THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,

☞ The JUNE Number of the ATLANTIC contains co[n]tributions from JOHN G. WHITTIER, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, HARRIET PRESCOTT, ROSE TERRY, T. W. HIGGINSON, J. B. ALDRICH, H. D. THOREAU, ALICE CARRY, and others.

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TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, 135 Washington Street, Boston.

VOL. 5. NO. 127

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Saturday,

MAY 31,

1862.

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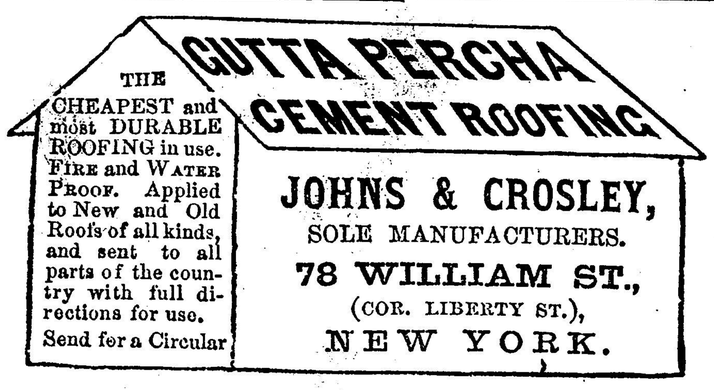

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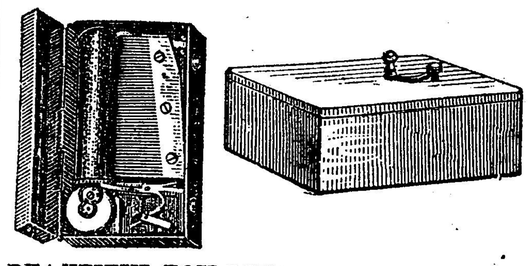

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A QUARTER OF TWELVE.

BY LE GENTILHOMME BLASE.

CHAPTER IV.

"TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE."

Several of the Richmond churches were opened that Sunday night, and thither repaired many of the Cottonocracy, devotional children of Bale, to implore Providence in behalf of an army whose heroes have generally appeared, in the eyes of the Federal troops, to be wholly Leave-ites. The recent intelligence of "another confederate victory," at Williamsburg, had added a finishing touch to the panic created by reports of the triumphant retreat from Yorktown previously received, and the fervor of Richmond's piety on that evening was eminently worthy of a city liable at any moment to be cannonized. The reverend clergy of the rebel capital selected their texts from Exodus by instinct, as it were, and proved so conclusively that the Yankee invader was no man, that the listening congregations were impressed with an instructive and repentant sense of their own wickedness, (for they are the wicked who invariably flee when no man pursueth,) and several members evinced their new-born disguest at this sinful world by resolutely closing their eyes upon it at once.

In his pew sat Mr. VICTOR E. ORDETH, with his wife and son, the latter a member of the Richmond Home Guard. Stiff and erect he sat, like a solemn note of admiration in a printer's case, ready to be used at the end of any sounding passages, suffering an expression of weighty approval to cross his countenance when the preacher hoped the same planets might not thereafter be destined to shine on the North and the South.

And well he might; for there had been something in the late capture of New Orleans and other ports by the Union fleets to impress the Southern mind with no small dread of the North's tar.

LIBBY remained at home under plea of sick-headache; but no sooner were her parents fairly out of the house, than said plea proved to be entirely invalid. At least, the young lady darted to her own private room in a very sprightly manner, brought out from thence a small package, and finally repaired to the apartment wherein Mr. BOB PETERS kept solitary vigils and a bright lookout. Before passing in, however, she paused to have a few words with the faithful and attached JOCKO, whom she discovered on his knees before the door of the captive's cell, with his right eye slightly to the left of the knob.

"JOCKO!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, "what are you doing here, you ridiculous thing?"

"Miss LIBBY," said the humble servitor, looming dimly in the shadow of the hall as he slowly arose from his feet, "Ise ben prayin' dat you might become a christian, and one ob these days, when de great Hallelugerum come, hab wings and a harp."

Scarcely were these affecting words uttered, when Mr. PETERS tore open the door rather disrespectfully, so greatly discomposing the devoted black that the latter incontinently fled.

"My dear girl," said BOB, leading his fair visitor into the room, "I'm delighted to see you. The shutters are up, the gas is lit, and I'm prepared to do the sentimental. Oh-um-m—Lubin's Extracts!" ejaculated Mr. BOB PETERS. For he had kissed her.

"There, dear ROBERT, don't be so absurd. You know you are going to leave us to-night, and I have brought you—" here LIBBY blushed with that exquisitely ingenuous emotion which is excited by the consciousness of benefiting one we love—"I have brought you some things that may be of use on your journey. You won't be angry with me for it, will you, dear BOB? There's a smoking cap, and a pair of crochet slippers, and some drawing pencils, and a volume of TUPPER."

"My darling LIBBY!" remarked the deeply affected ROBERT, alighting on those tempting lips once more. "But did you think, love—did you think to put a quart of ice-cream and a few hairpins in the package?"

"Why, no."

"Ah, well," said Mr. BOB PETERS, abstractedly, "I suppose I can buy them on the road."

Silence, disturbed only by the beating of those two hearts, reigned for a few seconds, then—

"BOB," said LIBBY, looking shyly up to him, "we shall be very happy when we are married and live North?"

"Yes, indeed," said BOB.

"We'll live in such a beautiful house on Fifth Avenue, dear, and have such nice things. Because, you know, yon can make so much money by your writings."

"Millions! my love," said Mr. BOB PETERS, with sudden and wonderful quietude of tone. "When I left New York prose was bringing two dollars for seven pounds in the heavy dalies, and philosophical poetry quoted at six shillings a yard, and no hexameters allowed except for EMERSON and HOMER. Ah!" said Mr. PETERS, his melancholy deepening rapidly to bitterness, "my last poem sickened me. It was called; "Dirge: addressed to a lady after witnessing the Drama of the "Toodles'," and commenced in this way:

Not all the artist's pow'r can limn,
Nor poet's grander verse disclose,
The plaintive charm that ev'ning dim,
Imparts unto the dying rose."

"How pretty!" said LIBBY.

"Yes, my dear," responded Mr. PETERS somewhat gloomily; "but because I used 'dim' to rhyme with 'limn,' all the papers credited it to GENERAL MORRIS."

Recollections of this flagrant piece of injustice so affected Mr. BOB PETERS, that he smote his breast and called himself a miserable man. "I really don't know but I'd better stay here and be hung, like a respectable patriot," murmured the desolated young man.

"How absurd!" exclaimed the young lady, "you will be glad enough to get away to-night. Remember, now, you are to start down stairs at quarter-past Twelve, precisely, and JOCKO will open the front door for you. Then go straight to the bridge, where you will find my brother who will get you by the guard."

"That reminds me," observed Mr. PETERS, "what time is it? I must set my repeater."

LIBBY consulted her watch and answered that it was half-past eight, whereupon Mr. BOB PETERS fished from his fob a vast silver conglomeration and having wound it up with a noise like that of a distant coffee mill, and set it correctly, proceeded to hang it, for convenient reference, upon the gas-branch across the mirror.

"Dear BOB, good-bye."

"Fare thee well, and if forever, still forever remember me," responded MR. PETERS, with some vagueness.

"We shall meet again?" said LIBBY, lingering.

"If I did not believe it," replied Mr. BOB PETERS, with vehemence, "I should at once proceed to kill myself at your feet, covering the walls and furniture of the apartment with my gore."

"God bless you, BOB."

They parted wiping their mouths. Miss ORDETH went down stairs in tears, had a fit of hysterics on the sofa, and fell asleep with her head in the card basket.

CHAPTER V.

BETRAYED INNOCENCE.

There he slumbered on that rude lounge, with his head upon his hands and his hands under his head. A man, like you—or me—or any other man. Did you ever notice how you always keep your eyes shut when you are asleep? The lids come down over your orbs, your soul's windows, like night over the sun. You shall have visions of Heaven, or Hades, according to what you had for supper. Lobster salad, or truffles, will act upon a sleeping man's great, dark soul, like one of PAGE'S pictures on the open eye. Make it see light blue landscapes, and pallid faces looking out of pink distances. You think that young man there is sleeping upon a rude couch? No. He is sleeping upon something not palpable to your worldly eyes nor mine; he is sleeping upon an empty stomach. You dare not pity him. His scornful, stern man's soul would wither you if you talked to him of compassion. Such is man. An animal. A worm of the dust. Yet proud. Ha! you know it. You blush for your unworthy thought. Such is woman. Something aroused the sleeper suddenly. It might have been an angel's whisper, or the kiss of an insect. He sprang to his feet, shook himself, and mentally declared that he had come pretty near getting asleep. The idea was rational.

"By all that's blue! it can't be, though it is, by Jupiter!"

The gas was still burning brightly. Mr. BOB PETERS had caught sight of his watch as it was reflected in the mirror, with the hands pointing at quarter-past Twelve. With great rapidity he grasped the repeater, stabbed it into his fob, crushed his demoralized hat upon his head, looked regretfully about the room, turned off the gas, and in another moment was stealthily groping his way down stairs, toward the front door. The door yielded to his hand, but no JOCKO was there. "I suppose," murmured Mr. PETERS to himself, "I suppose the faithful fellow is praying for me somewhere in the kitchen, with his hands resting on a jar of sweetmeats. Ah! I ought to be a better man than I am." With this excellent moral reflection, Mr. BOB PETERS stepped into the street and faced boldly for the path to freedom; but at the very first corner his road was barred by two individuals in military caps and the first stage of intoxication.

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ACCORDING TO LAW.

Pat.—"THERE!—GO TELL YER MISTHRESS THERE'S A GINTLEMAN FROM THE COUNTHRY WOULD LIKE TO SUPPLY HER WID MILK ACCORDIN' TO LAW!"

De Clouet....A History.

"Don't bombard New Orleans!" with much gall exclaimed the Gaulish Consul at that city."

"Mon Dieu! you certainly will not disturb New Orleans!" he wildly continued.

"You must not do, it I say sir!" he savagely subjoined.

"I shall not permit it," he frantically beilowed.

"Stop!" he shouted.

"Refrain! he cried.

"Mind what you are about! he fiercely howled.

And at last he said:

"IF YOU DO IT, UPON MY WORD OF HONOR, I WILL TELL THE EMPEROR!"

And they went and did it!

"Not a Drop to Drink."

A pamphlet on "The Evil of Liquor Drinking" is just now in spite of its name—having a great run in Boston. Nobody in that city now drinks anything, the eminent chemists of Cambridge having undertaken to supply the bar rooms with Consolidated Cocktails, Punches in Powder, Crystalized Cobblers, and Granulated Goes generally.

Going It Blind.

"How charmingly those blinds of yours are painted!" remarked INCUBUS to his friend SUCCUBUS, who was furnishing a new and nuptial abode.

"They are," replied SUCCUBUS, with his blandescent smile, "and you will be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you they are the work of a Blind Painter."

"Aryupeters-eters?" said one, who was evidently desirous of having but a single word with him.

"With a BOB," replied the fugitive sententiously.

"Aow re' then," observed the two in chorus, and Mr. PETERS quickly found himself attended on either side by guardians, whose affectionate manner of monopolizing his arms, suggested a civil process of the most uncivil sort.

"Treachery!" he exclaimed, struggling fiercely. The twain held him tightly, however, with the strength of tight-uns, and his exertions only caused them to venture divers pleasant on the concerning the destiny of his eyes.

Onward they dragged him, down Broad street and up a half a dozen other streets, until a certain rebel institution was gained.

"In with'm," said one of his captors, and they hurried him past a sentry and through a hall into a long, low room, where half a dozen miserable candles, stuck against the walls, revealed a dismal company of over a hundred—some stretched upon the floor, some standing about, and others clustered around what appeared to be a cot in one corner.

"Is this the Confederate Congress?" asked the astounded BOB, as his captors left him, turning the key and adjusting various bolts as they went out.

"It's Libby's pork-packing house," answered the prisoner nearest him, "and you're jugged, I suppose, as a spy."

"Pork-packing house!" ejaculated the bewildered BOB. "Why, this is treating me like a hog."

Several prisoners at once gave in their adhesion to this logical premise.

"Here's a case of betrayed innocence!" soliloquized Mr. BOB PETERS, bitterly, "I've trusted to LIBBY and Libby's taken me in"—

"I'm going to be exchanged, I tell you!"

The sound came from the cot in the corner, and as the crowd in that direction opened for a moment, the new comer beheld a sight that, for a time, made him forget his own troubles. A tall, gaunt man, in ragged Zouave uniform, was reclining upon his elbow on the miserable pallet, the pale light of the candles disclosing a ghastly wound on his right temple, from which the blood was trickling down upon his rusty and matted beard.

"I'm going to be exchanged, I tell you!" he exclaimed, waving the other away with his left hand and glaring directly at BOB. "I've been here a whole year, and Eighty's boys want me back; and I'm going to be exchanged."

"The poor fellow was shot by one of the sentries this morning. He's from a New York regiment, and has been a prisoner ever since Bull Run," whispered one of the unfortunates to BOB.

The latter approached the wounded man and kindly asked;

"Can I do anything for you, old fellow?"

The dying Zouave regarded him with a ghastly smile:

"Yes," said he, "you can go down to Eighty truck house, and take care of little JAKE till I'm exchanged. Will you, bub, will you?"

"Is JAKE your child?" asked BOB.

"No," responded the zouave, softly, "it's only a little yaller dorg. I aint got no wife, nor child, nor no friend except the masheen and little JAKE. He's pretty as a picture, bub, and he's slept with me many a gay old night around Catherine market—he has. You'll be kind to him, bub, won't you?"

"Here! what's this noise about? What are yer doin' with lights this time ernight? I'll soon stop his Yankee groaning," were the words of a brutal keeper, who had just come in and was roughly elbowing his way toward the cot.

"Stand off, you hound!" shouted BOB, throwing himself between the keeper and the dying soldier. "Stand off!" growled the prisoners, fiercely crowding upon the intruder with murder in their faces.

"Hark!" said the Zouave, leaning listfully forward, "there goes the Hall bell—one—two—three——." His features lighted up as with the glow of a conflagation; his lips opened,—"*Fire! Fire! Fire!*"

And the Zouave fell back upon the cot—dead.

The keeper crawled forward like a whipped hound, and eyed the outscretched form with a face full of fear:

"Exchanged at last, by G—d!"

True, O traitorous hireling! and by God alone. For when that honest, loyal soul went out, there came to take its place an avenging spirit, that shall not cease to call on Heaven for vengence on the Southern murderer until the cowardly stains of fifty thousand murders such as this, are washed out in a terrible atonement.

"Poor little JAKE!" murmured Mr. BOB PETERS, "I wonder if he's a terrier." Then, turning to the keeper,—"How long is my imprisonment in this horrible place

(*To be Continued.*)

THE COUNTRY.

OPINIONS OF THE UNDERSIGNED.

LET me remark that there is a good deal of humbug about the Country.

It is fashionable to say that "it is pleasant in the Summer-time," and to ask if you "don't find it dreary in the Winter-time."

All my metropolitan friends assault me with these two phrases, until they begin to sound like a joke, or a slang saying. My reply is as invariable as the query:

"There are some pleasant things there in Winter, and a good deal that is dreary in Summer."

The last clause refers principally to the cockneys who over-run the agricultural districts during what is known as "the Season."

That, however, is not all the humbug there is about the Country.

The agricultural pretensions of that region are fallacious to an impertinent degree. Early in May, I ate radishes and asparagus. Did I get those esculents in the Country? Not any. At PFAFF's, in New York; and they were grown by the little two-penny gardeners, about Ninetieth street, on dear old Manhattan Island.

The nymphs and swains are also mythical. Did anybody ever see a shepherd in this part of the world? The only one I know of, is NAT SHEPHERD, the poet, who sings his *andante pastorale* songs down in the Jerseys. And he sends them up to town for publication.

As for the nymphs, I don't know a young woman about here who can miik a cow. They all have a most reprehensible knowledge of the Spring fashions, and are skillful—as young women go—on the piano. Do you call such beings nymphs? Some years ago, I remember, I saw a girl kneading mush. She was considered a curiosity by the others. One whispered me, with dreadful emphasis, that this mush-making person had been known to wring chickens' necks! Don't talk to me about nymphs.

The weather is another humbug. I have lived a good deal in the country, but somehow, I can't quite get rid of the idea of balmy breezes, bland sunshine, odorous airs, and nice things generally in the meteorological way. Delusions, delusions! It rains like thunder, thunders like blazes, and blows like....like....well, like the *Tribune*, half the time. And the worst of it is, that the farmers all bully a fellow into accepting such fearful weather, by a stale old remark;

"Excellent for the Crops!"

What do I care for the crops? Confound the crops. I don't sow anything, nor reap any benefits. The Ninetieth street gardeners raise their radishes and asparagus in spite of the weather, and when I want nice fresh vegetables, why, I go to New York and get them. Why can't the farmers do so too?

Then I must find fault with the expectations people get up about a man who lives in the country. Whenever I tell anybody that I "reside out of town,"....that's the way we put it, now-a-days....he takes me for an idiot at once.

"Ah," says he, "you like gardening, and raising flowers, I suppose."

"No," I reply; "I don't do any gardening."

"O, you are fond of shooting and fishing?"

"No; I don't do any shooting or fishing."

"Ah, you drive, or ride. maybe, fast horses, perhaps?"

"No, I don't drive or ride."

"Boating? Is that your hobby?"

"No; I rarely go boating."

"Skating, then, or walking?"

"No; I never skate and walk as little as possible."

"Devote all your time to study, eh?"

"No; I don't study."

"Well,"....despairingly...."what the d——l do you live in the country for?"

Now why should I, living out of town, be expected to do anything I didn't do in town? In town, I wrote a little, smoked, imbibed, called on my friends, and loafed a great deal. I do the same here. Why should I, who was anti-gymnastic while in New York, suddenly go into training in New Jersey? I didn't come down here to prepare myself for a prize-fight. Nor a rowing-match. Nor a foot-race. Nor for anything else, unless it might be the Mansions of the Blest. And I never heard that there was either gardening or fishing, shooting or driving, fast horses or boats, walking or studying, in the Mansions of the Blest.

As a last resort, my inquisitive friends look very knowing, poke me gently in the waistcoat, and say:

"I see....I see....going to be married!"

We all know that there is, in the Mansions aforesaid, "neither marrying nor giving in marriage," so that my best answer to the query, why do I live in the country, is a regular Yankee one.

"Why do you live in the City?"

That the one is as sensible a question as the other, is the opinion of

The Undersigned.

SKEDADDLE.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a Southern village passed
A youth, who bore, not over nice,
A banner with the gay device,
Skedaddle!

His hair was red; his toes beneath
Peeped, like an acorn from its sheath,
While with a frightened voice he sung
A burden strange to Yankee tongue,
Skedaddle!

He saw no household fire, where he
Might warm his tod or hominy:
Beyond the Cordilleras shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Skedaddle!

"O, stay," a cullered pusson said,
"An' on dis bosom res' your hed!"
The Octoroon she winked her eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Skedaddle!

"Beware MCCLELLAN, BUELL, and BANKS
Beware of HALLECK's deadly ranks!"
This was the planter's last Good Night,
The chap replied, far out of sight,
Skedaddle!

At break of day, as several boys
From Maine, New York, and Illinois,
Were moving southward, in the air
They heard these accents of despair,
Skedaddle!

A chap was found, and at his side
A bottle, showing how he died,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
Skedaddle!

There in the twilight, thick and gray,
Considerably played out he lay:
And through the vapor, gray and thick,
A voice fell, like a rocket stick,
Skedaddle!

A Philadelphia Salad.

Just at this season of the year, all the inhabitants of Philadelphia indulge extensively in a salad peculiar to that city. The following recipe for making it is curious if only for its simplicity:

"To as much Mint as possible add a great deal more Mint, pour on Mint sauce *ad lib*, and serve up with a Mint julep."

The above valuable formula was kindly enclosed to us by a Philadelphia lady, who will please accept our thanks. But why should we conceal the lady's name?—It is ARAMINTA MINTURNER.

LIBRARY

EXPLOSION OF THE "MERRIMAC," OR ANY OTHER SHIP.

FROM A SKETCH MADE UPON THE SPOT, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

In order that the above event might be commemorated in a manner worthy of History and of VANITY FAIR, we had some time since dispatched a special artist to the spot where our clairvoyant young man informed us it was to take place. The sketch furnished by our special came to hand several days ago, but as it was on rather a large scale,—say 40 feet by 27—a considerable time necessarily elapsed before it could be reduced, and engraved in the form in which we now have the pleasure of presenting it to our readers. Our special artist has not been lately in the habit of drawing upon anything much smaller than the gable end of a house, and we feel ourselves bound, therefore, to thank him for sparing us the mortarfication and expense which the transmission of a sketch upon such a material would have entailed. Our readers will be interested in the following extract from his letter accompanying the sketch. The letter is a long one—say 10 feet by 2—and we regret that we are therefore unable to furnish it to our readers in full.

"Explosions being excentric, not concentric, to find a safe place it was only necessary to get at the very centre of the explosive power. With the permission of the Commander of the fleet of the C. S., then, I walked up and took my seat, where I waited patiently until the spectacle depicted in my sketch was produced, and followed it with lightning pencil. The waters of Hampton Roads were knocked from under me. A moment, only, of doubt, and I rose to the surface, a little wet and very dry. More next time.

Yours truly, HEAVYSEA."

Of course, the ponderous illustrated hebdomadals will be very savage with us for the exclusive arrangement by which we have thus been enabled to improve the minds of our readers. It is a pity about the ponderous illustrated hebdomadals: but we have a stern duty to perform, and we don't intend to flinch from it.

"NORFOLK IS OURS!"

FRISKY MANNER IN WHICH THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF WAR.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(A la Daily Newspapers.)

That the Emperor of France has thought, is thinking, or will at some future period think of recognizing the Southern Confederacy would seem to be sufficiently proved by the fact, that he recently remarked to the Duc d'Z——that "something must be done;" but on the other hand, as he said the next day to the Count——that "he would see about it," the Imperial intentions are to some extent undeveloped. It is affirmed, but also denied, that the Emperor is in close correspondence with Mr. GREGORY, the English Member of Parliament. It is further declared that Mr. GREGORY, should his government hold back, is determined to go to war with the United States upon his own responsibility. Orders have been issued from the Admiralty Office for the immediate construction of 2,500 vessels upon the plan of the *Monitor*. Mr. LAYARD stated in the House of Commons that the visit of M. MERCIER to Richmond was simply a visit; and that, whatever might have been his motive it was undoubtedly known to himself, if not to others. The Paris correspondent of *the Morning Herald* contradicts the correspondent of *The Times* in several particulars, although he confirms the prognostications of the *Independance Belge* in some respects, and those of *Bell's Life in London* in others, which it is unnecessary to particularize. Great sympathy was felt for the Rebels in Calcutta, Cochin China, Mesopotamia, and throughout Central Africa. The views of Earl RUSSELL are said to remain substantially unchanged; but *The Saturday Review* observes that this may or may not be, according to circumstances. On the whole, while there are those who will consider this news to be eminently favorable to the United States, there are others, we venture merely to intimate, who will hold an opposite opinion. Delay in forming our judgment cannot under any circumstances be prejudicial to a just estimate of the facts, while our haste in coming to conclusions may lead to an erroneous estimate of the intentions of GREGORY and other First Rate Powers. It will be well to wait. That we shall ultimately see what we shall see, must, we confidently affirm, be clear to every dispassionate, reflecting, unprejudiced, candid, patriotic, enlightened and judicious reader.

Up a Family Tree.

We hear a good deal, just now, of the Pamunky River, which is a stream traversing a portion of the peninsula on which Richmond, in Virginia, is situated. The name of this river suggests a somewhat ingenious conceit, which might not, perhaps, be well received in the Old Dominion, whose children cherish memories of grandfathers, great and small. It is this; that the First Family of Virginia owed its origin to an ancient Gorilla, or Pa Monkey, residing upon the river in question, which they dutifully named after him with the affection common to children of pious parents.

A Nice Distinction.

The proclamations of the Rebel chiefs, in the aggregate, may well be termed *brutum fulmen*; while the misguided persons by whom they are issued may, with equal propriety, be characterized as *brutum empty men*.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Atlantic Monthly; June, 1862: *Boston:* TICKNOR & FIELDS. *New York:* HENRY DEXTER & SINCLAIR TOUSEY.

The table of contents, with its list of contributors to the June number of the Atlantic, is in itself a good guarantee of excellence,—a warrant fully borne out by the character of the articles. The lamented HENRY D. THOREAU—charmingly photographed from life under the guise of "The Forester," in a late number, left after him many charming essays, which are to be produced from time to time in their proper seasons. Readers will recognize his wildwood, yet scholarly, style in the first of the series, entitled "Walking." Let the bearded bards water their laurels now, and hoe them round, lest they fade and tarnish: for here we have ALICE CAREY giving us "An Order for a Picture," and ROSE TERRY singing "Out of the Body to God," and we don't think we miss the bearded bards when we look up after reading these two poems. From the article entitled "The Health of Our Girls," by T. W. HIGGINSON, we cannot refrain from making the following extract: "disastrous mince-pies." There is a volume of terrible truth in the words. Mr. HIGGINSON is a clergyman, we believe, and he is addressing himself *ex cathedrâ*, to the "pale of the church." T. B. ALDRICH has got hold, somewhere, of a very quaint idea, which he has braided up into the little story called "Pére Antoine's Date Palm." As Mr. ALDRICH is a Poet, we freely forgive him the confusion of Dates wrought by him in producing trees of the kind mentioned, by sowing beautiful little tropical children in the sanctified clay of the South. In the "Author of Charles Auchester," we have from the pen of Miss HARRIET E. PRESCOTT, a touching, womanly tribute to the genius and character of the late ELIZABETH SHEPPARD. Again do our laurels trouble us. And yet, why should they? the brow of beauty is a "joy for ever," when wreathed with that perennial vegetable: let us gaze upon it respectfully, and press fervently the little hand that has entwined it. "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line," is a "Biglow Paper," though it might well have been written upon birch-bark, for the fresh, fragrant woodside odor that exhales from it. The country hotel-keepers owe a testimonial to Mr. J. R. LOWELL, who catches birds by sprinkling Attic salt upon their tails, and then teaches them to whistle unsuspecting persons—like ourselves—away to the brooks and brushwood. Here, now, those inexorable iron-plated Monitors, Time and Space, sternly order us to the dreary shore of editorial duty, from the pleasant bosom of the great "Atlantic."

Paul Ferroll. New York: W. J. WIDDLETON, (*Successor to Redfield*).

From the fifth English edition of this popular novel by Lady CLIVE. Excellent in typography and the other essentials for fastidious readers and book-shelves presided over by Taste.

Wanted.—"The Light of Other Days."

A correspondent of the *Daily Times*, whose signature is "More Light," complains of the nocturnal darkness of New York—"We pay for light, and ought to have it," says he, adding—"A few facts and figures upon this subject would probably do good about this time."

The mind of the Secretary of War must have been wofully disturbed by these remarks, which appear to us to contain a covert application to other things besides street lamps.

A Model Advertisement for the Season.

SUMMER RESORT. POTTAWOTTAMISKAHAHA HOUSE, NEAR LAKE WACKY BUCKYBOCKY, AND IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF MOUNT TOMBIGBEEBUGGY. This delightful Summer resort will be opened on the 10th of June, at half-past nine o'clock in the Morning. Salt and Fresh Fishing, Shooting and Fox Hunting; Bears always on the premises. Also Sail-boats; also Row-boats; also Steam-boats; also, a Horse and Buggy, Bowling-alleys, Billiard Rooms, a New Extension Dining Table (Patent) has been secured for the season, and two exquisite Rocking Chairs added to the Ladies' Parlor. Sewing Machine, if desired. The Bar will be well stocked with Whiskey of every color and of names to suit. Every delicacy afforded by the Wackybuckybocky market will be provided, including the lamb, sheep and mutton of the vicinity, and all kinds of fresh fish (300 varieties) caught in Pottawottamiskhaha River. Apply immediately, to GEO. GOUGE & Co., on the premises.

Cuticular Benevolence.

Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, who is generally known as the most benevolent of Senators, has introduced a resolution that "all Bills be enrolled on paper instead of parchment"—upon the ground, as we learn from a private source, that skinning is considered cruel by the sheep of the rural districts. Mr. S. has been censured for over sensibility to the wrongs of Skins Not Colored Like His Own; but here we find him full of pity for Skins Not Colored At All.

BEWARE OF THE TORPEDOES!

Cautious Soldier.—"DON'T TOUCH IT, JACK! WE'RE TO GET REBEL PRISONERS TO MOVE ALL THEIR INFERNAL MACHINES, MIND!"

Dry Soldier.—"NOT IF I KNOW IT. I INTEND TO MANAGE THIS ONE MYSELF!"

Our Chasseurs d' Afrique.

Correspondents of the daily papers aver confidently that an African Brigade, 4,000 strong, is in progress of organization in this city. One authority, writing to the *Daily Times*, goes so far as to describe the uniform in which these dusky, musky, musketeers are to be decked out. But they don't know every thing, these correspondents don't. They neglect to mention that the Secretary of War, with his usual clear eye for contrasts (the printer will be careful not to print this *contracts*) has issued an Order that although charcoal is to be served out to the Dusky Brigade for pipe-claying their belts, their cartridges are to be composed of white gunpowder and bullets cast from white lead. Also that, instead of being denominated "African Hunters,"—the literal meaning of *Chasseurs d' Afrique*—they are to be called HUNTER'S Africans, in commemoration of a manifesto prominent in the history of the present war.

Seedy Spunk.

The Richmond Despatch exclaims! "Let the Southern people resolve, whenever so unfortunate as to be overrun by the enemy, never to buy anything of him." To which the Enemy, while there are so many Confederate Notes in circulation, will heartily say "Amen!"

"Small Favors Thankfully Received."

A principle that Congress does well to consider in passing the Bill for rhe relief of ROBERT SMALL, and others, (colored) who recently delivered the rebel vessel "Planter," to Com. DUPONT'S squadron.

Apple Sauce.

Rural persons will be glad to hear that the President has nominated ISAAC NEWTON to be Commissioner of Agriculture under the new act. The name of the new Commissioner, alone, should be assuring to proprietors of orchards, as a sure guarantee of a good Fall for the Apple.

MANHATTAN, the voracious correspondent of the London *Morning Herald*, will please remember not to forget to serve up this little matter of ISAAC NEWTON to his confiding employers, in his next platter of calf's head hash. It will be taken in England as *primâ facie* evidence in favor of MANHATTAN'S calf's tale hash about President LINCOLN and the spirit mediums.

In thus communicating with his confiding employers, however, MANHATTAN, their voracious correspondent, will be so good as not to forget to remember to credit V. F. with that crisp little fruit-piece founded upon ISAAC NEWTON and the Fall of the Apple. *Verbum Sap.*

Our Typographical Nomenclature.

We are not sure; perhaps we may be wrong; possibly it is a sickly fancy of ours; but it *does* appear to us that there is something very like an anti-climax in the words "from Athens to Rogersville," which occur in late accounts of General MITCHEL'S operations.

Omnibus Rebus.

Q.—What is the difference between a man doing *vis-à-vis* in the festive dance and a man who has dropped his photograph in an omnibus?

A.—The one faces his Miss, while the other misses his Face.

A Great Eastern Romance.

Our special young man, on visiting the *Great Eastern* just after her arrival in the river, found, to his dismay, that he could not make any extracts from her Log, on account of its being now thoroughly cased with iron, according to the fashion prevailing among the water logs of the day.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy-chair,
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,
A fair, young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The faltering echoes come
Of the flying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the grandsire speaks in a whisper,—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to Thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rose-buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;—
There's a nameless grave in the battle-field
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearth sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE APPROACHING BABY SHOW.

There is intense excitement in the mother world, just now, about the coming Squall at BARNUM's. Mrs. Losefast's Consolatory Syrup has gone up in the market like a balloon, and is now quoted by mar at a tall figure above par; and we have heard it stated that the fact of the *Great Eastern's* present trip to our shores is intimately connected with the show in contemplation. In plain language, the *Great Eastern* has brought out an assorted cargo of Baby's Notions, consisting of corals in reefs; rattles; ribbons; lace caps; other things of which we do not know the names; other things of which we do know the names but don't know how to spell them; other things of which we don't think we could learn the names—besides a good many other things. A clever inventor has just gratified us with the sight of a new baby-jumper, lately patented by him in view of the Show in question. It is very simple, consisting of a derrick without any apex, from the lateral segments of which spring several corrugated india-rubber band-boxes. This machine is calculated for the reception of twins, triplets, qua terns, quintuplets, or any other reasonable number of simultaneo-genitiles, according to order, and the inventor expects that there will be a great rush for it, immediately. A separate apartment was to have been fitted up at the Museum for the colered baby "Abolition;" but the little creature has been so sickly, of late, owing to over-nursing by unskilful old women, that it is feared the public eye would be too much for it, and it has therefore been withdrawn.

Avenging Her Grandmother.

A young lady in Barre recently killed ten black snakes—sixty feet of black snake in all! After this, we think it would be handsome in us (of the Sterner Variety) to say nothing more of the way in which a certain fair relative of ours was taken in, several years ago, in the well known Garden of Eden.

Iter Ad Sidera.

Most of the newspapers are now publishing recipes for keeping cider; and from various sources, we compile the following; To one barrel of cider, add two pounds of beef, six quarts of mustard seed, three bottles of new rum, half a pint of sand, two boxes of raisins, one bottle of Schiedam Schnapps, one pound of pearl-ash, four dozen of blue soda powders, three bushels of charcoal and forty-five fresh laid egs. This will make a cider which you will be likely to keep for an indefinite period of time.

From the mouth of the James.

"Some difficulty in coming over the Bar."

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

Near the Last Ditch, May 22.

MY DEAR VANITY:—Huzza! I go conquering and to conquer. That is my game, you see.

Before me, the Rebels flee like shadows. They do not exactly love me, . . . but they have a great respect for me . . . . .

McCLELLAN, too.

But in order to save their property, they destroy it all. In the tobacco districts, the gentle weed is all consumed . . . the Southerners consume more tobacco than ever just now . . . and they who formerly chewed Virginia Leaf, now "chew bitter ashes" or nothing.

The air is dark with clouds of tobacco smoke from this wretched business of destruction, and a reliable gentleman from the South tells me that all through the Gulf States the planters are burning their cotton, sugar, tobacco, and negroes, as fast as they can.

Victories are very plenty, hereabout . . . .

Rebels are growing scarce . . . . . .

I think that the back bone of Rebellion is broken.

One of the chief sufferers of the War is the horse of General TOUTON, alias BEAUREGARD. At the time of the battle of Shiloh, the General swore he would water his horse "in the Tennessee or in h—ll" that day. The result is that the poor animal is dying of thirst. I am told, however, that he will soon be enabled to find water in the last ditch, where the Rebel army will concentrate for mortuary purposes.

The taking of Norfolk, by General Old ABE, was, I confess, a surprise to me. I have never seen the General under fire, but he has proved himseif a good soldier and I have sent him the cross of the Legion of Honor . . . .

I love to encourage merit . . .

McCLELLAN, too.

A young lieutenant of Light Quadroons, who is on my staff here, has just entered, and asks me why the iron-clad vessels make such an excitement, when the public have been accustomed for years to Magazines embellished with Steel Plates.

I endeavored to point out the difference.

"The plates," I said, "are on the outside of one, and inside the other."

"Well,,' he replied, "I don't quite see it. You know the magazines were Regularly Mailed!"

This *mot* pleases me much.

I am not insensible to the talent of others, notwithstanding the superior merit of my own. There are many brilliant men about me . . . .

Like attracts like.

I have just learned that the *Evening Post* has stopped exchanging with you . . . .

You will observe, doubtless, a marked improvement in the moral tone of your office . . . .

There is no small loss without some great gain.

I desire you to note the date of my next letter. In less than a week I shall be in Richmond . . . .

McCLELLAN, too.

Then, in the piteous language of General GREELEY, "let the wolves howl on."

I have not hemmed in the Rebels thus, without many arduous labors, privations, and toils . . . .

But they are now caught in my Toils. They are completely surrounded by my Nets . . . .

I refer to Bayo-nets.

MC ARONE.

A Kind of Bug difficult to Kill.

Late dispatches from the Mountain Department report that the notorious Rebel chief, UMBAUGH, has been killed. Our Cockney hanger-on, who pronounces the name 'Umbug, expressed his gratification at the announcement: but alas! good Cockney, 'Umbug is not killed yet, by a great deal, as anybody may see who walks along with his eyes open and a newspaper in his hand.

Rather Considerate.

The New England Society, at the Astor House, last week, appointed a big committee to enquire of Commodore FOOTE, whether upon his arrival in this city, he would have a dinner, or a ball, or a sum of money, or a service of plate? Why didn't they offer to pay the Gallant Commodore's Doctor's Bill, and to present him with a Wooden Leg, should he happen to need one?

The Last Bulletin.

BULLITT in for Collector at New Orleans.

THE DISAPPOINTED CONTRIBUTOR.

Mr. Barnum (*responsively*).—"I WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO OBLIGE YOU BY PUTTING HIM ON SHOW, MADAM, BUT OUR UGLY PUP DEPARTMENT IS QUITE FULL!"

THE LIE-MAKING MONOPOLY.

A LEGEND; DEDICATED TO THE REBEL JOURNALS.

To SATAN one morning a stranger applies
With a neat working model for getting up lies,
And asks for a patent in confident tone.
"Your idea's not bad," says the Fiend,
"but, you see,
A much 'bigger thing' was submitted to me
In the very same line, by some friends of my own—
A Secession firm styled JEFF DAVIS and Co.,
And I gave them a patent, a twelvemonth ago;

"They've since sold the Journals in each Rebel State
The right, as I hear, at a very low rate,
To use their Exhaustless Lie-Forging Concern,
And the market is gorged :—may I ask, by the way,
What your name is, my Friend?" Quoth the stranger, "you may;
But since my invention you see fit to spurn,
Though my mission I hint at, my name you must guess :—
From Paris I write for JOHN BULL's Secesh Press!"

More Elegant English.

The World heads one of its reports—"PRETTY WAITER-GALISM SQUELCHED." The Greeks called the World "Cosmos" or Beauty, and this *World* is a Beauty, and so we tell you.

Plenty of that Sort.

What did the Committee on Commerce of the House mean by recommending that a Solicitor of Customs be appointed for the Port of New York? Anybody whoever happened to go within a block or two of the Custom House for months after the appointment of the new Collector, might have seen that it was pretty copiously fitted out with Solicitors already.

A SMART YANKEE TRICK.

There is a fine wholesome flavor of "Down-East" about the following:

"It is stated that Capt. BOGGS got the *Varuna* into close quarters with the rebel boat by using pork under his boilers, thus causing a dense smoke like that given out by burning pitch pine, and temporarily making his antagonists believe that his craft was one of the Confederate fleet."

We have no doubt of the truth of the above statement, so far as getting up the smoke goes, and much credit is due to the originator of a stratagem so fair in war. But query—about the pork? Is Captain BOGGS a Connecticut man, and if so, is it not natural to suppose that the fuel attributed to him consisted in reality of the well-known patent hams manufactured in his native State? Wooden hams, which, as our readers are probably aware, are made of porcu-pine, would doubtless yield a quantity and quality of smoke quite equal to that given by pitch-pine. At any rate, here's success to Captain BOGGS, and may his Craft long enable him to walk into the Confederate Fleet, be they ever so fleet!

A Fallacy Unmasked.

Dealers in Proverbs often tell us that "it is a bad rule that will not work both ways," and yet, we know of some admirable propositions unequal to the test. For instance, it is a recognized fact that Glycerine prevents the skin from being Chapped; but should an unfortunate wight be fatuous enough to entrust a case of his to a "Tombs Lawyer," do you suppose that any amount of Glycerine could prevent the chap from being Skinned?

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

It was a wounded soldier,
From home and friends afar,
Laid up in the Park Barracks,
With many an ugly scar.

It was a beauteous maiden,
Of all the nurses there—
Some ten, perchance, or twenty,
Not one was half so fair!

"O soldier, wounded soldier!
How are you feeling now?
What shall I do to help you?
O let me lave your brow!"

"No, thank you marm," he answered,
"I'm doin' pretty fair:
My hand is getting better,
For I can comb my hair.

She offered him some sponge cake,
A glass of lemonade:
Again he thanked her kindly,
But said he felt afraid!

"Not so, thou fearless soldier!
I know the reason why:
You'd rather have a dough nut,
And a glass of good old Rye!

"O let me give you something!"
"Well, if you *must*—" "what is it?"
He gazed upon her beauteous face—
"*Give me your cart de visit!*"

Published by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, for the Proprietors, at 116 Nassau street, N. Y.