



A REMINISCENCE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

First Volunteer: BE THEY REG'LARS?

Second Volunteer: YA'AS; AND ONE HEARS SO MUCH SAID ABOUT THEIR SUPERIOR BEARING. MUST SAY, I DON'T SEE IT.

A FEW WORDS ON THE "GRECIAN BEND."

DIOGENES, like the pleasant writer of the "Ab Antro" essays in the *Gazette*, has been pursuing some researches into the history of the "Grecian Bend." He has not been so successful as he wished to be. He can find but one reference to it in modern times, and will be grateful to any correspondent for further light on the subject. In a Satire entitled "Progress," which was published in 1849 by John Godfrey Saxe, *DIOGENES* has discovered the following allusion to the outrageous fashion in question:—

"To-day, she glides along with queenly grace,
To-morrow, ambles in a mincing pace.
To-day, erect, she loves a martial air,
And envious train-bands emulate the fair;
To-morrow, changing as her whim may serve,
'She stoops to conquer' in a Grecian curve."

A note on this passage informs us that Terence (who wrote comedies a little more than two thousand years ago) alludes to this, and a kindred custom *then* prevalent among the Roman girls:

"Virgines, quas matres student

Demissis humeris esse, vincto corpore, ut graciles fiant."

The sense of this passage may be given in English, with sufficient accuracy, thus:

Maidens, whom fond maternal care has graced
With stooping shoulders, and tight-girdled waist.

A SURPRISE.

Yes—it is,—it is her writing,
Like fairest copper plate,
And my love has been inditing
A note to intimate,
That tho' sharply she refused me,
Her meaning was not such;
And altho' she once abused me,
She now finds she loves me much.
When I made my declaration,
On my knees, with start and stutter,
I had settled each tarnation
Sentence that I ought to utter;
But, "some how or an other,"
I quite forgot my speeches,
For her troublesome young brother
Had upset a jar of leeches,
And one on the carpet crawling
Fixed on my unlucky calf,
Which, of course, set me a-bawling,
And caused my love to laugh!
Why do I stop—confound it—
I'll open the note, I will—
I broke the seal and found it
Was the *butcher's weekly bill!*