

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XXI.—NO. 50

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY R. W. STURROCK.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 16, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

THE MEN WHO FELL AT BALTIMORE.

BY JOHN W. FORNEY.

Our country's call awoke the land
From mountain height to ocean strand.
The old Keystone, the Bay State, too,
In all her direst dangers true,
Beside her banner, for her to die;
For her to bleed, for her to die;
And so they marched, their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Our men from Berks and Schuylkill came—
Lehigh and Mifflin in their train;
First in the field they sought the way,
Hearts beating high and spirits gay;
Heard the wild yell of frenzied spite,
Of armed mobs on left and right;
But on they marched, their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Next came the Massachusetts men,
Gathered from city, glade and glen;
No hate for South, but love for all,
They answered to their country's call.
The path to them seemed broad and bright;
They sought no foe and no fight;
As on they marched, their flag before,
New England's braves, through Baltimore.

But when they showed their martial pride,
And their glittering uniforms wide,
They found their welcome in the fire
Of olden foes and demons dire,
Who, like the fiend, from hell sent forth,
Attacked these heroes of the North;
These heroes bold, with travel sore,
Went on their way through Baltimore.

From every siding den and street,
They pushed the gallant band to meet—
Forgot the cause they came to save—
Forgot that they were struck were brave—
Forgot the dearest ties of blood,
That bound them in one brotherhood—
Forgot that flag that floated o'er
Their country in that Baltimore.

And the great song their lips had penned,
To rally freedom to defend,
To rally freedom to defend,
That makes victorious all our wars,
Was hushed to silence, and sadly then
They greeted all the gallant men
Who came from Massachusetts shores
To Washington, through Baltimore.

And when, with wildest grief, at last,
They saw their comrades falling fast,
They fell on the bell tolling men,
They wheeled, and drove the coward back
Then, with their hearts exulting with woe,
Measured their progress, stern and slow,
They wound on their shoulders and bore
To Washington, through Baltimore.

Yet while New England mourns her dead,
No blood by Freedom's flag is shed,
Like that which flowed at Lexington,
When Freedom's earliest fight began,
Will make the day, the month, the year,
Dearly patriot's memory dear,
Tears of great fathers gone before,
Tears left for Right at Baltimore!

After every honored grave,
Where sleeps the "unretiring brave,"
A mother's sob, a young wife's moan,
A father for his lost one groans,
Oh! let the people ne'er forget,
Our deep, enduring, lasting debt
To those who left their native shore
And died for us in Baltimore.

Miscellaneous.

[From Motley's History of the United Netherlands.]

A Thrilling Sketch.

It was 6 o'clock of a chill autumn morning, October 2, 1558. It was time for day to break, but the fog was so thick that a man at a distance of five yards was quite invisible. The creaking of wagon wheels and the measured tramp of soldiers soon became faintly audible, however, as Sir John Norris and his five hundred as they sat there in the mist. Presently came galloping forward in hot haste those nobles and gentlemen, with their esquires, fifty men in all—Sidney, Willoughby and the rest whom Leicester had no longer been able to refrain from taking part in the adventure.

A force of infantry, the amount of which cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, had been ordered by the Earl to cross the bridge at a later moment. Sidney's cornet of horse was then in order to assist in quelling an anticipated revolt, so that he came, like most of his companions, as a private volunteer and knight errant.

The arrival of the expected convoy was soon distinctly heard; but no scouts or outposts had been stationed to give timely notice of the enemy's movements. Suddenly the fog which had surrounded the scene so closely, rolled away like a curtain, and in full light of an October morning the Englishmen found themselves face to face with a compact body of more than three thousand men. The Marquis del Vesto rode at the head of the force, surrounded by a band of mounted archers. The cavalry, under the famous Epirate chief, George Crasina, Hannibal Gonzaga, Bentivoglio, Sesa, Conti and other distinguished commanders, followed; the columns of pikemen and musketeers lined the hedge rows on both sides of the causeway; while between them the long train of wagons came slowly along under their protection. The whole force had got in motion after having sent notice of their arrival to Verdugo, who, with one or two thousand men, was expected to rally forth almost immediately from the city gate.

There was but brief time for deliberation. Notwithstanding the tremendous odds, there was no thought of retreat. Black Norris called to Sir William Stanley, with whom he had been at variance so lately at Doersburg.

"There hath been ill-blood between us," he said, "let us be friends together this day, and die side by side, if need be, in Her Majesty's name."

"If you see me not serv my Prince with faithful courage now," replied Stanley, "account me forever a coward. Living or dying I will stand or lie by you in friendship."

As they were speaking these words the young Earl of Essex, general of the horse, cried to his handful of troopers:

"Follow me, good fellows, for the honor of England and of England's Queen."

As he spoke he dashed, lance in rest, upon the enemy's cavalry, overthrowing the foremost man, horse and rider, shivering his own spear to splinters, and then, swinging his cruel axe, rode merrily forward. His whole little troop, compact as an arrow-head, flew with an irresistible shock against the opposing columns, pierced clear through them, and scattered them in all directions. At the very first charge one hundred Englishmen drove the Spanish and Albanian cavalry back upon the musketeers and pikemen. Wheeling with rapidity, they retired before a volley or musket shot, by which many horses were killed, and then formed again to renew the attack. Sir Philip Sidney, on coming to the field, having met Sir William Pelham, the veteran Lord Marshal, lightly armed, had with chivalrous extravagance thrown off his own cuirasses, and now rode to the battle with no armor but his cuirass. At the second charge his horse was shot under him, but mounting another, he was seen everywhere in the thickest of the fight, behaving himself with a gallantry which extorted admiration even from the enemy.

For the battle was a series of personal encounters in which high officers were doing the work of private soldiers. Lord North, who had been lying "bed rid" with a musket shot in the leg, had got himself put on horseback, and "with one boot on and one boot off," bore himself "most lustily" through the whole affair. "I desire that Her Majesty may know," he said, "that I live but to save her. A better barony than I have could not hire the Lord North to live on men's terms." Sir William Russell laid about him with his cruel axe to such purpose that the Spaniards pronounced him a devil and not a man.

"Wherever," said an eye witness, "he saw five or six of the enemy together, thither would he, and with his hard knocks soon separate their friendship."

Lord Willoughby encountered George Crasina, General of the famed Albanian cavalry, unhorsed him at the first shock and rolled him into the ditch.

"I yield me thy prisoner," called out the Epirate in French, "for thou art a *preux chevalier*," while Willoughby, trusting to his captive's word galloped onward, and with him the rest of the little troop, till they seemed swallowed up by the superior numbers of the enemy. His horse was shot under him, his basen were torn from his legs, he was nearly taken prisoner, but fought his way back with incredible strength and good fortune. Sir William Stanley's horse had seven bullets in him, but bore his rider unhurt to the end of the battle. Leicester declared Sir William and "old Read" to be worth their weight in pearl.

Hannibal Gonzaga, leader of the Marquis del Vesto, commander of the expedition nearly met the same fate. An Englishman was just cleaving his head with a battle-axe, when a Spaniard transfixed the other soldier with his pike. The most obstinate struggle took place about the train of wagons. The teamsters had fled in the beginning of the action, but the English and Spanish soldiers struggled with the horses, and pulling them forward and backward, tried in vain to get exclusive possession of the convoy which was the cause of the action.

The carts at last forced their way slowly nearer and nearer to the town, while the combat still went on, warm as ever, between the hostile squadrons. The action lasted an hour and a half, and again and again the Spanish horsemen wavered and broke before the handful of English, and fell back upon their musketeers. Sir Philip Sidney, in the last charge, rode quite through the enemy's ranks till he came back upon their entrenchments when a man ket ball from the camp struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee. Although desperately wounded in a part that should have been protected by the cuirasses which he had thrown aside, he was not inclined to leave the field; but his own horse had been shot under him at the beginning of the action, and the one upon whom he was now mounted became too restive for him, thus crippled, to control.

He turned reluctantly away and rode a mile and a half back to the entrenchments, suffering extreme pain, for his leg was dreadfully shattered. As he passed along the edge of the battle-field his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier "looked wistfully in his face," when Sidney, instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming, "thy necessity is even greater than mine."

He then pleaded his dying comrade in a draught, and was soon afterwards met by his uncle, "Oh! Phillip," cried Leicester, in despair, "I am truly grieved to see thee in this plight." But Sidney confronted him with manly words, and assured him that death was sweet in the cause of his Queen and country. Sir William Russell, too, all blood-stained from the fight, threw his arms around his friend, wept like a child, and kissing his hand, exclaimed: "Oh! noble Sir Phillip, never did man attain hurt so honorably, or serve so valiantly as you."

Sir William Pelham declared "that Sidney's noble courage in the face of our enemies had won him a name of continuing honor."

A man remarked that he experienced much joy the first year of his marriage, but the second year he found more joy than he anticipated.

Dr. Franklin says that "every fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

Little Walter.

"I knew a little lame boy once," said a lady to some village children; "he was called Walter; he had a hump on his back that you would have felt quite sorry to see, and a very pale face."

He could not walk about, or even sit up in his chair; he was obliged to lie nearly always, and the only change he had was when he was wheeled in the morning from the bedroom where he stayed all day. Walter's father and mother were dead, and the people he lived with had not much time to notice or think about him. They used to come into the room every morning, and then he saw them no more until dinner-time. He used to hear them running up and down stairs, going out and in—Shall I tell you how he spent the long hours when he was left by himself?

A kind lady had given him a few story books, and a little horse and cart that made a tinkling when it moved its wheels. The first thing he did every morning was to push this cart up and down the room with a long stick; he liked to hear the bells ringing as the cart moved, but as he had no one to talk to about it, he soon got tired of playing with it, and then shovelled it into its place under the table, and took his picture story books. He could not read; no one had ever taught him; but he liked to look at the pictures, and fancy what they were all about. And he liked to look down into the street, and watch the people passing his window, and to learn to know their faces.

The first person who used to come every morning was the butcher's boy. When he came in sight he always set off running, and he made an odd face as he looked up at the little window, which at first frightened Walter, but afterwards he thought that perhaps the butcher's boy did it to amuse him, and if so it was kind of him to do so. The milk boy used to look up at the window and touch his cap, and that pleased Walter. At four o'clock the baker's cart passed down the street; and at five, on winter evenings, came the lamp-lighter. It was a treat to Walter to watch him. He could see five lamps from where he lay, and there was one just opposite his little window.

But there was something still better about the little street into which Walter's window looked. There was a day school for boys and girls at the end of it, and as Walter saw the scholars pass down the street four times every day, he learned to know their faces, and thought he made out a great deal besides. On his very worst days, when he was obliged to lie back and often shut his eyes, on account of the pain in his head, he used to brighten up and feel better when the time came for afternoon school to break up.

He used to long so to know who would go straight home, and who would stay to play in the street, and what games they would choose. He made up names for boys from things he had seen them do. There was Bent his little brother; Walter could not like that boy, or feel glad when he won a game. There was Always a little too late. He was a fat good-natured looking boy. Walter longed every morning to call out to him, and tell him to be quick when he saw him sauntering round the corner of the street, with his green bag trailing in the dust, just as the school bell stopped ringing. Then there was a nice boy whom he called Give-his-apple-away; and little Just-in-time, whom always reached the little school-room door the very minute before it was closed, but who had to run for it, which made poor Walter very anxious on his account.

Besides there was a little boy and girl who always walked to school hand-in-hand. Walter thought he would fancy them to be Johnny and Naomi. They were not too full of their own business or their own play to think about Walter. The very first time they passed Naomi touched Johnny's shoulder, and they both looked up at the window and smiled and nodded; and ever after that, four times every day, they used to stop, and Walter nodded and smiled, and kissed his pale thin hand to them. Even when it rained they did not forget Walter, and so Walter liked seeing them pass better than anything else that happened to him all through the day.

Johnny and Naomi did not often stay to play with the other children in the street; it was now and then on a sunny afternoon, that Walter could see Johnny win a race, and Naomi play at shuttlecock, and he was always pleased when he thought they won, and sometimes used to clap his hands and shout, though he knew well that no one could hear him.

A winter passed and a summer, and it was winter again, and Walter had seen Johnny and Naomi every day; when one cold, snowy morning, Johnny passed, and stopped to look up and smile, but without Naomi. Walter felt sorry.

"I wish to-morrow was come," thought he, "that I might see them both." To-morrow came; all the children passed the window on their way to school, except Johnny and Naomi. Day followed day, but poor Walter never saw them again.

Three weeks passed away, and one morning Walter was looking down the street from his window, when an old man came and knocked at the door, and asked to see him.

The old man took hold of Walter's thin hand and sat down in a chair beside him; then he took a parcel out of his pocket and began to unpeck it. There was a doll in it, and a top, and an old story book.

Walter knew the doll and the top well; they were Johnny's and Naomi's favorite playthings, which they had shown him at the gate.

The old man then said to Walter, "My little grandchildren used often to tell me about you; they were afraid you would be unhappy when you did not see them come down the street. They begged me to give you these playthings, that you might have something to amuse you, now that you will not see them again."

"Not see them again?" said Walter; "why, will they never come again?"

"Look here," said the old man, and he opened a book and showed Walter a picture

of a flock of white lambs feeding near a beautiful river; and he told him a beautiful story of a good Shepherd who calls little children His lambs, and who sometimes sends for them to live with Him in a happy place, where no one is ever ill or in pain, and where all is beauty and happiness.

When the old man saw that Walter liked to hear about this, he told him that there is indeed a Good Shepherd, that He would take care of Johnny and Naomi, and that some time in that happy place he hoped that Walter would see them again.

After this time Walter grew paler and thinner, and though doctors came to see him they could do him no good.

One warm spring evening he asked his nurse to wheel his sofa once more to the little window. The sun was setting and all the school children were playing in the street. He watched them through a long game of oranges and lemons, and tried to clap his hands when Just-in-time won the race.

Then the sun set, and all the children stood wishing each other good night by the gate. With a great effort, Walter raised himself up, and leaned over towards the open window.

"Good night, good night," said he to the children.

It was the first time he had ever spoken to the children, and it was the last; for when the nurse turned round to look he had fallen back on the sofa—he was dead.

[From the Homestead.]

A Stir in a Poor Neighborhood.

"I had to come to it," said Squire Bogart, as he leaned over the fence, and put a fresh quid in his cheek.

"Had to come to what?" asked John Nugent, as he stood in the road with his gun on his shoulder and a string of gray squirrels trailing upon the ground.

"Why, haint ye heern o' it? My old barn blew down in the line storm, and I had to put up another."

"Wal, it is ill wind that blows nobody any good. I guess it's about the best thing that has happened to ye this many a day. I have allers been ashamed of that barn for ye, whenever I have come by it, looked so bad."

"Ashamed! better look to him, John Nugent, and see yer own barn with the boards dangling in the air, and the doors down. It is nothing but a standin' miracle, that has kept it up this year."

"Guess ye haint ben up our way lately, Squire; got a new barn myself, with a cellar and sheds to it, and lots of fixin's."

"You don't say it! Wal, now what ye gwine to do with a cellar under a barn, pray tell, ef ye know?"

"Goin' to make manure, s'pose, at least the old woman sez so, and ef I don't do it, she and the young ones will. Says she aint going to live at this poor dying rate any longer."

"So ye had to cave in on the cellar, had ye? Wal, ye see I didn't. Wife advised me to, and Col. Smith sez I was a fool of I didn't. But I carried my pint strate there, and built a barn in the good old way. I don't see what has got into the folks lately, all crazy about building cellars, and making manure. Hardly a barn put up in this town this five years back but it's listed up on a cellar wall, just like stilts. Now ye see, it stands to reason, that it's a great deal harder to get things into it, and it makes the barn colder to have the wind playin' under it, and I never could see the use of making such a fuss about manure. It makes the land produce more to be sure, but it alters looked to me like folks drinking brandy. It makes 'em smart for a while while, and then they feel a little worse for it. I guess it's a good deal so with this highly-mannered land."

"Wal, it may be so; but my woman has got to takin' the papers, and has been up to the fair, where she see so many things it liked to turn her head, she shed the smashes, punkins up there she ever did see, and beets that beat all, and such handsome potatoes as they used to have in old times, before the rot struck 'em and that they were all grown by making compost out of muck and stable manure in a barn cellar. She haint talked of nothing else since she got back. She begun as soon as she got home, and she has kept it up day and night. I haint hardly had a chance to sleep—blamed ef I have. 'Now,' sez she, 'John, you ken have a barn and a cellar just as well as others, ef you're only a mind to think so. The gittin' yer courage up is allers half the battle in anything. There's a place out back of the old barn made a purpose for a cellar cella'most. With just a little digging a barn with a cellar would fit in there, just like a duck's foot in the mud. You have got timber enough in the woods, and the sawmill is handy, and then there is no need to be cleared out. Then you've got muck enough down there in the swamp, and you might wheel it in with a wheel barrow ef you can't get it any other way. At any rate I and the young ones can get it in ef you can't."

"Now what upon airth could a feller do when his woman talked to him in that sort of style? I had to go to carting saw-logs right off, and haint had a chance to go a squirrel hunting till to-day. The barn's done, cellar and all, and a shed to put the old waggin' under, and the hull yards kivered with muck a foot or more."

"Wal, now, that's just like yer, John Nugent, allers nosed round by a woman! Ye see Miss Bogart knows her place—knows that she can't nose me round, eny how. I expect to dig my grave about the time I dig a barn cellar."

This conversation between Jeremiah Bogart and John Nugent shows quite a change since we drew the sketches of these old style farmers not quite two years ago. We had occasion to pass their houses lately, and were about as much astonished at the change as they seemed to be at each other's improvements. There stood Jerry, leaning against the side of his new barn, enjoying the October sun and a fresh quid, in a very contemplative mood. The new barn was manifestly a great event in his history, and we fear was not paid for—

There was no muck in the yard, and if the owner has his way there probably never will be.

The broken-down corn-crib is yet standing, though in a more dilapidated condition than ever. More boards are missing from the rear, and more shingles from the roof. Yet even in this receptacle of all the run down tools upon the farm, we saw a new plow, cultivator and harrow, showing that Jerry is getting new ideas into his head in spite of himself.

When we reached John Nugent's we thought we had lost the way, but the old one-horse wagon with the white oak thills unpeeled, was a landmark not to be mistaken. There was a new barn, with the inevitable cellar, and a good natured-looking woman, with both hands on her hips, looking on with as much satisfaction as if she were monarch of all she surveyed. A ditch had been dug straight through the old swamp, and heaps of muck were tipped up by the roadside, good evidence that a new leaf had been turned over. True, the ditch was not very deep, and no sufficient outlet had been provided for the water, but a beginning to drain had been made, and this always has a logical consequence. That swamp will bear better grass next year, and more of it, and John's wife will see it, if he does not. She will suggest that if water could only run off all it wanted to, the grass would be much higher and sweeter still, and there would be more butter to sell, she has John under her thumb though he does not know it and there will be more ditching there next fall, done by herself in the way she built the barn. It is a blessed thing that some of our farmers have good wives. It takes a woman to read the papers, and then follows reform.

Step-Mothers

BY ONE OF THEM.

The difference between good and bad step-mothers; (for, let who will deny it, there are good step-mothers) is that the latter give way to nature, and the former don't. For the truth of the matter is, that seen without the clamour of mother love, children are more or less trying, and one who is not a blood relation to them has to let nature work, in order to become a perfect hater of, and tyrant over them.

It is easy enough for any woman, not of their near kindred, to see in a flock of little ones so many ugly and hateful, or at least, so many careless, stupid, blundering, noisy, artful, or mischievous and meddlesome tricks and characteristics, that to love them is a hard job indeed.

This is true even among little girls, but when you come to boys—! We will just intimate to any one who contemplates undertaking the charge of a widower and his boys, that she had better get into her chamber a little while, "hang herself considerably," and she'll feel better afterwards. But if she won't hang herself, it is her duty and her interest, the one as much as the other, to get along with the whole concern in a pleasant loving manner.

And the only earthly way for her to do this is to force herself to act by those boys as if they were actually her own. Feel like an own mother to them, of course she cannot. That is not required, and a woman is a fool to waste her much needed strength in attempting impossible things. But actions, words, manners, are subject to our control, and if the woman that has taken possession of those boys' father and put herself in the place of their own dead mother, don't endeavor to view them from a true mother's standpoint, and to treat them with the favor and consideration of a true mother, she ought to be dealt with without judge or jury.

Precisely here comes the split between good and bad step-dames. The bad one allows herself to see in those troublesome boys, only troublesome boys. And she grows to feel that they are sore annoyance, and that they deserve no part in home comforts or joy. She begins to think everything spent on or for them is thrown away. But the good step-dame views, in the great troublesome boys, the precious treasures of a dead mother's heart, and with single purpose she strives to treat them accordingly.

If the second wife have children, she is the more strongly tempted to consider the faults of the first lot as good reason for making a difference between them and her dears. Not that she would be confessedly unjust—oh, no, she hides from her own eyes, (but from no others) her selfishness; but her children, are, she thinks, so pretty, so bright, so interesting, so well worth all a mother's care and pains, that they really ought to have more indulgences and advantages than that other wild set.

They are so affectionate, too, (ah the poor children whose mother is beneath the sod are not apt to appear affectionate—they dare not, their little hearts are frozen) that it seems natural and easy to pet them, and wink at their little peccadilloes. Well, now while the natural woman gives full way to those selfish views and emotions, and allows herself every year to become more interested in the welfare of her own, and less so in that of the first wife's children, measuring their relative deserts by her own feelings, and often hardly aware that there is a virtue in those unhappy first ones, the woman of sense and nobleness just says to her heart, when she finds herself starting off on the same track. "Here, stop you can't go one step in that path. Suppose there comes a third wife, as very likely there may, would she thing my children any more deserving of favor and love than the first ones are? My role must be, deal with the children of the dead mother as kindly, patiently, lovingly and justly as I would wish to have mine dealt with by my successor. In short, I must make my yearning love for my own brood the rule of action toward all that call my husband father."

And in this spirit does the good step mother act. She resolutely refuses to look on the trying side of "those first children." All that there is in them of good she diligently seeks for, and makes the most of, and so behaves to them that they fully confide in, and sincerely honor and love her.

How the JAPANESE RESTORE FADED FLOWERS.—After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a simple and seemingly most destructive operation. A writer at Nagasaki says: "I had received some days ago a delightful bunch of flowers from a Japanese acquaintance. They continued to live in their beauty for nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman, (Japanese gentleman,) came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him, that though lasting a long time, they had now become useless. "Oh, no," said he, "only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before." I was incredulous—so he took them himself and held the stems' ends in the fire until they were completely charred. This was in the morning; at evening they were again looking vigorous, and have continued so for another week. What may be the true agent in this reviving process, I am unable to determine fully; whether it be heat driving once more the last juices into the very leaflet and vein, or whether it be the bountiful supply of carbon furnished by the charring, I am inclined, however, to the latter cause, as the full effect was not produced until some eight hours afterwards, and as it seems that, if the heat was the principal agent, it must have been sooner followed by visible changes.

THE JACKALS OF INDIA.—Rev. J. M. Thornburn is itinerating in India with a native friend whom he calls "Samuel." In the last *Pittsburgh Advertiser* he has a letter written from "Haidwahce," concluding thus:

"The jackals are very plenty around this village, and they make the night hideous with their howling. A jackal is a little larger than a red fox, and resembles a fox somewhat, but is more clumsy and wolfish looking. They feed on carion or offal, and are not only harmless, but really useful in this hot climate, where such scavengers are greatly needed. Their manner of howling is peculiar. They come quietly around the village in all directions, each running alone, looking for something to eat, and all keeping very quiet till some one gives a quick sharp yell. Then another takes up the cry, and then two or three more, and so on, till it seems that hundreds are screaming in every direction. One yells like a boy whooping through the village, another howls like a moaning dog, another yelps like a fox, twenty others scream in a chorus, and finally all join in an uproar like a thousand cats fighting and screaming with a hundred boys looking on and screaming with delight. At this point the uproar becomes hideous beyond description. This lasts for two or three minutes, when all becomes quiet again, till some one gives the signal for a fresh howl."

VALUE OF AN EXPLANATION.—A certain king it is said, sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else —" The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied, "I have not one, and if I had —"

On which wealthy cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they both thought themselves that, as their armies and resources were exhausted and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which had formed the ground of the quarrel.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else —'"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color."

"But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had —'"

"Why, of course, if I had I should have sent it; an explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly."

THE PUZZLED FISHERMAN.—During our last conflict with Great Britain, a number of our troops were engaged in repairing the fortifications of Niagara, and whilst so engaged the enemy commenced a pretty sharp fire, so that it occupied nearly the whole of the time of our forces to keep on the look out for the shots of the enemy.

Finding that they did not make much headway, they stationed a son of the Emerald Isle to give warning when a shot or shell was coming.

This the sentinel faithfully performed, alternately singing out, "shot," "shell," "shot," "shell," until finally the enemy started a Congreve rocket, which Pat had never seen before.

He hesitated, and seeing it elevated, he shouted—

"Shot, and be jabbers the gun with it!"

EVERY MAN'S HOUSE HIS CASTLE.—The following is Lord Chatham's brilliant illustration of the celebrated maxim in English law, that "every man's house is his castle":

"The poorest man may, in his cottage, bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter; the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter! All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time," but now with the aid of a sewing machine, they take one in no time.

Prentice says a contemporary asks if we can throw any light upon kissing? We don't want to; the thing is done just as well in the dark.

A printer has this in common with a postman; he picks up letters and distributes them.

"To-morrow" is the day on which lazy folks work and fools reform.