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McGURUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

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CHOICE POETRY.

NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE.

Heart, my heart, what means this strife?

What oppresses thee so sore?

What a new and stranger life?

This I recognize no more.

Flows the path, with which thou movest.

Flows thy order and thy peace—

Oh, how earnest thou to this!

Chains the fast that blooming youth.

From a beauteous as a flower.

Flows in full of love and truth.

With a new and stranger life?

Man myself and see her hands.

In that very moment thou.

Leads my way to her again.

And by this enchanted thread.

Which I seek to vain to break.

Holds me fast the lovely maid.

Spite of all the strife I make:

In her circle she enchants me.

There's a life just as she wants me.

What a change is this to see?

Love's oh, love! do let me!

SURGICAL EXAMINATION OF A COUNTRY CONSRIPT.

[From The Banker Hill Aurora.]

The other day, Chief Engineer Dean, of the Fire Department, called at the office where I make shoes for a living, and handed me a big white envelope, notifying me that I was drafted and must report myself for examination at Lawrence, on the 18th of August.

Now, I consider it the duty of every citizen to give his life, if need be, for the defense of his country, so on the morning of the 18th, I put on a clean shirt and my Sunday clothes, and started for Lawrence, to see if I could get exempted.

Lawrence is situated on the Merrimack river, and its principal productions are mud, dust, and factory girls. The city proper, at least that part which I saw, consisted of a long, narrow entry, up one flight of stairs, adorned overhead with a freestone of gasometers, and carpeted with worn out tobacco quids, and furnished with one chair, two settees, and as many huge, square packing-cases, marked "Q. M. D." Scattered around this palatial entrance hall were forty or fifty conscripts, looking very much as if they expected to be exempted by reason of old age before the young man with ferocious moustache should notify their turn. Most of them, however, were doomed to disappointment, for while they counted the hours of delay, the door would suddenly open, and the tall young man would single out a man, and march him through the open doorway to be seen no more.

By-and-by—that is, after several hours waiting—my turn came.

"John Smith!" shouted the door-keeper.

"That's me," says I, and with a cheer from the crowd, I entered a large square room where two persons sat waiting at a table, and a third, evidently a surgeon, was examining a man in the last state of nudity.

One of the writers at the table, a young man with curly eyes and blue hair, nodded to me, and dipping his pen in the ink, commenced—

"John Smith, what's your name?"

"John Smith," says I.

"Where was you born?"

"Hudson, Maine."

"What did your great grandmother die of?"

"Drowned if I know," says I.

"Call it leprosy," says he. "And your grandfather, too?"

"I don't care what you call it," says I; "for I was a little riled by his nonsensical question."

"Did you ever have boils?" says he.

"Not a boil!"

"Or fits?"

"Nary fit!"

"Or delirium tremens?"

"No, sir ee!"

"Or rickets?"

"I'll ricket you," says I; "for I thought he meant something else."

"Did you ever have the measles?" says he.

"Here I took off my coat."

"Or the itch?"

"Yes, Sir," I—that ere fist (and I shoved a very large brown one within three inches of his nose) has been itching for the last ten minutes to knock your pesky head off, you little, mean, low-lived, contemptible whelp, you."

"My dear Sir," said the mid-spoken, gentlemanly Surgeon, laying his hand on my arm, "calm yourself, I pray. Don't let your angry passion rise, but take off your clothes, so that I can see what you are made of."

So I suppressed my anger, and withdrawing to a corner I hung my clothes up on the floor, and presented myself for examination, clad only with the covering Nature had given, except about an inch of square court-plaster on my right shin, where I had fallen over a chair, the night before, feeling for a match.

"Young man," said the Surgeon, looking me straight in the eye, "you have got the myopia."

"Yes, Sir," said I, "and a good one, too—a little Bininger, with a drop of Stoughton, makes an excellent eye-opener of a morning."

"And there seems to be an amaurotic tendency of the right eye, accompanied with ophthalmia."

"Shaw!" says I.

"And that white spot in the left eye betokens a cataract."

"I guess you mean in the ear," says I, "cause I went in swimming this morning, and got an all-fired big bubble in my left ear," and here I jumped up and down two or three times on my left foot, but to no purpose. As soon as I stopped, he mounted a chair, and commenced feeling the top of my head.

"Was your family ever troubled with epilepsy?" says he.

"Only the two boys," says I; "when they catch them, my wife always goes at them with a fine-tooth comb the first thing."

Jumping off the chair he hit me a kick in the ribs that nearly knocked me over, and before I had time to remonstrate, his arms were round my neck, and his head

A BRAVE BOY.

When I was a boy, I lived among the Green Mountains of Vermont; in winter making snow forts and sliding down the steep hills, and in summer and autumn wandering over the mountain after flowers or nuts, or catching the beautiful trout from the brooks. But my brother in Wisconsin wrote to me to come to him, and I went. Our house was on what was then called Baxter's Prairie. The prairie was covered with flowers, and the many clear lakes around abounded in fish and ducks; but our principal food was hoe-cake and salt-pork.

One of our neighbors had no meat for some time, and getting out of powder, they had no game. So one day they sent their oldest son, a boy about ten years old, for a piece of pork. As he was carrying it homeward and going through a piece of woods by Silver Lake, he heard a rustle of the leaves in a thicket by the roadside. He stopped and listened—all was still. Again he pushed forward; again the leaves rustled behind him, and the thought he heard a stealthy step. Again he stopped; everything was still, except the gentle dash of the waves upon the pebbly beach, and the rapid beating of his own heart.

He dreaded to go forward, and dared not stay, for he saw night was approaching, when the woods always echoed with the sound of the hungry wolf, and the savage bear, and the stealthy catamount came out from their dens. So, picking up a club, he again started homeward. Again came the stealthy step behind him, nearer and nearer, until he saw a gaunt and savage wolf creeping after him; and, as he hurried on, still clinging to his meat, the wolf was coming nearer and nearer, and he might at any moment spring upon him.

Still the boy, though he trembled in every limb, did not lose his presence of mind. He remembered having heard his father say that if any one faced a wild animal, and looked it square in the eye, it would not dare to attack him. He turned around, faced the hungry wolf, and commenced walking backwards toward his home, still a long mile and a half away. As the wolf grew darker, the wolf came nearer, showing his white teeth, with the hair bristling upon his back.

The courageous boy knew that if he gave up his piece of pork, he was safe, and could run home unmolested; but he knew that there were hungry ones at home awaiting his return. So backward he went, step by step. As the wolf came near, he hit him square upon the head with a stone, when, with an angry yelp, the wolf sprang into the thicket, and set up a long and dismal howl. The boy listened to hear if there were answering howls, and hearing none, took courage; but soon the savage beast, maddened with hunger, came at him again. With his club he gave him a well-directed blow between the eyes, which sent him howling back again into the thicket.

Again and again was the contest renewed. Many times did the savage animal make a spring at the lad, and many times did the brave boy beat him off, until at last he came near the log-cabin of his parents, when the disappointed wolf, with a long and wailing sound, dashed away into the woods. Trembling with excitement, and wet with perspiration, the boy dropped the meat upon the floor, crying:

"Mother! I've got it," and fell exhausted at his mother's feet.

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