

"THE SONG OF THE CAMP."*

(Written by Bayard Taylor.)

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause, a guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sling while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the batteries' side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon,

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldier! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

*The poem refers to an incident which occurred during the Crimean war. The night before the storming of the Redan the soldiers all sang "Annie Laurie."

HER LITTLE WAY.

At what age does a woman cease to think of matrimony? This is a question often asked, and the true answer is, not as long as she continues to breathe. That, at any rate, seems to be true of a certain old lady of a hundred and fifteen, who has lately married in Mexico.

This venerable person has, it is stated, a habit of marrying, whenever she becomes a widow, the oldest man in the village, and no record can be found of the number of times she has wedded. Her last husband was an old man of ninety-eight, and he had no hankering after the centenarian widow, but she married him for all that.

THE LARGEST WATCH IN EXISTENCE.

The largest watch in the world was made in London for Mr. William Wilkins, the founder of the Baltimore firm of William Wilkins and Co., dealers in bristles and curled hair. It is now in the possession of his sons, who keep it as an heirloom.

Mr. Wilkins gave the order for his huge watch in 1866, but it was not finished till 1869. It was attached to a massive gold chain made in America, which weighed no less than four pounds. The cost of the watch was £625.

The watch is a repeater, and weighs only one ounce under two pounds. The hunting case is of eighteen carat gold, and is seven-eighths of an inch thick. The dial—of white enamel—is four inches in diameter. The case is elaborately chased inside and out, the design on the front representing Baltimore factory, and the engraving on the back Mr. Wilkins holding his favorite old white horse, to which he was much attached.

Mr. Wilkins was a very wealthy man at the time of his death, and was entirely the maker of his own fortune. He started his business by collecting, in a barrow, the hair and bristles from the slaughter houses, and then wheeling them home to be sorted and prepared for the market. The business grew, and by-and-bye Mr. Wilkins abandoned the barrow and started a horse and cart. In all his prosperity Mr. Wilkins never deserted his faithful equine friend, but cherished it tenderly in its old age, and finally gave it burial in a plot of land opposite his own house, which he actually bought for the purpose.

An observant woman gives the following advice to her juniors:

For a man's birth look to his linen and finger-nails, and observe the inflections of his voice.

For his tastes, study the color of his ties, the pattern and hang of his trousers, his friends, and his rings—if any.

For his propensities, walk round and look carefully at the back of his head, and, remember, girls, never to marry a man whose neck bulges ever so little over his collar.

For his breeding talk sentiment to him when he is starving, and ask him to carry a bandbox down the public street when you've just had a row.

To test his temper, tell him his nose is a little on one side, and you don't like the way his hair grows—and if that don't fetch him nothing will.