SONG OF MARGARET.

"Ah, I now how we have met—
Married eyes how sweet they be—
Are you happier, Margaret,
Than you might have been with me?
Silence! make no more ado!
Did she think I should forget?
Matters nothing, though I know,
Margaret, Margaret.

Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
Told a certain thing to mine;
What they told and I read by
O, so careless of the sign.
Such an easy thing to be true,
And I did not want it (gen)
Fool! I wish my heart would break,
Scorn is hard on hearts of men.

Scorn of self is bitter work—
Each of us have felt it long now:
Bluest skies she counted mark,
Self-betrayed of eyes and brow;
As for me, I went my way,
And a better man drew nigh,
Pain to earn, with long easy,
What the winner's hand threw by

Matters not in direct old
What was born, and waxed and formed,
Year to year its meaning told,
I am content—for deeps are learned:
Come, but there is nought to say,
Married eyes will wise have met.
Silence! O, I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret.

JEAN ENGELOW.

Curiosities and Humor of Parisian Advertisements.

Translated for the Cincinnati Commercial from Le Figaro.

Advertisements and puffs are two monstraps in which strangers visiting Paris allow themselves frequently to be caught. Their self-love should not feel humiliated at this; very many Parisians likewise fall into this trap.

Advertisements are neither regulated nor controlled by the Government; people advertise whatever they please, without any official interference. The great thing is to attract the eye of the reader by a word which rivets his attention and causes him to reflect. Old fogies always use the stale phrases, which every one knows, such as

"Old established house!"

"Very low-priced goods!"

But then comes a progressive mind, publishing boldly:

"Well, reader, we are bankrupt!

It is impossible to refuse a few minutes attention to a merchant who publishes in the papers, and placards on the walls of his house, that he has failed. The reason is plain, owing to "the fact that the house occupied by the merchant is to be torn down," or that "he intends to retire from business with a fortune," or that "his health compels him to quit business," the "bankrupt sales of Lepaon pairs of drawers at twenty centimes apiece," are only varieties of the same ingenious idea: "I is being carried on by a man who sell in bootles, for a few months during the year, hankerchiefs that tickle your nose fine if you are so unfortunate as to be obliged to blow your nose; oriental perfumery, Indian arrows and Chinese porcelain, all manufactured at the cheap establishments in the environs of Paris. I do not advise you to buy your household goods there.

An advertisement may be absurd without being unpoetical; for instance, the following:

"*Hygienic Spittoon.*

At first this advertisement will seem to you entirely nonsensical; after you have thought on it a great deal, it will appear to you just as nonsensical. You may spit for many years into the hygienic spittoon, and I believe your health will be none the better for it. Spit on the floor, and your health will be none the worse for it.

There are, likewise, "hygienic suspenders." They may hold up your pantaloons, but I doubt if they will prolong your life.

Officers in the engineer corps will tell you that to breach a fortress, the bulls of a gun must always strike the same spot. The vitality of ballistics is likewise that of advertisements. It is by successive and incessantly-repeated attacks that they penetrate into the most resultant brains. For instance, you will read an advertisement of "Dubarry's Revalenta, for a whole month, without paying any attention to it. At the end of the month the very impertinity of the advertisement will be a motive for you to give it some attention. You are caught, and in another circumstance may make of you a patron of the advertising firm. "Bravo!" you exclaim, mense saying to yourself, "inasmuch as the Holy Father writes that he eats every day three plates full of Dubarry's Revalenta, I may risk it likewise. The Vatican, which revels so sternly the unrelenting, the unbelieving, the unbiased, and of modern society, would not think of recommending the powder of a humbug. For the rest, there is also "Jones' Sister Julia," who, as a curate writes, owes her life to Dubarry's Revalenta. "Mme. Pierre is Madame Marie Fatty; who, after fifty years of dyspepsia, has been suddenly cured by the use of the Revalenta. Moreover, these patent medicines have always advocates, and the very best ones at that—inventions and honest advocates. At the moment when you are still hesitating, you meet a friend, and the following conversation ensues:

"Good morning; how do you do?

"Very well, my dear.

"No; very well; my spleen and my liver are sick.

"Hum; your respiration is short and painful?

"Yes, sir.

"You feel dizzy and easily excited?

"That is it.

"When you fall asleep you see odd-looking heads making faces at you?

"Yes, sir.

"I know what ail-you. That was my ailment six months ago, my dear sir. Do you know what cured me? Dubarry's Revalenta.

"Indeed?

"Upon honor.

"But they say it consists only of pulverized beans and lentils.

"I do not know what it consists of, nor do I want to know. I know that I was one day, after having vainly consulted the most celebrated Doctors, I saw in my paper the advertisement of the Revalenta. I said to myself, if it won't do me any good, it won't do me any harm. Well, I bought four pounds—of it—Since then I have eaten it morning and evening, and I am as well as I ever was.

"But are you sure that it is not spring, autumn and your constitution tonic that have relieved you from those inconveniences?

"No, no! And why were all the doctors unsuccessful, and why did I feel better after taking three doses of Revalenta? Believe me, my dear sir, do not mention it to your doctor, but take Revalenta."

The anecdotical advertisements have come to us from England and America. They have a captivating and insinuating form, and the serpent in them creeps itself under the flowers. Here is a specimen which I take from to-day's paper:

"Frances, in the service of the Countess X——, was promenading with a beautiful child, about two years of age, in the Bois de Boulogne. The child played on the lawn, and the nurse, seated alone on a bench, thought of her beloved Picardy which she had just left. Suddenly she rose and uttered a cry of joy. Her eyes had recognized a handsome young soldier, sauntering down an alley and coming toward her.

"Frances advanced a step and stretched out her arms.

"Is it you, Jephirin?" she said.

"Yes, it is I, dearest," he said, recognizing his affianced bride. "Then you have left the country."

"Yes. I have found a good situation, but I think life in the capital is tedious."

"As accident has brought us again together," said the gallant soldier, "we must try to get rid of the blues."

"Jephirin offered his arm to the beautiful Picarde, and walked with her through the Bois, speaking with her of Picardy of their childhood, and their plans for the future. They passed quickly when one talks of beloved things. But their joy was succeeded by an outburst of despair, for the child disappeared. A wood-keeper, seeing the tears of Frances, approached her and asked for the cause of her sadness.

"'Do not weep,' he said to her, 'your child is below there in yonder alley. I have just seen it.' Frances darted off, as if crazy, to the indicated direction, and found the baby, fresh and rosy, sitting on a pile of sand. On seeing its nurse, the child began to smile, and showing to her fingers patient sand-bottles suspended on its neck, said to her, smilingly: "Nothing in it!"

"'Come,' dear,' exclaimed Francis, 'I will put some Lolo more into it.' And she started with the child towards the house of the Countess X. The child, although neglected during a portion of the day, and affected neither hunger nor thirst, thanks to the happy invention of our eminent dentist, William Rogers for facilitating the dentition of children."

I need not expatiate on the beauties of this little story. It is true, it is not as impressive as those written by George Sand, but the meeting of Jephirin and Frances reminds us of the most ingenious compositions of Paul de Kock. What mother will not have shed tears on reading how the son of the Countess X. was found on a pile of sand. As to the ingenious Rogers, he deserves the thanks of hearing of it. And then, how much skill, how much delicacy is displayed in the choice of names which finally tells us of "our eminent dentist" William Rogers, and his happy invention for facilitating the dentition of children."

In this seductive form, the most humble advertisements may become as interesting as a drama at the Ambigu Theatre. Here is another advertisement:

"Baron N——, a rich country gentleman of Le Tourmine, whom the Exposition had attracted to Paris, wished to profit by his visit the catacombs. He had, therefore, entered with the superintendent into the unknown labyrinth, which extends for upward of twenty kilometers, when their torchlight suddenly went out. Our two unfortunates would have been lost but for a very fortunate and truly providential circumstance. Which is—" And, on the previous day, had the happy inspiration of purchasing, at the store of Lebel, rue de Lyon, one of the elegant pocket match-sales which are known to, and sought for by all smokers.

A third advertisement I take from my archives. About twenty years ago, I read the following advertisement, which appears always seemed doubtful to me, in the daily papers:

"One of our most learned botanists was sent, three years ago, to Australia to enrich our Jardin des Plantes with the flora of that country, which is so exuberant and luxuriant. One day, when herborizing on an island which he believed to be uninhabited, he was surprised by a horde of *anthropophagi*, dressed with a little doubt, and very politely devised an ingenious ruse: he had taken with him a stick of *pate de Dumon* for preserving his razors. Addressing the chief of the savages, he said to him—'If you will spare my life I will present you with a stick which renders invulnerable those who use it and in exchange for my life I ask only that.' The chief, who was a great lover of the *pate de Dumon* for grinding his razors. Addressing the chief of the savages, he said to him—'If you will spare my life I will present you with a stick which renders invulnerable those who use it and in exchange for my life I ask only that.' The chief, who was a great lover of the *pate de Dumon* for grinding his razors, gave up the man who described his chief delight to be the "sabing up of epilepsia against the infernal Rebellion," an unlovely nose, peaked and turned up as though with nauch snuffing of things maledorous, and thin, firm-set, bloodless lips, in which something of the evil one lurks. In many ways there is being much that is good in the man. I have been told by more than one rebel of acts of kindness he has done them individually, and of genuine humanity and sympathies. Then one cannot help honoring him for his attachment to his native land. But, on the whole, I must say he presented a rather sad spectacle as he lay there, the old man, endeavoring to sleep, but, tossing forth, like another Saul of Tarsus, threatenings and slaughter.

A Story of Mr. Lincoln's Duel.

We find the following in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, from a correspondent:

At the time alluded to, General Shields, Mr. Lincoln and Mary Todd, the affianced of Mr. Lincoln, were all residents of Springfield, Illinois. Soon after Shields's expulsion from the State, General Burbridge rejoined General Grant before Vicksburg.

At Arkansas Post occurred a characteristic incident, which is thus told by the correspondent:—"Having ordered a charge upon the fort, he joined the advancing column, and approaching one of the gates, dashed his horse at it, and clearing it at a single leap, landed inside the works, among the astonished rebels. In his rear a battalion of rebels aimed their guns at the bold intruder, but the General coolly told them that the fort was taken and to lay down their arms, which they did just as his soldiers came clambering over the ramparts.

Soon afterward, he captured Fort Hindman. At Fort Gibson he was one of the first men in the town. His reputation for military skill and personal gallantry was enhanced by his share in the actions of Fredericksburg Creek, Champion Hills, Big Black, Haines's Bluff, Chickasaw Bayou, and Carrion Creek.

General Burbridge succeeded General Boyle, in command of the district of Kentucky. He was sent there especially to put down Jesse Morgan. Besides his intimate acquaintance with the topography of the State, he had known Morgan from a boy.

The story of the romantic campaign which followed is one of the most brilliant in the history of the war. Morgan entered the State with three thousand men. He left with about three hundred. Mr. Lincoln sent an autograph letter of thanks to General Burbridge, and directed the Secretary of War to make him a full Major-General.

In 1861 General Burbridge destroyed the great Virginia salt-works. In the same year he inflicted a crushing defeat on General J. C. Breckinridge, and rabbled in North Carolina.

This gallant and meritorious soldier is now working in a small way for his daily bread. He has applied more than once to the government for some small office which would enable him to support his wife and children, but his applications have not been noticed. Secretary Stanton gave him a lieutenant-colonelcy in the regular army, but Kentucky influence induced the President to revoke the appointment. General Burbridge made himself very unpopular in that State by his earnest support of the rebel sympathizers. The lower class threaten to assassinate him, if he ever sets foot in Kentucky; the higher class are arrayed against him at Washington. But certainly his services in the field are more than enough to cover any errors which he may have committed through excess of patriotism in administration.

Thrilling Scene at a Circus—A Lion Attacks his Keeper.

(From the Boston Post, July 8.)

At the closing scene of the performance of Thayer & Noyes's Circus, on Tuesday evening, a large cage containing two lions and two tigresses was drawn into the ring, and the lions, with the tigresses, entered it. The animals are all full grown, young and active, and one of the lions is remarkably wild and irritable. Mr. White, however, had full confidence in his power to control them. All proceeded well for a time, but at length one of the lions began to be fractious and disobedient, growling and showing symptoms of a fierce disposition. Mr. White cracked his whip. Suddenly the animal made a spring and seized Mr. White by the shoulder with his teeth, shaking him as a dog would a rat, and finally throwing him on his back upon the floor of the cage. A thrill of horror passed through the assemblage of spectators, gaities screamed, and fainted, many people hastened to leave the establishment, some with terror-stricken countenances, others to relieve the result, and others rushed into the ring, vaguely and vainly hoping to rescue the unfortunate lion-tamer from the fate which apparently awaited for him. Meanwhile Mr. White coolly awaited the issue. He was helpless for the moment, the lion, with both fore-paws upon his breast, holding Mr. White down and retaining his shoulder within these terrible jaws. The angry growls of the ferocious beast were frightful, and he was evidently determined to make the most of his opportunity. Mr. White, on the outset of the circus, seizing an iron bar, dashed the end of it against the lion's head with such force that the animal was surprised into relaxing his hold. In an instant Mr. White had rescued his feet, and his control over the accounts of the cage. With a few well-directed blows of his whip he reasserted his supremacy, and the recently victorious king of beasts was reduced to submission. Mr. White was terribly injured, the teeth of the lion having penetrated his shoulder deeply and lacerated the flesh in a shocking manner, besides crushing the bones so as to render the left arm almost useless. Despite his sufferings and the obvious ill-will of the lion, Mr. White was drawfully lacerated in the breast. The animal is of a peculiarly sullen disposition—and has compelled his keeper to discipline him vigorously on a number of occasions.

A Pen Picture of Parson Brownlow

"I found Brownlow at his home here, where he has been for some time past—but in worse health than he has been for several years, but certainly not in good health. He confines himself closely to the house, and I found him lying on the sofa in his shirt sleeves, the floor littered with newspaper exchanges that flowed the sanctum of the editor of the Knoxville *Whig*, while on the shelf close to his hand, and on the sofa, were specimen copies of rebel papers that indicated the workings of the mind of the Governor of Tennessee. He is afflicted with a palsy, which causes his hands to shake violently, ("rheumatism," he said to me in unofficial explanation), and his throat has been so ruined by Tennessee rebels that he can now speak only with "hated breath."

If you want a slight *silhouette* of the man, take the following: A gaunt, a close-shaved, bilious, suffering face, an eye large and full enough to show the fanaticism. The latter, however, succeeded, and "*Herman*" kept its place in the rapidly-rising scale of the infernal Rebellion," an unlovely nose, peaked and turned up as though with nauch snuffing of things maledorous, and thin, firm-set, bloodless lips, in which something of the evil one lurks. In many ways there is being much that is good in the man. I have been told by more than one rebel of acts of kindness he has done them individually, and of genuine humanity and sympathies. Then one cannot help honoring him for his attachment to his native land. But, on the whole, I must say he presented a rather sad spectacle as he lay there, the old man, endeavoring to sleep, but, tossing forth, like another Saul of Tarsus, threatenings and slaughter.

A Very Peculiar Case of Hydrophobia.

Sixteen years ago last Wednesday, James Ward, who is a relative of Pontiac, was bitten by a rabid dog, but experienced no serious effects from the bite, until one year from the day on which he was bitten. He then felt some symptoms of the terrible disease, which he developed into a most frightful attack. For six weeks he was a raving maniac, and all hope of his recovery was abandoned; but one day, unexpectedly, he came to his senses, and finally recovered from the shadow of death, and from the disease which seemed inevitable. He pursued the even tenor of his way until the second anniversary of the day of his original attack, but with less severity than on the first occasion. He was in the house where the masterpieces of Corneille, Racine and Molière are most appreciated is sometimes forced, in order to be thoroughly enjoyed by the popular literature of the day. Works of merit have, indeed, been very rare. The theatres, in particular, exhibit productions in which licentiousness is brought in to supply the place of real talent. Those seem most popular which minister to the lowest instincts of our nature; and even