

A Pet Lion in Prison.

Gerard, the celebrated lion hunter of Algiers, relates the following anecdote of a pet lion, named Hubert, which he caught when a cub, and raised till he was sent to the public gardens—menagerie, in Paris:

Hubert was placed in the Jardin des Plantes, where, some time afterwards, Gerard went to see him.

He was lying half asleep, gazing with indifference on all visitors, when suddenly he raised his head, his eyes dilated, a nervous twitching of the muscles of the face and agitation of the tail showed that the sight of the well-known uniform had roused him. He had recognized the uniform, but had not yet identified his old master. His eyes vaguely interrogated this vaguely-remembered form. Gerard thrust his hand into the cage. It was a touching moment which followed. Without taking his eyes from Gerard, he applied his nose to the outstretched hand, and began to breathe deeply; with every breath his eye became more affectionate, and when Gerard said to him, "Well, Hubert, my old soldier," he made a terrible bound against the bars of his prison, which trembled beneath his weight. My friends, alarmed, sprung back, and called on me to do the same. Noble beast; thou art terrible even in thy love.

He was magnificent as he stood there roaring with joy and rage. His rough tongue licked with joy the hand which I abandoned to him, while with his enormous paws he tried to draw me gently to him. No sooner did any one approach the cage than he flew out in frightful expressions of anger, which changed into calmness and carresses on their retreating. It is impossible for me to describe how painful our parting was that day. Twenty times I was forced to return to re-assure him that he would see me again, and each time that I moved out of sight, he made the place tremble with his bounds and cries. Poor Hubert! this visit, and the long *tele-a-tele* of subsequent visits, made captivity a little less painful to him, but the effect seemed to be injuring on the whole. He drooped, and the keeper attributed it to these visits, which perhaps made him languish for the camp and the old days of liberty. He died, leaving Gerard resolved to kill as many lions as he could, but to capture no more; death in the forest, by a rifle, being infinitely preferable to a pulmonary disease bred in a prison.

ONE of the most eminent physicians says, that commencing with the month of May and ending with September, he restricted the members of his family, and all his patients, to two ounces each of animal food per day, requesting them to use freely, during the summer months, the vegetable products nature lavishes upon us so abundantly. He has kept, during twenty years or more, a record of the mortality in the families of those who followed his advice, and estimates the deaths, in the meat eating families as about four times more numerous than in the households of those who curb their desires for animal food during the summer months, subsisting almost entirely upon a farinaceous and vegetable diet. If this testimony has no weight with those who think "they know better," it is to be hoped they will discover the reality by a little experience, and, as they look upon the pale face of some dear one lying "cold in death," become convinced that there is more virtue in the prevention of illness, than in the "pound of cure" the doctor prescribes for diseases that originate in a morbid appetite for strong meat.—*New York Sun.*

TOO KNOWING BY HALF.—Once upon a time, there dwelt in the village of L—a fellow who was known as old Joe. He was noted for knowing everything that happened a little before anybody else.

One day, being in the village tavern—a favorite resort with him, for he could always find some one there to listen to his big yarns—a gentleman there spoke of a hydraulic ram that he saw in the city. "What is that?" asked an old man who was present. Now was the time for old Joe, so drawing himself up, and assuming an air of importance, he said: "Why, didn't you ever see one of 'em high dralick rams? Why, down in Sussex, where I was, several years, they don't raise any other kind; and I've seen 'em so big that they'd shear forty pounds of wool."

IRISH WIT AND PATRIOTISM.—There is great excitement in Richmond at this time. The citizen militia are assembled every afternoon in Capital Square for company and battalion drill, after which they are gathered around the equestrian monument of Washington and exhorted and implored by eloquent speakers to welcome the Federals with bloody hands to hospitable graves. This monument is an elegant structure. All sorts of devices are hung upon it to screw up the courage of the rebels. They tied in the hands of Washington's statue a long staff, from the top of which floated the dirty rebel flag. The man, when securing this flag-staff in its place, fell to the stone base below, fractured his skull, and died in a few moments.

An impulsive Irishman who had been forced into the militia then drawn up in the square, seeing the man fall, shouted thoughtlessly, "Be jabbers, Washington give him the shilalah, but he will have nothing but the Stars and Stripes." This Irishman was instantly sabered by his captain. After he fell he was dragged about and kicked to death by the chivalry.

A ludicrous incident occurred at the New England House in Cleveland a few days since. A gentleman called for a glass of milk and ice which was promptly brought by the ready waiter and placed before him, of which he took no notice, being discussing the merits of some of Loss' fine steak. A country green who happened to sit directly opposite, observing the cooling delicious beverage, reached across, and laying hold of the glass deliberately sipped the contents. The gentleman observing the movement and settling back in his chair, looked calmly at the green and exclaimed;

"That's cool, decidedly!"

The Simple looked at the stranger, and with a face brightening with a great thought of being about to communicate a great truth said:

"There's ice in it!"

AN UNDESIRABLE PLACE OF RESIDENCE.—A day in the moon, according to an English astronomer, is equal to fourteen days upon the earth. The day begins with a slow sunrise, followed by a brilliant sunshine and intense heat, about 212 degrees Fahrenheit; the sky is intensely black, there being no atmosphere like ours, to which blue sky is due; the stars are visible and the horizon is limited; there is dead silence; the cold in the intensely black shadow is very great; and there is no aerial perspective. Thus the moon is no place for man, or any animals or vegetables that we know of. The night of the moon, fourteen of our nights, begins with a slow sunset which is followed by intense cold, about 334 degrees below zero.

SOLDIER'S FARE.—A soldier in Grant's army writes home: "We are enjoying ourselves in the usual way. We have fight for breakfast, dinner and supper, twice between meals and three times during the night—in short, it has become a second nature. It is said that a man who will leave his meals to fight, loves it. In that case the Yankees must love to fight, for it is an every day occurrence to jump up from coffee and hard-tack and give the rebs a round or two."

THE PAPER FAMINE.—DEALER.—"Yes, sir, seven cents a pound is our regular price for old papers; but as your production is an American tragedy, and native talent ought to be encouraged, I don't mind giving you seven and a quarter for it!"

A one armed man was asked by a woman how he came to lose his arm. He promised to tell her if she would not ask another question. She agreed, and he said it was bitten off. As the man went away she said she wished she knew what bit it off.

What kind of reptile does a great jumper resemble? One of the *hop toed* tribe, probably.

DEATHS.

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| JAMES VANALSTINE, | Private, | Co. F, | 2d N. Y. Heavy Art'y. |
| JESSE SNYDER, | " | " | C, 87th Pa. Vols. |
| DANIEL SULLIVAN, | " | " | F, 19th U. S. Infantry. |
| AUGUSTUS C. LAING, | " | " | E, 14th N. J. Vols. |
| AARON GILLASPY, | " | " | I, 3d Pa. Heavy Art'y. |
| LEANDER SMITH, | " | " | B, 59th N. Y. Vols. |
| CHARLES QUINN, | " | " | E, 48th Pa. " |

THIS week closes, leaving the nervous portion of our community in a state of terrible uncertainty as regards most everything. Certain tremulous individuals seem to think that GRANT is whipping or being whipped, or neither or both, they can't exactly determine which, but are quite certain that something is wrong somewhere. Then the new raid, the "Peace Conference" and the draft rather bewilder them, particularly the latter, and they would be much obliged if some one would tell them where it is all going to end. We regret our inability to give them any consolatory information in their distress, and as the news from SHERMAN and a careful inquiry into the recent trans-atlantic naval engagement do not seem to have the desired soothing effect, we would recommend a few doses of the *London Times* and WILBUR F. STORRY as certain restoratives for their drooping spirits. Unfortunately, we are not posted on the intentions of the Government, and our stock of "reliable gentlemen," "intelligent contrabands," "good authorities" and "official sources" being painfully low, we are unable to manufacture any satisfactory sensation telegrams. We have seen enough of conjectures and prophecies during the war to realize, that like JOSH BILLINGS' dogs, "as a general thing tha ain't profitable," therefore we respectfully decline giving an editorial opinion on the subject lest we find ourselves involved in a blunder worse than that of the statesman who predicted a termination of the contest in sixty days. But through the whole, we manage to keep our faculties about us, and do not allow ourselves to be troubled with any unnecessary heart palpitations by anything we may hear, but confidently hope for the best and rely on Northern pluck, the Treasury Department and Weathersfield onions for a peaceful and decided end. While the Church thus preserves its usual serenity and composure, we see no reason why the rest of the world should alarm itself or borrow trouble on account of a little innocent amusement on the part of a few Southern excursionists. When the Church ceases to exist, when the HAVESACK becomes popular, when Annapolis becomes enterprising, when "British neutrality" ceases to be a joke and SEMMES is delivered to the United States, then, and not till then, may we pack up our surplus household utensils and gather up our skirts preparatory to a hurried trip to the Eastern Shore.....From the state of the country, to gas is certainly an inelegant and sadder descent, but in the present case rather unavoidable. Gas, from any point of view is a brilliant but intensely odoriferous fact, insinuating itself into our delicate and dainty nostrils without invitation, and otherwise making itself generally obnoxious. But our gas—and when we say "our gas," we do not wish the remark to be understood as having any personal application, but allude more particularly to the gas of our hospital—our gas has been, ever since we can remember, a stubborn, contrary, flickering nuisance, and we rejoice that measures are being taken to have the gas-works completely overhauled and the evils remedied. For two or three weeks we shall be obliged to endure the greasy presence and inconvenience of a candle, but the agreeable transition at the end of that time, will amply repay us for our temporary darkness.....We notice that our Chapel has been re-painted and the grotesque imitation of something, we don't know what, on the inside completely covered by a neat coating of paint, pleasing to the eye and preferable to the awkward streaks of white "meandering at their own sweet will" over the walls. And so our Hospital world moves on. Improvement seems to be the order of the day, and but little remains to be done to render the machinery perfect.

A WESTERN editor strikes the names of two subscribers from his list because they were hung. He says he was compelled to be severe because he did not know their present addresses.

No man can be mentally comfortable, much less happy, who does not succeed, at least in his view, in adding something to the general stock of goodness or usefulness in the world.

The man who popped the question by "starlight," got his sweetheart's consent in a "twinkling."