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Miscellaneous.

The Cavalry Officer.

Col. Eugene Merville was an attache of Napoleon's staff. He was a soldier in the true sense of the word—devoted to his profession, and brave as a lion. Tho' very handsome and of fine bearing, he was of humble birth—a mere child of the camp, and had followed the drum and bugle from boyhood. Every step in the line of promotion had been won by the stroke of his sabre, and his promotion from major of the cavalry was for the gallant deed which transpired on the battle field beneath the Emperor's own eye. Murat, the Prince of cavalry officers, loved him like a brother, and taught him all that his own good taste and natural instinct had led him to acquire before.

It was the carnival season in Paris, and young Merville found himself at the masked ball in the French Opera House. Better adapted in his taste to the field than to the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor, and joins but seldom in the giddy waltz. But, at last, while standing thoughtfully, and regarding the assembled throng with vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin dominoe, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner and bearing, convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white dominoe that rather repulsed the ideas of familiar address, and it was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door, where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment; the lady spoke the purest French, and was witty, fanciful and captivating.

'Ah! pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany such a sweet voice and so graceful a form as you possess.'

'You would perhaps be disappointed.'

'No, I am sure not.'

'Are you so very confident?'

'Yes, I feel that you are beautiful. It cannot be otherwise.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' said the dominoe. 'Have you ever heard of the Irish Poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet of Khorassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one? How do you know that I shall not turn out a veiled prophet of Khorassan?'

'Ah, lady, your very word convinces me to the contrary,' replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart begun to feel as it had never felt before; he was already in love.

She eluded his efforts at discovery, but permits him to hand her to her carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and though he throws himself upon his fleetest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French colonel becomes moody, he has lost his heart and knows not how to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns former places of amusement, avoids his military companions, and in short is miserable as a lover well can be, thus disappointed.

One night, just as he had left his hotel, on foot, a figure muffled to the very ears, stopped him.

'Well, monsieur, what would you with me?' asked the soldier.

'You would know the name of the white dominoe,' was the reply.

'I would indeed!' replied the officer hastily. 'How can it be done?'

'Follow me.'

'To the end of the earth, if it will bring me to her.'

'But you must be blindfolded.'

'Very well.'

'Step into this vehicle.'

'I am at your command.'

And away rattled the young soldier and his strange companion. 'This may be a trick,' reasoned Eugene Merville, 'but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and can take care of myself.

But there was no cause for fear, since he soon found the vehicle stopped, and he was led blindfolded into the house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly furnished boudoir, and before him stood the dominoe, just as he had met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees, and tell her how much he thought of her since their separation, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so most gallantly and sincerely.

'Shall I believe all you say?'

'Let me prove it by any test you may put upon me.'

'Know, then the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist, I have something more to say.'

'Talk on forever, lady. Your voice is music in my ears.

'Would you marry me, knowing of me than you do now?'

'If you were to go to the altar masked' he replied.

'Then I will test you.'

'How, lady?'

'For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as Heaven shall spare my life!'

O, cruel, cruel suspense.'

'You demur?'

'Nay, lady, I shall fulfill your injunctions, as I promised.'

'If, at the expiration of a year, you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring,' she continued, 'and when I supply the broken portion, I will be yours.'

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips, bade her adieu. He was conducted away again, as mysteriously as he had been brought thither, nor could he, by possible means, discover where he had been; his companion rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest question.

Months roll on. Col. Melville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered to an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the European capitals, about the time that Napoleon is planning to marry the Arch Duchess Maria Louisa. The young colonel is handsome, manly, and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court: every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain, he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart was not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white dominoe, has doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldorff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion, and yet his sense of honor was so great though, he felt he really loved the young Baroness, and even that she returned his affection, still he had given his word, and it was sacred.

The satin dominoe is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes in place of his good angel—his evil genius.

Well, time rolls on: he is to return in a few days; it is once more the carnival season, and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the features of the masked ball, and what wonder fills his brain, when about middle of the evening, the white dominoe steals behind him, in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris? Was it not a fancy?

'I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise,' she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

'Is this reality or a dream?' asked the amazed soldier.

'Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality,' continued the mask, pleasantly.

'I will.'

'Have you been faithful to your promise?' asked the dominoe as they retired into a soloon.

'Most truly in act, but, alas, I fear not in heart.'

'Indeed.'

'It is true, lady, that I have seen and loved another, though my vow to you has kept me from seeing so to her.'

'And who is this that you thus love?'

'I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret!'

'Most religiously.'

'It is the Baroness Von Waldorf.' he said with a sigh.

'And you really love her?'

'Alas! only too dearly,' said the soldier sadly.

'Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring; you can produce its mate?'

'Here it is, said Eugene.

Then I, too, keep my promise!' said the dominoe raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of Baroness Von Waldorff!

'Ah, it was the sympathy of true love that attracted me after all,' exclaimed the young soldier as he pressed her to his heart,

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by enquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue and had tested him, and now gave to him her wealth, title and everything.

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the Arch Duchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once General of Division.

Liberality.

What a blessing to tradesmen is a liberal customer! A farmer went into a store in Boston, the other day, and told the keeper that a neighbor of his entrusted him with some money to expend to the best advantage, and he meant to do it where he was best treated. He had been used very ill by the traders in Boston, and he would not part with his neighbor's money until he found a man who would treat him about right. With the utmost suavity, the trader says:

'I think I can treat you to your liking, how do you like to be treated?'

'Well,' said the farmer, with a leer in his eye, 'in the first place, I want a glass of toddy,' which was forthcoming.

'Now, I will have a nice cigar,' says the farmer.

It was promptly handed him, leisurely lighted, and then throwing himself back in a chair, with his feet as high as his head, he commenced puffing away like a Spaniard.

'Now, what do you want to purchase?' says the storekeeper.

'My neighbor handed me *two cents* when I left home, to buy him a plug of tobacco—have you got the article?'

The storekeeper sloped instanter.

Of Premature Spring

Weather, Sidney Smith said, in a letter: 'We have had the mildest weather possible. A great part of the vegetable world is deceived and beginning to blossom—not merely foolish young plants without experience, but *old* plants that have been deceived before by premature spring—and for such one has no pity.—The birds are all taken in and are building, the foolish flowers are blooming.—Human creatures alone are in the secret, and know what is to happen in a week or two.

Teach a child there is harm in everything, however innocent; and as soon as it discovers the cheat, it won't see sin in anything. That's the reason preacher's sons seldom turn out well, and that their daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folks generally imagine. If you want some of it to transplant, don't seek it in the enclosures of cant, for it has only counterfeit ones: but go to the garden of truth and of sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark; open the door and it is off forever. The bird that roams the sky and grove unrestrained, knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself; but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.

In Milwaukee, about noon last Wednesday, a lady, returning from a morning drive, on approaching the room usually occupied by herself and husband, heard voices. She stopped, listened, placed her eye to the key hole, and saw to her horror, a woman standing on the floor, and her husband in the same room fixing a shawl over her shoulders. Enraged at the infedility of her husband, she went to the hall, took down a loaded shot gun, returned, cocked the gun, opened suddenly the door, and deliberately shot the strange woman in the back. Her husband screamed, when the excited and abused wife fainted. On having returned to consciousness, she learned that the woman who had supplanted her in the affections of her husband, was one of those frames for exhibiting shawls and mantillas on, which he that morning had brought up from the store to have retrimmed before his wife, in her usual tasty style. Not finding his wife in, he was looking at the figure, and fixing it up as a surprise for her, when her sudden jealousy had like to have cost him his life.

Co-operation of the Wife.

No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded with the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds not an associate for his happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress, no sympathizing partner is provided.

Lungs and Stays.

In an excellent little work just published on the subject of ventilation, which we commend to the notice of all interested in preserving their health, the action of the air upon the lungs and blood, and the fatal consequences of bad air and pressure are fully explained. On the subject of stays, we are informed that "women ought to measure from twenty-seven to twenty-nine inches round the waist, but most females do not permit themselves to grow beyond twenty-four: thousands are laced down to twenty-two, some to less than twenty inches, and that by means of wood, whalebone and steel, the chest is often reduced to one-half its proper size."

The Woman's Rights Convention had a two days' session at Saratoga Springs some time ago, and "resolved that women like men, had a right to do anything and everything which is in itself morally right."

Well, asks the Springfield Republican, why do they not go and do what is right, if they've a mind to, and stop talking about it? Antoinette Brown preaches, Miss Blackwell doctors, Mrs. Oaksmith lectures, Harriet Hosmer makes statues, and Alice Cary "writes for the Ledger," and nobody denies their right, for it is based on their ability. Women's rights are women's abilities and wishes—nothing more, nothing less.

A man sitting upon the verandah of an up-country inn, hailed 'one of the oldest inhabitants,' and inquired the denomination of the church on the opposite side of the road. 'Wal, she was a Baptist nat'rally, but they don't run her now.'

'You must not play with that little girl, my dear,' said an unjudicious parent.

'But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl; and I am sure she dresses as prettily as ever I do, and she has lots of toys.'

'I cannot help that, my dear,' responded the foolish anti-American, 'her father is a shoemaker.'

'But I don't play with her father, I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker.'

Wit and Wisdom.

What is next to an oyster? The shell.

To remove ink from linen, jerk an editor out of his shirt.

Did any one ever see the umbrella again which he had lent for just "five minutes?"

Why is anything reconsidered accounted profitable? Because it is considered *a-gain.*

'That's the *rock* on which we split,' said Charley to his wife when she asked him to rock the cradle.

The Funambulist who tried to balance the North Pole, got seriously cut by the axes of the earth.

The Albany Statesman gives a sketch of a lecture by a blind man, and gravely says he 'spoke without notes.'

It is an economical reflection that when garments are too short, the difficulty may be remedied by wearing them longer.

An exchange infers that Dryden was not opposed to mint juleps from a remark he once made: 'Straws may be made the instruments of happiness.'

In a late trial for the amount of a tailor's bill, it appeared that the clothes supplied did not fit the defendant. 'Then observed the judge, 'we must proceed according to the *lex taliorons*, and the plaintiff must be *nonsuited*.'

Bassompierre, the French Ambassador to Spain, was relating to Henry IV. the particulars of his entry into Madrid. 'I was mounted,' he said, 'on the smallest mule in the world.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the king, 'what an amusing sight! An ass upon a mule!' 'Very good, sire,' retorted Bassompierre, 'I was your representative.'

A friend of ours says, that he has been without money so long that his head aches 'ready to split,' when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says the notion that 'we live in a world of *change*' is a great fallacy.

'Miss, can I have the pleasure of dancing with you the next cotillion?' asked a young man in a North Carolina ball room.

'Well, I don't know——'

'Engaged, perhaps.'

'Well, ef you must, I ain't quite done *chawin' my rawzin!*'

'Did you present your account to the defendant?' inquired a lawyer of his client.

'I did, sir.'

'And what he did say?'

'He told me to go to the devil.'

'And what did you do then?'

'Why, I came to you.'

'There's no humbug about these sardines,' said Brown, as he helped himself to the third plateful from a newly-opened box; 'they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean.' 'Yes, replied his economical wife, 'and if you will only control your appetite they will go a great deal further.'—Brown didn't ask for any more.

A gentleman on his way from Boston to Vermont, stopped at a tavern, where he met an inquisitive fellow, who said to him:

'Where have you come from, if I may be so bold?'

'Not bold at all—I came from Boston.'

'Where are you going, if I may be so bold?'

'I am going to Vermont.'

'Who are you going to see there, if I may be so bold?

'I am going to see the Widow M.'

'Are you a married man, if I may be so bold?'

'I am a widower.'

'Are you going to marry the Widow M., if I may be so bold?'

'Ahem! that's too thundering bold!'

The following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding Judge of a neighbor State. The Judge was supported on the right and on the left by his humble associates, and the old lady was called to give evidence.

Presiding Judge.—'Take off your bonnet, madam.'

Lady.—'I would rather not, sir.'

Judge.—'I desire you to take off your bonnet, madam.'

Lady.—'I am informed that in public assemblies, the women should cover the head; such is the custom, and of course I will not take off my bonnet.'

Judge.—'You are a pretty woman. Indeed, I think you had better come and take a seat on the bench.'

Lady.—'I thank you kindly, sir—but I really think *there are old women enough there already.*'

Colloquy.

Dutchman—'Coot morer, Patrick, how you tuz?'

Irishman—'The top o' the morning till ye, Smitt, Tye think we'll get rain the day.'

Dutchman—'Kess no, ve never has much rain in very dry time.'

Irishman—'Faith, and yer right there, Smitt, and thin winever it gits in the way o' rainin' the divil a bit of dhry will we git as long as the wet spell howlds.'