

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

THIS IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE THUMB MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

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THE ATTIC LODGER.

By H. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

From the Pittsburgh Gazette.

Betsy and I are out once more—

we've had a tearing fight!

We jangled, and, and, and, and, and,

I told you 'twas a sight.

I kinder wish we hadn't fought; it seems a

little queer

That we should be like other folks, and be

contented here.

But Betsy has a temper, sir, and I've a

temper, too.

And when we commence to fight, we fight

the same through.

In this, our latest little fuss, she fairly

scrambled me down;

She grabbed my silver locks, and tore them

from my crown.

She thrashed me with a hazel stick—it might

be called my seat.

And then she cracked me on the head with

twenty lumps of coal;

She took me by my Roman nose—the handle

of my hat.

She writing and twisted it about—Oh! gosh-

goshens how it tied!

She said I'd never bought for her a new and

shiny silk.

And then she bang kerstosh on me a crock

of butter.

She said I was an ugly man—a mean and

lying cheat—

And up her foot went, sudden-like, and I

went off my seat.

"Now, Cale," she said, "just sit you there,

and listen while I talk;

I'll show you now I am boss, and make you

love the chalk.

You ain't no man, oh, dear! of high and

modest tone.

To lounge about that drinking hole, and

leave me here alone.

"This years ago since first we met; you said

you loved me well;

You said you'd always be the same—in hap-

pinous we'd dwell;

You said you knew these me'er was one you

would not fondly prize."

And while she spoke, oh, me! 'tis true, the

tears came in her eyes.

'Twas very strange to see her thus, my Betsy

shedding tears!

I'm sure I had not seen her cry for more

than twenty years.

It took me back into the past—the pain of

long ago—

When she and I stood by the grave of dar-

ling little Sam.

I thought I'd like to say to her, "My Betsy,

and you weep."

If you forgive me, true it is I will my pre-

mise keep.

I'll drink no more, I'll stay at home, for 'tis

not my fault.

And you can help me, if you will, to be a

better man.

But Betsy had the floor just then—I thought

I'd speak.

I thought I'd wait and hear her through, if

she would talk a week.

Upon the floor I rested still—and sure 'twas

rather queer.

If I had not taken a chair there might

have been a fuss.

And then she spoke to me again: "Have you

forgot the past?"

Have you forgot our sunny life before it was

so dark?"

Ah! Cale, I truly loved you then—you were

so kind and true—

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A KING FOR AN HOUR.

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