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Select Poetry.

A Lesson of the War.

[Captain Stone, of a Massachusetts Regiment, being wounded in an engagement, lay for three days upon the battle field, and was saved from starvation only by a wounded rebel, who shared his rations with him.]

Fiercely raged the tide of battle,
Fiercely rang the wild hurrah,
Strains of martial music blending
With the clarion sound of war
On the blood red field of conquest
Lay the hero spirit brave,
While a comrade's ebbing life blood
O'er him poured its crimson wave.

Day had passed, and night had faded,
Morning's sunlight dawned again,
Still amid the dead and dying
Lay the hero in his pain.
O, that long, long night of anguish,
Ah, what careless lips shall tell?
Many a bleeding form around him
Gave to earth a last farewell!

Say what dreams of loved ones
On New England's rocky shore,
Mingled with the wilde fancies
Of the cannon's fearful roar.
Who shall say what mother's kisses
On his brow in fancy fell?
Who shall speak the tender yearnings
Lingering round some old farewell?

Mooring broke in glowing splendor
O'er that field of carnage red,
Fiercely poured the sunlight glory
O'er the piles of mangled dead.
Fiercer grew the feverish burnings,
Breathing low he lieth still,
Battling with the field starvation,
Father, shall it be Thy will?

Pale and wan with fearful anguish,
Breathing forth one earnest prayer,
Drinking in the golden glory,
Hovering over earth and air,
Drinking in the low toned whispers
Of his dear one's last farewell;
Wildering fancies thronging o'er him,
Thoughts no human tongue can tell!

Hark! a sweet toned voice of succor;
See! a hand extends him food,
Comrade! brother! blissful music—
Brother! though of Southern blood!
Hand clasps hand with gentle pressure
Saved, oh Father! by Thy will!
Yet a nation vainly yearneth
For Thy blessed "Peace be still."

Dying heroes, weeping mother,
Breaking hearts, oh God! how long
Ere Thy voice shall calm the tempest,
And the right replace the wrong!
God of mercy—light eternal—
From the gracious T rone above,
Smile upon our severed nation—
Fold the North and South in love

JERSEY BLUE.

A Night before the Wedding.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

"This must be the last of your wedding gift, Vaninka,' said Madame Brentano, handing a small package to her daughter; as you are to be married to-morrow, and it is now quite late in the evening, I think there will be no more.'

'Mother!' said the young girl, in a frightened tone, holding up a small jet necklace, the contents of the package, 'see, it is black! It is ominous. Oh, what grief can be in store for Henry and me!'

'None, none, Vaninka! this is mere folly,' said the mother in a tone of rebuke.

But it was some minutes before the young maiden recovered her calmness.—Then, conquering her weakness by a vigorous effort, she said, lightly:

'Am I not silly, mother? You will laugh when I tell you it; but my blood ran cold, and my flesh seemed to creep, as I touched this bauble, as if it had been a serpent. See, I do not mind it now.'

Vaninka Brentano was the only child of wealthy Prussian commoners. She had long been betrothed to Henry Werder, a young officer in the Prussian army; but, owing to the wars in Europe, their wedding had been long delayed. Now, however, there was peace, and the lovers were to be united the day after the one toward the end of which my story commences.—Vaninka was devotedly attached to her betrothed, and too happy at the near approach of their nuptials, to allow the black necklace to disquiet her long. Her parents left the room, and, throwing herself into a chair, she leaned her head against its back, and sank into a revery, her fingers mechanically playing the while with her last gift. It was easy to see that her reflections were of a pleasant nature, for, ever and anon, a beautiful smile stole over her features, and fading gradually away, still left the same expression of quiet happiness. She had been sitting there sometime, when another person entered the room. The intruder was a young, handsome man, dressed in full Prussian uniform. His face was pale, and wore an agitated look, strongly contrasting with the peaceful smile on Vaninka's lips. She did not hear him enter, and he stood for a moment looking, with his eyes beaming with tenderness upon her; then, with the air of a man who has a distressing duty to perform, he advanced and stood before her.

'Henry!' she exclaimed, starting to her feet, 'I did not expect you this evening; has anything happened?'

'Much, much, Vaninka. Sit down again, and I will take this stool at your feet. My own beloved, I came to tell you that our wedding must be postponed.'

'Our wedding!' cried the astonished girl.'

'Even so! You are astonished, perhaps hurt; have I told you too abruptly?—Look in my face, Vaninka, and see what I suffered before I would grieve you with my bad news'

'But, Henry, I do not understand.—Why must we wait still longer?'

'Because I must leave you in twenty minutes'

'Leave me?'

'Yes! Napoleon has left Elba, and is even now in Paris; our troops leave the city in half an hour.'

'Henry! am I awake? No, no, Henry, you are not in earnest. Ah! she said, shuddering, as she caught sight of the necklace, 'I said it was ominous. I—I—Henry, you cannot leave me. To-night, too! the very night before our wedding.'

'Vaninka, do not tremble and sob so.—Vaninka! he cried straining her to his breast, I must go; the clock points to the time I set to leave you, Vaninka. She has fainted. Better so!' And, kissing her pale face again and again, he laid her on the sofa, and went in search of her parents. A few words told them all, and, bearing their fervent blessings he departed.

Weeks past and Vaninka heard nothing from her lover. She grew pale and thin; her movements were languid, and her former light step grew slow and heavy.—She no longer sung at her work, but would let her hands fall listlessly into her lap, and heave deep sighs: while sometimes the great tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

At length there came the news of the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon had been defeated and all Europe was ringing with the tidings. Vaninka's suspense now amounted to perfect agony. 'Henry,' she would cry, 'Is he killed? Oh, when will he come?'

One morning, when she was seated with her mother, sowing, she was told that a Prussian officer wanted to see her. With her heart trembling between fear and hope, she obeyed the summons. As she slowly entered the room, a stranger rose and advanced to meet her.

'Mademoiselle Brentano!' he inquired, bowing.

'The same. Will you be seated sir?'

'I am Frederick Listen; I served in the battle of Waterloo, in the same regiment with Henry Werder, and he requested me to deliver this to you.' And as he finished he placed a small package in her hands.

'Why does he not come himself? He is not dead? Oh, says he is not dead!' she said in a voice of such imploring agony that the young soldier felt the tears rise in his eyes.

'Lady,' he said, in a sad tone, 'Henry fell at Waterloo!'

She did not scream nor faint, but sank in the chair near her with only a moan of agony. He mistook her silent tearless agony for calmness, and began to relate the particulars of his comrade's death, and delivered his dying message to his betrothed. Vaninka heard every word, but she neither spoke nor stirred, but sat with her eyes fixed on the little package he had given her. He left her and her mother found her, half an hour after still in the same position.

'Vaninka, she said, 'who was your visiter?'

There was no answer.

'Vaninka! she said again. 'Are you ill?' and she laid her hand gentally upon her arm.

'Dead, mother; dead,' she said, now raising her eyes.

'Who is dead, darling?' asked her mother, frightened at her strange tone.

Vaninka slowly opened her package, drew out the ring and hair it contained, and murmuring, Henry!' 'Oh, mother, he is dead!' she fell sobbing into her mother's arms.

* * * * * * *

We change the scene now to Waterloo, in the latter part of the battle between the armies of Napoleon and Washington.—The movement we choose is the one in which the Imperial Guard of the Emperor threw themselves with desperate valor between the advancing Prussian forces and the English army, to prevent their joining their strength. Henry Werder at the head of his regiment, felt his heart throb with intense excitement, as the two immense columns, the flower of the French army, advanced upon the English troops. They came on in silence, until the range of the batteries prepared to receive them; then a terrific discharge, seeming to rend heaven and earth, scattered death among their ranks; still these veterans advanced; the honor of their nation was in peril; they could die, but not turn before the enemy; another discharge and the Prussian troops who had been rapidly nearing the scene of action, then dashed amongst them. The Guard imperial de Napoleon was utterly annihilated. One exultant shout was raised by the allied armies, as this fearful crisis was decided in their favor.

But where, in the moment of victory, was Henry? Stretched upon the field; his head supported by a fellow officer, Frederick Listen, and the life-blood flowing from a wound in his breast.

'Frederick,' he murmured, in a dying voice, 'you will see Vaninka?'

'If I live,' answered his comrade, with deep emotion

'You give her this ring and cut some of my hair off for her. Tell her my dying thoughts were all of her. Heaven bless you, my comrade. Farewell?' and his head fell heavily back.

'Dead?' said Frederick, 'and I must leave him here'

Frederick was mistaken Henry was not dead, he had only fainted. Some hours afterwards he was lying on a hospital bed in a raving delirium. For weeks his life hung upon a thread: then a young constitution triumphed, and he began to mend. His physician positively forbade his returning to Prussia, and warning him that his lungs were much affected, he recommended a winter in Italy. Writing a long letter to Vaninka, to explain his long absence, Henry made his preparations, and after an illness of over three months' started, in the early part of October, for Naples. He remained there gaining health and strength, until the next June, and then started for home. During his residence in Italy, had written again and again, to both Vaninka and Frederick, and wondered why he had received no letter in answer. His epistles never reached them.

* * * * * * *

We now turn to Vaninka. Contrary to the fears of her friends, she had seemed to bear her loss with calmness. She had been so long in a state of agonizing suspense, that any certainty, even this direful one was a relief. Still her step did not retain its elasticity, and her grief, if not loud, was deep. She grew paler and thinner, and now frequently kept her room for days together.

Her lover had been gone some eight months, when her hand was again sought in marriage. George Weimar was a gentle mild old man of about seventy years of age, wealthy, and of large influence in his native town. He was an old friend of Vaninka's father, and had long thought of seeing Vaninka for his bride. When, however, he had seen the place he coveted about to be worthily filled, he had kept silent on the subject of his desires, and cultivated the acquaintance of his lady's betrothed. Now, deceived as others were by Vaninka's quiet demeanor, he advanced his suit. Her parents, knowing that he would spare no pains or expense to make her happy, urged their child to make the offer, and she consented to see him.

'Mr. Weimar,' she said, 'I wish to tell you how grateful I feel for your kind flattering offer, and to place my situation fully before you. Since I heard of my irreparable loss, I have felt that I should ere long join him; still I have endeavored faithfully to perform the duties left to me. I do not think I shall live long; but if I can by any means add to the happiness of another, God has granted me the will to do so. If you will accept my hand, knowing that my heart is in Henry's grave, it is yours, and I will endeavor to fulfil my duties as a wife, trusting in your love and indulgence to forgive, if I fail to make you happy while I am with you.'

The good old man was too happy to have his offer accepted on any terms, and he thanked her warmly. A day was set for the wedding, and all things were making ready.

Mr. Weimar hoped, by traveling and other diversions of the mind to raise his bride's spirit and prolong her feeble life.

* * * * * *

Again it was the night before Vaninka's wedding, and again she was seated, lost in thought, in the same chair that he first saw her in. Now alas, the revery was a very painful one, and low, choking sobs took the place of her former happy smiles. She was sitting painfully reflecting on the past, when a shadow fell on the ground before her, and raising her eyes, she saw a stranger standing looking on her. He stood with his back to the light; she could not see his face, but something made her heart stand still as she rose to greet him. He only said one word, 'Vaninka!' and, exclaiming, 'Henry!' she sprang to his embrace. He caught her passionately to his breast and held her there as if he feared another separation.

'So,' said a pleasant voice at the door, 'there is a change of bridegrooms,' and Mr. Weimar entered the room. Vaninka stood a moment confused, but taking her hand he placed it in Henry's saying:—'Take her, Henry; she is too young, good and handsome for an old man like myself. I was an old fool to think of it. Take her and my warmest blessing attend your union' And with a kind, beaming smile, the old man left them together.

This time Vaninka's wedding was not postponed, and as Henry and Vaninka stood before the alter, Mr. Weimar watched the happy, blushing face of the bride, owned that he could not have called up, with all his devotion, such an expression of perfect love and joy.

DOG FIGHT IN FROGTOWN.

There is an excellent moral to the following story, which is told with great skill. It shows us how a whole village is sometimes torn to pieces by a fight between two pupies.

The most remarkable dog fight on record came off at Frogtown on the Frontier of Maine, some years ago.

A fanciful genius, named Joe Tucker, a man about-town, a lounger, without visible means of support—a do-nothing, loafing, cigar-smoking, good natured fellow, owned a dog; a sleek intelligent, and rather pretty breast, always at Joe's heels, and known as well as his master, and liked far more by the Frogtowners. One day Joe and his dog were passing Bunion's grocery store, when a pie-bald ugly looking dog standing by a wood wagon, bounded on to Joe Tucker's—knocked him heels over head, and so frightened Bob Carter's wife, who was passing towards her husband's blacksmith shop with his dinner that she stumbled backwards and her old bonnet flopped off, and scarred a horse attached to a wagon. He started, hit Latherm's barber pole, upset a load of wood, all of which falling down Gumbo's refreshment cellar, struck ode of the Gumbo's children on the head, killed it for a short time, stone dead, and so alarmed Mrs Gumbo, that she dropped a stew pan of boiling hot oysters into the lap instead of the dish of the customer who sat waiting for the savory concoction by a table in the cornor. Mrs. Gumbo rushed for the child; the customer for the door.—Mrs. Gumbo screamed, the child screamed, and the customer yelled;

"Oh, oh! oh, oh, oh! my poor child!" cried Mrs. Gumbo,

"Eh, e h e e e e e," screamed the poor child.

"Oh, murder! Oh, my everlasting sir, I'm scalded to all eternity! Murder! Murder!" reared the poor customer,

The horse, a part of the wagon, and some wood were in their mad career.—The owner of the strange dog came out of the store just in time to see Joe Tucker seize a rock to demolish the savage dog; and not waiting to see Joe let drive, gave him such a pop on the back, that poor Joe fell forty rods up the street, and striking a long ladder upon which Jim Ederby was perched, paint pot in hand, some thirty feet from *terra firma*, brought ladder, Jim and paint pot sprawling to the earth: crippling poor Jim for life, and sprinkling the blue paint over the broadcloths, sattinetts and calicoes of Abraham Miller, a formal and eventempered Quaker, who ran out the door just as the two dogs had gone fairly at it, nip and thigh nip and catch. A glance at matters seemed to convince Abraham of the true state of the case; and in an unusually elevated voice, Abraham called out to Joe Tucker, who had righted up:

"Joseph Tucker, thy dog's fighting!"

"Let 'em fight it out, yelled the pugnacious owner of the strange dog. "Let them fight it out; I'll bet a log of wood my dog can eat any dog in town, and I can eat the owner."

We have said Abraham Miller was a quiet man; Quakers are proverbially so. But the gauntlet thrown down by the stranger from the country stirred the gall of Abraham, and he rushed in the store. From the back yard, having slipped his collar, Abraham brought forth a brindle cur, strong, long and powerful.

"Friend," said the excited Quaker, "thy dog shall be well beaten, I promise thee! Hyke, seize upon him!—Turk here, boy," and the dogs went at it.

Bob Carter, the smith, coming up in time to hear the stranger's defiance to the town, and bent on a fight with somebody for the insult and damage done to his wife, clamped the collar of the stranger, and by a series of ten pound ten upon the face, back and sides of his bully antagonist, with his natural sledge hammers, Bob stirred up the strength and ire of the bully stranger to the top of his compass, and they made the sparks fly dreadfully.

Joe Tucker's dog, reinforced by Abraham Miller's, took a fresh start, and between the two the strange dog was being cruelly put to him trumps. Deacon Pugh, one of the most pious and substantial men in Frogtown, came up, and indeed the whole town was assembling, and Deacon Pugh, armed with a heavy walking stick, and shocked at the spectacle before him, marched up to the dogs, exclaiming as he did so.

"Fie, fie, for shame! disgraceful! you mean citizens of Frowtown, will you stand by and ——."

"Don't thee, don't thee strike my dog, Deacon Pugh," cried Abraham Miller, advancing to the Deacon, who was about to cut right and left among the dogs with his cane.

"Your dogs?" shouted the Deacon with evident fervor.

"Not my dogs, Deacon Pugh," said the Quaker.

"What did you say so for, then," shouted the Deacon.

"I never said dogs, Deacon Pugh."

"You did!" responded the Deacon with excitement.

"Deacon Pugh, thee speaks groundlessly," said the Quaker.

"You tell a falsehood, Abraham Miller"

"Thee utters a mendacious assertion," reiterated Abraham.

"You—you—you tell a lie," bawled the Deacon.

"Thee has provoked my evil passion, Deacon Pugh," shouted the stalwart Quaker, "and I will chastise thee."

And into the Deacon's wool went the Quaker. The Deacon, nothing loth, entered into the thing, and we leave them thus to "nip and tuck," to look to the stranger and Boo Carter, who fought and fit, and fit and fought, until Squire Catchem and the Constable came up, and in the attempt to preserve the peace and arrest the offenders, the Squire was thrust through the window of a neighboring watchmaker doing a heap of damage, while lawyer Hooker, in attempting to aid the constable, was struck by the furious blacksmith, in the short ribs, and went reeling down Gumbo's cellar with frightful velocity. The friends and fellow churchmen of Deacon Pugh took sides against the Quaker antagonist, and the shop boys of Abraham, seeing their employer thus beset, came to the rescue, while two Irishmen, believing it to be a "free fight," tried their hands and sticks upon the combatants indiscriminately, so that in less than half an hour the happy village of Frogtown was shaken from propriety by one grand, sublimely ridiculous and most terrific battle.

Heads and windows were smashed, children and women screamed, dogs barked, dust flew, labor ceased, and so furious, mad and excited became the whole community, that a quiet looker on, if there had been any, would have sworn the evil ones were all in Frogtown.

A heavy thunder storm finally put an end to the row, the dogs were all more or less killed, a child severely wounded, a man scalded, a wagon broke, the horse ran himself to death, his owner badly beaten by Bob Carter, whose wife and the wives of many others were dangerously scared, the painter was crippled, dry goods ruined; a Quaker and a Deacon, two Irishmen, Joe Tucker, the town constable, lawyer Hooker, squire Ketchem, and some fifty others most shamefully whipped. Lawsuits ensued, feuds followed, and the entire peace and good reputation of Frogtown was annihilated, all by a remarkable dog fight.

☞ A Vermont paper says the rumor that the high price of eggs is owing to the fact that the hens have to stamp them, is unfounded.

☞ The human race, like an auctioneer's goods, are always "going—going—gone."

☞ Why is a chemist like a wit?—Because he is furnished with good retorts.

☞ Gen. McClellan had a long and pleasant interview with his Holiness Pope Pius IX, at Rome, recently.

Time for Matrimony.

A writer in one of the weeklies tells us: "Among the ancient Germans, than whom a finer race never existed, it was death for any woman to marry before she was twenty years old. In this country very few women are fit, either physically or mentally, to become mothers before they reach the age of twenty. The unsound condition and constitution of the parent is usually transmitted, with increased intensity, to the offspring. By the laws of Lycurgus, the most special attention was paid to the physical education of women; and no delicate or sickly women were, on any account, allowed to marry. Dr. Johnson, in his work on "Economy of Health," says that matrimony should not be contracted before the first year of the fourth septennial on the part of the lady, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the gentleman; in other words, the females should be at least twenty-one years of age, and the male twenty-eight years. The doctor says, that there should be a difference of seven years between the sexes, at whatever period of life the connection is contracted. There is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life in the two sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution, the symmetry of the form, and the linaments of the face. In respect to early marriage, so far as it concerns the softer sex, for every year at which marriage is entered upon before the age of twenty one, there will be, on an average, three years of premature decay, more or less apparent, of the corporeal fabric."

QUICK REPLIES.—Napoleon was fond of quick replies; he could bear contradiction, but invariably turned away from those who addressed him with hesitation or embarrassment. The following anecdote will sufficiently prove that a ready and well-timed answer was an infallible passport to his favor:

"At a grand review which, on a particular occasion, took place on the square of the Carousal, the Emperor's horse suddenly reared, and during his exertions to keep the animal steady, the rider parted company with his hat. A lieutenant having picked it up, advanced in front of the line, and presented it to Napoleon.—"Thank you, *captain*, said the Emperor, still occupied in patting the neck of his steed. "In what regiment, sire?" immediately demanded the officer. The Emperor considering his features attentively, and perceiving his own mistake, replied with a smile: "The question is appropos—in the guards." In a few days the newly-appointed captain received an official notification of the promotion, for which he was indebted solely to his presence of mind, but which his bravery and long services had merited."

NIGHT, THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—Night levels all artificial distinction. The beggar on his pallet snores as soundly as a king on a bed of down. Night—kind, gentle, soothing, refreshing night, the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivion of the worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion; how the great panting heart of society yearns for the return of night and rest! Sleep is God's special gift for the poor, for the great there is no time fixed for repose. Quiet, they have none; and instead of calmly awaiting the approach of events they fret and repine, and starve sleep and child the tardy hours, as if every to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes baring past keeping eager expectation constantly on tiptoe and drives timid slumber away.

A SINGULAR CASE.—Mr. Frederick Grier, a highly respectable citizen of Richland township, Bucks county, from some unknown cause, lost his reason and became insane. He immagined his stomach had become diseased and wasted away and positively declined taking anything to eat and no persuasion would induce him to eat anything. He lived twenty-two days without taking any nourishment or drinking anything until about thirty-six hours before his death, when he sipped a little water. He died on the 27th of May, and the remains were buried at the Friends' graveyard. He was a kind hearted neighbor and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

☞ A married man who was at a whist party, when he proposed going home, was urged to stay a little longer. 'Well,' he replied, 'perhaps I may as well; my wife probably is already as mad as she can be.'