

# Rollin' Home

BY S. B. ROW.

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## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.  
If fortune, with a smiling face,  
Strew roses on our way,  
When shall we stop, pick them up?  
To-day, my love—to-day!  
But should she frown with face of care,  
And tale of coming sorrow,  
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?  
To-morrow, love—to-morrow!  
If those who've wronged us own their faults,  
And kindly pity pray,  
When shall we listen and forgive?  
To-day, my love—to-day!  
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,  
And warn us from men's borrow,  
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?  
To-morrow, love—to-morrow!  
If love, estranged, should once again  
Her gentle smile display,  
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?  
To-day, my love—to-day!  
But if she would indulge regret,  
Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,  
When shall we weep, if weep we must?  
To-morrow, love—to-morrow!  
For virtuous acts and harmless joys  
The minutes will not stay;  
We've always time to welcome them  
To-day, my love—to-day!  
But care, resentment, angry words,  
And unavailing sorrow,  
Come far too soon—if they appear  
To-morrow, love—to-morrow!

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

AND WHAT GREW OUT OF IT.

One cool afternoon, in the early fall, I—Chester F. LeRoy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson river boat, which defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats. Their increasing numbers at length warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I followed them.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I turned, in obedience to a touch on my arm, and saw a respectable-looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling bag and shawl, and was, evidently, the attendant of a slender and stylish young girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I address, sir, Mr. LeRoy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisite gleam of the hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. LeRoy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it is of you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment at being thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat in Good-bye, and tell them you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks, and endured me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect with that lovely face opposite me, but where was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine! While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspecting gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position. I concluded, in ten minutes, to sit on the side of the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wished to go, if I can only find where it is!" I turned to her with an effusion of ease, which I was very far from feeling, and said, "It is a long journey."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed?"

"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Does she never tell you as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in?—Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when we get there."

"So it was to St. Louis we were going, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life."

"And how does Jenny look? And what is she doing? and how is my dear Aunt Beman?"

"Jenny," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband—as to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile; "but about my dear Aunt's rheumatism?"

der) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her niece. She remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," said she, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time you had not once mentioned the baby?"

I knew I gave a violent start and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in some proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jennie's letter—you should see how she cares for him."

"Him!" I said, with a gasp, "then it must be a boy!"

"Of course," said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and I shall not describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jennie had no such scruples—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, whichever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"

"We have not yet decided upon a name," I replied.

"Indeed! I thought she meant to give him yours?"

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No," I remarked, "one of a name is enough in a family."

The demon of inquisitiveness that, to my thinking, had instigated my fair companion, herefore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston. Yet, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty rash stealing up my temples every time I met the look of those beautiful blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long, and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep.

I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not as she thought it, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civility. She slightly bowed her head, and accepted it by leaning her head slightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile, said, "As you are my cousin." Soon after her eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace.

I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly pale with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the bounding of the cars jostled her very much, to sit on my neck until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled. "It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said; "for it is very much in the way for me, and I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little top, with its graceful ribbons and bows, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder and slept again. This time, when the motion began to shake at noon, her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly round her slender waist, drew her upon my breast, where she lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but I need not say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only gaze down on the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me, if she knew what I was doing to her.

I dreamed, or dreamed more wildly still, reproduce it in a hundred scenes which I had never before paused to imagine as the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the butterfly thought of marrying, even as a possibility and far-off contingency. Never before, I solemnly averred, had I seen the woman whom I wished to have, or dreaming never before had I longed to call anything my own, as I did that lovely face lying on my heart! No, it was impossible for me to sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or as she even more eloquently stilled. I do not think I looked at the Cataract as much as I looked at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in her innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank," and seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly with her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face—tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long, (how long it seemed to me,) while every word, look, and smile, seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaged all over her trunks to find a book which I had expressed a desire to see—she mended my gloves, sewed the band on my traveling cap, and found my cigar case when I had lost it, which she declared almost equal to a day's work. Long ago she had given over her own possession her elegant portmanteau, with all her money in it, which she was sure she would lose, as she could never keep anything, and as she had ordered me to take out what was wanted for her traveling expenses,

I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which, with pious care, she had packed into the smallest possible compass, as each bill was so small to fit my fingers, but here—

which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand, "No.—Olive street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of her cousin Jennie whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far, I had not yet found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances, at least, and when with her I forgot everything but her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be no more to her than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I reserved and solemnly with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, "Florence," that I had dreaded as much as I longed to do it, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and her knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last," when I reached so near home and Jennie, and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew nearer. She was all gayety, but I was not so. My sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in, giving the address found in the portmanteau, which, fortunately, was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face towards me—we were rattling up the street and my time was short—"how can you be so cool and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered "the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right in the home to which I have been invited, than the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an impostor and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, towards me.

"Thank Heaven, I did not yet read fear and aversion in it."

"No right! no claim!" she repeated; "what can you mean?"

I told her, frankly and fully the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame me or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I hate or blame myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty, I should feel it my duty to do so, since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice,

"Do not misunderstand me, if I was so silent."

The coachman threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and to assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which she stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine-looking, black-whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. LeRoy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she was mocking me; but it was pale and grave. Mrs. LeRoy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I presence of Florence, from whom I could not bear to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of our journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. LeRoy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially invited me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I expected I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, I left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw, with much surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. LeRoy," she said, hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me, as I see you do. If I was silent while you humbly apologized for the noble, generous, and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was at first too much astonished, afterwards too much moved and grateful to speak. I own you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of my feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing as I looked down upon that lovely face that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how time flies!

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not fly by me, as it has since all this happened, yet cousin Jenny, (my cousin Jenny, now,) so bitterly reproaches us in her last letter for not visiting her in all that time that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps on my arm in the cars no more, but in my arms, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and her knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

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## NOTES ON THE NOSE.

Undoubtedly the most neglected and ill used part of the human face is the nose. The poetical literature of all nations extols the other features; the eyes, for instance, have furnished a theme for the most sublime poetry; cheeks, with their witching dimples and captivating tints, have drawn forth some of the finest similes that were ever invented. The raptures that have been indited concerning lips, it would take an age to enumerate. The hair, also, has from time immemorial, been intensified with "silken tresses," in printed as well as manuscript verses; sonnets to a mistress's eyebrows are of continual occurrence, but it may be safely averred, that in the universal anthology of civilized or uncivilized man, there is not to be found a truly sentimental effusion to a nose! Indeed, so far from exciting any of the graver emotions of the mind, it would appear that there is a something in that feature to deaden rather than to excite sentiment. The cheeks, whether pale with care, or red with blushing, strongly excite the sympathies; a glance of the eye is all powerful in calling up the most vivid emotion; but who ever remembered any very intense feeling being awakened by a twitch of the nose? On the contrary, that unfortunate feature seems to have been especially appropriated by humorists to cut their jokes upon. It has, from the earliest ages, been made the subject of disparaging and sportive remarks. It has been set up as a mark to be hit by ridicule—as a butt for the arrows of satire: as if it were an organ proper to be played upon by nothing but wit. We may grow eloquent concerning eyes, speak raptures of lips, and even sentimentalize to both, but the nose, the subject of the nasal promontory is certain to excite a smile.

Yet the augurs of old went so far as to judge of a man's character by his nose; and it is probably by reason of this connexion of the external nose with the internal characteristics, that so many proverbs and axioms have taken rise in reference to both. Thus, the French say of a clever man, that he has a "fine nose;" of a prudent one, that he has a "good nose;" of a proud man, that he carries his nose in the air. An inquisitive person is said "to poke his nose everywhere." A gourmand is described as always "having his nose in his plate;" that of the scholar is declared to be always "in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French say "the mustards rises in his nose." Nor are we deficient in similar sayings. A man, for instance, who does not form any decisive opinions—who is swayed more by the persuasions of others than by his own judgment, is described as being "led by the nose." Individuals not blessed with much education, are forethought, are said "not to see beyond their noses." Others, who to do some injury to an enemy, injure themselves, are declared to "cut off the nose to spite the face." The condition of a suppurated nail is described as that of a person who "has had his nose put out of joint." All of these, it will be observed, are of a comic cast; while every simile and allusion made to the eyes, the brow, and the other features, is of the most serious and poetic character. Certain noses have, however, been celebrated in history, not as matters for jest, but as distinguishable features belonging to great men. The Romans had a proverb which signifies "it is not given to every one to have a nose," meaning that it was not the good fortune of all to exhibit a strong and pre-eminent individuality—to have, in fact, an expressive nose.

As a matter of taste and ornament, the nose has engaged the attention and researches of authors and artists in a prominent degree. It has been truly remarked that the nose is a centre around which the other portions of the face are arranged and harmonized, and that none of the features estimate that its length should be a third the length of the face, from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair. If there be any deviation from this rule, it must, it would appear, be in excess, for all unite in preferring large to diminutive noses. Plato called the Aquiline the royal nose; and it is evident from their works, that none of the ancient masters of sculpture and painting considered a liberal allowance of nose as a deformity. Even in a physical point of view, this excess appears to be far from detrimental. "Give me," said Napoleon, "a man with a good allowance of nose. Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, I choose a man provided his education has been suitable with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have, almost invariably found a long nose and long head together." Like this great General, the ancients entertained a marked preference for the ample nose; but all beauty is relative, and taste as capricious and varying as the winds.

HISTORICAL FACTS.—The Greeks had little or no notion of butter, and the early Romans used it only as a medicine—never as food; so that it is comparatively a modern article of diet. The first book ever printed was the book of psalms, by Faust and Schaeffer, in 1457. It was printed on one side only of the leaves, which were, in binding, pasted back to back.

Among the Romans, all men of full age were obliged to marry, and it is even a modern law of England which inflicts a fine on all bachelors in the kingdom, of 25 years and over.

The piano forte was invented by J. G. Schroder, of Dresden, in the year 1717, during which year he presented a model of his invention to the court of Saxony. They immediately became popular.

The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be that at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one mountain to the top of the other.

Calico, the well known cotton cloth, is named from Calcut, a city of India, from whence it first came. Calico was first brought to England in the year 1631.

"Talk about mean men!" said old Fox, "why, there's that Tom Johnson—he's the meanest man I ever heard tell of. Tom was a constable here. Why, don't you think he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and came out and levied on my old woman's ducks, and wanted me to drive 'em up and catch 'em for him, and I told him to catch 'em himself; and so he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd catch a duck, he'd sit down and wring its head off, and then charge mileage!"

Mexico had seven Presidents in the month of January, last.

## NATIONAL PROFLIGACY.

At a time when the people of this country are studying economy, and when the revenues of the government are inadequate for the most carefully regulated expenditures, our rulers should be held to a strict accountability for their administration of the national finances. They require to be watched in small things as well as great; for when profligacy becomes a habit, its abuses are general, and correction must be applied at every point. Some items where less money in the aggregate is wanted, may serve to show the prevailing vice in even a more impressive light. For instance, the two front doors of that remarkable building, the Capitol, with their side trimmings cost \$47,072. In addition to this, the designs and models for these doors cost \$12,000. By the original estimate, these doors were put down at \$600. One of the bronze doors leading into the new Representative Chamber will cost, according to estimate, \$14,416—the design and model having already cost \$8,000. It is no wonder the ancients had a high idea of the position of a "door-keeper." Each window has cost about \$2,000 exclusive of glass. "The spread eagle hand-rails for the private stairways, in both wings, cost \$12,000," and yet they are in such dark places that it is proposed to tear away one of the committee rooms in order to let a little light shine upon one of them. So much by way of detail, merely enough to prevent any wonder, when we state that the appropriations for the Capitol already reach \$5,075,000, and that it is estimated that the building cannot be completed on the present plans for less than \$8,000,000.

The same inordinate expenditure also extends to the furnishing of the various rooms. Thus the furniture of the Speaker's room alone cost \$5,000. Everything is on a grand scale—of expense at least. Mr. Speaker Orr, for instance, withdrawing from the arduous duties of the Chair, refreshes himself by surfeiting his portly person in a mirror which cost \$1,85