

In the centre of the table stood a huge, deep platter, filled almost to the brim with thick slices of fat pork, swimming in gravy, the sight of which would have sickened a Jew, and scattered all through "the mess" were a goodly portion of the fresh eggs he had desired to eat. Mary remembered once cooking, when her girl was absent, a dish of ham and eggs, and sending it to the table in the old-fashioned way, ham, eggs and gravy altogether, and she wondered if Harry would lecture his mother as he had her, for "such a greasy dish." But he simply declined any of the fried ones, and saying he was hungry for boiled ones, a bowl full of which stood by him. Now, Mary always dreaded to hear him say he wanted boiled eggs for breakfast, for unless they were cooked "just so," she knew what a tirade upon careless cooks she must prepare to hear, and she wondered how these would suit. He broke one on his plate—for his good mother had never heard of egg cups—broke it, and it was as hard as the Irish girl's when she had boiled it half an hour.

"Are they all hard?" asked he.

"Why yes," said Mrs. Lawrence, "I thought you liked them so—you used to."

"Well, I don't any longer—they are not so healthy as soft-boiled ones."

"O, well then, I can boil some more," and with alacrity she set about it, but alas, these latter, when brought to the table, were too rare, the white scarcely warmed through.

"Shan't I boil you some?" asked his wife. "As I'm used to boiling them soft, perhaps I can suit you."

"Yes, do," said he, in a tone that bespoke relief. She did so, and as he dropped them into his plate, he observed to his mother, "this is the way I like them—two minutes and a half by the clock.—These are very nice."

"Very nice!" said his wife. "Well, I am glad if once in my life, I have suited you. O, if I were only your mother—then you'd never find fault with my cooking," and the old self-same mischievous smile lurked in her eye and dimpled her lips.

"Why he's found fault with everything I've cooked since he came home," said his mother. "He's grown to be mighty particular, for I cook just as I used to."

"Why, mother," said Harry, "have I said a word?"

"No, but you've acted it. I know when things relish, and I know you haven't relished anything since you came home that you've eat off the table, save peaches and milk, and those I didn't cook. And see your coffee, you haven't tasted it hardly."

There was no gainsaying this truthful remark, and as to the coffee, why he wouldn't have been hired to drink it, boiled as it had been for the hour his mother had been preparing breakfast, and having beside the bitter taste that of itself would give, another which we could not analyze, but which he afterwards learned was the result of boiling molasses in it, because it was thought the cheaper sweetening, and also a bit of dandelion root to prevent the coffee from injuring the health of the drinker.

"Your wife must have a deal of patience to get along with you, if you are always so particular—more than ever I had. I always brought up my family to eat what was set before them, and not complain if it wasn't quite so good as they wanted. Women don't always feel like cooking, and then mistakes will happen, and failures too, and you can't help it. The only way is to make the best of every thing. At any rate, a man should never fret at his wife, for goodness knows she has enough to fret her at the best."

As the good mother concluded, Mary felt like saying amen, and though she refrained from doing so, she did in her heart wish that Harry would lay the words he had just heard, deep in his memory, and con them over often.

An hour or two after breakfast, Mary found her mother picking chickens. "What are we to have now?" inquired she, pleasantly.

"O, that chicken pie that Harry wanted; but dear me," and she sighed, it isn't any use for me to bake one—he won't touch it. I wish you'd make it," and she looked at her pleadingly.

A new thought flashed through Mary's mind, and she exclaimed eagerly, "I will, mother, on two conditions—I shall have as much of every thing as I choose, and you shall not let Harry know but you made it, till we get his opinion."

The mother gave a glad assent, and the young wife proceeded at once to her task. She spared neither material nor time, and proud indeed was she when she bore it to the table. Like a mass of snow flakes was the rich, puff crust, and never found fowls a deeper grave or a more tempting grave.

"I can't see how Harry can find fault with your cooking when you can cook like that," said the mother. "It beats any thing I ever did."

"Because it's his wife's and not his mother's cooking; but we'll cheat him for once."

"Do you see that," exclaimed Harry, as when the horn had sounded, he entered the kitchen—"do you see that," and he came up to his wife, who stood looking out of a window, the while idly thrumming on it, never evincing by word or look that her reputation as a cook was at stake. "We've got the chicken pie, and it's a glorious one, too,—deep, wide, rich, with crust that will melt in your mouth. Mother is herself again—if you could only cook like that!"

"It does look nice," said she, but I don't believe, after all, it will prove any better than the one I made last Christmas."

"Not taste better than yours! I guess then it will. I tell you, Mary, you'll own, after this, you never knew any thing about a chicken pie. You may well, father, be proud of your wife's cooking. I shall be proud of mine when she bakes me a pie like this." And he interlarded the whole meal with like expressions in praising his

mother and casting some indirect, and many, too, direct reflections on his wife.

"Do you really think this is a good chicken pie?" asked Mary, as her husband at length dropped his knife and fork.

"A good one? yes, and more than that."

"And would you like some time to have another like it?"

"Indeed I should."

"Well, then, I will make you one next Christmas."

"You!" His tone was an incredulous one.

"Me! yes. Why not me? I made this."

Harry's chair found its place next the wall in marvelously quick time, and about as quickly did he walk off towards an old musing spot in the woods, but Harry's wife never afterward heard any thing said by him about "mother's cooking."

Discoveries in Sidon.

BEIRUT, Syria, Feb. 11, 1855.

Quite a sensation has been awakened among this impassioned people by recent discoveries in the ancient city of Sidon. Unequal in population, in power, and architectural magnificence to Babylon and Nineveh, still Tyre and Sidon were in advance of those renowned cities in commerce and letters, and were greater benefactors of the human race.

Time has swept away all but their ruins and traces, whether on the banks of the Euphrates or the shores of the 'Great Sea,' but has left more on the latter than the former, and reserved for these cities a brighter and more honorable page in history. The monuments of disinterred Nineveh have justly aroused the world; others of hardly less interest and importance are coming to light in Sidon; not equal in dimensions nor as imposing to the eye, but perhaps of greater value in the history of letters and the disposal of certain questions of archaeology.

Sidon is thirty miles South of Beirut, and contains, at present, a population of about ten thousand souls.

It would seem that there have long been certain dreamy and superstitious notions among the natives about buried treasures in the gardens, fields, and grave yards; just as in America, in every ten or twenty years, individuals have revelations of Robert Kidd's concealed deposits, impelled by the belief of which they dig into river banks and the seacoast, if they do not disturb the resting-places of the dead. Under this impulse, a Moslem, as I learn, obtained permission, some three years ago, to dig for buried treasures in the old grave-yards in Sidon. At first, his labors were attended with no success. In the winter of 1853-4, however, if not a vein, yet something better was struck, and three copper pots, each containing eight hundred pieces of gold, met the delighted but surprised eyes of the adventurous diggers. Each piece was of the value of about five dollars, and all bore the name or head of Philip or Alexander. The discovery of so much money, while it was fortunate to the Moslem dreamer and his fellow diggers, very naturally excited both the curiosity and the cupidity of others, in which European residents in the country participated with the natives, and the operations were continued with greater hope and more liberal expenditure, and, as now it is ascertained, with more important results.

On the 19th of Jan'y last, some men were digging for more hid treasure in an ancient cemetery on the plain of Sidon, called 'Mughorte Tubloon,' when, at the depth of about twelve feet below the surface and near the walls of the ancient edifice, they uncovered a sarcophagus upon the lid of which there is a long Phœnician inscription. The lid is of a blue black marble, intensely hard and taking a very fine polish.—The lid is about eight feet long by four wide. The upper end is wrought into the figure of a female head and shoulders of almost a giant size. The features are Egyptian with large, full, almond-shaped eyes, the nose flattened, and lips remarkably thick, and somewhat after the negro mould. The whole countenance is smiling, agreeable, and expressive beyond anything I have seen in the disinterred monuments of Egypt or Nineveh. The headdress resembles that which appears in Egyptian figures, while on each shoulder there is the head of some bird—a dove or pigeon—and the bosom is covered by what appears to be a sort of a cape, with a deep fringe, as of lace.

On the lid, below the figure head, is the inscription, consisting of twenty-two long lines, closely written. The letters are in perfect preservation, and can be read with the utmost ease and accuracy, and the whole forms by far the largest and most perfect inscription yet discovered in the most ancient language and character. It appears to be mainly a geological history of the person buried in the sarcophagus, who, as it appears, was a King of Sidon. The names of Baal and Ashtoreth, the well known gods of the Sidonians, occur repeatedly in these inscriptions. Some of the words are Hebrew, as *melek*, king, while the forms of some of the letters are so much like those of the ancient Greek, as at once to indicate the relationship. Letters were invented by the Phœnicians. Here we seem to see them dropping from their hands in the first casting.—[Journal of Commerce]

COLTS AND CHILDREN.—We know a man who last summer hired four colts pastured on a farm some five miles distant. At least once in two weeks he got into a wagon, and drove over to see how his juvenile horses fared. He made minute inquiries of the keeper as to their health, their daily watering, &c. He himself examined the condition of the pasture; and when a dry season came on, he made special arrangements to have a daily allowance of meal, and he was

cureful to know that this was regularly supplied.

This man had four children attending a district school kept in a small building erected at the cross-roads. Around this building on three sides is a space of land six feet wide; the fourth side is on a line with the street. There is not an out-house or shade tree, in sight of the building. Of the interior of the school-house we need not speak. The single room is like too many others, with all its apparatus arranged upon the most approved plan for producing curved spines, compressed lungs, ill-health, &c.

We wish to state one fact only. The owner of those colts, the father of those children, has never been into that school-house to inquire after the comfort, health, or mental food daily dealt out to his offspring. The latter part of the summer we chanced to ask, "Who teaches your school?" and the reply was, "He did not know, he believed her name was Parker, but he had no time to look after school matters."—[American Agriculturist.]

IMMENSE INUNDATION OF THE RHINE.—70 VILLAGES SUBMERGED.—Rotterdam, March 7. Accounts from the provinces of Guelderland and North Brabant, state that in consequence of the driving ice of the rivers having fixed itself in various points into barricades, a vast quantity of territory lies now entirely under water. As many as seventy villages are submerged; and when it is considered that the inhabitants of these villages are mostly of the poorest class, some idea may be formed of the great distress that prevails, and will for a long time prevail, among them.

Since 1820, such inundations have not been known in Holland. At Arnheim, enormous dams have been constructed in all haste, to prevent the entire town being submerged. The Rhinish railway will, it is apprehended, become impassable. In the village of Veenendaal the water covers the tops of the houses, most of which will be left undermined and in ruins. In most places, however, the water has simply overflowed the dams, which have hitherto resisted the pressure of the accumulated waters. In those districts, should the damage continue to be so limited, the consequences will be but temporary; but in some cases the dams are broken, and the water has burst into the adjoining lands with a fatally irresistible power.

In those districts the consequences will be of a very serious character; a vast quantity of land will be thrown out of cultivation for many months, and vast numbers of laboring men will be thrown out of employment. Many cattle have been drowned, but in consequence of the excellent precautions used in signaling to the people the moment of positive danger, comparatively few of our fellow creatures have lost their lives by these lamentable casualties.

A telegraphic message has just arrived from Bois-le-Duc, to the effect that one of the dams in the neighborhood has given way, and that a great part of the city is entirely under water.

CONGRESSIONAL MORALITY.—We were infinitely amused three or four weeks ago, by a practical joke in Washington city upon a number of the nice men of Congress. It was too good to be left unpublished.

A couple of merry fellows, one of them a distinguished member of Congress from a Southern State, and the other, a distinguished ex-editor from Kentucky, concocted a letter purporting to be addressed by a young lady to a very fine-looking gentleman. It was got up in first rate style.

The pretended young lady set forth therein that she had several times seen the gentleman she was addressing; that she was captivated by his fine face and manly form; that her heart was deeply touched by all she heard of him; that she must make his acquaintance before his departure from the city; that she hoped and prayed he would forgive her seeming boldness, as it was the first imprudent act of her life; that she always moved, and was still moving, in the highest circle of the capital; that she would be upon a certain square of a certain street, at precisely 12 o'clock on the following day, in a dress which she described with great particularity, and that she hoped and trusted he would meet her, and thus afford her an opportunity of a brief personal intercourse with the idol of her heart.

The two wags had between thirty and forty copies of this letter written by a female friend of theirs, and they sent these copies to about thirty members of Congress, selecting those of course who were known to entertain a very exalted opinion of their own personal fascinations.

Everything being thus arranged, the two jokers called upon us and another young gentleman, explained what they had done, and invited us to get into their carriage, ride with them to the point of assignment, and see the sights. We unhesitatingly consented, and we saw sights sure enough. Riding upon the designated square, we beheld the whole of thirty or forty members, Northern men and Southern men, Whigs, Democrats, and Know Nothings walking to and fro, all gazing earnestly in every direction, and at every female figure to discover the object of their anxious search.—[Louisville Journal.]

SHAMYL AND HIS SON.—Within the last few weeks, Shamyl has been rejoiced by the return of his son, who eleven years ago, when of tender age, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the Russians. Since then, Shamyl had not heard of the boy, and long ago gave him up for lost. It appears, however, that when he was captured, the Russian general, Prince Woronzoff, sent him to St. Petersburg, where the late Emperor took a liking to the lad, and had him educated in the military academy.

It happened last year that Shamyl, in some sudden surprise, took several Russian ladies prisoners, among whom was the Princess Tschara-waddy. They were conducted to one of Shamyl's mountain fastnesses, and confined there as prison-

ers of war, but treated with the respect and decorum due to their rank and sex. The governor-general of Tiflis sent a flag of truce to Shamyl to demand the release of the captured ladies, offering a large sum of money and the liberty of several Circassian ladies who had been made prisoners by the Russians. But Shamyl replied that if his son were alive, and the Russians would restore him, he would release all the lady captives.

The Emperor Nicholas sent for young Shamyl, gave him his liberty, and fitted him out with the needful equipments to undertake the long journey. The exchange took place in the end of January. Young Shamyl, who, when at Saint Petersburg, was not required to abjure the Moslem creed, has profited by his involuntary 'sejour' at the Russian capital, and has now returned to his overjoyed father an accomplished cavalier, with a comparatively civilized education. It is said that he entertains great gratitude to the Emperor for his personal treatment, and it is not impossible that his return to his native mountains may have an effect in the future mode of Circassian warfare, and the introduction of more civilized manners and customs generally among his countrymen.

The following was related to me by one of the Prussian officers of the 6th Cuirassiers (Emperor of Russia), who were sent in the year 1842, to St. Petersburg as a deputation from the regiment to congratulate the Czar on his having been five-and twenty years colonel of that corps.

Nicholas, who received the officers with marked distinction, took them in *propria persona* to inspect his different military establishments, and, among others to the school for cadets, where all the lads were drawn up in the long hall. The Emperor, closely followed by the Prussian officers, walked down the line, when he suddenly stopped before one of the youngest cadets, patted his cheeks with both hands, and then lifting him up, kissed him most affectionately. Then, turning to the Prussians, he said, "Gentlemen, you will never guess who this lad is. He is the son of my most bitter enemy, the Circassian chieftain Shamyl, who has placed him under my care for his education!"—[London Daily News.]

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—Twenty-one States have already elected their representatives to the next Congress. The following table shows the result:

	34th Congress.		33rd Congress.	
	Oppos.	Admin.	Oppos.	Admin.
Maine	5	1	3	3
New Hampshire	3	0	0	3
Vermont	3	0	3	0
Massachusetts	11	0	10	1
Rhode Island	2	0	0	2
Connecticut	4	0	0	4
New York	29	4	12	21
New Jersey	4	1	1	4
Pennsylvania	21	4	9	16
Ohio	21	0	9	12
Indiana	9	2	1	10
Illinois	5	4	4	5
Michigan	3	1	0	4
Wisconsin	2	1	0	3
Iowa	1	1	1	1
California	0	2	0	2
Delaware	1	0	0	1
Florida	0	1	0	1
South Carolina	0	6	0	6
Arkansas	0	2	0	2
Missouri	6	1	4	3
Total	130	31	67	104

Elections have yet to be held in Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, Texas, and Virginia, which send in all seventy-three members.—[National Intelligencer, April 17.]

GREATEST DEPTH OF MINES.—The Eselchacht Mine at Kuttenburg in Bohemia, now inaccessible, is deeper than any other mine, being 3,778 feet below the surface. Its depth is only 150 feet less than the height of Mount Vesuvius, and it is eight times greater than the height of the pyramid of Cheops. The bore of the salt works of Minden, in Prussia, is 2,231 feet deep, and 1,993 feet below the level of the sea. The mine of Valenciana, in Mexico, is 1,686 feet deep, and yet it is 5,960 feet above the level of the sea. The Tresavean copper mine in England, is 2,112 feet in depth, and 1,700 feet below the sea level.

IMMENSE CLOCK.—The great clock recently completed for the English House of Parliament is a wonderful ticker. When placed in the tower the dials are to be 22 feet in diameter, and will be the largest in the world with the minute hand.—Every half minute the point of the minute hand will move nearly seven inches. The mere winding of the striking parts will take nearly two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long. The wheels are of cast iron. The hour bell is 8 feet high, and above 9 feet in diameter, weighing 14 to 15 tons. The weight of the hammer is 400 pounds.

A GREAT STRETCH.—The first train of cars on the Burlington (Iowa) and Chicago (Illinois) railroad passed between the two places on the 6th of March. Great rejoicing was had in consequence. Thus has the Mississippi been united to the Atlantic seaboard. The Burlington Telegraph says: "To-day Burlington, the emporium of Iowa, shakes hands with New York, the great emporium of the Union. In passing she tenders her complements to Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, and numberless other towns and cities 'along the way.'"

RELATIVE SPEED.—The velocity of a ship is from 8 to 12 miles an hour; of a race horse, from 29 to 30 miles; a bird, from 50 to 60 miles; of the clouds in a violent hurricane, 80 to 100 miles; of sound, 823 miles; of a cannon ball, as found by experiment, from 600 to 1000 miles; of the earth round the sun, 68,000 miles; of light, about 800,000,000 miles, passing from the sun to the earth, 95,000,000, in about 8 minutes, or about a million times swifter than a cannon ball.

Why is dancing like new milk? Dy'e give it up? Because it strengthens the calves.