

A Chinese Dinner.

A traveler recently arrived from Peking gives the following description of a Chinese dinner: 'The first course consisted of a kind of square tower formed of slices of breast of goose, and of a fish which the Chinese call 'cow's head,' with a large dish of hashed tripe, and hard eggs of a dark color preserved in lime. Next came grains of pickled wheat and barley, shell-fish unknown in Europe, enormous pawns, preserved ginger, and fruits. All these are eaten with ivory chop-sticks, which the guests bring with them. On grand occasions the first dish is always birds-nest soup, which consists of a thick gelatinous substance. Small cups are placed round the tureen, each containing a different kind of sauce. The second course was a ragout of sea-snails. In Macao these are white, but at Ningpo they are green, viscous, and slippery, and by no means easy to pick up with small sticks. Their taste resembles that of the green fat of a turtle. The snails were followed by a dish of flesh covering the skull of sturgeons, which is very costly, as several heads are required to make even a small dish. Next was a dish of sharks' fins mixed with slices of pork, and a crab salad; after these a stew of plums and other fruit, the acidity of which is considered a corrective for the viscous fat of the fish; then mushrooms, pulse, and ducks tongues, which last are considered the ne plus ultra of Chinese cookery; deer's tendons—a royal dish which the Emperor himself, sends as a present to his favorites; and venus's ears—a kind of unctuous shell-fish; lastly, boiled rice, served in small cups, with acanthus seeds preserved in spirits, and other condiments. Last of all tea was served.'

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little extra exertion might sweep away into a funeral pile, the strong spirit is shorn of its might and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters which threaten to overwhelm you into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine, which penetrate to the path of duty. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is he who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow men.

'Here is where they pay toll,' simpered a young lady to her male companion as the cars on the Eastern Railroad entered the dark tunnel at Salem. 'I paid Towle,' replied he with charming simplicity, 'soon after we left Boston.' He did not think what a fool he was till he had got too far out into the light to correct his mistake.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.—Over the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush spreads its flushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning imperaled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels—once shaken so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from Heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, trees, blending in a beautiful picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, that delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored.

A youngster while perusing a chapter of Genesis, turning to his mother, inquired whether the people in those days 'used to do sums on the ground.' He accounted for his question, by reading the passage, 'And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth.'

Cross Examination.

'Mr. Parks,' said a lawyer to a witness, 'I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?'

'I never heard of any correspondence or letter passing between them.'

'You said something about his propensity for drink. Does he drink hard?'

'No, I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw.'

'One more question, Mr. Parks. Have you known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?'

'The one he's now got on, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short waisted for the fashion.'

'You can take your seat, Mr. Parks.'

Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyshire, came upon a decent-looking shepherd reading upon the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking,—'You have a fine view here; you will see a great way.' 'Ou aye, ou aye, a ferry great way.' 'Ah! you will see America from here?' 'Farrer than that,' said Donald. 'Ah! how's that?' 'Ou, juist wait till the mist gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune!'

SWIFT DESTRUCTION.—The rapidity with which firemen go to blazes!

List of Patients Lately Admitted to this Hospital from City Point, Va.

Division No. 1. B. A. VANDERKIEFT, SURGEON IN CHARGE.

Table listing non-commissioned officers and privates, including names, ranks, and regiments.

Table listing privates, including names, ranks, and regiments.

Table listing privates, including names, ranks, and regiments.

DEATHS.

Table listing deaths, including names, ranks, and regiments.