

## FOREIGN FACES.

Beranger had a beautiful face; it beamed with a genial and fatherly spirit; Lamennais, with his immense brow and piercing eyes, looked like a converted Mephistopheles still troubled with questions, the most purely intellectual and intense of human faces,—to me a terrible face; then there was the extraordinary face of Michael, the advocate, described by George Sand in "Histoire de Ma Vie," looking as if he had two craniums, one soldered upon the other; the sign of all the high faculties of the soul not more prominent at the brow than the generous instincts were at the stern of the strong vessel. At the first glance although but thirty he looked sixty years old. When you enter the French Chamber of Deputies you are struck with the resemblance to American faces, but they are more refined. The men of state all over the world have the same general traits. It is only by watching the play of emotion and the movement of thought that you notice the difference. Then you see that they have thoughts that are not our thoughts, and are qualified by fine and exquisite things. In one word, they have a refined scale of emotions unknown to us. It is a great misfortune to be preoccupied with vulgar or trivial things; they cannot make the heroic face. The reason that poets have such beautiful faces, in spite of habits like Burns' and Poe's, is that they contemplate beautiful things and think grand and generous thoughts. All the great painters have been handsome and remarkable looking men; Titian and Raphael and Rubens and Vandyke readily illustrate my statement. Tintoret had a solemn and grand face; De Vinci, a noble and beautiful face; Rembrandt, a sagacious, honest, profound face. Our fine sculptors—Brown, Ward, Palmer, and Thompson—have something Continental about their faces, and do not look narrow, but as if illuminated by a ray of the ideal. The finest faces in Europe were the faces of Shakspeare, Moliere, and Goethe. Their faces prove to us that just in the measure that we escape sordid thoughts and material cares, and occupy our minds with the beauty of nature, the wit of men, the poetry of life, we set to work a skilful sculptor, who day by day models with an imperceptible and sure hand the heavy, expressionless clay; and in time the rude features become almost grand with goodness like Lincoln's, beautiful with tranquility like Washington's, or Titanic like Webster's. Let us imitate the Greeks, the most beautiful of all the historic races, or the Etruscans, which were the most elegant, and recommend to the women of the land to place in their houses the statues of antique heroes, the pictures of beautiful women. Each generation should be the perfected illustration of all that we admire or ought to admire. But let us dispense with cast-iron dogs, deer, and nymphs, manufactured by enterprising Americans for our country homes. The worse than barbarous taste shown in these hideous imitations of reality must make a lover of the beautiful despair. We have got to learn that statues and fountains and vases cannot be made as we make sewing machines and steam ploughs; that a cast-iron dog, from a poor model, does not take the place of the antique boar of the Tuileries or the lion of Barye. It is because poets and painters and men of science are admitted into the universal life that their

face lose mean local traits and resemble each other. The noblest men are not national, but universal. When we think great actions we look them; when we entertain dreams and have sentiment we look it, as Hawthorne, as Shelly, as Keats. The face betrays the thought. What would Whittier's face be without the poetry that has flown over it? What is any face that has not been touched, shaped, developed by those invisible influences, which come to us from the ideal world and nature, which we call art, science, music? If we spend our days monotonously, like fabricators of pins, we must drain our faces of even what we bring from our anterior life; and how soon most of us lose the traces of that life which in childhood gives such a magic and innocent depth to the eye, which remains sometimes in boyhood and youth,—a wide-eyed, bewildered expression, as if to say the soul does not yet understand why it is subjected to the enormous pressure of prosaic and deadening circumstances accumulated by the machinery of social life.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

GOOD SPEED.—The hardy going forth of Captain the Duke of Edinburgh, "midmost the beating of the steely sea," has stirred our sea-loving race to a warm sympathy with the sailor prince. His popularity has its basis in his manly courage, which disdains the effeminacies of his high station, and courts the rough, tiring of the smooth. The story told of sailor Prince William, who answered an insolent midshipman, when accused of being protected from personal chastisement by his rank, with "I am not Prince William, so come on," is enough for the popularity of a Prince's life. Princes generally have descended from their ancient high place in public opinion by the decline among them of these rough qualities which are the foundations of chivalry, that men of all degrees can understand. In the Duke of Edinburgh the people instinctively see a manliness, which is admirable all the world over. The track of the Galatea is thick set with dangers and incidents that are spurs to the man of courage. We all smile upon the adventurous man, who is content, as a sailor, to a little smooth sailing upon July seas. There is a stir of pleasure, and a hearty God-speed everywhere awaiting the gallant young Captain on his self appointed journey of calm and storm round the world. And when the Galatea, in 1870, sights Plymouth, there will be a welcome ready for the royal circumnavigator that will have a special personal heartiness in it. Happily cast indeed is the lot of the young man, on whose journeying forth millions of kindly men and women are touched to sympathy and good wishes.

ARMY WOUNDS.—It is a commentary on the truthfulness of the account of cavalry and bayonet charges with which narratives of the war are so full, that the surgical reports show only 105 sabre and 143 bayonet wounds to have been received (?) and one-third of these were given by sentinels or patrols. Even Sheridan's famous campaign in the Shenandoah Valley produced only twenty-five sabre wounds and the battle of Jonesborough, in Georgia, resulted in but thirty bayonet wounds. The truth is, there were no such charges of bayonets during our war as was commonly thought; even when they were made, one side or the other gave way rather than be run through. The same records show some striking oases of the tenacity of life. One soldier was struck in

the heart by a three ounce grape shot; the bones and integuments were so shattered and torn away that the arch of the aorta close to the heart, was visible through the wound, and its pulsations could be counted. After some time he recovered. Any number of cases are reported of men who recovered after they had been shot through the lungs, and several who survived injuries of the abdominal viscera. A man was shot through the brain. The ball entered the right side of the head, came out to the left of the crown, leaving a bridge of bone between three and four inches wide. The man recovered, and showed no evidence of the impairment of the cerebral faculties.—*Exchange*.

## A RICH JOKE

The following story the correctness of which is vouched for by the New York correspondent of the *Newmarket Era*, is too good to be lost. "Several months after the close of the war a tin box was given to Gen. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, by Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of war, for safe-keeping. The box was said to contain about \$30,000 in gold, and Mr. Spinner carefully locked it away in the vaults of the Treasury. About a year ago a certain national bank suspended, with a heavy indebtedness to the Government. A United States Quartermaster who had got into trouble in his official capacity was indebted to this bank in the sum of \$30,000, and the box deposited with Spinner was said to contain that amount of money belonging to said Quartermaster. The bank engaged the services of an eminent lawyer of New York City as its Attorney, and he immediately began proceedings to have the box opened and the money taken and paid over to the government to liquidate a part of the bank's indebtedness. The attorney has been striving for more than a year to accomplish his object, but it was not until to-day that success attended his efforts. He had been to Secretary McCulloch, who referred him to Gen. Grant. Gen. Grant hadn't the authority, but thought Stanton was the person. Mr. Stanton referred him back to Mr. McCulloch, who asked time to consider. Several months thus passed and Mr. McCulloch laid the case before the President, and he thought it a fit subject for a Cabinet consultation. It was accordingly discussed in Cabinet meeting, but before a conclusion could be reached the impeachment complication occurred, and changes were made in the Cabinet. It was then found necessary to bring the subject before the Cabinet again with its new members. This was done, and it was decided that the power to open the box lay with the Secretary of War. On Wednesday the War Secretary detailed Gen. Hardee of his staff to accompany the bank attorney and have the contents of the box examined. They found that the rules of the Treasury Department required a law officer of the United States to be a witness, and Assistant District Attorney Wilson was sent for. Gen. Spinner then summoned several of his confidential clerks as additional witnesses, and the whole party, headed by the hopeful and triumphant attorney, went to the vaults. The box was brought out from a dusty corner, for inspection. It was locked and sealed, but there was no key. After some delay a locksmith was secured and the box was opened, and found to contain an old calico dress and a women's shawl and waterproof cloak, labeled as follows:—"Taken from Jefferson Davis at the time of his capture by Col. Pritchard of the U. S. A.," Gen.