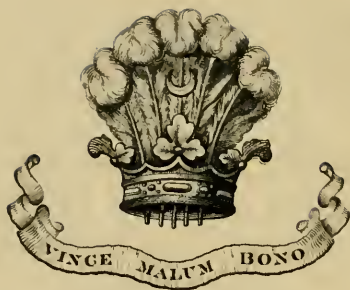


THE CAMP FOLLOWER

AUGUSTA, 1864.



*Charles C. Jones, Jr.*



*George Washington Flowers  
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THE  
**CAMP FOLLOWER**

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING STORIES :

**THE COCK FIGHT:**

**THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM,**

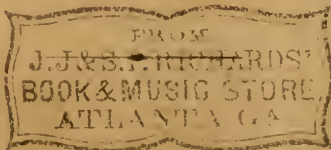
**HOW I COATED SAL,**

**THE CHAMPION,**

**WHAR NO WOOD IS, THAR THE FIRE GOETH OUT,**

And many other Humourous Sketches, Anecdotes, Poetry, etc.  
designed for the

**AMUSEMENT OF THE CAMP.**



PUBLISHED BY  
**STOCKTON & CO.**  
SOUTHERN FIELD AND FIRESIDE OFFICE.

1864.



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# P R E F A C E .

THE Publisher of this VOLUME in offering it to the public, desires to say that his principal object is to furnish to the CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS an opportunity of relieving the dull monotony of camp life, and of enjoying, in the perusal of its pages, at least a temporary mental recreation. The contents have been selected with especial regard to this object; and if they can serve to smooth one wrinkle from the brow of care, or add one moment's enjoyment to the lives of our BRAVE DEFENDERS, the Publisher will congratulate himself that he has not labored in vain.

With these preparatory remarks, he submits it to the PUBLIC generally and to the SOLDIERS particularly, hoping that it will attain the object for which it is published.

Respectfully,

THE PUBLISHER.





No. 3119

# THE CAMP FOLLOWER.

## POLITICS DEFINED.

"Mine neighbor, Wilhelm, what you tink of bolitics, hey?" asked Peter Von Slug of his neighbor, Von Sweitzell, the Twelfth Ward blacksmith, one evening, as he seated himself beside him in a "Bierhaus."

"I tinks much," said Sweitzell, giving his pipe a long whiff.

"Vell, what you tinks?"

"I come to der conclusion dat 'olitics is one big fool."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pete, after taking a draught from his mug, "how do you make him dat?"

"Vell, mine frien', I tell you," replied Sweitzell, after a few whiffs and a drink, "I comes to dis place ten years last evening by der Dutch Almanac, mit mine blacksmith shop. I builds fine little house, I puts up mine bellers. I make mine fire, I heats mine iron. I strikes mit mine hammer, I gets plenty of work in, and I makes mine monish."

"Dat ish goot," remarked Pete, and demanded that the drained mug be refilled.

"I say that I got much friends," continued Wilhelm, relighting his pipe. "Der beoples all say Von Sweitzell bees a good man; he blows in der morning, he strikes in der night, and he minds his business. So dey spraken to me many times, and it makes me feel much goot here," slapping his breast.

"Yah, yah, dat ish gooter," remarked Pete who was an attentive listener.

"Vell, it goes along dat way tree year. Tree! Let me see, von year I make tree hundred dollar, der next tree hundred an' fifty, der next four hundred

and swonzy, and der next five hundred tollar. Dat make five year. Vell, I bees here five year, when Old Mike der watchman, who bees such a bad man comes to me and he say, Sweitzell vot make you work so hard? To make monish I tell him. I dells you how you make him quicker as dat, he say. I ask him how, an' he dells me to go into bolitics, and get big office. I laugh at him ven he dells me dat Shake, der lawyer, vat make such burty speeches about Fader-land, bees goin to run for Congress and dat Shake, der lawyer, dells him to dell me, if I would go among der beoples and dell them to vote mit him in der while, he would put me into ven big office, where I makes twenty tousand tollars a year."

"Twenty tousand, mine Got!" exclaimed Pete, thunderstruck.

"Yah, twenty tousand. Well, by shinks, I must stop der strikin' an' goes to mine friens, an' tell der Yarmans vote for Shake, and Shake bees elected to der Congress."

Here Mynheer Von Sweitzell stopped: took a long draught of beer and fixing his eyes on the floor, puffed as if in deep thought.

"Vell mine neighbor," said Pete, after waiting a due length of time for him to resume, "vat you do den, hey?"

"Veil, I ask Mike, der swellhead watchman, for der office, an' he dells me I gets him der next year. I waits till after der next kront making time, an' den I say again, 'Mike, ven vill Shake give me dat twenty tousand tollar office?' 'In two year, sure,' he say, 'if you work for der barty.' Vell, I stop a blowin'

mit mine bellers agin, an' I blow two years for der barty mit mine mout."

"Two years mit your mout?" asked Pete in astonishment.

"Yaw, two year. Den again I go to Mike, der swellhead watchmans, an' dell him der twenty thousand tollar about an' he dells me in onc more year I gets him sure. I dinks he fools mc, yet I blow for der barty anudder year, an' den vot you dinks?"

"Dinks! Vy, you gits him twenty thousand dollar."

"Gits him! Py shinks, Mike, der swellhead watchmans dells me I bees von big fool, an' dat I might go to der bad place an' eat sour krout.

"He tell you dat?"

"Yaw. Sure as my name bees Von Sweitzell."

"After you do der blowing mit your mout for der barty?"

"Yaw."

"Mine Got! vat you do den, my ighbor?"

I make a fire in mine blacksmit I blows my own bellers again. I

mine own iron, and strikes mit wn hammer. I say to myself

Von Sweitzell, bolitics bees and boliticians bees a bigger

elm Von Sweitzell, do your and let boliticians do ders."

te thought he had come usion, and after wishing

uck to politicians—that e patriotism and integ-

ocket—they ordered again refilled and conversation.

Mrs. Partington wants to know why Captains don't have their ships properly nailed in port, instead of waiting to tack them at sea.

A gay contraband at Beaufort told a newspaper correspondent that she was the wife of the officers of a Massachusetts regiment.

"What was the use of the eclipse?" asked a young lady. "Oh, it gives the sun time for reflection," replied the wag.

A philosopher who married a vulgar, but amiable girl, used to call his wife brown sugar, because, he said, she was sweet, but unrefined.

The dabbling of uneducated Congressmen with Press exemptions, reminds us of the Irishman who attempted to snuff a gas burner with his fingers.

The population of Columbia, S. C., has increased within the last two years nearly one hundred per cent. It amounts at this time to about twenty thousand.

The three rules given by the celebrated John Hunter for the rearing of healthy children, were: "Plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," as the woman said when she quarrelled with her husband, and threw a bag of feathers on his new Sunday suit.

PRETTY ATTENTION.—The Baron Rothschild had the Colosseum at Rome brilliantly illuminated with Bengal lights to gratify the Baroness.

Letters found in Spain and recently published in Froud's History of England prove beyond question, if they are genuine, that Mary Queen of Scots, designed and caused the death of Darnley her husband.

"Hallo, Fred! What you writin poetry?"

POT POT

RUI.

Punch's motto for a hair and come again!

Arrangements are being made in St. Louis for building a fine opera house to hold 3,500 persons, to be finished in October next.

dresser—Cut

perfected in era house

ished in

"Yes," said Fred, "I am writing an ode (owed) to my tailor."

"What's the time and tune," said Tom.

"Time, sixty days," said Fred. "and it is set to notes of mine in his possession."

Loaf bread is becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, if we are to judge their size by the one which a blacksmith, named John Daan, purchased for fifty cents, and on a small wager, ate at two mouthfuls. This feat occurred at a smith's shop, at the Navy Department, and is vouched for by several eye witnesses.

A GOOD WAY TO END THE WAR.—Not long ago one of our videttes east of the city was crawling cautiously through the bushes on a trip of investigation, looking out for bushwhackers. He thought he heard a noise, and concluded he could gobble a rebel in just no time. As he crept up over a log on one side, a hairy butternut individual crawled up on the other, confronting him, and not more than a yard off. Both parties stopped stock still, "just like a frozen statue," for fully a minute when Guerrilla broke the silence, thus :

"Hello, Yank ! Ye thought ye would ketch this chicken napping didn't ye ?"

Fed. What are you crawling around in the bushes, like a snake in the grass for ? Thought you'd fool somebody, didn't you ? Come along with me, old fellow !

Confed. No you dont. You come in out of the wet with me. You are my prisoner !

Fed. Prisoner be blowed ! I'll bet you ten dollars in greenbacks against Confederate notes, even, that you are my prisoner."

Confed. I'll do it, lay your ten spot on the log, I will cover it. If I don't take you into camp you can win my pile.

The stakes were put up, when the

question how to decide the matter came up. Finally, a game of seven up was agreed upon, the first ten points to take the stakes, and the other as a prisoner. The necessary pack was produced, whereupon they both sat astride the log, and played a lively game of old sledge. Another vidette came up soon after and took them both into custody, and broke up the game, and the day before yesterday the Confederate chap was sent out with a party of other prisoners to be exchanged.—*Memphis Bulletin.*

An Irish bard wrote some verses a long time ago entitled, "The Fittest Place for Man to Die." We know not them all, but the following noble sentiment occurred in them :

Whether on the scaffold high.

Or in the battle's van ;

The fittest place for man to die,

Is where he dies for man.

The following is "a palpable hit" at producers who "wouldn't acknowledge the corn."

Some patriotic farmers in some counties of this State,

Resolved they'd sell their produce at the Government rate ;

But when the people wished to buy, 'twas found out, sad to tell,

That these 'patriotic farmers' hadn't anything to sell !

A Mr. Shott and a Mr. Willing had a duel in which both were wounded. This circumstance gave rise to the following lines :

Shott and Willing did engage,

In duel fierce and hot ;

Shott shot Willing, willingly,

And Willing he shot Shott.

The shot Shott shot made Willing quite

A spectacle to see,

While Willing's willing shot went right

Through Scott's anatomy.

The wag of the Mississippian says the proceedings of Mr. Foote, sometimes called Confederate Congress, are just now very dull.

Punch says some kind little milliners have, of their scant earnings, subscribed in aid of the victims of Warsaw. This is, indeed, a pretty illustration of the needle being true to the Pole.

**DECIDEBLY COOL.**—When Wright's Georgia regiment was drawn up in line of battle to go into its first fight in North Carolina, Wright in passing his regiment observed a tall, giant fellow with a violin case strapped to his back. Wright asked him what he was going to do with his fiddle? The rude soldier had never heard of Mirabeau's dying exclamation, but he almost quoted it when he said he wanted to "die to the sound of Betsy," this being the term of endearment which he applied to his violin.

After the fight was over the fiddling soldier did not answer at roll call. He was found with a broken leg at the foot of a tree, to which he had crawled, quietly sawing the strings of Betsy.

When Jas. T. Brady first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basement room which had been previously occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered and said:

"The cobbler's gone, I see."

"I should think he had," tartly responded Brady.

"And what do ye sell," said he, looking at the solitary table, and a few law books.

"Blockheads," responded Brady.

"Be gorra," said the Irishman, "ye must be doing a thriving business—ye ain't got but one left."

**WHAT WAS NEEDED.**—The Duke of Marlborough, admiring the fine figure and warlike air of a soldier, taken prisoner at the battle of Hoshset, said to him, "if the French had but 50,000 such men as you, we should not have gained

the day so easily." "Marbleu, my lord," said the soldier, "we have plenty such men as me; we only want one like you."

### The Dutchman and Stonewall Jackson.

The following amusing story of the experience of a German sutler in the Yankee army is told by one of our surgeons who was left in charge of our wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., last summer. It seems that the surgeon in passing through Hagerstown, Md. overheard a conversation which took place on the street between the sutler and a friend of his, which was as follows:

Friend—Halloo, Broom! I thought you were down in Dixie, sutlering.

Broom—Well, you shist take one drink o' lager beer mit me and I tells you."

They both drink and Broom continues:

You see de times git dull here about Hagerstown, und I tinks I goes me mit the army und sutler. Vell, Izhist takes me mine shpring vagon und mine negro boy Ike, und gets me some goods und goes me to Villiamstown. Und dare is de covalree und de infondree und de ardlleree; und de bond plays Yankee doodles, und Shtar Shpangled Banner und Hail Golumby, und de Shtars und Shtripes float mit de tops ov de houses mit de vind, und I dinks me dos is all right; und den falls me in mit de rear ov de army und goes me to Martins-town, und dare sells me mine grackers und mine sardines, und mine lager beer und gets me de creenbacks mit mine pocket, und I dinks me dos is goot. Und den falls me in mit de army again, und goes me mit ter Zheneral Banks to Vinchester.

Vell dare at Vinchester sells me mine sardines und mine grackers und mine segars und mine lager beer und all mine

goods, und gets me de greenbacks mit mine pocket, and I tinks me dos is all so good.

Und den goes me to Mr. Taylor, of de Taylor House, und dells me der Mr. Taylor, now you zhust keep der shpring vagon und de negro boy Ike, und I goes me to Baltimore und buys me new goots—und den goes me to Baltimore und buys me heap of new goots—four five dollar tousand vort—und comes me back to Winchester und gets me one house close by de Taylor House so you can see him as you comes mit de Taylor House dis way, und puts me de nice fly paper on de wall, und puts mine goots in mine house; und runs me two shtics mit de door out for trow the calico agross zhust for tract de tention.

Und von day coom von negro boy und looked him mine vinder in und say, "Oh, vot purty goots! Vot heap purty goods! Vish I had some dem goots! Nevermind Shtonovall Zhackson coom here some dese days, den gits me some dese goots!" Und I say Vot you know bout it? Shtonevall Zhackson not can come here, dey be too many beeples!

Und von day come von Yankee covalree und shtear me mine goots; und den goes me to der Zheneral Banks und dells me der Zheneral as von Yankee covalree shtear me mine goots; und der Zheneral say, "I make dat Yankee covalree bring back you dem goots."

Und de next day come de Yankee covalree und put me mine goots on von counter und another Yankee covalree shtear me mine goots from de other counter, so I have not so mach goots as before.

Und von day coom von negro vench and price me de goots and say, "Dese goots be too high. Nevermind, Shtonewall Zhackson coom here some dese days, den git me dese goots for noth-

ing. Und I say darn de negro vench, Vot you know bout it? Shtonewall Zhackson he not can come here, dey be too many beeples.

Und den comes de big bucks mit de ladies, und price me de goots, und dey make up mit de nose und say, "Dese goots be too high. Nevermind, Shtonewall Zhackson coom here some dese days he git dese goots." Und I say, Vot you know about it? Shtonewall Zhackson he not can come here, dey be too many beeples.

Und von day shtand me in mine door und looked me de shtreet up, and sees me von Yankee covalree come down the shtreet fast as he can coom—in mit one shoe and out mit one shoe, und his hair shtick straight out mit de vind. Und I say, Hello! mine friend, for vat for you run so fast. Und de Yankee covalree say, I no shtop talk mit you, Shtonewall Zhackson coom, und den hears me de big gun go loose, und I tinks me dis be one skearmish in de suburps of de town, und dis be von immoralise Yankee covalree run away.

Und den looks me de shtreet up und sees me the sutler vagon coom, and zhust behind the sutler vagon de arduilleree, und de arduilleree run in mit de sutler vagon, and break de sutler vagon, und dere lays de grackers und sardines, und cigars und needles and pins, and calicoes and lager beer, all in von grand heap in de shtreet. Und zhust behind de arduilleree come de infontree, and zhust behind de infontree de covalree, and zhust behind the covalree de graybacks. Mine vader, vos gray backs! and zhust behind de gray backs come von Stonefence Zhonson mit von big tin horn, and blows, "Who's been here since I've been gone?—who's been here since I've been gone?" and me no shtay for tell him, who's been here since I've been gone?

The old fellow became so much excited that he used the words "Shtonewall Zhonson," for "Stonewall Jackson."

### A Story of Mirth and Sadness.

Just after the fight at Belmont I met Major, now called Col. Cole, of the 5th Confederate Regiment (severely wounded in the late battle at Chattanooga.) With Cole was an old man named Gibbons, Cole's orderly. I was then a newspaper correspondent, and sought from Major Cole information as to the details of the fight on his part of the field. He gave them, and at the same time the names of the killed of his regiment. Just here "old Gibbons" interrupted us, and insisted that his name should be on the published list of the slain. He assigned as a reason, that his wife was a termagant, that he could not live at home in peace, and had therefore joined the army. He wished her to suppose that he was dead, and then perhaps she would regret the wanton wrongs she had done him.

Seeing no special harm to result, I added to my memoranda, "Paul Gibbons a brave old soldier, belonging to Col. Pickett's regiment, was shot between the eyes while fighting gallantly beside Maj. Cole." I had the testimony of Cole and of Gibbons himself, and surely this was enough for a veracious letter writer. Shortly afterwards I met the correspondent of the ——— newspaper and we exchanged notes. The letters appeared and the death of Gibbons was duly announced.

The little paper published in the village whence Gibbons came pronounced a touching eulogium, and to the great world beyond the army, Gibbons was no more.

Six months afterwards I went down the Tennessee river in a skiff from Chattanooga to reach our army, then camped at Tupelo. One day, riding along our lines, I was accosted by a care-worn old man, whom I did not recognise. "Don't you know me?" he asked, in tremulous accents, "I am the man you killed at Belmont." I could

not repress an exclamation of surprise and amazement, the terms of which need not be reproduced. He then explained that I had "killed him in the newspapers, that his wife had administered on his estate, sold his negroes and had married again."

I asked him what I could do for him. His woe begone looks, white hairs and tearful eyes, touched my sympathies. He answered that I must resurrect him. Sad as was Gibbons' face, and sincerely as I regretted what I had done, I laughed till my sides ached. The old man grew angry at length, and swore he would shoot me. The joke vanished, and I instantly became serious. In solemn accents I promised to resuscitate him through the columns of every newspaper in the South. Soon, however, the Federals came to the village in which Gibbons had lived. His home was plundered and burned, his slaves enticed away to starve in a Yankee garrison. The old man died and was buried perhaps—no one can designate the spot. We did not hear of him after we left North Mississippi.

A PHILOSOPHIC DARKEY.—A Yankee newspaper correspondent gives the following account of a colloquy with a philosophic darkey, who had been present at the battle of Fort Donelson:

Observing him toasting his shins against the chimney, I broke in upon his profound meditations, thus:

"Were you in the fight of Fort Donelson?"

"Had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No sah, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes sah, and would hab run sooner had I know'n it war cummin."

"Why that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat ain't in my line, sah; cookin's my perfecshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation is nothin to me by the side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sah."

"Then you must value it highly?"

"Yes, sah, I does—more dan all dis world—more dan a million of dollars, sah; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out'n him? Self preservation is de fust law wid me, sah."

"But why should you act on a different rule from others?"

"Because different men set different values on da lives; mine is not in de market, sah."

"But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you'd died for your country."

"What satisfaction would that be, sah, when de power of feelin was gone."

"Then patriotism and honor are nothin to you."

"Nothin whatever, sah; I regard dem as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sah, dere would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale againt any gubbernment dat ever existed, for no gubbernment could replace de loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sah. A dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigger; but I'd a missed myself, sah, and dat is de pint wid me, sah."

in a few simple words, the question frequently put as to the real value of the difficulty about the king of Denmark's succession to the Schleswig-Holstein dutchies. Mr. Punch will explain the matter in a moment. The case is this: King Christian being an agnate, is the collateral heir male of the German Diet, and consequently the Dutchy of Holstein being mediatized, could only have ascended to the Landgravine of Hesse in default of consanguinity in the younger branch of the Sonderburg-Glucksburg, and therefore Schleswig, by the surrender of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Gotha was acquired as a fief in remainder of the morganatic marriage of Frederick VII. This is clear enough, of course.

The difficulty, however, arises from the fact that while the Danish protocol of 1852, which was drawn up by Lord Palmerston, but signed by Lord Malmesbury, repudiated ex post facto the claims of Princess Mary of Anhalt, as remainder-woman to the Electress of Augustenburg, it only operated as a *uti possidetis* in reference to the interests of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, while Baron Bunsen's protest against Catholicism, under the terms of the edict of Nantes, of course barred the whole of the lineal ancestry of the Grand Duke from claiming by virtue of the Salic clause of the Pragmatic Sanction. The question is, therefore, exhaustively reduced to a very narrow compass, and the dispute simply is, whether an agnate who is not consanguinous can as a Lutheran, hold a fief which is clothed by mediatization with the character of a neutral belligerent. This is, really, all that is at issue, and those who seek to complicate the case by introducing the extraneous statement, true no doubt in itself, that the Princess of Wales, who is the daughter of the present King of Denmark, made no public re-

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DANISH DIFFICULTY EXPLAINED BY "PUNCH."—Punch observes, "Young persons who dine out, and wish to be considered well-informed young diners out, must desire to be able to answer,

nunciation of either of the Dutchies, or the ivory hair brushes, when she dined with Lord Mayor Rose, are simply endeavoring to throw dust in the eyes of Europe."

### When this Cruel War is Over.

YANKEE GIRL TO HER LOVER.

Dearest love! Do you remember,  
When we last did meet,  
How you told me that you loved me,  
Kneeling at my feet?  
Oh, how proud you stood before me,  
In your suit of blue,  
When you vowed to me and country  
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.—Weeping, sad and lonely,  
Hopes and fears how vain,  
When this cruel war is over,  
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze was sighing;  
Mournfully along,  
Or when autumn leaves were falling,  
Sadly breathes the song.  
Oft in dreams I see thee lying  
On the battle plain.  
Lonely, wounded, even dying,  
Calling, but in vain.

If, amid the din of battle,  
Nobly you should fall,  
Far away from those who love you,  
None to hear your call.  
Who would whisper words of comfort,  
Who would soothe your pain?  
Ah, the many cruel fancies,  
Ever in my brain!

But your country called you darling,  
Angels cheer your way,  
While our nation's sons are fighting,  
We can only pray.  
Nobly strike for God and Liberty.  
Let all nations see  
That we love the starry banner,  
Emblem of the free.

THE LOVER'S REPLY.

Dearest love! I do remember,  
When we last did meet,

How I told you that I loved you,  
Kneeling at your feet.  
Yes, I proudly stood before you  
In my suit of blue,  
And I thought to you and country  
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.—Weeping, sad and lonely,  
All your hopes are vain,  
For I've wed a colored lady,  
And we'll never meet again.

When the summer breeze was sighing,  
Mournfully along,  
By a negro cabin marching  
There I heard a song.  
Oft for days I had been seeking  
Lonely, moping, kind a-sneaking  
Round and round in vain!

Not amid the din of battle  
Did I hear her call;  
Far away from rebel pickets  
Hid behind a wall.  
There she whispered words of comfort  
Through the window pane.  
Ah, the many kinky darkies  
Loving me in vain.

Now this darkey calls me "darling."  
Angels clear the way!  
While for niggers we are fighting,  
She can only say:  
"Nobly strike for Abe. and den for me  
Let de white gal see  
Dat you lub de darkey better  
Dan dem who's free.

CHORUS.—Weeping, sad and lonely,  
All your hopes are vain,  
For I've wed a colored lady,  
And we'll never meet again.

A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller-rule on the table took it up, and inquiring its use was answered:

"It is a rule for counting houses." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired: "How in the name of wonder do you count houses with this?"



## THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

CAPTAIN MARMADUKE SMITH, is—judging from his present mundane, matter-of-fact character, about the last man one would suspect of having been at any time of his life a victim to the “tender passion.” A revelation he volunteered to two or three cronies at the club the other evening undeceived us. The captain on this occasion, as was generally the case on the morrow of a too great indulgence, was somewhat dull spirited and lachrymose. The weather, too, was gloomy; a melancholy barrel-organ had been droning dreadfully for some time beneath the windows; and to crown all, Mr. Tape, who has a quick eye for the sentimental, had discovered, and read aloud, a common, but sad story of madness and suicide in the evening paper. It is not, therefore, so surprising that tender recollection should have revived with unusual force in the veteran's memory.

“You would hardly believe it, Tape,” said Captain Smith, after a dull pause, and emitting a sound somewhat resembling a sigh, as he relighted the cigar which had gone out during Mr. Tape's reading—“you would hardly believe it, perhaps; but I was woman-witched once myself!”

“Never!” exclaimed the astonished gentleman whom he addressed. “A man of your strength of mind, Captain? I can't believe it; it's impossible!”

“It's an extraordinary fact, I admit; and, to own the truth, I have never been able to account exactly for it myself. Fortunately, I took the disorder as I did the measles—young; and neither of these complaints is apt to be so fatal then, I'm told, as when they pick a man up later in life. It was, however, a very severe attack while it lasted. A very charming hand at hooking a gudgeon was that delightful Coralie Dufour, I must say.”

“Any relation to the Monsieur and Madame Dufour we saw some years ago in Paris?” asked Tape. “The husband, I remember, was remarkably fond of expressing his gratitude to you for having once wonderfully carried him through his difficulties.”

Captain Smith looked sharply at Mr. Tape, as if he suspected some lurking irony beneath the bland innocence of his words. Perceiving, as usual, nothing in the speaker's countenance Mr. Smith—blowing at the same time a tremendous cloud to conceal a faint blush which, to my extreme astonishment, I observed

stealing over his unaccustomed features—said, gravely, almost solemnly: “You, Mr. Tape, are a married man, and the father of a family, and your own experience, therefore, in the female line must be ample for a lifetime; but you, sir,” continued the captain, patronizingly, addressing another of his auditors, “are, I believe, as yet ‘unattached,’ in a legal sense, and may therefore derive profit, as well as instruction, from an example of the way in which ardent and inexperienced youth is sometimes entrapped and bamboozled by womankind.—Mr. Tape, oblige me by touching the bell.”

The instant the captain's order had been obeyed, he commenced the narrative of his love adventure, and for a time spoke with his accustomed calmness: but toward the close he became so exceeding discursive and excited, and it was with so much difficulty we drew from him many little particulars it was essential to hear, that I have been compelled, from regard to brevity as well as strict decorum, to soften down and render in my own words some of the chief incidents of his misadventure.

Just previous to the winter campaign which witnessed the second siege and fall of Badajoz, Mr. Smith, in the zealous exercise of his perilous vocation, entered that city in his usual disguise of a Spanish countryman, with strict orders to keep his eyes and ears wide open, and to report as speedily as possible upon various military details, which it was desirable the British general should be made acquainted with. Mr. Smith, from the first moment that the pleasant position was hinted to him, had manifested considerable reluctance to undertake the task; more especially as General Phillipon, who commanded the French garrison, had not very long before been much too near catching him, to render a possibly still more intimate acquaintance with so sharp a practitioner at all desirable. Nevertheless, as the service was urgent, and no one, it was agreed, so competent as himself to the duty—indeed upon this point Mr. Smith remarked that the most flattering unanimity of opinion was exhibited by all the gentlemen likely, should he decline the honor, to be selected in his place—he finally consented, and in due time found himself fairly within the walls of the devoted city. “It was an uncomfortable business,” the captain said, “very much so—and in more ways than one. It took a long time to accomplish; and what was worse than all, rations were miserably short. The

French garrison were living upon salted horse-flesh, and you may guess, therefore, at the condition of the civilians' victualing department. Wine was, however, to be had in sufficient plenty; and I used frequently to pass a few hours at a place of entertainment kept by an Andalusian woman, whose bitter hatred of the French invaders, and favorable disposition toward the British were well known to me, though successfully concealed from Napoleon's soldiers, many of whom—sous-officers, chiefly—were her customers. My chief amusement there was playing at dominoes for a few glasses. I played, when I had a choice, with a smart, goodish-looking sous-lieutenant of voltigeurs—a glib-tongued chap, of the sort that tell all they know, and something over, with very little pressing. His comrades addressed him as Victor, the only name I then knew him by. He and I became very good friends, the more readily that I was content he should generally win. I soon reckoned Master Victor up; but there was an old, wiry *gredin* of a sergeant-major sometimes present, whose suspicious manner caused me frequent twinges. One day especially I caught him looking at me in a way that sent the blood galloping through my veins like wild-fire. A look, Mr. Tape, which may be very likely followed in a few minutes afterward by a halter, or by half a dozen bullets through one's body, is apt to excite an unpleasant sensation."

"I should think so. I wouldn't be in such a predicament for the creation."

"It's a situation that would hardly suit you, Mr. Tape," replied the veteran, with a grim smile. "Well, the gray-headed old fox followed up his look with a number of interesting queries concerning my birth, parentage, and present occupation. My answers to which so operated upon him, that I felt quite certain when he shook hands with me, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and sauntered carelessly out of the place, that he was gone to report his surmises and would be probably back again in two days with a file of soldiers and an order for my arrest. He had put me so smartly through my facings, that although it was quite a cold day for Spain, I give you my honor I perspired to the very tips of my fingers and toes. The chance of escape was, I felt, almost desperate. The previous evening a rumor had circulated that the British general had stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, and might therefore be already hastening in his

seven-league boots toward Badajoz. The French were consequently more than ever on the alert, and keen eyes watched with sharpened eagerness for indication of sympathy or correspondence between the citizens and the advancing army. I jumped up as soon as the sergeant-major had disappeared, and was about to follow, when the mistress of the place approached, and said, hastily, 'I have heard all, and if not quick, you will be sacrificed by those French dogs: this way.' I followed to an inner apartment, where she drew from a well-concealed recess, a French officer's uniform, complete. 'On with it!' she exclaimed, as she left the room. 'I know the word and countersign.' 'I did not require twice telling, you may be sure; and in less than no time was togged off beautifully in a lieutenant's uniform, and walking at a smart pace toward one of the gates. I was within twenty yards of the corps-de-garde, when whom should I run against but sous-lieutenant Victor! He stared, but either did not for the moment know me, or else doubted the evidence of his own senses. I quickened my steps—the guard challenged—I gave the words, 'Napoleon. Austerlitz!'—passed on; and as soon as a turn of the road hid me from view, increased my pace to a run. My horse, I should have stated, had been left in sure hands at about two miles' distance. Could I reach so far, there was, I felt, a chance. Unfortunately, I had not gone more than five or six hundred yards, when a hubbub of shouts and musket-shouts in my rear, announced that I was pursued. I glanced round; and I assure you, gentlemen, I have seen in my life many pleasant prospects than not my view—Richmond Hill, for instance, on a fine summer day. Between twenty and thirty voltigeurs, headed by my friend Victor, who had armed himself, like the others, with a musket, were in full pursuit; and once, I was quite satisfied, within gun-shot, my business would be very efficiently and speedily settled.

I ran on with eager desperation; and though gradually neared my friends, gained the hut where I had left my horse in safety. The voltigeurs were thrown out for a few minutes. They knew, however, that I had not passed the thickish clumps of trees which partially concealed the cottage; and they extended themselves in a semi-circle to inclose, and thus make sure of their prey. Juan Sanchez, luckily for himself, was not at home; but my horse, as I have stated, was safe, and

in prime condition for a race. I saddled, bridled, and brought him out, still concealed by the trees from the French, whose exulting shouts, as they gradually closed upon the spot, grew momentarily louder and fiercer. The sole desperate chance left was to dash right through them; and I don't mind telling you, gentlemen, that I was confoundedly frightened, and that but for the certainty of being instantly sacrificed, without benefit of clergy, I should have surrendered at once. There was, however, no time for shilly-shallying. I took another pull at the saddle-girths, mounted, drove the only spur I had time to strap on sharply into the animal's flank, and in an instant broke cover in full and near view of the expecting and impatient voltigeurs; and a very brilliant reception they gave me—quite a stunner in fact! It's a very grand thing, no doubt, to be the exclusive object of attention to twenty or thirty gallant men, but so little selfish, gentlemen, have I been from my youth upward in the article of 'glory,' that I assure you I should have been remarkably well-pleased to have had a few companions—the more the merrier—to share the monopoly which I engrossed as I came suddenly in sight. The flashes, reports, bullets, *sacres*, which in an instant gleamed in my eyes, and roared and sang about my ears were deafening. How they all contrived to miss me I can't imagine, but miss me they did; and I had passed them about sixty paces, when who should start up over a hedge, a few yards in advance, but my domino-player, sous-lieutenant Victor! In an instant his musket was raised within two or three feet of my face. Flash! bang! I felt a blow as if from a thrust of red-hot steel; and for a moment made me sure that my head was off. With difficulty I kept my seat. The horse dashed on, and I was speedily beyond the chance of capture or pursuit. I drew bridle at the first village I reached, and found that Victor's bullet had gone clean through both cheeks. The marks, you see, are still plain enough."

This was quite true. On slightly separating the gray hairs of the captain's whiskers, the places where the ball had made its entrance and exit were distinctly visible.

"A narrow escape," I remarked.

"Yes, rather; but a miss is as good as a mile. The effusion of blood nearly choked me; and it was astonishing how much wine and spirits it required to wash the taste out of my mouth. I found," continued Mr. Smith,

"on arriving at head quarters, that Ciudad Rodrigo had fallen as reported, and that Lord Wellington was hurrying on to storm Badajoz before the echo of his guns should have reached Masena or Sout in the fool's paradise where they were both slumbering. I was of course for some time on the sick list, and consequently only assisted at the assault of Badajoz as a distant spectator—a part I always preferred when I had a choice. It was an awful, terrible business," added Mr. Smith, with unusual solemnity. "I am not much of a philosopher that I know of, nor, except in service hours, particularly given to religion, but I remember when the roar and tumult of the fierce hurricane broke upon the calm and silence of the night, and a storm of hell-fire seemed to burst from and encircle the devoted city, wondering what the stars, which were shining brightly overhead, thought of the strife and din they looked so calmly down upon. It was gallantly done, however," the veteran added, in a brisker tone, "and read well in the Gazette; and that perhaps is the chief thing."

"But what," I asked, "has all this to do with the charming Coralie and your love-adventure?"

"Everything to do with it, as you will immediately find. I remained in Badajoz a considerable time after the departure of the army, and was a more frequent visitor than ever at the house of the excellent dame who had so opportunely aided my escape. She was a kind-hearted soul with all her vindictiveness; and now that the French were no longer riding rough-shod over the city, spoke of those who were lurking about in concealment—of whom there were believed to be not a few, with sorrow and compassion. At length the wound I had received at lieutenant Victor's hands was thoroughly healed, and I was thinking of departure, when the Andalusian dame introduced me in her taciturn, expressive way to a charming young Frenchwoman, whose husband, a Spaniard, had been slain during the assault or sack of the city. The intimacy thus begun soon kindled on my part, into an intense admiration. Coralie was gentle, artless, confiding as she was beautiful, and moreover—as Jeanette, her sprightly, black-eyed maid informed me in confidence—extremely rich. Here, gentlemen, was a combination of charms to which only a heart of stone could remain insensible, and mine at the time was not only young, but particularly sensitive and tender, owing in some degree, I dare say, to the low diet to which

I had been so long confined; for nothing, in my opinion, takes the sense and pluck out of a man so quickly as that. At all events I soon surrendered at discretion, and was coyly accepted by the blushing lady. 'There was only one obstacle,' she timidly observed, 'to our happiness. The relatives of her late husband, by law her guardians, were prejudiced, mercenary wretches, anxious to marry her to an old hunk of a Spaniard, so that the property of her late husband, chiefly consisting of precious stones—he had been a lapidary—might not pass into the hands of foreigners.' I can scarcely believe it now," added Mr. Smith, with great heat; but if I didn't swallow all this stuff like sack and sugar, I'm a Dutchman! The thought of it, old as I am, sets my very blood on fire.

"At length, continued Mr. Marmaduke Smith, as soon as he had partially recovered his equanimity; "at length it was agreed, after all sorts of schemes had been canvassed and rejected, that the fair widow should be smuggled out of Badajoz as luggage in a large chest, which Jeannette and the Andalusian landlady—I forget that woman's name—undertook to have properly prepared. The marriage ceremony was to be performed by a priest at a village about twelve English miles off with whom Coralie undertook to communicate. 'I trust,' said the lady, 'to the honor of a British officer'—I had not then received my commission, but no matter—"that he, that you, Captain Smith, will respect the sanctity of my concealment till we arrive in the presence of the reverend gentleman, who," she added, with a smile like a sunset, 'will, I trust, unite our destinies forever.' 'She placed, as she spoke, her charming little hand in mine, and I, you will hardly credit it, tumbled down on my knees, and vowed to religiously respect the dear angel's slightest wish! Mr. Tape, for mercy's sake, pass the wine, or the bare recollection will choke me!"

I must now, for the reasons previously stated, continue the narrative in my own words.

Everything was speedily arranged for flight. Mr. Smith found no difficulty in procuring from the Spanish commandant an order which enabled him to pass his luggage through the barrier unsearched; Jeannette was punctual at the rendezvous, and pointed exultingly to a large chest, which she whispered contained the trembling Coralie. The chinks were sufficiently wide to admit of the requisite quantity of air; it locked inside, and when a kind of sail-

cloth was thrown loosely over it, there was nothing very unusual in its appearance. Tenderly, tremulously did the rejoicing lover assist the precious load into the hired bullock-cart, and off they started, Mr. Smith and Jeannette walking by the side of the richly freighted vehicle.

Mr. Smith trod on air, but the cart, which had to be dragged over some of the worst roads in the world, mocked his impatience by its marvelously slow progress, and when they halted at noon to give the oxen water, they were still three good miles from their destination.

"Do you think," said Mr. Smith, in a whisper to Jeannette, holding up a full pint flask, which he had just drawn from his pocket, and pointing toward the chest, 'do you think?—Brandy and water—eh?"

Jeannette nodded, and the gallant Smith gently approached, tapped at the lid, and in a soft low whisper proffered the cordial. The lid was, with the slightest possible delay, just sufficiently raised to admit the flask, and instantly reclosed and locked. In about ten minutes the flask was returned as silently as it had been received. The enamored soldier raised it to his lips, made a profound inclination toward his concealed fiancee, and said, gently, "A votre sante, charmante Coralie!" The benignant and joyous expression of Mr. Smith's face, as he vainly elevated the angle of the flask in expectation of the anticipated draught, assumed an exceedingly puzzled and bewildered expression. He peered into the opaque tin vessel; pushed his little finger into its neck to remove the loose cork or other substance that impeded the genial flow: then shook it, and listened curiously for a splash or gurgle. Not a sound! Coralie had drained it to the last drop! Mr. Smith looked with comical earnestness at Jeannette, who burst into a fit of uncontrolable laughter.

"Madame is thirsty," she said, as soon as she could catch sufficient breath: "it must be so hot in there."

"A full pint!" said the captain, still in blank astonishment, "and strong—very!"

The approach of the carter interrupted what he further might have had to say, and in a few minutes the journey was resumed. The captain fell into a reverie which was not broken till the cart again stopped. The chest was then glided gently to the ground; the driver, who had been previously paid, turned the heads of his team toward Badajoz, and with a

brief salutation departed homeward. Jeannette was stooping over the chest, conversing in a low tone with her mistress, and Captain Smith surveyed the position in which he found himself with some astonishment. No house, much less a church or village was visible, and not a human being was to be seen.

"Captain Smith," said Jeannette, approaching the puzzled warrior with some hesitation, "a slight contretemps has occurred. The friends who were to have met us here, and helped to convey our precious charge to a place of safety, are not, as you perceive, arrived; perhaps they do not think it prudent to venture quite so far."

"It is quite apparent they are not here," observed Mr. Smith; but why not have proceeded in the cart?"

"What, captain! Betray your and madame's secret to yonder Spanish boor. How you talk!"

"Well, but my good girl, what is to be done? Will madame get out and walk?"

"Impossible—impossible!" ejaculated the amiable damsel. "We should be both recognized, dragged back to that hateful Badajoz, and madame would be shut up in a convent for life. It is but about a quarter of a mile," added Jeannette, in an insinuating, caressing tone, "and madame is not so *very* heavy."

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, taken completely aback by this extraordinary proposal. "You can't mean that I should take that infer—that chest upon my shoulders?"

"Mon Dieu! what else can be done?" replied Jeannette, with pathetic earnestness; "unless you are determined to sacrifice my dear mistress—she whom you pretend to so love—your hard-hearted, faithless man!"

Partially moved by the damsel's tearful vehemence, Mr. Smith reluctantly approached, and gently lifted one end of the chest, as an experiment.

"There are a great many valuables there besides madame," said Jeannette, in reply to the captain's look, "and silver coin is, you know, very heavy."

"Ah!" exclaimed the perplexed lover. "It is deucedly unfortunate—still—Don't you think," he added earnestly, after again essaying the weight of the precious burden, "that if madame were to wrap herself well up in this sail-cloth, we might reach your friend, the priest's house, without detection?"

"Oh, no—no—no!" rejoined the girl. "Mon Dieu! how can you think of exposing madame

to such hazard?" "How far do you say it is?" asked captain Smith, after a rather sudden pause.

"Only just over the fields yonder—half a mile, perhaps."

Mr. Smith still hesitated, but finally the tears and entreaties of the attendant, his regard for the lady and her fortune, the necessity of the position, in short, determined him to undertake the task. A belt was passed tightly round the chest, by means of which he could keep it on his back; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the charming load was fairly hoisted, and on the captain manfully struggled, Jeannette bringing up the rear.

Valiantly did Mr. Smith, though perspiring in every pore of his body, and dry as a cartouch-box—for madame had emptied the only flask he had—toil on under a burden which seemed to grind his shoulder-blades to powder. He declares he must have lost a *steep* of flesh at least before, after numerous restings, he arrived, at the end of about an hour at the door of a small house, which Jeannette announced to be the private residence of the priest. The door was quickly opened by a smart lad who seemed to have been expecting them; the chest was deposited on the floor, and Jeannette instantly vanished. The lad, with considerate intelligence, handed Mr. Smith a draught of wine. It was scarcely swallowed when the key turned in the lock, the eager lover, greatly revived by the wine, sprang forward with extended arms, and received in his enthusiastic embrace—whom do you think?

"Coralie, half-stifed for want of air, and nearly dead with fright," suggested Mr. Tape.

"That rascally Sous-lieutenant Victor! half drunk with brandy and water," roared Captain Smith, who had by this time worked himself into a state of great excitement. "At the same moment in ran Jeannette, and I could hardly believe my eyes, that Jezebel Coralie, followed by half-a-dozen French voltigeurs, screaming with laughter! I saw I was done," continued Mr. Smith, "but not for the moment precisely how, and but for his comrades, I should have settled old and new scores with Master Victor very quickly. As it was, they had some difficulty in getting him out of my clutches, for I was, as you may suppose, awfully savage. An hour or so afterward, when philosophy, a pipe, and some very capital wine—they were not bad fellows those voltigeurs—had exercised their soothing in-

fluence, I was informed of the exact motives and particulars of the trick which had been played me. Coralie was Victor Dufou's wife. He had been wounded at the assault of Badajoz, and successfully concealed in that Andalusian woman's house; and as the best, perhaps only mode of saving him from a Spanish prison, or worse, the scheme, of which I had been the victim, was concocted. Had not Dufour wounded me, they would, I was assured, have thrown themselves upon my honor and generosity—which honor and generosity, by-the-by, would never have got Coralie's husband upon my back, I'll be sworn!"

"You will forgive us, mon cher capitaine?" said that lady, with one of her sweetest smiles, as she handed me a cup of wine. "In love and war, you know, every thing is fair."

"A soldier, gentlemen, is not made of adamant. I was, I confess, softened: and by the time the party broke up, we were all the best friends in the world."

"And so that fat, jolly looking Madame Dufour we saw in Paris, is the beautiful Coralie that bewitched Captain Smith?" said Mr. Tape, thoughtfully—"Well!"

"She was younger forty years ago, Mr. Tape, than when you saw her. Beautiful Coralies are rare, I fancy, at her present age, and very fortunately, too, in my opinion," continued Captain Smith; "for what, I should like to know, would become of the peace and comfort of society, if a woman of sixty could bewitch a man as easily as she does at sixteen?"

"LOOK AT HOME."—Rev. John Hur-  
rion, a christian minister in Norfolk,  
England, had two daughters who were  
fond of dress, and on this account gave  
him great grief. He had often private-  
ly reprov'd them, but in vain; at length,  
while preaching one Lord's day, he took  
occasion to notice, among other things,  
pride in dress. After speaking for  
some time on the subject, he suddenly  
stopped and said with much feeling,  
"But, you will say look at home. My  
good friends, I do look at home 'till my  
heart aches."

Good taste and nature always speak the  
same.

Knowledge may slumber in the  
memory, but it never dies; it is like  
the dormouse in the ivied tower, that  
sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes  
with the warm breath of Spring.

A fashionable Doctor lately informed  
his friends in a large company, that he  
had been passing eight days in the  
country.

"Yes," said one of the party, "it has  
been announced in one of the journals."

"Ah," said the doctor, stretching his  
neck very important, "pray in what  
terms?"

"In what terms? Why, as well as I  
can remember, is nearly in the follow-  
ing:—There was last week seventy-  
seven interments less than the week  
before."

Longfellow says that Sunday is the  
golden clasp that binds together the  
volume of the week.

No woman should paint except she  
who has lost the power of blushing.

We are indebted to Mrs Caudle for  
the following:

Men brandy drink, and never think,

That girls at all can tell it;

They don't suppose that woman's nose

Was ever made to smell it.

A GOOD ONE.—"Husband, I hope you  
have no objection to my being weigh-  
ed?"

"Certainly not, my dear; but why do  
you ask?"

"Only to ascertain if you will let me  
have my WEIGH once."

A youth without enthusiasm of some  
kind would be as unnatural a thing as  
spring-time without wild flowers.

It is the opinion of a western editor that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed. He says some of his went half a mile.

Excuse me, madam, but I would like to ask why you look at me so savagely. 'Oh! beg your pardon, sir! I took you for my husband.'

Dr. Breckenridge says that it is the characteristic of Kentuckians not to promise much, but that they always perform what they promise.

What is it you must keep after you have given it to another? Your word.

A hospitable man is never ashamed of his dinner when you come to dine with him.

Four lines more beautiful than these are rarely written. The figure which it involves is exquisite.

'A solemn marmur in the soul  
Tells of the world to be,  
As travelers hear the billows roll  
Before they reach the sea.'

Calumny may be defined, a mixture of truth and falsehood blended with malice.

'Have you ever broken a horse?' inquired a horse jockey. 'No, not exactly,' replied Simmons. 'But I have broken three or four wagons.'

What kind of sweetmeats were most prevalent in Noah's Ark? Preserved pairs.

All that glitters is not gold.

One of the toasts drank at a recent celebration, was—'Woman! She needs no eulogy, she SPEAKS FOR HERSELF!'

## HOW I COATED SAL.

BY PETER SPORUM, ESQ.

Well, you see arter the 'poker' scrape, me an Sal got along only midlin well for sum time, tell I made up my mind to fetch things to a hed, fur I luv'd her harder and harder every day, an I had a idea that she had a sorter sneaking kindness fur me, but how to doo the thing up rite pestered me orful—I got sum luv book, and red how the fellers got down on their marrerbones and talked like polks, and how the gals they wud go into a sorter transe, and then how they wud gently fall inter the feller's arms, but sunhow or uther, that way didn't sute my noshun. I axed mam how dad coated her, but she sed it had bin so long, that she'd forgot all about it, (uncle Jo allers sed mam dun all the coatin)—at last I made up my mind to go it blind, fur this thing was fairly a consumin my innards, so I goes over to her daddy's (that's Sals,) and when I got thar, I sot like a fool, thinkin how to begin. Sal seed sumthin was a trublin uv me and ses,

Ses she, 'Aint you sick, Peter?'

She sed this mity soft like.

'Yes—no' ses I, 'that is—I aint adzackly well—I thot I'd cum over to-nite,' ses I.

That's a mity putty beginnin any how, thinks I, so I tried agin.

'Sal,' ses I, an by this time I felt mity fainty an oneasy like about the squeeze-rinctum.

'Whot,' ses Sal.

'Sal,' ses I agin.

'Whot,' ses she.

I'll git tu it arter a while at this lick, thinks I.

'Peter,' ses she, 'thar's sumthin a trublin you powerful, I no, : its mity

rong for you too keep it frum a body, fur an innard sorer is a consumin fire.' She sed this, she did, the deer, sly creetur—she noed what was the matter all the time mity well, and was just a tryin to fish it out, but I wus so fur gone, I did'nt see the pint. At last I sorter gulped down the lump as was a risin in my throte, and ses:

Ses I, 'Sal, do you luv enny body?'

'Well,' ses she, 'thar's dad, and mam, an (a countin on her fingers all the time, with her ise sorter shet like a feller shootin uv a gun) an thar's old Pide, [that wur an ole cow uv hern] an I can't think uv enny body else jis now' ses she.

Now, this wur orful fur a feller ded in luv, so arter a while I tries another shute.

Ses I, 'Sal, I'm powerful lonesum at home, an I sumentimes thinks of I only had a nice putty wife to luv an to talk to, an to move and hav my bein with, I would be a tremendous feller.'

With that she begins an names over all the gals in five miles uv thar, an never wunst come a nigh namin uv herself, and sed I orter git wun uv them. This sorter got my dander up; so I hitched my cheer up close to hern, and sed,

'Sal, you are the very gal I've bin a hankerin arter fur a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole uv yore hed to the foot of yore crown, an I don't keer who nose it; an if you say so, we'll be jined on together in the holy bands of matrimony, e pluribus unum, world without end, amen,' ses I; an I felt like I'd throed up a alligater, I felt so releaved. With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter a while ses.

'Ses she, 'Peter.'

'Whot, Sally,' ses I.

'Yes,' ses she, a hidin her putty face behind her hans. You may depend on it, I felt good.

'Glory! Glory!' ses I. 'I must hol-

ler, Sal, or I'll bust wide open. Hoorah for hooray—I kin jump over a ten rale fence, I kin butt a bull off uv the bridge, an kin do enny an everything that enny uther feller ever could, would, should, or orter do.'

With that I sorter sloshed miself down bi her, and clinched her, and seeled the bargain with a kiss, an sich a kiss—talk about yore shugar—talk about yore merlarsis, talk about yore black berry jam, you could't a got me too cum a nigh, thay wud all a tasted sour arter that.

Oh, these wimmin, how good an how bad, how hi an how lo thay kin make a feller feel—ef Sal's daddy hadn't a hollored out, it wur time fur all onest fokes to be in bed, I do beleeve I'd a staid thar all nite. You orter a seed me when I got home. I pulled dad outer bed an I hugged him, I pulled mam outer bed an I hugged her, I pulled ant Jane outer bed and I hugged her. I roared, I snorted, I cavorted, I luffed an hollored, I crode like a rooster, I danced about, an cut up more capers than yu ever hearn tell on, tell dad thought I wus crazy, an got a rope too ti me with.

'Dad,' ses I, 'I'm a gwine too be married.'

'Marrid!' bawled dad.

'Marrid!' squalled mam.

'Marrid!' squeaked ant Jane,

'Yes, marrid,' ses I, 'marrid all over—marrid too be shore—marrid like a flash—jined in wedlock—hooked on fur wusser or fur better, fur life and fur death to Sal, I am—that very thing—me, Peter Sporum, Esquire.'

With that I ups and tells em all about it, from Alpher to Omeger. Thay wus all mitley plesed, and mity willin, an I went too bed as proud as a young rooster with his fust spurs. Oh, Jehosaphat, but did'nt I feel good, an keep a gittin that way all nite. I did'nt sleep a wink, but kep a rolin



about, and a thinkin and a thinkin, tell I felt like my cup uv happiness wur chock full, pressed down, and a runnin over. I'll tell you, sum uv these days, about the weddin an all uv that, an how I dun, an how Sal, she dun, and so forth an so on.

### A Child of Prayer.

A little child, with chesnut hair,  
And gentle eyes of blue,  
And rosy cheeks and crimson lips:  
Love's own appropriate hue.  
Kneelt in the morning's golden blush.  
And raised her small hands fair;  
And whispered in her lisping tones,  
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

The smiling sunbeams danced and played.  
Around the kneeling child,  
And lighted up with holy light  
Her features calm and mild;  
The amber gleams seemed loth to leave  
Her clouds of waving hair;  
And listened while those sweet lips said,  
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

Oh, blessed child, keep ever pure  
From sin's enticing wile,  
And let thy happy, youthful brow  
Rest ever in God's smile;  
And by and by thy feet shall press  
The heavenly meadows fair;  
And thou shalt chant in noble strains,  
"Dear Father, hear my prayer!"

Dr. Hall says men regard their wives as angels one month before marriage and one after death; and all the rest of the time as—Devils. Oh, doctor, for shame.

A celebrated writer used to observe that the paradise of the author was to compose, his purgatory, to revise his production, and his hell, to correct the printer's proof.

A Jersey man was lately arrested for

flogging a woman, and excused therefore, by saying he was near sighted, and thought it was his wife.

A wag, speaking of a blind wood sawyer, says that, 'while none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw.'

Rowland Hill said once to some people who had come into his chapel to avoid the rain:

'Many people are to be blamed for making religion a cloak; but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella.'

A SUCCESSFUL RETORT.—A clergyman was once accosted by a doctor, a professed Deist, who asked him 'if he followed preaching to save souls?'

'Yes.'

'Did you ever see a soul?'

'No.'

'Did you ever hear a soul?'

'No.'

'Did you ever taste a soul?'

'No.'

'Did you ever smell a soul?'

'No.'

'Did you ever feel a soul?'

'Yes.'

'Well,' said the doctor, 'there are five of the five senses against one, upon the question, whether there be a soul.'

The clergyman then asked 'if he were a doctor of medicine?'

'Yes.'

'Well,' said the clergyman, 'did you ever see a pain?'

'No.'

'Did you ever hear a pain?'

'No.'

'Did you ever taste a pain?'

'No.'

'Did you ever smell a pain?'

'No.'

'Did you ever feel a pain?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, there are also four senses against one, upon the question, whether there be a pain; and yet, sir, you know that there is a pain, and I know that there is a soul.

The young man who stood on his own merits, became very much fatigued with the performance.

The bravest heart oft contains the most humility.

**Whar no Wood is, thar the Fire Goeth out—And they Played on Simbols, Dulcimers, Jewsharps. and Demijohns.**

The following discourse, delivered by that "same old coon," the captain of a Mississippi flat-boat, at a Hard Shell Baptist protracted meeting at Tincum, was phonographically reported expressly for the Mercury, by "Samuel the Scribe," who was one of the anxious inquirers on that solemn and interesting occasion:

**MY FRIENDS:** Since I had the pleasure uv holdin' foth to the benighted an' heathenish rapsCALLIONS uv Brandon, Mississippi, on the subjeck—"An he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, sperrits of just men made perfect"—the sperrit hath moved me to take up my bed and travel; and after visiting divus placés an' propagatin the Gospill to varus nominations, I have at last fothed up, bless the Lord, mong the Hard Shells of Tincum. My tex this evenin, my brethering, will be found somewhar tween the books uv Providence an' Milkizedick (I think the former) and when found it will read somewhar near as follows: "Whar no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—an they played on simbols, dulcimers, jewsharps and dimmyjons."

Now, my brethering, I'm gwine to say to you as I said to the Brandonians on a former casion, I'm not an educated man, but, bless the Lord, I'm a mighty religush man, a man what's born agin—one what spერიenced the holy ghost, and tuk religun in the natral way—for "whar no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—and they played on simbols, dullsimer, jewsharps and dimmyjons."

Now, my brethering, p'rhaps some uv ye are wonderin' an axin yourselves what denominashun I longs to. Well, my friends, I'm a plain spoken man, although I ses it myself, as oughtent to say it, an I'll tell yer what swaysun I longs to. Perhaps some of ye thinks I'm a Mormon; some on ye, peradventure, spisshuns I'm a Millerite; some more on ye may kalkelate I'm a Methodist, an others uv ye may imbibe the noshun that I ar a Free Lowyer; but I tells ye, my brethering, ye are all confoundedly confumbustercated if ye think any sich thing; for, in the language of the tex: "Whar no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—and they played on simbols, dullsimers, jewsharps and dimmyjons."

Somehow, I ollers tuck amazing likin to the Baptists, specially to the Hard Shells—not because I'm particularly fond of cold water, for, my brethering, I'm not one uv them ar sort o' Christians that repudiates good whiskey, or looks a gift horse in the mouth. Thar's the Rach-shells, the soft-shells, the clam-shells, an a great many other kind uv shells, but, my brethering, next to the Hard Shells, give me the man that shells out liberally when the contribushun box goes roun—for, "Whar no wood is, thar the fire goeth out—an they played on simbols, dulcimers, jewsharps and dimmyjons."

Now, my brethering, having told you what swaysun I longs to, I'm gwyne to exemficate and lucidate on

my tex, which sez, "Whar no wood is, thar the fire goeth out---and they played on simbols, dullsimers, jewsharps and dimmyjons. My brethering, don't suppose for the sixteenth part uv a minit that the fire we read uv in the scripters will go out bekase thar's no wood? No, my christshun friends, so long as the supply of anthersite and brimstone holds out, it won't make a dif uv bitterness whether thar's any wood or not the fire will be kept burning; for they played on simbols, dullsimers, jewsharps and dimmyjons.

My brethering, when, accordin to the tex, I sez, "they played on simbols, dullsimers, jewsharps and dimmyjons," I mean that the good and perfick sperrits---them uv the sixth spear---plays on the simbols and dullsimers, and the bad sperrits, what lives in the lower speers, plays on the jewsharps and dimmyjons, for, "Whar no wood is, thar the fire goeth out---and they played---brethering, I smell a mice! Thar's a Judis in this congregashun, sure as you are living sinners, and he must be dispelled! Ah, I told you so. Thar he is, yonder, on that high seat thar, near the stove. That weazen-faced sinner in the bar-skin bang up---a wolf in bar's clothen---settin thar as innocent as a possum up a simmon tree, reportin my lectur phrenologically."

At this juncture all eyes were fixed upon our reporter, who also began to "smell a mice," and hastily thrusting his notes in the pocket of his "bar-skin bang up," vamosed through a side window, surrounded by a blaze of glory and at least a hundred Hard Shells.

GOING PRETTY FAST.—An old man and his son, neither of them very well informed as to the railroads and their uses, chanced to be at work one day in a field near a railroad track. Railroads were a novel 'institution' to them, and when a train of cars shot by, a thought

was suggested to the lad, who said to his parent, 'Dad, why don't you take a ride on the cars some day?'

'Take a ride in the cars? why I hain't got time, my son.'

'Got time! thunder! Ye 'can go any where in the cars quicker than you can stay at home.'

'Dad's reply is not on record.'

No man can avoid his own company, so he had better make it as good as possible.

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity, and got reduced to its last quarter.

The last case of absense of mind is that of a ship carpenter, who bit off the end of a spike and drove a plug of tobacco in the vessel's bottom.

An Irishman trying to put out a gas light with nis fingers, cried out—

'Och, murder! the devil a wick's in it.'

'My lad,' said a lady to a boy, carrying an empty mail bag, 'are you a mail boy?'

'You don't think I'm a female boy, doz you?'

'Vat you makes dare?' hastily inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously. 'Oh, not much---just courting a little---that's all.' 'Oho! dat's all, eh? py tam, I taught you vas vighting.'

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men!"

'Mary, I'm glad your heel has got well.'

'Why?' said Mary, opening wide her large blue eyes in astonishment.

'Oh, nothing,' said Mag, 'only I see it's *able to be out!*'

A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husband's faces in a pail of water. They looked and exclaimed:

'Why, we only see our faces.'

'Well,' said the Gipsy, 'those faces will be your husband's when you are married.'

'Ma, didn't the minister say last Sunday that the sparks flew upward?'

'Yes, my dear, how came you to be thinking of it?'

'Because yesterday I saw cousin Sally's spark staggering along the street and falling downwards.'

'Here Bridget, put this child to bed—she must be sleepy.'

Matrimony should be a steroscope, in which two hearts, though they may slightly differ, appear to the observer as one.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases, then kiss her. Sure cure, and no quack medicine!

A shrewd little fellow who just begun to read Latin, astonished his master by the following translation: 'Vir, a man; gin, a trap. Virgin, a man trap.'

WAGGERY.—Some time ago, on the Sabbath day, we wended our way to one of our churches, and instead of a sermon, heard an address upon some missionary or other benevolent subject. After the address was concluded, two

brethren were sent round with the baskets for contributions. Parson L——, who was one of the basket bearers, taking the side upon which we sat. Immediately in our front, and upon the next seat, negligently reclined our friend Bill H——, a gentleman of infinite humor and full of dry jokes. Parson L—— extended the basket, and Bill slowly shook his head.

'Come, William, give us something,' said the parson.

'Can't do it,' replied Bill.

'Why not? Is not the cause a good one?'

'Yes, but I am not able to give anything.'

'Poh! poh! I know better, you must give a better reason than that.'

'Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I am generous, you know.'

'But, William, you owe God a larger debt than you owe any else.'

'That's true, parson; but then *he ain't pushing me like the ballance of my creditors.*'

The parson's face got into rather a curious condition, and he passed on.

Education does not commence with the alphabet—it begins with a mother's love; a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle forbearance; with a handful of flowers in a green and dainty meadow; with bird's nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets; with pleasant walks in shady lands, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself.

WOMAN.—The social conqueror of our sex. To surrender is our triumph; to resist, our misfortune.

John asked Julia if she would have him. 'No, she said, 'I will not have you; but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in. 'but you may have *me*.'

A rural poet has just gotten up the following and retired to private life :

I wood not die in Spring tiam,  
wen frawgs begin to crawl---  
Wen kabbage plats are sbutin up,  
noe! I wood not die at all.

All men would be masters of others,  
and no man is lord of himself.

### NEVER!

They will crush us, never! never!  
While we scorn to wear their chain;  
They may seek, as slaves to bind us—  
We will rise and strike again:  
Though each time we fail to thwart them,  
We will die than think to yield;  
We may perish but we'll never  
Leave a stain upon our shield.

They may tread our soil but never  
Will we their dominion own,  
We will drive them from our border—  
We will cause their land to moan—  
We will teach them lore unbedded;  
They have set with grief to learn,  
We will bow submissive, never,  
We will still their mission spurn.

We will be their subjects, never!  
Let them search the past, whose page  
Teems with wisdom taught and spoken  
By the patriot and the sage;  
We have sworn to know them, never,  
While the light of Freedom's sun  
Sheds a lingering ray, we'll mind them  
Of the name of Washington.

They our braves will conquer, never!  
We will still be proud and free;  
Exiled they may force our loved ones  
From their homes afar to flee,  
But the hearts that nerve us never  
Will to tyrants basely bow,  
While their lives the soul of honor  
Or the laurel wreathes the brow.

We will dwell in bondage, never!  
While the light that gilds the past  
Glow with feats of fame and valor  
Or the deeds of heroe's last:  
We will wear their shackles, never,  
While we think of Greece and Rome,  
We will vow to fight for ever  
For our birth-right and our home.

We will be their vassals, never!  
They our land may desolate—  
We will build anew our altars,  
And sustain the pride of State;  
We will link our fortunes, never,  
To their vandal, thieving race;  
We will die, than live to suffer  
As the victims of disgrace.

We will ask no peace, no, never!  
While the foe is in our land;  
We will scorn the boon when proffered  
With a firm, relentless hand;  
We will ask no favor, never!  
For the God in Heaven above  
Will reward both Truth and Justice  
With the law of life and love.

J. R. BARRICK.

A Western editor says that, 'a child was run over by a wagon three years old, and cross-eyed, with pantalets on, which never spoke afterwards.'

'Mother,' said a little urchin the other day, 'why are orphans the happiest children on earth?' 'They are not, my child; but what makes you ask that question?' 'Because they have no mother to spank 'em.'

VIRTUE AND VICE.—If thou take pains in what is good, the pains vanish, the good remains; if thou take pleasure in what is evil, the evil remains and the pleasure vanishes; what art thou the worse for pains, or the better for pleasure, when both are past?—*Euchiridion*.

Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

### A SCENE IN CALIFORNIA.

A man, tidily and respectably dressed in a black frock coat and dark trowsers, had come regularly for some evenings—this was the seventh—always at the same time and to the same table; had for a while looked on at the game, and at last drawn a linen bag out of his breast pocket, and staked it on a card. On the first evening the card had won: and he shook the bag out upon the table to count the money. There were twenty-eight Spanish dollars, upon which the banker quietly counted out to him the same sum, and the gentleman walked off with his gains without venturing a second cast.

On the second evening he came again, staked as before, and lost. Quite coolly, however, without even a look of discontent, he opened the bag, shook it out—it contained exactly the same sum as on the last occasion—then rolled it together and, thrusting it into his pocket, left the saloon. On the third, fourth and fifth evenings the same thing occurred. The gamblers had got used to the man, and amused themselves with his odd ways. Again he lost, and behaved exactly as before, always taking the bag away with him.

On the sixth evening—and so exactly had he kept his time, that the gamblers said, laughing to each other, 'It can't be eight o'clock yet; the eight-and-twenty dollar man is not come'—he appeared again; staked as usual, and once more lost.

The bar keeper, who dispensed his wines and spirits just opposite to this table, could not forbear laughing aloud as the stranger shook out the money in his cool, business like way, as if paying a regular debt for some employer, rather than gambling and throwing away his money.

The seventh evening came—it was a full minute past eight o'clock, and one of the gamblers said, laughing, to the

other: 'We have used him too badly, we have frightened him away;' when his comrade pointed over his shoulder, and there was the man in the black frock-coat making his way to his customary place, where some who had happened to meet him there before, readily made room for him, and where he quietly took his seat, paying no attention to the whispered jokes and laughter around him. Until precisely a quarter of nine, he gravely watched the play, and brought out the well known linen bag, setting it upon the deuce, which was that moment turned up. Two cards were drawn, without the deuce appearing—now the ace fell on the left; and on the right—a scarcely perceptible smile played on the banker's lips—the deuce! The stranger turned pale as death; but without uttering a word upon his change of luck, he stretched out his hand for his linen bag, and was untying it, as usual, to count the dollars, when the gambler said, laughing: 'Let it be; I know how much there is in it. Eight-and-twenty. Am I not right?'

'No,' said the man, quietly, and shook out the silver upon the table, shook the bag again, and after the silver came a roll of closely wrapped bank notes and folded paper.

'What is this?' cried the startled gamblers, and the by-standers crowded up full of surprise and curiosity.

'It is my stake,' said the man, with seeming indifference, and untied the ribbon that held the bank notes together.

'Hold! That won't do,' exclaimed the gambler, throwing down his cards. 'That is false play. You have counted out only eight-and-twenty dollars the other evenings.'

'False play!' repeated the man, with a threatening frown. 'Prove it to be false play. Did I not place the bag just as it lies there, upon that card?'

And did you make any objection to taking it unopened ?

'No, no. It is all right, it is all fair,' cried the bystanders, always ready and eager to take part against the professional gamblers, who, they feel quite convinced, do not play fairly, although they cannot resist the fascination of the gaming-table, but return again and again to be cheated of their money as long as they have any to squander there.

'He has staked and won it, and he must have it' they said.

'Count your money. How much is it ?' said the gambler, who had whispered a few hasty words to his comrade. 'How much is it ?'

'Firstly, eight-and-twenty dollars in silver,' he replied, slowly, and the others laughed ; 'then here in bank notes— one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars ; and then, here—'

'What ! more ?'

'A small bill of exchange upon Smith and Punneken—as good as gold and accepted and all, the money only needs fetching for three thousand.'

Three thousand !' shouted the gambler, starting up from his chair, 'are you mad ? That is altogether near four thousand dollars. I shall not pay that.'

'Shall you not ?' said the stranger. 'Would you not have taken it, if I had lost it ?'

'To be sure he would ? Of course ! Would he take it ? Ay, all they can get, they take—and a little more !' exclaimed a number of voices. 'He must pay—there is no help for it !'

'Gentlemen,' protested the gambler, in the vain hope of obtaining a vote in his favor, 'gentlemen have staked—'

'And every time lost,' interrupted one of his hearers. 'I have been present several times, and have heard it from others also ; and he has never made the least objection to paying.'

'But that was only twenty-eight dol-

'And if it were as many thousand !'

'Only let me speak,' remonstrated the gambler, who had turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. 'It was but eight-and-twenty dollars that he shook out upon the table, and the papers he held back : Three times already have I won the same sum from him.'

'Prove that I had a cent more than the eight-and-twenty dollars in the bag,' said the stranger, contemptuously.—'Such excuses as that won't serve your turn.'

'Why did you not keep the bag, companero ?' laughed a Spaniard, who stood by ; 'we keep all that is set on the card.'

'If he had lost again, nothing more would have come out of that confounded linen bag than the trumpety dollars,' said the other, savagely.

'That's possible ; but you cannot prove it,' returned the lookers on. 'You must pay.'

'You have won a hundred dollars from me in the last half hour,' exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, pressing forward over the shoulders of the others, 'and I had to pay up to the last cent ; if you refuse to pay him, you must fork that out again.'

'And mine, too !' 'And mine !' 'And mine !' cried many voices together. 'I too, have lost.' 'I lost ten dollars !' 'I lost fifty.' 'I lost five-and-twenty.' 'I a pound of gold ! Out with it, if you won't pay.'

A brother gambler now came up from a neighboring table, and spoke in a whisper to his unlucky comrade, whilst the tumult was increasing around them. The other contended earnestly in the same tone for some minutes, but yielded at length to his persuasions, and they both took the money to count over again ; carefully examining the bank notes as well as the bill, which was drawn on one of the first banking houses in the city.

There was nothing to be said against either the one or the other ; and whilst the stranger, who had recovered his equanimity, sat quietly on, as if the hubbub was no concern of his, the gamblers counted out to him the money he had won, almost stripping the table of the heaps so ostentatiously piled up. Part of the payment consisted of several packets of gold dust, which the stranger, before accepting, cut open, examined carefully, and then weighed at the counter just opposite, where he also took a glass of brandy. He found all correct and disposing of the gold in his various pockets, he shook what remained into the mysterious linen bag, put the papers and bank notes into his breast pocket, and courteously thanking his zealous supporters who returned his greeting with a thundering cheer, he left the saloon.

His quondam friends laughed and talked over the occurrence for a while. Of all present, there was scarcely one, probably, who did not feel pretty sure that he played false, that he had his bank notes and bills in the bag on the preceding evening, ready to be produced if he should win; but this they did not call dishonest---it was a clever trick. The gamblers themselves seized upon every advantage, fair or unfair, that came in their way ; and every one who had his wits about him would lood out for himself. Such is the morality of the gambling-house !

### A Wife's Prayer.

If there is anything that comes nearer to the implorations of Ruth and Naomi than the subjoined, we have not seen it :

'Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband ; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy ; and let me also become a great blessing and

comfort to him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a helpmate in all the accidents and changes in the world ; make me amiable in his eyes and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all its sweetness, charity and complacency. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor, and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word ; and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having for our portion the love and service of God forever.'

### The Pleasure of being Young.

Bulwer, in some of his writings, expresses it as his deliberate opinion that no enjoyment of manhood, no realization of mature years, compensate for the loss of youth. Richard Henry Stoddard has given a poetic form to the same truth, in the following lines :

There are gains for all our losses,  
There are balms for all our pains ;  
But when youth, the dream, departs,  
It takes something from our hearts.  
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
Under manhood's sterner reign :  
Still we feel that something sweet  
Followed youth, with dying feet,  
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
And we sigh for it in vain :  
We behold it everywhere,  
On the earth, and in the air,  
But it never comes again !

Society is even more essential to our intellect than to our humanity. Our affections do not rust as quickly as our minds. It is easier to pervert than to subdue them, while the latter is always pleased to be beguiled into forgetfulness and sleep.



## THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain—

Whose magic joys we shall not see again :  
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.

Ah, truly breathed we there

Intoxicating air— [of  
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm  
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath,  
Whose love has yielded since to change or death ;

The mother kissed her child whose days  
are o'er.

Alas! too soon are fled

The irreclaimable dead :

We see them—visions strange—amid the  
Nevermore.

The merry song some maidens used to sing—  
The brown, brown hair, that once was wont  
to cling

To temples long clay-cold—to the very  
core

They strike our veary hearts,  
As some vexed memory starts

From that long-faced land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here,  
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,  
And harebells quivering on the meadow-  
floor.

For brighter bells and bluer,

For tender hearts and truer,

People that happy land—the realm of  
Nevermore.

Upon the frontier of this shady land,  
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand.

What realm lies forward, with its hap-  
pier store

Of forests green and deep,

Of valleys hushed in sleep,

And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of  
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—

Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—

Its woods unruffled by the wild wind's  
roar :

Yet does the turbulent surge

Howl on its very verge

One moment—and we breathe within the  
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago  
Dwell in those cities far from mortal woe—  
Hunt those fresh woodlands, whence  
sweet carolings soar.

Eternal peace have they ;  
God wipes their tears away : [for

They drink that river of life which flows  
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,  
But lo, the wide wings of the Seraphim

Shine in the sunset ! On that joyous shore

Our lighted hearts shall know

The life of long ago :

The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for  
Evermore.

## What did he say, Lydia ?

Good old Mrs. Call was quite hard of hearing, being somewhat advanced in years. Her daughter, Lydia, was a bonny lass, who loved a good frolic and knew well how to get one up. Lydia had arranged a junket, and the young men and maids were all on hand. Among the rest was the General, one of 'em. In the midst of the fun in popped old Deacon L——, to see how the widow fared. This was a wet blanket upon the merriment, and the deacon held on till Lydia was put out of all patience. She wished that he would go, and by and by, he gets up to depart. 'Oh, deacon,' said mother Call 'don't think of going before tea. Oh do stop to tea, won't you ?'

The deacon strongly urged replied :  
'Well, I rather think I will, as the folks will not expect me home till dark.'  
'What did he say, Lydia ?' said the widow. Lydia had a ready answer.

'He says he will not to-day, mother, as the folks expect him home before dark. Why, how deaf you grow, mother.'

'Oh, well, some other day, deacon ; now won't you !' said mother Call, as she showed the deacon out.

'Smart gal that,' said the deacon, as he trudged along home. 'She'll find her way through, I'll warrant.'

### How to take Life.

Take life like a man—take it by the fore-lock, by the shoulders, by the spine, by every limb and part. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital essential affair. Take it just as though you personally was born to the task of performing a merry part in it; as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve; to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be, heart-sickened brother.

The fact is, life is unvalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfilled, and all because of the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose—by the head and shoulders. If a man but say he will, and follows it up by the right kind of effort, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

Praise is only praise when well addressed.

### Love of the Scriptures.

Oh love the Word of God,  
To wandering sinners given;  
To teach them all about the road,  
That leads from earth to heaven.

It tells of Him who died,  
Our peace with God to make;  
It shows how God is satisfied  
With sinners for his sake.

Such precious promises  
It gives for times of need;  
And all that of our home it says,  
Is beautiful indeed.

It shows us what to do,  
If we with Christ would dwell,  
So plainly that a child may know,  
Who only reads it well.

### Eloquent Appeal of a Clergyman in Favor of the Bible.

Among a number of speakers present at the semicentennial anniversary of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, celebrated at Philadelphia, on Wednesday was the Rev. Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore.

He commenced his address with a feeling allusion to the absence of one who had been wont to preside on occasions like this—Rev. Phillip F. Mayer, D. D., lately deceased. He then spoke of their duty to the Bible, and said that here in Philadelphia, where the first Sunday school was formed, and the first Union Bible Society established, they should all be found ready to build an altar on which the different sects could bury their enmity and bitterness, an altar over which their children could find an everlasting opposition alike to infidelity and Jesuitism which would prevent the dissemination of the Word of God; an altar around which they could all pledge "their lives, their sacred honor, and their fortunes" to sustain the Bible cause. He esteemed it a peculiar honor

to be allowed to speak in behalf of the Bible Society on this occasion. He had heard it said that the world was growing worse; yet, he had lived in it and saw it growing better. The world was, he thought, a great deal better than it was a hundred years ago, and though he held his opinion of by-gone time he respected this Society, notwithstanding it had numbered its fifty years.

It was the wish of his heart, he said, that the patriots and statesman of this country could be brought to regard the Bible in its true relation to Man; in the social and physical liberty it furnishes to him. One of the articles of impeachment brought by infidels against the Bible was, that it nowhere inculcates true patriotism. Why, what is patriotism? Had Greece and Rome a true idea of patriotism when they built up a nation on the ruins of another? Certainly not. When Man is a true patriot, he seeks to elevate the standard of public morals, and who performs this work more effectually than the one who distributes the Holy Bible? Infidels may be found teaching their children from this book, and if asked them their reasons for so doing, they will answer that they must give them lessons in virtue and morals, and nowhere else can they be found than here!

The speaker then referred to the sublime discoveries made by science, and said, though it had performed many wonders, it had done nothing to reach the disease of the soul and cure it. Philosophy, what can it do? In Greece, where philosophy was most understood, it produced a refinement of manners with a dissolution of morals; it only shows that the Bible alone can elevate the morals of mankind. It had this power once, and it possesses it now. Again, the Bible will do a great deal to strengthen and enlarge the intellect. What book can the human mind be brought

into contact with, from which it could obtain such inestimable blessings as this one? If a man would be a historian, let him study the Bible. If it strengthens the intellectual and physical being of a man, it follows that it must ever remain the bulwark of our liberty.

He then made a passing allusion to the attempt to exclude the Bible from the public schools of Baltimore, and referred to the part he took in preventing the design from being carried into execution, and said that just in proportion as the Word of God was circulated and preached among the people of any city, that city would flourish. He then spoke of the inspiration of the Bible, and referred to the influence of familiarity in blunting our sensibilities. Such was its effect, said he, that the fireworks of the schoolboy attract more attention than the noonday sun. He applied this to the Bible, which, though a direct communication from God, was seldom thought of in this connection. Some persons found it difficult to look at it in this light, but, for himself, it had often been a matter of surprise that He had not sent more communications.

We sometimes hear it said that the Bible is the poor man's book, and what joy and consolation does it not bring to their hearts? He had often found a poor man living in an humble abode with more spiritual knowledge than he himself possessed. He thought the rich were too busy with their business letters to think of reading the Letters of St. Paul, and they were too much engrossed in considering their bad debts to think of their bad deeds. The speaker closed with an earnest appeal in behalf of the Society.

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Clouds are the veil behind which the face of day coquettishly hides itself, to enhance its beauty.

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Downy sleep, death's counterfeit.

### The Search for Happiness.

The following was one of the Compositions read on the occasion of the recent examination of the High School of the Second District. It is from the pen of the youngest young lady of her class, Miss Louisa Skinner, aged less than eleven years. We think our readers will admit that it evinces the possession of a good share of the imaginative facility of expression:

A maiden tripped lightly along the flowery path of the fairy forest, and found herself on the brink of a crystal fountain. Lingering there, she saw bending toward her a delicate white lily, the fairy Queen of the fountain, and she bowed her head in reverence. Then raising it, she dashed back her raven locks, and was about to lay an humble petition before the Queen. The fairy checked her, saying:

'Maiden, I know your thoughts, and anticipate what you would ask;' and she held up before the maiden two richly jeweled caskets; one bearing, in diamond letters, the word 'Riches,' the other, traced in rubies and emeralds, 'Beauty.'

'Give me,' exclaimed the maiden, 'give me Riches. They must surely secure me happiness.'

'Thou hast thy wish!' said the fairy of the forest, and handed her the diamond lettered casket.

But soon the maiden discovered she had not found the boon her heart desired. 'Oh!' thought she, 'had I but chosen Beauty—that would have brought me the happiness which Riches never can!'

Again she sought the Crystal Fountain in the forest, and once more found herself in the presence of the Fairy Queen, attended by her train. Her throne was in the form of a violet, and carved out of the purest sapphire ever seen. Throwing herself at its foot, the maiden said:

'Fairest of the fair! Once more listen to the humble suppliant, and give her, oh! give her Beauty! Thou hast given me Riches, but they could not satisfy the longings of my soul!'

'Enough, maiden! Thou hast thy wish; yet remember that but once more wilt thou be permitted even to visit this place. But once more, remember.'

So saying, the Queen and all her train departed, leaving with the maiden the ruby and emerald casket of beauty. And again she thought she had secured the precious boon she sought. Alas! how was she deceived. There was something wanting yet.

Again she sought the flowery margin of the fountain, and once more and for the last time invoked the aid of the fairy monarch.

'Thou, oh Queen,' said she, 'hast been kind, and hast granted me all I have wished, and for this I thank thee. Gratify me in but one wish more and I will be content.'

'What do you seek, fair maiden?' asked the Queen.

'Happiness! Pure, unalloyed and lasting happiness!' responded she.

'It is not in my power to give thee what thou askest, poor child!' gently said the fairy. 'But I can point out to thee the road which leads to what thou seekest. It is by treading in the path of Virtue, that thou canst not fail to find Happiness, whether thy dwelling place be in princely halls, or in a lowly cottage.'

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An exchange tells of a man in Cherokee county, who buried his wife on Saturday, and at the grave yard engaged to marry another woman on Monday. In this he was thwarted by the interference of friends, and did not get to marry her until Tuesday, the third day after the burial of his first wife. This is, we believe, the fastest time on record.

### Good Humor.

Keep in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that makes the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the mind fair and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost! Keep in good humor!

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams' fire, or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor!

A good conscience, a sound stomach, a clear skin are the elements of good humor! Get them, and keep them, and—be sure to keep in good humor!

### Two in Heaven.

'You have two children,' said I.

'I have four,' was the reply; 'two on earth, two in Heaven.'

There spoke the mother! Still hers, only gone before! Still remembered, loved and cherished, by the hearth and at the board; their places not yet filled, even though their successors draw life from the same breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

'Two in Heaven!'

Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye nor weary feet. By green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the Heavenly fold.

'Two in Heaven!'

Earth less attractive. Eternity nearer. Invisible cords drawing the material soul upwards. 'Still small voices' ever whisper 'Come!' to the world-weary spirit.

'Two in Heaven!'

'Mother of angels!' Walk softly.—Holy eyes watch thy footsteps! Cherub forms bend to listen. Keep thy spirit free from earth-taint; so shalt thou go to them, though they may not return to thee.

'Fellow-traveler, will you help me out of this mud-hole?' asked a traveling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team in a mud hole, because his horses could not pull it out.

'No, I can't stop,' said the Yankee, who was heavily loaded, and feared he would be too late for the cars.

'I would take it as a great favor, besides paying you,' said the druggist.

'What are you loaded with?' asked the Yankee.

'Drugs and medicines,' said he.

'I guess I'll try to get you out, then, for I am loaded with tombstones.'

They were seen traveling together after that.

'Say, Sambo, where does de Yankees suffer most?'

'Why, in *de feet* (defeat) to be sure. What you ask such silly questions for, Jake?'

'Molly,' said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, 'I'm in purgatory at present.'

'What sort of a place is it?'

'Faix, it is a sort of half-way house between you and heaven, and I stand it very aisy after leaving you.'

A weak mind is ambitious of envy; a strong one of respect.

## THE CHAMPION.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT OF EARLY SPANISH HISTORY.

The clang of arms and the inspiring sounds of martial music resounded through the court-yard of the palace of Navarre. The chivalry of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre had assembled at the summons of their sovereign, to fight under his banner against the infidels, and now waited impatiently for the moment when the monarch should mount his gallant steed, and lead them to battle and to victory.

Sancho the Fourth was at that moment bidding farewell to his queen, the gentle Dona Nuna, who clung to her lord in an agony of tears.

'Be comforted, my beloved,' he said to her; 'I shall return to you with added laurels to my kingly wreath. Do not fear for me, nor let your sweet face grow pale by brooding over the dangers and chances of war. For my part, I never felt more exulting anticipations of success, and am persuaded that triumph and victory will crown our undertaking.'

'Alas! it is not so with me,' said Nuna, sadly. 'A presentiment of approaching evil weighs heavily on my heart.'

'You shudder at the thought of our separation, Nuna, more like a timid young bride parting from her newly-wedded lord, than a matron who has shared her husband's joys and sorrows for well-nigh twenty years.'

'You are now far dearer to me, Sancho, than when I gave you my hand: have I not to thank you for the love and tenderness which has made these long years of wedded life so blissful and happy?'

'In sooth, I believe, Nuna, it is even so; and you love me as warmly as ever. Receive my assurances in return, dear wife, that your face is as fair to me and the gift of your true heart as fondly prized, as when I first led you to these halls, my youthful and beautiful bride. But suffer me to bid you far well, or my nobles will wax impatient. I leave you to the society of our son, and the guardianship of my trusty Pedro Sese, who will attend to your behests. One word more. I intrust to your safe keeping my beautiful steed, Ilderim. You know how I value the noble animal, my first capture from the Moor. See that he is carefully tended in my absence, I shall accept it as a proof of your regard for my wishes. And now, adieu, dearest wife. Think of me,

and supplicate Heaven that I may be speedily and safely restored to your arms.'

So saying, Sancho the Great, tenderly embraced his wife; and mounting his war charger, placed himself at the head of his gallant army. The clatter of horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance, leaving the court-yard of the castle in silence and gloom.

Three days after the king's departure, the young Don Garcia entered the court-yard of the palace at Navarre.

'Pedro Sese, Pedro Sese!' he cried, 'my noble Arab El Toro lies dead in a cleft of the rocks; I have returned to seek another steed for the chase: such a boar hunt has not been among the forests of Navarre since the Pyrenees echoed to the horn of Roland: give me forth black Ilderim, Pedro my friend; saddle me my father's charger, for there is no other steed in the king's stables worthy of the hunt to-day!'

'Don Garcia,' replied the master of the horse, 'black Ilderim is only for the king's mounting. I dare not saddle him for any other.'

'But the Infante commands it—the king that is to be.'

'Chafe not with a faithful servant, Don Garcia: it is but yesterday I refused the same request of the bastard of Arragon.'

'What! darest thou compare me with the base-born Ramiro?' Insolent! I shall bear my complaint to the queen.'

To the queen Don Garcia bore his complaint and his petition: 'Oh, my mother, wouldst thou see me di-honored by a menial? Am I not thine only son, the rightful heir of Arragon, Castile and Navarre? who may command here, if I may not? Assert my authority, then, and order the false Pedro Sese that he give me forth black Ilderim.'

'Pedro Sese hath faithfully discharged his duty to my lord, the king, who enjoined on him and on me the safe keeping of his favorite horse,' said Dona Nuna. 'The royal stables are open; take, my son, any other steed, but leave black Ilderim till thy father's return.'

'Nay, by Heaven and by the saints, I will have Ilderim to ride this day, or I will have vengeance!'

The headstrong youth returned to the court-yard, and again demanded the steed; again the master of the horse refused. Don Garcia-pale with concentrated rage, sprang on another of the king's chargers, and galloped from the palace. Instead, however, of returning to the

hunt, he urged his horse into the *despoblado*, or open plain, lying to the south of the castle, and disappeared on the road to Burgos.

Time passed heavily, in her lord's absence, with the gentle Nuna. At first, she received frequent and joyful tidings of the successes which crowned his arms, and the brilliant victories gained by his forces over the Moslem army. Of late, and since the departure of Garcia from the castle, Sancho's affectionate dispatches had altogether ceased; and Nuna, now thoroughly wretched, from the wayward perversity of her son, and from uncertainty as to her husband's fate, had prepared to rejoin him at any risk, and share the perils to which he might be exposed.

Her resolution was no sooner formed than it was promptly carried into effect; she summoned to her aid the trusty Pedro Sese; and, protected by a small escort under his command, bade adieu to Navarre, and commenced her long and perilous journey toward the theatre of war.

The little cavalcade had reached Najarre, when, to their surprise and joy, they beheld a gallant band of horsemen rapidly approaching; the united banner of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, floating proudly before them, announced to all beholders that Sancho the Fourth led his knights in person.

Nuna's heart beat fast and tumultuously; in a few moments, and the long absent one would clasp her closely to his breast. She looked up to the master of the horse who rode by her side, and urged him to increased speed. They moved briskly forward, and the advancing knights who formed the king's body-guard became more distinctly visible. Sancho, as we have said, headed them; but as soon as they had arrived within a short distance of the queen's followers, the monarch advanced a few paces, and in tones of thunder called on them to halt. His brow was darkened with evil passions, his countenance flushed with anger.

'On the peril of your allegiance!' he shouted, rather than spoke, 'seize the traitress, I command ye! My heart refused to hearken to the tale of her guilt, even when spoken by the lips of her son; but mine eyes have seen it. I have lived—wretched as I am—to witness her infamy. But the adulteress, and the companion of her crime, shall not escape my righteous vengeance. See to it, that the queen and Pedro Sese remain your prisoners.'

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the

miserable Nuna, she could not have been more horror-struck, or more confounded. Her lifelong dream of happiness was dissipated; the husband of her youth had recoiled from her as from the veriest reptile that crawls on the face of God's earth; and the worker of her woe and ruin was her own child—her own flesh and blood—her son Garcia! Who would believe her to be pure and innocent when such lips pronounced the tale of her guilt? Unhappy wife; still more unhappy mother! In the deepest dungeon of the castle of Najarre she was left to mourn over her unparalleled misery. Alone, unfriended, and solitary, Nuna—who so lately had seen herself a beloved and cherished wife, a fond mother, and a mighty sovereign—struggled with her bitter and mournful reflections. She could not reproach her husband, for she felt that his ear had been poisoned against her by an accuser he could scarcely mistrust, even by the insinuations of her son, confirmed—as he deemed them to be—by the evidence of his senses, when he met her so unexpectedly traveling under the escort of Pedro Sese.

But short space was left to Nuna for these agonizing thoughts. Death, a shameful death, was the punishment of the adulteress; but Sancho, more merciful than she had dared to hope, had granted her one loop-hole for escape—one slender chance of proving her innocence. The lists were to be open to any champion believing in the lady's guiltlessness, who should adventure his life in her defense. If any such should proffer his services, he might do battle in single combat with her accuser. God—according to the belief of those days—would give victory to him who maintained the truth!

The fatal day approached, arrived, and had well nigh passed. Gracia, unopposed, bestrode his war-steed, the redoubtable black Ilderin, whose possession he had so eagerly coveted, and purchased at so fearful a price. The dis-crowned queen, in conformity with custom, was placed within sight of the arena, tied to a stake, surmounting what would prove her funeral pile if no champion appeared on her behalf, or if her defender should suffer defeat.

Who can paint the agitation of Dona Nuna, thus placed within view of the lists, when the precious hours passed, one by one, and no champion stood forth in defense of her purity and truth? She was about to resign herself hopelessly to her inexorable fate, when the sound of a horse's tramp was heard, approach-

ing at a rapid pace; and a knight, in complete armor, mounted on a charger, whose foaming mouth and reeking sides told that he had been ridden at a fearful pace, dashed into the lists, flung down his gauntlet of defiance, and announced that he was come to do battle in behalf of the falsely-accused, but stainless and guiltless queen.

There was an involuntary movement among the assembled multitude when Garcia prepared for the inevitable encounter. None knew, or could guess, who the knight might be. No device nor emblem, by which his identity would be discovered, could be traced on his helmet or on his shield; but the ease with which he surmounted his steed, and his graceful and gallant bearing, evinced that he was an accomplished warrior.

In a few seconds, the preliminary arrangements were complete; and, with lances in rest, the opponents approached. In the first encounter, to the amazement of all, Garcia was unhorsed, and fell heavily to the ground.

'She is innocent! She is innocent!' shouted the multitude.

'God be praised! though I have lost a son,' was the subdued ejaculation of the king.

'I am prepared, in defense of the much-injured lady, to do combat to the death,' said the stranger knight. 'Base and dastardly villain! confess thy unnatural crime, or prepare to meet me once more, when I swear I will not let thee escape so lightly.'

Garcia hesitated; he was evidently torn by conflicting emotions. Conscious guilt—fear of the just retribution of Heaven, executed by the stranger's avenging sword—urged him to confess his villainy. On the other hand, apprehensions of the execrations of the multitude, and the indignation of his injured parents, restrained him from making a frank avowal of his crime.

'Remount, miscreant! and make ready for another encounter, or confess that you have lied in your throat,' exclaimed the stranger, sternly.

Before Garcia could reply, an aged and venerable ecclesiastic threw himself between the opponents.

'In the name of Heaven! I command ye to withhold from this unnatural strife,' he exclaimed, addressing them; 'brothers are ye; the blood of a common father flows in your veins. Ramiro, forbear. Garcia, the combat this day has testified to your guilt; make the

only atonement in your power, by a full confession.'

Ejaculations of astonishment and pity burst from all the spectators. 'Long live the noble bastard! The base-born has made base the well-born! The step-son has proved the true son! Praise be to the virgin, the mother of the people has not been left without a godson to fight for her!' And all the matrons, and many even of the hardened warriors among the multitude, wept with tenderness and joy.

In a few moments the agitated queen found herself in her husband's arms. He implored her forgiveness for the sorrow she had endured; nor could she withhold it, even for a moment when she listened to the avowals of the degraded Garcia, who confessed how, step by step, he had poisoned his father's mind by tales of her infidelity, in revenge for her refusal, and that of Pedro Sese, to intrust him with Sancho's favorite charger, black Ilderim.

Nana turned from her abject son, and motioned her young champion to approach. He knelt at her feet.

'Ramiro,' she softly said, as she unclasped the helmet and visor which concealed the handsome features of Sancho's illegitimate son, 'child of my affections, for whom I have ever felt a mother's love, though I have not borne for thee a mother's pains; how shall I thank thee? Thou hast this day more than repaid the tenderness I lavished on thy infant years. Thou hast made clear my fair fame to all men; even at the risk of thy own young life.'

'I would lay down life itself for such a friend as you have been, and esteem the sacrifice light,' rejoined Ramiro, with deep emotion. 'I remember my childish days—before you came to Navarre, a bright, happy, innocent bride—when I wandered through my father's palace an unloved and neglected boy; and I can recall vividly the moment when you first encountered me, and, struck by the resemblance I bore to the king, surmised the truth. Instead of hating me with the unjust aversion of an ungenerous nature, you took the despised child to your heart, and, for the love you bore your lord, you loved and cherished his base-born son. For the genial atmosphere you created around me, and in which my affections expanded, and for the care you have bestowed on my education, I owe you a debt of gratitude far deeper than ever child bore his own mother. Nature dictates maternal love, in the one instance—but it is to the suggestions



of a noble and generous heart that I have been indebted for the happiness of my life. You owe me no thanks—for, for such a friend no sacrifice can be too great.

Nuna turned to the king, and, taking his hand in hers, placed it on the head of her young champion. 'I have brought you kingdoms as my dower,' she said, 'but I have not, alas! brought you a son so worthy as Ramiro of being their ruler. I freely forgive the Infante the suffering he has caused me, and hope that, with advancing years, he will cultivate the virtues in which he has shown himself to be deficient. But Ramiro has already given evidence of the possession of those exalted qualities which insure the happiness of a people when possessed by their rulers. Invest him then, at my entreaty, with the crown of Arragon; receive back to your confidence our faithful Pedro Scise; and suffer me to forget my past griefs in the anticipation of a love which shall never again be interrupted.'

'The king raised his hand in assent; and the assembled multitude confirmed the investiture with one mighty shout—'Ramiro! Ramiro! long live Ramiro! Infante of Arragon!'

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### To the Stars and Stripes.

No longer bright banner as erst it was,  
 Lured in blood, dishonored with shame.  
 The type of a people of honor devoid—  
 Unworthily a nation—*unworthy a name.*

J. E. P.

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### Fame, Pleasure and Love.

BY ABBY N. HEMANWAY.

O, fame is bright and glorious,  
 It dazzles mortal eyes;  
 And eager thousands seek to win  
 The high and glittering prize.

And pleasure wears a magic wreath,  
 So gaily trips along,  
 That many follow in her train,  
 Lured by her witching song.

But love beneath the rose tree sits,  
 And sings so soft and sweet,  
 That far more charmed, her votaries lay  
 Their offerings at her feet.

### The Stranger's Grave.

BY OUTIS.

Alone! alone! the stranger sleeps,  
 In solitude and gloom;  
 No friendly eye above him weeps—  
 No flowers o'er him bloom!

He died from home, in foreign lands—  
 Across the bounding wave;  
 His eyes were closed by stranger's hands,  
 And strangers made his grave.

Upon a lone and barren spot,  
 They raised his single mound;  
 By some bemoaned, by all forgot,  
 A dreary grave he found!

Above his grave, no evergreen  
 Its faithful leaves outwine;  
 No loving vine can there be seen,  
 To shade affection's shrine.

When all is still at close of day,  
 And stars peep out above,  
 No mourning friend goes there to pray,  
 Or drop a tear of love!

One lonely pine, above the spot  
 Keeps loud and hollow moan!  
 The winds bewail his friendless lot,  
 And whisper—all alone!

Oh! when I bid a last farewell  
 To all that's bright below,  
 Oh! let my vision proudly dwell  
 On scenes I used to know.

The verdant fields—the meadows bright—  
 The streams I used to roam—  
 Oh! let these glad my failing sight!  
 Oh! let me die at home!

Let friendly hands my eyelids seal  
 For death's eternal sleep;  
 Let loving hearts around me feel,  
 And friends above me weep!

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A man may have a thousand acquaintances  
 and not a friend among them. If you have  
 one true friend, then you may think yourself  
 happy.

## Sentiments Beautiful and True.

To be careful is the way to guard against care.

The pebbles in our path weary us and make us footsore more than the rocks, which only require a bold effort to surmount.

A good moral character is the first essential quality in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but to be virtuous.

Those who are the most faulty are the most prone to find faults in others.

The great sources of happiness are understanding and cheerfulness.

If we did not corrupt our nature, our nature would not corrupt us.

There is more hope for a fool than of him that is wise in his own conceits.

The best way to condemn bad traits is by practising good ones.

All is vanity that is not honest, and there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.

The man who hesitates to receive a favor, will ever be the most grateful.

His praise is lost who waits till all commend.

Love sacrifices all things to oless the thing it loves.

There are reproaches which praise, and praises which slander.

A sentence well conched, takes both the sense and the understanding.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

Chance corrects us of many faults that reason would not know how to correct.

Shakspeare needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inward and found her there.

Common opiaions often conflict with common sense; for reason in most minds is no match for prejudices, a hydra, whose heads grow faster than they can be cut off.

What field so fertile is there as to yield as much as beneficence?

The greatest difficulties are always found where we are not looking for them.

The physically blind feel their infirmity; but what shall we say of the morally blind?

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

Clouds are the veil behind which the face of day coquettishly hides itself, to enhance its beauty.

Poetry and philosophy revolve around the same centre, and differ, like comets and fixed stars, only in the orbit they describe.

If any one say he has seen a just man in want of bread, I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.

As it is in himself alone that man can find true and enduring happiness, so in himself alone can he find true and efficient consolation in misfortune.

With the vulgar and the learned, names have great weight; the wise use a writ of inquiry into their legitimacy when they are advanced by authority.

It is oiten better to have a great deal of harm happen to one: a great deal may arouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.

Orpheus, according to the poets, melted tigers by his chants: the God of Christians, in calling men to the true religion, has done more, since he has softened the most ferocious kind of animals—men themselves.

Content is to the mind like moss to a tree; it bindeth it up so as to stop its growth.

Among arms, said the Roman author, laws are silent. Among arms, we may add, the temples of prayer are voiceless.

Love dies by satiety, and forgetfulness inters it.

## DEACON SMITH'S BULL.

## OR MIKE IN A TIGHT PLACE

BY SCRIGGINS.

Mike Fink a notorious Buckeye hunter was cotemporary with the celebrated Davy Crockett, and his equl in all things appertaining to the human prowess. It was even said that the animals in his neighborhood knew the crack of his rifle, and would take to the first intimation that Mike was about. Yet strange though true, he was little known beyond his immediate "settlement."

When we knew him he was an old man—the blasts of seventy winters had silvered over his head and taken the elasticity from his limbs; yet in the whole of his life was Mike never worsted, except on one occasion. "To use his own language, he never 'giu in, used up, to anything that travelcd on two legs or four," but once.

"That once, we want," said Bill Sasher as some dozen of us sat in the bar room of the only tavern in the "settlement."

"Gin it to us now, Mike, you've promised long enough, and you are old now, and needn't care," continued Bill.

'Right, right! Bill,' said Mike, 'out we'll open with lickcr all round first, it'll kind o' save my feelins, I reckon—'

'Thar, that's good. Better than t'other barrel, if anything!'

'Well, boys,' continued Mike, 'you may talk o' your scrimmages, tight places and sich like and subtract all together in one almighty big 'un, and they haint no more to be compared to the one I war in, than a dead kitten to an old she bar! I've fout all kind o' varmint, from an Injin down to a rattlesnake! and never was willin to quit first, but this once—and 'twas with a Bull!'

'You see, boys, it was an awful hot day in August, and I war nigh runnin off into pure ile when I war thinkin that a dip in the creek moat save me. Well, thar was a mighty nice place in old Deacon Smith's medder for that partic'lar bizziness. So I went down amongst the bushes to unharness. I jist hauld the old red shirt over my head, and war thinkin how scromptious a feller of my size would feel wallerin round in that ar water, and was jest bout goin in, when I seed the Deacon's bull a makin a B-line to whar I stood.

I knowd the old cuss, for he'd skared more people than all the parsons o' the settlement,

and cum mighty near killin a few. Thinks I, Mike you are in rather a tight place—get your fixins on, for he'll be a drivin them big horns of his in yer bowels afore that time! Well, you'll hev to try the old varmint naked, I reckon.

'The bull war on one side o' the creek and I on t'other, and the way he made the sile fly for a while, as if he war diggin my grave, war distressin!'

'Come on, ye bellerin old heathen said I, and don't be standin thar; for, as the old Deacon says o' the devil, 'yer not comely to look on.'

'This kind o' reach his nderstandin and made him more wishious, for he hoofed a little like and made a dive. And as I don't like to stand in any body's way, I gin him plenty scaroom! So he kind o' passed by me and came out on t'other side; and, as the Captain o' the Mud Swamp Rangers, would say, bout face for another charge.'

'Though I war ready for 'im this time, he come mighty nigh runnin foul o' me! So I made up my mind the next time he went out he would'nt be alone. So when he passed, I grappled his tail, and he pulled me out on the sile, and as soon as we was both a top of the bank, old brindle stopped and war about comin round agin when I began pullin t'other way.

'Well, I reckon this kind o' riled him, for he fust stood still and looked at me for a spell, and then commenced pawin and bellerin, and the way he made his hind gearin play in the air, war beautiful!

'But it warn't no use, he couldn't tech me, so he kind o' stopped to get wind for somethin devlish; as I judged by the way he started. By this time I had made up my mind to stick to his tail as long as it stuck to his back-bone. I did'nt like to holler for help, nuther, kase it war agin my principle, and then the Deacon had preachin at his house, and it wasn't far off nuther.

'I knowed if he hern the noise the bull congregation would come d-down; and as I warn't a marrid man, and had a kind o' hankerin arter a gal that war thar, I did'nt feel as if I would like to be seen in that ar predicament.'

'So, says I, you old serpent, do yer cussed-est! And so he did; for he crug me over every brier and stump in the field, until I war sweatin and b'eedin like a fat bar with a pack o' hounds at his heels. And my name aint Mike Fink, if the old critter's tail and I did'nt

blow out sometimes at a dead level with the varmint's back.

'So you may kalkelate we made good time. Bimeby he slackened a little and then I had 'im for a spell, for I jist drapped behind a stump and thar snubbed the critter! Now, says I, you'll pull up this 'ere white oak—break yer tail, or jest hold on a bit til I blow.

'Well, while I war settin thar, an idea struck me that I had better be a gettin out o' that in some way. But how, adzackly, was the pint. If I let go and run he'd be a foul o' me sure.

'So lookin at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let somebody know whar I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long afore I seed the Deacon's two dogs a cemin down like as if they war seein which could get thar fust.

I know'd who they war arter—they'd jine the bull agin me, I war sertin, for they war awful venomous and had a spite agin me.

'So, says I, old brindle, as ridin is as cheap as walkin, on this rout, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar back o' yourn. So I was'n't long gettin astrid of him, and then if you'd 'ave sworn thar warn't nothin human in that ar mix! the sile flew so orfully as the critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side and one on t'other, tryin to elinch my feet.

I prayed and cussed, and cussed and prayed, until I couldn't tell which I did last—and neither warnt any use, they war so orfully mixed up.

'Well, I reckon I rid about an hour in this way, when old brindle thought it war time to stop to take in a supply o' wind and cool off a little. So when he got round to a tree that stood thar, he natrally halted.

'Now, says I, old boy, you'll lose one passenger, sartain. So I jist clam upon a branch, kalkelatin to roost thar till I starved, before I'd be rid round in that ar way any longer.

'I war a makin tracks for the top of the tree, when I heard sumthin makin an orful buzzin over head. I kinder looked up and if thar war'n't—well thar's no use a swarin now, but it war the biggest hornet's nest ever built.

You gin in, now, I reckon, Mike, case thar's no help for you. But an idea struck me then, that I'd stand a heap better chance a ridin the old bull than whar I war.' Says I, old feller, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next station, any how, let that be whar it will. So I jist

drapped aboard him agin, and looked aloft to see what I'd gained in changin quarters; and gentlemen, I'm a liar if thar warn't near a half a bushel of the stingin varmin'ts ready to pitch upon me when the word go was given.

'Well, I reckon they got it, for all hands started for our company. Some on em hit the dogs, about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on old brindle. This time the dogs led off first, dead bent for the old Deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way, we followed. And as I war only only a deck passenger, I had nothin to do with steerin the craft, I swore if I had we should'n't have run that channel no how.

'But, as I said afore, the dogs, took the lead—brindle belerin and the hornetts buzzin and stingin! I didn't say nothin, for it warn't no us.'

'Well, we'd got about two hundred yards from the house, the Deacon hern us and come. I seed him hold up his hand and turn white! I reon he was prayin, then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it want long neither, afore the hull congregation, men, women and children, cum out, and then all hands went to yellin.

'None of em had the fust notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I turned my head and possed the hull congregation. I seed the run would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead. Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore over the old critter's head, landing on t'other side and lay thar stunned. It war'n't long afore some of em as war not so scared cum round to see what I war. For all hands kalkelated that bull and I belonged together. But when brindle walked off by himself they seed how it war, and one of em aid, 'Mike Fink has got the worst of the scrimmage once in his life!'

'There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in Heaven.' 'That is my view—exactly,' sighed Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the volume; 'in fact, I think there's nothing so beautiful as a young man even if he ain't conscientious.'

One day of domestic felicity is worth a year of gaiety.

## A Thrilling Romance.

### CHAPTER I.

She stood beside the altar, with a wreath of orange buds upon her head—upon her back the richest kind of duds—her lover stood beside her with kids and dickey clean—the last was twenty-one years old, the fust was seventeen.

### CHAPTER II.

She stood beside the wash-tub, with her red hands in the suds, and at her slip-shod feet there stood a pile of dirty duds; her husband stood beside her, the crossest man alive; the last was twenty-nine years old, the fust was twenty-five.

The heavy wash was over, and the clothes hung out to dry; and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spanked and supper made upon a crust of bread, and the bride and bride-groom went grumbling to bed.

### Two Views of Life.

A young man recently committed suicide at Richmond, Va., who, before he plunged into the unknown, wrote for the world, that life was a farce, happiness a humbug, and the cares and trials before him only a prolongation of sorrow; and so he rounded the farce with a tragedy, and surrendered a treasure he had not the resolution to keep.—Another man once lived whose trials and cares were doubtless greater than any this young man's timid fancy ever suggested; and after he had braved them all with a stout heart and unflinching faith, and his eye looked beyond the curtain which parted before him, and the full effulgence from the Land of the Blessed poured upon his enraptured vision, left as a legacy to those who should come after him, to inspire them with courage and cheer them on-

ward, these immortal words: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing." How utterly despicable the views of the one appear when contrasted with those of the other.

### The Mocking Bird of Resaca.

"Waverly," the accomplished correspondent of the Appeal, who was an eye witness and participator in the late battles in North Georgia, gracefully and eloquently relates the following pretty incident of the battle of Resaca:

In the hottest of the battle of Sunday, a shell came screaming through the air from the works in front of our left. It paused above a point where Generals Johnston and Polk were standing, whistled like a top above them, and before exploding, whistled half a dozen notes clear as a fife to the drum-like rattle of musketry. The din had scarce died away, and the fragments fallen to the ground, when the attention of the party was directed to one of the upper boughs of a tall pine, where a mocking bird had begun to imitate the whistle of the shell. Neither the roar of cannon, nor the rain of balls could drive this brave bird from its lofty perch. It sat above the battle field like a little god of war, its blythe tones warbling over the din of arms—

"In precise strains of unpremeditated art," and its stout heart as free as though it swelled to the breezy winds of peace in summer woods. Thou Touchstone of the battle field, mocking the very air of death and pouring out a cherry canticle for the slain, who are happy in dying for the land they love, thou art

the true type of the great Confederate heart. Be it, like thine, as bold and free. May it swell as it is pressed, and grow as it hurls back the vandal and invader. May it stand upon its own doorsil, as that gallant bird stood upon the bough of the pine, and trill a chaunt of defiance in the face of danger, and though despair scan its boney fingers about its throat, may its armies take a lesson from thy pluck, thou valliant mocking bird, and sing in the breach and about on the hills, to the music of minie ball and schrapnell, never doubting, never daunted, defying the power of the word, and obedient only to the God of the universe. For he who dies in the front dies in the love of the Lord, and there is not a sentiment truer for the soldier than that the brave who perish in the cause of liberty are thrice blessed above the lazy sons of peace.

"Nor man nor monarch half so proud,  
As he whose flag becomes his shroud."

### The Battle of Life.

The battle of life, in by far the greater number of cases, must necessarily be fought up hill, and to win it without a struggle were perhaps to win it without honor. If there were no difficulties, there would be no success; if there were nothing to struggle for, there would be nothing achieved. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a stimulus to men of pluck and resolution. All experience of life, indeed, serves to prove that the impediments thrown in the way of human advancements may for the most part be overcome by steady, good conduct, canest zeal, activity, perseverance, and, above all, by a determined resolution to surmount difficulties and stand up manfully against misfortune.

Revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit, a weak and abject mind.

It will not always do to follow the example of illustrious men. To illustrate this we will give the following story, told by a newspaper writer of himself:

When young, he heard the well known story of George Washington's love of truth, and his father's love of the noble principle of his son, so well manifested on the occasion referred to, of George's cutting down the cherry tree, acknowledging his transaction, and receiving a full and free pardon, besides praises and kind caresses from his father. So Jim, actuated by so noble an example, thought he would try the experiment on. He supplied himself with the hatchet, and going into his father's orchard, cut down some of the choice fruit trees. He then coolly sat down to await the old man's coming; as soon as he made his appearance, he marched up to him with a very important air and acknowledged the deed, expecting the next thing on the programme to be pardoned with tears, benediction and embraces from the offended parent. But sad to relate, instead of this, the old gentleman caught up a hickory and gave him an "all-fired-lamming."

Allow a boy to run at large one year in indolence, and you have laid the foundation whereon will be built his future ruin.

AN EMPEROR ON WAR.—I have been enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory; but I also confess, that even the sight of a field of battle has not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings, who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, employ this short existence, not

in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it gently as possible, but, on the contrary, endeavoring to destroy each other, as if Time did not himself do this with sufficient rapidity ! What I thought at fifteen years of age, I still think ; 'wars, with the pain of death which society draws upon itself, are but organized barbarism, an inheritance of the savage state, disguised or ornamented by ingenious institutions and false eloquence.

MR SMITH : Having been recently within Yankee lines near New Orleans where I had often the pleasure of reading the following squib to the great delight of many captured, but not conquered, and presuming its circulation was not commensurate with its merit, I beg leave through your valuable pages to introduce it again to our people, knowing it will be appreciated as one of the best mock-heroics of the war. The irony is as keen and delicate as Saladin's scimitar, and the defensive attitude in which 'old grand-ma' places 'our Fed'ral hero' is irresistibly ludicrous. The incident occurred during the life-time of our great Captain, hence the allusion to him.

LEIGHTON.

### The Rebel Sock.

*A True Episode in Seward's Raids on the Old Ladies of Maryland.*

BY TENELLA.

In all the pride and pomp of war  
The Lincolnite was drest,  
High beat his patriotic heart  
Beneath his armored vest.  
His maiden sword hung by his side,  
His pistols both were right,  
His shining spurs were on his heels.  
His coat was buttoned tight.  
A firm resolve sat on his brow,  
For he to danger went,  
By Seward's self that day he was

On secret service sent.  
'Mount and away!' he sternly cried  
Unto the gallant band,  
Who all equipped from head to heel  
Awaited his command.  
'But halt, my boys—before we go  
These solemn words I'll say,  
'Lincoln expects that every man  
His duty'll do to-day !'  
'We will! we will!' the soldiers cried,  
'The President shall see  
That we will only run away  
From Jackson or from Lee !'  
And now they're off, just four score men,  
A picked and chosen troop,  
And like a hawk upon a dove  
On Maryland they swoop.  
From right to left, from house to house,  
The little army rides,  
In every lady's wardrobe look  
To see what there she hides ;  
They peep in closets, trunks and drawers ;  
Examine every box,  
Not rebel soldiers now they seek,  
But rebel soldiers' socks !  
But all in vain—too keen for them  
Were those dear ladies there,  
And not a sock or flannel shirt  
Was taken any where.  
The day wore on to afternoon,  
That warm and drowsy hour,  
When Nature's self doth seem to feel  
A touch of Morpheus' power ;  
A farm-house door stood open wide,  
The men were all away,  
The ladies sleeping in their rooms,  
The children all at play,  
The house dog lay upon the steps,  
But never raised his head,  
Though crackling on the gravel walk  
He heard a stranger's tread ;  
Old Grandma, in her rocking chair,  
Sat knitting in the hall,  
When suddenly upon her work  
A shadow seemed to fall ;  
She raised her eyes and there she saw  
Our Fed'ral hero stand,  
His little cap was on his head,  
His sword was in his hand ;  
While circling round and round the house  
His gallant soldiers ride,  
To guard the open kitchen door  
And the chicken coop beside ;  
Slowly the dear old lady rose  
And tottering forward came,  
And peering dimly through her 'specks,'

Said, 'Honey what's your name?'  
 Then as she raised her withered hand  
 To pat his sturdy arm—  
 There's no one here but Grandmama,  
 And she won't do you harm;  
 Come, take a seat and don't be scared,  
 Put up your sword, my child,  
 I would not hurt you for the world,  
 She gently said, and smiled.  
 'Madam, my duty must be done,  
 And I am firm as rock!'  
 Then, pointing to her work, he said,  
 'Is that a rebel sock?'  
 'Yes, honey, I am getting old,  
 And for hard work ain't fit,  
 But for Confed'rate soldiers still,  
 I thank the Lord, can knit.'  
 'Madam, your work is contraband,  
 And Congress confiscates  
 This rebel sock which I now seize,  
 To the United States.'  
 'Yes, honey, don't be scared, for I  
 Will give it up to you.'  
 Then slowly from the half knit sock  
 The dame her needles drew,  
 Broke off her thread, wound up her ball  
 And stuck the needles in—  
 Here, take it, child, and I to-night  
 Another will begin!  
 The soldier next his loyal heart  
 The dear-bought trophy laid,  
 And that was all that Seward got  
 By this 'old woman's raid.'

### Raw From the Emerald Isle.

In the Municipal Court, Boston, lately, an honest but rather green Hibernian was called as a witness in a certain case, when the following questions and answers passed between the county attorney and the 'gentleman from the ould country.' The object in introducing this witness was to show the time when and the place where the witness first became acquainted with the prisoner on trial. The attorney asked,—

'Where did you first see O'Brien?'

'In Aist Boston, sir.'

'Where in East Boston?'

'In the dock, yer honor.'

'In the dock!—what was he doing in the dock?'

'Standin' still, an' it plaze ye.'  
 'For what was he standing still in the dock?'

'Kaze he was thired, I 'spose, sir.'

'What business had he in the dock?'

'What baizness had he? An' sure he had the same baizness that onny of 'em had.'

'What, and whose dock was it?'

'The dock down by the wather—Mr. Stimson's dock.'

'What season of the year was it?'

'Don't know, sir.'

'Was it in warm or cold weather?'

'Warm, your worship.'

'In what month was it?'

'July an' sure.'

'Arc you quite sure it was in July?'

'Yis sir.'

'How are you sure that it was in July that you first saw John?'

'Jim Sullivan tould me 'twas.'

'Then, of your own knowledge you do not know that it was in July that you first saw John O'Brien?'

'Yis sir.'

'Might it not have been in June that you met him?'

'In June, d'ye say?'

'Yes; was it not in June that you saw him?'

'Och, no, yer worship; I tould ye 'twas in the dhry dock, sir.'

All in the room here smiled—not in Tom McLean's however. Mr. Cooley continued, as soon as he had fairly 'puckered up' again,—

'Now, witness, can you say positively whether it was before or after Independence Day that you met O'Brien?'

'Nather one, sir. The first thime I met 'im he was alone in the sthrate, sure.'

'Very well,' replied the attorney; 'now answer my question—was it before or after Independence Day that you saw John in the dry dock?'

'Pon me sowl, I don't know Mr. Independence Day. I knows Jemmy



Day, an' sure he was not there, sir.'

And audible tittering followed the honest confession; the Sheriff called 'silence,' and the Court, jury and attorney all looked sober again, whether they were so or not.

'Witness, now can you tell me what month comes before July?'

'I don't know what ye mane, sir,' said witness, perfectly bewildered.

'What month follows July?'

'Sure, an' I don't bother mesilf wid the larnin' uv sichlike thrifles, yer honor.'

'Well; do you know what Independence Day is, or when it comes?'

'Faix an' I don't. The time bez short since I came from Lowell, an' it's few persons I knows in Aste Boston.'

'You know when St. Patrick's Day is?'

'Siventaanth of March, sir.'

'And when Christmas comes?'

'Twinty-fefth Decimber.'

'And yet you can tell nothing about Independence Day?'

'Devil a word, yer worship; he may live in Aste Boston, but it's me candid opinion he's not workin' in anny uv the yards or docks there.'

Here the witness was allowed to take his 'sate,' when the Court adjourned to take dinner and an airing.

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### No Great Hand for Angels.

Last Monday an old lady entered a well known bookstore and inquired for a 'Treatise on Angels.' She made the inquiry of a boy, and was told they 'hadn't got no such book.'

This remark caught the ear of the principal salesman, and he stepped forward and addressed the old lady:

'We are just out of the book you are in search of, ma'am, but we've got Fox's book of Martyrs, crammed full of pictures—a splendid book for a present'

'La, sakes! dew tell,' exclaimed the customer, examining the book; 'why, here's a picter of a chap drinkin' pizen, and here's a lot of men sawin' a poor feller's head off.'

'That gentleman there, ma'am,' explained the salesman, elucidating the picture, 'is taking a melted lead sangaree; and the other individual is about to be perforated in the intestines with a patent manure fork. I guess you'd like it much better than a work on angels.'

'Well, now, that ar is a better book, I guess, than anything else. What mought the price be?'

'Two dollars, ma'am—very cheap book at that.'

'Well, dew it up. My darter's jest got married, and I calkelate to make her a present. She wanted suthin' about angels, but I never was so great a hand for angels, no how.'

The lady handed out four parcels, each containing fifty coppers, the whole savoring powerfully of maeecoboy snuff.

The sale completed, and the customer gone, the principal called up the boy. 'See, here,' said he, 'when you are asked a for thing which you haven't got always show the nearest article like it that you have.'

The urchin looked reflective, and came near to asking the resemblance between 'Lives of the angels' and 'Fox's Book of Martyrs!' But as this might have cost him a rebuke from the principal, he wisely kept quiet, and the affair passed off.

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A PROPELLER.—Scene, doorstep of a tip-top fashionable mansion-house—An Emerald Isle damsel, on important business, rings—Lady of the mansion about to open to let her husband pass out,—

Irish Girl.—'Good mornin' ma'am, and ye, too, sir. Ah, an' ye's the girl what wants the lady?'

Lady.—'No. I am the lady who wants the girl. Can you do general housework?'

'O yes, ma'am.'

'Can you do chamber-work?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Can you cook?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Can you wash and iron?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Can you make bread?'

'Indade, no ma'am.'

'Then, my dear girl, you won't suit me.'

Girl, quite astounded—'Howly Virgin! I never came to this country to shoot anybody, ma'am, an' if I don't shoot ye, the divil shoot ye—an' the divil shoot the man what don't shoot the lady! Good mornin' ma'am.'

Exit Irish girl, and door closes with a good-humored laugh at the incident.

PHILOSOPHY.—First class in Oriental Philosophy stand up.

'Tibbles, what is life?'

'Life consists of money, a 2:40 horse and a fashionable wife.'

'Good! Next, what is death?'

'A payment that settles everybody's debts, and gives them tombstones as receipts in full of all demands.'

'What is poverty?'

'The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public.'

'What is religion?'

'Doing unto others as you please; without allowing a return of the compliment.'

'What is fame?'

'A six line puff in a newspaper, while living, and the fortune of your enemies when dead.'

'Next and last. Which is the quickest and easiest method to reach Heaven?'

'Ask the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company.'

'Class dismissed—go home to your dinners.'

## Military Catechism.,

BY COL. T. C. J\*\*\*\*\*.

Scene—School-room—Class in Military affairs stand up.

Question. What is the first duty of a Brigadier General?

Answer. To swear by note.

What is the second duty?

To drink every day a large quantity of bad whiskey.

What is the third duty!

To be constantly astonished that these and other feats do not bring him a Major General's commission.

What is the first duty of a Colonel?

To put three stars on his collar.

What is the second duty?

To see that his regiment is never put to such useless work as drilling in the School of the Battalion.

What is the third duty?

To imitate the Brigadier Generals in a small way, especially in the fine arts of swearing and drinking.

What is the first duty of a Captain?

To forget all the promises he made to the boys when he was elected, and put on dignified airs in the presence of his old associates.

What is the second duty?

To get a finer uniform than his Colonel.

What is the third duty?

To become the best poker-player in the army.

What is the first duty of an Adjutant General?

To become so huffish that every one will dislike to do business with him.

What is the second duty?

To fill his office with young squirts, a clerks and assistants, to look fiercely at visitors.

What is the third duty?

To perpetually intrigue for a higher position in the line, provided it is not attended with personal danger.

What is the duty of a regular aid ?

To make himself important.

What is the second duty ?

To make himself very important.

What is the third duty ?

To look upon those gentlemen who, through patriotic motives, or admiration of his chief, volunteer, to serve the country without compensation, in the capacity of an aid, as a sort of interloper that interferes with his importance.

What is the first duty of a Quartermaster ?

A great Captain has laid down the three great duties of this officer. He says the first duty is to make himself comfortable.

What does he say is the second duty ?

To make himself damned comfortable.

What does he lay down as the third duty ?

To make everybody else damned uncomfortable.

What is the first duty of a Commissary ?

To take all the delicacies provided in the army for his own use.

What is the second duty ?

To share sparingly said delicacies with his friends, and never let them go into such vulgar places as the mouths of sick soldiers.

What is the third duty ?

To be very particular to see that the requisitions for rations are in proper form—all the t's crossed and i's dotted—when presented by soldiers who are sick or who have had nothing to eat for three or four days.

What is the first duty of a Medical Director ?

To permit the sick and wounded to take care of themselves ?

What is the second duty ?

To learn the sick and wounded to be of little trouble to the medical depart-

ment, and to this end to constantly ship those mortally wounded, or in extremes, to distant points, without attendants, and without anything to eat or drink.

What is the third duty ?

To employ a good part of his time in cursing the physician, in charge of those distant hospitals, for letting so many of the sick and wounded die.

What is the first duty of a surgeon ?

Under the names of drugs and medicines, to purchase a full supply of good liquors.

What is the second duty ?

To cause all private cellars to be searched, and all the good brandies found there to be confiscated, lest the owners should smuggle them to the soldier, give them away and make the whole army drunk.

What is the third duty ?

To see that he and his assistants drink up all of said liquors.

What is the fourth duty ?

To wear the largest amount of gold lace, and be always absent from the post of danger and of duty.

What is the first duty of a Chaplain ?

Never to mention the subject of religion to the soldiers.

What is the second duty ?

To preach to the regiment only once a year, and not then unless specially requested by the Colonel.

What is the third duty ?

To grumble all the time about the smallness of his pay.

What is the first duty of pickets ?

To go to sleep on their posts.

What is the second duty ?

To wake up when the enemy's pickets invite them to come over and take a drink.

What is the third duty ?

To be 'driven in' upon the explosion of the first shell.

What is the first duty of an army ?

To destroy as much private property

as possible, particularly that belonging to its friends.

What is the second duty?

To parole all prisoners taken from the enemy who are known to have burned houses, stolen negroes or murdered women.

What is the third duty?

Always act on the defensive and never invade the enemy's territory however good may be the opportunity, although he may be ravaging yours all the time.

What is the first duty of the Government?

To fill all its important posts with Yankees and foreigners.

What is the second duty?

To deliver its chief cities without striking a blow.

What is the third duty?

Never to learn from experience.

What is the first duty of the Southern people?

To keep out of the army.

What is the second duty?

To make all the money they can out of the Government and the soldiers, as was come seldom.

What is the third duty?

To surrender the entire tradé in shoes and clothing—on which trade the army is dependent—to that patriotic class of men known as Jews, who are too conscientious to charge the government or the army a profit exceeding two thousand per cent.

What is the fourth duty?

To let success cause a relaxation of their exertions, and see in every little reverse the ruin of our cause.

That will do—take your seats.

### Bill Arp, The Roman Runagee

Mr. Editor: "Remote, onfrended, melan-kolly, slow," as somebody sed, I am now seekin in a log in some vast wilderness, a lonely roost in some Okeefeenokee swamp, where the fowl invaders cannot travel nor their pontoon bridges

phloat. If Mr. Shakspeare were correct when he writ that "sweet are the juices of adversity," then it are resunabul to suppose that me and my foaks and many others must have some sweetnin to spare. When a man is aroused in the ded of night, and smells the approach of the fowl invader; when he feels constrained to change his base and bekum a runagee from his home, leavin behind him all those usuary things which hold body and soul together; when he looks, perhaps the last time, upon his lovely home where he has been for many delightful years raisin children and chickens, strawberries and peas, lie soap and inyuns, and all such luxuries of this subordinate life; when he imagines every onusual sound to be the crack of his earthly doom; when from sich influences he begins a dignified retreat, but soon is constrained to leave the dignity behind, and git away without regard to the order of his going—if there is any sweet juice in the like of that, I havent been able to see it. No, Mr. Editor, sich scenes never happened in Bill Shakspeer's day, or he wouldnt have writ that line.

I don't know that the lovely inhabitants of your butiful sitty need any fourwarnins to make 'em avoid the breakers upon which our vessel wrecked; but for fear they should some day shake their gory locks at me, I will make publik a brief allusion to some of the painful sirkumstances which lately okkurred in the regions of the eternal sitty.

Not many days ago, the overlastin Yankees (may they live always when the devil gits 'em) made a violent assault upon the sitty of the hills—the eternal sitty, where a hundred years the Injun rivers have been blendin their waters peacefully together—where the Choktaw children built their flutter mills and toyed with frogs and tadpoles while these majestik streams were but little spring branches a bablin along their sandy beds. For 3 days and nights our valynn't troops had beat bak the fowl invader, and saved our pullets from their devourin jaws. For 3 days and nights we bade farewell to every fear, luxuriating upon the triumph of our arms, and the sweet juices of our strawberries and cream. For 3 days and nights fresh troops from the South poured into our streets with shouts that made the welkin ring, and the turkey bumps rise all over the flesh of our people. We felt that Rome was safe—sekure against the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil, which last individual are supposed to be that horde of fowl invaders, who are seekin to phlank us out of both bread and existence.

But alas for human hopes! Man that is born of woman (and there are no other sort that I know of) has but few days that ain't full of trouble. Altho the troops did shout, altho their brass band musik swelled upon the gale, altho the turkey bumps rose as the welkin rung,

altho the commanding General assured us that Rome was to be held at every hazard, and that on to-morrow the big battal was to be fought, and the fowl invaders hurled all howlin and bleedin to the shores of the Ohio, yet it did transpire some how that on tuesday night, the military evakuation of our sitty were peremptorily ordered. No note of warnin, no whisper of alarm no hint of the morrow came from the muzzled lips of him who had lifted our hopes so high. Calmly and coolly, we smoked our killykinick, and surveyed the embarkation of troops, konstruin it to be some grand manouver of military strategy. About 10 o'clock we retired to rest to dream of to-morrows viktory. Sleep soon overpowered us like the fog that kivered the earth, but nary bright dream had kum, nary vision of freedom and glory. On the kontrary our rest were uneasy—strawberries and cream seemed to be holdin secession meetins within our corporate limits, when suddenly in the twinklin of an eye, a friend aroused us from our slumber and put a new faze upon the "situation." Gen. Johnston was retreatin, and the blue nosed Yankees were to pollute our saked soil next mornin. Then cum the jug of war. With hot and feverish haste, we started out in search of transportation, but nary transport could be had. Time honerd friendship, past favors shown, everlastin gratitood, numerous small and lovely chilern, kundeferate kurrency, new iss hoses, bank bills, black bottles, all influences were urged and used to sekure a korner in a kar, but nary korner—too late—too late—the pressure for time was fearful and tremongions—the steady clock moved on—no Joshua about to lengthen out the night, no rollin stock, no steer, no mule. With reluctant and hasty steps, we prepared to make good our exit by that overland line which rail roads do not control, nor A Q Ms impress.

With our families and a little clothing, we crossed the Etowah bridge about the broke of day on Wednesday the 17th of May, 1864—prezakly a year and two weeks from the time When General Forrest marched in triumph through our streets. By and by, the bright rays of the mornin sun dispersed the heavy fog which like a pall of deth had overspread all natur. Then were exhibited to our afflicted gaze, a highway crowded with waggins and teams, kattle and hogs, niggers and dogs, wemen and children, all movin in dishevvelled haste to places and parts unknown. Mules were brayin, cattle were lowin, hogs were squeelin, sheep were blatin, children were cryin, waggiuers cussin, whips were poppin, and horses stallin, but still the grand karavan moved on. Everybody was kontinually a lookin behind, and drivin before—everybody wanted to know everything, and nobody knew nothin. Ten thousand wild rumors filled the

sirkumambient air. The everlastin kavalyry was there, and as they dashed to and fro, gave false alarms of the enemy bein in hot pursuit.

About this most kritikul juncture of affairs, some philanthropik frend passed by with the welkum news that the bridge wer burnt, and the danger all over. Then ceased the panick, then came the peaceful calm of heroes after the strife of war is over—than exclaimed Frank Ralls, my demoralized frend, "thank the good Lord for that. Bill lets return thanks and stop and rest—boys let me git out and lie down—I am as humble as a ded nigger—I tell you the truth—I sung the long meter doxology as I crossed the Etowah bridge, and I ekspected to be a ded man in 15 minutes. Be thankful fellers, lets all be thankful—the bridge is burnt, and the river is three miles deep. Good sakes, do you rekun them Yankees kan swim? Git up boys—lets drive ahead and keep movin—I tell you theres no akkountin for anything with blue clothes on these days—dingd if I aint a feerd of a blue tailed fly."

With most distressin flow of language, he continued his rapsody of random remarks.

Then there was the trump of good fellows, *Big John*—as clever as he is fat and as fat as old Falstaff—with indefatigable dilligence he had sekured as a last resort, a one horse steer spring waggin, with a low flat body a settin on two riketty springs. Bein mounted thereon, he was urg in a more speedy locomoshun, by layin on to the karkass of the poor old steer with a thrash pole some ten feet long. Havin stopped at a house, he prokured a two inch auger, and borin a hole thro the dash board, pulled the steer's tail through and tied up the end in a knot. "My runnin gear is weak," said he, "but I don't intend to be stuck in the mud. If the body holds good, and the steer don't pull off his tail, why Bill, I am safe." "My frend," sed I, "will you please to inform me what port you are bound for, and when you expect to reach it?" "No port at all, Bill," sed he, "I am goin ded strate to the big Stone Mountain. I am goin to git on the top and roll rocks down upon all mankind. I now forewarn every livin thing not to kum thar until this everlastin foolishness is over." He were then but three miles from town, and been travellin the live-long night. Ah, my big frend thought I, when wilt thou arrive at thy journeyes eend? In the language of Patrick Henry, will it be the next week, or the next year? Oh, that I could write a Pounn, I would embalm thy honest face in epik verse. I kan only drop to thy pleasant memory a passing random rhyme:

Farewell, Big John, farewell!  
Twas painful to my heart,  
To see thy chances of escape,  
Was that old steer and kart.

Me thinks I see thee now,  
With axletrees all broke.  
And wheels with nary hub at all,  
And hubs with nary spoke.

But though the mud is deep,  
Thy wits will never fail;  
That faithful steer will take the out,  
If thou wilt hold his tail.

Mr. Editor, under sich varygated scenes we reported progress, and in course of time arrived under the shadow of the sitty's wings, aboundin in gratitude and joy.

With sweet and patient sadness, the tender hearts of our wives and daughters beat mournfully as we moved along. Often, alas how often, was the tear seen swimming in the eye, and the lip quivering with emotion, as memory lingered around their deserted homes, thoughts dwelt upon past enjoyments and future desolation. We plucked the wild flowers as we passed, sang songs of merriment, exchanged our wit with children—smothering, by every means, the sorrow of our fate. These things, together with the comick events that okkurred by the way, werē the safety valves that saved the poor heart from bursting. But for sich things our heads would have been fountains and our hearts a river of tears. Oh, if some kind frend would set our retreat to musik, if he could make a tune to fit the manner of our leaving, and the emotions which befell us by the way, it would be greatly appresiated indeed. It should be a plaintive tune, interspersed with okkasional comick notes and frequent fuges skattered promiskuously along.

Mr. Editor, the world will never know the half that transpired in these eventful times, unless my frend, Frank Rails, are kalled upon to deliver a kourse of lektures upon the subjek. What he don't know, or dident do himself, are not worth knowing or doing. Our retreat were kondukted in excellent good order, atter the bridge was burnt. If there were any stragglin at all, they straggled ahead. It woud have delighted Gen. Johnston to have seen the alakrity of our movements.

If I were vain enuf to assert, that I wer considered the commanding ofiser of this remarkable retreat, I should say that our suksess were mainly due to the able coadjutors who were with me. I would hand their names down to posterety, Mr. Editor, but where so many acted gallantly, it are impossibul to draw distinkshuns. The great struggle of our contest seemed to be, which army could retreat the fastest. Gen. Johnston or urn—which could outphlank the other, and I allow as how it wer pull Dick pull Devil between em. It ar a source of regret however that some of our households of the Afrikan scent, have fell back in the arms of the fowl invaders I suppose they may now be

kalled missin genature, and are by this time inkreasin the stock of *Odour d'Afrique* in Northern society, which popular perfume have scoured out of the market all those extracts which made X.Bazin, Jules Haul, and Lubin famous. Good bye sweet otter of Roses, farewell ye balms of a thousand flowers—your days are numbered.

But I must klose this melankolly narrative and hasten to subskribe myself,

Your Runagee,

BILL ARP.

P. S.—Tip are still faithful onto the end. He say the old turkey we left behind have been settin for 14 weeks, and the fowl invaders are welkum to her—furthermore that he throwd a dead cat in the well and they are welkum to that. B. A.

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A CHEMICAL VIEW OF DEATH.—M. Biot, a French author, in speaking of philosophers whose views of immortality are scientific, but peculiar, says :

You do not die, you only change your state of aggregation. It is true your nitrogen, your hydrogen and your carbonate sepearate; they are distributed through the atmosphere, penetrate plants and animals, or are absorbed by the earth; but as no atom perishes, you continue to exist; the only difference is that you find yourself reduced to a more simple expression.

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When the Duchess of Sutherland was questioning the children of one of her charity schools, the teacher asked :

'What is the wife of a king called?'

'A queen,' bawled out one of the juvenile philosophers.

'The wife of an emperor?'

'An empress,' was replied with equal readiness.

'Then what is the wife of a duke called?'

'A drake!' exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title duke for the biped duck, which is pronounced the same in Scotland.

The teacher fainted.

**SWAPPING WIVES.**—In some of the English provincial towns the barbarous practice of a husband bringing his wife to market with a halter round her neck and selling her to the highest bidder might have been witnessed a few years ago. An improvement upon this system has taken place in Beardstown, Cass county, Illinois. Leroy Taylor, a carpenter, and his family, living there, happy to all appearances, were visited in 1857 by a sister of Taylor's wife, from Richmond, Indiana. She is described as gay, good looking, and very winning in her ways, and without exciting suspicion, was noticed to pay particular attention to her brother-in-law. Last year the husband made arrangements to leave the neighborhood with the ostensible object of improving his condition, having more liberally than usual provided for his family before taking leave. Weeks elapsed without any tidings of him reaching his wife.

The first intimation received was that he had repaired to Richmond, Indiana, where his sister-in-law lived, and informed her husband that he was on his way to Pittsburg, Pa., to visit his mother-in-law. The wife concluded that it would be a favorable time for her also to visit her mother, and that she would go with her brother-in-law. It would be such a favorable time, the husband consented, and the parties prepared for their intended trip; but instead of visiting Pittsburg, they left for parts unknown. These facts becoming fully known, the wife, despairing of ever seeing her husband brought suit for a divorce from her husband. She has lived in Beardstown until last Monday, industrious and respectable, when she, with her family, started for Indianapolis, Indiana, where her brother-in-law resides (Mr. Wm. B. Higgins,) who was so unfortunate as to lose his wife, he having also obtained a divorce; and, strange to say, married Mrs. Taylor. This

seems to be a fair exchange. Taylor runs off with Higgins' wife, and now Higgins marries Taylor's wife. Higgins appears to have the best of the bargain—the best woman, and the three children to boot.

'Bill, what brought you to prison? I'm surprised.'

'Pooh! you needn't be. A couple of constables invited me.'

'Very civil invitation, certainly. But had liquor nothing to do in the affair?'

'Well—ahem!—yes. Eliza teased me so, I had to 'liek' her.'

Bill is a wag of the first water.

#### DR. PANSY'S FARMING, AND MRS. PANSY'S HOUSEKEEPING.

In the year 18—, there came to settle in our quiet neighborhood, Dr. and Mrs. Pansy. No one knew anything about them excepting our member of Congress, who had known the Dr's father in his youth, whom he represented as a wild, good-for-naught young Virginian of considerable fortune, which he scattered to the winds, and more than considerable talent, of which he made a very poor use, and becoming needy, his friends procured for him the consulship of M——, an unimportant post on the Mediterranean, and that was the last Mr. H— heard of him. The Doctor was a quiet, gentlemanly person, and his wife a lovely little dark eyed creature, with a profusion of dark brown hair, which she arranged with matchless grace and elegance. It was knotted behind as ladies usually wear it, but instead of all being confined by the carved and gold inlaid shell comb, it fell around her neck and ears (not upon her face) in a multitude of ringlets. The comb was there and seemed to do its office, for a coil of glossy hair lay around it, but the ringlets made their escape in some way or other.

The good people of the neighborhood called upon the Pansy's, for when were Southern people ever lacking in courtesy and hospitality; and everybody took kindly to Mrs. Pansy, but the Doctor was pronounced 'odd.' They discovered that notwithstanding his medical education at Paris, he had become infected with some Northern isms, and in diet was a vegetarian. Now the idea of eating no flesh meat excited in our bacon-loving squires, the utmost contempt and ridicule. So for many years he got but little or no practice, but proved him-

self a capital farmer, and this raised him much in the estimation of his neighbors. One winter I was seized with inflammatory rheumatism, and after submitting to old Dr. L.'s treatment for some weeks, and growing no better, I determined, in spite of the opposition of the kind people with whom I boarded, to send for Dr. Pansy. I soon experienced decided benefit from his remedies, and was able to be out again. But tho' relieved from pain and able to walk, I continued miserably weak and low spirited. I could not shake off the feeling of gloom which oppressed me—the heart-sick longing for home and the faces of my mother and sisters. I had no appetite, and in vain my landlady tempted me with what she thought the most delicate of dainties—I could not eat. The Dr. had never prescribed any particular diet for me, and I concluded that his vegetarian tastes or principles was all a mistake, when one day finding me unusually feeble and listless, he said :

'My dear, sir, you need change; and, pardon me, a strictly vegetable diet.'

My landlady, who was in the room, was aghast, and exclaimed:

'Why, Doctor, a vegetable diet would kill him—he is already so weak that he needs the most nourishing food.'

'Nevertheless,' said the Dr. quietly, 'I recommend change of air and vegetable diet—come over to my house and remain as our guest as long as you can endure our vegetable diet, and see at least what effect it will have.'

I accepted at once the invitation, for I longed for change. The Dr. left me, saying he would be at home in the course of the morning, and I must ride over when the air becomes somewhat warmer.

The ride, though but five miles, fatigued me greatly; and Dr. Pansy, who rode up to his door just as I arrived, assisted me up the steps and conducted me into his study; where he made me lie down upon the sofa, and brought me a glass of wine.

'A good nap will now do more for you than anything else, and I leave you for that purpose.'

He gently closed the door, and the home like order of everything around me in this quiet little snuggerly, had an inexpressibly soothing effect upon me—I slept. I was awakened by the entrance of the Dr., who said cheerfully: 'This is well—now a little fresh air before dinner will be your best appetizer—so I will show you my garden and orchard.'

I felt so much refreshed that I was quite ready for anything he proposed. First, he took me to his fruit garden—everything was set out in long rows from end to end. First in order came the figs—I was astonished at their num-

ber—six long rows of fig trees. Then the raspberries, then the currants, then the gooseberries, then the strawberry beds covered with the brown withered leaves of last season. A little rustic gate lead from the fruit garden into the orchard.

'These are my winter apple trees,' said he—'nearly all of Southern origin—the first ten rows are Shockley, our best late keeper; the next six rows are Nickajacks, and the next Cullasaga, and so on.'

After enumerating all his varieties we passed on to the pear orchard, but I will not weary the reader repeating the names of his Beurres and Dageanes. It was a warm day for the season, and reaching a circular seat around a corner pear tree, which commanded an extensive view of the fields beyond, we sat down.

'That newly cleared field is in wheat, you see. I always put my freshest land in wheat because it produces the finest flavored grains.' 'Finest FLAVORED wheat,' said I with a stupid stare.

'Certainly, my dear sir; there is as great a difference in the taste of wheat grown on fresh rich soil, and that produced on a red washed hillside, as between pine apples and pine shavings. Being vegetarians, my wife and I are rather fastidious about the quality of our edibles, and I take the same pains in growing and storing my cereals, fruits and roots, that you carnivorous gentlemen do, in raising and curing the finest Suffolk pigs, Durham cattle, and Southdown sheep.'

'But do you not use butter and cream,' I asked.

'No, I do not—Dr. Graham allowed these things, but I am strictly vegetarian.'

'But you do not impose it upon your patients generally.'

'No,' said he, smiling, 'for the simple reason that it is useless. People are not prepared for that yet. So I content myself with practicing medicine as I was taught in Paris, by book and rule.'

'But, Doctor,' said I, 'is it not a sort of martyrdom to live on vegetables. Do you not have a constant longing for the nice things you deny yourself?'

He laughed.

'As great a longing as you have for the dogs and cats so nicely prepared by the Chinese. No sir, I loathe animal food; the smell of bacon makes me sick; beef and pork are scarcely less offensive, and such is the case with all vegetarians after persevering in the system for many years.'

We now returned to the house, and we found Mrs. Pansy in the dining room, reading a newspaper h twla leisurely, unoccupied air, as tho'



such things as housekeeping and dinners were not. Dinner was late, and I felt a sensation of hunger, for the first time for months, and I began to have some apprehensions about my dinner. I thought with some degree of complacency of my kind landlady's fried chicken and rice, which I turned away from only the day before with utter indifference. I even thought I could stand a dish of ham and eggs, and a juicy steak would have been more than welcome. After dressing, I was summoned to the dining room. On entering, savory odors surprised me; and the appearance of the table was so elegant and tempting, that I suppose my face expressed my thoughts, for I noticed the faintest shadow of an amused smile on my friend's face. There was the soup tureen in its usual place. There was the wine, the castors, the celery glasses, the pickle dishes—everything arranged as I had been accustomed to see at the tables of other people.

The soup was a delicious, creamy compound, which I could scarcely persuade myself was purely vegetable, and I asked Mrs. Pansy for the recipe to send to my mother. She said the vegetables were first fried in olive oil, (celery onions, turnips and cabbage, all white in color) they were then boiled to a pulp, and a morsel of flour thrown in to mix with the oil and prevent its floating on the surface. Pepper, spices, and a glass of wine were added, and sippets of bread cut into dice and fried in olive oil.

(There is the recipe, ladies, I advise you to try it.)

When the soup was removed, a dish of immense Irish potatoes, with their mealy hearts bursting through their brown coats, and smoking hot, was placed before my host. When the dish was helped, seeing no butter, I thought I had better 'look and learn' for fear of committing some *gaucherie* at this oddly served table. I noticed Mrs. Pansy, after peeling her potato, gave it a slight pressure with the back of her fork, and it fell into pearly flakes upon her plate. She then dressed it with olive oil, pepper and a little salt. I imitated and found it excellent. They had sweet potatoes, too, in a beautiful state of preservation, as fresh and sound as when dug; and these we also dressed with oil, but without the pepper and salt. This oil was far superior to any I had ever tasted, and the Dr. informed me that a friend in Florence purchased his annual supply. Although it was the middle of February, (the 15th, I remember, for it was my birth day,) a slender vase of Bohemian glass on the table was filled with white single hyacinths and crocuses of many colors, intermixed with green leaves of the English laurel. A dish of stewed salsify was very nice, also Lima beans, an exquisitely

dressed salad was at last served with thin slices of toasted bread, saturated with oil and sprinkled with pepper. The cloth was then removed.

An artistically wrought basket of silver, wide and low, and filled with fruit, now took its place upon the crimson cloth. There were the magnificent Nickajacks and perfumed Cullasagas whose parent trees I had looked at in the morning.

Of pears, there was the luscious winter Nelis and Dogenne D'Alencon—and to crown all, grapes looking as fresh as when cut from the vine, which Mrs. Pansy told me were kept in tight shallow boxes, only deep enough for two layers of bunches, each bunch wrapped in soft paper and the interstices were filled with wheat bran.

'But you must know,' said Mrs. P., 'that much of our success in keeping fruit is owing to the care taken in the construction of the fruit room. Living as we do on fruits and vegetables, we give these things a great deal of attention.'

How I enjoyed those grapes and pears may possibly be imagined by some feverish and feeble invalid. And with the last sip of the old wine, I came to the conclusion that I had never better dined.

The quiet which reigned around this homestead and its surroundings, was inexpressibly soothing to an invalid's worn nerves. There were none of the sounds usually heard around a farmer's domain—no lowing of cattle, no crowing of chickens, no cackling of geese, no squealing of pigs. The song of birds, which is never hushed even in mid-winter at the South, and the occasional tinkle of a sheep bell, were the only sounds out of doors.

Dr. Pansy kept a flock of sheep for the production of wool, and to graze the grass outside of his pleasure ground.

One day, in walking over the premises, I saw a building which I remarked to the Dr. looked suspiciously like a smoke house.

'It is a smoke house,' he replied; 'and what is more, it is filled with bacon, which my overseer weighs out to the negroes every Saturday. I do not force my negroes to live as I do—they would consider themselves very miserable without their accustomed hog and moinny. They think no vegetable is fit to eat without being boiled with bacon. I also furnish them with beef and mutton for a change. My neighbor, Squire C., who pays very little attention to fruit, is always ready to exchange these bloody commodities with me for a share of my fine winter fruit, of which I raise greatly more than I need.'

I remained a month with Dr. and Mrs. Pansy.

happy, contented and improving in health every day. After a week I rode over to see my landlady. She was surprised, and evidently half chagrined at my improvement, and very inquisitive as to what I lived upon at the Doctor's. I gave her Mrs. Pansy's bill of fare for that day, and she said:

'Oh, with good old wine and plenty of fresh olive oil, I reckon people *can* do without meat, but they are too expensive for most people.'

Not so expensive as meat, I Judge, Mrs. B. Your turkey, roast beef, and ham, would cost quite as much as the wine and oil necessary to supply my friend's table.'

Dr. Pansy had an immense apiary; and honey in the comb was a constant luxury at his table. Mrs. Pansy made the most delicious bread I ever tasted. She said it would be unpardonable if she did not, when her husband took such pains in furnishing her with the finest flour. Her preserved fruits, jellies and pickles were also perfect; her dried figs were equal to those of Smyrna; her can fruit brought back the luxuries of July and August. The exquisite taste with which her table was always arranged, alone gave one an appetite. The vase of fresh flowers was never absent, the unvarying olive oil was served in a Florentine bottle, with handle and lip, and of rare artistic workmanship. The decanters and wine glasses were the most graceful of their kind. At breakfast and tea, the urn with its appropriate surroundings glittered with massive costliness. Yet my friends were not wealthy.

'But,' said Mrs. Pansy smiling, 'it is so much cheaper to live on cereals, fruits and roots, that we can indulge in many extravagances, or what would seem extravagance to people of our means.'

Mrs. B., my landlady, remarked one day to Dr. Pansy that she did not think it Christian to abstain from flesh meats, the apostle said that 'every creature of God was good, and to be received with thanksgiving.'

Dr. P. replied:

'Then why do you not eat that glossy tortoise shell cat on your rug—or that gaunt looking dog in the yard—they are just as much creatures of God as your calves, sheep and hogs.'

There was no reply to this argument, and Mrs. B.'s face assumed an expression of astonished disgust as her eye fell upon the aforesaid hungry dog.

'As far as I can see,' said Dr. Pansy, 'the Apostle places the eater of herbs and the eater of meats on exactly the same footing, but advises every one to be fully persuaded in his own mind.' Now I am persuaded fully that a vegetable diet is much more wholesome than carnivorous—therefore, to act otherwise than

I do, would be wrong, and expose me to the denunciation of the Apostle, in Romans 14, 23. But he leaves me no room to judge my brother. This is a matter which every man's own conscience must determine.'

'But how did you induce your wife to agree with you in these opinions?' asked Mrs. E.

'Oh,' said he, 'my wife loves the beautiful, the poetic!—she shudders at the cruelty of killing animals—when she was a child, her father took her to Italy, and there they visited the poet Shelly at the villa of Valsovano;—Shelly was a vegetarian, and his dinner of bread, fruits and wine delighted her childish fancy. So it required no persuasion on my part to make Adele entirely concur with me in *tastes*, to say nothing of opinion.'

The sweet, yet scarcely perceptible smile which always glowed upon the Doctor's face when he spoke of his wife, showed what a deep fount of happiness filled his heart when thinking of her.

The recollection of Mrs. Pansy's store closet always gives me an appetite. The immense jars of fragrant, spicy pickles, the catsups, the prepared sauces, the dozens of boxes of spices, the flavoring essences, and such things, innumerable.

Fair country-women, I wish you would take lessons in housekeeping from Mrs. Pansy.

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## THE COCK-FIGHT.

In Mexico, there is no variety of sport that produces a more general excitement than the cock-fight. It is not confined, as might be supposed, to any particular class of persons. Between the generalissimo of the army and the rawest recruit—the President of the Republic and the humblest hind—the archbishop of the Church and the meekest member, there is no difference. In the amphitheatre, side by side, stand the priest and the peasant, the hunter and the herdsman, the shopman and the soldier. In juxta-position may be seen the old man, whose dangled locks are white as the polar snows; the slender youth, whose limbs are, slowly rounding into manhood, and the truant boy, scarce old enough to lisp his Spanish name. It is common to every caste and condition—to every age and voca-

tion; and even women are sometimes the willing observants of this barbarous sport.

The excitement of the cock-fight differs, in some respects, from all other kinds of strife. To the course, a man carries his prejudices and his preferences. The name or reputation of the horse: the favor or friendship of the owner; or, if unacquainted with either, the gait and color of the former, not unfrequently influence his wagers. His feelings once enlisted, he abandons himself to the hope of success. His eyes follow the swift steed, in his circuitous course, as long as he leads the race, with a manifest pleasure that is wholly indescribable; and if he falls behind, the gloom of disappointment slowly settles upon his countenance, and his lips instinctively compress to smother the swelling rage within.

But, in either case, he is seldom unprepared for the result. The strife is not the work of a moment. There is always ample time to note the movement of each horse, to remark upon his speed and bottom, and to calculate the chances of a prosperous termination.

And so it is with the bull-fight. Announced beforehand, and for many days the common theme of conversation, the community are filled with anticipation. Perhaps thousands have visited the combatants, and carefully examined their respective powers, noting the size, the color, the horns, the hoofs, and the strength of the one, and the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the height, the limbs, and the muscles of the others; and they enter the arena, alike familiar with the qualities of bull and gladiators.

The former stands in the midst of the area, his head and tail elevated, his nostrils distended, and his glaring eyes like balls of fire—the breathing personification of astonishment. Presently the latter enter through wickets, amid the deafening shouts of the overlooking

multitude, and approach the excited beast in opposite directions. He looks at one and then at the other, and for a moment remains undecided; but the waving of a red scarf determines him, and he darts toward his provoker, with the swiftness of the wind. By a dexterous movement of his person, under cover of the scarf, the gladiator escapes the onset, and plunges his knife deep into the body of the angry beast, which, with a rage greatly increased by the smart of the wound, turns upon his wily adversary, 'fierce as ten furies.'

But if, perchance, the second attempt is more successful, and the gladiator is forced to the earth, his comrade instantly flies to his relief; and though the horn of the bull may touch the breast of the prostrate man, the slightest noise behind usually diverts his attention. And thus the strife continues, until the gladiators, bruised and mangled fly from the field, or the bull, faint from the loss of blood, sinks down in death at the feet of his conquerors.

But very different is the excitement of the cock-pit, where all go, the bettor as well as the spectator, without predilection. For, until after their arrival, it is unknown even to the cockers themselves, what birds will be pitted. From a large number, always exposed for sale on such occasions, the principal bettors select, each, one, and place them in the hands of the gamekeepers, for preparation.

These birds, having been some time previous bereft of the weapons nature designed for their defence, are now furnished with gaffles, or artificial spurs, each of which is a polished steel blade, about three inches in length, half an inch wide at the base, curved slightly upward, sharp at the point and on the upper edge, and firmly fastened to the leg by means of a clasp.

Thus armed and ready for the fight, they are carried about the pit by the

gamekeepers, who hold them aloft for the observation of the spectators. It is during this exhibition that the side-bets are made, and the fight is not commenced until the confusion thereupon consequent has entirely subsided.

In general, the cocks so far differ from each other in size of body, color of plumage, or length of tail, as to be easily distinguished. Sometimes, however, there is no perceptible difference beyond that afforded by the help of the knife, by which one has been previously divested of his comb and gills; and sometimes, when neither or both have been subjected to the cutting process, it becomes necessary, as a distinction, to encumber the leg of one with a bit of white cloth, the disadvantage to be determined by lot.

As the original bettors, under the direction of the gamekeepers, usually select the finest cocks in the market, palpable inequalities are very unfrequent, and wagers almost universal. Indeed, so strong is the gambling propensity among the people, that there is scarcely one who does not avail himself of the opportunity to wager something on the issue of the combat.

When all the bets are taken, and the crowd has become thoroughly settled, then begins the breathless excitement peculiar to this species of sport. The gamekeepers advance toward the centre of the pit, until within a pace or two of each other, when they release the cocks and retire.

These warlike birds, oftentimes before their feet have touched the earth, fly upon each other with a violence that, in the rebound, brings them both upon their backs. But, as soon as they have recovered, they renew the onslaught, and their sharp slashing strokes follow each other in quick succession, until the contest is terminated by disability or death.

\* \* \* \* \*

The incident I am about to relate occurred in the city of Saltillo. It was about nine o'clock in the morning of the first Sunday of May, of the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven, Lieutenant Cordell and myself were on our way to the cathedral. As we passed the head of one of the narrow cross-streets, our attention was attracted by a large crowd in front of a two-storied building, the lower part of which was used for a grog shop.

At that day, a gathering in any public place always indicated something of an exciting character; usually a fight or a fandango, both of which were of almost daily occurrence. The former more frequently happened in the streets, and the latter in the houses; but sometimes this order was reversed. But whatever occasioned the throng, as long as the excitement continued, the number increased, every passer stopping to inquire the cause.

As our attendance at the cathedral was prompted by curiosity rather than devotion, we quickly turned aside and joined the crowd. On a nearer approach, we observed Guy Winthrop, the poet of our regiment, vigorously elbowing his way toward a narrow wicket in the wall. As a lyrist, he had no superior in the army, save Captain Pike, who wrote the 'Battle of Buena Vista,' at which the Arkansas cavalry were present when the fight commenced. But, with all his lyrical talents, he had a keen relish for the ludicrous, and was a great lover of excitement and fun; and he managed to find out nearly every amusement, yet was seldom seen at an indifferent exhibition. Thus encouraged, we also directed our efforts to the point mentioned, and, by dint of hard crowding and the expenditure of a brace of picayunes, at length gained admittance.

On passing the wicket, we found ourselves in a narrow winding passage,

that led to the back inclosure, in the centre of which stood an amphitheatre : a circular building about thirty-eight or forty feet in diameter. The walls, not less than fifteen feet high, were built of bricks and mortar, and carefully plastered on both sides with a hard cement. Five rows of seats, one rising above another, completely surrounded the inside of the edifice.

Long before our arrival, every seat was occupied, and all the space intervening between them and the pit was densely crowded with bystanders. By the assistance of an old friend, who remembered a trifling service rendered some time previous by my companion, we obtained permission to sit upon the top of the wall, whence we could observe all that transpired below with entire satisfaction.

In the pit which was formed of a wall about three feet high, and sixty in circumference, were not less than half a hundred boys, each with a cock under his arm. Great rivalry prevailed among them, and they hurried from place to place, using every means in their power to attract attention and secure pre-eminence.

There was an abundant opportunity for choice among the cocks, which were of almost every shade and variety of color, from the blackness of soot to the whiteness of snow ; in addition to which, some were not bigger than a woman's fist, and some were as large as a man's head ; while the prices ranged from a rial to a dollar.

A Mexican dandy was endeavoring to draw a wager from a sutler's clerk. They appeared to have difficulty in reconciling some trifling difference. Their conversation was only audible to themselves and those in their immediate vicinity ; but it was evident, from their excited manner, that there was but little likelihood of an agreement.

In the midst of this quarrel, which

might have led to something more serious than words, the corpulent figure of Brigadier General M—— suddenly darkened the entrance, and his stentorian voice filled the amphitheatre. In a moment all eyes were turned upon the new-comer, as he pushed forward towards the pit, calling upon the venders to exhibit their cocks.

The crowd, unaccustomed to such an august presence, instinctively drew back on either hand, affording the elephant an opportunity to pass through unchecked, where a moment before the weasel must have forced his way at the risk of his bones.

The general was closely followed by a Catholic priest, clad in a suit of grey broadcloth, worn quite threadbare.— Over his shoulders loosely hung a blanket which had once been very valuable, and most probably as beautiful. On his head was a red flannel skull-cap, fantastically ornamented with black velvet, and in shape not unlike those frequently worn by jockeys.

At sight of the American officer, all the boys rushed forward, holding their cocks aloft, and clamoring like as many inmates of bedlam. Each spoke in praise of his own, and in dispraise of every other's ; all at the same moment, and every one at the top of his voice.

There was something ludicrous in the scene, especially to the general, who understood not a word of Spanish. For the first dozen seconds he was amused ; but as the boys pressed about him, and shouted in his ears, and thrust their cocks in his face, the scene gradually lost its interest. At length he became impatient, and then indignant.

"Begone, you noisy scamps !" he cried in a thundering voice, accompanied by an angry wave of his great fat hand. The words were uttered in English, and only understood by the interpreter at the priest's elbow ; but the gesture had

a true Spanish significance, and operated like a charm.

Those nearest the commander retired in silence, completely awed by his indignant manner. But like *Æsop's* fox, that drove away the glutted flies, their places were immediately occupied by a fresh swarm, shouting even louder than their half-exhausted fellows. This was too much for endurance; the general's anger was thoroughly aroused, and he turned about abruptly and addressed the priest:

'Father Ambrose!' said he, in a resolute tone, at the same time pulling a revolver from his breast pocket, 'you must instantly command order and silence, or I'll let off the contents of this weapon among those noisy devils, and make them howl for something.'

Immediately the priest raised his finger and uttered a brief remark, and all the boys, devoutly crossing themselves, withdrew to the other side of the pit. Here they remained quietly until one of the gamekeepers arrived and ordered them to be seated.

When all had taken their places, the priest entered the pit, followed by the interpreter, the stakeholder, and the dandy before mentioned. The general was in that peculiar maudlin condition that always unfits a man for climbing, so he contented himself with a seat on the wall of the pit, between two of the venders.

On raising his eyes to the crowded seats that rose nearly to the top of the wall of the edifice, they chanced to fall upon my companion, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and he immediately summoned him to his assistance. I retained my seat, as it afforded an excellent opportunity for observation.

'Lieutenant,' said the general, extending his hand in a friendly manner, 'I am exceedingly glad to meet you, for I've been playing monte with that old grey friar until I'm penniless. I want

to borrow fifty dollars to bet on a cockfight, for I'm bound to win my money back or sink my commission.'

'General,' said my friend, who clearly perceived his condition and wished to preserve him from the knavery of the priest, 'it would afford me much pleasure, but it is quite out of my power. I have not got above a fourth of that sum in my possession.'

'Well, give me what you have,' said the brigadier, 'and borrow the balance from your chum,' alluding to myself, 'or from some of those volunteers,' pointing to a group of Kentucky cavalry, who occupied seats on the opposite side of the amphitheatre.

My friend, still anxious to thwart the crafty old churchman, interposed several objections, but the determination of the general bore down all opposition. The required sum was raised without difficulty, and with a similar amount from the purse of the priest, deposited in the hands of the stakeholder. After which the general retired to a seat, in a small balcony above the entrance, usually reserved for the principal bettors, leaving the matter entirely in the hands of my friend.

From this moment the rascality of the priest was manifest in every transaction. The cock that he proposed to pit, chosen beforehand under the advice of a noted cock-master, was immediately brought forward and placed in the hands of a gamekeeper for preparation. Against this advantage Cordell strongly protested, but to no purpose, for the priest was inflexible.

This reduced the matter to an alternative—to select from among the birds in the pit, or draw the stakes and pay the forfeit. But the general would not consent to the latter, although his representative, who saw at a glance that among all the fowls present there was not a match for the priest's, urged upon him its propriety, supported by reasons

that would certainly have influenced a sober brain.

Compelled to make a selection, Cordell passed around the pit, and taking the birds in his hands, one after another, gave them a careful examination. Having accomplished the round, he designated his choice and demanded the price, at the same time drawing forth a long silken purse well filled with Benton mint-drops.

The vender, whose eyes sparkled at the sight of the gold, was about to reply, when his words were arrested by the voice of the priest, who uttered but a single sound, his face piously averted to heaven, and his attenuated fingers busy with his beads. The vender quickly raised his eyes to the master of his will, and then said, with evident reluctance, that his bird was not for sale.

Another selection was made, but with a similar result. A third, fourth and fifth followed, but with no better success. Not less than twenty applications were made, and ensued by as many refusals. The highest price was offered and declined. The value was doubled and trebled, but all to no purpose. Among all those fifty boys, so eager to sell only a few moments before, not one could be prevailed upon to part with his property.

By this time Cordell had become considerably excited, and would rather have lost the wager than paid the forfeit. He insisted on a purchase, and offered as much silver as he could clutch in his hand, for the meanest bird within the walls. Many eyes turned covetously upon the glittering offer, but nobody dared make the exchange. Then he took from his purse ten American eagles, and laid them one upon another in the palm of his hand, and offered all for a single Mexican game-cock. In an instant every vender was upon his feet, and their eagerness to sell was even greater than at the beginning.

But the last offer was simply an allurements to test their sincerity. Before it was made, Cordell strongly suspected a combination to defraud the general out of the forfeiture. The ardent desire to gain possession of so large a sum of money convinced him, and he instantly resolved not to be overreached. To the surprise of all present, and to the chagrin of the avaricious venders, he very quietly replaced the eagles in his purse, and the purse in his pocket, and with a smile at their discomfiture, turned about and addressed the priest:

'Reverend father,' said he with mock deference, 'I entreat that you will influence some of these venders to dispose of their property. They dare not disobey your behests, and whatever you direct they will speedily execute. It would be a mortification that so many well-disposed people, met together on this bright morning of the Lord's day, to witness a little innocent amusement, should be obliged to disperse without the gratification.'

'Indeed, sir,' replied the man of God, 'you attribute a power to me that I do not possess. I have no control over these young people's actions, and still less over their property. If they refuse to sell, I have no power to coerce them; and if I had, have not the right. Nor is it to me a matter of much consequence. Of course I should prefer to win the wager, but am not avaricious, and if needs be, can content myself with the forfeit.'

There was a *sang-froid* about the manner of the priest, that chafed the proud spirit of Cordell, and the more, as he was unable to divine the cause of the strange behavior among the venders. From his knowledge of their acquisitive disposition, he felt entirely confident that some unseen influence was exerted over them, or that they were acting in concert for a fraudulent purpose.

I saw that he was puzzled, and hastened to explain the mystery. From my elevated position, I could distinctly see all that transpired within the area; and I had noticed, that when Cordell approached the first vender, before he replied, looked at the priest, who, in every instance, forbid the exchange by a significant gesture of his long bony finger. I remarked also, that when the ten eagles were offered, a nod of his old grey head had placed every bird within the power of the purchaser.

When Cordell came to understand the character of the fraud practiced, he turned quietly round, and slipping his hand under the stakeholder's blanket, fastened upon his coat-color with the grip of a vice. 'Now,' said he, addressing the wily old priest, 'having voluntarily placed yourself in a dilemma, you may cling to which ever horn you prefer. One of two things you must do, and without delay: either you must furnish a cock to complete the match, or relinquish the stake without the forfeit.'

Quite a sensation prevailed among the bystanders when these words were rendered into Spanish. Significant looks were exchanged by the alguazils, several of whom were present to preserve order and quiet. The old priest, without alluding to the charge, began at once to palaver about the principles of honor and the rules of the cock-pit.

Meanwhile the stakeholder managed to convey the purse with the wagers, into the hands of the dandy, who immediately tried to escape from the edifice. Perceiving that Cordell's object was likely to be defeated by the secret transfer, I quietly descended from my elevated position, and opportunely intercepted the fugitive.

Baffled on every hand, the villainous old priest, with a most sanctimonious seeming, turned to protest his innocence and crave the general's interference:

but to his utter amazement, the brigadier, who was sober enough to comprehend the fraud, was standing on his feet, with his ominous revolver aimed directly at his consecrated crown. 'You cursed old shaveling,' said he, 'if you don't secure me a cock in the twinkling of an eye, I'll send your soul in hot haste to the Devil.'

These words terminated the difficulty. The holy man, trembling in his shoes, promised to use his best endeavors. Calling to a little ragged boy, whose arms clasped to his breast an ungainly cockerel, not yet full grown, he directed him to bring it forward for vendition. Cordell insisted on the right to make his own selection, but the general, already grown impatient in consequence of the unnecessary delay, authorized the purchase, and begged that the contestors might be speedily armed for the fight.

In a few moments the pit was vacated, except by the cockers, to whom was intrusted the preparation of the combatants. At length, everything being in readiness, the general desired to address his champion before the strife commenced. The request excited some mirth among the Mexicans, but was promptly complied with by the game-keeper. The general put forth his hand, and taking the cockerel by the bill, turned his head to one side, and addressed him in the following terms:

'My good fellow,' said he, with an air of sincerity, admirably assumed, 'the relation we sustain to each other makes it my duty, before you enter the arena, to impress upon your mind a proper sense of the responsibility that rests upon you in this trying moment. By the usages that everywhere prevail among the politer states of our republic, I have this day become your master by solemn purchase, and have a right to dispose of your service in whatever way may best subserve my purposes.



But I design you for an example of my magnanimity.

Upon the issue of the fight in which you are about to engage, entirely depends the condition of your future existence. If you are defeated, you will be condemned to perpetual slavery; but if you are victorious, you will be freed from your bondage, invested with the rights of citizenship, and adopted into the great family of American fighting-cocks.

In the coming contest, you are to represent the freest and the happiest people on the face of the earth, and in your keeping is intrusted the honor of their most glorious nation. The result of this combat will be emblematical of the conclusion of the war in which they are now engaged. If you are conquered, all that Taylor has achieved in the mountains, Scott will loose in the valleys; but if you are triumphant, I shall expect to celebrate the anniversary of our national independence over a hasty plate of soup, at the table of the victorious general, in the palace of the Montezumas.

'Go, sir, and do your duty; and may the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, and of the Thirteen United Colonies, preserve you from defeat, and your nation from disgrace.'

When this address was concluded, Guy Winthrop, from the opposite side of the amphitheatre, cried with a loud voice, 'Three cheers for General M——.' Immediately a score of hats went up, and as many voices followed in a concert of shouts that excited the wonderment of the whole neighborhood. In the brief quiet that ensued, the interpreter gave a condensed translation of the speech, which was received with shouts of laughter.

Presently one of the inferior alcaldes of the city made his appearance, and the hilarity of his constituents quickly subsided into a murmur of gratification,

for he was judge of the combat. He walked forward with a stately tread, and ascended a flight of winding stairs, consisting of seven steps, to a place not unlike one of the ash-hopper pulpits, fashionable in the time of Jonathan Edwards. Having seated himself and wiped the perspiration from his brow, he waved his baton, and the gamekeepers forthwith placed the champions on the ground and retired.

The representative of Mexico was a full-grown, well-proportioned, vain-glorious, game-cock of the redfeather, and as fine a specimen of his breed as was ever pitted. His head and neck were thickly covered with a rich plumage of crimson hue, which mingled with the yellow on his breast, as the light blends with the shade in the mezzotinto. His back and shoulders were purple, and also his wings, which were lightly tipped with black. His sides and thighs, and the under part of his wings, were scarlet interspersed with yellow. His legs and beak were orange, and his eyes like globules of blood: His crescent tail, which swept the ground like the skirt of a fashionable lady's dress, was a happy mixture of glossy black and fiery vermilion. His broad single comb with its sharp triangular teeth, fell gracefully upon one side, like the waving plume of a Kossuth hat. And his whole appearance, from the crown of his head even unto the soles of his feet, was that of a Mexican commander at a grand review.

Very different was the appearance of the ungainly cockerel chosen as the representative of five and twenty millions of freemen—and some slaves. He was in truth a gawky fellow, not unlike a youth that had shot up a foot or so beyond his years. His manner was decidedly awkward, and his dress shabby and neglected, especially the tail, which was in rather a tattered condition. His outer covering consisted of a thin suit

of short feathers, of divers colors, intermixed in a most peculiar manner. But there was neither jet-black nor snow-white, deep-green, nor blood-red; all were dull, and dingy, and disagreeable.

In other respects he was equally remarkable. He was tall and slender, and carried a high head on slight supporters; but, like many of the people he represented, what he lacked in substance he made up in show, for his legs were of the exact lustre of gold. Altogether, he looked as much like a native of Pike county, as any Missourian that ever measured six feet and three in his yellow unmentionables; and his damaged tail strongly resembled Doniphan's men on their arrival at Buena Vista, fresh from the wilderness.

But it must be borne in mind, that this monster bird, upon whose glittering gaffles hung the glory of a great nation, was only a last year's chicken. He had not yet attained his complete stature, nor his limbs their just proportions, nor his feathers their full length, nor his colors the gloss and brilliancy of ripe maturity; even his spurs had not yet protruded through the skin of his ankles. Nevertheless, his step was firm and his bearing fearless, and his lustrous eyes flashed with the fire of defiance.

There was one other thing in his appearance particularly worthy of mention. The many colors of his plumage, like those of the prism, nicely intermixed, yet preserved their distinctness. But while the casual observer saw nothing remarkable in the spotted breast and striped back, Guy Winthrop, his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, discovered in the one the great canopy of stars, and in the other the bright rainbow of promise; and by a flourish of the imagination, a poetical license that prosers know nothing about, instantly metamorphosed the motley bird into the

American flag. It must be confessed that the resemblance was not very striking, but the idea was happily conceived under the circumstances, and three simultaneous shouts went up from the volunteers for the success of the glorious stripes and stars.

For several moments the proud champion of Mexico looked upon his uncouth antagonist with surprise, and afterwards with curious scrutiny. It was very evident, if his manner was a truthful indication, that he regarded him as a half-fledged upstart, only worthy of his contempt. But, on reflection, he resolved to punish him for his rash presumption, as Walpole did the future Earl of Chatham. Full of this determination, he dropped his head and tail to a level with his back, and rushed furiously athwart the pit, aiming a death-blow at his devoted head.

Meanwhile, the champion of America, highly delighted with his shining spurs, upon which was centred his entire attention, fell into a foolish reverie, and quite forgot the business in which he was engaged. It was well for his honor and safety that a considerable space separated him from his adversary, else he might have bit the ground without striking a blow for his life, and the cause he represented. But the pompous preparation of his indigent foe, aroused him to a full sense of his danger, and the intervening space saved him from immediate destruction.

There was something truly admirable in his manner, as he raised his head and squared himself for the onset. To all appearance, a violent collision was inevitable, and the result was awaited with breathless anxiety. But in this instance, as in many others of much more importance, anticipation was not realized; the spectators were disappointed, and the old warrior surprised and mortified. His wily adversary, like the great Washington, quietly

stood upon his defence, until the sword was raised to strike the blow, then crouched and disappeared, leaving the victor to digest his wonderment as best he could, while he was dealing a counter blow, with bloody effect, in his unprotected rear.

Contrary to every one's expectation, in the first round America escaped unhurt, while Mexico received a serious injury. But the old cock, though he severely felt the blow, managed to conceal the extent of the damage, by the interposition of a fearless front and another furious attack. This time the cockerel maintained his position, and returned blow for blow; but after ten or a dozen strokes, dealt with the grace and skill of an adept, he was compelled to retreat and leave the field, now stained with blood, in the possession of his more powerful enemy.

At the distance of half a rod he came to a halt and faced about to view the battle-ground, in the centre of which stood the conquerer, exulting in his triumph. First he flapped his beautiful wings, then arched his graceful neck, then opened wide his beak, and in a clear and ringing voice, cried 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!' After the lapse of a moment he essayed to repeat the exultation, but was unexpectedly interrupted by the cockerel, who rushed upon him just as he cried 'Cock-a—,' and upset him with the 'doodle-doo' in his throat.

Hereupon the struggle was renewed, and maintained with great vigor for several seconds, but without material advantage to either party. Then followed a succession of feints and skirmishes, in which Fabius tried to outwit Hanibal, and the energies of both were well nigh exhausted. For a few moments they stood beak to beak, to regain their breath and recover their strength; and then fell upon each other with a fierceness and a fury that made their previous struggles seem as play.

In all the vast multitude who looked down upon the combatants when they dropped from the hands of the gamekeepers, there was not one who anticipated such a bloody and protracted contest. The bird of Mexico was in his prime, and inspired his friends with confidence, while the other failed to excite even a hope in any but the breast of Winthrop. But he was strangely impressed with a presentiment, a something that poets regard as prophesy, that the cockerel would achieve the victory; and he clung to the conviction throughout the combat, against every appearance, the decision of the judge and the approval of the spectators.

Among the persons present on this occasion, were men of sixty winters, who had never witnessed such a struggle where the combatants were armed with gaffes. In less than half the time already consumed, they had seen birds of much better appearance than the cockerel, fall to the earth dead, in some instances decapitated, and in others totally disembowelled. And to them it was a matter of the greatest wonder, how he could withstand the superior force of the old cock, whose every blow, dealt with a master's skill, scattered the motley feathers of his breast, and spattered the ground with his blood.

But moments passed into seconds, and seconds into minutes, and minutes multiplied, and still the fight progressed. At length, overcome with fatigue, they abandoned the spur and resorted to the beak, in the use of which the younger warrior, whose crest was low and double, had greatly the advantage. In this manner the struggle continued, long after the feathers were stripped from their necks, and until the comb of the old cock was completely cleft asunder. In the hand to hand fight he was no match for

Young America, under whose drooping wing he was at last obliged to thrust his bleeding head for protection.

A brief respite ensued. The old bird, weary from exertion, and weak from the loss of blood, seemed anxious to suspend the strife until he had in some measure regained his breath and strength. But the younger one, like youth in general, was impatient for the termination, and vainly tried, by every means in his power, to dislodge his enemy. At length, regarding him as a cowardly skulker, and feeling for him a thorough contempt, as he endured his blows with the submissiveness of a spaniel or negro slave, and withal, wearied with his fruitless exertions, he stretched forth his long featherless neck, and uttered a shrill cry of defiance.

Old chanticleer, who had cunningly resolved to undergo temporary injuries that he might in the end realize permanent benefits, perceiving that the anger of his foe, in his exhausted condition, totally unfitted him for vigorous resistance, suddenly darted forth from beneath the sheltering wing, and set upon him with the fury of annihilation. Seizing him by the back of the head, he dealt full half a dozen blows on his bleeding breast, in such quick succession that not one could be returned. And when his hold gave way, the cockerel staggered back a few paces, reeled from side to side, and tumbled headlong to the earth.

Up to this moment a breathless silence prevailed throughout the amphitheatre; it was now broken by a shout from the Mexicans, that burst upon the ear like a peal of unexpected thunder. But before the exultation could be repeated, the judge raised his baton, and in the silence that immediately followed proclaimed the victory. To the surprise of the spectators, nearly all of whom acquiesced in the decision, Guy

Winthrop insisted that the proclamation was premature,

'Right, by heavens!' shouted the brigadier, springing to his feet, greatly excited. He had begun to entertain hopes of victory, so nobly did the young bird sustain his part in the fight. 'And sir,' he added, addressing the judge, 'your decision is too hasty, for as long as life remains hope may be entertained, and that bird is not yet dead. You must, therefore, reserve your opinion until life is extinct, or I have abandoned the contest.'

The judge listened to this address from the lips of the interpreter, with manifest indignation, but he gave it no notice beyond a contemptuous curl of his lip. In the further exercise of his duty, he again waved his baton, and the gamekeepers entered the pit to remove the combatants. But they had scarcely crossed the walls, when Cordell leaped before them and forbade their interference. A couple of algauzils flew to their assistance, and a struggle would have ensued, had not the murderous revolver of the brigadier prevented. It was aimed directly at the breast of the alcalde, whom he threatened with instant death if the pit was not speedily vacated.

At that day there was no weapon so much feared by the inhabitants of Mexico, as the American six-shooter. It was new to the most of them, and its operation a wonder and a mystery. With the double-barrel they were familiar, and it was frequently found in their possession. Its principles were easily explained and understood, and with these they were thoroughly acquainted. The running noose or lariat, was also in common use, and in their hands a most dangerous and deadly instrument. Perhaps on all the waters of the Mississippi there was not a black-leg better skilled in the use of the long knife, upon which they relied for safety

in close combat, under almost all circumstances. And sometimes they used the vengeful stiletto in a manner that would not have shamed the proudest assassin of that degenerate people from whom they derived its use, together with their laws, language, manners, customs, fashions, religion, and the best blood of their nation.

But the deadly revolver was a weapon only known to them by its effects; and these were unaccountable and murderous, that many regarded it as an invention of the Devil, placed in the hands of the hirsute barbarians of the north, for the destruction of Catholics and the dissemination of the corrupting principles of Protestantism. One of those little guns, in the hands of an American, could produce greater consternation among an assemblage of natives, than a score of foot-guards with their bayonets fixed and their muskets set for a charge. It was valuable on all occasions; now to preserve peace, and anon to quell disturbance; at one time to enforce law, and at another to protect life; and occasionally, as in the present instance to exact even-handed justice, which was too seldom received in that country, especially by the natives of the United States.

Terrified by the menacing attitude of the general, the judge promised to withhold his decision until life was extinct; another flourish of his baton arrested the progress of the algnazils, and caused the gamekeepers to retire. Cordell also withdrew, and the pit was again in the possession of the combatants, which, fortunately, were not in the least disturbed by the events that produced so much excitement among the spectators.

After two or three ineffectual attempts to regain his feet, the cockerel tumbled over on his side, evidently discouraged; but he still kept his head from the ground and his eye on his ad-

versary, who, at the distance of two or three yards, looked down upon his helpless victim with the pride of a conqueror. In this manner several minutes elapsed, and the Mexicans had begun to manifest their impatience by certain low mutterings that are better omitted, when it was observed by one of the gamekeepers, that the old bird was gradually losing his strength, and possibly his life through the rear-wound received at the commencement of the struggle. About the same time, Guy Winthrop noticed the blood trickling down from the long purple feathers that hung so gracefully from the root of his tail, and he rightly suspected the cause of the old priest's anxiety after he had been spoken to by the gamekeeper.

Presently the proclaimed conqueror grew unsteady, and staggered about the pit like a drunken man; and soon after his head dropped upon his breast, and he fell forward to the earth. But he immediately recovered his feet, and stood still for a moment to muster his expiring energies, then dropped his head and tail to a level with his back, as in the beginning of the engagement, and rushed upon his helpless foe, with the obvious design of destroying his life before himself expired.

The cockerel clearly perceived the intention, but was unable to avert the threatened destruction. But where life is endangered, the slightest chance for its preservation is not to be despised; so he laid his head upon the ground, and threw up his feet to shield his body. The onslaught was terrific, and the gaffe that struck the blow, coming in contact with the clasp on the leg of the prostrate bird, was snapped into pieces and scattered about the pit. But the force of the impetuous tilter carried him several feet beyond his enemy, where, falling headlong, like Judas Iscariot, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out.

Exasperated by a cruelty that would even spare a fallen foe, the cockerel renewed his exertions, and after two or three efforts regained his feet. For a moment he remained stationary, then cautiously approached his chivalrous victim, walked slowly round his mangled corpse, looked with pride upon his death-wounds, and then, passing by his side, in a clear and musical voice chanted the hymn of his victory.

On examination, it appeared that the old cock had died of the blow inflicted in his rear at the opening of the war, when the cockerel, eluding his attack by a masterly stratagem, crossed the Delaware on the ice, captured the Hessians at Trenton, and dispersed the British at Princeton. It is true that he afterwards fought bravely at Brandywine and Monmouth court-house, and died game at Yorktown, yet he was never able to recover from the fatal blow received at a time and in a quarter least expected.

But the younger bird, though his neck was stripped of its feathers, his crest picked in pieces, and his breast covered with wounds, was still alive. He had contended against a veteran, had been repulsed, compelled to retreat, borne to the earth by a superior force, and reduced to extremity; but he had survived every attack, recovered from every defeat, drove the enemy behind his entrenchments, harassed his marches, crippled his energies, scattered his resources, defeated his hopes, destroyed his confidence, and, in the end, achieved a complete victory.

'Now,' said the general, with a smile, addressing the disappointed judge, 'you may decide the combat, and award the wager. Father Ambrose,' he added, turning to the avaricious prie t, 'I have retrieved my morning losses and something over, and should be glad to have you, with these, my friends,' alluding to Cordell, Winthrop, and myself, 'dine with me at the American. You see,' he continued, speaking to the spectators, 'that neither Molina del Rey nor Chepultapec will prevent the success of our arms in the valley of Mexico. And to you,' designating the poet, 'I will give that cock, with the hope that, if he survives, you will carry him with you to the United States.'

Winthrop received the present with a pleasure even greater than the general felt when he fobbed the old priest's gold. He

took immediate steps to staunch the blood and dress the wound; and he carried him to the camp, and nursed him with so much care, that in a few weeks he was entirely recovered. When the Twelve Months' Volunteers were discharged from the service by reason of the expiration of the period for which they had enlisted, the poet carried the victorious champion with him to America, and placed him on the hundred and sixty acres of land he had earned in his country's cause, where he still survives, a splendid bird, striped and starred as handsomely as the banner of liberty, the patriarch of the flock, and the progenitor of some of the gayest cocks south of Mason and Dixon's Line.

'Come here, my little dear,' said a young man to a little girl, to whose sister he was paying his addresses; 'you are the sweetest thing on earth.' 'No I am not,' she replied, artlessly; 'sister says you are the sweetest.' The question was popped the next day.

### Wit and Wisdom.

They tell us that cold weather contracts everything. Our experience is that colds are contracted.

Sir, I will make you feel the arrow of my resentment. Ah, Miss, why should I be afraid of your arrows when you've got no beau?

If you wish to obey the order 'fire and fall back,' shoot with an overloaded musket.

'Doctor, have you not killed five patients?' 'Oh, yes, but mankind is in my debt, for I am the father of six children.'

There are a great many beams in eyes of ladies, but they are generally all sunbeams.

Impossibilities, like visions and dogs, fly before him who is not afraid of them.

Of all complaints, envy, though the most undoubted, is the most ungracious.

Be in the fashion; you had better dispense other people's follies than your own.

The narrower a soul is, the more easily it is crossed.



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