

Miscellaneous.

THE GRUMBLER'S SONG.

Let us grumble while we may,
Life itself is but a day;
Few the hopes and joys of man,
Let us grumble while we can.

Earth is but a vale of tears,
Full of sorrows, cares, and fears,
Dark and stormy is the way—
Let us grumble while we may.

Life is but a mournful dream,
Ending in Lethæan stream;
Soon its fleeting joys are o'er,
Let us grumble evermore.

Let us grumble, while we can,
At the mournful lot of man;
Half the pleasure life can give,
Is in grumbling while we live.

A CURIOUS SERMON.—The Brandon, Mississippi, Register reports the following curious sermon, preached at the town of Waterproofs, not far from Brandon:

"I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not one o' them as bleeves that education is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord educates his preachers just as he wants 'em to be educated, an', although I say it that oughtn't say it, yet in the State Indian, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well I may say to you, my brethering, that I'm a Hard-Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd rather hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to day, my brethering, drest up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering and although I've bin a preacher uv the Gospel fur twenty years, and although I'm captin of that flat boat that lies at yute landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

I'm not a gwine ter tell you edackly whar my text may be found; suffice it to say, it's in the led's uv the Bible, an you'll find it somewhar 'tween the first chapter of the book of Generations, and the last chapter of Revelations, and ef you'll go and sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find my text thar, but a great many other texts as will do you good to read; an my text, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

My text, brethering, leads me to speak uv spirits. Now thar's a great many kind of spirits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the spirits as some folks call ghosts, and then thar's the spirits as some folks call liquor, an I've got as good an arkel of them kind uv spirits on my flat boat, as ever was fitched down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kind of spirits, for the text sez:

"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv spirits as is ment in the text, it's fire. Thar's the kind uv spirits as is ment in the text, my brethering—now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place thar's the common sort uv fire you bte your segar or pipe with, and then thar's the cam fire, fire before yure ready and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the text sez: He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the text, my brethering—it's hell fire! an thar's the kind of fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doing—for "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

Now, the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the fust place, we hev the Piscopallions; an they are a high sailin' kind and a high salutin' set, and they are likened into a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, and up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know he cums down and down, and down and down, and is fillin' himself on the karkiss uv a dead hoss by the side of the road—and "He played on a harp, uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree for the Methodis bleeves in gwine on from one degree uv grace, to another, and finally on to perfectness, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know, he falls and

down he cums kerfummux, and thar's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallin' from grace ah! And—"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

And then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist ah! and they hev been likened unto a possum on a simion tree, and the thunders may roll and the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and he clings forever, for—"He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

PRAYER FOR EDITORS.—Without any undue magnifying of their office, the editors of papers may fairly claim to minister to large congregations. Every article, extract, tale or anecdote which goes into this paper, for instance, is furnished to upwards of five thousand subscribers. But as many copies serve two families, there may be at a moderate estimate 7,000 families, visited by it, and in each of these families it may on the average find two readers. The weekly congregation, therefore, addressed by its columns may be fairly set down at 14,000 persons, and these amongst the most useful, intelligent, and influential of the community, in their respective locality and spheres. Now is it not of consequence—great, almost unspeakable consequence—that they who have the duty of selecting and writing for this immense mass of active, influential mind, should be rightly guided, and is this not a legitimate object of prayer? But to what extent is such prayer offered? From every Christian home the prayer for "our minister" doubtless arises to God, that he may be guided, and directed, and blessed in His work; and this is right. But, without, for a moment, putting newspapers on a par with the divinely appointed method of preaching the Word, we may ask from how many families does the prayer for "our editor" arise? Brethren pray for us. We need it.—*Canadian Messenger.*

RUSSIAN TREACHERY AND FRENCH REVENGE.

—We take the following interesting story from the letter of a soldier, dated Sebastopol, Aug. 26, and addressed to his mother, who resides in Lombard Street, Deansgate, Manchester: "The Russians made an attack on the French on the 18th, in the Tchernaya Valley. I was on the hill and witnessed part of it, and when it was all over I went down and got a little plunder. I saw a great many dead Russians, but only a few French. The Russians bear bitter enmity towards us, so that I had to be very circumspect among their wounded. I saw one wounded Russian driving his bayonet through the leg of a Frenchman who was passing him. The Frenchman coolly pulled his scarf from his neck and tied it round his leg. I offered to assist him, but he declined my help, calling me 'Bon Anglais,' or good Englishman. As soon as he had finished bandaging his leg, he commenced dancing and capering round the poor Russian, giving him some severe kicks on the body, and 'Sacre Dieu!'ing the whole time. I am sorry to say I enjoyed the sport; for nineteen soldiers out of twenty would have shot the Russian for such a treacherous act. At last Francois pulled a large knife out of his pocket and went up to the Russ. I thought sure enough he was going to cut the chap's throat; but instead of that he simply caught hold of his leg, ripped his trousers to the thigh, and took off from behind his leg a purse similar to the one I sent Jack. It seemed to be pretty full. After that the Frenchman pulled out his wooden canteen gave me a good drink of Cogniac, and then handed it to the Russian, who also drank. Then he took him on his back, and carried him off a prisoner of war. I mention this anecdote to show how things are carried on here. I was much amused the other day by seeing a Guardsman's letter to one of the papers, in which the writer says he was wounded on the 18th June at the Redan. The fact is they were not near the place, but on reserve." [In explanation of the affair of the purse we are told it is the practice of the Russians when they possess money, to strap their purses round their left thigh, so that in walking they fall within the hollow of the knee, being thus well concealed and carried without inconvenience.]

The late bishop Chase, of Illinois, had a dislike to having Greek and Roman names imposed upon children, which he displayed very pointedly on one occasion when a child was brought to him to be baptized.

"Name this child," said the bishop.

"Marcus Tullius Cicero," answered the father.

"What?"

"Marcus Tullius Cicero."

"Tut! tut! with your heathen nonsense; Peter, I baptize thee," and the child was Peter thenceforth and for ever.

STERLING BY THE NORTH STAR.—A year or two since, an ebony individual, answering to the name of "Bob," (in fact no one knew whether he had any other name,) was employed by a skipper, to assist him in sailing a small schooner on the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. Bob didn't understand, and couldn't be made to learn the compass; so the skipper never dared to trust him to manage the craft, except during a very light night, when he could point out to him some head-land to steer for. On one occasion, however, the captain, who had been up two nights previously, concluded he would trust the schooner to Bob, and take a nap on the deck; so he pointed out the North Star to his jet companion, and told him to continue steering for it until he waked up. After watching him a short time, and finding that he could keep the vessel headed right, the skipper stretched himself upon the deck and was soon asleep. Shortly afterward, a squall arose from the North, and blew the craft completely away from her course. After it had cleared away somewhat, Bob looked around and found the North Star at his back. He sailed along an hour or so, doing the best he could, and cogitating over how he should get out of his difficulty. But at last he gave it up, and shoving his slumbering master into wakefulness with his foot, shouted, "Cap'n! Cap'n! Give me another star to steer by; I've got clean by that one."—*California Pioneer.*

APPALLING SACRIFICE OF LIFE.

—War was declared against Russia by England and France in March, 1854—only sixteen months ago. The prodigious loss of life which hostilities have, during so short a time occasioned, begins to call forth remark from the European press. The progress of enlightenment and of science does not seem, from the calculations that are made, to have rendered war less bloody than of yore, nor to have diminished the aggregate of losses by exposure and disease. Since the declaration of war by Turkey, in the autumn of 1853, the loss to that Empire is estimated at 130,000 men. The French have, since their arrival in the Crimea, lost 70,000 invalided; while the British have suffered to the extent of 30,000. The loss of the Russians is variously estimated from 250,000 to 300,000 men. Austria, too, though not at war, has suffered immensely by diminution of force in the unhealthy localities where she had been obliged to place her armies. Taking also into account the mortality on board ships-of-war and transports and among laborers of different kinds attached to the armies, of whom there are thousands in the Crimea, it may be assured that from 600,000 to 700,000 men have perished or become invalid since the commencement of the war. What the amount of mortality will be when operations shall be conducted on a larger scale—when bloody battles shall be fought in the open field and gigantic contests shall decide the issue of campaigns—remains hidden in the future. The wars of the French Republic and Empire cost to Europe 6,000,000 of men; but if we may judge from the past 18 months, the present struggle is destined to exceed all that has gone before in the wide spread destruction which it will cause.—*Journal of Commerce, (July.)*

A LOVELESS HOME.—There is no loneliness, there can be none, in all the waste or peopled deserts of the world, bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of the dead—insistent with life yet paralysed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen through which that feeling ought to flow.—*Mrs. Ellis*

THE DAY OF REST.—The bodily rest of the Sabbath is one of the greatest of earthly blessings—a mighty sea-wall built up against the flood of our degradation—the watch tower of our earthly hopes—the fountain of our strength and worth.—*J. C. Ollerenshaw.*

RICH AND POOR.—The rich have the best meat; the poor the best appetite. The rich lie the softest; the poor sleep the soundest. The rich have delicacies; the poor have health. The rich are afraid of losing; the poor have nothing to lose, and so, in this respect have nothing to fear. The rich dread the midnight robbers; the poor have no apprehensions of being robbed.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE in China varies according to her rank, age, and beauty. The choicest article sells at two hundred dollars, while the refuse of the market goes off heavily at thirty dollars.

A young lady declared in our hearing, the other day that she would marry no one who could not keep a carriage and horses. We presume her favorite air is, "Wait for the Waggon!"

THE "BAR SKIN."—Some two weeks since, a young gentleman from one of the southern states came to Washington, to endeavour to obtain an appointment in one of the new regiments about being raised for Mexico. It was his first trip to the north, and having travelled straight through from Atlanta to Washington, without stopping on the road, he had better opportunity of feeling than seeing the effect produced by the change of climate. On the day after his arrival he was introduced, by the member from his district, to several young ladies, with one of whom it fell his lot to walk from Gadsby's to the capitol.

The lady was provided with a ponderous muff, now so fashionable an article of dress at the north. Our hero was in a dilemma—what to call it or for what purpose it was used, he did not know. But one thing he did know, and that it was anything but polite for a gentleman to allow a lady to bear such a burthen. He scrutinized it with much uneasiness for some time—he could not divine what it contained, but he was perfectly familiar with the "kiver," and unable longer to restrain his gallantry, he extended his hand, saying,—

"Miss Julia, 'low me to take your bar skin for you."

"Thank you, sir—don't trouble yourself," replied Miss Julia, blushing very red.

"Oh 'tain't no trouble in the least!" replied our hero, insisting on relieving her of her burthen.

The merry girl at last consented, rather than enter into so embarrassing an explanation; and, taking the muff under one arm, our hero offered the other to his fair companion, with whom he marched boldly along the avenue to the capitol, to the no small wonderment of the passing crowd.

It is needless to add that he soon discovered his mistake, or that he has from that hour held all ladies' muffs in utter abhorrence.

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.—It is not great wealth nor high station, which makes a man happy. Many of the wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

A lady says: "When I go to the theatre I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbours dress and deport themselves." A pretty home thrust—wonder how many that cap fits?

Don't be afraid of work. There is nothing about it to frighten you. On the contrary, it is the most friendly of companions.

The London Critic has the following rather glowing comments on the state of things in England:—

The telegraphic despatches of the generals and the coming details of that fearful and eventful day, are the literature which now engrosses the attention of all who can read. Books are laid aside—the new novel falls unheeded from the hand of beauty; the laureate's poem is laid aside with indifference; the magazines, with their thousand and one criticisms upon the same, pass beneath unheeded eyes; the very newspapers attract attention only so far as they tell of the deadly battle of the 8th—of the French hosts swarming over the parapet of the Malakoff—of the British ranks dashed back from their brave onset upon the Redan—and of the destruction and abandonment of the mighty stronghold by the despairing and conquered Generals of the Czar. This is a tale beside which all other matters become tame and devoid of interest. It is a theme upon which whole libraries will be written; for it is undoubtedly the crowning crisis of the greatest and most obstinately contested siege that the world ever saw.

THE BALTIC.—A letter from Revel Roads says:—Few changes have taken place in the position of the fleet during the past week. The only movement of any importance has been the recall of the various block-ships from the Cronstadt blockading squadron, which have added to the pennants of Admiral Dundas at this anchorage. The French still retain their gunboats and mortar vessels out here. A transport has also arrived from France, with upwards of 5,000 rockets on board, said to be of a new and formidable kind, supposed to range 6,000 yards. This has given rise to a rumour which now is current in the fleet, that another attempt will be made in the Gulf before the close of the season. The French Captain of the fleet has proceeded home with important despatches, and his return is anxiously looked for by our allies, who couple his departure with the above report.