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"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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GENEVIEVE.

BY S. T. COLLIERSON.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oh in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonlight stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The status of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best when'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darkness shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade—

There came and looked in the face
And sought the eyes of the lady;
And that she knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknown what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land.

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The doom that cursed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tender strain of all the dirge,
My faltering voice and passing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my gentle Genevieve;
The rich and the doleful tale,
The music and the melody.

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
An unquenchable fire,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subsided and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—the stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly with timid eyes,
She fled to me and wept.

She had enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beautiful bride.

"SO GOD."

"This day a year," said Frank Atley, "I shall be a happy man."

As the wind lifted his brown curls from a brow of perfect moulding, I thought I never looked upon a prouder, brighter, more beaming face.

"I have seen Paris and my future wife," he added, laughing; "two eras from which one may fairly date his existence. One year from to-night, I promise to show you as fine a house and as beautiful a bride, as any other man in this fair country."

"God willing!"

Frank Atley turned with a toss of his head, and bent his flashing eye on the pale speaker.

"Myself willing!" he exclaimed, with angry emphasis. "I know no God!"

There was a look of almost mortal anguish in that white face as the young brother turned from the little group. He heard not Frank's impious wager with his gay friend, that if he failed to appear on the very night designated, in high health, and with his young Parisian wife, he was to forfeit fifty thousand dollars!

Alas! poor Atley, the model of every thing in man generous, heroic and princely, had returned from his European tour an atheist.

"I know no God!"

Night after night I woke up with that frightful sentence ringing in my ears. The sneer that darkened Atley's handsome face with the stony stare of a fiend, seemed to float palpably before me in the darkness.

"A note of invitation to Frank Atley's bridal, I shall go!"

Vari-colored lights blazed along the avenue fronting the princely mansion, and through the old trees whose branches the south wind stirred now, rang strains of inspiring melody.

The bride was more lovely than Frank

had painted her. Her robes were almost royal in their shining and costly beauty. A rich veil fell half way from her tresses of gold. The orange wreath, braided with jewels, gave a beautiful lustre to her white happy brow. But when she looked up with such childish confidence into those deep loving eyes—trusting so wholly in the man who "knew no God," horror thrilled all my veins.

"Won my wager," exclaimed Frank, exultingly, when the guests were departing. "You might as well transfix lightning, as tie my mind down to those old orthodox notions. Here you see I am in my own house—yonder is my wife. My will would have it so; and I tell you there is no God but will. Come over and help me drink my first bottle in a social way. Bring Mary, and we'll compare brides. English and French beauties are quite dissimilar, you know." Bidding his friend good bye, Frank vanished.

I heard his merry laugh, as I left, mingling with the thrilling strains of Von Weber's last waltz.

I was about retiring, when the startling cry of "fire!" broke the stillness of the night.

I sprang to the window. The whole heavens were kindled into a flame. On, on rolled the red, light, till every object seemed dyed in blood. For a while it hung with a quivering glow, as if its heated wings were tired—then faded and sunk with fitful flashes into gloom again.

In the morning, almost before daylight, I received the sad intelligence that Frank Atley's new mansion was a heap of burning cinders—and, more horrible than all, his wife had perished in the flames, and he himself was a raving maniac.

No consolation for the bereaved husband—no penitence for his awful boast—no altar had he; no star of mercy to lead him out of the cloud.

Oh! it is a fearful thing to "know no God."

Dying—Dead—and Buried.

Dying! where the rustle of brocade breaks the solemn silence. Where pendents of flashing crystals wave their warm lustre over the ghastly face. Where couches of satin line the wall, and the amber-sunlight plays upon gold and purple and fine linen.

Dead! And the funeral light falls over the shining rose-wood and satin lining of the costly coffin. In all the splendor of sable drapery, the rich man sleeps—robed in the latest fashion from Death's royal court. And pride—wealth—fame—beauty—lay their garlands of cypress on the silver plating. And the solemn crowd keeps away from the door to the coffin, from the coffin to the door. Friends look at his costly furniture and sigh, "poor man, this made death hard." And there is no lack of mourners.

Buried! Through the solemn aisles, and vaulted roof, the funeral anthem dies in wailing whispers. The surplised priest—the chief mourners in their stately carriages—the long procession of titles and honors—the pompous pall-bearers—the haughty plumes—and proud folds of waving velvet—all have passed to the place of monuments. The new tomb receives its silent tenant—the widow returns to her wealthy home where sighing condolence measures its grief, and steps softly through the shaded rooms.

Buried! And the solemn moon reads on his white tomb-stone, how good and great he was—what charities he gave—what churches he founded—what temples reared. But no widow, no orphaned child drops on that golden epitaph the warm tear of gratitude.

Dying! Where every inhalation drinks poison. Where horrid pestilence clutches the mouldy straw. Where little children herd with brutes—and the mother cannot motion the lips of her starving child. Even as we write, the miserable outcast dies.

Dead!—with arms out-stung, and head lying on the filthy floor.

They wrap the poor carcass in a sheet, and hustle him into a box of pine. The starving baby moans the death requiem—the haggard children sob a little and turn away to hunt off with the swine. And nobody mourns, though he that sleeps in a man and a brother.

Buried!—by careless hands in a Potter's field. A cart jolts cruelly over the stones. The woman with her babe, a meagre couple of want's own rearing—they are the only followers. Moveless they gaze at the blank space of sky above, and the rank growth of weeds that struggle out of the crusted earth. A broken stone fastening in a heap of rotten leaves—a crooked tree with worms at its roots—foul bones strewn here and there—these mark the last resting-place of the poor beggar for whom nobody cares.

Lo! the veil is rent—and yonder the full glory of heaven. See! in that light passing the light of the sun, stands the outcast. Born to poverty, baptized in crime, bred to infamy—nobody cared for his soul. He never knelt in robes of innocence, folding his dimpled hands at a mother's knee. He never heard the language of the stars, or "looked through nature up to Nature's God." Shall then his soul be lost?

No! for the drops of salvation fall even upon the highway—the flowers of God's mercy bloom along the hedges where the Christ-child planted the seeds with his own sinless hand. He is up there—ye who scorned him, so that ye deemed him unfit for mercy. Whom ye could not pity, an infinite God so loved that he has taken him into his fold. And you, earth's finer dust, if you can ever wade through your riches, your learning, your honors, your worldly wisdom, your Pharisee-alms-giving, and your self-righteousness, to heaven, you will see there him whom you despised, washed him of his impurity in the blood of that Holy One who came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—*Houston Olive Branch.*

THE WAY I MADE MY FORTUNE.

Three of us were sitting in a small room, and complaining of the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money one can do nothing," said George; "were I but upon a speculation that would have done honor to a Rothschild, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think me worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "actually finished a work, which would establish my reputation as an author, and could find a bookseller to buy it."

"I have positioned myself as an employer for an increase of salary," said Albert, "and anxious to contribute to the relief of the famine-stricken, and he told me that forty louis a year he could get me to make that he wanted."

"It would not so much matter," said George, thoughtfully, "besides being poor, we did not seem to be. Could one of us be thought of?"

"What is the use of shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert. "I agree with George—the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Specially," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forget which," I said innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! That is all one requires," exclaimed George; "we will conjure up this cousin of yours—would we not kill him? Yes; James Meran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a sugar plantation, a hundred negroes, and a fortune of a hundred thousand louis, to his well beloved cousin, Louis Meran."

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert, slightly excited by the names of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the restorer—lost no time in connecting and arranging publishing a full account in a local newspaper, of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day, sundry friends dropped in to compliment me. Of course, I endeavored to underestimate them, but they would not take denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people remembered my cousin James very well, and had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1790.

Among others came my tailor, to whom I owed a small sum which was not quite convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumor of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place which shall be nameless.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayer; I suppose you are come for those fifty francs?" I hope, sir, you don't think I came for such a trifle as that. No, sir; I came to take your order for a suit of mourning."

"A suit of mourning!"

"Yes, sir; cousin's mourning. Dark brown frock, for mourning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer, I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage."

"But, I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," explained the tailor; who busily employed himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

After all, my wardrobe did want some additions, and I said nothing more.

A Singular Race of Human Beings.

There are now in London two very singular human beings, of a race which has hitherto been very little known to the civilized world. They came from South Africa, where they are called *Earthmen*.

They are totally distinct from all other known African races—as much so as if they had dropped upon this earth from another planet. They are diminutive in size—mere pigmies—and unacquainted even in the art of building huts. They shelter themselves in caves and crevices of the earth; when these are wanting they make artificial scoopings on the surface, which they line with leaves, and cover with branches. The Hottentots and Bushmen are the avowed enemies of the *Earthmen*, and when they meet them will tear them down like vermin. The poor little defenceless *Earthmen* have no refuge but in holes, trees, or thickets, and the tribe is fast verging to extinction.

They are a poor, weak people—one of Nature's freaks—and destined not to perpetuate their race. Few colonists have seen them; and although it is known that a few still linger in the mountains, they are rapidly dying away, and will soon become a tradition of an elfish race of old.

The two individuals above mentioned were carried to England from the Cape of Good Hope two or three years ago, and have now become domesticated in an English family. The *Morning Chronicle*, from which we take these particulars, describes these little *Earthmen* as a boy and girl, the former fourteen and the latter sixteen years of age, and "complete fairies" in appearance. The boy is three feet three and a half inches in height, the girl a trifle taller. Their skin is of the brightest and most transparent bronze, and as smooth as polished marble. In form the little creatures are perfect—their delicate limbs standing out in the most graceful symmetry, and every motion instinct with the untaught ease of nature. The faces, although decidedly African in features, are full of sweetness and good humor, with an expression of archness and intelligence.

They are named Martin and Flora. In their savage state they fed on locusts, ants, and such small game as they could take. Until they were carried to England they had no idea of God or any Supreme power. At present they have been taught some of the customs of civilized life, and are able to speak little English words, to sing little popular airs, and—the first of *Earthmen*—to play little airs on a piano.

Few sights are more interesting to a thinking person than that of the last of a race of human beings, on the point of being blotted out from the face of the earth. The individuals in question seem to constitute one of the most anomalous forms of our species that have ever yet been brought to the notice of naturalist or geologist. It is to be hoped that further light will be thrown on their history by scientific researches.

THE BEAUTIES OF FLOGGING.—About the best comment on the custom of flogging children for slight offences that we have heard of lately, was a remark made by a little girl, who was told by her mother to retire to bed. She was usually chastised each day, about sundown, regularly, but on this occasion her mischievous pranks had been unaccountably overlooked, and she could not understand it. Accordingly, when her mother told her to go to bed, she lingered.

"Why don't you go to your chamber, Laura?" asked the parent.

"Why, mother," said the child, looking up with an arch expression, "you have not whipped me yet!"

The mother gave her a kiss instead of a blow that night.

In an English breach of promise case, the following evidence was put in by the plaintiff, against the defendant:

Eliza Crocker, my dear, I love you, dear, true, and sincere; I cannot express my mind, but my heart is truly true.

I tell you as plainly as man can speak, I love you as true as my life; and I shall never be easy, my dear, until you become my wife.

If you object to me, I'll never ask woman again. For one year two or so.

The fellow had to pay \$1,500—partly for breaking his promise, and partly for perpetrating the poetry.

Passing through the quiet little village of Saline, in Indiana, a short time since, a fellow passenger pointed out a weather-beaten house of worship, as the place where he once heard, on a rainy occasion, the following prayer from the staid preacher:

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for the goodly number here to-night, and that Thou also art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather!"

was in the habit of receiving through them, the interest of a small sum, that had been left me by an uncle. I informed him that having founded in my disposal, I wished for information as to the best mode of investing them. The significance of the word "funds" varies very much according to the name and position in life of the speaker. The rumor of my legacy had reached Paris, so that when I spoke of "funds," it was evident I meant a considerable sum. This was proved by the following letter:

"Sir—We are in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 17th current, which reached us just after the conclusion of the last loan negotiated by the Cortes, in which our firm has an interest. Desirous that our friends should have an opportunity in participating in an investment which we consider profitable, we have taken the liberty of placing twenty thousand piastres at your credit. Should that amount appear too considerable, the rise of these securities admit you of selling out at a premium."

We remain, Sir, yours to command,
FLANGES & Co.

To this was added a postscript written by the head of the firm:

"We have heard with pleasure of the recent good fortune that has fallen to the lot of our old friend and correspondent, and beg to offer him our services, as occasion may require."

Twenty thousand piastres! I let the letter fall in sheer amazement. What would have been my astonishment, if more conversant with the terms of commerce, and more attentive to the enclosed account current, I had seen that what I took for the principal, was only the yearly interest? I lost no time in writing to my correspondents to inform them that the sum was too large. "I received no money," I said, "from Martinique, and it would be impossible for me to meet my engagements."

An answer came by return of post.

"We learn, with regret, that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish. According to your orders, we have sold out one-half of the stock assigned to you, which brings you in already a net profit of eighty thousand francs."

"With regard to your property at Martinique, we are so well acquainted with the delays which bequest at such a distance must necessarily involve, to think for a moment that you can be immediately out in possession of your inheritance; but your simple signature will suffice to procure all the money you may require in the meantime. We take the liberty of reminding you of the advantage of making timely investments; lest, when the legal arrangements are ended, you should find difficulty in getting your money, and so large a capital. With the hope you may entertain a better opinion of German securities than you do of Spanish, we hand you a prospectus for establishing a bank at Gruningen. You will please observe, sir, that no deposit is required, and that, as calls are only made at long intervals, it will be easy for you to sell your shares should you change your mind, without having occasion to make any payment. We have placed fifty to your credit, and have the honor to remain, Sir, &c."

Eighty thousand francs! The amount was a perfect mystery to me; no doubt the clerk had made some mistake in the figures. My position was becoming embarrassing. Congratulations poured in from all quarters—especially when I made my appearance in black from head to foot. The Journal de Gruningen thought it right to publish a biographical sketch of my cousin, and the editor wrote me asking for further particulars. Ladies connected with all sorts of societies, begged that my name might be added to their list of subscribers, and the money I had to pay for postage was something alarming. To escape from this avalanche of inquiries I hastily departed for Paris. Directly I got there, I called on my bankers, by whom I was received as heirs to a large property generally.

"Sir, you have such a poor opinion of the Spanish stock," said Monsieur Bergeret, "there has been a great rise, however—we only sold out half your parcel."

"Would you have the goodness to let me know what the present value of the remainder might be?" I replied.

"Certainly, sir; ten thousand piastres stock at seventy, (the piastres being five francs, 35 centimes) the sum already paid being—If you sell to-day, you will, with the proceeds of last sale, have from two hundred and ten thousand to two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"Very well. You said something about a German bank, I think."

"Yes, the government made some difficulty about granting a charter; but it is all settled now, and the promised shares have risen considerably."

"Can I sell out?"

"Certainly; you have fifty at four hundred and fifty francs profit; that will bring you in about sixty thousand francs."

"Without any call to pay?"

"None whatever."

"That seems strange; but you are no doubt well informed. I should like to see a secure investment for those sums; would you have the goodness to tell me what would be best?"

"Certainly; in whom could my confidence be better placed?"

"The banker made a polite bow.

"And now," I continued, "I should feel obliged if you would have the goodness to advance me a few louis, as I am rather short of change."

"My dear sir, all I possess is at your service. How much do you want—two hundred—four hundred?"

"Thank you, fifty will be quite sufficient."

"May I hope," added the banker, when I rose to take leave, "that our firm may be favored by the continuance of your patronage?"

"Certainly," I replied.

There are few moments of my life on which I look back with more satisfaction than on those occupied in my interview with M. Bergeret. I doubt if I should have believed in the twenty thousand francs a year, if it had not been for the fifty Napoleons.

In the meantime, my two friends were shocked at the success of their story, and were not a little alarmed at my sudden journey to Paris; which was attributed by others to legal business. George and Albert then began to fear that I really believed in the authenticity of the invention they had concocted.

Three days after my return, they came to see me with long faces.

"My dear Louis," said George, "you know your cousin is not dead?"

"I cannot be sure of that," I replied, "for I am by no means convinced of his existence."

"Well, but you know that his inheritance is only a hoax."

"To tell the truth, I think we are the only people who are of that opinion."

"We have been very wrong to originate such a foolish invention, for which we are sincerely sorry."

"On the contrary, I am very much obliged to you."

"But it is our duty to contradict it, and to confess how foolish we have been."

"Truth cannot remain long concealed. People began to wonder that no news came from Martinique; the wise and prudent shook their heads ominously when my name was mentioned."

"The most ludicrous feature in the case," said one, "that he has ended by believing in the truth of his own invention. For my part, I must say that I was always rather sceptical about that inheritance."

"And I," said Mr. Felix, "thought it cost me fifteen thousand francs."

Singular Wedding Party.

A correspondent of the *Pleas Herald* is responsible for the following:—

A marriage took place lately at the Nevada Hotel—a lady not unknown to the California public, to a gentleman from Kentucky, now a citizen of this State, he being the fifth upon whom she had conferred Hymeneal honors, and the third whose heads are yet above the soil.

By a strange concatenation of circumstances, her two last husbands, between whom and herself all marital duties had ceased to exist by the operation of the divorce law, had put up at the Nevada House on the same evening, ignorant of the fact that their former wives had rested under the same roof with themselves, and also that they had both, in former years, been wedded to the same lady.

Next morning they occupied seats at the breakfast-table opposite the bridal party. Their eyes met with mute but expressive astonishment. The lady-bride did not faint, but bravely informed her newly acquired lord of her singular situation, and who their guests were. Influenced by the politeness of his nature and the happy impulse of his heart, he summoned his predecessors to his bridal-chamber, and the warmest greetings and congratulations were interchanged between the four in the most unreserved and friendly manner. The two ex-lords frankly declared that they were glad to see the lady an excellent and faithful companion, and that they were the authors of the difficulties which produced their separation, the cause being traceable to a too frequent indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks.

The legal lord and master declared that his affection for his bride was strengthened by the coincidence, and that his happiness was increased, if possible, by what had occurred. After a few presents of specimens from their well-filled purses, the parties separated. The two ex-husbands for the Atlantic States, with the kindest regards of the lady for the future welfare of her former husbands.

"Not the least singular circumstance attending the above is, that the three were all married on the same day of the month."

Singular Occurrence.—On Monday last week, while a young woman, residing at the United States Arsenal, was passing through the woods of James D. Pratt, she was taken with a fit and dropped her child, about four months old, which she was carrying. After wandering about two or three hours she was taken home, and the proper remedies administered to restore her to consciousness. She could give no account of the child, but supposed she had dropped it somewhere. A short time after the mother dropped the child, it was found by a gentleman passing through the woods, lying on the ground close to some cattle, and brought it to Frankford, where it was soon placed in the arms of its almost frantic mother. The only injury the child received was a few slight bruises. —*Germantown Telegraph.*

Endorsing an Over Due Note.

The Supreme Court of this State, has lately decided that the holder of an over-due note can demand payment of it whenever he chooses, and that the endorsement of such a note is to be considered as if made upon a new note payable on demand, the legal operation of which is precisely the same as if the endorser had drawn said inland bill of exchange upon the maker, payable at sight. Consequently the endorser is liable only upon proof of demand upon the maker within the reasonable time, and is not liable on the date of the default given to the endorser.

The Gold Mines of Texas.—The latest news from Texas represents that the gold mines in the new diggings. Only from fifteen to fifty cents were averaged in a day, says the *Flag*, and the *Ledger* (San Antonio) outlines all who have any business, from leaving it for the poor prospectors of the mines.

Discovery of the Telegraph.—The discovery of the magnetic telegraph is claimed by a N. A. PULSON, doctor, at Arrurville, in the department of La Meurthe, France, who has, since 1838, established a correspondence, by the use of his wires, with one of his friends, called M. LAPORTALLE. But previous to that discovery, in 1794, the magnetic telegraph was also used.

Mortality of London.—The late bills of mortality indicate 1,100 deaths a week in London, that is 157 a day, or 64 an hour. London is a great place to live in, and it seems to serve to die in.

The Falkland Islands are said to contain but 27 men, women and children as yet, and the British Parliament annually appropriates for their government \$14,000.

The largest plate of glass in America, 14 by 9 feet, was broken a few days ago, as the workmen were setting it in a window of a Broadway restaurant, New York. It cost \$1,030. Several others of the same size were broken on the voyage.

DR. COPELAND says the sapor oil of walnuts put in the ear on cotton, relieves the worst cases of ear-ache. He also recommends a decoction of walnut leaves to wash bald places on the head to restore the hair.

ELMO TOWNSEND, a director of the New Haven Railroad, died in New York, Sunday. The recent terrible accident and loss of life on the road made a deep impression upon his mind, from the effects of which, it is said, he never recovered.

Thirty-four persons have died of cholera in Alexandria, Va., since May.

SEARCHING LINEN.—To those who desire to impart to shirt bosoms, collars, and other fabrics that fine and beautiful gloss observable on new linens, the following recipe for making gum arabic starch will be most acceptable, and should be put in the domestic scrap-book of every woman who prides herself upon her capacity as a house wife, and the neatness of her own, her husband's and family's dress; and if she does not take pride in these things her husband