

THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The French intellect is quick and active. It flashes its way into a subject with the rapidity of lightning; seizes upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; less sudden, but more sure in its deductions. The quickness and mobility of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act more from immediate impressions than from reflection and meditation. They are therefore more social and communicative; more fond of Society, and of places of public resort and amusement. An Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment, which, even abroad he in a manner makes a little solitude around him by his silence and reserve; he moves about shy and solitary, and as it were buttoned up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists; they seize upon every good as it flies, and on the passing pleasure. The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adversities may lower, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth sallies the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as a butterfly, as though his sunshine were perpetual; but let the sun beam never so brightly so there be but a cloud in the horizon, the wary Englishman ventures forth distrustfully, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful facility at turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means, no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammers out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman on the contrary, is expensive in his enjoyments.—He values everything, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show unless it be solid and complete. Everything goes with him by the square foot. What ever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation like himself is open, cheerful, bustling and noisy. He lives in a part of a great hotel, with wide portal, paved court, a spacious dirty stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is clatter and chatter. He is good humoured and talkative with his servants, sociable with his neighbors and complaisant to all the world. Anybody has access to himself and his apartments; his very bedroom is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion; and all this not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from that communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, esconces himself in a snug brick mansion, which he has all to himself; locks the front door; puts broken bottles along his walls, and spring guns and man traps in his gardens; shrouds himself with trees and window curtains; exults in his quiet and privacy and seems disposed to keep out of noise and daylight, and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior; yet, whoever gains admittance, is apt to find a warm heart and warm fireside within.

This contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concerns of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown; he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms. For, provided the national flag be victorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the utility of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel on a triumphant bulletin; a great victory is meat and drink to him; and at the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured cannon and captured standards he throws up his greasy cap in the air and is ready to jump out of his wooden shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasoning considerate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most rational way imaginable. He fights because the good of the world requires it. He is a moral person, and makes war upon his neighbour for the maintenance of peace and good order, and sound principles. He is a money-making personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have been fighting, time out of mind, for glory and good. The French in pursuit of glory had their capital twice taken; and John, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.

The French, excel in wit; the English in humor; the French have gayer fancy, the English richer imagination. The former are full of sensibility, easily moved, and prone to sudden and great ex-

citement; but their excitement is not durable; the English are more phlegmatic; not so readily affected but capable of being aroused to great enthusiasm.

THE WOUNDED—EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

I am sorry to say that a large proportion of the wounds received by our men in the affair of the 18th are terminating fatally. The awfully severe nature of grape-shot wounds, to be sure, gave reason to expect this; though hardly, perhaps, to the extent in which the daily returns show it to be occurring. Round shot or shell wounds, from their extent, are in most cases fatal when received; whilst those inflicted by grape or canister—though sadly extensive too—more frequently leave life to the sufferer, at least for a time. Still a limb struck by either of these last can seldom be saved from amputation, and after the vast hemorrhage which must in the meantime have taken place, few systems can survive the operation. So it has proved in the cases of those carried off the field on the 18th—after lingering on doubtfully for some days, they are gradually sinking one by one. Apropos of this subject of the wounded, however, and in remarkable contrast to those who are daily succumbing, I may mention particularly one case which is considered of a singularly great surgical interest—that of a young man named Palmer, a private in the 7th Fusiliers, who was shot through the left parietal bone of the head by a Minie bullet on the morning of the attempted storming. When carried into the field hospital an hour or so after receiving the wound, the brain was actually protruding through an orifice in the skull large enough to admit of the doctor's finger into the interior of the head in search of the bone. The surgeon assures me that he had to thrust his index finger to its full length within the brain to discover the bullet and the portion of the skull, which it carried inwards with it. Neither however could be found nor has it yet been extracted. In the meantime the fractured bone is closing, and the patient continues "alive and alive like," eating his prescribed food regularly, and displaying his wonted intelligence. By a large number of doctors who had seen it the case is considered as one of the most remarkable in the history of modern surgery and it certainly strikes an unprofessional looker-on as subversive of every preconceived notion of the brain—vulnerability. A few somewhat similar cases are, I believe, on record; but in every one of them the sufferer died on or about the ninth day—whilst the individual to whom I now refer has at present every appearance of surviving, without at the same time sustaining any lasting cerebral injury. The case would well merit a detailed professional report in one of the home medical journals.—*Cor. of Daily News.*

CARRIER PIGEONS AND THE TELEGRAPH.

Many of the readers of the newspapers, who wake up in the morning and find a column of European news, by telegraph, ready for their perusal, in the morning paper, the steamer having arrived only the midnight before, do not know the labor and the enterprise which are involved to procure this early transmission of the Steamer's news.—The "associated press" have an agent for the arrival of New York steamers at the Sandy Hook light-house. He has fifty carrier pigeons, which are trained for the purpose of conveying news from the steamships to the shore. A man in an open boat, in all kinds of weather, drops along side of the steamer as she bears directly from Sandy Hook. The news is thrown over in a water tight can, and the news being taken out, a single sheet is affixed to a bird's leg. The man then gives the signal to the bird, which raises his wings and away he goes, with all his power of locomotion in a straight line for the office, going a distance of three or four miles in as many minutes; and, popping in at the window, is received by the agent who transmits the intelligence over the wires to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and thence to New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and all parts of the country, so that the news is frequently received over a large part of the United States, and published before the steamer leaves the quarantine.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A SHOCKING AFFAIR.—We don't know when we have been more shocked than in perusing the following. It occurred in St. Lawrence co. New York, and is given on the authority "of a gentleman of undoubted veracity."

"A young man addicted to intemperate habits, during one of his periodical 'sprees' took a sudden notion to pay a visit to his 'sweetheart.' On the evening alluded to, the young lady and a female associate were the only occupants of the house where she resided.

"About ten o'clock in the evening the young man arrived at the house, considerably worse from the use of 'beverages.' His strange manner in approaching the door excited the suspicion of the young ladies, who supposed the house was attacked by robbers. He knocked at the door, and demanded admission; but his voice not being recognized, from the thickness of his tongue, the ladies refused to comply with the demand.

"Determined to force an entrance, he commenced a series of assaults upon the barred and bolted door by kicking and pounding. After a number of desperate kicks, the panel of the door gave way, and the leg of the besieger went through the aperture, and was immediately seized by one of the ladies and firmly held, while the other, armed with a saw, commenced the work of amputation!

"The grasp was firmly maintained, and the saw vigorously plied, until the leg was completely severed from the body!

"With the loss of his leg, the intoxicated wretch fell upon his back, and in that condition lay the remainder of the night.

"The wretched man was still alive. His friends were immediately sent for, and he was conveyed to his home, where, with proper treatment, he gradually and miraculously recovered, and is now alive and well.

"We hardly credited," says the editor of the journal from which we quote, "the latter part of the story, and contended that the man must have bled to death on the spot, insisting indeed, that it could not be otherwise. But we were mistaken. 'The leg was a wooden one.'"

SPONGE CAKE.

No. 1.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, a table spoonful of rose-water. Beat the yolks and sugar together until they are very light. Whisk the whites till they are perfectly dry, add the rose-water, then the whites and flour alternately, but do not beat it after the whites are in. Butter your pans, or if you wish to bake it in one large cake, grease a mould, pour in the mixture and bake it. The small cakes should have sugar sifted over them before they are set in the oven, and the oven should be hot.

No. 2.—One pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, ten eggs. Dissolve the sugar in one gill of water, then put it over the fire and let it boil. Beat the eggs a few minutes, till the yolks and whites are thoroughly mixed together, then stir in very gradually the boiling sugar; beat the eggs hard all the time you are pouring the sugar on. Beat the mixture for three quarters of an hour, it will get very light. Stir in the flour very gently and add the grated rind of a lemon. Butter your pan and set it in the oven immediately.

No. 3.—Five eggs, half a pound of loaf sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, a quarter of a pound of flour. Separate the yolks from the whites. Beat the yolks and the sugar together until they are very light, then add the whites after they have been whisked to a dry froth, alternately with the flour. Stir in the lemon, put the mixture in small pans, sift sugar over them, and bake them.—*National Cook Book.*

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.—General C— gave his black man Sawney, funds and permission to get a quarter's worth of zoology at a menagerie, at the same time hinting to him the striking affinity between the Simia and negro races. Our sable friend soon found himself under the canvass, and brought to in front of a sedate-looking baboon, and eyeing the bibo quadruped closely, soliloquised thus: 'Folks—sures' yer born, feet, hands, proper bad looking countenance, just like nigger getting old, I reckon.' Then, as if seized with a bright idea, he extended his hand, with a genuine Southern 'How ye do uncle?' The ape clasped the negro's hand and shook it long and cordially. Sawney plied his new acquaintance with interrogations as to his name, nativity, and his former occupations, but eliciting no replies beyond a knowing shake of the head or a merry twinkle of the eye (the ape was probably meditating the best way of pulling the darkie's nose), he concluded that he was bound to keep non committal, and looking cautiously around he chuckled out: 'He, he—ye too sharp for them, old feller. Keep dark—if ye'd just speak one word of English, white man would have a hee in your hand in less than two minutes.'—*New York Tribune.*

INTERESTING COUPLE.—There is a couple in Cincinnati who have been engaged to be married for the last five years, but no time has occurred, within that period, when they were both out of prison at the same time.

It makes our heart ache to see an advertisement in the paper inserted by a printer, for a moral and industrious lad, when he wants to make a devil of him.

Select Tale.

WHITE MAGIC,
OR, THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

BY MRS. DE ST. REMY.

It was somewhere about the year 1811, that a party of young officers belonging to the garrison of Kingston, Jamaica, but for the time being, stationed with their men about five miles from that city, were assembled on the verandah surrounding their quarters, engaged in the three fold occupation of sipping sangree, discussing the news of the last English Packet, and cursing their ill-luck, which condemned them to service in a tranquil colony, while their brother soldiers were earning a deathless name on the Peninsula.

But gradually these topics, interesting as they were, died off, and whither from the influence of the sangree, or the silver moon, which shined in full splendor on one of the loveliest scenes of creation, had a soothing effect, even on the roughest, certain it is, they gradually ceased talking, and a silence, broken only by the hum of insects, had prevailed for some minutes, when the ring of a horse's hoofs, on the stony road which led to the camp, became audible, and before a few exclamations of surprise as to the lateness of the visit had subsided, an orderly coming at full gallop pulled up at the Barrack gate, and answered the sentries challenge by a hasty question:

'Was Captain Fraser in quarters?'

The young officer named had risen, and was lounging over the balustrade of the verandah, he sprung lightly over it, and ere the sentry could well answer, cried out himself:

'Here's Captain Fraser, my man, what's the matter?'

'A letter from Colonel McDonald, your honour, he charged me to give it into your own hand as fast as his best horse could bring me, and not spare the spur neither.'

Fraser took the note, and in the bright moon-light read, what to a soldier like him, was in truth a thrilling missive.

Dear Fraser—The Packet came into port an hour ago, and by good-luck and a little favor, I have got my letters. You have been gazetted to the Fusiliers, who are in the thick of everything. A vessel leaves to-morrow at day-light; I shall take your passage, and make all arrangements, cash included. This is rather hurried, but there's no saying what chances a fellow may miss even by a day's delay, and quickness will recommend you to my old friend Fitzhugh, who commands your new regiment.

I shall expect you by 3 in the morning.

Your old friend,

DONALD McDONALD.

A soldier alone can tell the delight which filled young Fraser's heart as he read, the very height of his hopes granted at once. Of an ancient but decayed family, with no hope but his sword, he had pined himself almost sick from the thought of passing his best years in a mere garrison.—What a change, transferred to one of the finest regiments of the service, engaged in the most brilliant affairs. What visions of glory, rank, power, past through his mind; and deep in the distance was the figure of a certain Lady Emely, who, however, far above the glances of a poor subaltern, might very well be admired by Colonel Sir Ronald Fraser, C. C. B., but this he did not suffer himself to dwell on. To do the poor lad justice, a few minutes sufficed to turn his mind from dreams of glory to thoughts of gratitude to the kind old Colonel, whose interest he felt had procured the exchange. Then he remembered the activity the old man had shown in arranging his passage, and another moment brought the reflection that the best proof he could give of gratitude, was obedience, and passing the note to his most intimate friend with the remark, 'Grind your teeth, Vernon, that you hav'nt got it,' walked off to make his preparations.

His preparations were soon made, half an hour enabled his servant to ram his clothes into a couple of portmanteaus, little noting the destruction of epaulettes and gold lace, another few minutes saw them trotted off by a negro in a stout mule cart, and in a little more than an hour after reading the note young Fraser stood ready for the saddle, his companions clustered round, and if there was a little envy at his good fortune, it subsided at the moment of saying good-bye, and much hearty good feeling was concealed in the rough grasp and send us plenty of news of the Duke of Bony, Old Fellow, with which his comrades bade him farewell. Vernon felt more deeply, but he was to ride down and see him on board, so for the