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M. H. COBB, EDITOR.

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From the Boston Atlas.

A Greytown Lyric.

PRIZE ODE.

All hail to the chief of the Greytown surrender,
All hail to our nobles on land and on sea,
Hurrah for brave Hollins, the gallant defender
Of Uncle Sam's bunting on sloop Cy-a-ne.
Prolong the loud shout,
Against revel and rout,
Huzza! for brave Hollins knows what he's about.
Chorus:
Twine wreaths for the victor—*no scar on his brow,
No blood on his blade*—twine the laurel wreath now.

San Juan del Norte, thy waters are clear,
Where Cesar and "Bungo" went down at noon-day;
Let Smith have one leaf in the chaplet to wear,
In token for aye, of his gallant display;
And then raise the shout,
Against revel and rout,
Huzza, boys, for Hollins, who stormed the redoubt.
Chorus:
Huzza once again for what Hollins has done,
The "*bastion of wood*," and "*the thatched roof*" is gone.

Now sing of proud Borland—no bully of State,
Or Cabinet jest—an ambassador he!
With parchment securing the crib where to bait,
With power to make war on Mosquito and flea.
While he licks the soft hand,
That thus gives him command,
And will temper the wind where the shorn sheep must stand.
Chorus:
Hurrah for the Captain in daylight and dark,
Who made women and children "toe up to the mark."

Go, level the shaft upon proud Bunker's height,
And hush up the memory of Warren, who fell;
A greater is he who encountered the fight,
'Gainst females unarmed, as our chronicles tell.
Who bombarded San Juan,
And set his bold crew on,
To scare the defenceless—*a "collar to Bruin!*
Chorus:
What moral achievement so brilliant is known,
On our proud country's record, as Hollins's own!

ALMS-GIVING.

When Poverty with mien of shame,
The sense of pity seems to touch,
Or bolder, makes the simple claim,
That I have nothing, you have much;
Believe not either man or book
That bids you close the opening hand,
And with reproving speech and look
Your first and free intent withstand.

It may be that the tale you hear,
Of pressing wants and losses borne,
Is heaped or colored for your ear,
And tatters for the purpose worn.
But surely Poverty has not
A sadder need than this,—to wear
A mask still meaner than her lot,
Compassion's scanty food to share.

It may be that you err to give
What will but tempt to further spoil,
Those who in low content would live
On theft of other's time and toil?
Yet sickness may have broke or bent
The active frame and vigorous will,
Or hard occasion may prevent
Their exercise of humble skill.

It may be that the suppliant's life,
Has lain on many an evil way
Of foul delight and brutal strife,
And lawless deeds that shun the day.
But how can any gauge of yours
The depth of that temptation try:
What man resists, what man endures,
Is open to one only Eye

Why not believe the homely letter,
That all you give will God restore?
The poor may deserve it better
And surely, surely, want it more.
Let but the rich man do his part,
And whatsoe'er the issue be,
To those who ask, his answering heart
Will gain and grow in sympathy.

R. M. Milnes.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Flag of our Union.

A GAME FOR A HEART.
A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY W. H. LORING.

The day was drawing to a close, and the shadows of the trees were stretching far to the eastward, over the bronzed greensward of a rural French landscape, as two horsemen, dusty and travel soiled, slowly pursued their way along a sandy road that skirted the edges of a walnut wood. Both of the horsemen were armed *cap-a-pie*, and bestrode powerful black *destries*, or war horses, but though the points of the animals showed good blood, their condition also betokened severe service. They were thin in flesh, and moved along with drooping crests, dragging their feet as if scarcely able to support their heavy furniture, and the ponderous weight of their riders armor. Both knights, for such they were, carried their helmets slung at their saddle bows, and wore in their stead, riding-caps of velvet. Their lances had been abandoned, but their heavy two handed swords, suspended in broad baldrics, hung behind them, the grip appearing above the right shoulder, and the point descending far below the spur. The elder and stouter of the two cavaliers was sheathed in black armor, but others than travel stains dimmed its surface. It was dinted with sword strokes, and here and there stains of a deeper hue than rust seemed to indicate that the wearer had recently been exposed to deadly peril.

The armor of his companion, while lighter, was far more elegant and costly. It was of fine Milan steel, curiously inlaid with gold, and as light as prudence warranted for defence. Such a harness seemed better fitted for the tilting yard than the battle-field, and the light and elegantly formed wearer for a joust at the barrier, than a charge on the plain. Yet he bore himself right gallantly, in spite of the traces of fatigue and suffering that marked his features. His armor, like that of his companion, showed hard usage, and while he guided his courser gracefully with his right, his bridle hand rested in a sling.

"By our lady of Paris!" said he, "I cannot endure this much longer, and methinks Dunois, it were better to give up all hopes of bed and board, and care of leech, and stretch our wearied limbs for the night under a green wood tree, turning our horses out to graze. Your horse is blown, and Abdallah seems sinking under my weight. What say you? we must be grooms for the once, and rid them of their harness ourselves—for a lost battle and a hurried flight have shorn us of our revenue. What say you to a couch on the greensward with the blue vault for the canopy?"

"I might endure it, sire," replied Dunois, "for it was that gallant noble whom King Charles VII. addressed," but for you, wounded as you are, it were madness. You would never rise again, and the hope of France must not be lost without a struggle."

"Would that I had died under shield, royally and knightly!" said the young king, in a tone of deep despondency.

"Say not so, sire!" cried Dunois. "Life and hope are left us. The oriflamb of France is not destined to be trailed forever in the dust—the cloud cannot forever overshadow our beautiful land. Your majesty will yet live to drive these island wolves back to their den."

The King shook his head mournfully.

"The chivalry of France is prostrate," said he.

"Nay, sire, it is but like the fabled giant who renewed his strength when he touched the earth. There are enough of loyal hearts and brave arms left to rally around the throne, and raise the royal banner from the dust. And see! in present fulfilment of my auguries of good fortune, Abdallah rears his crest—a good omen. There is shelter at hand. Good cheer, sire!"

And even as he spoke, the monarch's horse pricked up his ears, raised his head and uttered a joyous neigh, which was answered by his companion with a clarion note. Without any pressure of the armed heel, both horses struck into a sharp trot, and as they gained the summit of a slight elevation, the riders, through an opening in the wood, perceived, not far remote, the towers of a lordly castle.

"You were a true prophet, Dunois!" cried the king, joyously. "And now ride on, in God's name. Within sight of shelter, I feel how sorely I stand in need of it. But one caution in advance—remember that in yonder castle I am no longer king of France, but only Charles Edmond, a wounded knight. It does not suit my humor to claim the homage due my rank, when I come a vanquished fugitive from a lost field. Forget not, then, that I am only an humble knight, your faithful friend and brother in arms."

"I will not forget sire," replied the count, as he gave his horse the spur.

In a few moments they drew rein before the castle, and Dunois, winding a call on his bugle, summoned the warder to the hall, and demanded hospitality of the lord of the castle. It was courteously granted, the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge lowered, and with glad hearts, the king and his companion rode under the echoing archway into the great court-yard, where the lord of the castle in person, the Sieur de Sorel, aided them to dismount. They were conducted to an apartment, where they were divested of their armor, furnished with baths and with suitable apparrel, and the king's wound dressed by a skillful practitioner. After this they were led into the banquet hall and conducted to the place of honor on the raised dais. But it was not the sight of a board plentifully spread, that drew a murmured exclamation of delight from the lips of the king; a greater attraction filled the royal soul with pleasure.

Smiling a welcome to the knightly guests, stood a maiden, the daughter of the host, lovelier than any lady Charles had ever beheld. Her fair hair, adorned with pearls fell in gold waves upon her ivory shoulders; her rich but chaste attire displayed the exquisite model of her form, while her manner at once animated and high bred, was as charming as her beauty. At the table, after the first cravings of the appetite were satiated, and while Dunois entertained the lord of the castle with a description of the battle, the wounded king discoursed of minstrelsy, and love and tournaments to his fair young hostess, displaying all the courtly graces that he possessed to perfection, yet ever and anon the fair one turned to listen to the narrative of Dunois.

"And so the king has fled!" she said, with flashing eyes. "Better he had fallen on the field. It is true then, that he loves minstrelsy and tourneys better than the royal life of the camp and field."

"Not so, fair lady," said Dunois. "He did his devoir like a gallant knight, charging in the thickest of the fray. I myself saw his plumage shorn from his crest, and himself wounded. His wish was to perish with his body-guard, but there were those around him who seized his bridle-reins, and forced him from the field."

"And where is he now?" cried Agnes—for that was the maiden's name.

"We know not interposed the king, hastily, "we were separated from the royal train. But he is doubtless safe."

"Heaven be praised for that!" said the lord of the castle.

"Amen!" responded the lady.

During the evening, Charles attached himself to the fair Agnes, but found it difficult to engross her attention; the handsomer and manlier Dunois seemed constantly to divert her eyes and thoughts. He therefore, finally pleaded his wound and fatigues as an apology for retiring, and afraid to leave Dunois behind him, he signified to the count to accompany him to his apartment.

"What a day, Dunois!" exclaimed the king, as he threw himself upon his couch. "A battle fought and lost—a fatiguing flight, with a hospitable roof at last, and an angel of beauty to revive a fainting soul."—

"You did full homage to her charms, sire."

"And she, the sorceress, turned from me to you. Dunois! I am jealous."

"Ah, sire! it was a maiden's capricious fancy, and your own fault—had you but confessed your rank—"

"There it is, Dunois. I would give nothing for the conquest won by my rank. I must be loved for myself alone. There are dames enough in France who love the king and not the man. I would win one true heart by my own merits. So let us enter the field together as rivals, and see which will win her."

"Is such your wish, sire?"

"It is—my command. And now, Dunois! Good night. Better days for France." And his eyes closing as he ceased to speak, the king fell instantly asleep, and if it must be confessed, snored like any common mortal.

The next day and the next were passed in desperate love-making. The heart of the monarch was irrecoverably lost, and perhaps for the very reason that he was a cool player. Dunois advanced far more rapidly than his royal rival in the good graces of the lovely Agnes. The third night, the king was in a very sullen and ungracious humor—Dunois lost his favor in proportion as he gained that of the lady. Dunois, on his part, was getting desperately in love and determined to succeed.

Matters were in this state when the king, now thoroughly fearful for the result of his suit, resolved to resort to one of those stratagems which are as justifiable in love, as in war and politics. He summoned Dunois.

"My brave Dunois," said he, "you know how I have loved you!"

"Indeed, sire, I am but too proud and happy in your favor."

You saved my life in battle."

"I would willingly sacrifice mine for yours.

"I knew it, Dunois, and I have been thinking how I might best recompense your royalty and devotion. I know that your gallant spirit chafes at this idle life which my disabled condition reconciles me to for a while. It is cruelty to keep you by my side while you are able to bear arms."

"Say nothing of it, I entreat your majesty," cried Dunois, who saw through the duplicity of his royal friend. Nothing will induce me to leave your majesty's side."

"Nothing but my *commands*," replied the king with a malicious smile.

"Oh, if your majesty command my absence, that's a different affair," replied Dunois with deep chagrin.

"I do command it, my noble friend," cried Charles, grasping his hand. "I make you generalisimo of my armies, and I command you forthwith to raise the royal standard and rally all true and gallant subjects to its support. Here is your commission, accompanied by your warrant, written by my own hand—signed with my own seal. Depart this moment."

"I will but bid adieu to Agnes."

"Stay not even for that my *dear* friend," said the king earnestly. "Your horse is saddled in the court-yard. I will make your excuses to our host. Ride forth—and God be with you."

"Sire!" replied Dunios, "believe me, I shall not forget this mark of your majesty's confidence and favor."

He bent his knee, and raised the royal hand to his lips, and then, with mingled emotions of pride at his advancement, and resentment at the interruption of his courtship, left the presence and mounted his horse.

The king watched his departure from the rampart. As he spurred his proud charger from under the gateway, he turned in his saddle and waved an adieu to a certain turret window, from whence, in the guise of a fluttering handkerchief, streamed the farewell of the fair Agnes.

"The absent are always wrong," muttered the king in the words of the proverb. "This formidable rival out of the way, the lady of the castle is mine."

And he descended to meet the enchantress, and apologize for the abrupt departure of his friend. That evening he displayed all his graces, and was listened to with marked attention. There appeared to be no regret for the absent one. But the next day, when Charles was preparing to lay a scientific seige to the fair one, came a herald to the castle bearing a proclamation from the commander-in-chief, ordering all knights in France, *whether wounded or not*, to repair to the royal standard, and menacing with the king's displeasure, and with forfeiture of estate and rank, any who should give harbor or shelter to any bold enough or base enough to disobey the summons.

"I regret, sir knight," said the lady Agnes, "that we are to be so summarily deprived of your society."

"For that matter," replied the king, who smarted at this retaliation on the part of Dunois, the motive of which he detected at a glance, I shall not be so discourteous as to leave you suddenly. I will tarry a few days longer."

"But the summons is peremptory."

"I am hardly able to bear my armor yet, as you can testify, fair maiden, since you have kindly tended me," replied the king.

"Forgive me, fair sir," rejoined the lady, "I think I can fairly authorize you to take the field again."

"Ah—cruel one! you are glad of the pretext for banishing me."

"Not so!" cried Agnes, "and, if my father consents—"

"Consents to what?" cried the old man, entering the hall at that moment.

"To my prolonging my stay a few days longer here, said the king anxiously."

"What!" cried the lord of the castle, "In the face of yonder proclamation? Not so! were you my son, I would not harbor you. The king wills every knight to join his standard."

"I think my tarrying would not displease his majesty," said the king.

"There is no exception in the orders," said the inflexible old man. "Well and wounded must to the standard. As a loyal knight you must obey."

At this moment a horn sounded without. The drawbridge was heard to fall—hoofs were ringing in the court yard, and then the clank of armed footsteps approaching—a warrior sheathed in steel rushed into the apartment. The visor of his plumed helmet was raised and his bold features beamed with excitement.

It was Dunois the brave.

"What news from the war?" cried the lord of the castle.

"News that would stir the dead from their graves!" cried Dunois. "News that should ring through France like the trump of approaching doom."

"Speak! I charge!" cried the king quivering with excitement. "What news!"

"The English have taken Paris!"

"The English in Paris! and I here!" cried Charles. "Mother of God! I must not lose a moment. What ho! bring me my arms! bring me my coat of Milan steel—my helm and all my panoply. Saddle Abdallah instantly. Old man! do you stand trembling there? Forget your age, as I my wound. Arm all your vassals! they must ride with us. Despatch! Despatch! each sand of time is golden!"

"And who are you that speaks with such authority."

"Charles of France, your king!" exclaimed Dunois.

"O, sire!" cried Agnes, falling at his feet, "I should have known you by thy gallant words. Now I feel the destinies of France are safe with you—and if the prayers of Agnes Sorel can avail—nightly, hourly, shall they be offered up for you."

"Rise, dear maiden," said the king. "You shall help arm me for your knight, and buckle on my sword and spurs—and I will wear your colors in the field. Glory were little worth without the love of Agnes Sorel."

Swiftly moved the fingers of the beauteous maiden as she armed him for the battle, and her own scarf fluttered from his shoulders, as he galloped from the castle by the side of the brave Dunois.

"You have conquered, sire," said the count.

"May you be as fortunate in war as love. He plays a losing game who plays against a king."

Cut loose Again, Mister.

A friend of ours, who is a most accomplished salesman, and who is kept very busy in one of the up-town dry goods houses, was complimented, not long since, in manner and form as follows:

He had a countryman in the store, and was showing him a very handsome piece of ladies' dress goods, not with any great hope of selling it, still there was some slight chance, and besides, it is necessary—so our friend avers—to keep constantly in practice. So he dashed ahead in fine style; praised the richness of the pattern, extolled the texture of the fabric, held it up to a favorable light avouched for its ultra fashionableness; and in short let loose a torrent of eloquence, in which it was difficult to distinguish which was most flattered, the taste of the admiring rustic or the quality of the magnificent *mousseline*.

Bumpkin's eye flashed with gratified pride at the complimentary allusions to himself, and unconcealed astonishment at the development of beauty in the goods and fluency in the salesman. Catching our friend by the arm, he exclaimed,—"Stop right here one minute!" and dashed out of the store with two or three rapid bounds.—Grosdenay stood, a little bothered, holding the bolt of goods across both hands, just as though he had "frozen" in the attitude in which he had so thoroughly impressed the rural gentleman.—Meantime this last mentioned individual whisked two bouncing girls out of a carryall which stood in front of the store, and half pulling, half pushing them, brought them up in front of him of the fluent tongue:

"Gals! stand there—right there, Sally—*and now Mister, cut loose again! I just want the gals to hear you!*" It is almost needless to say, in view of the peculiarity of the circumstance, that our friend was overwhelmed with his emotions, and for once in his utterance—to the great disappointment of the father and both daughters.

—*Montgomery (Ala.) Mail.*

A Sacred Child.—A friend of ours has an "equal undivided interest" in a charming piece of personal property, a bright eyed intelligent little girl, of five Summer's experience, who rejoices in the name of "Alice." In the family is a servant girl whose horror is rats, and who, chancing on one in the cellar, makes a most un-Chinese stampede, shouting "rats!" "Alie" sleeps in a crib, so low that, placing one foot on the inside of it, she can easily spring in. A few evenings since, her mother was attending her to bed, when she said: "Mamma, do you know how I get to be so quick?" "No" was the reply. "Well," said Alie, in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, and then I say '*rats*' and *scare* myself right in!" If any "five year olds" can beat that, "trot 'em out."

A Tipsy Man went to a Sunday school, and for a few moments listened very attentively to the questions propounded to the scholars, but, being anxious to show his knowledge of "scripture and doctrine," he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands, "Parson B——," said he, "ask me some of them hard ques-shuns." "Uncle John," said the parson, with a solemn face in a drawling tone, "don't you know you are in the bonds of sin and the depths of iniquity?" "Yes'r, and in the gall of bitterness, too. Ask me another ques-shun."

The uselessness and expensiveness of modern women multiply bachelors.

There is no man so deep but that he hath a shallow place.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The Retreat from Moscow.

The blazing towers of Moscow, the turning point of Napoleon's invasion and his fortune, had scarcely crumbled into ashes before the fated army turned their faces homeward. We should like to be made acquainted with the conversations of Napoleon and Ney, as they sat in the Kremlin, and talked over the disastrous issue they had met, and the only way of escape from total annihilation. The fiery and impetuous harangues of the former, and blunt characteristic replies of the latter, while the crackling of the flames, and the falling of columns and walls without were borne to their ears, must have been in the highest degree romantic. From the heap of ruins, and the solitude which was more prophetic than the uproar of the storm. Ney was appointed to cover the retreat, and the whole history of his conduct during that memorable retreat seems to belong rather to some hero of romance than an actual man. With a mere handful of men, he placed himself between the French and Russian armies, and by his incredible exertions, desperate valor, and exhaustless ingenuity, saved a portion of that host which would otherwise have been totally annihilated. Without provisions, almost without arms, he battled the well tried and countless legions of Russia back from his beloved emperor—and over the wintry fields of snow, and amid the driving storm, with a heart untamed, and a will unsubdued, he hovered like a protecting spirit over the divided and flying ranks of his countrymen. The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snow drifts, and laid down by thousands to die. Cold, benumbed, and famine-struck, this ghost of an army struggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pines swaying and roaring mournfully in the blast, to serve as landmarks for the glazing eye; while an enraged and well disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dusky forms glanced like spirits through the snow filled air, croaked over the falling columns; while troops of dogs that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by, as the soldiers sunk at night in the snow to rest, many to rise no more, while the morning sun if it shone at all, looked cold and dimly through the flying clouds of a northern sky. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet note broke the muffled tread of the staggering legions. On the rear of such an army, and in sight of such horrors did Ney combat. Nothing but a spirit as unconquerable as fate itself could have sustained him, or kept alive the flagging courage of his troops. Stumbling every moment over the dead bodies of their comrades who had marched but a few hours in advance of them, thousands threw away their arms in despair, and wandered off into the wilderness to die with cold or be slain by the Cossacks. Yet, Ney kept a firm band around him that all the power of Russia could not conquer. Now ordering his march with the skill of a general, and now, with musket in hand, fighting like a common soldier, the moral force of his example accomplished what authority alone never could have done. At length the brave and heroic commander seemed to have reached the crisis of his fate, and there was no escape from the doom that hung over him. The Russians had finally placed themselves between the French army and that rearguard, now dwindled down to a few thousand. Ignorant of his danger, Ney was leading his columns through a dense fog to the banks of the Losmina, along which were strewed the dead bodies of his country men, when a battery of forty cannon suddenly poured a destructive fire into the very heart of his ranks. The next moment the heights before him appeared lined with dense masses of infantry and artillery. Ney had done all that man could do, and here his career seemed about to close. He was summoned to capitulate. He replied, "a Marshal of France never surrenders," and closing his columns marched upon the batteries. The Russians were driven from their guns; but unable to force his way through the dense masses of infantry, Ney was finally compelled to fall back, with the loss of half his men. Finding the enemy extending their lines on every side to hem him in, he marched back toward Smolensko for an hour, then, forming a body of four thousand men, turned north towards the Dnieper. Having reached the stream in safety, he arranged his fragment of an army so as to march over the ice at a moment's warning, and then waited three hours before crossing to allow the weak and wounded stragglers to come in.

But the Marshal had still a wilderness between him and his emperor, and that wilderness was filled with Cossacks. For sixty miles he struggled on with his weary columns amid six thousand of these wild warriors. At one time they got in advance of him, and fell unexpectedly upon his advanced posts, which were immediately driven in, and all was given up as lost. But Ney ordered the trumpets to sound, the charge, and with the cheering words: "Comrades, now is the moment! Forward, and they are ours!" rallied them to the attack, and the Cossacks fled. Thinking their general saw what they did not, and that the enemy were cut off, the soldiers pressed forward, where they otherwise would have yielded and fled. At length with only fifteen hundred men, out of the forty thousand with which he had started, he arrived near Orcha and near the French army. When Bonaparte heard of it, he exclaimed, "I have thirty millions in my coffers at the Tuilleries, which I would willingly have given to save Marshal Ney."

But Ney's exhausting efforts were not yet over. Bonaparte dared not relieve him from his dangerous and important post. Though the rearguard had melted away again and again under his command, he still renewed [illegible] front to the enemy. At the awful passage of Beresina he again stood between the army and destruction. At length, the scattered remnants of the French army reached the boundary of the Russian territory. Ney arrived destitute of troops—the rearguard had again melted away. Collecting in haste a few hundred men, whom he found in the town (Wilna,) he planted twenty-four cannon on the rear, and kept back the enemy all day, while the army was retiring. The next morning he continued the defence, but his soldiers, seeing their comrades treading their footsteps toward France, began to follow after until he was left almost alone. Still true to his duty, he yet continued to cover the retreat of the army he had so often saved. All had not yet passed the Niemen, and by persuasion and threats, he collected thirty men and with musket in hand defended, with this handful the gate of Wilna. At length, when the last man was over, he slowly retired through the streets, with his face to the enemy, and crossing the river, was the last of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory.—*Headley.*

A 'Skeeter Incident.

One evening in passing by the —— Hotel, I observed a huge Kentuckian leaning against the railing, who scratched himself occasionally in a hurry, and muttered as follows:

"Well, if 'skeeters ain't the allfiredest inseks for nippin, why, call me a kangaroo, and I won't take it personal. Last night I slept among a perfect freshet of 'em, as my back will testify, and the way they bit and I fit was perfectly inspirin' for a gentleman of topoliticul imagination. A feller told me to get a *net*—they ain't worth one dime: I bought one wuns, but you don't catch me at it again, I'll guarantee! I say, *you* squat yourself and I'll tell you all about it.

"It were an awful hot July day, and I was a saunterin' through town, a lookin' arter some fixins for Jorcosy and the baby. Well, I come to a shop where I seed some of these nets a hangin' out, so I bundled and bought one. You see I put up to a tavern close by a swamp, and the 'skeeters were powerful numerous and troublesome, but thinks I "I'll give you a splintered lightenin," with this ere musheen, sure! So when night come, I set the net pretty nigh my bed, shucked myself and got in. By-and-by the 'skeeters commenced to congregate in clouds, and about three quarts crowded in under my shirt and went at it. "You blasted reptiles," ses I, "bite, why don't you?—it's your last chance, or I'm a liar!" and in less than a minit I were *clothed!* But I didn't care—I stood it mightily, I tell you, for you see I calkilated the net would have at least a bushel in it anyhow. Well sir, when morning came, I went to the masheen, as mad as thunder and swelled awful. But, would you believe it, quick as I looked in, there wasn't but *one* muskeeter, and *he was a fly!*

"Don't talk to me of nets," said Kentuck, in conclusion they're more of a hum-bug than 'skeeters is themselves! Well they are."

A Portrait.—A young man wishing to be noticed in the gay circles of the world, buys an old watch for five dollars. At the end of four months, finding it does not keep time as well as a new one, he pays three dollars to have it thoroughly repaired. Two months after, finding it is not exactly a new watch, he pays two dollars for further repairs. At the end of the year, growing sick of it, he swaps it for an old musket. He then tries to get rich by hunting; but, not finding game very plenty, and receiving a summons from the merchant to pay for his powder and shot, which has amounted to eight dollars, he says to himself, "I'll get rid of this rotten old musket somehow;" so he swaps it for an old horse, and pays five dollars to boot. He hires his horse kept at the tavern, at which place he boards; at the end of the year his bill for horse-keeping has amounted to forty dollars, and his own to seventy-five. He says to himself, "This is not getting along very fast;" so he sells his horse for a barrel of brandy, which finishes his earthly career.

Anecdote of Grisi.

We remember, by the way, a scene humorously sketched to us by a lady in Paris, when we were last abroad, which is *very* illustrative of Grisi's natural self-possession, and, indeed, Evelike imperturbability. She (the lady narrating) had been out driving, the day before, in company with an English lady who entertained a great deal, but who, though much admired for her style and hospitality, was eccentrically self-willed and unceremonious. One of her errands, for the morning, was to call and pay Grisi twenty Napoleons for singing at one of her parties. The carriage stopped at the prima donna's lodgings. La Signora was "not at home." "But I know she is," exclaimed the imperious lady, "yes madam, but she is now just in her bath." "Pooh! that makes no difference—just the time to see her—come, my dear!" (she said to her companion, getting out of her carriage,) let us go straight to her room—I know the way." And, in another moment, the two ladies pushed by the astonished dressing maid who met them at the bed-room door, and penetrated to the dressing-room beyond.

The reception and transaction of business was a scene of undisturbed self-possession, on both sides. The greetings of the morning were familiarly exchanged, without the fair singer's rising from the water; but with the announcement of the errand, she gracefully drew in her masses of jet black hair, which fell nearly to her knees as she rose, and stepping out upon the oil-cloth, aproned completely with the profuse ringlets, she dried her hands with a towel, took the money and gave a receipt. This done, she stood, perfectly self-possessed, (like a Naiad Queen who had received pearl-rent for a grotto, in dripping unconsciousness of her beauty,) and with her dark veil held before her, curtsied out her visitors most dignifiedly and gracefully,—giving to one of them only, (the lady who told us the story,) a ludicrous first realization of the machinery with which curtsies are made. She declared, however, that she had more admired Grisi for her behavior during that call, than for the finest triumphs of her professional acting.—*Home Journal.*