

POETRY.

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried.
The outer tent was guarding.
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Roman in silent scorn
Lay grim and threatening under.
And the wayward maid of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

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

They lay along the battery's side.
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave heart from Severn down from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
For aye was England'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-voice confession.

Dear girl, her name he dare not speak,
Yet as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed out the stain 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 line of tell
Rained on the Russian quarters.
With screams of shot and bursts of shell,
And howling of the mortars.

And Irish Rona's eye grew dim
For a singer, dumb and gory.
And English Mary mourned for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Oh, soldier to your honored rest
Your truth and honor bearing.
The bravest and the tenderest—
The loving are the dearest.

LITERATURE.

A MYSTERIOUS WARNING.

BY WILLIAM CONYBEARE.

I found myself alone upon the earth at an early age. My parents and my four sisters had been swept away, one after another, the latter by pulmonary disease, and the former by fever.

Having buried the last survivor—my sister Juliet—I determined to go back to my native village, (Greenmont) from which we removed when I was a child of eight years.

In my lonely childhood I fancied that the scenes of my childhood were better calculated to revive the home feeling than the multitudinous city, where nobody knows whether anybody is alive or dead.

Knowing something of medicine and the use of drugs, I believed that I could do well in Greenmont with a little apothecary shop, and accordingly I went thither and shelled my latinitized jars and bottles in a one-storyed tabernacle by the roadside, where all the passers-by might observe the sign of Oculopius.

I had been established in my quarters a couple of weeks, our old acquaintances of the village had begun to find me out and my custom was rapidly increasing when I received a note through the post office, couched in the following terms:

"Sin,—As a friend I warn you that your life is in danger. If you consult your physician you will lose this part of the country without a moment's delay. Time presses; you have not a moment to spare. I can say no more, but haste! haste away!"

It was warm weather, the window was open, and with a loud laugh I flung this unwise out of the window. It alighted on the long grass without, which laborers were preparing to mow.

I then very philosophically proceeded to read a medical treatise, determined to treat the foolish note with the contempt it merited, but when the day was fast spent, and the sun was obscured by the western clouds, and the night was approaching I could not remember the words of that note without a shudder. It is true, thought I, that I have not an enemy in the world; but why then should anybody be so mean as to try and make me unhappy—to alarm me with such threatenings? Surely it is not a friend that would do such a thing as that, unless he had some object in view.

It must be either an enemy or a professional mischief-maker, of which almost every village may claim one.

The night came on apace, and with her sombre livery veiled things clad. Silence, accompanied with rest for beast and bird, when I heard a gentle tap at my shop-door.

"Entrez," said I. I heard rattling footsteps, and going to the door I called to a retiring individual and asked him why he did come in.

"Because you told me to go away," replied a man in a blouse, as he came back on the steps.

"No, I said come in."

"Accordingly the man came in and sat in silence, as if about to hold a Quaker meeting."

"Well, neighbor, said I at last, "what can I do for you?"

"Nothing I know of, observed he, pawing his hair with one hand, and thrusting the other into his pocket.

"After waiting another five minutes the stranger handed me a crumpled piece of paper, which he scrippled with my property. I spread out the scrap and discovered that it was the note which I had thrown out in the morning."

"I have seen this before, said I, I serve it a note which I received to-day, and I served it to a man every anonymous letter; I threw it out of the window."

"Yes, sir, I was moving out there and found it on the grass. "What are you going to do?"

"Do? What do you mean? demanded I. "This note means that somebody is seeking your life—"

"Fshaw! man! I'm not fool enough to believe that note."

"Then, sir, your brother believe it I think."

"Come, come, neighbor, don't you go too far, or you'll get yourself into a pickle," replied I. "Now send me to know too much about this matter. Write you say that my life is in danger?"

"That's neither here nor there," replied the rustic. "I know you're not that note, and I think you had better tend to it."

"Well, who wrote it?" said I.

"It's a suspicious person, who would not do such a thing for mere sport. I know that much."

"How do you know it was written by such a person?"

"I know the hand writing," said he. "That is only one person in the village that can write like that."

"Again telling me that I had better take heed to the warning given me in that note, the man got up and left. As soon as he was gone I examined the chirography of the note. It was certainly neat—much like copperplate. It was therefore a person of some pretensions to education who had stooped so low as to write an anonymous note. The more I thought of it, the more I was confirmed in my suspicion that the note contained some truth. The man who had just left seemed positively though his thesis was grounded entirely upon the respectability of the writer. He did not intend to speak from his knowledge."

"Who then was this most important personage who subscribed himself 'Your friend?'"

I was anxious to discover the writer, and, surely if there was only one person in town who could write well, it ought to be no difficult matter to discover him. I would ask the principal men in the village for their autographs. I had an album in which were already the distinguished names of John Quincy Adams, Levi Lincoln and George Bancroft. I would send it round the village, and in that trap catch as big a bug as 'Your Friend.'

On the next day I commenced. I sent my album to three of the select men and the town clerk, all of whom gave me their autographs readily, and although I did not thus achieve my object, yet so flattered were these gentlemen when they saw their names beside those of Adams, Lincoln and Bancroft, that they instantly transferred all their custom to me, and I felt myself absolutely in danger of becoming a rich man.

But in the midst of all this success, there were no wanting memories of the fatal note—reminders that the sword of Damocles was continually suspended over my head. The principal one of these happened at my boarding-house. Owing to the hot weather I slept with the lower sash of my window raised. A light from a house opposite shone in at my window and illuminated the opposite wall. My back was towards the window as I lay in bed, and I was on the point of dropping to sleep when I perceived that something was darkening the light on the wall. I lay perfectly still although now wide awake, and soon became convinced that a burly human head was slowly rising above the site of the window, and this head it was that threw its shadow upon the light spot on the wall and partially obscured it.

I turned suddenly, crying at the same time, "Who is there?"

The head immediately dodged down and a muttered curse followed, and all was silent. I jumped out of my bed and ran to the window. I saw a fellow just turning the corner of the house, and I regretted that my clothes were off, otherwise I would have pursued the villain till I discovered who he was.

After this it did seem to me as if I was rubbing saffron on my fate by remaining at Greenmont. Yet I had remained with the place and the people of the village, my business was good and rapidly increasing, but, above all, I had fixed my eyes upon a lovely young lady, who led the choir in the village church. Thus far I had not discovered her name. I only knew that I was charmed with her appearance, with her voice and manner. She appeared to be the most amiable of human beings.

Could I leave the village under such circumstances? I was anxious to find out the name of the beautiful singer; but I durst not make any enquiries. Had I done so the fact would have been known in every house in the township before night, and finally the story would have run that we were engaged to be married.

At length I met the young girl at a party, she was introduced to me by the name of Smith; and as there was more than one of that name in town, I still remained as much in the dark as ever, except that she soon gave me to perceive that the fancy which I had conceived for her was by no means reciprocated.

It was evident that Miss Smith regarded me with aversion. She looked at me frequently. Turning my head suddenly, I would detect her in the act of perusing my features with close attention. She seemed to regard me with a great deal of curiosity, but that was all. She avoided me on every occasion; and this she did in so ingenious and stealthy a manner that it was not calculated to attract attention. It was therefore noticed by no one but myself.

The conduct on the part of Miss Cornelia Smith discouraged me from making any advances. Although whenever I looked at her, she appeared handsome and more attractive than ever, yet such was my peculiar nature that the slightest suspicion of being unwellcome was a sufficient bar to my intrusion—a fence too high to be overleaped. I could not endure the idea of forcing myself upon anybody.

It will be seen, therefore, that there was but a slender prospect—more slender than the most-cursed waif even of a Maryland girl—that Cornelia and I should tread life's thorny path together.

Yet I was curious to know why she hated me so bitterly, or what she saw in my appearance or in my manners that revolted her.

Cornelia was the first girl in whom I had felt a peculiar interest; it is not strange, therefore, that I wanted to know why she shunned me.

With me things were not in a happy condition. My life threatened, I not knowing from what quarter the blow would come, deeply in love with one whom I felt myself forbidden to approach, my spirit began to sink, and this had a sinister effect on my business. Customers were not so well satisfied with my manners as they had been, and I began to think seriously of leaving town and seeking employment in the city, when an event occurred which changed my resolution. A Miss Sayers sent me her album with a request that I would write some verses in it.

As I turned over the leaves I was struck motionless by encountering the name of Cornelia Smith at the bottom of one of the pages. It appeared that Cornelia had written some lines in the album, and I had judged them to be original. There was nothing remarkable about the composition, but I was forcibly struck by the hand writing. It seemed to me that I had seen that style of penmanship before.

I just now in hunting up the warning note which I had received from 'Your Friend,' and on comparing the note with the piece in the album, signed Cornelia Smith, not a shadow of doubt remained that both pieces were written by the same hand!

I had found out my anonymous correspondent at last, but (was it possible?) that correspondent was Cornelia Smith. She had warned me that my life was in danger, and had hidden me fly hence. What could have been her motive? I was a perfect stranger to her. Why should she seek to annoy and terrify me in that manner unless she had discovered that my life really was threatened? But was it probable that the young girl could make any such discovery? Still less probable was it that Cornelia should have written the note through sheer wantonness. O, no; she could not be capable of so cruel, so miserable a hoax.

At any rate the partition wall was broken down, there was no longer any reason that I should hesitate to address Cornelia Smith; for, if she had gone so far as to send me a note before she had been introduced to me, I might well claim acquaintance with her and seek for an explanation of that note.

Glad was I of the excuse to open a correspondence with Cornelia.

I wrote her a note immediately, in which I mentioned the discovery which I made, and begged her to inform me whether my life was really in danger.

On the same day I received the following answer:

"Your note is just received. I would give you a full and satisfactory answer if possible, but that my duty to a third party forbids. I cannot speak the whole truth. I am not at liberty to assure you who I write; but of one thing I am sure your life is not in danger. That was a false statement. Nobody has threatened you. I am not at liberty to say any more at present. Your obedient servant,

CORNELIA SMITH.

Now, this I deemed a great conquest, to receive a communication from Cornelia and to be set at ease in regard to that warning note. But how strange that Cornelia should have written it, (and in heaven's pure name) who was the third party of whom Cornelia spoke, and who was doubtless the prime mover in the disreputable affair? But it seemed very strange to me that somebody should have taken pains to tell me that my life was in danger when no danger was threatened, and that a young lady should be mixed up in the affair.

Sauveteur through the principal street of the village, shortly after receiving Cornelia's note, I passed an apothecary shop and noticed the name on the door, 'Galeb Smith.'

Now, I had always known that my rival in business was one Smith, but till now, I had never perceived that he bore the same name as the girl whom I loved, and now I recollected that I had heard Cornelia spoken of as the daughter of 'Doctor Smith.'

This apothecary, must, then, be the father of Cornelia. This seemed to account for the fact that the young girl had always avoided me, and had treated me in so cold and distant a manner. She had in all probability heard her father speak of me as an interloper who had set up shop in the village to get away his customers.

Peeping in at the front door, I saw Cornelia behind the counter. In I popped, and found that the young girl was alone in the shop.

As we had been introduced to each other, we entered into conversation; and thus commenced an acquaintance which ripened fast. In three months the town clerk published our nuptials.

After our marriage Cornelia let out the whole truth in regard to the note which had given me so much trouble.

It seems that her father was very wrath when I came into the village and set up my shop. He declared that one apothecary shop was enough for Greenmont; and that I ought to be tarred and feathered and ridden upon a rail.

Time wore on, and 'Dr. Smith' complained that I got away his best customers. About that time Smith wrote the words of that warning note on a slip of paper, and told his daughter Cornelia to copy them off on a sheet of letter-paper. Cornelia knew no more than the dead what use her father was going to make of the letter after she had written it; and it was not until I discovered I was the person whom her father intended to warn.

It will be seen, therefore, that the note was sent to me by a rival apothecary in order to frighten me out of the village. As for the big head which appeared one night at my window, it stood on the round shoulders of one Butterick, a man of all work who had been employed by Dr. Smith to back up the terrible warning by sticking his head into my window in the dead of night.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Beauty gains little, and homeliness is commonly lost much, by gaily attire. Eyes under know the way to artifice, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughter, saying that they were fit only to make unhappy faces of her countenance.

Diphtheria.—A correspondent writes:—"Hearing that diphtheria is very prevalent, and a good many deaths caused by it, I enclose you recipe for same."

I have never seen it, but believe it to be the diphtheria which under the doctor's directions would, I believe, be of great value to many a sufferer. It is as follows:—

"Four drops of sulphuric acid in one tumbler of water."

It has been told that in bad cases it should be swallowed at once, but any sufferer can use it as his doctor directs.

I hope it may be of great value to your numerous readers."

Eggs as Food.—The *Poultry Review* gives the following estimate of the relative value of eggs as food—"Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones and tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains 86 per cent water, the yolk 52 per cent. The average weight of an egg is about two ounces. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable odors of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away all the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not so harden the white or yolk so as to make them hard to digest. An egg cooked in water is not only a clean and wholesome but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best accompaniment. An egg spread upon toast is better food for a king, if kings deserve any food, than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and wholesome but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best accompaniment. An egg spread upon toast is better food for a king, if kings deserve any food, than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and wholesome but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best accompaniment. An egg spread upon toast is better food for a king, if kings deserve any food, than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. 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