

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it!"—A. LINCOLN.

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My First Attempt.

It has been the great ambition of my life to be an authoress; not that I have dared to think of being a famous one—I may come to that point some time—but thus far I have felt that I should be satisfied if I could but see something of mine in print. From my childhood, visions of myself as a writer have danced before my eyes, and I have thrilled with delight as I have imagined some one pointing me out as the talented authoress of "those delightful sketches in the Magazine."

Hitherto, however, notwithstanding all my devotion to the art of composition, I have never before summoned courage enough to attempt an entrance into the arena of literary fame; indeed, to tell the truth, I have had very little encouragement. I don't think people have appreciated me sufficiently. At school, though my compositions were undoubtedly remarkable, my teacher never took any particular notice of them, and made no attempt to accelerate the growth of my budding genius, and so, through her neglect, my ideas upon "Friendship," "Spring," and various other subjects, are lost forever to the world. At the moment, I was filled with indignation at her treatment, but as time has somewhat healed my wounds, and as I am naturally amiable, I have forgiven her, and hope that her neglect was owing rather to want of ability to appreciate than envy of my superior talents. Then I have heard, too, some of the most heart-rending stories of blood-thirsty editors, who have refused to print thrilling stories and lovely poetry, merely for the sake of tormenting their luckless authors, and I have naturally been afraid of falling into the hands of one of these "roaring lions." But true genius always overcomes sooner or later, the greatest obstacles, and so I have determined to make one more attempt to reach the coveted goal.

If I should be rejected—but I will not think of that; I would rather dwell upon the idea that my article will be accepted, and imagine myself waiting anxiously for the magazine in which it is to appear. How eagerly I shall turn over the pages until my eye rests upon the familiar yet unfamiliar words! How I shall torment my friends by repeatedly inquiring if they have read that article in the magazine, and what they think of it! The mere thought exhilarates me so now, when it is only fancy, that I hardly know what will become of me should the idea resolve itself into reality.

Pshaw! there comes the dark side of the picture thrusting itself before me! Well I will meet it bravely. Suppose my poor little attempt is ignominiously rejected! Ah, I am afraid I should become from that instant a cynic, and a firm believer in the doctrine of total depravity. I know I should be an editor-hater for life. But there is consolation, even in that view of the question. Have not many of our very first writers been unsuccessful at first? And then no one need ever know that I tried for the prize and failed, for I intend to keep it a profound secret.

Well, I have decided to write. Now comes the momentous question, what shall I write about? I have no disposition to make inroads upon the domains of poetry, and even if I had the disposition, I fear I should lack the ability. I never did attempt anything in the rhyming line but once, and that was several years ago, when I did perpetrate a poetical description of one of my schoolmates, which was contained in three verses of four lines each; and, as I availed myself of poetical license to a considerable extent, I hardly think the description was very striking. I know it abounded in allusions to pearly teeth, vermilion lips, marble necks, and jetty curls. I believe the subject was rather deficient in every one of these particulars, but I presume it was as near the truth as most newspaper poetry. It decided me, however, that my mission does not lie in the region of poetry, and so I am not obliged to decide whether I shall astonish the world with an epic poem or merely minister to its taste by a sonnet. But if I don't hurry and choose my subject, I won't have any room to make my observations about it, or I have determined that my "first attempt" shall not be a long one. Perhaps, way down in the bottom of my heart, I may consider myself competent to handle any subject, from a political leader on the state of the country down to a dissertation on a coat-button; but I want to choose one that will meet with general approbation.

Now, "Our Country" would be a grand theme, but I don't think the "other sex" exactly like the ladies to meddle with that, except to bow acquiescence to all that they do, and as a lady and an authoress I feel bound to conciliate the lords of

creation. I must say, though, that I think that some of the women could have done quite as well in the field as some of our generals; indeed, I will venture to say that I think they might have surpassed them, and without trying very hard, either. The other day, after reading the newspaper, I fell into a reverie, and began to imagine myself a modern Joan of Arc, and to build castles in the air, having for foundation my exploits in that capacity. Just at the instant when my castles had reached a goodly altitude, my brother happened to fire off his pistol outside the window. The start I made threw my airy buildings to the ground, and convinced me that if my mission was not a poetical, neither was it a warlike one. I have made a stern resolution to learn to shoot within the next six months, if only for the sake of overcoming my nervousness. It has always been one of my doctrines that women ought to cultivate self-possession and courage more than they do, and for the future I am resolved to be less afraid of spiders, caterpillars, and pistols (three of my weaknesses) than I have hitherto been. I have perfect antipathy to spiders; they have destroyed a great deal of pleasure to me; half of my enjoyment in the country is spoiled by intrusion of these unwelcome insects.

I have decided not to have any subject this time, but will close this short effusion by hoping that the editor will read it after dinner, when he is in a good humor; and if I am allowed to come upon the stage again, I will begin with my subject at once, and I will also inform him that I have some very good stories (in my estimation) tucked away in my brain.—Godey.

Army Correspondence.

ESCAMPEZ IN THE FIELD, IN FRONT OF RICHMOND, VA., DECEMBER 1, P. M., Nov. 30th, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Please publish these few lines scribbled by a soldier of the Army of the James. Gentlemen of Butler County:—In former days you have had my opinion of this Rebellion before you. I advocated in my opinion then, to be an unyielding, an unflinching and unconditional Union man. I hold the same principle still. You and I, gentlemen, have long looked to see the day when this Rebellion will be crushed. Thank God, that time is near at hand. We have been defending the flag of the free with bayonet and bullet. We have, a few days ago, been called upon to ballot down this bloody Rebellion, which has torn us from our homes and entailed upon the whole country war and desolation. It will, no doubt, rejoice your hearts, to see the returns from the October, as well as the November election, that the whole army, with but few exceptions, vote as they fight. We cannot understand how any man who has to face rebel bullets, can vote for a party which proposes to let the rebels go, and divide the country, and thus, instead of peace, have a perpetual border war. You at home want peace, and we in the field want to return to our loving wives, darling children and happy homes; but want and will have the peace of victory, the peace which crushes Rebellion; the peace that declares the Stars and Stripes shall wave over all the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf. The flag represents all. We understand this Constitution, laws, Government, liberty, country—all these—and our wives, friends, firesides and homes, are symbolized by the stately banner of the Union. This flag of Washington, rich with the treasured memories of all that we hold dear, has been for four years openly and defiantly insulted, torn and trampled upon, by traitor hands in arms against right, justice and freedom; this is enough; we take no more. For this the woes of desolation and retribution will visit them with the unrevealed agonies of eternal shame. Push all other questions aside, the honor and glory of the flag is the one only question; it covers all. Traitors' hands tore down our Star-Spangled banner from Sumter's walls, and from then till now, black-hearted and hell-deserving traitors have vauntingly sworn

"That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion, A home and a country would leave us no more."

But their blood shall wash out their traitor footsteps pollution. No refuge at home or abroad, can save the rebel horde from the terror of flight and the eternal gloom of despair. But to the soldiers of the Union flag, belongs honor and everlasting fame. We shall stand enshrined in Liberty's sacred temple, as our beloved Washington stands peerless in the first. The record, the example, the spirit of Washington, whispers in every true soldier's heart in all the armies of the Union to-day; as of old, "steady men," forward from amid rebel ruins on old Virginia soil, around "Monticello," comes up the classic voice of Jefferson. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Bless be your vigilance which guards the flag;

and strikes the traitors low in death. From the sainted dust of the "Hermitage," comes up the trumpet voice of Jackson, sweeping through all our ranks like the battle sound to charge, saying, "by the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," and in all the homes of a great people the voice of their faith shakes both the earth and the heavens with the music of its utterance: "in God is our trust." We have seen a great many tickets here which in voting them represents the flag. It is the last nail in the iron coffin of Rebellion; and we drove them home. We on this side of the Potomac, have drove the nail through, and we expect you on the other side to rivet it; we have used our influence to secure every vote for Lincoln and Johnson.

Why should we fight together for the flag and not vote together for the same? We have in fact but one grand army for the Union and the flag. Then we are bound to show to the world and generations yet unborn, the glory of an army, that fights and votes the same way—for the whole country and the stately banner of the free. Can we, here, almost in sight of the rebel capital, after hearing almost hourly shouts going up in the rebel camp for George B. McClellan? No, never; never; but we have nailed them down, and well they know it in the South as well as in the North; for no longer yesterday evening, some of the rebels hallooed at us while on picket, that we the damned Yankees, had elected Old Abe Lincoln again. These are facts that can be proven, if northern copperheads and northern traitors will deny.

JEREMIAH A. MELLINGER, 1st Lieut. of Co. H, 199th Regt. P. V., 1st Brigade, 1st Div., 10th Army Corps. Brney's Sharpshooters.

A Model Composition.

To boys and girls, who are perplexed to know what to write about, and how to write it, when required by their teachers to bring a "composition," we commend the following model:

WINTER—Winter is the coldest season of the year, because it comes in the winter. In some countries winter comes in summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer in this country. Then I could go skating barefoot, and slide down hill in linen trousers. We could snow ball without our fingers getting cold—and when we got out sleigh riding wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to warm, as they do now. It snows more in winter than it does in any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made at that time.

Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience before the discovery of ice houses. Water that is left out of doors is apt to freeze at this season. Some people take in their wells and cisterns on a cold night, and keep them by the fire, so they don't freeze. Skating is great fun in winter. The boys get their skates on when the river is frozen over, and race, play bag, break through the ice and get wet all over (they get drowned sometimes), fall and break their heads, and enjoy themselves in many other ways. A wicked boy once borrowed my skates and ran off with them, and I couldn't catch him. Mother said a judgment would overtake him one day. Judgment will have to be pretty lively on its legs if it does, for he runs bully.

There ain't much sleigh riding except in the winter—folks don't seem to care much about it in warm weather. The grown boys and girls like to go sleigh riding. The boys generally drive with one hand, and help the girls to hold their muffs with the other. Brother Bob let me go along a little way once when he took Celia Crane out sleigh riding, and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muffs than he did to holding the horses. Snow balling is another sport. I have snow-balled in summer, but we used stones and hard apples. It isn't so amusing as it is in winter somehow.

But enough; I have dashed off these little things about winter while sister is getting ready for school. Good bye. NEDDIE.

THE "BLUES."—Cheerfulness and occupation are closely allied. Idle men are rarely happy. How should they be? The brain and muscles were made for action, and neither can be healthy without vigorous exercise. Into the hazy brain crawl the "blues," fancies filling it with cobwebs that shut out the light and make it a fit abode for "loathed melancholy." Invite the stout handmaiden, brisk and busy thought, into the intellectual chambers, and she will soon brush away such unwholesome tenants. Blessed be work, whether it be for the head, or the hand, or both;

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

[Written by T. Buchanan Reed, edited by Mr. Murdoch at the complimentary festival in Cincinnati, Oct. 31st.]

Up from the South at break of day,
Riding to Winchester fresh daisy,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chimney door,
Telling that battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still these billows of war
Thundered along the horizon bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that not so uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down:
And there, though the flash of the morning light,
The road of that not so uncontrolled,
Was seen to pass with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible road,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs thundering south,
The dust like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Of the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Under the stars and the stars of disaster:
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Under the stars and the stars of disaster:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Under his spinning feet, the road
Like an arrow flew from the steed's feet,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a hawk with furnace ire,
Swooped on, with his will wide full of fire,
He is galloping the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops—
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the hill and storm of hazes,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there
Because

The steed of the master compelled it to pause,
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eyes, and the red corolla play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their status is placed on high
Under the dome of the Temple of Fame,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
He is galloping the smoke of the roaring fray,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

Bound to be an old Maid.

"Well, here I am, forty-five years old to-day, and no nearer being a Mrs.—than I was ten years ago. It seems as if everybody had some fault to find with me.

"Before I tried to fix myself up, so I might look young and pass for twenty-five—and, surely, I look more that age than any other—I could not blame people for thinking me old. Mr. Quin didn't like any woman without teeth, and Mr. White despised a woman with false ones. Squire Hobbs objected much to having a wife with a bald head, and Deacon Kay had a horror of wigs. There are four nice bachelors, two of whom I like and two I dislike. I have a decided preference for White or Kay."

"Then came along the rich old bachelor, Mr. Thurber. He told of his adoration, (before me) of our sex, and how he admired to see good taste displayed in our dress; modest colors, neat collars and cuffs, sweeping skirts and small hoops.—Immediately I set about taking in crinoline—cutting down my wide lines. I doffed my gay dress for one of Quaker grey, and let it trail upon the floor a quarter of a yard. I walked before my mirror one whole afternoon, admiring myself—I mean my taste—I mean his taste. I had the pleasure, though, of wearing it for the first time in company, at his wedding; for he went and married the butcher's daughter."

"Next came along Eben Sykes. I didn't like the name very well, but he was a pretty good-looking fellow, and so I said to myself, "What's in a name?" He was at the house one evening—my niece, Rebecca Dana, was visiting there—and we had a game at cards with him. He told how he would never marry a slatternly woman, who let her dress wipe up the streets, dragging through tobacco juice and mud, pulling along shavings and sticks after her, and tripping every gentleman who came along and happened to be looking up to see which way the wind was. The first thing they knew they were sprawled out on the sidewalk, while the would-be lady snarled out for passers-by to hear—

"Can't you see where you are going? I wish you would keep your great, muddy boots off my dress!"

"No! Eben said. "Such a woman I will never wed!"

"I hastened to make a change again, cut three eights of a yard from my graceful trail, and in a week he offered himself to my niece.

"Just a year ago to-day, I became acquainted with Reuben Rosen from way up country; he smiled on me, and said I was young-looking, and took me to the theatre, and bought me candies. After a month or two of this, he said, one evening, that in a week he should call again, for he had something particular to say to me.

thought it was a short one, but, when I awoke, the clock struck twelve. I began to undress, and provoked enough, too. I took off my wig—laid my teeth away for the night, rubbed the chalk from my face—it felt so sticky—and began to unhook my dress, when there came a knock at the door.

"Quickly as possible I arranged my toilet again, and admitted the late caller—Mr. Rosen; had it been any other person, I'd never have done it; but was very anxious to hear him ask that important question.

"He sat beside me and began—

"I wanted to see you," he said, "for something particular."

"Yes, yes?" I said, impatiently.

"I wanted to see if you would knit me two or three pair of nice wolen socks, for my wife has got a bile on her finger, and can't do it; she wrote me so in her last letter."

"You can imagine my disappointment. I cleared him out, and now I'll go without teeth or with them; without a wig or with it; wear dresses long or short, just as I please, and whose business is it?—I'll never try to please another man, for I am bound now to be an old maid.—Waverley Magazine.

Gen. Sherman's March.

On Thursday last, we in common with other journals of this city, received a dispatch from Cincinnati containing news from Sherman's army, which had that morning been printed in *The Cincinnati Times*. Shortly after came a telegraphic request from the War Office to suppress that dispatch. We complied with that request, albeit unable to comprehend how news that had been all day in print in Cincinnati would be deemed contraband the following morning in New York. Indeed, with that effort of vigilance the War Department seems to have been quite exhausted, for the papers here and elsewhere have since abounded; unrebuked, with all sorts of statements about Sherman. The amount of Gen. Sherman's forces, the immediate direction of his march, the quantity of his supplies, and his ultimate destination, are differently stated in different papers, but it is unnecessary at present to settle details. What the public cares to know in a general way is literally clear. Gen. Sherman with a powerful army has cut loose from Atlanta, and is making his way to the seaboard. That he marches in two columns is probable enough, and that whether by one route or another he will finally arrive in the neighborhood of Savannah, we have little doubt. Nor in a military point of view do we consider the dissemination of this intelligence in the least important. The enemy are undoubtedly informed long before we are of every step in Gen. Sherman's progress.

Against this tremendous demonstration, the Confederacy, we need scarcely explain once more, is powerless. There are but two armies within its limits able to confront or delay Gen. Sherman. One of these armies was a hundred and fifty miles to the north-west of Atlanta when Sherman started. The other lines in the defenses of Richmond, and can neither go as a whole nor spare any considerable part of its force without surrendering that for which it had struggled all Summer. And since there are neither natural nor artificial lines of defense which might with a small number of troops arrest or delay the advance of either of Sherman's columns, the march of each to Augusta must be unopposed.

Sherman is said to have sixty day's rations with him, but that is very unlikely. A train which could transport three million rations would be too unwieldy for such a march as this, and is unnecessary. If the country has half the resources it is represented to possess, there is no need of a great supply train. The cavalry will keep the army in commissary stores. But as a measure of prudence a considerable amount of supplies has doubtless been taken—perhaps for twenty or even for thirty days. Were the Rebels in Central Georgia disposed to abandon their country and homes at the approach of this invader, and destroy their stores of food, Sherman would find it necessary to be able to rely to some extent on his own resources. But that is a very improbable contingency. In North-Western Georgia, when Johnson forced the people to fly, they left their homes most willingly, and it is not likely that where they are under no compulsion from a general with power to enforce his demands, this people will resort to a measure of absolute despair. Sherman, therefore, whatever be his own supplies, may reckon confidently on abundant food and forage from the country which he traverses. West of the Savannah River his advance will be through a country which is of great fertility, and which is inhabited by a population possessing more than

average intelligence, industry and wealth. Such a country always can be made to support an army in motion; the difficulty of foraging beginning only when a large force comes to a lengthened halt.

The location of the prisoners, whom it is hoped Sherman may release, is uncertain. If Rebel statements can be trusted at all, they were weeks since removed from Andersonville to points nearer the seaboard, probably toward both the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Gen. Sherman's letter to Mr. Yeatman has been misapprehended. He says that he "may have to go himself" to carry the supplies of the Commission; but he clearly intimates that Andersonville is not his destination. "Things have changed," says Gen. Sherman. We do not think it probable that a column has been dispatched south of Macon, for that would be to send it on too wide a detour, and to delay the main column too long after it shall have reached Augusta, if Augusta be its first destination.

The vague hints of the Richmond papers indicate that they are in possession of information which they either will not or are not permitted to publish. It is their way to make light of what they most dread; so the comments on the reports of Sherman's new campaign are a measure of the alarm with which it is viewed. Aside from its positive military results, conceive the effect upon the Georgia and Carolina troops of learning that their States and their homes are invaded, over-run, subjugated and preyed upon, by an unopposed United States army. Sherman is reported to have said he had penetrated the shell of the Rebellion, and that beyond it there was nothing to hinder his marching where he pleased. When the Southern people once realize this fact, with what feelings will they view that rebellious military power which has promised them absolute protection? The Rebellion, like many another power, is strong because it is believed to be strong. But when from this population of the interior, which had counted on immunity from the desolation of war, their follies are rudely torn away, they, and they who had shared in their delusion, must be of a far different turn of mind respecting a reconstruction of that Union whose power they thus learn to respect. It seems to us that the results that may be hoped from this expedition of Sherman cannot well be estimated too highly.—N. Y. Tribune.

Remarkable Discovery.

On the 27th of August, as some workmen were sinking a caisson, preparatory to building a bridge across the Morsey, an obstacle was met with which defied the pressure exercised by the sinking apparatus. Divers were sent down, who in removing a quantity of sand from about the caisson, reported the obstacle to be a log of wood. By help of a strong crane, and after removing the pressure from the caisson, we were enabled to draw it up to the staging, and found it to be not a log of wood, as the divers misled by its general attrited state, had reported, but a large coffin-shaped box of great strength, measuring about eight feet by three feet.

The wood had become pregnated with oxide of iron, from the red sandstone, which had made it as hard as iron itself, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that we were enabled to prise open the lid. The inside, which was roughly hewn to the shape of a human body, but with a large additional space at the head, was lined with a grayish bituminous substance, and contained the body of a man in a most wonderful state of preservation. It is attired in the dress of a wealthy Roman citizen, the tunic and toga both white embroidered with purple and gold threads, the toga fastened with a handsome golden fibula. The straps of the buckles are studded with little golden bosses. Attached to the girdle are a tablet and a golden hilted stylus. The *tout ensemble*, in fact, while not glaring, is rich and tasteful.

The body, though in civil dress, appears to be that of a legionary officer, as a large military cloak is swathed round it, and by its side are a short sword, (the famous Roman "gladius") with its belt, a javelin and a vinea such as centurions used to preserve discipline among their men. A fine onyx signet ring bearing the letters S. P. Q. R., and the figure of a wolf, is on the finger. This I conjecture to be a symbol of authority delegated by the Roman Senator, of the then reigning emperor, to the bearer. The sword and belt also bore the initials of S. P. Q. R. The head of the vinea is shaped into a rude resemblance to a Roman eagle.

The body has been embalmed in so skillful a manner as to preserve, even after this lapse of time, the features tolerably distinct; but it is excessively fragile, crumbling at a touch; in fact, it has only been preserved from total destruction

tion by the mantle and by a quantity of a cryptogamic plant allied to the common equisetum, which is packed round it, keeping it steady and immovable in the coffin.

I forbear giving a more detailed account, and will proceed to mention briefly the contents of the space above the head of the corpse. A quantity of the equisetum-like herb sustains uninjured an amphora of coarse earthen ware with a yellow vitreous glaze. The handles and neck are broken off, and inside of it is placed—a also with packing—a beautifully executed enervary urn of red Samian ware containing ashes, and a small roll of vellum covered with characters which I am unable to describe, but I believe to be Saxon. Sprinkled through the scroll I however find the Roman name "Q. Sulpicius, Piso," the initials "S. P. Q. R.," the words "legatus," "crematio," "manes," "lares," and a few others. This scroll I therefore imagine to hold the key to the enigma presented by the many anomalous appearances I have described and am about to describe.

In the amphora, beneath the urn, are a number of ornaments of gold and silver, such as were worn by Saxon females of rank; among them is a kind of rude lock-et containing a long tress of glossy yellow hair. The ornaments appear to be a set, as if they belonged to one person; and this fact, coupled with the presence of the hair, leads me to suppose the ashes contained in the urn to be those of the owner both of them and the hair. The amphora also contains a small packet of coins, nearly 100 in number, of which 43 are gold, and the remains of the Roman Emperors—Honorius A. D. 410, a few of Hadrian Antonius and Severus, with earlier dates. The remaining coins are silver, probably Saxon, but owing to their mutilated and defaced condition, I am unable to say positively. On one only is the date visible, viz: 465.

From these dates as well as from the Saxon ornaments, I am inclined to refer the remains to about the date of the first arrival of the Saxons in Britain. The corpse may be that of one of the last emissaries of Rome to this island—or as history speaks of no political intercourse between Rome and our Island at that period, he may have been connected with a religious or civil mission. The ashes I surmise to be those of a Saxon female. But how shall we account for the presence of the remains of a Roman and a Saxon in a common tomb? More strange still is the embalming of the Roman and the cremation of the Saxon. The position of the coffin in the bed of the river is also strange; but an overturned boat and the shifting sands may account for this. Possibly the scroll found in the urn may give an explanation of this, and till this has been deciphered we must be content to remain in the dark.—Liverpool Mercury.

GOOD.—"In Time of Peace Prepare for War."—A young lady of wealthy parentage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the silken tie of matrimony to a gem of a beau. The mamma and papa on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and many an agreeable little paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of "the dust," determined to get a fine "establishment" for the young couple, and, accordingly, they were "fixed" in a mansion out Walnut street, on "the West End."

A few days after this, a school companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why Mary," said she "what in the name of sense, have you got so many people about you for?"

"Oh!" replied Madam; "we haven't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two house girls, one housekeeper, and—a child's nurse. I'm sure there are not too many!"

"Ha! Ha!" said her friend, "what do you want with a child's nurse! Oh! that is too funny."

"Well; we haven't any immediate use for her, but then, when we were married, Charles said we would want one, and you know it's not always best to leave things until the last moment."

"Papa, didn't you whip me once for biting little Tommy?"

"Yes, my child; you hurt him much."

"Well, then, papa, you ought to whip sister's music master, too. He bit sister yesterday afternoon right on the mouth; and I know it hurt her, because she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him."

Eccentricity of manner is so often allied to great genius, that some very great fools have been thought to possess talent, because they were un-like the rest of the world in their actions.