

## Selected Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

### BARBARA FREITCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.  
Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,  
Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished horde,  
On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,<—  
Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town.  
Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.  
Up rose old Barbara Freitche then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;  
Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;  
In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.  
Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,  
Under his slouch hat left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.  
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,  
"Fire!"—out burst the rifle blast.  
It shivered the window, pane and sash,  
It rent the banner with seam and gash,  
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;  
She leaped far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.  
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.  
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;  
The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word:  
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,  
Dies like a dog!" March on," he said.  
All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:  
All day long that free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host.  
Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
Of the loyal winds that loved it well;  
And through the hill gaps ran light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.  
Barbara Freitche's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his road no more.  
Honor to her! and let us tread  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bed.  
Over Barbara Freitche's grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!  
Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;  
And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

## Miscellaneous.

(From the New York Dispatch.)

### A CORPORAL'S ADVENTURE.

BY AUGUSTUS COMSTOCK.

During the battle of Gaines' Mills, a bullet passed through the wrist of Corporal G., as he was in the act of ramming a cartridge. His Captain told him to go to the hospital, and G. left the field with that intention. But he was unable to find the place and lost himself in the woods.

Wearily, faint, and almost parched with thirst, the corporal staggered on, forcing his way through tangled brushwood and pestilent swamps in search of water to cool his burning throat, and to allay the execrating pain of his wound.

While thus engaged he heard the prolonged shriek of an approaching shell, and the next moment the missile exploded above his head, one of the pieces striking his left foot and crushing the toes. The corporal leaned against a tree for support. The pain of this last injury penetrated to every nerve, and made him so faint that he could scarcely stand. By a powerful exertion of his will, however, the young soldier recovered himself, and, as the murmur of a stream now fell pleasantly upon his ears, he mustered strength to limp in the direction of the sound.

With much difficulty he succeeded in reaching the coveted spot, when he found himself upon a bank about five feet in height, at the foot of which flowed the bright, cool waters of the spring. But, as he was dragging himself over the bank, his wounded foot caught in a twig, and he was precipitated down the declivity with great force. The next moment he had lost all consciousness, his temple having come into violent contact with a stone on the other side of the stream.

He must have remained in this situation a long time, for, when he again opened his eyes, they encountered the moon and stars shining down upon him through the branches of the trees. The wind was sighing mournfully through the tall pines, and the song of the whippoorwill, together with the weird hooting of the owl, and other strange birds of the night saluted his ears. Many seconds elapsed ere he was able to collect his scattered thoughts sufficiently to realize his position. The pain of his wounds then revived his memory.

He was lying with his feet in the water, and his head near the stone against which it had struck. His garments were wet with the heavy dew, he felt chilled and benumbed. He raised himself to a sitting posture—then bending down applied his lips to the stream and imbibed a number of refreshing draughts; after which he commenced to bathe his wounded wrist in the cool and sparkling current.

These operations refreshed and inspired his heart with a feeling of cheerfulness—but while he was thus employed the sounds of approaching footsteps and voices fell suddenly upon his ears.

"There's a spring right ahead here," said one of the speakers. "Come on, boys."

The voice was loud and rough, but the corporal thought he could recognize it as that of a sergeant of his company. His heart bounded with joy at the near vicinity of these whom he supposed were his friends.

The party drew nearer every moment, and the wounded soldier by straining his eyes, could now distinguish the outlines of their figures. A few more steps and uniforms became visible. The corporal started with surprise and disappointment, as he beheld the gray jackets, gray pants and caps of rebel soldiers!

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"Hello!" exclaimed the foremost of the new comers. "What have we hear?" One of them arched his legs.

"He's wounded, I reckon," said another.

"Put your bayonet through him, Bill," said the third, addressing the first speaker. "That 'ar's shortest way to deal with them fellows."

"Where is 'em—Where's the Zouave?" yelled one of the rebels who had evidently been lagging behind the rest but who now rushed furiously forward with scowling brow and flaming eyes. "Where is the fellow! I'll make short work of him! It was one of them 'ar boys that shot my brother durin' the battle!"

Perceiving the object of his wrath, who was now attempting to rise to his feet, the rebel ran toward him with the intention of running the bayonet through his body. But quick as thought the corporal with his left hand, drew a pistol from his sash and pointed it at the head of his foe, informed him very quietly that if he advanced another step he would blow out his brains.

"God!" exclaimed the one who had been addressed as Bill. "I like the Yank's spunk. Let him alone, Joe," he added, laying his hand upon the arm of his enraged companion: "it's no use killin' that 'ar zoe-zoe for nothin'!"

"You just shut up, will you?" roared Joe, shaking off the arm of the other—"I'll have revenge for my brother's blood, or I'm no Texan!"

As he uttered these words, one of the rebels had stolen behind the wounded soldier, knocked his pistol from his grasp, and picking up the weapon thrust it in his belt.

"That 'ar's a good pistol," said he, "and I take possession of it in the name of the federacy."

"And that 'ar's a good bayonet!" thundered Joe, as he made a furious lung at the Zouave.

But ere it could reach its destination, Bill struck down the piece with his own musket, the consequence of which was that the bayonet, instead of entering the stomach of the corporal, passed through the fleshy part of the thigh, causing him to lose control of his leg. He fell to the earth and for a few minutes the sensation of numbness which pervaded the limb, rendered him powerless to move.

Joe was about to finish the work he had commenced, but Bill interposed and firmly objected to the proceedings, in which he was joined by two more of the party, so that the rebel was firmly compelled to force his murderous design.

Having filled their canteens, the soldiers departed leaving the corporal to his fate.

The feeling of numbness which he had first experienced in the wounded limb, had been followed by a dull heavy pain, and an increased flow blood. A deadly faintness pervaded his frame, dimming his vision and confusing his brain. He drew from his pocket a piece of an old turban, and endeavored to tie it around his leg in the vicinity of the wound.

Could he have accomplished this, the flow of the life-current would have been stopped. But owing to the state of his wrist which only permitted the use of one hand, he was unable to fasten the bandage. And now, completely overpowered by his exertions, he sank back to the earth in a perfectly helpless condition.

Steadily and rapidly the warm blood continued to gush from his spot where it formed in a large pool near the water the leg rested, and ran past him in little rivulets upon the ground. His last dimming vision beheld the red currents gliding by—behold his life passing away from him, and in his heart he felt that he was a doomed man. The strength of an infant was not left to his frame.

His heart beat slowly and feebly—He could move neither hand or foot. He could hear the murmur of the stream within a few yards of the spot where he lay, and the noise tantalized him. His parched lips moved convulsively and a wistfully light flickered on his half closed eyes. Oh, for one draught of those cool, sparkling waters.

"Angels of heaven!" murmured his spirit, "only one drop—only one drop of water."

A small diamond-shaped head suddenly rose from a tuft of grass near the place he occupied, and a pair of glittering eyes gleamed before him like sparks of fire.

These disappeared in a moment, and a second afterward he felt a tight pressure around his leg in the vicinity of the wound. The feeling was as though two or three turns of a rope had encircled the limb and were now being tightly twisted around it.

At the same moment the corporal became aware that the blood had almost ceased to flow.

Believing that at last some friend had come to his assistance, and had fastened a bandage round his leg, the corporal, too weak to raise his head, murmured faintly, "For God's sake, bring me a drop of water."

But there came no response.

"Why don't you speak?" continued the Zouave.

Still there was no reply. The cessation of the flow of blood had now enabled him to regain a little of his lost strength. With much difficulty he succeeded in raising himself upon his elbow. No person was to be seen, but as his eyes wandered to his wounded leg he beheld a sight that thrilled him with astonishment, and showed him that the supposed bandage was nothing more or less than a serpent, which had tightly twisted itself about the limb and was now engaged in gorging itself with the blood upon the ground.

Too weak to maintain his position longer, the young soldier sank back upon the earth with a low cry of horror, ex-

pecting, every moment, to feel the fangs of the reptile in his flesh. But, as hour after hour passed away and the snake still maintained its position without offering him any harm, he grew reconciled to the creature, which acting thus as a bandage, kept the red current of life at bay.

The long night wore on, and the moon was sinking in the west, when the corporal heard steps approaching. Nearer and nearer they came, every moment, and a low cry of joy escaped his lips as a large party of the blue uniformed men at last presented themselves to his view. They proved to be a detail from the—th Connecticut Regiment.

"Good God!" they exclaimed, as, upon bending over the Zouave, they discovered the serpent twisted about his leg, "what is the meaning of this?"

Alarmed at the noise the reptile now disengaged itself and glided away.

"That creature," faintly murmured the corporal, "has saved my life!" and he proceeded to explain to the soldiers those facts which have already been detailed.

The men listened with interest to the recital, and then twisting a bandage of cloth about the wounded limb, they lifted the Zouave between them, and, having refreshed him with water from the stream, pursued their way.

"It is singular," remarked one of the number to a companion, "that the serpent offered no injury to this man."

"Not at all," answered the other; "for that species of reptile is very harmless. I awoke one morning in our camp, on the Chickahominy, and found one of them coiled very peacefully upon my bosom."

Conversing thus the men at length reached a road where they were fortunate enough to find an ambulance. The Zouave was placed in the vehicle, which arrived in safety at Savage Station.

Here G—received good medical treatment and gained strength. He was subsequently conveyed to Harrison's Landing, and from thence transported to the hospital at Washington, where he received good treatment and finally recovered from his wounds.

HONESTY.—A Quaker, once passing through a market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of citrons.

"I have none," said the honest farmer, "that will suit you; they are decayed, and their flavor is gone."

"Thank thee, friend, I will go to the next stand."

"Hast thou good fruit, to-day?" he said to the dealer.

"Yes, sir; here are some of the finest nut-meats of my garden. They are small but rich of their kind."

"Then canst thou recommend them?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Very well, I will take two."

He carried them home, and they proved not only unnoisy, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning he went again to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the previous day asked him if he would have some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once and now, although thou mayst speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee; but thy neighbor chose to deal uprightly with me, and I shall henceforth be his patron. Thou wouldn't do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a lie is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end."

COURTING IN CHURCH.—A young gentleman, happened to sit at Church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth:—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth—"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him: Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?"

He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full. From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

A REMARKABLE VETERAN.—The St. Louis Republican, of the 29th ult., says: "We saw yesterday a regular old veteran warrior and patriot. His name is John T. C. McCaffrey. He was raised in Knoxville, Tennessee, is seventy-three years old, and has had fifteen sons and three daughters. Eleven sons were in the Union army until the siege of Vicksburg, where four of them were killed."

"The old man himself enlisted in the 10th Illinois, Fayetteville, Ark., over a year ago, and was lately discharged. He served eight months in the Florida war, twelve months in the Mexican war, and twelve months in the present war. He has three brothers and three step-sons now in the Union army. We tell the tale as he, with every semblance of perfect truth, told it to us."

"Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?"

"Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

The fool is provoked by insolent speeches, but the wise man laugheth them to scorn.

## THE LAST GAME OF CARDS.

In the year eighteen hundred and—never you mind what—the present writer was at college, and in his very first term his moral nature received the following shock:

The chum (let me call him Briston) that I had made for myself, after the manner of collegians—My own familiar friend—I discovered to be not only no better than he should be, but a very great deal worse. A common acquaintance of ours sickened, and grew dangerously ill. Such things make an impression on youth, to whom the foothill of death is terrible.

As at another's door, and I feared as well as grieved. I went to see the sick man, of course. I even read aloud to him something, and spent by his bedside a few hours that might have been more agreeably passed on the banks or bosom of Isis, but I feel now that I had much to reproach myself with in that matter although I flattered myself at the time that I was doing my duty—and more.

On a certain Sunday, after a long afternoon's walk, I called on the invalid, and upon entering his bedroom was beyond measure astonished to find him playing cribbage with Briston. The sick man laughed at my astonished looks, but Briston went on playing as though that occupation required the whole of his attention. I said nothing at the time, but I made a mental resolution so avoid the society of my ill-chosen friend for the future. I was not "estranged," as it is called, but a person that could play at cards on Sunday with a dying man was not, in my judgment, an eligible acquaintance.

I dropped Briston from that moment, nor do I think I interchanged half a dozen words with him for twenty years. We met at the funeral of the poor fellow in question, and I am bound to say that Briston seemed a good deal upset, but that was the last I saw of him—for afterwards, if we passed one another in the street, we did not even bow—for half a lifetime.

A few years ago, however, a certain well-known religious society requested my assistance in holding a missionary meeting in my parish; it was to be attended by several clergymen who had distinguished themselves in their profession, in very trying circumstances; who had gone through many perils among the heathen, and dared the pestilence and the sword with little thought of worldly recompense.

A newly appointed colonial bishop, their leader, was also to be present, of whom most persons had heard something, but nothing to his prejudice, as I believe; a man both good and great, who, having had once, chose the latter—a saint of these days, indeed. When I remembered his looks, his hardihood, his experiences by land and sea, I welcomed him to my little parsonage, and his easily earned comforts and appliances. I could not help drawing a humiliating comparison between the veteran (who was about my own age, however) and a feather-bed soldier like myself. His modest diffidence overwhelmed me. He spoke not a word of his own sufferings, but only of the church's need. The cloths and spears, and other tokens of savage life which the society had caused to be sent down, to a gentleman to explain their nature, rather shocked his sensitiveness; he submitted to the exhibition without remonstrance, but evidently without approval.

It was his characteristic to blame no one if possible, and certainly not one moved by good intentions. Only once, when something severe was said against certain missionaries of another denomination, whose field of action was also his own, the bishop interrupted the speaker somewhat authoritatively.

"There is no abuse of time," he said, "so great as that passed in abusing other people."

Late that night the bishop and I were sitting up together, talking over the events of the day. "It is strange," said I, "that I seem to recognize your voice quite well, although not your features."

"That is very likely," returned he, smiling; "my skin has been a good deal tanned since we were at college together."

"Briston!" cried I, a sudden gleam of memory striking across my mind, and not without pain.

"The same," said he. "Had you then so entirely forgotten me as not to know me, even though you knew my name?"

"I had," returned I. "The fact is, I—" "You tried to forget me, eh?" interrupted the bishop, smiling sadly. "Well, perhaps I deserve it. When I was young I thought I would go on my own way, being unswearable to One only for my actions. It is no wonder that I was mistaken even by good men."

"But to play at cribbage with a dying man!" urged I, agitated with the very reminiscence.

"Yes," observed the bishop, reflectively, "do not think, if the circumstances should recur, I should do so now; indeed, I have forgotten how to play at cribbage. I always hated cards most unreasonably; and from that very circumstance I thought it my duty to play at them now and then. Poor Thornton was passionately fond of them, and used to forget his pains when engaged in any game; the doctor himself said they were as an opiate for him."

Now, on a week day, the poor fellow could get dozens of men to play with him, but on a Sunday there was nobody wicked enough to do so except me. I had been reading to him out of some devotional work up to within a few minutes of your coming in; but upon his pains recurring, he begged for a game at cribbage. I saw no more harm in so gratifying him than if he had asked me to make a fan out of the stupid pasteboard things to cool his head with. Perhaps I should have ex-

plained matters to you at the time, but I was headstrong. "If this man chooses to put an evil construction on an innocent action, what is that to me?" said I.

"I beg your pardon," cried I, "from my inmost breast. You were exercising Christianity, and I—well, I have thought evil of you for two-and-twenty years in consequence."

"So would most people," returned the bishop, frankly. "I am not at all certain that the Society would not withdraw my colonial allowance if they knew of it even now. They would be afraid of my staking it at cribbage with the aborigines."

The bishop and I parted with a most cordial shake of the hand. I believe him to be one of the very best men alive.

## A Terrible Feast.

On the road amongst the Himalayas I beheld a species of tight rope performance which might bring the color into M. Blondin's cheeks. The rope extended from an eminence on the hill-side, above the village, over a ravine and down to a great knoll in the fields below, and was drawn as tight as several hundred men with their united strength could effect. They had just finished stretching it when we arrived, and I could scarcely believe a man was actually going to slide down it, the feat appeared so utterly impracticable, with any chance of safety.

Imagine a rope extended from the top of a rock at least 500 feet high, to a pole some 2,000 feet in its base, and some idea may be formed of the undertaking. A great concourse of people of both sexes were assembled, in all their holiday garb, and the man who was to slide was swinging round at the end of a plank fixed on an upright pole as a pivot. Every few minutes he called some persons amongst the crowd by name and swinging round several times to the individual's honor, received from him a trifling gratuity. He no sooner noticed me than I was included in this category, and being told it was in no way a religious ceremony, I gave him a rupee.

When this was over he was escorted to the eminence above amidst the loud lamentations of his family and the discordant music of the village band. With the glass I saw him placed on a kind of saddle on the rope, and two individuals suddenly fastening something to his legs, which I saw afterwards were bags filled with earth. The spectators, amongst whom I stood, were assembled in groups near the pole to which the lower end of the rope was attached, all intently watching for the descent. Presently he was let go, and came down several hundred yards with terrible velocity, a stream of smoke following in his wake.

As he approached us, the incline being gradually diminished, his career was less rapid, and became slower and slower towards the end, where the rope being sufficiently near the ground, he was taken down amidst the shouts and congratulations of the villagers.—*Ramble in the Himalayas.*

How to Deal with Bloodhounds. A black man tells how to deal with bloodhounds. He had been chased himself:

"He told us when the dogs followed us in the canebrake, in order to prevent them from keeping the trail, we should travel as much as possible in the water, but if we should be closely pursued, to leave the canebrake and take to the Ocmulgee river. He assured us that the dogs were fearful of the alligators with which the river abounded and that the slaves were taught that the alligators would destroy only negroes and dogs."

He didn't believe it himself, although his master thought he did. He added:

"If dem houns get close on to you, why you just git a long pole and hop about twenty feet if you kin. You do dis four or five times, and whenever you light, why you put some pepper in the holes what come dey lose de scent, and den dey goes a snuffin and a snuffin around, and dey snuffles up dat dar pepper into dat nostrils, and den dey'll go chace! chace! and dat'll be de last dem dogs can do dat day."

"This piece of information, and the manner in which it was conveyed, accompanied it by violent gyrations of the body, and an exact imitation of a dog sneezing, was very amusing."

"ONLY ONE."—One hour lost in the morning by laying in bed, will put back and may frustrate, all the business of the day.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as will fix it at once.

One unruly animal will teach all others in its company bad tricks.

One bad habit indulged or submitted to, will sink your power of self-government as quickly as one leak will sink a ship.

One drink will keep a family poor and in trouble.

No ACCOUNT.—"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to rise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter.

"Can't say," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself."

"Of course not," said the other, with an expression of much surprise, "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

A physician, examining his student as to his progress, asked him, "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, would you expect your course if called in, as a surgeon?" The student replied, "I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

## A RAINY SUNDAY.

People find it easy to excuse themselves from church-going on stormy Sundays, but they are generally the chief sufferers for their effeminacy. The hours hang heavy—spirits are depressed, and the temper is often uncommonly peevish, from a secret feeling of shame and neglect of duty. The Portland Transcript has some pertinent reflections on this subject:

"A rainy Sunday is the worldling's holiday. When he is awakened in the morning by the drops pattering upon the roof or window-pane, he nestles more comfortably in his bed, and congratulates himself because he may take another nap. He rises at a late hour and comes down with a headache which, somehow, a strong cup of coffee doesn't dispel. Then he casts about for employment, for, of course, he is not going to church in the rain!"

He might muddy his boots, or spoil his hair—silk hat, we mean! Perhaps he takes up the last novel; but, if he is a business man, it is more probable that he will look over some old accounts, even going to the store—in spite of the rain—to do so.

"For our part we like a stormy Sunday for church-going better than a fair one. We always liked to go to school on rainy days, because then there were fewer scholars, and we got more of the master's attention. Then, too, he became familiar, put by his stern demeanor, and drawing the faithful few around him, told us tales, or explained the difficult lessons. There was a coziness about the school-room on such days that we liked."

"So on rainy Sundays we go to church, because then we can get a large part of the sermon. When the house is full, and the butterflies of fashion are fluttering in the pews, and rank is there with haughty head, somehow we never get any good from the preacher. We feel overlooked in the bustling crowd, and are disturbed by the wandering glances and loud whispering of over-dressed girls and rustling matrons. There is always a little blue to kick his heels against the pew, and move restlessly about from seat to seat; there is always an old gentleman nodding his head at us, with close shut eyes, as if answering our internal questioning. There is a cold air of the world, of formal ceremony and heartless parade about the church that chills the religious element in our being."

"But on rainy Sundays, when the butterflies remain at home for fear of soiling their wings, and the little boy plays horse at home in the garret, and the old gentleman takes his nap upon his own bed, we get a share of the sermon, and seldom go to sleep. Then the few present are dressed in subdued colors, are quiet and attentive, and a sort of grateful gloom comes in at the hazy windows, and wraps all in partial obscurity. Then the preacher puts aside the airs of oratory. Then the spirit of true religion seems to rest upon the worshippers, and the world is shut out. Then, indeed, it is good for us to be there."

"Reader, if you would enjoy a rainy Sunday, go to church."

AN ECCENTRIC PHYSICIAN.—A friend relates for the *Agriculturist*, the following anecdote of a skillful physician, Dr. M—, who is still practicing in Rhode Island. He had a way of doing things all his own, and no one could tell beforehand "where he would come out."

On one occasion he was called to perform a very important surgical operation on a young man living in the country. Arriving there, he found collected a large number of neighboring farmers and others, who had come from curiosity to witness the operation. He observed that the house was scantily furnished, and other evidences of the poverty of the family were apparent, and he inquired whether the mother, a widow, was ready to pay the fifty dollars which he should charge. She replied that she could not, at present, but would do so as soon as possible. The doctor immediately informed the bystanders, that he would do nothing until the money was paid, and asked them if they could not make up the amount. This was soon done, but not without many condemnations of the heartless doctor, who, however, paid no attention to the remarks, but immediately went on with his work, which he performed successfully. As soon as it was over he stepped up to the mother, and remarking "the boy will need some things before he gets well," slipped the fifty dollars into her hand, and was off before he could hear her thanks, or the loud praises of those who had just been denouncing him as a grasping miser.

Mrs. Fitzgibbon had been waiting to visit Highgate Cemetery, and the other day she said to her husband, "You have never taken me to the cemetery."—"No, dear," said he, "that is a pleasure I have yet had only in anticipation."

An old lady, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril, replied, in all simplicity and simplicity, "Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

"I wish I had your head," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point. "And I wish I had your heart," was his reply.—"Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

## A Model Sentinel.

An anecdote is related of one of the citizen soldiers in the expedition of the Macpherson Blues against the insurgents in 1794 which is worthy of being recorded. The person referred to was a German by birth, of the name of Koeb, and was well known, in his day, as a large out door underwriter. He died some twenty years since in Paris, whither he had gone for the benefit of the climate, leaving a large fortune estimated at \$1,200,000.—