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Poetry.

A DREAM.

Back again, darling? O, day of delight!
How I have longed for you; morning and night!
Watched for you, pined for you, all the days through,
Craving no boon and no blessing but you;
Prayed for you, plead for you, sought you in vain,
Striving forever to find you again;
Counting all anguish as naught if I might
Clasp you again as I clasped you last night!

Oh! I have sorrowed and suffered so much
Since I last answered your lips' loving touch;
Through the night watches, in daylight's broad beams,
Anguished by visions and tortured by dreams—
Dreams so replete with bewildering pain,
Still it is throbbing in heart and in brain—
Oh! for I dreamed—keep me close to your side,
Darling, oh! darling—I dreamed you had died!

Dreamed that I stood by your pillow, and heard
From your pale lips a love's half-muttered word;
And by the light of the May morning skies
Watched your face whiten, and saw your dear eyes
Gazing far into the Wonderful Land—
Felt your fond fingers grow cold in my hand;
"Darling," you whispered; "My darling!" you said
Faintly, so faintly, and then you were dead!

Oh! the dark hours when I knelt by your grave,
Calling upon you to love and to save;
Pleading in vain for a sign or a word,
Only to tell me you listened and heard;
Only to say you remembered and knew
How all my soul was in anguish for you;
Bitter despairing the tears that I shed—
Darling, oh! darling, because you were dead;

Yet, in the midst of the darkness and pain,
Darling, I knew I should find you again!
Knew as the roses knew, under the snow,
How the next summer would set them aglow;
So I did always, the dreary days through,
Keep my heart single and sacred to you,
As on the beautiful day we were wed,
Darling, oh! darling, although you had fled.

Oh! the great joy of awaking, to know
I did but dream all that torturing woe!
Oh! the delight that no searching can trace
Nothing of coldness or change in your face!
Still is your forehead unfurrowed and fair,
Light of delight is lost out of your hair;
None of the light from your dear eyes is shed;
Darling, oh! how could I dream you were dead?

Now you are here, you will always remain,
Never, oh! never to leave me again!
How I have vanished, the memory sad of years!
Vanished—nay, these are not sorrowful tears;
Happiness only my cheek has imparled,
There is no grieving for me in the world;
Dark clouds may threaten, but I have no fear,
Darling, oh! darling, because you are here!

Miscellaneous.

Description of the Notabilities of the British Parliament.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times* gives the following description of the notabilities of the British Parliament. He says:

Owing to the absurdly small size of the House, very few strangers can be accommodated with seats, and consequently there are more policemen and doorkeepers round about the entrances than you are accustomed to see at Washington. On the night of an interesting debate, it is rather difficult to obtain admission, for the simple reason that there is about ten times as many people anxious to get in as the House will hold. I should advise, however, any American who happens to be here during the session, to write to a member of either House whom he may happen to know, or, if he is not acquainted with any, to send a note to the Speaker a day or two beforehand. The strangers' gallery is at best a very uncomfortable place, and the seats for members themselves are not so good as the seats for visitors in the House at Washington. They are talking of building a new House of Commons altogether, and using the present one as a lobby. Something will have to be done to rectify Barry's preposterous blunder.

The present lobby of the House is a sort of hall in front of the doors. Here members' constituents wait to speak to them, or the ladies stand to watch for the well-known men of the debate. Last night, if the reader had been standing with me close to the door, he would have noticed a number of gentlemen straggling in, with healthy-looking faces, high collars with a neckerchief tied around them, and the general look of country squires. They are for the most part the "country party" who obey the clever Mr. Disraeli. All kinds of men pass by, and the throng diminishes and the strangers begin to send their cards in to their acquaintances. As we begin to think of moving away, there enters a gentleman buttoned up in a frock coat, with a face full of lines and seams, and a heavy, almost sad look in the eyes, a yellow complexion, and thin curls just showing beneath his hat. He walks with one hand behind his back, and eyes someone upon the ground, a stoop in his shoulders, and generally with the appearance of a rather dissipated man—except for the intensely thoughtful and intellectual look which dignifies the countenance.

This is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the great Mr. Disraeli himself, who is now going to defend the policy of the Government, and who does not know how severely it may be assailed. Behind me, just at his back stands a portly and very man, with whiskers and hair turning gray, but a pleasant, cheery look in his face. He lays his great fat hand on a friend's shoulder, and they crack jokes and "chaff" each other in high glee. This is Mr. John Bright, and it may be that he has come down to-night to "punish" the Government, and notably to scarify yonder worn and abstracted gentleman who is entering the House. Worn, did I say? Yes; read if you read that man's history you will not wonder at the lines in his face. Think of the terrible fight that man has waged against the world for more than thirty years! Never, probably, in the history of politics, has a public man been assailed so universally, so bitterly, so incessantly as Mr. Disraeli, who is disappearing through that door. What a dauntless spirit he carries beneath that apparently drooping form! We may believe anything we please of his principles, but his genius and his courage—his unconquerable courage, his almost heroic resolution, we, none of us, can refuse to admire. He looks old and even feeble, (for a private sorrow has of late bowed him down,) but touch him in a vulnerable point and the brightest fire will leap forth; the tongue will talk scorpions, happy phrases and epithets will flow like water, and he will make his assailants relentless detractors cheer him till they are hoarse—the sole influence of his elequence. Think of the years that man has walked over this spot, where we are now standing, defeated, abused, slandered, defamed, and to all appearance with the great game of life completely lost; yet always wearing the same impassive, inscrutable look which we observed just now, always patient, and never for a moment cowed. He felt, it may be, that this day would come, and, behold! it has. This old Jewish-looking man (I use the words because they exactly describe his appearance) is now Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, the leader of the House of Commons, and altogether I am inclined to think the foremost man in all Her Majesty's dominions.

And now there comes along one who would have been the foremost man if he could have kept his temper and ruled his tongue as skillfully as the sallow gentleman just gone. He, too, is deeply marked in the face with thought or anxiety, his hair and whiskers are gray, he looks old, he is dressed in black, and carries a thick blue book under his arm—the Abyssinian blue-book published by Government. This is Mr. Gladstone, Disraeli's most formidable antagonist, but still no match for that splendid master of *repartee* and fence. Is he going to make a speech to-night? Probably. Look, now, at this white-headed gentleman who approaches with heavy white eyebrows and the peering look of a near-sighted man. This is Hon. Robert Lowe, whose speeches against the Reform Bill are among the ablest ever made in Parliament. It is he who has advised the present rulers to "educate their masters." The shrewd and well conditioned gentleman in the black frock coat near Mr. Lowe is Lord Stanley, and—I must stop. If I detain the reader thus at the door of the House we shall never cross the threshold, and I shall have missed my object in visiting the Palace to-night.

Enter, then, the small chamber in which the Commons of England are seated together on elbowless benches, like people in the "parquette" of one of your theatres. They are jammed pretty close, and if any one wants to make a memorandum he must write it on his knee, and if he wants to put his hat down he must thrust it under the seat. Why cannot each member have a chair, like members of Congress? We will say nothing about the desk, because the House meets in the evening, and members would not want to do the business of the day at their desks. But proper room to sit down is not too much to ask for. Crowded as the benches are, they will not hold many more than half the members. The Speaker sits in an old-fashioned tall chair, with a green shade projecting from it, as if to protect him from a sunstroke. Probably the gaslight hurts his eyes; at any rate, this shade renders his countenance almost invisible from the gallery. To his right hand sit the Ministerial Party, to his left the Opposition. On the front bench of the one are the Cabinet, on the corresponding bench of the other may be seen Mr. Gladstone and some of the chiefs of Opposition. Below this set of benches is another set, with a passage between called the "gangway." The gentlemen who sit below the gangway are supposed to be independent of party—and there may be seen Mr. Lowe, Mr. Bright, Mr. Bernal Osborne and many others.

Daniel Webster and Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and as a mark of her respect, and with a view to the *eclat*, sent polite invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both Houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late, that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden and others came in; whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried.

After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind, with "Hail Columbia."

This took place during the height of the debate and excitement of the slavery question, and the compromise resolutions of Mr. Clay; and this patriotic air, as part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate at a concert, where the head of the Government, and a large number of both branches of the legislative department, were present. At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could stand it no longer; and rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous bass voice to the chorus; and I venture to say, that never in the whole course of her career, did she ever hear or receive one-half of the applause as that, with which her song and Webster's chorus was greeted.

Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coattail to make him sit down or stop singing, but it was of no earthly use—and at the close of each verse, Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were the most delighted. I have seen Rubini, Lablache, and the two Grisis, on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the national air of "Hail Columbia," as Jenny Lind's tenor and Daniel Webster's bass, we shall never see or hear again.

At the close of the air, Mr. Webster rose with his hat in his hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, courtesied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo; Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind recourtesied, the house reapplauded, and this was repeated nine times, or "I'm a villian else."

I have seen Niagara and Taglioni, Mars and Malibran; I have walked through the ruins at Paestum and the Colliseum by moonlight; crossed the Menai Bridge and the Thames Tunnel, but never while memory lasts will this scene fade away.

Being something of a wag, and deeming this too good to be lost, the next day it was currently reported that Barnum had engaged Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster to accompany Miss Lind and himself as far as Richmond, and assist her at her concert. For some days nothing but Miss Lind's concert, and the report about Clay and Webster, was talked of about the capitol.

A few days after this I was sitting in the Congressional post office, when a member came in, with whom I had always been on friendly terms, and to my unusual very cordial "Good morning," the gentleman, with lips closely compressed, pale as his shirt, and clipping his words very shortly, replied in a sort of staccato style, "Good morning, sir. Can I have a word with you in private?" Heaven defend me from a challenge, thought I. Still, never dreaming how I could have incurred the gentleman's displeasure, I replied very politely, "With pleasure." After leading me some distance through the crooked passages of the Capitol, he stopped short and looking me full in the face, and seemingly as anxious for a fight as a bull terrier, he began;

"Understand, *sir*, that a most insulting report has been very extensively circulated in this city about two of the most distinguished men of my party, and I have heard from more than one source that you are the author. My object, *sir*, is to know whether you are the author, and if so, whether you hold yourself responsible." Being still in the dark, and utterly unable to comprehend the drift of his remark, I replied: "Sir, I do not know what you are talking about; you will be pleased to speak somewhat more intelligibly." "Well, sir," said he, his choler rising at my coolness, "I have learned from the most unquestionable authority, that you have said that Barnum had engaged Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster to accompany and assist Jenny Lind at her concerts in Richmond."

I never was so equally divided between an inclination to laugh outright and to get vexed; and hesitating a moment whether I should abuse him for his stupidity, or laugh in his face, it occurred to me that if he could swallow so much, his credulity was capacious enough to digest much more. So compressing my lips, and trying to look as fierce as possible, I said in the same staccato tone of voice which had he spoken, "Yes, sir, I am responsible for that report, and I reckon I have seen the contract." My young opponent's jaws fell, and speaking in his usual natural drawl, he bowed politely, and evidently with feelings of great disappointment at not being able to get a fight, "I beg your pardon, sir, I was not aware that you had seen the contract."

I do not know whether he ever told any one, or whether his friends let him into the secret of my disposition as a wag, but certain it was, for some time, whenever he saw me on the one side of Pennsylvania avenue, he always had some business on the other.

I told the joke to Mr. Webster, at his own house, before the nomination of the Whig party was made, and ventured to suggest to him that when he was elected President, he ought to confer some office on the man who was willing to fight for him and the honor of his party. He assured me that, if elected, the claims of this gentleman should not be forgotten.—*Colemporary, in Southern Society.*

Reminiscences of a United States Senator.

Some thirty years ago I was in trade with Judge H——, in a pleasant village of Vermont, in the town of S——. There are two villages in the town that are denominated "Upper Hollow and Lower Hollow."

A short distance above the Lower Hollow lived a man by the name of Orlando Bundy, a blacksmith by trade. He was in the habit of using liquor pretty freely, especially about election time. About that time there was an exciting election for representatives to Legislature, that had just come off, and all was anxious to hear the result. Mr. Bundy happened to be in the store as Judge H—— was reading the returns from the different town. Among the rest was that of a town on the west side of the Green Mountains, that had elected a Mr. S. Foot for representative.

"Is it possible that they have elected him a representative?" said Mr. Bundy. "I knew him like a book. He was a poor boy and used to livest my father's. His father died when he was young, and his mother being poor, he was put out to live with different farmers to earn a living. When he lived with my father he was so poor that he was not able to buy a pair of shoes. My father being a well-to-do farmer was able to keep me in shoes. It irritated the boy to think he had no shoes. One day my father sent us to cut Canada thistles in the field. I had shoes to protect my feet, but poor F. was barefoot, and the thistles pricked his feet, and I bothered him and laughed at him for not having shoes.—He got excited by my jeers and the sting of the thistle, and straightening up, shook his little fist at me, and said: 'Orlando Bundy, I shall see the day that I shall be able to wear shoes.'"

And so it proved. He did wear shoes. He acquired an education—a profession—and his shoes trod the legislative halls of Vermont. His shoes pressed the floor of Congress and the Senate Chamber, and many a time have been in the place designated for the Vice President. They were the shoes of Hon. Solomon Foot, United States Senator from Vermont.

A Chapter on Pearls.

BY AN EXPERIENCED JEWELER.

Pearls are obtained from a bivalve known as the pearl oyster, found at great depths in the Indian seas. These oysters are of great size, measuring from nine to ten inches in diameter, and known to naturalists as the *Maleagrina Margaritifera*. The larger pearls are usually found in the beard of the fish, the smaller in the flesh. The deeper the water, according to the experience of the divers, the large the pearls. Pearls are composed of a series of concentric layers, of a thin gelatinous membrane, alternating with layers of carbonate of lime, (specific gravity 2.68,) and are supposed to be concretions formed by a disease peculiar to this species of oyster.

Besides those known as oriental, there is a class commonly called Scotch pearls, procured from a particular variety of mussel found in Scotch rivers, and in other rivers of Europe, as the Moldava in Bohemia, the Conway, in Wales, etc. The Tay, near Perth, according to Mr. Pennant, produced at one time a great number, the value of which was reckoned at several hundreds a year; but the supply is now very limited, and the pearls themselves of little value. Some, however, of a good size and fine lustre are occasionally picked up here and there. Suetonius asserts, and it will be new to many, that Julius Cesar, a great admirer of pearls, was induced to invade Britain, in order to secure the valuable pearls found there. According to Pliny and Tacitus, he brought back to Rome a buckler covered with British pearls, which he dedicated to Venus Genetrix, and caused it to be hung up in her temple.

Besides the pearls got in the oyster, there are often excrescences upon the mother-of-pearl shell, somewhat of the nature of the pearl itself, and which often assume very irregular and grotesque shapes; they are called baroques, and, when large and fine, bring high prices. One of the most singular of the baroques represents a Chinese, with crossed legs, and another has the appearance of a bearded doe; this term is also applied to a flat or ill-shaped pearl, if of considerable size. When pearl shells are smooth and regular in shape, there is less chance of finding pearls inside, but, when deformed or distorted, they are almost sure to yield some.

The richly variegated substance so well known as mother-of-pearl, (French, *nacre*,) "dyed with rainbow tints," and beautifully opalescent, is the shell of the oyster formed by the calcareous exuvie of the fish. It has "the brightness of the morning, or the glowing tints of the evening sky;" in other words, the color of the prism softened, retained, and made permanent. The finest nacreous shells are those of Manilla, which are very large and brilliant, with yellow edges. Those from Singapore are larger, but of a dead white.

The decline in the value of pearls in Europe, which commenced in the seventeenth century, may be partly attributed to the more attractive brilliancy of the diamond, after the method of cutting and polishing it was fully understood, and partly to the successful imitation of the pearl itself; close as this resemblance may be, a person accustomed to look at pearls will easily discover the best imitations by their glassy vitreous look, so different from the orient of the true pearl. Minerals have the advantage of pearls in being indestructible and unaltered by time, whereas pearls, in process of time, moulder into dust. In opening the tombs in which the daughters of Stilicho had been buried, with the whole of their ornaments, for 1,118 years, it was found that all the riches contained in it were in good condition, with the exception of the pearls, which were so soft as to crumble between the finger and thumb. Pearls kept in dry magnesia are said never to lose their color or lustre if excluded from air or moisture. The pearl was in equal favor with the Roman Egyptians, Hebrews and other Eastern nations. The story of the large pearl, worth £80,729, dissolved, or more likely pounded, and swallowed by Cleopatra, is too well known to need repetition; but it is, perhaps, not so well known that pearls were the principal ingredients in the love philters of these days, and it is more than likely that this pearl was sacrificed to make a charm of great potency, in order to win back the regards of Antony. A match to this paragon pearl, belonging also to Cleopatra, afterward fell into the hands of Agrippa, the favorite of Augustus, who carried it to Rome, and had it halved, to make a pair of ear-rings, which he presented to adorn the statue of Venus, in the Pantheon, and which, for size and beauty, were the admiration of all who beheld them.

Royal Sporting.

Royal sporting is generally a humbug. Majesty steps from the palace to the well-kept preserves, and there empties ounce after ounce of shot into unsuspecting pheasants and rabbits too fat and innocent to jump, until the royal shoulders are black and blue and the keepers' legs are peppered full with the murderous pellets intended for the stupid birds they were kicking into a "rise." But the young Duke of Edinburgh, who has his own ideas, and sensible ones, too, of sport, has enjoyed a sensation which few of his royal kinsmen know. Disdaining the paltry ridges of European parks, he has bagged no smaller game than an elephant out of Southern Africa. The story is a long one, but can be told briefly. He cut the loyal demonstrations of the Cape people as short as courtesy allowed, and set out for the forest where scouts had tracked an old bull elephant of fit size for the royal bullet. He rode, stalked, camped in the rain; rose at daybreak, and, in short, went through all the experiences of a jolliean hunter for a day or two, without success. But one morning early, as the camp was moving to a spot favorable for breakfasting, one of the scouts appeared, galloping from the woods, with a huge elephant in pursuit. The boy shrieked for help as the creature gained upon him, and coming up with the Duke's party, took refuge behind them. On came the elephant, ears and tail erect, with an entirely different aspect from that of a scared rabbit. The Duke took his heavy gun, waited until the game was within less than twenty yards, and then delivered two shots into the animal's head. The elephant turned, shook his head, and as the rest of the party fired, fell dead. Of course, all protested that the Duke's shots had done the business, complimented him upon his coolness and sure aim, lifted him upon the carcase, and cheered him. Royalty then took off its coat and skinned the trophy, after measuring and finding it to be ten feet high, twenty feet in length and seventeen in girth.

Currency.

During the first year of the war, when change was scarce and some large firms were issuing currency of their own, a farmer went to a store in a neighboring town and bought some goods, and gave to the merchant a five dollar bill, of which he wanted seventy-five cents back. The merchant counted out the amount and handed it over to the farmer. He looked at it a moment and inquired, "What's this?" "It's my currency," said the merchant. "Wall, tain't good for nothing where I live," said the farmer. "Very well," replied the merchant, "keep it till you get a dollar's worth and bring it to my store and I will give you a dollar bill for it." The farmer pocketed the change and departed. A few weeks afterward he went into the same store and bought goods to the amount of one dollar, and after paying over the identical seventy-five cents he took out a handful of pumpkin seeds and counted out twenty-five of them, and passed them over to the merchant. "Why," says the merchant, "what's this?" "Wall," says the farmer, "this is my currency, and when you get a dollar's worth bring it out to my place and I will give you a dollar bill for it.

Vanderbilt Gossip.

The New York correspondent of the Hartford *Press*, Mr. Judd of the *Commercial*, writes the following about Commodore Vanderbilt:

Now that Commodore Vanderbilt has obtained control of the New York Central road it is the general impression in railroad circles that the stock will advance to a higher figure. I am informed by one who knows that he personally owns seven million dollars of the stock. His whole property is valued in round numbers at thirty-one millions. He is now importing, at the cost of one hundred and sixty dollars per ton, steel rails for the Hudson River road, and expects to have the entire track relaid with in a year's time. For some time the great ambition of the Commodore has been to own or control a through line of railroad from New York to Chicago. He has now taken a long step toward the attainment of his object.

One great secret of the Commodore's success in life has been his *nerve*. At times, when his speculations have been against him, he has held on until matters have come round to him. The following story is told as an illustration of this nerve. He is very fond of card-playing. On one occasion, while traveling down the Mississippi River, he was surrounded by one of the gang of gamblers which, in ante-war times, infested the Father of Waters, and invited to play "poker." He accepted the request. It was the game of these professional gamblers, when they had got hold of a victim, to keep "going him better," until the large sums at stake would frighten him from "calling," and thus insure them the "pool." They tried it on the Commodore.

First one would bet a few thousand, and others would see that sum and go several thousand better. Finally the amount in the pool increased to a sum far in excess of the ready funds which he could demand. The Commodore, however, had one intention of being "bluffed" off. He saw their game. Calling a negro, he asked him if he would ask the captain down. The captain appeared, when the following conversation ensued:

Commodore—Captain, can you tell me who owns this boat?

Captain—I do, sir.

Commodore—What do you call it worth?

Captain—I can not tell, exactly, but I should say thirty thousand dollars.

Commodore—Will you take that sum for it?

Captain—Yes.

Commodore—Very well. I am Commodore Vanderbilt of New York. Then writing a check for the sum, added, "Here is my check for thirty thousand dollars. It will be honored at our first stopping place."

Having done this the Commodore turned round to the table and said to the gamblers, "I see the last amount and go it better to the extent of this boat."

The gang was not prepared for this *coup d'etat*. They were not able to "see" the Commodore's "rise," and he consequently coolly swept off the contents of the "pool." We reckon no Mississippi gambler ever attempted to "bluff" Commodore Vanderbilt after that.

Fashionable Dinner Party in Abyssinia.

A great deal of skepticism has been entertained in regard to the mode of supplying *brinde*, or raw meat, to the guests of the fashionable parties at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. When the company have taken their seats at the table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, and his feet strongly tied; after which the cooks proceed to select the most delicate morsels. Before killing the animal all the flesh on the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. Two or three servants are then employed, who, as fast as they can procure *brinde*, lay it upon cakes of teff placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or anything else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men prefer the large crooked ones, which, in the time of war, they put to all sorts of uses. The company are ranged in that one gentleman sits between two ladies, and the former, with his long knife, begins by cutting a thin piece, which would be thought a good steak in England, while the motion of the fibres is yet perfectly distinct.

In Abyssinia no man of any fashion feeds himself, or touches his own meat. The women take the flesh and cut it lengthwise like strings, about the thickness of one's little finger, then crosswise into square pieces, somewhat smaller than dice. They then lay upon a portion of the teff bread, strongly powdered with black pepper, or cayenne and fossil salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. In the meantime, the gentleman, having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbor's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward and mouth open very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between the jaws at the imminent risk of choking him. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes into his mouth, the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite does he prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, say they, eat small pieces and in silence. Having dispatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbor on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on till he is satisfied.

He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form, each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while with his own hand he supplies a portion to both at the same moment. Then commence the potatoes, which, we are assured, are very regulated with much regard to sobriety of decorum. At this time the unfortunate victim at the door has bleeding, but bleeding little; for so skillful are the butchers, that while they completely strip the bones of the flesh, they avoid the parts which are traversed by the great arteries. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after, the animal perished from the loss of blood, becomes so tough that the unfeeling wretches who feed on the remainder can scarcely separate the muscles with their teeth. In the description now given we have purposely omitted some features which, it is not impossible, have been a little too highly colored, if not even somewhat inaccurately drawn. But there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of the delineation, not excepting the grossest and most repulsive particulars.—*London paper.*

A Uniform International Coinage.

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How Louis Napoleon Lives—His Tastes, Tables, Temper and Habits.

[Cor. of the Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

In his own palace Napoleon is one of the easiest, simplest and least ceremonious of men. He never fails, indeed, of a certain dignity which forbids undue familiarity from the highest princes of the blood; yet his social manners are unrestrained, and his private habits are not hampered by an obsolete system of court ceremonial. Nobody who has seen him will doubt that, in contrast now importing, at the cost of one hundred and sixty dollars per ton, steel rails for the Hudson River road, and expects to have the entire track relaid with in a year's time. For some time the great ambition of the Commodore has been to own or control a through line of railroad from New York to Chicago. He has now taken a long step toward the attainment of his object.

One great secret of the Commodore's success in life has been his *nerve*. At times, when his speculations have been against him, he has held on until matters have come round to him. The following story is told as an illustration of this nerve. He is very fond of card-playing. On one occasion, while traveling down the Mississippi River, he was surrounded by one of the gang of gamblers which, in ante-war times, infested the Father of Waters, and invited to play "poker." He accepted the request. It was the game of these professional gamblers, when they had got hold of a victim, to keep "going him better," until the large sums at stake would frighten him from "calling," and thus insure them the "pool." They tried it on the Commodore.

First one would bet a few thousand, and others would see that sum and go several thousand better. Finally the amount in the pool increased to a sum far in excess of the ready funds which he could demand. The Commodore, however, had one intention of being "bluffed" off. He saw their game. Calling a negro, he asked him if he would ask the captain down. The captain appeared, when the following conversation ensued:

Commodore—Captain, can you tell me who owns this boat?

Captain—I do, sir.

Commodore—What do you call it worth?

Captain—I can not tell, exactly, but I should say thirty thousand dollars.

Commodore—Will you take that sum for it?

Captain—Yes.

Commodore—Very well. I am Commodore Vanderbilt of New York. Then writing a check for the sum, added, "Here is my check for thirty thousand dollars. It will be honored at our first stopping place."

Having done this the Commodore turned round to the table and said to the gamblers, "I see the last amount and go it better to the extent of this boat."

The gang was not prepared for this *coup d'etat*. They were not able to "see" the Commodore's "rise," and he consequently coolly swept off the contents of the "pool." We reckon no Mississippi gambler ever attempted to "bluff" Commodore Vanderbilt after that.

Fashionable Dinner Party in Abyssinia.

A great deal of skepticism has been entertained in regard to the mode of supplying *brinde*, or raw meat, to the guests of the fashionable parties at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. When the company have taken their seats at the table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, and his feet strongly tied; after which the cooks proceed to select the most delicate morsels. Before killing the animal all the flesh on the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. Two or three servants are then employed, who, as fast as they can procure *brinde*, lay it upon cakes of teff placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or anything else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men prefer the large crooked ones, which, in the time of war, they put to all sorts of uses. The company are ranged in that one gentleman sits between two ladies, and the former, with his long knife, begins by cutting a thin piece, which would be thought a good steak in England, while the motion of the fibres is yet perfectly distinct.

In Abyssinia no man of any fashion feeds himself, or touches his own meat. The women take the flesh and cut it lengthwise like strings, about the thickness of one's little finger, then crosswise into square pieces, somewhat smaller than dice. They lay upon a portion of the teff bread, strongly powdered with black pepper, or cayenne and fossil salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. In the meantime, the gentleman, having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbor's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward and mouth open very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between the jaws at the imminent risk of choking him. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes into his mouth, the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite does he prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, say they, eat small pieces and in silence. Having dispatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbor on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on till he is satisfied.

He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form, each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while with his own hand he supplies a portion to both at the same moment. Then commence the potatoes, which, we are assured, are very regulated with much regard to sobriety of decorum. At this time the unfortunate victim at the door has bleeding, but bleeding little; for so skillful are the butchers, that while they completely strip the bones of the flesh, they avoid the parts which are traversed by the great arteries. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after, the animal perished from the loss of blood, becomes so tough that the unfeeling wretches who feed on the remainder can scarcely separate the muscles with their teeth. In the description now given we have purposely omitted some features which, it is not impossible, have been a little too highly colored, if not even somewhat inaccurately drawn. But there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of the delineation, not excepting the grossest and most repulsive particulars.—*London paper.*

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A Sensation in High Life—Marriage of a Belle to a "Gay Gamboller."

ST. LOUIS, December 17.

The circles of the *bon ton* are agitated. St. Louis Belgravia and Fifth avenue-dle-dom are disturbed to their very center. This very day one of society's fairest daughters has gone and done it. Done what, pray?

Why, married a gambler—a dealer in a faro bank; disgraced herself, her kin, and the circle she has moved in. There dwells on Chouteau avenue a financier and capitalist who has been long known and respected in the money circles of the city. Though commencing at the bottom round of fortune's ladder, yet, by industry and honesty, he has at last reached a position of wealth and competency. A few years since he built him a magnificent residence in the fashionable part of the city.

He raised up about his family altar a fine family of children. He gave them every advantage of education; even employed governesses, that they might attain a greater proficiency than others having less wealthy parents. The brightest face about his hearth was his youngest daughter. He doted on her, he loved her better than all the rest. He enjoyed no comfort or luxury unless she shared it with him. Where he went, she went. Father and daughter, they seemed inseparable. She was buoyant and bright beyond her years, in her way. The eyes of her indulgent parent saw only an exuberance of spirit and overflow of vivacity; but other young ladies called her wild; gay young gentlemen sought her society, and some said she was a wee bit imprudent. At any rate, she was quite a queen in the very first social circles of the city, and one of the gayest and most brilliant of the many fair ladies who frequent the monthly balls of a popular club-house in the city.

To some of her gentlemen friends she was known to make queer remarks, such as, "Well, one of these days, I'll do something."

Yesterday morning she did. Appearing in her father's library, she said: "Father, I want to get married."

"*What!*" said the astonished sire.

"*I am going to get married.*"

The paternal only gasped.

"Yes, sir, I am going to get married at once, and if you and mother wish to go to the wedding, you must get ready."

"Pray, who are you going to marry, my daughter," said the father.

"Mr. So and so," she replied.

"I do not know any such person. What does he do? What is his business, pray?"

"A gambler, sir! He deals in a faro-bank!" said the loved daughter.

"My God!" was all the agonized parent could utter. His knees trembled, and he sank into a chair.

What could he do? Some, now that the affair is over, say he should have called the gentleman into his house, presented a Derringer at his head, and said, "You marry my daughter? you, a gambler? No, sir—never. I'll give you twenty-four hours to leave town, or you are a dead man. I am rich, respected, and you are nobody. So, choose quick!"

But the parent did no such thing. He temporized; he thought; he decided to go; and, accordingly, to one of the most fashionable Catholic churches in the city the parties hied away; and before nightfall the story of the gay gambolier, who won an heiress and lady of the first families, was the chit-chat of every boudoir, and the delicate morsel of gossip that every lady of *ton* insisted on telling over the cozy tea table to her lord. Every one exclaims, "How shocking!" and the father is said to be well-nigh heart-broken.

The Elder Booth.

Few of my readers, says Olive Logan, are ignorant of the fact that the elder Booth, whose like we shall never see again, was often intoxicated while playing. Strangely enough, his artistic powers were as strong when he was in that state as when he was quite sober. Many aver that his sober *Richard* was a tame and puerile thing compared to the noisy *Gloster* of perhaps a hundred cups. It seems, however, scarcely necessary to add that when in thisstate his brain was no clearer than that of another man when intoxicated; and though he managed to give his grand "points" with perhaps even greater force than when he was sober, he effectually ruined the play for all the other performers, and in the main for the audience.

When I was a little girl, Booth was once playing, in conjunction with my sister, in Memphis, and she sent me one night to deliver some message to him on the stage. The curtain had not yet risen, but I found Mr. Booth standing at the back of