# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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### MY OWN FIRESIDE.

BY ALARIC WATTS.

It is a mystic circle, that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
Its hallowed limit.—SOUTHEY.

Let others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'er could stay
From thee—my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feeling's tenderest cords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bread sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauties half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside.

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife and care;
Though thunder-clouds, the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm and fair.
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife, or Pride
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys;
To thee my burdened spirit flies
When Fortune frowns or Care annoys!
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried—
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside!

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!

### Treatment of Croup.

Croup is an inflammation of the inner surface of the wind pipe. Inflammation implies heat, and that heat must be subdued or the patient will inevitably die If prompt efforts are made to cool the parts in the case of an attack of the croup relief will be as prompt as it is surprising and delightful.—All know that cold water applied to a hot skin cools it, but all do not know and understand that hot water applied to an inflamed skin will certainly cool it off. Hence the application of iced water with linen cloths, or almost hot water with woolen flannel, of two fold, large enough to cover the whole throat and upper part of the chest; put these in a pail of water as hot as the hand can bear, and keep it thus hot by adding water from the boiling tea kettle.—Let two or three flannels be in hot water all the time, with a dry flannel covering the wet one so as to keep the heat in to some extent; the flannels should not be so wet when put on as to dribble, for it is important to keep the clothing dry, and keep up the process until the phlegm is loose, the child easier and beginning to fall asleep; then gently wrap a flannel over the wet one which is on, so as to cover it up entirely, and the child is saved. When it wakes up both flannels will be dry.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.—WANTED, A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind.

A school committee man writes: We have a school-house large enough to accomodate four hundred pupils four stories high.

A newspapet says: A child was run over by a wagon three years old cross eyed with pantalets which never spoke afterwards.

Parasol—A protection against the sun used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone.

Straps—Articles worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calf-skin.

An exchange describing a celebration says: The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry the chaplain.

A MAGICIAN once upon a time advertised on his bills that the evening's entertainment would conclude with a mysterious disappearance of a lady. Sure enough, after the performance he eloped with the wife of the

### ROLLO BAR.

BY JOHN JAY.

Yes, I will relate the incident to you, but it always leaves a sadness upon me; and I wonder why to some the hour of repentance never comes too late, while to others it never comes at all. Ah, if we only would not do those things that must be repented of!

In the Summer of 1852 I took passage upon a Western steamer for Cincinnati. The river was remarkably low for the season, and we were kept in constant annoyance by the multitude of passengers, the scarcity and poor quality of the fare, and the almost daily stranding upon the bars which the falling water brought near the surface. But the incident which occurred on Rollo bar, as the pilot named it, completely hid these minor grievances and made me forever ashamed of my selfishness. During the trip I had made the acquaintance of a young man, whose fine person and agreeable manners impressed me most favorably. Confidence grew rapidly between us, and in an hour when feeling was more than usually predominant, he had told me his history. He had been married, for a little more than a year, to a lovely young woman, who, he said, was his superior in everything save family position. Previous to his marriage his father had exerted every means in his power to dissolve the match; but without success. They were married, but unrecognized in their new relation by his proud family; and not only so, but these injured relatives tried every means to part those whom God had joined together. It was cunningly and craftily done; and when the young husband would miss the elegant society he had moved in, among the friends of his wife, the father's doors would be thrown open, and more than usual parade and splendor would receive him. She was not admitted, nor inquired after. At first this stung and mortified him, alas! for mortal weakness, she was soon forgotten by him during these visits. After the novelty of his married life began to wear away, he turned too willing an ear to the luring voices in his aristocratic home; his manner grew gradually cold and even harsh to her, whom he swore to leave father and mother to cherish. His coldness was borne as only woman can bear such things, and his unkindness repaid with tenfold love. But he was not won back, and sought more and more the gay circle of his father's house, leaving but one to watch the dying embers upon his own hearth. At length he told his wife that he must seek another home, that his business did not prosper there, and he must build it up elsewhere. She was glad, very glad in heart, for now she felt that she alone would have her husband, and there flitted before her many visions of successfully winning back his former tenderness.

But no, she was to remain where she was until he could be firmly established in business; he could not afford to take her with him now. He mocked her appeal to him and left. The poor wife bowed her head and wept—such tears, more bitter than she thought even woman could weep.

Time passed on, month after month, but he wrote her not a single line. Once she was courageous enough in her grief to go to his father's princely house to ask news of him, of her husband; they laughed at her and turned her away, as a Pariah from the door. Yet she would not write, for she felt he did not wish her existence brought to his memory. Her cheek paled and her eye grew dim. But now she was conscious of another being within her own, his life lying beneath her heart, and that heart grew strong with the thought, that it was another claim upon his love, that his proud father even could not deny, for the God of Heaven gave it. Now she wrote to him only one simple line: "George, your wife will soon be a mother; won't you come to see our child?" and the note came to him amid his cups, where like a madman he was drowning the voice of conscience; came to him among the heartless revellers who fed upon the affection estranged from her. Yet a Deity had winged the shaft. His knees trembled beneath him, and his heart became as lead within his bosom. Saul-like his conversion was sudden and complete. "God forgive me, Kate," he wrote, "I come to you and ours."

But a day or two after learning these particulars, our boat struck upon Rollo bar, and it seemed as though it would prove a permanent attachment. Ropes of sand may be a symbol of weakness, but bars of sand are so by no means. The second day of our sojourn here, many of the passengers had taken the steamer's small boats and crossed to the neighboring shore to relieve the monotony of the ship life, for so it had become. Some had partially stripped themselves and waded successfully through the shallow water, noticing which, the repentant husband proposed to me and a third party to follow their example. My rheumatism would not tolerate for an instant such a bath, the others accepted the proposition, and quickly preparing themselves, they leaped from the lower deck into the water. It was not more than four feet deep, and I watched them moving rapidly along regretting that I could not share their sport. They were not more than thirty yards from the shore, and were already exchanging words with their friends upon it, when in a moment their feet were swept from beneath them by a treacherous under-current; they were drawn under, and carried several yards down the stream. So sudden had been the change that th[illegible] thought it but a came to the surface and casting off their hats, shouted for help, all was explained, and a fearful excitement ensued. The boats had unfortunately gone farther up the stream with the last load of passengers, and several minutes elapsed before the urgency of the case could be made clear to them. They then bore down with all speed to the rescue, but to the anxious spectators it seemed as though they moved not. Rails from a near fence, and limbs of trees hurriedly broken off, were thrown into the current, but it refused to carry them in midstream, and they floated uselessly along the shore. In the meantime the adventurers struggled manfully, and, with incredible exertion, one extricated himself from the dangerous current and fell down exhausted upon the shore. It was not the young husband. He still buffeted the stream which, alas! though he knew it not, was bearing him farther away from the bank. The little clothing he had on, clinging round his limbs, impeded his movements, and he was evidently wearied. Twice he had been drawn under, but the love or life, now doubly strong, still bore him up. His efforts grew fainter and weaker, and his voice crying for help sounded to the horror-stricken spectators like the low wail of an infant. The boat was not ten yards from him when he sunk again, and the swift river gurgled over him. Grappling hooks were let down and grappled for him, divers swam in the water and dived for him; for more than an hour the search was continued, but the treacherous current kept him and hid him.

The next morning the steamer was raised by means of lighters and a species of derrick from her unpleasant position, and at sunset of the same day lay alongside of the wharf, her destination gained at last. I was standing in the front saloon of the boat watching the bustling crowd around me, but much depressed in spirit, when I saw a young woman, with weak step, struggling through the rush of men along the gangway. She came up the steps to the saloon where the baggage from the emptied staterooms was promiscuously piled. She was white as marble, and her eye burned with a bright though unsteady lustre. She gazed anxiously around in every direction, but seemed to miss the object of her search. She was on the point of leaving, when passing by the mass of trunks I saw her stop and a quick smile lighten up her pale face. Then she sat down upon a trunk on which the name of "George Graham" was written, again looked around for the owner. "My God!" I involuntarily uttered, "it is *his wife.*" Not an eye but was moist in all that rude and bustling throng, for the story was now known. None could break the terrible news to her. My tongue clung to the roof of my mouth. Still she sat there, the pallor again settling over her face, and clutching the trunk with her thin white hands, as a mother would her child, alas! to those gathered there—her dead child. One by one the baggage was claimed and taken away. Still the secret slept. At length a porter came up suddenly and shouted, "Cap'n, whar must I send that man's traps, what was drowned?" The woman sprang to her feet, glanced anxiously from one to another, and read the pitying sympathy they could not express. No sound escaped her lips—that blow was crushing; only a deadlier pallor overran her white face, and the lustre of her eye dimmed. Then the captain, with a sense of kindness that seemed not to belong to his nature, gently led her away to the office of the boat, and tenderly as he could, unfolded the cruel news to her. No tears fell from her; with hands clasped before her, and lips moving as in low prayer, she stood for a moment. Upon her face a look of the most unutterable woe, hope and life dying together. Darker shadows crept over it; tarried, then faded away.—She was borne from the boat to her home, but it was only the body they bore. She was dead, and the child she carried beneath her heart became her own in heaven.—*Baltimore Sunday Telegram.*

FREE MASONRY.—After the battle of Waterloo was decided in favor of the English, about fifty Frenchmen nearly all of them wounded—the heroic wreck of a square of two regiments of infantry which had been almost exterminated by the discharge of a park of artillery—found themselves at the close of that terrible day, surrounded by a considerable force of the enemy. After having performed prodigies of valor, perceiving that it was impossible for them to make a retreat, they reluctantly determined to lay down their arms. But the allies, irritated at the great loss which they had suffered by them, continued to fire on them. The Frenchmen now perceived that their complete destruction was inevitable—unless some miracle should save them. The lieutenant in command was suddenly inspired with the thought that this might be achieved by Masonry; advancing from the ranks, in the midst of a galling fire, he made the appeal. Two Hanoverian officers perceived him, and by a spontaneous impulse they ordered the firing to cease, without the customary etiquette of consulting their commanding officer. Having provided for the safety of the prisoners, they reported themselves to their General for this breach of military discipline. He, however, being also a Free Mason, so far from inflicting any punishment commended them for their generous conduct.

In one of our schools, a clergyman asked if any of the scholars could tell who was David's grandmother. Thereupon a little

### Rather Rough Honeymoon.

On last Friday morning an athletic young farmer, in the town of Waynesburg, took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line, to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl, a tall, gaunt, sharp-featured female of some thirty seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped, observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor, and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly all the time. Then the tall female would "put her foot down," and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner; but he would no sooner commence talking to her, than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what this meant about nine o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly married couple.—Female shrieks and masculine "swears" startled the people in the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing against the door of the room, and the newly married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband, in his gentlemen Greek slave apparel.

It appears that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same bed with the newly wedded pair; that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place, and now indignantly repudiated the contract. "Won't you go away now, Susan?" said the newly married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't—so there!"

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister within the room.

"Now—now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go to cuttin' up in this way; now don't."

"I'll cut up's much as I wanter!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out among the crowd, "jest you two wimin, put on your duds and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman and your granfather, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, *and I'll marry the whole d—d cabboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!*"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the sensation.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

### Homely Girls.

The editor of the Cleveland Herald, having been tolerably profuse in his compliments to the pretty girls of Cleveland, has been requested to say a good thing in behalf of the homely ones, and he does it thus:—

First—The homely girls of Cleveland are in a bad minority, but they mean well.

Second—They go to church every Sunday and are fond of their meals. They would rather have their meals regularly than a new bonnet.

Third—They understand their business, and wear No. 16 gaiters.

Fourth—They are bright, intelligent, devoid of low jealousy, fond of music, dance at Garrett's Hall as though it was the chief aim of life, and always go in when it rains.

Fifth—They always thank the gentlemen for giving them seats in the street cars, never flirt with the boys—because it's out of their line—and keep out of the fire.

Sixth—They never have half a dozen young sprigs keeping company with them.

Seventh—They wash their own handkerchiefs, iron their own collars, and darn their own stockings.

Eighth—They never wear waterfalls that weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, and have neither rats nor other animals in their hair.

Ninth—They don't call the young bloods, and other trash perfectly splendid.

Tenth—They never eat between meals.

Eleventh—They are all going to get married.

Twelfth—They will all marry well.

Thirteenth—Their children will be bright and shining lights in the world.

Fourteenth—They won't keep hired girls till their husbands can afford them.

Fifteenth—They sleep under musquito bars when convenient.

Sixteenth—They can make coffee and hot cakes and can do chamber work.

Seventeenth—They are O. K.

Eighteenth—They are homely, but oh Jerusalem!

Nineteenth—They know they are homely.

Twentieth—They perspire when the thermometer is at 91 in the shade and wear gored waists.

Twenty-first—Young gentlemen don't squeeze them by the hand, and they like pea-nuts.

Twenty-second—They sing "Beautiful Dreamer," and use Sozodont.

At a recent railroad dinner, in complement to the fraternity, the toast was given:

"An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God!"

But an old farmer in the back part of the hall, rather spoiled the effect by adding in

### Is the Government Bound to Keep Faith only With Negroes?

An argument often used with much effect in favor of maintaining and perfecting the emancipation of the Southern negroes, is, that the government is bound to keep the faith plighted to them in President Lincoln's proclamation. We have heard this argument from President Lincoln himself, from Chief Justice Chase, from distinguished members of both Houses of Congress, and from numerous publicists on both sides of the Atlantic. The Constitutional amendment and great mass of congressional legislation have been advocated on the ground that they were demanded by the fulfillment of that pledge, which could not be violated without national disgrace.

Let us accept the argument and apply it to a parallel case.

About a year subsequent to the Emancipation Proclamation, President Lincoln made another proclamation, addressed, not to the collective negro population, but to the collective white population of the rebellious States. If an executive proclamation can bind the nation faith when addressed to men with black skins, it must bind it when addressed to men with white skins; paleness of complexion having no power to release the obligations of faith and honor. If President Lincoln's emancipation promises are binding, his amnesty promises are equally binding. No question can be raised as to his exceeding his authority in the latter, which is not at least equally pertinent in respect to the former. If Congress did not authorize the promise made in the one proclamation, they just as little authorized the other. If judged by the Constitution, the Reconstruction Proclamation would stand the test a great deal better than the Emancipation Proclamation; for no authority is conferred by the Constitution to liberate slaves, but the title of every State to representation in Congress is clearly asserted. In the Emancipation Proclamation, President Lincoln took the risk, as he afterward in public documents repeatedly acknowledged, of its being set aside by Congress or the Supreme Court. But in the Amnesty Proclamation, he was on the sure footing of the Constitution, and never made any such concession. The Amnesty Proclamation was therefore more defensible in law, and it equally binds the public faith, unless we adopt the whimsical doctrine that a promise made to white people is of no moral obligation or binding force.

The essential condition of the Amnesty Proclamation is the taking of an oath of allegiance to the United States. It also presented a plan of reconstruction, but expressly left the door open to other methods. In the annual Message which this Proclamation accompanied, Mr. Lincoln said: "By the Proclamation a plan is presented which may be accepted by them as a rallying point, and which they are assured in advance will not be rejected here. This may bring them to act sooner than they otherwise would." And in the proclamation itself he said: "And I further proclaim, declare, and make known, that whenever in any of the States of Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Virginia, Florida, South Carolina, and North Carolina," the persons taking the oath of allegiance "shall re-establish a State government that shall be republican, and in nowise contravening said oath, such government shall be recognized as the true government of the State, and be entitled to the benefits of the constitutional provision which declares that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government."

Here is a plain, distinct, unequivocal promise; as plain, distinct, and solemn as that made to the negroes in the Emancipation proclamation. Will some anti restorationist tell us why it does not equally bind the public faith? So far as the authority of the Executive goes, it most certainly does; and ten arguments can easily be produced to show that the emancipation promise exceeded that authority for one to prove that this does. Is the public faith to be kept, then, only with negroes? Is the national honor a mockery and a shadow the moment a question arises of satisfying expectations raised by a solemn act of the government in the breasts of white men?—*N. Y. News.*

SHARP youths are some of our dry-goods clerks, very! A lady entered a retail store, on Front Street, a short time since, and among other things, asked for some cambric of a hay color. "What color is that, ma'am?" inquired the youth. "Why, the color of your drawers, there." "No ma'am," continued the clerk, "I don't wear drawers!" It was with considerable effort that the embarrassed lady explained to the juvenile dealer in tape and twist that she alluded to the painted fixtures behind him, with handles upon them.

An old woman was complaining, a few days since, in the market, of the excessive high prices of provisions.

"It is not meat only that is so enormously dear," said she, "but I cannot obtain flour for less than double the usual price, and they do not make eggs half so large as they used to be!"

THE first battle of the war, Manassas, was fought on the land of Mr. Andrew McLean, in the county of Fairfax, Virginia, and the virtual termination of the struggle took place in the same gelleman's house, in the county of Appottomax, where the terms of surrender were formally drawn up and ratified

### Two Oratorical Specimens.

Speaking extemporaneously is rather difficult until you get used to it. A young lawyer in New Hampshire, who had never yet had a case in court was invited to deliver an oration on the occasion of the dedication of a new bridge. It was a fine oportunity of establishing his reputation. He did not prepare himself, for he had an idea that was unlawyer-like, and that a lawyer must be able to speak any number of hours in a style of thrilling eloquence at a moment's notice. He stood upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his hearers, commenced as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: Five-and forty years ago, this bridge built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the "howling wilderness." He paused for a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." again he paused [Cries of "Good, go on."]—Here was the rub.' I hardly feel it necessary to repeat that this bridge, fellow citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness: and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was part and parcel of it now!"

Another orator we have heard tell of in appealing to the "bone and sinew," said:

"My friends—I am proud to see around me to-night the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country! and well may I love them, fellow citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of the son of the soil.—If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say, I was raised between two rows of corn."

"A pumkin, by thunder," exclaimed an inebriate chap just in front of the speakers stand.

### Brownlow and the Colored Soldiers.

Parson Brownlow, it seems, has been in collision with soldiers of the colored persuasion and don't like it. The following is a description of the affair, from the Governor's own pen:

"One half of all the colored soldiers in uniform, in East Tennessee, have no respect for that uniform, and do not appreciate its dignity and importance. Two of them in full uniform, some time since, upon a narrow sidewelk in this city, knocked the writer of this article into the gutter, throwing him upon his hands and knees. He was trying to get out of the way and they saw it, but being feeble, and leaning upon a staff, he moved too slow for their ideas of progress. I made no complaint, but concluded that these colored ruffins had not 'learned to respect the uniform of the army,' and went my way—not rejoicing—but feeling in the left knee that I was worsted in the encounter, which I had not brought about, but sought to prevent. Soldiers and officers wearing the Federal uniform ought all to be gentlemen, no matter what their color, but the only two colored soldiers I ever encountered did not prove to be of that stripe. I have no wish to try them again—I might light upon others less refined who would run me through with a bayonet. Being denied a white man's choice, I only ask a negro's privilege of getting out of the way!"

HE WADED.—It was election day, and Grimes having assisted on the occasion by the deposit of his vote and the absorption of about as much old rye as he could walk under, started with two of his neighbors, who were in the same state of elevation, to make their way down to their homes. They had to cross Brandywine creek by a foot bridge, constructed of a single log thrown across, and hewn flat on the upper side, but without any handrail to aid in the transit.

There would have been no difficulty with a clear head and steady legs in crossing; but with our party it was felt not to be devoid of difficulties "under existing circumstances."

However, the creek must be crossed. Grimes' two friends took the lead, and with much swinging of arms and contortion of body reached the farther side. It was now Grimes' turn to face the music, and making a bold start he succeeded in getting about one-third of the way over, when a loud splash announced to his friends that he was overboard. Emerging from the water, it being about to his breast, he quietly said, as if this course was the result of mature deliberation, "I guess I'll wade!"

The way in which words are often divided when set to music sometimes produces a rather ludicrous effect. A stranger was once surprised on hearing a congregation, mostly of women, crying out

"Oh for a man!
Oh for a man!
Oh for a man—sion in the skies!"

At a revival meeting, the other evening, we heard the congregation roaring:

"Send down Sal!
Send down Sal!
Send down Sal—vation from on high!"

While on another occasion a choir sang to the best of their ability:

"We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee—ting hours!"

It is to be hoped no body was bitten.

A SCHOOLBOY being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy

### 'Brick Pomerayals'—an Unlucky Dutchman.

Hillflicker Snicksnacker, a Teuteonic vender of sour-kraut, wooden combs, crude cabbage, striped mittens, cotton suspenders and such "liddle dings," with true patriotic zeal left his home in La Crosse at the commencement of the war, and enlisted as a slop grocery keeper behind the sutler's tent, on the Potomac. When he went away it was with the intention of making some "monish," if it took all summer and nobly did he fight it out in his line. How he did it is best told as he told it to us on his return last week:

You see, Mr. Bumroy, der drum beets und der call comes to go to wars mit arms lse pe padriotic so much as Sheneral Washington, or Sheneral Curtis, or Shenera Bangs, or any dem Shenerals wat live to come home great men. So I puys some little dings and gets some bapers from de War Committee and goes mit ter poys ter pe patriots and sell some liule dings and make some monish. Un day I pokes mine wind dow out un mine head to hear der serenade and dink of somedings, when I see Shtonewall Shackson mit his droops und der pig prass pand coming down der street playing like der dyful

"Who's pin here since Ish pin gone?"

Dat Shtonewall Shackson is de dyful mit fightins, und I puts mine monish in mine bocket und mine little bapers in mine pag and I goes so quick as never was to Gettysburg. Und dere I opens some more shop und sells some more liddle dings. And u day I hears men un der horse pack ridin down der shtreet like dunder, un den pokes der winder unter mine head und looks myself up der shtreet, und dere com dat dyful, Sheneral Shtonewall Shackso playing dat same older due as I heard p fore,

"Who's pin here since Ish pin gone?"

Den I make mine monish comes in mine bockets, und makes mine pag com inter mine bapers, und pute mine sign der pig shtore on der corner, so I loses no goods as I had not got, und den I go to Wisconsin to see mine frow as I haint seen dese two years, so long time as never was

Den I comes home, and knocks un door, und my frow she make talk und me "whose dare?"

Den I say Hillflicker Snicksnacker, she knows dat is my name, und she ma herself comes out of der house, und g me nine, seven-times kiss on mine face good us never vash.

Den, Mr. Bumroy, I goes in der ho und I see some dings! And so I ask m frow if sheez bin married since I go o pe a batriot, und if she pe no got marri where she get dem two pabies when I gone mid der wars? und I gets mad as ful, und den I dinks of dat damn Shto wall Shackson und his dig prass pand, I sings:

"Who's pin here since Ish pin gone?"

Und now, Mr. Bumroy, somepody ma trouble mid me, for Ish peen gone two ye und I knows some dings, und I goes p mid der war und I sings dat damn Shto wall Shackson song all der way.!

### Bride and Groom a Century Ago.

To begin with the lady. Her locks w trained upwards over an immense cush that sat like an incubus on her head, plastered over with a shower of white po der. The height of this tower was so thing over a foot. One single white rosel lay on its top like an eagle on a haystack Over her neck and bosom was folded a la handkerchief, fastened in front by a boso pin larger than a dollar, containing gra mother's miniature set in virgin gold. airy form was braced up in a satin dress, sleeves as tight as the skin of the arm, a waist formed by a boddice worn outs from whence the skirt flowed off, and distended at the top by ample hoops Shoes of white kid with peaked toes, heels of two or three inches of elevati enclosed her feet, and glittered with sp gles, as her little pedal members peered riously out.

Now for the swain. His hair was sleek back and plentifully bepowdered while queu projected like the handle of a ski His coat was a sky blue silk, lined yello his long vest of white satin embroide with gold lace, his breeches of the sa material, and tied at the knee with a p ribbon. White silk stockings and pu with laces and ties of the same hue com ted the habiliments of his nether limb Lace ruffles clustered round his wrists, a portentious frill, worked in corresp dence and bearing of his beloved, finis his truly gentle appearance.

THE POWER OF THE HEART.—Let any o while setting down, place the left leg o the knee of the right one, and permit i hang freely, abandoning all muscular trol over it. Speedily it may be observe sway forward and backward through a ited space at regular intervals. Coun the number of these motions from any en time, they will be found to agree the beatings of the pulse. Every knows that, at fires when the water the engine is forced through bent hose, tendency is to straighten the hose, an the bend be a sharp one, considerable is necessary to overcome the tendenc Just so it is in the case of the human b The arteries are but a system of h through which the blood is forced by heart. When the leg is bent, all the ies within it are bent too and every time heart contracts the blood rushes through arteries tends to straighten them; and the effort which produces the motion of leg alluded to. Without such ocular d onstration, it is difficult to conceive power exerted by that exquisite mechan the normal pulsations of which are n