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(From the Southern Home Journal.)

THE SECOND MARYLAND INFANTRY AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY W. W. G.

We are rapidly approaching Culp's Hill through one of the densest woods I ever passed. Darkness is upon us, and nothing can be seen save the flash of an occasional musket in our front. More and more difficult becomes the ascent, but over every obstacle presses the devoted division. Not a sh[illegible] now heard, and the woods seems inhabited but by ourselves. What has become of the enemy? In an instant the question is answered, as the heavens are lighted up by the flash of thousands of muskets and the deadly Minnie tore and rend our ranks fearfully.—The column reels and staggers like a drunken man. To add to the horrors of the situation, a fire is also opened upon us in rear by a body of our own troops, who receiving some of the bull's that escape us mistake us for the enemy. Men fall like autumn leaves, but the brave fellows disdain to retreat. The enemy's fire is returned, though with little effect, as they are protected by their breastworks. No command can be heard above the infernal din. What is to be done? To stand here is certain death, and therefore why not sell our lives as dearly as possible? At this moment the heroic Walton approached me and asked "what on earth shall we do?"

"As I am not in command of the battalion I can do nothing," was my reply.

"Well, I shan't wait for orders any longer, but will charge the works if I lose every man in my regiment. Take the responsibility and charge with your left at the same time."

"I'll do it," was my response, and hastily detaching the companies of Captains Torsch, Stewart and Crane, with Walton, dashed at the breastworks, cleared them in a moment with the loss of but three men, and instantly wheeling to the right opened a destructive enfilading fire upon the enemy who still remained in the breastworks, which compelled them to fall back on Culp's Hill.

On our right, Nichol's brigade of Louisianians had not been so successful, and there the fight still raged. The enemy here held a stronger position and could not be dislodged.

As the firing in our front had ceased temporarily, I took advantage of it to go in search of Colonel Herbert, from whom I wanted further orders and to whom I wished to report my situation. Upon reaching the right of the battalion, however, I was grieved to learn through Lieutenant George Thomas that the colonel had been pierced at the [illegible] fire by no less than three balls and carried from the field in a supposed dying condition.

Sending for the commanders of companies, with the view to ascertain their respective losses, I was shocked at the reports made by them. Nearly one hundred men had fallen in the Second Maryland alone, and at least three hundred in the brigade, during those few dreadful minutes.

As Captain Murray had the right of the battalion by seniority, I directed him, for the present, to take command of that wing whilst I looked after the important position I had taken at right angles with him after we had carried the enemy's breastworks, and to inform General Steuart, if he should see him, where I was and how I was situated. I had scarcely returned, when the enemy opened again with increased fury, but as the brigade was now sheltered behind the log breastworks and immense rocks that covered the hill, their fire did but little execution. The men were directed to fire at the flash from their muskets, and from the shouts of "stop that firing, you are shooting your own men," I am convinced it was with effect. They must have been new troops ordered from another point, as they did not seem to be aware of the change that had taken place in their front. Many came into our lines to remonstrate with us, and found themselves prisoners.

An incident of this kind occurred here, which, under different circumstances, would have afforded some amusement.—Captain T——h, of Company ——, whose gallantry had been conspicuous during the evening, whilst urging his men to fire as rapidly as possible, was approached by a Federal officer and peremptorily ordered to cease. The captain had received no instructions to obey officers in blue uniforms, and he therefore declared "he'd be —— if he would," and seizing the astonished "lover of the Union" by the throat, dragged him into my presence and demanded in an excited manner, that I should "give him the devil for coming inside our lines and interfering with him in the discharge of his duties." The fellow was dreadfully scared, and begged piteously to be sent to the rear, as he "did not wish to be shot by his own men."

Another, somewhat similar, occurred shortly after in which the writer of this sketch was a party. Whilst directing the firing I was approached by an officer on horseback and asked how "the fight was going?" I saw his mistake directly, and telling him I did not know, walked towards his horse's head to t[illegible] him by the bridle. I did so h[illegible] ations

[illegible] 10, 1868—4 [illegible] caused, for [illegible]

[illegible] MAD CALL [illegible] breast.—With [illegible] dismounted, and [illegible] his belt handed it to me with sword and pistol attached, playfully remarking as he did so, "take them, sir, they are yours, and fairly won."—He proved to be Lieutenant Egbert, a staff officer, who in carrying a dispatch had become lost in the darkness.

By ten o'clock the firing had ceased, and the men rested upon their arms, prepared to repel an attack at an instant's warning. The officers were required to remain awake during the night, and a vigilant line of pickets kept a watchful eye in the direction of the enemy, who were but fifty yards distant. They were also on the alert, as we were assured by an occasional volley of musketry.

During the whole night artillery and wagons could be heard rumbling along the Gettysburg turnpike, and as the sound seemed to recede we thought the enemy might be retreating. Generals Johnson and Steuart were attentive listeners, and I heard Johnson express such a belief.—I sincerely hoped it might prove true, for I was sickened at the prospects before us.

The long wished for day at length began to appear, and at early dawn the troops were awakened from their slumbers to renew if necessary the dreadful struggle. In vain I peered through the misty light for a glimpse of the enemy, but none could be seen. They have certainly retreated under cover of night and we were right in our conjectures; and now for a pursuit in the direction of Baltimore. But even as I thus anticipated the pleasures in store for us, of the prospect of once more seeing home and loved ones there, I was suddenly aroused by a terrible volley of musketry in our front, while simultaneously several pieces of artillery opened upon the flank of the three companies I had thrown across the breastworks the previous evening, and I was compelled to hastily withdraw them and seek the cover of this our only protection. The fire was awful, and the whole hillside seemed enveloped in a blaze, although it was but occasionally we could catch sight of an enemy. The trees were riddled, and the balls could be heard to strike the breastworks like hailstones upon the roof tops. The fire was returned as best we could, but it was almost certain death to expose any vital part of the body, and many were killed and wounded by reckless exposure of person.

The right of the battalion, where were stationed companies A and C, under the commands of Captain Murray and Lieutenant Charles Hodges respectively, were exposed to the severest part of the fire, and suffered in greater proportion than the others. Until nearly eight o'clock this dreadful storm of bullets continued to sweep over and around us without the slightest abatement. All along our line wounded men were lying bleeding to death, as it was impossible to remove them to the surgeon's quarters after they were struck. Feeling anxious to know how the right fared, I cautiously made my way there and sheltered myself behind a rock where were Colonel Parsley and Captain Murray. Inquired of Parsley if he had suffered much.

"Very much indeed. I have but thirteen men left. And now I have but twelve," he exclaimed in the same breath as one of his men fell over dead in Captain's Murray's lap, shot through the head.

I heard the words but imperfectly, for the same ball struck me full in the forehead and knocked me almost senseless; but its force was spent, and an ugly lump was the only result.

"Have a care there, Sergeant Blakistone, you are exposing yourself too much," I shortly after remarked to the orderly of Company A, and even as I spoke a ball passed through his arm, laceratting it badly. Poor fellow, it was his first and last wound, for he died shortly after in the hospital at Frederick where he was held a prisoner.

"My men are out of ammunition, sir," said Capt. Murray; "and with your permission, I will withdraw them to the cover of those rocks on the left for half an hour—or a less time should you need me—and get some water and replenish their cartridge boxes. I have suffered fearfully, sir, and the men are somewhat dispirited."

I suggested it would be a dangerous undertaking, but with great caution the point might be made.

Gradually they worked their way down the line, and reached the shelter in safety, and another company was ordered to take their place.

As I returned, the commanders of companies informed me that their ammunition was also exhausted. The difficulty was to get it, as none was within half a mile, and it was almost certain death to leave the shelter of the breastworks. I reported the matter, however, to General Steuart, whom I found sitting with his staff behind an immense rock, and he told me I had better call for volunteers.

"General, do not ask one of your officers or privates to volunteer to perform this duty whilst you have a staff officer left. I will bring the ammunition if I live!"

Words that should be written in letters of gold, and they fell from the lips of Lieutenant Randolph McKim, one of the general's aids. The noble fellow made the venture and succeeded in his mission.

It was about half an hour after the above, that Captain George Williamson (adjutant general of the brigade, and one of the bravest men that ever trod a battlefield) directed me to move my command by the left flank, file to the right at given point, and form a line of battle under cover of a wood, and as close as possible to its edge without attracting the attention of the enemy, and that the rest of the brigade would form on my right and left.

I divined the object of the move instantly, and told the captain "I considered it murder, and therefore would take my men in under protest."

"The general has expressed the same opinion, sir; but the order comes from one higher than he, and is peremptory," was his reply.

Sending for Captain Murray to join the command, the devoted little brigade—already reduced to about nine hundred men—made their way slowly, sometimes, crawling, to the spot where they were to be senselessly slaughtered. Nine hundred brave men to storm a mountain, and upon whose sides bristled thirty bayonets of ten thousand foemen, and artillery innumerable. Some one's hands are stained by the blood of these gallant men, and God will mete out fearful retribution in the world to come.

We were now within less than two hundred yards of the enemy, with an open field in front, over which we were to charge.

"Captain Murray, you will take command of the right," were my last words on earth to one of the noblest of men.

Slowly I moved down the column with feelings I had never before experienced on the battle field, for I felt I had but a minute more to live; and as I gazed into the faces of both officers and men I could see the same feeling expressed, for all were alike aware of their danger. But no coward's glance meet mine. There was no craven in those ranks. *They* had had sneaked to the rear the day before.—But the compressed lip, the stern brow, the glittering eye told that those before me would fight to the last gasp. Reaching my post I looked up the line, and there stood the brave Steuart calmly waiting for the troops to get in position.

"Fix bayonets," was the command quietly given, and the last act in this bloody drama is about to be enacted. It is a dreadful moment. But one brief second of life yet left. The sword of the general is raised on high. "Forward, double quick," rings out in clarion tones, and the race to meet death commenced.—The fated brigade emerges from the woods into the open plain, and here, oh, God, what a fire greets us, and the death shriek rends the air. But on the gallant survivors press, closing up the dreadful gaps as fast as they are made. At this moment I received a violent shock, and found myself instantly stretched upon the ground. In the excitement I felt not the pain, and resting upon my elbow, anxiously watched that straggling column. Column, did I say? A column no longer, but the torn and shattered fragments of one. But flesh and blood cannot live in such a fire, and a handful of survivors of what had been, a little more than twelve hours before, the pride and boast of the army, seek to reach the cover of the woods. But that merciless storm of bullets pursue them and many more are stricken down. Among those who escape with a slight wound is Adjutant Wynder Laird. As he passed where I lay he caught me up and carried me to a place of safety.

Faint and sick from loss of blood I fell into a stupor, from which I was aroused by the voice of Lieutenant Thomas Tolson.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" he kindly inquired.

"Tell Captain Murray to take command of what remains of the battalion," I directed.

"Alas, sir, Captain Murray has fought his last fight; he fell dead close to my side late in the charge!" he answered.

Reader, my story is finished. It was my original intention to mention the names of many of the officers and privates whose conspicuous gallantry I witnessed during those two dreadful days, but as others were equally as conspicuous where I could not see them, I shall refrain, for fear of being accused of partiality. All were alike brave, and all alike fought as became the native born and adopted sons of Maryland. Here upon this sanguinary field they poured forth their blood like water in defence of constitutional liberty and right, as their sires had done in the battles of the Revolution, and as their children and children's children will do in Revolutions to come.

TO WHITEN STRAW HATS.—Scrape stick sulphur with a knife, mix the powder to a mush with water, plaster it thickly over it for several hours; brush off when dry. An easy and effectual plan.

WANTED AT THE CROSS ROADS.

I was in a hurry to reach home. No wonder, for it was the wildest night I had ever known in all my life, and the country road over which I took my way was as bad and as dark as country roads in general. Consequently I was walking at a great rate, with the collar of a rough coat over my ears, when suddenly a man stood full in my path, and caught me by the arm.

Hullo!" said he. You're just in time, you are wanted at the Cross Roads tonight."

The voice was the voice of a ruffian. I fancied myself attacked by a highwayman.

I stood quite still, [illegible] strove to show him by my [illegible] object was able to [illegible] and warn him [illegible] of this [illegible] at the Cross Roads for?" said I. "Unless I close, it would be hard to get me there.

But, instead of procuring a pistol and demanding my money or my life, the man answered in an altered tone.

"Beg pardon! I made a mistake. I thought it was my brother, and wanted to frighten him. Bad night, sir."

"Very said I.

"You don't know the time?" he asked.

It was seven when I left the train at ——," I said.

"Thank ye," said the man. "Good night!"

If his object had been robbery probably he had decided, from my rough muffers, that I was too poor a man to be worth the trouble.

But after all, I said probably he spoke the truth. A man may have such a voice, without being a highwayman, no doubt.

So I went on homeward, and soon found myself under shelter, and partaking of a warm and savory meal.

My mother was there and my brother Ben. Ben was a great strapping fellow, who could beat any other boy of his age for miles around, if it came to wrestling or boxing, and as good-humored a boy as ever lived; a boy always to his mother, and I thought he had exercised his right to vote already in one Presidential election.

When supper was over and we had chatted for an hour, we went up stairs together. We share one room

The moment Ben's head touched the pillow he always went to sleep. That night I followed his example.

But I did not sleep long without a dream in which I felt a rough gap on my arm and was roused by a crying in my ear.

"Wake up! you're wanted [illegible] Cross Roads."—

It was so real, so palpable, that when I started broadawake I actually believed that some one was in the room—the man who had met me on the road, perhaps, and who intended robbery or violence.—But when I had lit my lamp the room was empty, except myself and Ben lying snoring on his pillow,

I went to the door; it was locked. I went to the window; the rush of rain against the panes was all I heard. I even went across the passage to my mother's room. She was awake. There had been no unusual sound she was sure.

Only a dream, born of my meeting with the strange man upon the road, I felt sure had awakened me. I went to bed and fell asleep again. Again I was awakened by the same words—this time shrieked in my ear by an unearthly voice.

"Wake up! wake up! You are wanted at the Cross Roads."

I was on my feet once more, and caught Ben's hand as he came to my cot.

"What ails you?" he cried.

"Nothing," I replied. "Did you hear a voice."

"Yours," said Ben, yelling, 'wake up! You fairly frightened me."

"Ben said I, light the lamp. I heard another voice. The must be some one in the house or outside.

So we lit the lamp, and we searched, but in vain.

"Nightmare," said Ben, when I told him my story.

"Ben," said I, "what is there at the Cross Roads?"

"A house," said Ben. He had lived in the neighborhood a long time, and I but a short while.

One little house, beside two oak trees and a fence. An old man lives there, a rich old fellow, and a bit of a miser they say. His grand daughter keeps house for him."

Ben, said I, "that fellow may have meant harm to them. I may be wanted at the Cross Roads"

"Brother" said Ben; go to sleep. You had a nightmare"—and Ben plunged in between the blankets and was soon snoring again.

I also in ten minutes was sleeping soundly as before, but the awakening quickly came again.

I opened my eyes to see a girl standing at the foot of the bed. A girl in white robes with golden hair about her shoulders, who wrung her hands and cried, "Oh, wake up! you are wanted at the Cross Roads."

This time I started out of bed, bathed in cold perspiration. I trembled like a leaf, and had no doubt that I had recieved a supernatural warning.

"Ben," I cried. "Ben, for the third time I have been told that I am wanted at the Cross Roads; and I am going."

And I began to dress myself as speedily as possible, listening meanwhile to the storm, raging madder and wilder than at any other period since its commencement.

Ben remonstrated with me in vain.—At last he also began to huddle on his clothes.

If you have gone mad, I must go with you," he said.

"But fancy another man going in a storm like this to the Cross Roads, because a nightmare advises him to do so, and what would you think of him?"

I said nothing. All I could have answered would have been:

"I am impelled to go; I must go; I dare not refuse, whatever may be thought of me."

In ten minutes we were splashing through the mud and rain along the road. It was perfectly dark; now and then a blazing red star in the distance told us that a lamp was gleaming through the rain in some cottage window, but otherwise would have not been conscious of our proximity to any habitation whatever.—At last nearing the spot where the road from S——crosses the road from P——, we were, indeed, in as solitary a place as could well be imagined.

The house, which abutted on the very angle of the roads called, in familiar parlance, the Cross Roads, was the only one for some distance in either direction and certainly on such a night we were not likely to meet many travelers.

All was silent as a grave. We stood quite still. In a moment Ben broke out into one of his wildest laughs.

"Well," he said, "how now? Will you go home and have another nightmare?"

But hardly had the words escaped his lips, when a shriek broke on the air, and a woman's voice plainly coming from the interior of the cottage cried.

"Help! help help!"

"Ben," said I, "we are wanted at the Cross Roads," and then understanding each other, without more words, we made our way to a window, through which a light shone. A muslin curtain draped the panes, but through it we saw an awful sight.

An old man lay upon the floor, and over him a ruffian, clutching his throat, and holding a pistol to his ear, while another man grasped a shrieking girl by the arm—a girl in a floating night dress—with such long golden hair as belonged to the woman of my vision.

Not a moment was to be wasted

Ben flung his weight against the slender lattice and crushed it in, and we had grappled with the ruffians before they knew whence the attack came, or how many foes were upon them.

I do not intend to describe the struggle, indeed I could not if I would. But we were strong men, and inspired by the cries of the helpless, girl, soon had one of the villians bound, and the other lying prostrate on the floor.

Then Ben started for assistance, and before morning both were in jail, Ben admitting as we shook each other by the hand, that we were "wanted at the Cross Roads."

The old man was not a miser, but he had saved some few thousand for his old age, and living more plainly than he need have done, had given rise to the rumor, and so brought the burglars to the Cross Roads in hope of booty.

The girl, a beautiful creature of seventeen, was his grand daughter, and as no story is acceptable to the lady readers without a flavor of romance, I will tell them that she became in after years, not my wife, but the wife of my darling brother, Ben.

A SPAT AND A QUARREL.—A most curious and strange illustration of the inherent love of war in the human bosom is given in the history of a man and wife, now living in Maury County, Tenn., within six miles of Columbia. An old couple, who were once happy, and enjoyed life as much, perhaps, as it is possible for a married couple to enjoy it, live in the locality above indicated. They own a small property, but have no children.—They eat their meals together daily, except when the old man is out hunting, at which time the lady of the house enjoys her grub in silence. Every evening of the year except one, they occupy opposite sides of the fireplace, one wuffing tobacco smoke up the chimney, and the other chewing snuff and growing to herself.—Not a word passes. At about 10 o'clock they simultaneously rise from the fire and go to bed in silence.

The exceptional day to this beautiful, harmonious life, is the 25th of December, commonly called, in this Christain country, "Christmas Day," when there occurs a regular, old-fashioned fight between the silent twain. This is an annual battle, and, like other fights, is a contest for the supremacy of an idea. It was inaugurated in this wise:

Nearly ten yerrs ago, on Christmas Day, in the morning, the old man went out hunting for something fat for dinner. After an absence of about five hours, he returned with an animal of some sort, and slinging it on the floor, he triumphantly exclaimed:

"There, there, Betty, is a ground-hog for dinner." Betty turned the affair over with the tip of her brogan, gazed intently for two minutes, and then deliberately said:

"Fraugh! it's a skunk!"

The husband didn't like this expression of opinion on the part of his beloved, but being a mild man, and anxious to retain the long-standing good feeling between them, he contented himself with a gentle reiteration of his first remark. The wife again dissented. The husband put a little more firmness in his next reiteration. The lady became firm also, and even indulged in a sort of subdued raise at the ignorance of her husband. He waxed cross.

"I tell you, Bet., it is a ground-hog, and I don't want to be contradicted."

But the lady contradicted. "I tell you it is," and "I tell you it aint," followed each other with increasing rapidity and virulence, until the storm assumed the shape of blows. The man pinched and the woman scratched, until both became exhausted, and had to quit from sheer weariness.

Next day when coolness and reflection superseded heat and passion, both silently regretted the unfortunate difference of opinion, which left the head of the house with half his beard and very little hair, and the lady with two eyes of unusual darkness; but they spoke not. No, both were too proud and guilty for that. They remained silent until a whole year had rolled round, and Christmas day came on. While enjoying a cup of thick, black coffee and a greasy corn dodger, the wife mildly ventured to remark to the effect that they had been very foolish a year ago to fall out and pound each other about so miserably a thing as a skunk.

"Yes," said the repentant husband, "it was darned wicked of us, and we oughtu't ha' done it; you forgot, Bet, that was a ground-hog and not a skunk."

Bet did not forget; she had reason to remember, although the black eyes were all gone then, but she knew it was a skunk. The husband thought it a shame for her to hold the opinion still, particularly when she knew it to be a ground-hog. She knew it to be a skunk—he knew it was a hog. She knew different. The virulence again crept in, words waxed hot and blows followed. The scene of the former Christmas Day was re-enacted to a nicety, and both went to bed exhausted, with blacker eyes in her head and less hair on his. They were repentant and silent next day, and spent the year without speaking; but when the anniversary arrived the same scene was gone through with religious precision, and has been gone through with every Christmas since. The people for miles around have become aware of these annual idiosyncracies in the lonely and peculiar pair, and look forward with much interest to the developments of the coming Christmas. It may be proper to remark, for the sake of perspicuity, that the lady's eyes, from being originally a light gray, have become a coaly black from the periodical dying which her considerate husband gives them; and his hair has entirely disappeared, owing to the yearly operations of her long fingers.

There are various opinions entertained as to when the war will end, but the general belief is that the lady will use up the old man in a few more fights.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.—The following extract is from the advance sheets of a new book, written by a member of the Louisiana Tigers, a military organization which gained an extensive notoriety during the late rebellion:

"When in 1861, the war for Southern independence broke out, I was a citizen of New Orleans, and a member of the society of the Knights of the Golden Circle. I entered into the service of the Confederate States at once. I did this for two reasons. First, because I was earnest in the cause and thoroughly convinced of its justice; and, secondly, because even if I had not not been so convinced, the tide of popular opinion would have borne me into the ranks. Many, unlike me, were, I am convinced, enrolled as volunteers under the 'stars and bars' as the only resource of gaining their daily bread. In sound health and of much endurance, there were few battles of importance in the first year of the war in which I did not take a part.

"Of all the thrilling and inspiring recollections of my career, however, not one impressed me like the charge of the Louisiana Tigers, of which I was a member, in the battle of Gettysburg. It was late on Thursday, July 2, not far from 7 o'clock, that we received the order to attack. For some time we had been lying in a ravine of a field just below Cemetery Hill. Between this hollow and the foot of the hill was a meadow about forty rods wide. On the hill, at his right center, the enemy, under the command of Gen. O. O. Howard, as I have since read, had planted batteries which it became necessary for us to take. Just as the sun was declining, and the purple shadows of the Summer evening were gathering over the crest of the hill, our officers, in few but stirring words, told us what we had to do. That was a supreme moment. Gen. Early at the same time attacked that part of the enemy's line which rested on the flank of the hill near a stone wall; and to the Tigers was assigned the glorious task of charging upon the batteries themselves. As soon as we came out plainly to sight upon the open meadow, we were stormed upon with grape and canister, shot and shell. I cannot say what others did; but as for myself, I set my teeth, crouched low, and fixing my eye upon a tall and sappely tree, which stood out alone like a giant sentinel right among the guns of the foe, pushed forward as fast as I could run.

"The loud and continued yelling with which we sounded the charge grew less exultant as we advanced, and many of our comrades fell around us; but despite all, we pushed on—on to the crest of the hill—on to the small ramparts or defences around the batteries—on to the very guns themselves. Then I forgot that I was part of an organized body, and became but one of the many engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy. I remember that I observed that the twilight had now come down, for as I leaped upon a gun-carriage I saw that the blaze of the piece lighted up the face of the gunner. I clubbed my musket, and with all my might dealt a blow at his head, just as he was pulling the trigger; but missed him, and, carried forward by the impulse of my blow, plunged headlong under the gun I had designed taking. Then all became confusion; a thousand feet seemed running over me at once; the mingled sounds of shouting, yelling, cursing and sudden charge of multitudes swaying to and fro; the roll of musketry, the throb of artillery, the final repulse of my comrades, sore-smitten and retiring down the hill, and the wild cheers of the enemy in pursuit—all these, and myself crushed, pacled, beaten, trampled into the dust and a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, make up the finale of my part in the tragedy of Gettysburg. What an end to my high hopes and anticipations!"

NERVOUSNESS.—The symptoms of this distressing complaint are trembling sensations, quiverings, shaky hands, involuntary blushing, general debility, sleeplessness, headaches, loss of appetite, failing memory, dizziness of vision, vague apprehensions of impending evil, and general distaste for all the duties and occupations of life. These render the victim perfectly miserable. The mode of cure depends on proper medicine and suitable diet. For the diet the patient should try cocoa for breakfast; for dinner roast or boiled mutton, roast beef, chops or steaks, or fowls; no salt meat, nor veal or pork; puddings made of rice, vermicelli, or tapioca; but no pastry in any shape. He should avoid pickles, cheese, jams and new bread. He may drink stout or porter, but not ale. Port wine may be used in moderation. Cheerful books, amusing publications, and agreeable society should also be sought; and a proper amount of exercise out of doors should be taken. He may eat meat often; and, if he can take it somewhat under-done, it is preferable. As for medicine, he may take the following: Three ounces and a half of camphor julep, three ounces and a half of peppermint water, three drachms of spirits of ammonia, three drachms of syrup of saffron, one drachm of tincture of camphor—well mixed. Three tablespoonfuls to be taken when required. It is intended for occasional, not constant use.

A PINCH OF SALT.—Salt is the great regulator of the health of the World.—Without it the seas would be impure and the land a desolate scene of destruction; man would not be able to live, and the beasts of the field, with the plants that feed them, would no longer be seen. The little grain of salt, at which we hardly glance, is thus of vital importance in the great household of nature. But it shares the fate of all indispensible things by which we are surrounded; habit makes dull the sensibility of our senses, and with it the activity of thought that depends on such impressions. Only what is rare and unusual attracts brilliancy and useless beauty. The sparkling diamond is sure of admiration; set in bright gold it is esteemed above all things, and serves to enchant beauty, to display our wealth or to symbolize supreme power. The unattractive twin sister, black coal, has to do hard work in the kitchen, the workshop, and the factory, like a true Cinderella, and yet on coal and not on the diamond rests the true wealth of a nation, the foundation of happiness for countless millions. Thus it is with the tiny grain of salt; rich and poor use it day by day on their table, and enjoy it with everything they eat and drink, but few ever inquire whence it came and what accident or what necessity brought it there. And yet let it be missing but for a single day, and how we would suffer.

THE END.—"Generation after generation," says a writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like vapor, while nature were the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn as he had once for our children. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing will be stilled, and all will be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and prayers be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness for the worm.—And, it may be, for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will green in and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and eyes that mourned for us will be dried and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us and will not remember to lisp our names."

Some wag tells a story of an old gentleman who's eight or ten clerks bored him constantly with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a closed store by a countryman.

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?"

"Go to blazes with your conundrums," cried he. "I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks!"

A physician thinks the Grecian benders will soon ask his profession, "Can't then all medicine to a spine disease?"