which stood on the table, "there is a phial containing a dark liquid."

"And that liquid?" "Is death." "It is happiness," exclaimed Ralph, seiz-

ing the casket. Fulmen stopped him by a gesture. "Not yet," she said; "by-and-by-at mid-

night-but first-reflect." Immediatly the candles were extinguished, and he found himself in complete dark-

If Viscount Ralph had been a Frenchman,

have opened the window, and let the cool night air play upon his brow. Then the where thoughts, emotions, passions, and bimself.

bout to marry a young girl, hland as a Ma donna, fair as a lily, who will bring me an strongest, highest, and most perfect expresincome of a hundred thousand livres. I sion offcharacter, even in the face of a beast, have only to be quiet and let things take there must be some feature of the face on their course."

After which we would have slept quietly. feature, to keep the reader in suspense no

Ralph was a Scotchman, with an imagin- of incredulity, but it is "as plain as the nose *No," she repeated, in a half-suffocated ation as susceptible of exaltation as most of on your face." The nose is the central feahis countrymen of the land of mountain and ture, and the face would not be a face withhe re-lighted the candle by the aid of a a man look without a nose? He may lose half-extinguished ficebrand, and, opening his legs, arms, eyes, and ears, and may conthe casket, he took out the phial.

"Fulmen! Fulmen! wait for me! I am comme!" he murmuted, and swallowed he contents at a draught.

For a moment he experienced a strange and inexplicable sensation; a coldness in the chest, a heat in the head; then his eyes became heavy; his limbs trembled, an extreme languor crept over him, and he sank upon the floor still murmaring faintly:

ne floor still murmuring faintly:
"Fulmen, wait for me—I love you."
When Kalph swallowed the contents of the phial he expected to wake in the other world. He was mistaken. The phial contained only a narcotic, and he was very no longer the pale, sad Fulmen, with livid but Fulmen, fresh, radiant, joyous, in the

same costume she were at the fancy ball. The reader will understand the explanation of all this more readily than the young viscount, whose head was still somewhat confused from the effect of the narcotic .-The young girl had wished to put the sudtest; and with some difficulty she had persuaded her fond old father and her cousin Hermine to lead themselves to the mystification. A little ingenuity, some invisible skin, aided by the native superstition of the young Scotchman, were all that was neces-

eary to the success of the scheme.
We need not say that the viscount, when he recovered his senses was very glad to exchange his phantom bride for a living one.

From Temple Bar. Noses; A Chapter out of Lavater-"Non cuique dalum est habere nasum,"

When I say "out of Lavater," I do not mean that I have transcribed some pages from one of the handsome quarto volumes of the excellent Swiss pastor, who was widely recognized in his generation as a man of erudition, philosophy, piety and humanity. All this must be awarded to phagi. But if you would have all the has one prominent enough, and like an exthe enthusiastic advocate, rather than expounder of physiognomy. No one can read or if all the masculine beauty, study the his weekly salary. those elegant fragments, so carefully and profusely illustrated, without admiration. I think no one can read them without a certain degree of conviction of the truth of their principles.

Physiognomy, according to Lavater, is the language of nature. There may be apples of Sodom-persons and things whose exteriors are utterly deceptive; but the rule of life is to judge by appearances. If you say, with all the emphasis that belongs to an apothegm, "appearances are often deceitful," I can only tell you that, in this case, often means sometimes. As a rule, appearances do not deceive us. As a rule, the strong man does not appear weak, not the weak one strong. As a rule, the man of talent does not look like a fool, nor vice fessed, a hard nut for Lavater-the conversa. Who will say that good men com- spicuous pug of Socrates. But we have the great in firmness, patience, and heroism in monly appear to be bad ones?—and if a bad man tries to pass for a good one, he makes his wisdom and virtues were a triumph of upon his nose. an effort to change the spontaneous express constant effort over his natural dispositions. sion of his nature, and to appear what he is And such a pug as we see portrayed upon poets. Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, have noses

We constantly judge of the qualities of select animals for our varied purposes by the same rule. No one buys a dray-horse for a racer. The buil-dog and the greyround are not liable to be mistaken for each other. I am as sure that the three bullet headed, thick-necked, and pug-nosed per sonages I saw the other day driving up Piccadilly and along Hyde Park in a butcher's cart were not members of the House of Peers, as I am that my blooded bay, with his slender legs, arched neck, and flashing ostrile, would not find his proper place between the thills of one of Barclay and

Perkins's beer-drays. Lavater, who was a broad and compre hensive, if not accurate and analytic, phil osopher, in judging the character of a man by his exterior, takes his whole figure into view, as well as his attitudes, gait, manner, dress, and even his furniture and surroundings; but he teaches that as, in the harmonies of nature, every part must correspond to every other, a part may indicate the whole. Our naturalists find this simple enough, and can tell us the habits of an animal from a tooth to a toe-nail. If then the foot, supposing a natural one could be found, and more notably the hand, may inas soon as Fulmen disappeared he would dicate the character, still more must the face, that wonderful seat of expression, erations, are stamped, as valleys and moun-"All this is folly. I am twenty-two years tains are stamped upon the earth, or flit to any contour. old, an officer in the king's service, and am across it, like clouds across a summer sky.

and dreamed no more of Fulmen. But longer, is the Nozzl I can imagine looks mist. As soon as the phantom vanished, out it. Imagine its absence! How would ceal forebeod, mouth, and chin, yet, with a decent nose pass muster. Even the smallest, most insignificant, and most unshapely nose is infinitely better than none. Must not that be the most important feature whose absence produces the most hideous deformity? And must not a feature be significant of character in proportion to its im-

portance? Ergo-et cetera. When I had read Lavater's fragment on library of the British Museum, I took a ning party? In smaller towns where social walk among the antiquities to see what the grades are brought nearer together, and can that that organ visibly expande, and that it Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans be more readily compared and examined. much astonished on opening his eyes to find thought about the matter; and I found that the contrast is very remarkable. Dublin, ity. himself in bed, and to see the sun shining gods and demi-gods, kings and heroes, have for example, presents us with with a perhis room, and extinguishing the candles, he through the curtained window. A woman all noble and beautiful noses. An inch on fect gamut of noses, from the most diminusat by the bedside. It was Fulmen! but a man's nose would be in a majority of tive small potatoe pug to the symmetrical lips, and form enveloped in a winding sheet; sculptors, when they had modelled the rags drives along in a picture que donkey the most remarkable nose? The "half-reasonnoblest and most symmetrical human face, gathered all beauty into the countenances ture and refinement. Beauty, genius, val- of his nose, -just what we should expect of of holy personages, have made their faces or, and nobility have their home in the a sword fish, and a remarkable contrast to divine by the idealisation of this single fea- sad sister island; but all these find their op- the feature which is the distinguishing chartues. Look, for example, at the "Ecce Homo" of Correggio, or at the Madonnas of assistance, a transparent glove of serpent Raphael. I think that if there were any doubt whether a Greek statue were intended for a deity or a mortal, it could always Roman or aquiline nose, or even a Grecian? pected to give a wide berth to Lavater .be settled by measuring the nose. There The baby-nose is a little snub, the nose of They may set their faces against his doctrines are striking proofs of the accuracy of the wenkness and undevelopment. The child's but it is a comfort to think that there is ancient sculptors in their representations of nose keeps its inward curve; in youth it not much barm to be expected from the opmortals. The Hebrews on the slabs from straightens; and then comes in certain char-position of a face which is deficient in its

divine attributes.

slight consideration. If painters and sculptors were to represent heroic and beautiful ideals with mean and grostesque noses, we

that Lavater has claimed. Look again at the busts of Pythagoras and what noses! One nose there was in the mug of the philosopher betokens not a like the gods of Immortal verse: Our own little energy, and that it is exceptional, bards are in no way delicient. Study the things by external appearances. Every proving a rule, is shown by the fact that portraits of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, man who goes to market knows this. We everybody is astonished that such a man Dryden, Pope, and so down to the present should have such a nose.

matched in color with the true one, and tum.

able feature of the "human face divine" enobled by noble deeds or the arise which it is pre-eminently written. That the gradations of society. The noses of the are attached. "Comparisons are odious," find the largest variety, and everywhere, if and those who are ennobling themselves in we but examine, the nose is the index of the present. class as well as character. The noses of the But is there no chance for a man without aristocracy are not those of the democracy; a nose, that is to say, without much of a and how could one more appropriately ex- nose? Wherever there is ambition, there is press his contempt for an inferior than by hope. Men succeed against great obstacles, turning up his nose at him? Do we see the and why not against little noses? The case same kind of noses at the east end of the of Socrates is certainly encouraging. Entown as at the west? in the stalls and dress ergy not seldom declares itself in a knob circle of the opera, and in the eixpenny pit that may require one or two generations to and threepenny gallery of the minor theanoses, and looked at his illustrations in the tre? at a prize fight and a fashiunable eve- shown qualities beyond the expectations cases, a striking elongation; but the antique Grecian and haughty Roman. The pug in cart; the elegant Grecian in its statuesque ling elephant," to be sure. Where resides full of strength and dignity, power and beauty, glides past on the sidewalk; the the majesty of the lion, and gives him his majesty, the face of an ideal monarch or Roman reclines in a carriage, whose panels title of "king of beasts?" In his lordly and hero, had only to add a few lines to the exhibit the insignia of ancient rank and do- almost human nose. The fiercest of fishes. length of the nose, and the face becomes minion. There are Irish faces of children which can kill the monsters of the deep, and that of a god. So the great painters, in the and of savages, simply good or fearfully bad, even pierce a ship's bottom, owes his prowrevival of art in Europe, when they have and there are also those of the highest cul-

posites, often in a strange proximity. its stages. Who ever saw a baby with a good noses is sufficient: the rest may be ex-A Bull.—At a young ladies' seminary, a few days since, during an examination in history, one of the most promising pupils was interrogated;—"Mary, did Martin Luther dis a natural death?" "No" was the prompt reply; "he was excommunicated by a possible nation and the natural death?" "No" was the prompt reply; "he was excommunicated by a possible nation to state of the stronger promisence of the aquiline or the stronger promisence of physiognomy may safely appeal to his intelligent, and therefore well-looking readers; this march of progress, and present a case and when the question is put in such an each case the best of a plantation in Brazil of arrested development. And we all feel assembly, he may be well contented to take each case the nose is the distinguishing fea- instinctively that a certain shaped nose is the eyes and nose.

ture. It was from observation, then, that the proper index of a certain character .-they gave their great men great noses; great, Who expects to see a soubrette on the stage I mean, in the true elements and signs of with an aristocratic nose? Un nez retrousse greatness. Naturally they expanded these is her proper type. The low comedian, if when they attempted the representation of not happily favored by nature, must call in the aid of a touch of vermillion. A suitable How beautiful are the noses on the Egyp- nose is as necessary as a red wig. But the tian sculptures! You may spend hours in hero of the play must have a proper nose; studying them on covers of porphyry sarco- and if the man who plays romantic robbers majesty of a nose, look at the Greek Jupiter; gle's beak, it will be some extra shillings in

Appollo. The bust of Homer may be of When I had pondered Lavater, and surdoubtful authenticity as a portrait, but what veyed antiquites in stone and bronze, freea nose! You ask, perhaps, what that signi. coes and vases, I looked into the collections fies if it is not a portrait. It shows us, my of portraits of distinguished men, looking erfriend, what the observation of the Greek pecially, as we always do and must look, it sculptors had taught them to consider a the most prominent feature. What wondersuitable nose for a Homer; and that is no ful noses they have! There was not such a nose in all Europe, in his time, as that worn upon the face of the Emperor Charles V.; and those of Henry IV., Pope Alexander should think them worthy of a lunatic VII., Charles XII. of Sweden, and Frederick asylum; and in this verdict we concede all II. of Prussia, were scarcely less remarkable The fierce nose of the vouthful Napoleon, compacted into the massive one of the Emand Plato. What majesty! what wisdom! peror; and then, for a soldierly and heroic nose, where would you look for a finer one ancient Greece, which is, it must be con- than that which marked, among a million, the striking face of Wellington? All that was testimony of the philosopher himself, that the character of Washington, is stamped

Look now at the beautiful poses of the Laurente. See also Moliere, Voltaire, Eras-If you turn to the left on first entering mus, Pascal, and Schiller. All men of genius, the British Museum, you pass into a gallery | but how varied! But there is not a greater of Roman portrait busts. Several are of variety in character than in that feature doubtful or unknown personages, and a which the ancients called "honestamentum number, I am sorry to observe, have lost faciei;" and which is all that, and something their noses by the accidents of fifteen or more. Could Schiller's bust change noses twenty centuries; but there are the busts with Voltaire's? Try the experiment, and and noses entire, and to all appearance if it proves satisfactory I will abandon the faithfully accurate, of Julius Casar, Augus- theory, and call science a cheat and nature tus, Nero, Domitian, Antoninus, Caligula, an impositor, and Lavater a dupe and a and a few imperial ladies. Suppose one donkey. Show me a thief with the nose of were to transpose the two noses of Nero Algernon Sidney; show me an empty fop, and Julius Cæsar. Euch face would be if there are any yet extant, with the nose of made monstrous. Nero's is monstrous as it Lord Bucon; or some soft poltroon with the is. He has been called handsome, but his profile of Philip Sidney or Elliott, the hero nose is that of a demon of cruelty and lust. of Gibralter; find me, in a group of costermon-And this notion of a transposition of noses gers and potboys, the noses of Cato and reminds me that the change of this one fee. Cicero, Locke and Johnson, Loyola, Titian, ture is all that is necessary for the most of Michael Angelo, or Lord Brougham, and you fectual disguise. A false nose is as delusive may have my head for a football, and do as an entire mask. A false eye must be what you like with its special honestamen-

there is a disagreeable contrast; but a man | Or if you have any doubt of the accuracy who has the misfortune to require a false of these portraits; if you say that painters nose must get one in harmony with his are upt to flatter, and so admit the whole arwhole face, and one which is therefore a gument when you allow that to paint a man true expression of his character, or the ef- with a strong, or bold, or subtle, or heroic fect will be very unpleasant. No two faces nose is flattery, here is a study for you in are alike; no two noses will suit the same the nearest stationer's window, or in those face; and none but a nose of wax will suit admirable collections of photographic porfever fit being over, he would have said to characters, formed through successive gen- two faces. "Nose of wax!" A pliable traits in Regent Street, the Strand, or Fleet character is one whose nose may be moulded Street, or scattered over the metropolis.-Compare a row of distinguished portraits. The more the reader studies this remark. from the aristocracy of birth and blood, oft and a noseless face would have no divinity of talent and genius, with another line which -the more will he appreciate its importance. you may select from the show-board of the Noses mark the peculiarities of races, and sixpenny galleries, and to which no names Australians, the Esquimax, and the Negroes but in the cause of science they are more -broad, flat, and weak-mark their mental than justifiable. I could spend hours in and moral characteristices. The striking studying the distinguished and beautiful differences between the African negro and faces which bear upon them the stamp of the North American Indian are sculptured birth and the refinement of breeding, or the on their noses. In the mingled races and power and energy of gouius and ambitiondifferent classes of our own country we those who have been ennobled in the past,

> mould into symmetry. When a man has based upon his proboscis, there is no doubt will be found fully developed in his poster-

I might easily extend my observations to the whole annimal creation, and prove the theory of Lavater by an elaborate essay on comparative noscology. What animal has ess to the length and hardness and sharpness acteristic of the bottle-nose whale. We If you look at the progress of the individ- might study birds, from the suipe to the ual life, the contour of the nose marks all eagle; but enough. A word to people with