THE SPHINX.

Dread warder of an ancient land,
Then wonder not if forms of ageless stamp,
Assigning o'er leagues of shifting sand,
Unnumbered eons for the dreary tomb;
Pygmies, we gaze and pass away—
I ROW, Cambyses yesterday.

Dim mem'ries of forgotten things
Haunt those large eyes, the Shepherd chiefs,
The victor's crown—the pride of kings,
Even meaner mortals' lesser griefs:
Canst thou recall old Memnon's face?
Hast bowed before Rhodope's grace?

These graud Lock-lustre eyes perchance
Saw Helen; like a goddess, move;
And Alexander's fateful trance
That ruined Ilion for her love;
Didst hear stern Philomela's quick dismiss
The wretch who marred a guest-friend's bliss?

Vain—worse than vain—no word comes through
Thy lips' cold portals. Thou hast seen
The conq'ring Mede, the crafty Jew,
Greek sage, Antony's dark queen;
Yet to their ghosts in yon soft hall
Thou turn'st that everlasting gaze!

Great Horus, newer—art thou mute?
Hast no responsive chords for eve,
Like Mem'non of yore?—I salute
Thine awful silence. Let me weave
My puny fancies, knowing well
Man may not learn ih' Inscrutable.

What though thy buried secret sleeps
In the Egyptian scons? shall
The daily sunshine o'er thee creeps,
And no for unknown ages will
And men look thy way, and know how,
And marvel at its calm, as now.

Eve's rich slow fingers round thy head,
And lights thy melancholy face;
As loving all its gold to shed
On his last monarch of thy race:
Slow fade the purple tints—farewell!
Deep are thy thoughts—too deep to tell.

[Translated from the French feuilleton of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

FRENCH GOSSIP.

Victor Hugo has changed the title of his romance, which appears in Paris early in January.

The book is called *"The Man who Laughs."* The title *"By the King's Command"* is retained for the second part, and *"He Sees and the Night"* is the title of the first part. So says M. Feyrnet, in the *Temps.*

The death of Berryer leaves vacant Fauteuil No. 39 of the Academie Francaise. Among others who have had this seat will be remembered the agreeable Duke of Nivernois, celebrated for his gormandizing, his fables, and his goodheartedness; Legouvé, father of the present Academician, the Comte of Saint-Priest, historian of merit, Berryer's immediate predecessor, and also the philosopher Ballanche, so ingenious but so flighty, of whom they tell an odd anecdote.

He was one of the faithful followers of Mme. Récamier when the latter was old and blind. He was very poor, and used to come every evening in shoes the blacking on which became disagreeable to the olfactory nerve of Mme. Récamier. She could not help one day saying so to the poor philosopher, who, before entering the salon, would thereafter leave his shoes at the door.

George Sand, the other day, coming from Thomery, called a cab, the driver of which several times excited her displeasure. Out of patience, the celebrated authoress consured her conductor in these terms: "When a man has no more intelligence than you, he does not follow driving." The man replied: "It is true that if nature had not been so mean, I should never have been sitting on this box. I should have been making novels." George Sand had nothing to say.

December 2, two libres-professeurs of the clinic, Professor Fano, author of an important work on Dissection, and Professor ——— Englis a dentist, fought a duel. The first wounded his adversary in the breast.

Mme. Miolon Carvalho, soprano of the Chatelet (for whom Gounod composed his part of *Juliette*), is engaged for the Grand Opera at the figure of 60,000 francs a year, with four months' vacation, two out of which may be taken in winter to sing for her own benefit.—Mme. Carvalho is well worth a hundred times that sum, and the director, Perrin, and by this arrangement I believe I allow her that much.

A lyric star of the Grand Opera, "Mario Batu" (this name sounds, in rapid French, very much like *Patti*), is insulted by the engagement of Carvalho, and withdraws. She was heard for the last time on the stage in the Leperdon on the delicious evening of Faustin, performance of William Tell.

On the island "Ile," is generally commodious, and is fitted on either side with stairs-cases for its occupants. Immediately "forward" is the historic steerage (not to be confounded with the steerage of a passenger vessel), the abode of the effervescent midshipmen. In a space of 20 feet by 10, here live and dine *sixteen* young officers eat, sleep and live. Novelists are accustomed to the steerage but hammocks nurse the prostrate forms of the darlings of the deep. The economy of space in a man-of-war has been reduced to a science. The old saw, "No man is a hero, etc., is strikingly exemplified here. In the ward-room the etiquette of title is generally observed. Not so in the crowded steerage. That young officer who hails from Mississippi is known by the euphonious name of "Yank." This one, whose star of valor has risen in the interior of Pennsylvania, is dubbed "Dutch." A Napoleonic exile bears with a shrug the cognomen of "Frenchy." The stalwart Western man answers with doubtful patience the call of "Pat;" while others are suggested more perhaps from personal characteristics than by the localities from which they hail.

Curiosities of the Paris "Censure:"

M. Perrin was singing with applause a new song, by Messrs. Marville and Darcier, entitled *The Young and the Old*, in favor of the good old times, and concluding thus:

"And those old fellows, gentlemen, at whom the taste of the day would laugh,
They made 20!——which yes would not have done!"

A revolutionary spectator, disapproving this peroration, called out "enough." The house, annoyed at the interruption, demanded his expulsion, and he was ejected. The audience did not know that the line was the inspiration of Mlle. Cussaz! The verse, as written by the authors, was:

"They made 18, would you do as much?"

The change was due to the muse of some Anacreontic policeman.

One of the proprietors of the paper *La France* has created quite a tempest of his office a little affair like a tomb.

On a marble block surrounded by a white satin cushion, like a pillow, is lying a crown.

IT comes to me from HIM.

It, that is the pipe. *Him*, that is the Emperor.

The *Lanterne* agency of the French post-office was the cause of serious embarrassment to the manager of one of Paris theatres. He expected a bundle of notes, which, decided on a suspicion, could not be negotiated in time.

Three Paris suicides for the beginning of December.

Lebrun, bar-tender, charcoaled in his room.

Robert, gentleman, found hung in his chambers; aged sixty.

Widow Pelitjean, nurse, aged sixty, charcoaled in her garret at the Batignolles; cause, misery.

M. Paul de Cassagnac, in his article in the *Pays* on the "Second of December," used a phrase which strikes *Figaro* as curious.

"The man of the 2d December has given us for empress a woman *whom Saint Louis would have accepted for a mother*, and whom *Louis XVI* would have invited to share his scaffold."

Dumas! (says *Figaro*) when one has a mother, there is nothing for it but to—swallow it; one cannot always choose his parents.

Madame Carette, *nee* M'lle Bouvet, is the render and confidante of the Empress Eugenie, to whom she bears a very strong resemblance, although she looks more majestic and dignified than the Empress. For this reason the servants at the Tuileries call her the "Vice Empress." About a year ago Eugenie said to M'lle Bouvet; "Annette, it is time for you to get married. I know a husband for you. It is M. de Grandguillot." M. de Grandguillot is one of the chamberlains at the Tuileries. The Empress added that she would bestow a dower upon M'lle Bouvet if she would marry him. The fair reader blushed deeply, and, thank her Majesty for her kindness, falgred out that she was already engaged. The Empress started back, exclaiming, *"Mon Dieu, Annette!* and you did not tell me? Who is your intended?" "It is M. Carette, the manufacturer." This M. Carette is a very wealthy man and a most eligible parti. He is an ex-press at once congratulated M'lle Bouvet on her good fortune, and generously offered to lower the dower of three hundred thousand francs as before proposed in regard to the other match on her reader. M. Carette, however, would not consent. He is a positive audience which the Empress granted him, he said he did not want any money. "But you must accept some favor at my hands," said the Empress. "*Tiens*," she added, "I shall make you my honorary chamberlain." "And I," said the Emperor, who was present, "will add the Cross of the Legion of Honor to the title. Those will be our wedding gifts." "I thankfully accept them, your Majesties," replied Carette.

(Written for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

A CRUISE IN THE NORTH CONTOUCOOK.

BY T. P. N.

On a bright day of last March the U. S. S. Contoocook, concerning whose powers of speed so much has been written, steamed into Hampton Roads from Portsmouth, N. H., where she had been built and put in commission. The Contoocook was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, and for two months until that time flag-ship of the North Atlantic Squadron, the cruising ground of which has extended from the mouth of the Amazon river and as far north as it may benefit the service to go. The Admiral's flag then was transferred from the Wampanoag to the Contoocook, and the latter vessel became ready at Fortress Monroe for her cruise throughout the West Indies and elsewhere to the different vessels of the squadron lying at those points.

Final preparations aboard a man-of-war are like linked sweetness exceedingly long drawn out. Stores and powder are to be taken on board, alterations for the comfort of officers and men must be made; improvements suggested, social visits duly promulgated, and men disciplined—so that some weeks elapsed before all was reported ready for sea.

OFF FOR THE SOUTH IN A MAN-OF-WAR.

The guns are secured for sea, the anchor weighed, the pilot taken aboard, farewells are spoken and Fortress Monroe recedes from view. Cape Henry is passed, the pilot returns in his own boat, and at twilight creeps alongside, and, in the expressive language of the boatswain, is "chucked up at all sides." The vessel is stopped, the engine backed, and the boatswain's pipe sounds. The stranger, in reply to the hail of the officer of the deck, makes no reply, and with all sail set—glides out in the deep darkness—the phantom of a night. An examination proves that the ship, though slightly crippled, is not disabled, and with this assurance all hands—with thankful hearts again seek rest.

Instances have been related during the late war of the sense of the ludicrous often predominating in battle and in places of great danger. An incident occurred here which may be worth relating. A coal-heaver, an Irishman lately arrived in this country, and shipped at New York, at the time of the collision was on duty in the fire-room below. Feeling the shock, and knowing something was wrong, and yet ignorant what, he ascended the engine-room ladder and asked permission of the engineer on watch to go on deck. His request refused, Patrick slowly descended, but to return again and repeat his request with a similar result. Descending again to his duty, a total jar of the vessel plucked him headlong against a boiler. This was too much for the Hibernian. A concurrence of misfortune seemed to overwhelm him. Rising slowly and rubbing his head, he exclaimed:

"Faith! an' a man's life's in
Up-porrd (upward) here."

Patrick had been heretofore and was ever after monosyllabic. Great occasions make great men, and he was equal to the emergency. To those within hearing even in the danger the effect was ludicrous in the extreme.

SANTA CRUZ AND ST. THOMAS.

Cuba has been called the queen of the Antilles—the gem of the ocean. Santa Cruz, way off to the east of her, merits the name of the "beauty of the sea." Queen of the windward isles—the Lesser Antilles—she realizes the brightest fancy of the tropics. Ten days out the Contoocook sighted Santa Cruz. The bold outline of peaks towered up in their verdure of green and brown. On the crescent along the base of the mountainous range occur cocoa-nut fringe and flourish. Windmills of the old style here and there slowly turned, as if in listless sympathy with the scene. The harbor is open and safe, and here (Frederickstadt) at all times are to be found vessels of different nations. The pencil-pen of the poet would be required to paint the picture. The U. S. S. Monongahela lay high and dry, the effect of the earthquakes a year before so severe both here and at St. Thomas. Engineers had been sent out by the Government to get her afloat, and they (as asserted by native) worked day and night to that end. Months had been spent in the vain attempt, but, when at night, midst the glare of torches, the buzzes of the natives told us that the old tube the piece of the U. S. S. Wampanoag of every American on the island thrilled with pride for that great nation which stretches out its strong arm to preserve the rights of its territory afloat and ashore, intact and unsullied. Of Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, St. Eustatius, Martinique, Gaudaloupe, etc., again.

—A package of $6,000 in Confederate notes was sold at auction in Savannah lately, for one dollar.

—An Ohio boy smashed his father's head because the latter came home "drunk and disorderly." This family discipline resulted in a fatal accident.

—Brigham Young is making unsuccessful love to a negro in Atlanta. A Buffalo reporter says she doesn't wish to make her services on a Desert bed.

—The Countess Walewski has entered on the office of First Lady of Honor to the Empress of the Tuileries, vacant since the death of the Duchesse Bassano.

—Mrs. Aiken, of Iowa, has just heard from her husband, for the first time in fifteen years. He went to California, leaving an Aiken vold.

—Whenever the Prince and Princess of Wales go to church in London they choose the ritualistic churches, and always submit to the rules of the church, including the separation of the sexes.

—Marshal de McMahon, Governor General of Algeria, now at Compiègne, is said to demand a complete reorganization, with a view to a precious conquest on the south, and prevent a renewal of the sufferings of last winter.

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Excursion Tickets will be sold to West Chester, good from December 24th to January 2d, inclusive.

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INSTRUCTION.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, AT CHESTER, DELAWARE COUNTY, PA.

Session commences THURSDAY, January 7th.
Thorough instruction in the English Branches. A very large Corps of Professors are now in attendance.
Thorough instruction in the English Branches,