THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

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"THE UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

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THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

It is night; almost morning—the clock has struck three;
Who can tell where, this moment, my darling may be?
On the window has gathered the moisture like dew;
I can see where the moon-beams steal trembingly through;
It is cold, but not windy—how dreary and damp
It must be for our soldiers, exposed in the camp!
Though I know it is warmer and balmier southern,
Yet I shrink from the thought of the chilling night airs;
He never was used to the hardships of men,
When at home, for I shielded and cherished him then;
And to all that could tend to his comfort I
He seemed like a child till he went to the war!

He is twenty, I know; and boys younger than he
In the ranks, going by, every day we can see;
And those stronger and prouder, by far, I have met,
But I never have seen a young soldier as yet,
With so gallant a mein, or so lofty a brow—
How the sun and the wind must have darkened it now!
How he will have changed, when he comes from the South!
With his beard shutting out the sweet smiles of his mouth;
And the tremulous beauty, the womanly grace,
Will be bronzed from the delicate lines of his face,
Where, of late, only childhood's soft beauty I saw,
For he seemed like a child till he went to the war!

He was always so gentle, and ready to yield—
And so frank, there was nothing kept back or concealed,
He was always so sparkling with laughter and joy,
I thought he could never cease being a boy;
But when sounded the cannon for battle, and when
Rose the rallying cry of our Nation for men,
From the dream-loving mood of his boyhood he passed;
From his path the light fetters of pleasure he cast;
And rose, ready to stand in the perilous van,
Not the tremulous boy, but the resolute man;
And I gazed on him sadly with trembling and awe;
He was only a child till he went to the war!

There are homes that are humbler and sadder than ours,
There are ways that are barer of beauty and flowers;
There are those that must suffer for fire and for bread,
Living only to sorrow and wish they were dead;
I must try and be patient—I must not repine—
But what heart is more lonely, more anxious than mine?
Or what hearth can be darker than mine seem to be,
Now the glow of the fire-light is all I can see—
Where my darling, in beauty, so lately I saw—
He was only a child till he went to the war!

THE STORY OF THE WAR.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL!

Harry Milton had for two years belonged to one of the crack regiments of New York.—His friends had sometimes laughed at him for playing at war, and being a *trainer* rather than a soldier; but no one smiled, when, a few days after the President's appeal for men, he marched off in the ranks that contained the best blood of the city, to certain danger and possible death. Harry was wealthy and well born, one of the "courted darlings of the aristocracy;" but his was a large family, he was unmarried and disengaged, and he could see no reason why, when men were wanted, he should seek to avoid the hardships of the life of a private soldier. So, while the heart of the great metropolis was wrung with grief, he and his comrades marched bravely away.

In due time they reached the capital, though not without many hardships, and pitched their white tents on the green fields and under the spreading trees beside the broad Potomac.—This was a crack regiment, as I have said, and in the evening, at dress parade, whatever of beauty or fashion remained in the besieged city came out to their camp. For the first night or two Harry was in the ranks, and had but much opportunity for observing the visitors; but at length there came an evening when he was on guard duty, and his beat was at the extreme right of the line. As he paced slowly up and down, he noticed a lady and a gentleman stroll away from a group and pause beneath a tree close beside him. The gentleman was tall and dark, with fierce black eyes, and a gaunt, strange face; as his look ran along the lines of statued soldiers and glittering bayonets, a scowl of the fiercest hate darkened his brow, and between his set teeth he muttered what seemed a curse; the threatening expression startled the young sentinel; he walked noiselessly away, but as soon as he turned again, kept a wary watch on the odd stranger. He was evidently much excited, talking eagerly with his companion, and more than once making a menacing gesture towards the regiment. The lady was evidently trying to check him, and at last laid her hand on his arm, and turned imploringly towards the approaching sentinel. Then, for the first time, Harry saw her. A fair, beautiful face, and large brown eyes, that looked at him with a glance of such deprecative wistfulness that an involuntary sentiment of pity, and perhaps even then the softer sentiment that is akin to it, filled his heart. He could only return her look by a respectful salute, but she seemed to understand, for a half smile broke on her sweet lips, and Harry felt as if for another such smile he would have done almost anything. When he turned away again it was all he could do to restrain himself from pacing over that portion of his beat that led from the enchanted spot where she stood, that he might again have a chance to see her lovely face.

She was still there as he turned, and looked quite happy, for her strange companion was quiet now, only with a moody scowl regarding the glittering ranks before him. Harry's luck befriended him this evening, for as he came up again he saw an orderly who was able to send after a camp stool for the lady. His attention was gratefully accepted, and once more that bewitching smile more than rewarded him; and after the parade was over Harry's lieutenant strolled near, and catching sight of the couple, came up to greet them as old friends. So now he could know who she was. Of course he watched them all the more eagerly then, hoping earnestly that they would stay until after the change of guard.—And once again fortune was his friend. They waited, and Harry was made happy by being presented to the Hon. Manlius R. and his niece, Miss Clara Heywood.

Their interview was but a short one, and Harry was intensely surprised to hear Mr. R. speak smilingly and with apparent enthusiasm of "our magnificent army." One would have thought, to hear his words, that he was the most loyal of men; yet Harry fancied he could detect a lurking sneer in those black eyes, and he could not forget the evident detestation of that unguarded moment. Clara, too, remembered it; there was the same deprecating look in her soft eye during their brief conversation; and as they turned to go, she said, half aside:

"Mr. Milton, I have to thank you for your kindness."

Of course, Harry walked at her side, as he replied, puzzled to know exactly to what she referred, whether to the camp chair, or something more important. "I can never see a lady in distress without wishing to help her.',

"You are very good," she went on, looking at him so earnestly that the young soldier felt his heart beat more than it would under an enemy's fire. "I shall never forget those words; perhaps some day I may want you to help me, and shall remind you of them."

"Anything you order shall be done," Harry burst out. "Believe me, Miss Heywood, I shall never swerve from that promise."

"Thank you," and Clara held out her little hand, saying hurriedly, "My uncle is sometimes very strange; forget all you have seen to-day."

"Except you," answered Harry, as he pressed the little fingers, and internally execrated the rules that kept him prisoner within the camp ground.

Harry's dreams that night were haunted by Clara's soft brown eyes, and all the next day he was wondering how and where he could see her again. He did not mention the suspicions her uncle's strange conduct had awakened to any one, but he made some inquiries respecting him, and was surprised to learn that he was from the southwest, but supposed to be of undoubted loyalty. Fortune or design brought about another meeting sooner than Harry had dared to hope. The next evening Clara and her dark uncle were again at the parade, and this time they linger'd long afterwards, Harry was able to pass a blissful half-hour with her and later, through the kindness of an officer, to get leave to accompany her to her home, which was at a quiet boarding-house on a side street.

After this it was easy for them to meet, as not only Clara but her uncle always welcomed Harry with a warm cordiality that on the part of the old gentleman was very pointed. He seemed eagerly desirous of cultivating the young soldier's acquaintance, and throwing him constantly into the fascinating society of his niece. If it was a trap, it was one into which Harry was quite ready to fall. Every day found him only more devoted, more willing to do anything for this beautiful girl.

Thus several weeks passed away, and Harry had listened so often to Mr. R.'s protestations of devotion to the Government and admiration of the army, that he had almost forgotten his first unfavorable impression, though sometimes he surprised the same half-sad, half-deprecating expression in Clara's brown eyes, yet it changed so soon to a soft sweet smile, that he could attach no more than a vague importance to it. He knew that those smiles were more precious to him than aught else in the world, and no longer attempted to conceal from himself that to win this young girl for his own had become to be the one object of his life.

Yet no word of love had passed between them; and so the days stole by until one night when Harry had leave and was starting away on a visit to Clara, he was stoped by a stirring murmur that ran through the camp.

"An advance! and our regiment goes."

Then cheer after cheer rang through the summer air. Only a short time to prepare, for at midnight they were to move. Harry knew that once across the Potomac, his chances of seeing Clara would be very small. He must see her to-night, then, if but for a moment; and after a hasty word with his officer, he started at a rapid pace for her home. She was there to meet him, pour in her white robe as an angel.

"Miss Clara, I must see you alone."

His manner was so agitated that she yielded at once, and together they went out on a quiet balcony.

"I can trust you with a secret that is already half public," he said. "We cross into Virginia to-night."

Even by the dim light from within he could see how pale she grew.

"To-night?" she gasped; "It will be very dangerous."

"No, I fancy not," Harry began, but he could no longer restrain himself; seizing her cold and trembling hand, he burst out: "But darling Clara, before I go, I must tell you how much I love you—with all my heart, dearest! and will you not promise to be mine?"

Her only answer was a low sob, but it was enough; he drew the beautiful head down on his shoulder, and was whispering protestations of love and assurances that he was really in very little danger.

After this first excitement was over, they could talk more calmly, and for the first time Clara told him her history.

"My father," she said, "was an officer of our army; he died in defence of his flag far away from here among the Indians. I was his only child—my mother's spirit passed away when I was born. I have been for many years an orphan, but my uncle has kindly cared for me; he is a strange man; I know you have sometimes thought his manner very odd; I tremble for him now, for I know he has never shaken off his Southern proclivities; but for all, Harry, I am a soldier's daughter, and I tell you now, I will never desert the flag that he shed his blood to save from disgrace."

"I believe you dearest," replied Harry, sincerely; "and remember, whatever happens, you will have a protector in me; you must call upon me for anything you need."

"I will," faltered Clara.

"And now I must go."

"So soon?"

"Yes; I only obtained leave for this short time, by promising to return in an hour, and you know a soldier's promise must never be broken."

So with many more assurances, and some mutual sighs, they parted, and Harry went away to his camp, so happy that all the hard work of that and many succeeding days and nights was made light by the glorious future.

He did not see Clara again for what seemed a very long time, but he heard from her frequently, and those sweet notes breathing out the love of her young heart cheered him on. Then, too, he could dream of the time when, his term of service over, he could claim her for his bride. So the days stole by, until the time came when at last the Government awakened and began to seize in its iron grasp all those suspected or proved to be traitors.

One night the moon was silvering with her pale rays, all the wooded shore of the Potomac, the air was still and pure as if it had never been blackened with smoke or cloven with cannon balls. Once again Henry was on sentinel,s duty; he was one of the picket of soldiers who were guarding the road that led away towards Manassas; his beat was a long a lonely lane skirted with bushes and deeply shaded by overarching trees. Back and forth he had marched in his monotonous round for one lonely hour that had been brightened only by dreams of Clara. It was past midnight, and all but the guards on duty were sleeping quietly. No sound disturbed the stillness but the faint chirping of the summer insects and the long sigh of the wind through the trees. Harry was just thinking how peaceful was everything but his own soldierly figure, when a faint rustle caught his alert ear. He listened intently; again the same indistinct noise, and he caught sight of a dark object scrouching in the shade of the bushes. In an instant he had brought his piece to bear, with a sharp—

"Who goes there?"

No answer, and with levelled gun, he cried again,

"Advance and give the countersign or I fire.'

Then with arrested aim he heard a low shriek and caught the words,

"Harry, Harry, Harry!"

He dropped his musket in utter amazement; he knew only to well that voice, and sprang forward

"Clara! in God's name, how came you here?"

A slight figure glided to his side; it was her, indeed—pale as a gost, and, wraped in a long dark cloak, she was trembling so that she could scarcely articulate. He could only support her on his arm, at the same time glancing warily about in dasperate sread of some martal foe.

"Speak, Clara," he exclaimed; "in Heaven's name, tell me how you came here?"

"Oh, Harry," she gasped, "my uncle! they are after him; he will be seized and thrown into prison. I have told him I would save him; he is here with me. Only let us go past."

"Never!" exclaimed Harry, though even as he spoke all the horrors of his position flashed upon him. He knew that even to talk with her one instant while on guard was a violation of his duty; and yet, how summon his comrades, and expose his pure darling to their rude jests? "Oh, Clara!" he groaned, "you know not what you ask; leave me and go back to your home."

"No," she answered firmly. "Harry, have you forgotten all you promised? You have said you would do anything I asked."

"Anything but this."

"But surely, you will let my poor uncle go? I owe him so much, and I have sworn to save him now."

"How did you cross the river without a pass?" asked Harry, with sudden hope.

"In an open boat, we two alone. "Now, Harry, let me call him and let us go free."

"No, never!" repeated Harry. "If you call your uncle, I summon the guard; for your sake I dread to do so. Leave me, then, Clara, and go away as you came."

"Then give me the countersign," she begged, imploringly.

"No, Clara, how can you ask me to commit such an infamy?"

"You do not love me," she sobbed, drawing away from him.

"I do," replied Harry, solemnly; "I love you more than my life, but not more than my honor."

Clara was sobbing now convulsively, and only shook her head.

"You are a soldier's daughter, Clara; you ought not to ask of me what will surely cover my name with disgrace."

As he spoke there was a sound of quick footsteps approaching. Clara sprang again to his side.

"Forgive me!" she murmured. At the instant, there was a glitter of steel in the moonlight. Aarry levelled his gun, for he knew those were hostile bayonets. Close behind him, a tall, dark figure glided across the road.

"Back!" he cried, and levelling at the nearest intruder, fired. A score of cracking shots replied; a sudden agony seized him; he heard a woman's shriek, long and shrill, and then blackness swept over his senses.

It was days before he recovered any consciousness. The wound was very severe, and for a long time thought to be fatal. He was for hours delirious, and in all his raving Clara's image haunted his disordered brain He saw her calling upon the enemy to fire upon him; he fancied her bringing up rank after rank of glittering muskets that his single arm must vanquish; he called on her again and again in the wildest tones to take his life, but spare his honor. When at last he recovered his senses, what a sad awakening it was! Clara was gone, and he durst not ask anything about the events of that terrible night. One afternoon he was lying with half-closed eyes, sadly wishing that the bullet so nearly fatal had quite taken away his wretched life. He never doubted that Clara had betrayed and left him, and now that she was gone, what had he to hope for?

He fell into a half-dose of utter exhaustion. The room to which he had been conveyed was in one of the great hospital, but apart from the main building. He no longer required watchers, and to-day he was alone. He slept uneasily until the long warm afternoon had faded away, and then he waked with a long sigh to mental misery and bodily pain. His sensitive ear seemed to catch a repensive sigh. He listened; surely he was not alone. A white figure was kneeling by his bed. was it his sister? He knew she was expected.

"Mary," he whispered faintly.

The bowed head was raised, and Clara's brown eyes met his own.

"Clara!" he asked bitterly; "you here? have you come to look at the ruin you have brought?"

"Harry," she said, seizing his hand, and, despite his feble efforts, carrying it to her lips; "I swear to you as there is a God in heaven, I knew not of that surprise."

"And your uncle?"

"He knew it, I fear," she answered softly. "He must have known it, and would not tell me lest I should betray him. When I saw what they had done, I left him. I would not have gone away, among those traitors for all that the world could give. No, Harry, I stayed with you. When you fell, I swore to nurse you back to life, or share your grave."

"Could you have been with me at this time?"

"Yes, and heard you accuse me of your death and dishonor. Oh. Harry! can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, darling?—yes, and since you have saved the life you perilled, henceforth it shall be wholly yours."

Need we ask how that pledge will be fulfilled? When Harry was strong enough there was a quiet wedding. He got a commision for his fidelity, and is willing once again to risk his life for the sake of his beloved country

The Indian Vampyre.

The Journal of the Asiatic Society contains the following interesting account of the above. Mr. Blyth, who contributed the notice, says: "Happening, one evening, to observe a rather large bat enter an outhouse, from which there was no other egress than by the doorway, I was fortunate enough in being able to procure a light, and thus proceed to the capture of the animal. Upon finding itself pursued, it took three or four turns round the apartment, then down dropped what at the moment I supposed to be its young, and which I deposited in my handkerchief. After a somewhat tedious chase I then secured the object of my pursuit, which proved to be a fine pregnant female of *Megaderma lyra*. I then looked at the other bat, which I had picked up, and, to my considerable surprise, found it to be a small *Vespertilio*, nearly allied to the European *V. pipistrellus*, which is exceedingly abundant, not only here, but apparently throughout India, being the same also, to all appearance, as a small species which my friend, Dr. Cantor, procured in Chusan. The individual now referred to, was feeble from loss of blood, which it was evident the *Megaderma* had been sucking from a large and still-bleeding wound, under and behind the ear; and the very obviously suctorial form of the mouth of the vampyre was, of itself, sufficient to hint the strong probability of such being the case. During the very short time that elapsed before I entered the out-house, it did not appear that the depredator had once alighted, but I am satisfied that it sucked the vital current from its victim as it flew, having probably seized it on the wing, and that it was seeking a quiet nook where it might devour the body at leasure. I kept both animals wraped separately in my handkerchief till the next morning, when, procuring a convenient cage, I first put in the *Megaderma*, and, after observing it for some time, I placed the other bat with it. No sooner was the latter perceived, than the other fastened on it with the ferocity of a tiger, again seizing it, behind the ear, and made several efforts to fly away with it; but finding it must needs stay within the precincts of the cage, it soon hung by the hind legs to one side of its prison, and, after sucking its victim till no more blood was left, commenced devouring it, and soon left nothing but the head and some portions of the limbs. The voidings observed very shortly after in its cage resembled clotted blood, which will explain the statement of Steadman and others, concerning masses of congealed blood being always observed near a patient who has been attacked by a South American vampyre. Such, then, is the mode of subsistence of the *Megaderma*. The sanguinvorous propensities of certain bats inhabiting South America have long been notorious, but the fact has not heretofore been observe in the Old World and the circumstance of one kind of bat preying upon another, is altoge her new, though I think it not improbable that the same will be found to obtain (to a gre ter or lesser extent) among the larger species, if not throughout the whole extensive allied genus of *Rhinolophus* [or horse shoe bats), which, like *Megrderma*, are peculiar to Eastern world."

Washington as a Hunter.

General Washington, with regard to fox hunting, was a representative man in his day, and was probably one of the best riders of his time—an accomplishment that gave him dignity and efficiency when he became the Commander-in-Chief in the Revolutionary Army. His favorite horse after he took up his residence at Mount Vernon, was a splendid iron-gray, approaching to blue, rejoicing in the name of Blenheim. His house, at the time referred to, was the central point, not only from the vicinity, but from Maryland, for gentlemen who were fond of the chase; these friendly visits frequently extending for weeks, and each day made memorable by unbounded hospitality.

Washington dressed for a fox hunt must have been a most splendid specimen of a man, his fine person set off by the true sporting costume of blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, boots with yellow tops, silver spurs, velvet cap, and a showy whip handle, supporting a long tapering, but heavy lash.—Thus adorned, and accompanied by Hill Lee, his huntsman, at the head of his friends and retainers, at early dawn, he took the field, and in the excitement of the chase none rode more gallantly, and no voice more cheerily made the woodlands ring than his. The foxes hunted at this time were the gray species; but there was an exception, a black fox, that Washington frequently hunted, but without success. This animal, the history of which would, no doubt, be curious, would bid defiance to all pursuers running from ten to twenty miles, distancing both dogs and horses. It was the boast of Washington that his pack, numerous as it was, ran so close that they could be covered with a blanket—an expression that is as suggestive as a volume could be of the nice sense he had of the proprieties of the sport, and what a critical eye and judgment he brought to bear in its enjoyment.—Washington's hunting establishment, though not entirely destroyed, was comparatively neglected while he was absent at the head of the army; but on his return home, Lafayette, with a thoughtful appreciation of his old commander's fondness for field sports, sent him a pack of French hounds of unusual size and speed, which Washington received with the liveliest expressions of delight, and which he used in favorable weather as often as every other day in the week, generally starting before sunrise, and returning home to breakfast, made doubly appreciated by the exercise and excitement in the bracing morning air.

Occasionally the lady visitors of Mount Vernon, mounted on their palfreys, would go out as charming witnesses of the sport; and that they might gratify their wishes without endangering life or limb, Washington caused roads to be cut through various places in the woods, so that by "short cuts" the most eligible places to see the chase could be reached. On these occasions, Washington was especially conspicuous; taller and finer mounted than any of his companions, he neither spared himself nor his generous steed, maintaining what seemed to be his inherited place, the lead, and at the death yielding to no man the honor of the brush.—*T. B. Thorpe, in Harper's Monthly.*

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.—The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according, to their motion. A guileful heart makes a house where is the forge of deceit and slander; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware is made within, such, and no other, can come out.—*Leighton.*

Enfield Vs. Whitworth Rifles.

In a recently published letter of Mr. Ross, the champion rifle shot of Great Britain, he thus speaks of the comparative merits of the Enfield and Whitworth rifles, "A very serious question has for some years occupied the attention of all persons who take an interest in the defence of the country, and that is whether the Enfield rifle should not be laid aside, and a small-bored rifle adopted. Any one who takes the trouble of examining the records of shooting made at rifle meetings, must have been struck by the immense advantage which small bored rifles have gained over the Enfield. And I am satisfied the day is not very distant when the country will insist on a better weapon being put into the hand of the army and the volunteers. My practice with rifles of all descriptions has been considerable, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the Enfield to be the worst of modern rifles. It has every fault—a high trajectory, rendering it a matter of great chance hitting a distant object when the ground is not accurately measured, a slow flight, which increases very much dificulty of hitting a mark in motion; and very inferior powers of penetration. I lately read a paragraph in the newspapers of very great significance, and which bears on this point. It is stated that Mr. Whitworth had had an interview with the Emperor of the French, the object of that interview being to conclude a bargain for the purchase of 30,000 Whitworth rifles. Experiments were carried on in the presence of the Emperor for two days, and as he was not quite satisfied with the shooting of the rifles, the order was not given. We know something in this country about Whitworth rifles, and if that most shrewd of men, the Emperor, did not think them good enough for his army, we may form some notion of the excellency of the arms with which he ultimately intends to equip his soldiers. put two regiments down in an open country, at the distance of a mile, one armed with Whitworth rifles, the other with Enfield, what would be the result? I believe the latter would be destroyed before their opponants came within the range of the Enfield rifle. I therefore think that "all comers prizes" are most useful for the sake of bringing out the best shot and best rifle. But they will cease to have any interest beyond that of the mere neighborhood of the meeting, if they are not left to perfectly free and open competition."

American Bachelors Badly off!

A sparkling critic, in the Albion, gets to moralizing over a new play called "The Marriage of Jeanette," and thus discourses: "One could not help reflecting on the *miserable condition of bachelors in this country.* A bachelor, it must be told, is the most baffled of wretches, and is often tempted to act on the piece of advice so handsomely volunteered by Carlyle to the Pope, namely, "to give up your foul galvanic life, an offence to gods and men, honestly to die, and get yourself buried." There does not seem to be room enough for him in the world. At the hotels he is placed under the roof, or invited to sleep on a table in the dining-room; in the cars he is expected to surrender his seat with affable celerity to the first Biddy who looks snortingly at him; in society he is regarded as a member of the ballet, or as a pleasing representative of sartorial interests very active and useful on special occasions, where dancing or clothes are needed. His habits are abused, his course of life exposed to the most horrible suspicions, his pecuniary position made the subject of irreverent jeers. Is it wonderful that, under these harsh circumstances, he rushes madly to the Club, or plunges blindly into matrimony? Now, *in France*, where they understand things better than we do, *the bachelor is a hero.* He wears his lavender kid gloves meritoriously; the sable garments of the festive *soiree* command respect; even patent-leather boots are not in vain. Girls of ravishing beauty follow in his train, and try by soft persuasions to lead him to the erroneous path of matrimony. He is permitted to indulge a captious vein of irony toward his married friends. Instead of being laughed at, he is the laugher. Where is the Benedict who commands respect in France? A bachelor may walk triumphantly through life, with the esteem of his fellow-man; it is only when he stumbles on wedlock that he becomes the object of just ridicule."

A Difficult Question Answered.

Can any one tell why, when Eve was made out of one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl was not made at the same time, to wait upon her? We can, easy! Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a hole in his stocking to be darned, a button to be sewed on, or a glove to be mended right away, quick now! Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm-tree, and then streached himself, yawning out, "Ain't supper most ready, my dear?" Not he. He made the fire, and hung over the tea-kettle himself, we'll venture, and pulled the radishes, and did everything he ought to. He milked the cows, and fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought a half dozen friends to dinner when Eve had not anything in the larder, and 'sprangus season was over! He never stayed out until eleven o'clock at a ward meeting, hurrahing for the out-and-out candidate, and then scolding because poor, dear Eve was siting up, and crying inside the gates. To be sure, he acted rather cowardly, about apple-gathering time; but then that doesn't depreciate his general helpfulness about the garden. He never played billiards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never dined at his club, while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was created specially for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl; and we wish it was the reason that none of her fair decendants did.

Modern Arms.

In glancing over the war history of the present century, he must be indeed a stoic who does not sigh over the enormous sacrifice of life which the statistics of the historians disclose. In the battles of the First Napoleon, from the conflict at Marengo, in June, 1800, to the closing fight at Waterloo in the same month of 1815, over eight hundred thousand vigorous men were "expended;" and during the eleven weeks campaign of Napoleon the Third, in Italy, at least one hundred thousand were killed and wounded. Of course, the short, vigorous campaign of the nephew was infinitely less disastrous than the protracted warfare of the uncle. Rifled cannon and Minie rifles, little as they look like it are merciful weapons. They plough the way to peace. Shut up in his all but impregnable shell at Sebastopol, the Russian long defied them, but in field contests they are irresistible. When the entire war history of the present century shall come to be written, it will probably be found by those who come after us that *all* its great battles were decided by *superior arms.*

Zouave Privations.

Dare-devil and *care*-devil are two things! Intrepidity suffers from humidity and frigidity. The funny "Doesticks," who belongs to the "Ellsworth Zouaves," thus describes military duty with discouraging privations: "No man has had a whole suit of clothes for two months. We've gone on guard dressed only in overcoat and musket, and we've done scout duty in the easy and elegant attire of a revolver and one pair of shoes to three men. When we've wanted to dress extra fine for Sunday service, we'd polish our muskets and tie a red rag on each leg. The chaplain, for decency's sake—when he preaches—stands in an empty pork barrel to hide his legs. I called on the colonel yesterday, dressed only in a bayonet, and that considerate officer admired my airy costume much, but said I'd better kill a few secesh ers, and when I bagged one of my own size, I might help myself to his breeches.—When our whole company lately applied to him for clothes he said he hadn't got any for us, but he served out fifteen rounds of ball cartridges to each, and gave us leave of absence for two days, and told us to bury all the secesh ers we killed so as not to lumber up the country. Most of the fellows got good suits of clothes, and Bob Brown was so uncommonly particular that he didn't suit himself till he had killed five fellows. With my usual luck I couldn't find a fellow my size—they were all short or too long—when at last I did find a fellow five feet nine, and had just got a good aim on him, he raised his head and disclosed the unwelcome fact that it was one of our own sergeants. Just my luck—he had on a lovely suit of gray which would have fitted me to a hair, and if I'd been half a second quicker on the trigger, I could have had it, but I couldn't decently shoot after I had seen his face.

Model Sentinel.

An anecdote is related of one of the citizen soldiers in the expedition of the Macpherson Blues against the insurgents in 1794, which is worthy of being recorded, as it may be of service to some of the wealthy soldiers in our own ranks. The person referred to was a German by birth, of the name of Koch, and was well known, in his day, as a large outdoor underwriter. He died some twenty years since in Paris, whither he had gone for the benefit of the climate, leaving a fort me estimated at one million dollars. Mr. Koch, then a young man, was a private in the Macpherson Blues. It fell to his lot one night to be stationed sentinel over a baggage wagon.—The weather was cold, raw, stormy, and wet. This set the sentinel musing. After remaining on post half an hour, he was heard calling lustily: "Corporal of der Guartz! Corporal of der Guartz! The corporal came and inquired what was wanting. Koch wished to be relieved for a few minutes, having something to say to Macpherson. He was gratified and in a few minutes stood in the presence of the general. "Well, Mr. Koch, what is your pleasure?" asked Macpherson. "Why, general, I wish to know what may be der value of dat wagon over which I am shentinel?" "How should I know, Koch?" "Well, something approximative—not to be tar icular." "A thousand dollars, perhaps." "Very well, General Macpherson, I write a sheck for der money, and den I will go to bets," (bed).

Greatness.

All greatness consists in this—in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear, or what they need to hear, at the moment; in being the concretion, the result of the influences of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in responding thus to its needs, in embodying thus its ideas. You will see, in looking to history, that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, and they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily daguerreotyping the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside—the thoughts, if not the actions of men—their feelings and sentiments, even if treated of apparently far-off themes.

Sirens Made by Surgery.

A Lepsic journal tells us that a physician by the name of Potsdoll has discovered a method by which he can artificially produce in anybody's throat any desired quality and register of voice. He creates at pleasure bass, baritone, tenor, or soprano voice in the human larynx by means of a slight and simple operation, quickly performed without pain or danger; and in a week, or a fortnight at farthest, those who have submitted to it acquire great musical powers, however inharmonious the voice may have been previously.

☞ We hardly know any company more disagreeable than that of some people who are ever straining to hook in some quirk of wit, or drollery, whatever be the subject of conversation. Reflect in yourself, after you have passed some hours in such company, and observe, whether it leaves anything in your mind but emptiness, levity, or disgust. Again observe, after you have passed some time in conversation of men of wisdom and learning, if you do not find your mind filled with judicious reflections and worthy resolutions. If you do not, it is because you have not a mind capable of them.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.—It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the future, so as to take proper measures in the *one* for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.—*Fenelon.*

☞ Money and time have both their value. He who makes bad use of the one will never make good use of the other.

☞ It is a pious and valuable maxim which says: "A judicious silence is always better truth spoken without charity.

☞ Be calm while your adversary frets and rages, and you can warm yourself at his fire.

☞ Two can make love, but it takes three to make a wedding.

☞ Nothing, perhaps, strikes the ear more pleasantly than a pretty woman's charming voice—except, perhaps, *her charming hand.*

☞ A cotemporary has been studying phonotypy. Here is a specimen: "Wat cant b qrd must b ndurd."

☞ A young lady out West is charged with putting on airs because she refused to go to a ball barefoot.

☞ Little sincerity is to be expected among belligerents. Even their cannon-balls arguments are all irony.

Life Without Love.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments.—There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affections, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love.

☞ There lives in Vermont a great fellow, of ponderous muscle and endurance. Among other accomplishments he prides himself on being able to carry more liquor than any man in the country. This is a common weakness, but this individual has uncommon strength to support it. He was in town a few days ago, and found himself at one of the best hotels with a gay party of bucks, with whom he was quite at home. Vermont, in the course of events, was asked to take a drink, and he replied with confident strength: "I shrink from no responsibility." He was invited again, as his vanity was well known; and he answered every invitation in the same way, talking louder as he continued. The evening wore on, and after the several individual capacities of the parties had been tried almost to their bent with the non-shrinker, he expressed his intention of "turning in." He was pretty full as he rolled up stairs and into his room. A great racket was heard from his quarters in a few minutes, and a sound like a war-whoop, long drawn out, came to the party below. They were pleased with this, and, like good Samaritans, they went to the room, opened the door, and asked Vermont, in a sympathizing way, if he would have a drop of brandy and water. A voice, terrible even in its prostration, came from a resting place near the floor, and shaped itself in these few words: "Hic—no more! By—hic—*I've shrunk!*"

☞ Bishop Burnet, at onn of his visitations, when the name of a very old gentleman was called over, (of whom a private complaint had been made that the parish could not endure him he gave such bad sermons,) gravely chided the poor parson. "I am told, Mr. ——, that your parish is very well satisfied with you in many respects, but they are much discontented with your sermons. Now there is no excuse for this; for, instead of preaching extempore, as I am told you sometimes do, or giving them your own compositions, you have only to preach good printed sermons, and they will have no cause for complaint." "May it please your lordship," replied the clergyman, "you have been wholly misinformed. I have long been in the habit of preaching printed sermons, and those I have preferred are your lordship's."

☞ A few years since Gen. McClellan offered his hand in marriage to Miss Ellen Marcy, a beautiful and accomplished lady, a daughter of Col. Marcy of the United States Army. Colonel Marcy objected to the union on the sole ground that he could not consent to the marriage of his daughter to any gentleman belonging to the army. McClellan at once resigned his commission, and accepted the place of Chief Engineer upon the Illinois Central Railroad, at a salary of $3,000 a year, and three years since he was married to Miss Marcy, and now, having re-entered the army, is General Commanding-in-Chief.

☞ The Banner of the Cross has lately advanced the following beautiful argument for charity between Christians when they come to die, as having in general a complete agreement in doctrine. They may have differed in life, but in death they agree. This serves to show us that our partyism parations in action and our incongruities in sympathy, are for the most part unjustifiable. We should endeavor to see his now, and act upon it as a truth, which one day we shall own and rejoice in.—We are not as fallible while living as when dying; but if we felt this to be so, there would be no lack of charitable judgment—no conscience separating between us and the body of the faithful."

☞ Words are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like sunshine, the dew, and drizzling rain—but when unfitly, like the frost, ice, hail, and desolate tempest.

☞ A music teacher once wrote that "the art of playing on a violin required the nicest perception and the most sensibility of any art known in the world." Upon which an editor comments in the following manner: "The art of publishing a country newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats the art of fiddling higher than a kite."

☞ A kind-hearted wife once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husband's eyes, which were sore. "Let him wash them every morning with brandy," said the doctor. A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the wife. "Well, has your husband followed my advice?" "He has done everything in his power to do it, doctor, but he could never get the brandy higher than his mouth."

☞ Mrs. Partington addressed Isaac, while eating a dish of strawberries, thus: "How grand you are growing! Byn'd-by you will want to board at the Brevere House, and live on umberella ice-cream. You must be glutinous, dear; I don't like to see a little boy with such a velocity of appetite."

☞ A gentleman was recently roused up in the night, and told that his wife was dead.—He turned round, drew the coverlet closer, pulled down his night-cap, and muttered as he went to sleep again, "Oh, how grieved I shall be in the morning."

☞ "Johnny," said a mother to a see nine years old, "go wash your face. I am ashamed to see you coming to dinner with so dirty a mouth." "I did wash it, mamma," said feeling his upper lip, he added, gravely, "I think it must be a mustache coming."

☞ People who are always talking sentiment have usually no very deep feelings.—The less water you have in a kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.