

isions of Infantry, a brigade of Cavalry, a force of Artillery, distinguished as the "Corps Artillery," and a complement of Engineers. Each division of Infantry also comprises a force of Artillery and Cavalry, as well as foot soldiers. To give its composition more in detail, it consists of two brigades of Infantry, each brigade comprising three battalions, a battalion of Rifles, a regiment of Cavalry, three batteries of Field-Artillery, a company of Engineers, a troop of military police, and an ammunition reserve-column. The Cavalry brigade consists of three regiments of Cavalry and a battery of Horse-Artillery. The Corps Artillery comprises three batteries of Horse-Artillery and two batteries of Field-Artillery, besides an ammunition reserve-column. Altogether therefore an Army Corps includes twenty-one battalions of Infantry, or, in round numbers, 21,000 bayonets; six regiments of Cavalry, or 3,000 sabres; and fifteen batteries of Artillery, or 90 guns.

THE ROMANCE OF LITERARY DISCOVERY.
To the merest accidents have we been indebted for the preservation of volumes which are justly considered to rank among the most precious relics of literature; and not less remarkable than the discoveries themselves, is the fact that they have been made at a time when further delay would have made them impossible. This has been particularly noticeable in regard to the remains of classical literature. In a dungeon at the monastery of St. Gall, Poggio found, corroded with damp and covered with filth, the great work of Quintilian. In Westphalia a monk stumbled accidentally on the only manuscript of Tacitus, and to that accident we owe the writings of an historian who has had more influence, perhaps, on modern prose literature than any ancient writer, with the solitary exception of Cicero. The poems of Propertius, one of the most vigorous and original of the Roman poets, were found under the eaves of a wine-cellar. In a few months the manuscript would have crumbled to pieces and become completely illegible. Parts of Homer have come to light in the most extraordinary way. A considerable portion of the "Iliad," for instance, was found in the hand of a mummy. The best of the Greek romances, the "Ethiopics," of Heliodorus, which was such a favourite with Mrs. Browning, was rescued by a common soldier, who found it kicking about the streets of a town in Hungary. To turn, however, to more modern times. Everybody knows how Sir Robert Cotton rescued the original manuscript of Magna Charta from the hands of a common tailor, who was cutting it up for measures. The valuable Thurlow State papers were brought to light by the tumbling in of the ceiling of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The charming letters of Lady Mary Montague, which have long taken their place among English classics, were found in the false bottom of an old trunk; and in the secret drawer of a chest the curious manuscripts of Dr. Dee lurked unsuspected for years. One of the most singular discoveries of this kind was the recovery of that delightful volume, Luther's "Table Talk." A gentleman in 1626 had occasion to build upon the old foundation of a house. When the workmen were engaged in digging they found, "lying in a deep, obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without," this interesting work which had lain concealed ever since its suppression by Pope Gregory XIII. We are told that one of the cantos of Dante's "Paradise," which had long been mislaid, was drawn from its lurking place, it had slipped beneath a window-sill by intuition, received in a dream.

BURLESQUE.

DISINTERESTED.—A strolling gymnast gave an exhibition on the tight rope in Danbury, the other afternoon. Among the observers were two undertakers, and although not in hearing distance of each other, yet both, strangely enough, continued to repeat over and over again:

"Oh, I hope he won't fall; I hope he won't fall."

When he got through they dispersed with the crowd, but so great had been their concern for him that their faces still appeared troubled.

HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT.—Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also.—*Boston Journal.* We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 8-2, certainly the total will be 10. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants, and consequently great eaters reason something like this: Eve 8-1st and Adam 8-2. Total, 163. —*Gloucester Advertiser.* Wrong again. What could be clearer if Eve 8-1 and Adam 8-1-2, the total was 893? —*Lawrence American.* If Eve 8-1 1st, and Adam 8-1 2, would not the whole be 1623? —*Boston Journal.* I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 8-1-4 Adam; Adam 8-1-2-4 Eve. Total, 8,938. —*Veritas.* Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam 8-1-4-2 oblige Eve. Total, 82,055. We think, however, this not to be a sufficient quantity, for though we admit that Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam, if he 8-0, 8-1-2-4-2 keep Eve company. Total, 8,082,050. The latest is from a city friend who thinks that "If Eve 8-1 1st 4-2 induce Adam, it must be admitted Adam 8-0-1 1st 8-1-2-4-2 oblige Eve. Total, 801,202,384. NEXT!

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—"Dear Alice," he said, "I cannot longer labor under this sin—"

(The old man appears.)

"pension of banks is due to the unwise policy—"

(Old gent passed on.)

"I was going to say, my dear girl, that I hope you will promise to be mine, and name an early day for the bonds—"

(Old woman happened in.)

"—should never be paid in gold alone."

(Exit old girl.)

"Name the happy day when I may call you my own, for I cannot believe that you will think if pre—"

(Old man slides in again.)

"—sumption cannot be so soon accomplished."

(The intruder retires.)

"I say I can't believe you are entirely indifferent to me, but will soon grant me the privilege of calling you wi—"

(Old lady on deck.)

"life giving the financial question much study."

(Old lady slides off.)

"If you love me just nod your. You—and, oh, one sweet kiss to seal it—oh head!"

(Prospective father-in-law.)

"—according to eminent divines, is a myth, a superstition."

(They were again left alone.)

The old folks conclude that Alice is safe enough in the company of a young man who can talk something about finance and theology, and so relax their vigilance.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S MENAGERIE.—Ant enters catches em with their tungs, which is long like a worm, and gum on it same as hop todes tungs. The eater it finds a place were the ants is to work, and lies down on its belly, and pays out its tung, and shuts up its eyes. Then a ant comes there, and takes a look, and says to the other ants: "This duffer has over et hisself, and gone to sleep without finish his last worm, lets take wot is left for our own self."

But wen they have all got hold they stick fast, and the eater it opens one eye, like sayin: "Ime reddi if you are," and then it touches a spring, and the tung is drawd in quick, and them ants is a stonish.

And now Ill tell you a story which aint true, jest for a change.

There was a ant eater wich had lain out his tung that way, and a ant come up and said:

"Hello! wots this?"

The eater was so hungry he cudnt wait, so he said: "Why dont you see! That is a nice red worm."

But he had to pul in his tung for to say it, and then the ant said: "I was jest a lookin for a worm like thatn, and if you hadnt grabed it so quick I would have took it my own self."

The eater see he had made a mistake, so he said: "I know where there is a other worm, same kind. You follen me and He sho you."

So the eater went of a little way with his back to the ant, and laid out his tung agin, and wen the ant had cum the eater winked its i, like saying: "Do be carefle, or you will friten the worm, an he might git away, eos you see I only got him by the tail."

When the ant had looked it said: "You can't fool me smarty; thats the same old worm wich you have had in your mouth. Ime hungry, but I dont want no boddys second hand vittles."

And the eater it didnt dare to say twasent so, eos it wud have to pul in its tung agin to say it, but after the ant had went away mad then it said: "Its unty hard to be silent under an unjust suspicion, wen natur has give me so much tung for to deny it."

HEARTH AND HOME.

INSINUATION.—Insinulators of evil are among the vilest of the vile ones of the earth. They do more harm than any number of bold accusers, and are not to be chastised because they cannot be caught. A direct falsehood can be met by as direct a denial, and a statement committed to dates is liable to destruction through counter-proof; but an insinuation has no tangible basis for a struggle, just as no one can catch and pinion Proteus. We are all subject to this kind of persecution, and some seem to be fatally open to victimisation of this deadly character.

WEAVING RIOT.—The first squabble of this description will be found in classic story:—Arachne, daughter of Idmon, a dyer of purple, at Colophone in Ionia, had learned from Pallas the art of weaving, and ventured to challenge her teacher to a trial of skill. In vain did the goddess, in form of an old woman, forewarn her of the consequences of her folly. The contest began, and Arachne prepared with much skill a web, which represented the armours of Jupiter. This irritated Pallas, who tore the web in pieces, and struck Arachne on the head with the shuttle. Arachne hung herself in despair. The goddess restored her to life, but changed her into a spider: whence the natural history of spiders is termed Arachnology.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.—Girls, don't devote all your thoughts to fashion: exchange your silks and satins for lawns and calicoes; shut up the piano and dive into a wash tub; throw away your fancy needlework and tackle a red-hot stove in the kitchen. Instead of receiving Brown, the banker's son in the parlour, look out for Bill Burns, the blacksmith's son, as he goes home from work: kiss his dirty face through a broken pane of glass in the kitchen window, and after awhile, when he learns his trade and you know your business, get married, go to house-keeping by yourselves, help each other, live happy, raise a family that will be an honor to your names and credit to yourselves, the hap-

py, and the angels will not turn their backs up on you up there.

MUTE LANGUAGE.—One of the pretty fancies of French people is to make colours the expression of sentiment. They hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and azure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all that he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness; black, favouritism; white, unity, universality. In addition to the seven primitive colours, gray indicates power; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver gray (semi-white), feeble love; lilac (semi-violet), feeble friendship; pale pink, false shame.

ONE'S OWN ROOM.—Far beyond drawing-room or spare room, and important above almost every other arrangement in your domestic establishment, is the consecration of one room to the special use of the master of the house, should his pursuits be such as to render occasional solitude and quiet needful or merely pleasurable to him. A sound and a lovely policy is that which secures to a husband in his family certain privileges and comforts that he can never find elsewhere, and that are calculated to counterbalance the weight of the many other attractions which his immediate circle cannot offer. A room to himself—a home within a home—is such a privilege, and few sacrifices are too great if they may procure it for him; it will keep him from clubs and card parties abroad, or from being "always about" home; it will prove a sanctuary from the numerous petty domestic troubles and annoyances.

GOLDEN MOMENTS.—How sorry one would be for a man who, starting out upon a journey, had his pockets full of golden coin which, one by one, had slipped through some unattended hole or rent, so that when he came to the end of his trip he had not one left, but lay down upon his bed a beggar! How strictly we look to our own pockets after hearing the tale, and make very sure that what coin we had should be well spent, or hoarded carefully, and not scattered in the road-side dust! Yet we start upon our lives, each one of us, with a store of golden moments of which we keep little account. Rapidly they slip through the rents of sloth or ignorance. Many a one, rich in all the golden moments of seventy years, lie down at last scarcely able to remember how he has frittered and scattered them, knowing only that he has no more—that all are gone, and that he cannot say that he has purchased anything of use to himself or another with what might have brought so much.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cold, that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles it may be. So have others. None are free from them, and perhaps it is well that none should be. This gives sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, were there nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of everyone to extract all the enjoyment he can from within and without him, and, above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a turning, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong right.

ENTRANCE INTO LIFE.—It is doing a service to mankind to destroy the prejudice which is generally entertained, that youth is educated when some care has been taken of infancy. The prejudice, besides other bad effects of it, suspends the zeal of that small number of individuals in the middle rank of life who wish to give their children the best education they possibly can. From a false notion that the minds of young persons are formed at a very early period, they suffer them to be their own masters at a time when they stand most in need of a guide to direct them in the course of the most important period of their education, by the wisdom of his counsels, the gentleness of his insinuations, and the force of his example. Few persons in their infancy learn the art of employing and governing themselves; and it is a very difficult matter to learn it till the faculties of the mind are full-blown, and the character has taken its true bias. When young persons, therefore, are entering upon the tempestuous ocean of human life, then is the time they must be taught the pilot's art, the manner of steering their course so as to avoid rocks and quicksands. A philosopher might begin to take charge of education at a time when the vulgar think it finished. Many persons are capable of educating children in the ordinary method; there are few, very few, who are capable of forming men.

CARELESS WIVES.—It is very common to hear the remark made of a young man that he is so industrious and economical that he is sure to be thrifty and prosperous. And this may be very true of him so long as he remains single. But what will his habitual prudence avail him against the careless waste and extravagance of an uncalculating, unthinking wife? He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and

life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be hardly less certainly in vain. Habits of economy, the ways to turn everything in household affairs to the best account—these are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters. Without such instruction, those who are poor will never become rich, while those who are now rich may become poor.

ADVICE AND SYMPATHY.—What we want from sympathetic advisers is good counsel within our limits. Scarcely any case is so hopelessly circumscribed as not to have an inch of unoccupied space; and when we come to the very worst we can at least receive sympathy without counsel. That does something for those who suffer—it is an enollent—while counsel that is impossible to follow—advice that loftily ignores the whole condition of one's life, and presupposes means on a par with those of the well-endowed adviser—is an irritant as great as pricking a tender place with pins or dressing a sore one with vinegar.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.—Down to the end of the fourteenth century no mention has been found of wood engravings. Boccaccio and Petrarch, and our own Chaucer, are silent about them. Even Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward III., in his curious essay on the "Love of Books," says not a syllable about any other illustrations but those painted by hand. There is not a single wood-engraving existing which there is any reason to attribute to an earlier date than the beginning of the fifteenth century.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LISZT's fingers are big, heavy and iron-like.

PATTI made \$92,000 during her season in Italy.

MOTJESKA amuses herself during her leisure hours by pistol practice, and she is said to be a good shot.

CHAS. READ has written a new play called "A Brave Wife," and it will shortly be brought out in London.

MORJANI, the rival of Rubini, and the best Edgardo on the Italian stage, has just died, at the age of 70, in Florence.

LOTTA is one of the richest actresses on the stage. She draws interest on upwards of \$200,000 of Government bonds, and yet can't keep away from the footlights.

RECENTLY, while playing in "John of Arc." Mrs. Rousby, the English actress, was thrown from her horse, which was not properly trained, and severely injured.

As Clara Louise Kellogg views it, every great songstress or actress who marries gets a fellow who spends her money and leaves her to die in poverty; and Clara Louise is not far from wrong.

MORA, the photographer, has sold during the year 340,000 pictures of stage celebrities. Maud Branscombe leads the list, and Marie Roze comes next, 42,000 of the first having been printed, and 18,000 of the latter.

SARAH BERNHART has in her household six dogs, Donchka, Prim, Mirza, Lion, Othello and Lazar; a parrot, Bizi-Bonzon; three cats, Kickett, Michette and Sans Nomi; a school of gold-fish, an aviary of birds and a skeleton.

WAGNER is said to be extremely vain, especially in matters of dress, and to be exacting to a degree that, unless insane, no sensible American would endure for a moment. Give the old gentleman time and he will disappear like a plate of ice-cream.

MESSRS. JARRETT & PALMER signed a lease of Booth's Theatre for four months, beginning September 1st. They will first introduce Genevieve Ward, the tragedian, who has made a sensation in Europe. After her, Irving and other celebrities.

HONOR IN HIS OWN LAND.

Says Comley in his recently-issued work, *The History of New York State*, "The day has passed when the benefactors of humanity were allowed to live in ignominious poverty—their sacrifices, their labors, uncompensated. To-day, the benefactors of the people—the men who devote their lives and energies to the interests of humanity—these are the men whom the world delights to honor, and whom it rewards with princely fortunes. As an earnest worker for the welfare of his fellow-men, Dr. R. V. Pierce has won their warmest sympathy and esteem. While seeking to be their servant only, he has become a prince among them. Yet the immense fortune lavished upon him by a generous people he hoards not, but invests in the erection and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realizing, in their liberal patronage, a new meaning of that beautiful Oriental custom of casting bread upon the waters. Noted in both public and private life for his unswerving integrity and all those sterling virtues that ennoble manhood, Dr. Pierce ranks high among those few men, whose names the Empire State is justly proud to inscribe upon her roll of honor. Ambitious, yet moved by an ambition strictly amenable to the most discriminating and well-balanced judgment, his future career promises to be one of unparalleled activity and usefulness, ably supplementing the work he has already accomplished, by a life at once noble in effort, enviable in its grand results." While Dr. Pierce's genius and energy have won for him so enviable a position on the records of a nation, having been elected Senator by an overwhelming majority, his justly celebrated Household Remedies have gained for him a yet more desirable place in the hearts of a grateful people. His *Golden Medical Discovery* and *Favorite Prescription* have brought health and happiness to ten thousand households.