

remain wedded to that Battle Hymn which Julia Ward Howe has given us, we might congratulate ourselves on a national hymn—a hymn which in time might come from the hearts of both the Blue and the Grey.

F. E. H.

MISCELLANY.

Although imagination is apt to run riot in a dream, it sometimes causes to pass before us things that are strikingly significant, despite their unreality. A dream may reveal the inmost thoughts and feelings of a person more truly than many of his outward acts. Of such a nature was one that happened to Calhoun when he was engaged in his public duties at Washington, during the time of the nullification movement in South Carolina. Whether or not it influenced his course does not appear, but it quite forcibly suggests that he was, at the time, disturbed by serious misgivings. Since the narrative may be new to many of our readers, I will give the substance of it.

Calhoun, while one morning engaged in a private talk with several of his friends, among whom were Toombs and Cobb, was often observed to rub the back of his right hand as if to remove a blot or stain. The curiosity of the group being aroused, he was asked the reason for this.

"Yesterday evening," he replied, "I was writing an article on the Dissolution of the Union. While thus employed, the door quietly opened and a man entered. He was no less than Gen. Geo. Washington. I recognized him from the portraits I had seen, his dress, and particularly his sword which, as you know, is in the Patent Office. He entered silently, and sat down on the opposite side of the table from me. As I looked up, he spoke, asking me what I was writing. I told him, adding a few words, in defence of the principles I maintain. He looked even more grave than before, but made no further remark, until, after a pause, he arose,

came to my side, and, raising my right hand, made upon it a mark. 'That,' said he, 'is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.' At this juncture, I awoke and found that the occurrence was but a dream. I had worked until a late hour and fallen asleep."

Dr. J. G. Holland, *alias* Timothy Titcomb, asserts, in one of his essays, that it is a man's duty to wear a beard, provided, of course, that Nature has not slighted him in this badge of masculinity.

He might very appropriately have added an inquiry into the reasons that seem to interdict the majority of ministers of the Gospel from wearing mustaches. We have sometimes wondered if the clerical fraternity do not have some rule which enjoins upon them this duty, if duty it may be called. It has been said of a certain bishop that he refused to admit any preacher to his conference, who was guilty of wearing a mustache, whatever the amount of his beard irrespective of this objectionable item. The story may have been a joke, yet the circumstance which gave rise to it is none the less forcible.

If there is any good reason for this usage, we fail to see it. One can scarcely defend it on scriptural grounds, and 't the tacit design is a distinguishing mark of the order, the custom is not well founded. Is it not an expression of the idea that the minister should keep himself apart from the rest of the people? A guarded attempt of the clergy against anything like the secularization of their order is hardly calculated to further their influence amid the peculiar phases of modern society.

It sometimes occurs that a word, in itself very appropriate and useful, becomes rather too trite through its subjection to hard usage. "Culture" seems to be a word that has fared thus roughly. In the process, it has acquired a breadth and flexibility of meaning that are almost