

OUR RETURNING HEROES.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Before these lines can reach the majority of their readers, the van of the triumphant Union armies will have encamped around Washington City, though their rear guard may scarcely yet have passed through Richmond. Two hundred thousand in all—from the grand old army of the Potomac, the sturdy army of the James, the army of Tennessee, of the Cumberland, and of Georgia—will, on or about the 1st of June, be assembled at the Federal Metropolis, preliminary to their speedy and honorable discharge from the service. Some of them bore a part in the disastrous experiences of our first campaigns—of either Bull Run, Wilson's Creek, Lexington, Mo., Gaines' Mill, Secessionville, and the earlier attempts on Vicksburg—far more of them recoiled from the deadly fire that reddened the frozen, slippery steeps of Fredericksburg, or shared the mortification inflicted by our baffled effort at Chancellorsville, or glowed with the valor which wrested victory from the jaws of ruin at Stone River—while the hearts of tens of thousands among them thrill with patriotic pride at the mention of Shiloh, of Fort Donelson, of Antietam, of Gettysburg, of the campaign which culminated in the surrender of Vicksburg, of Sherman's magnificent march from the Tennessee to Savannah, and to Raleigh—of Grant's tenacious hold on Lee, which nothing could relax or shake until he had, through months of bloody persistency, through every shade of fortune, hunted Rebellion from its curssed capital, and chased the Rebel Generalissimo to a surrender of his entire army. In that bronzed host about to be finally mustered at Washington, there are the relics of a hundred desperate conflicts, individuals among them having participated in more than twenty. Some of them have marched in defense of the Union much further in the aggregate than the distance from New York to Liverpool; and, though there are some recent recruits in the ranks, the regiments that will answer at roll-call in this muster, have lost more men by wounds in battle than will now respond to their names. Some of them have not seen the face of the paymaster since last September or October; many are poorly clad and shod, and are going home to resume a life of constant, rugged labor for a mere subsistence; many, who have braved death unharmed through the carnage of many battles, return to hearths made desolate in their absence by the death of those they most deeply loved. It is not probable that their country, during the remainder of their lives, will ever call them again to the fated field. They leave at least two hundred thousand veterans in the field, nearly half of them cavalry, who are amply adequate to the speedy stamping out of any future outbreak of the now smothered fires of the Rebellion. The like number who are soon to stack arms on the Potomac will probably never be called to recover them. God grant that their children also may never be summoned to repeat the stern experiences of the last four years!

Most certainly, I know that our soldiers are not all heroes. Some of them enlisted for the bounty, intending to earn it at as slender cost and risk as might be. Some of them attempted desertion; others have disgraced their colors by cowardice or robbery. As a whole, however, I hold the armies of the United States, while at least equal in intelligence and moral worth to their fellow-citizens generally, decidedly their superiors in average bravery, patriotism, and the spirit of self-sacrifice. How generally, how patiently, how bravely they have borne fatigue, exposure, privation, suffering for the salvation of their country, I trust that country is not likely to forget.

Yet I write to urge my fellow-citizens to a persistent, all-embracing, systematic remembrance and requital of the obligation. I write to urge that everywhere the loyal men and women of these States form local associations, whose constant care and special work it shall be to see that no Union soldier's widow or orphans want the comforts of life, and no crippled or invalid soldier has personal reason to feel that republics are ungrateful. And I would like to urge, further, that every township and city hold a stated annual meeting—on the 4th of July, when no other day shall be deemed preferable—to inquire and consider whether this duty has been fully discharged.

I have small faith in the alms-giving save in exceptional cases. It is not benevolent, it is wrong, to support any one in idleness who is able to work. If some weak, rich philanthropist were to leave by will, two dimes per day to every adult, and one to every child that would appear to claim his bounty, he would thereby have done far more harm than good. So much for so much is the inexorable law of the universe, which Man is impotent to evade. He who would rather live on another's bounty than by his own honest labor is a fool in intellect and a slave in soul. If I could make every rich person in America open wide his purse and give therefrom a dollar to every one who might ask for it, I would not. Far from me be any such debauchery of the poor!

But our Union soldiers and their families, but especially our disabled heroes, have claims on our sense of justice that may not be evaded. Here is one who enlisted on the tidings of the first shot fired at Sumter, or in response to the call after Bull Run, receiving no bounty, and discarding a vocation which gave him a competence for the rude changes of the bivouac and the battle field at thirteen or sixteen dollars per month; and he returned minus a leg or arm, with a crippled hand, or with a bullet in his side, whereon he receives a pension of eight dollars per month. Can you consider this man as devoid of claims upon you as though he had been thus disabled in a bar-room scuffle or a midnight orgie?

No, my friends! you owe this man something, over and above what is ever due from prosperity to misfortune. You owe him your best endeavors to secure him the best chance to work that he is now able to embrace. You owe him a constant solicitude for his welfare and for that of his wife and children. You owe him life-long gratitude—active

and practical—for your liberty and nationality preserved by his valor, his peril, his self-sacrifice. Never let the maimed Union soldier feel that you judge him anything which he needs and you can justly give him or do for him. And your obligation can best be discharged by concerted, systematic efforts by the whole community to fulfill the obligation resting equally, enduringly, on all.

Men and brethren! let us all resolve to consider—in our gatherings on the 4th of July next, when no other day shall be specially designated for the purpose, our duty to the surviving soldiers of the Union, especially the disabled, and the widows and children of those who have given their lives to their country.

HOW PERFUMERY IS MADE FROM FLOWERS.

The odors of flowers do not, as a general rule, exist in them as a store or in a gland, but they are developed as an exhalation. While the flower breathes it yields fragrance, but kill the flower, and fragrance ceases. It has not been ascertained when the discovery was made of condensing, as it were, the breath of the flower during life; what we know now is, that if a living flower be placed near to butter, grease, animal fat, or oil, those bodies absorb the odor given off by the blossom, and in turn themselves become fragrant. If we spread fresh unsalted butter upon the inside of two dessert plates, and then fill one of the plates with gathered fragrant blossom of clematis, covering them over with the second greased plate, we shall find that after twenty-four hours the grease has become fragrant. The blossoms, though separated from the parent stem, do not die for some time, but live and exhale odor which is absorbed by the fat. To remove the odor from the fat, the fat must be scraped off the plates and put into alcohol; the odor then leaves the grease and enters into the spirit, which thus becomes "scent," and the grease again becomes odorless. The flower farmers of the Var follow precisely this method on a very large scale, with but little practical variation, with the following flowers: rose, orange, acacia, violet, jasmine, tube-rose and jonquil. The process is termed, as said before, *enfleurage*, or in flowering. In the valley of the river Var there are acres of jasmine, of tube-rose, of violets, &c. In due season the air is laden with fragrance—the flower harvest is at hand. Women and children gather the blossoms, which they place in little panniers like fishermen's baskets hung over the shoulders. They are then carried to the flower laboratory and weighed. In the laboratory the harvest of flowers has been anticipated. During the previous winter great quantities of grease, lard and beef suet have been collected, melted, washed and clarified. The great success of this process depends on the absolute purity of the grease employed, and no pains are spared to this end. In each laboratory there are several thousand *chassis* (sashes), or framed glasses, upon which the grease to be scented is spread, and upon this grease the blossoms are sprinkled or laid. The *chasse en verre* is, in fact, a frame with a glass in it as near as possible like a window-sash, only that the frame is two inches thicker, so that when one *chasse* is placed on another, there is a space of four inches between every two glasses, thus allowing room for blossoms. Every *chasse*, or sash, is about two feet long by eighteen inches broad. The flower blossoms are changed every day, or every other day, as is convenient to the general work of the laboratory or flowering of the plants. The same grease, however, remains in the *chasse* so long as the particular plant being used yields blossoms. Each time the flowers are put on, the grease is "worked"—that is, serrated with a knife—so as to offer a fresh surface of grease to absorb odor. The grease being inflored in this way for three weeks or more—in fact, so long as the plants produce blossoms, is at last scraped off the *chasse*, melted, strained, and poured into tin canisters.

AN EAST INDIAN PARADISE.—The entire circumference of the island is one panorama, where the magnificent tropical forest with its undergrowth of jungle run down at one place to the very water's edge, dipping its large leaves into the glassy sea, and at another is abruptly broken by a brown rocky cliff, or a late landslip over which the jungle has not yet had time to extend itself. Here and there, too, are scattered little green islands, set like gems on the bosom of the hushed waters, between which the excursionist, the trader, or the pirate, is wont to steer his course. "Eternal summer gilds these shores;" no sooner has the blossom of one tree passed away than that of another takes its place, and sheds fresh perfume all around; as for the foliage, that never seems to die. Perfumed islands are in many people's minds merely fabled dreams, but they are easy of realization here. There is scarcely a part of the island, except those few places where the original forest and jungle have been cleared away, from which at night-time, on the first breathings of the land-winds, may not be felt those lovely forest perfumes, even at the distance of more than a mile from the shore. These land-winds—or, more properly, land-airs, for they can scarcely be said to blow, but only to breathe—usually commence at ten o'clock at night, and continue till within an hour or two of sunrise. They are welcomed by all; by the sailor because they speed him on either course, and by the wearied resident because of their delicious coolness.—*Cameron's Tropical Possessions in Malayan India.*

—A youth of nine or ten summers, who attends the Sabbath school, and is one of those "infants terrible," was asked by his teacher, not very long since, what the phylacteries of the Pharisees were? "Broad hems such as ladies wear on their dresses," was the reply. But the Pharisees, didn't wear them for the same reason that ladies do, did they? "O, yes," was the wicked answer, "to be seen of men."

—The last Paris freak is to paint horses as poodles have been painted. Gold color is the fashion.

SPLENDID GIFT FROM PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, OF ENGLAND.

Professor Goldwin Smith, of England, the sterling friend and able advocate of our cause, sends an exquisite painting as a donation to the Fair, whose subject is set forth in the following letter addressed to Prof. J. H. McChesney, U. S. Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, now in Chicago:

"PARK ENDS, OXFORD, April, 1865.

"DEAR SIR: The subject of the picture is Clara bringing water to the Wounded Marston, at Flodden Field. I thought the subject would be appropriate to the occasion. The painter is Mr. Briton Riviere, a young artist of this city. The style is somewhat pre-Raphaelite, and in witnessing the picture, allowance must be made for this, as for the youth of the painter.

"I wish I were a millionaire, that I might make a more valuable offering.

"I feel a double pleasure in showing my sympathy as far as means permit, because, besides my respect for the beneficent labors of the Sanitary Commission, I have the most grateful sense of the kindness which I personally received from many friends at Chicago.

"I am, dear sir, yours, faithfully,

"GOLDWIN SMITH."

SEND PROVISIONS.

All persons in the country who are willing to help the soldiers through the great Fair, are requested to send daily all kinds of cooked provisions, such as cake, biscuit, pie, poultry, ham, tongue, butter and eggs. It is especially urged that our country friends respond to this call, as every house in the city will be filled with company and the ladies engaged in the Fair. Send by express. Mark packages, "Provisions for the Fair, care of Mrs. E. F. Dickinson, Chairman of Restaurant Committee." A list of the articles should be sent to the same address by the previous mail.

Those who intend contributing to the larder of the three restaurants to be attached to the Fair are requested to send in provisions every day. Very much depends upon the promptness with which supplies are contributed.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

What is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? One harms the cheese and the other charms the he's.

Why is it that the moment of popping the question is so terrible to young fellows, that they frequently cannot utter a word? Because, just then, they love the fair one beyond expression.

What is the greatest curiosity in the world? A woman's.

When does a man die for love? When he dyes his red whiskers brown.

Why is love like a duck's foot? Because it often lies hidden in the breast.

Why is a marriage-certificate like an article the public could not do without? Because it's a noose-paper.

What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble? A green pear.

Why is a fine young widow who entraps in Hymen's meshes the heir of a prosperous gentleman, like the earth? Because she is wicked? No. Because she is fair but deceitful? No. Because she comes round the sun (sun).

When is a lover like a tailor? When he presses his suit.

Why is the second wife of a widower with a small family like a Roman king? Because she is a Numa (new ma).

Why is a man who beats his wife like an exquisitely formed dog? Because he is a perfect brute.

Which is the best way of retaining a woman's affections? By not returning them.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

Why ought a woman to prefer a brewer's drayman for a husband? Because he'll always support her.

What is that process by which twenty women, assembled in one room, can all be made equally handsome at the same moment? Putting out the light.

Why is a lover who composes a pretty sonnet to the features of his 'object' like a soldier? Because he knows how to write about face.

A VENERABLE BELL FOR THE FAIR.—A paper at Erie, N. Y., has the following:—"We have got a 'relic' in Erie, and are going to contribute it to the great Sanitary Fair at Chicago. The *Dispatch* describes it as a goodly-sized old fashioned bell, captured from the British ship Queen Charlotte during Commodore Perry's battle of Lake Erie, on the 10th of September, 1813. While the old court house stood in the park, this bell was used for all occasions, and was often rang in order to call the people together during the Erie railroad war. Since the court house was taken down the old bell has lain unemployed. This famous bell will be one of a large number and variety of relics on exhibition at the Fair.

—A RANDOM HIT.—In the course of an examination for the degree of A. B. under an examiner whose name was Payne, one of the questions was, "Give a definition of happiness?" to which a candidate returned the following laconic answer: "An exemption from Payne."

—Marriages in high life in England are now performed "with full choral service." The "happy couple" thus enjoy harmony at the commencement of their wedded life, if never after.

—Douglas Jerrold once went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled some friends, and said to his host on entering the room, "My dear Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered."

—The first sign of a man growing old is when he is asked "to stand godfather." The first sign of a woman growing old is when she gives up the habit of writing long letters.

BREAKFAST AND DINNER AT THE FAIR.

Everybody of course, must eat just as usual during the great Fair, and we will, just here, hint to everybody that the place where to eat breakfast and dinner, daily, during the Fair, is at the Fair. The ladies of the "OLD NEW ENGLAND FARM HOUSE," dressed in the costume of the olden times, looking as prim and smiling and lovely as our grandmothers looked when they were maidens; will have charge of the dining-hall of the Fair, which is located in the SOLDIERS' REST building, on Michigan Avenue, and adjoining the FAIR buildings. They have engaged half a score of excellent cooks, and will have plenty of fair waiters to serve the hungry patrons of their tables. The dining-hall will easily accommodate three hundred persons at a sitting, and can be readily enlarged to accommodate many more, if necessary.

Their breakfast hours will be between eight and nine, and their dinner hours between twelve and two P. M.

All kinds of delicacies, as well as the substantial, will be provided, and we can promise those patronizing the tables, that they will be well fed, and that the ladies will do the fair thing by them, and all they ask is that all will do the fair thing by them.

It is needless to add that the privilege of seeing the lovely women, in their quaint costumes, and of being waited on by them, is alone worth the price of the meals that gentlemen will eat there.

—Three of the great attractions of the Fair—the great ox, "Gen. Grant," the great painting of the "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," and Miss Hosmer's famous statue of "Zenobia,"—will be separately exhibited, at different places, an extra admission fee being required for each. The proceeds, however, will go to the general Fair fund.

The Ox will be in the vicinity of Monitor Hall, and Carpenter's painting over the entrance of McVicker's Theatre.

GOOD FOR SHERMAN.—While Senator Sherman was visiting the general, his brother, in North Carolina, he was presented by Frank Blair with a very fine horse, captured during the South Carolina campaign. He was told that he must get a pass from his brother, the general, before he could ship the animal to the North, but thought this would be a very small matter. So he went to "Cump's" (as General Sherman is called by "the boys,") headquarters to tell him of his luck and get the necessary document. "It's a splendid horse, Cump," said the honorable senator, "and if you'll just sign a permit, I'll take him up in the boat with me." Cump replied, adjusting his shirt collar with both hands, "I'm very glad he's a good horse. We are very much in need of good horses in the army. I have some orderlies around headquarters that are d-d badly mounted." The grave and reverend senator was taken aback by this, and again reminded the general that the horse had been presented to him, and was not government property. "Can't let you have him, John. All the horses here belong to Uncle Sam. Individual titles ain't worth a cent," said Cump. And so the senator was cheated out of his present.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

The enormous granite pillar, standing on a sand-hill in the outskirts of Alexandria, and commonly known as Pompey's Pillar, but recently regarded as the pillar of Diocletian, has long been a subject of interesting discussion to Egyptologists and historical students. Its appearance, on a rude and very much broken foundation of many stones, was—to the eye—insecure, and it looked much as if it might topple down. The period of its original hewing out of the Syrene quarry has been more uncertain than the date of its erection or inauguration in its present position. The foundation recently came to the notice of the Viceroy, and he ordered its repair. In doing this work it has been discovered that the visible foundation stones had really nothing to do with the support of the column, but were only the filling in around a cubic stone block on which the column actually rests its entire weight. On this block was found an inscription upside down, and investigation shows this to be an old capital from a column in one of the ancient temples in Upper Egypt. So that it is plain that those who erected the pillar of Diocletian brought the capital to Alexandria for this purpose, and the stone which was once honored as the crowning of a column in a temple of Sesostris in the Upper Nile, was degraded to be the hidden foundation of a column to the honor of a Roman despot. This stone bears the name of a king who lived about B. C. 1700, and the column has been standing on it about fifteen centuries. The basement has been repaired, and there is now left a space so that visitors can walk around the old supporting stone and see the hieroglyphics on it.

WHAT TO READ.

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Gray and Goldsmith, Pope and Thompson, Cowper and Coleridge, Scott and Wadsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, and Arkenstone, and Burke.

Are you deficient in power of reason? Read Chillingworth, and Bacon, and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in vigor or style? Read Junius and Fox.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Montesquieu, the "Federalist," Webster, and Calhoun.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes, and the "Life of Washington."

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edwards' works.

Are you deficient in piety? Read the Bible.