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THE FULFILLED PLEDGE.

"In the still midnight Col. Fry, with a  
band of followers, assembled in a dimly-lighted  
cabin, and with their left hands on the Flag  
swore to defend it and redeem Old Tennessee."

"We swear by the Flag,  
The dear old Flag,  
The Flag of 'the brave and the free';  
And our God will help,  
With His strong right arm,  
To redeem Old Tennessee."  
The raptors echoed  
Those earnest words  
Of that brave and undaunted band,  
Who, at midnight hour,  
Thus pledged the faith  
To God and their own loved land.

There were gray-haired sires,  
With hearts of steel,  
Whose blood had been freely given,  
In manhood's prime,  
For our Union's good,  
Which the trait'rous foe had given.  
"Our Father will never  
Our cause forsake,  
His children again shall see  
The Flag of our Union  
Waving its folds  
Over dear Old Tennessee."

These were sturdy men  
And fair-haired youth,  
Fathers, sons, or brothers all,  
Who had sternly resigned  
All that man holds dear,  
To answer their country's call.  
They swore by the Flag,  
By the dear old Flag,  
The Flag of 'the brave and the free';  
And asked God for the help  
Of His strong right arm,  
To redeem Old Tennessee.

With hands uplifted,  
And right arms bare—  
With faces upward to Heaven,  
That unfeeling band,  
With solemn oath,  
Pledged all that God has given  
To protect the Flag,  
The dear old Flag,  
The Flag of 'the brave and the free';  
And asked God for the help  
Of His strong right arm,  
To redeem Old Tennessee.

And God has heard  
Those earnest words,  
And accepted the pledge they gave,  
And has lent the power  
Of His strong right arm,  
Old Tennessee to save.  
And now the Flag,  
The dear old Flag,  
The Flag of 'the brave and the free,'  
Is proudly waving  
Its stars and stripes  
Over grand Old Tennessee!

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For all human ties that bind me,  
For the task my God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,  
Who suffered for my sake;  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crown history's pages,  
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine;  
To feel their in a union  
Twisted nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
To grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season  
By gifted men foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone for gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who loved me,  
For those who knew me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

AMY WENTWORTH.

Her fingers shame the ivory keys  
They dance so lightly along;  
The bloom upon her parted lips  
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed sifter, spare thy smiles!  
Her thoughts are not of thee;  
She better loves the salted wind,  
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship  
That at its anchor swings;  
The murmur of the stranded shell  
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,  
But dreams the while of one  
Who watches from his sea-blown deck  
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,  
And every fog-wreath dim,  
And bids the sea-birds flying north  
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men  
Her periled life to save,  
And grateful prayers like holy oil  
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack!  
Fair toast of all the town—  
The skipper jerkin in besacms  
The lady's silken gown!

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear  
For him the blush of shame  
Who dares to set his manly gifts  
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,  
And blood is not like wine;  
Nor honored less than he who heirs  
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,  
If love be Fortune's spur;  
And never maiden stoops to him  
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey street,  
With stately stairways worn  
By feet of old Colonial knights  
And ladies gentle born.

Still green about its ample porch  
The English ivy twines,  
Trained back to show in English oak  
The herald's carved signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,  
Ancestral faces frown,  
And this has worn the soldier's sword,  
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,  
She walks the gallery-floor  
As if she trod her sailor's deck  
By stormy Labrador!

The sweet-briar blooms on Kittery-side,  
And green are Elliott's bowers;  
Her garden is the pebbled beach,  
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar,  
To see the white gulls fly,  
His greeting from the Northern sea  
Is in their changing cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,  
As in its romance old,  
Shall homeward ride with silken sails  
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,  
And high and low mate ill;  
But love has never known a law  
Beyond its own sweet will!

THE DYING BOY.

I am weary, dearest mother,  
Of the gentlest winds that tulle;  
For with a sad-sounding power  
They're falling on my soul;  
And I am weary, mother dear,  
Of the long, bright summer day;  
I'm weary of the sparkling stream,  
And the eddy's silent play.

I've floated down the river, mother  
When the stars were dim above;  
My spirit was all gladness,  
My young heart was all love;  
But adown another river  
I'm floating, mother dear,  
And when the stars shine out again,  
You'll lay me on my bier.

When the summer sun shone brightly,  
I've lain among the flowers;  
And oft at weary twilight  
I've dreamed away the hours;  
When, mother, next the sun shall shine,  
You'll lay me 'neath their bloom,  
And the flowers, once so dear to me,  
Will die upon my tomb.

I love the pale white lily—  
I love the summer rose;  
Bring them to me, my mother dear,  
Above my cold repose.  
Oh! lay me down at sunset,  
Close to the pearly stream;  
I'll sleep so sweetly, mother dear,  
Though I shall never dream.

The birds will sing above me,  
The same as when I played  
Among the water-cresses,  
Beneath the tall pines' shade;  
But methinks a sadder tone  
Will mingle in their song;  
They'll sing the sweeter, mother dear,  
When days are bright and long.

And, mother, well I know that you  
Will ever think of me,  
And how I loved the singing birds,  
The bright stream's joyous glee!  
But I am growing weary—  
I cannot feel your breath;  
I'm sinking in a dreamless sleep—  
I shall not wake—'tis Death.

PLAIN TALK.—Mr T—, a prominent  
stock-broker, has an intolerable habit of  
stuttering. Desiring to buy a parrot,  
he called on a dealer, and began: "Have  
you gar-gar-gar-gar-gar-gar-gar-gar-gar-  
gar-ots?" "Yes," was the reply. "Ha-  
ha-ha-ha-how d' d' d' you sell 'em?"  
"Two guineas." "Ca-ca-ca-ca-ca-ca-  
they tau-tau-tau-tau-talk?" To which  
the dealer replied with peculiar empha-  
sis, "If they couldn't talk better nor you,  
I'd wring their necks."

Wife (complaining)—"I haven't  
more than a third of the bed." Husband  
(triumphantly)—"That's all the law al-  
lows you."

DON'T PROPOSE IN THE DARK.

The pretty, square farm house, stand-  
ing at the corner near Kilbes lane (for  
the first phrase, although giving by far  
the closest picture of the place, does, it  
must be confessed, look rather Irish),  
and where the brook winds away by an-  
other lane, until it spreads into river  
like dignity, as it meanders through the  
sunny plain of Hartley common, and fi-  
nally disappears amidst the green reces-  
ses of Perge wood—that pretty,  
square farm house, half hidden by the  
tall elms in the flower court before it,  
which with the spacious garden and or-  
chard behind, and the extensive barns,  
yards and outbuildings, so completely  
occupies one of the angles formed by the  
crossing of the lane and the stream—  
that pretty farm house contains one of  
the happiest and most prosperous fami-  
lies in Aberleigh—the large and thriving  
family of Farmer Evans.

Whether from from skill or from good  
fortune—or, as it is most probable, from  
a very lucky mixture of both—every  
thing goes right on his great farm. His  
crops are the best in the parish; his hay  
never spoiled; his cattle never die; his  
servants never thieve; his children are  
never ill; he buys cheap and sells dear;  
money gathers upon him like a snowball  
—and yet, in spite of all this provoking  
and intolerable prosperity, everybody  
loves Farmer Evans. He is so hospita-  
ble, so good natured, so generous and so  
home-ly!

There, after all, lies the charm.—  
Riches have not only spoiled the man, but  
they have not altered him. He is just  
the same in look, and word, and way,  
that he was thirty years ago, when he  
and his wife, with two sorry horses, a  
cow and three pigs, began the world at  
Dean Gate, a little bargain of twenty  
miles off. Ay, and his wife is the same  
woman—the same frugal, tidy, industri-  
ous, good natured Mrs. Evans—so noted  
for her activity in tongue and limb, her  
good looks and plain dressing; as fru-  
gal, as good natured, as active, as plain  
dressing as Mrs. Evans at forty-five as  
she was at nineteen, and in a different  
way almost as good looking.

The children, six "boys," as Farmer  
Evans promiscuously call them, whose  
ages vary from eight to twenty, and  
three girls, two grown up and one the  
youngest of the family, and just what we  
might expect from parents who are so  
simple and so good. The young men,  
intelligent and well conducted; the boys  
docile and promising; and the little  
girl, as pretty a little curly headed, rosy  
cheeked puppet as ever was the pet and  
plaything of a large family. It is, how-  
ever, with the eldest daughters we have  
to do.

Jane and Patty Evans were so much  
alike as hath ever befallen two sisters  
not born at one time; for, in the matter  
of twin children, there has been a series  
of puzzles ever since the days of the  
Dromios. Nearly of one age, exactly of  
a stature (so high that Frederick the  
Great would have coveted them for his  
tall regiment), with hazel eyes, large  
mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown  
hair, clear, healthy complexion, and that  
sort of a nose which is neither Greek  
nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *ce petit nez  
rousses*, that some persons prefer to  
all, but a nose which moderately promi-  
nent, and sufficiently well shaped, is yet  
as far as I know, anonymous, although  
it may be, perhaps, as common as well  
looking a feature as is to be seen on an  
English face. Altogether, they were a  
pair of tall and comely maidens, and be-  
ing constantly attired in garments of the  
same color and fashion, looked at times  
so much alike that no stranger ever  
dreamed of knowing them apart, and  
even their acquaintances were rather  
accustomed to speak and think of them  
as the "Evanses" than as the separate  
individuals Jane and Patty. Even those  
who did pretend to distinguish the one  
from the other were not exempt from  
mistakes, which the sisters—Patty espe-  
cially, who delighted in the fun so often  
produced by the unusual resemblance—  
were apt to favor by charging places in  
a walk, or slipping from one side to the  
other at a country tea party, or playing  
a hundred innocent tricks, and a merry  
laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance—  
who, being rather purlind, was jealous  
of being expected of seeing less clearly  
than her neighbors, and have defied even  
the Evanses to puzzle her discernment—  
seeking in vain on Patty's hand the  
cut finger which she had dressed on  
Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to  
her own incomparable salve, and could  
hardly be undeceived, even by the

pulling off of Jane's glove and the ex-  
hibition of the lacerated digit sowed  
found by her own bandage. Young  
George Kolly, too, the greatest beau in  
the parish, having bet at a Christmas  
party that he would dance with every  
pretty girl in the room, lost his wager,  
which Patty had overheard, by that  
saucy damsel slipping into her sister's  
place, and persuading her to join her  
own unconscious partner; so that George  
danced twice with Patty and not at all  
with Jane—a bantering piece of malice  
which proved as the young gentleman  
(a rustic exquisite of the first water)  
was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty  
was not displeased with her partner.  
How little does a vain man know of  
woman-kind! If she had liked him, she  
would not have played the trick for  
the miles of Goleconda. In short from  
their school days, when Jane was child-  
den for Patty's bad work, and Patty  
slapped for Jane's bad spinning, down to  
the prime of womanhood, there had  
been no end to the confusion produced  
by this remarkable instance of family  
likeness.

And yet nature—who sets some mark  
of individuality upon even her meanest  
productions, making some unnoted dif-  
ference between the lambs dropped  
from one ewe, the robins bred in one  
nest, the flowers growing on one stock  
and the leaves growing on one tree  
—had not left these maidens without  
one permanent distinction a natural and  
a striking dissimilarity of temper.—  
Equally industrious, affectionate, hap-  
py and kind; each was kind, happy,  
affectionate and industrious in a different  
way. Jane was grave; Patty was gay.  
If you heard a laugh, or a song, be-  
cause it was Patty; she who jumped the  
style, when her sister opened the gate  
was Patty; she who chased the pigs  
from the garden, as merrily as if she  
were running a race, so that the pigs  
did not mind her, was Patty. On the  
other hand, she that so carefully was  
making with its own unravelled threads,  
an invisible darn in her mother's hand-  
kerchief, and was hearing her sister  
read the while; she that so patiently  
was feeding, one by one, two broods  
of young turkeys; she, too,—that so pos-  
sively was watering her own bed of  
delicate and somewhat rare flowers—  
the pale hues of the alpine pink, or  
the elabater blossoms of the white eve-  
ning primrose, whose modest flowers,  
dying off in the blush, resembling her  
own character—was Jane. Some of  
the gossip of Aberleigh used to assert  
that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as  
well as the early steadiness of her  
character, arose from an engagement to  
my lord's head gardener, an intelli-  
gent, sedate, sober and steady young  
Schotchman. Of this I know nothing.  
Certain it is that the prettiest and new-  
plaisants were always to be found in Jane's  
little flower garden; and if Mr. Arch-  
ibald Maclaine did sometimes come to  
look after them, I did not see that it  
was anybody's business.

In the meantime, a visitor of ano-  
ther description arrived at the farm. A  
cousin of Mrs. Evans had been success-  
ful in trade as her husband had been  
in agriculture, and now he sent  
his only son to become acquainted with  
his relations, and to spend some weeks  
in their family. Charles Foster was a  
fine young man, whose father was nei-  
ther more or less than a lean creper  
in a great town, but whose manners,  
education, mind and character might  
have done honor to a far higher sta-  
tion. He was, in a word, one of na-  
ture's gentlemen, and nothing did he  
more thoroughly show his taste and  
good breeding than by entering entirely  
into the homely ways and old-fashioned  
habit of his country cousins. He was  
delighted with the simplicity, frugality  
and industry which blended well with  
the sterling goodness and genuine pru-  
dence of the great English farm house.  
The women especially pleased him much.  
They formed a strong contrast with any  
he had met with before. No finery, no  
coquetry, no French, no piano. It is  
impossible to describe the sensation of  
relief and comfort with which Charles  
Foster, sick of musical misses, ascer-  
tained that the whole dwelling did not  
contain a single musical instrument ex-  
cept the bassoon, on which George Evan's  
was wont, every Sabbath, at church to  
excruciate the ears of the whole congre-  
gation. He liked both sisters. Jane's  
softness and considerateness engaged his  
full esteem. Patty's innocent play-  
fulness suited best with his own high spirits  
and animated conversation. He had  
known them apart from the first, and in-  
deed he had been so struck by the  
puzzling, or more than is usual among

sisters; and secretly thought Patty as  
much prettier than her sister as she was  
avowedly merrier. In doors and out he  
was constantly at her side, and before  
he had been a month in the house all the  
 inmates of the house had given Charles  
Foster as a lover of his young cousin;  
and she, when rallied on the subject,  
cried "Fie!" and "Fie!" and "Pshaw!"  
and wondered how people could talk  
such nonsense—and liked to have such  
nonsense talked to her better than any-  
thing in the world.

Affairs were in this state, when one  
night Jane appeared even graver and  
more thoughtful than usual, and far,  
far sadder. She sighed deeply; and Patty  
—for the two sisters occupied the same  
room—inquired what ailed her.

She burst into tears, whilst Patty hung  
over her and soothed her. At length  
she roused herself by a strong effort, and  
turning away from her affectionate com-  
forter, said in a low tone:

"I have had a great vexation to-night,  
Patty; Charles Foster has asked me to  
marry him."

"Charles Foster? I did you say Charles  
Foster?" asked poor Patty, trembling,  
unwilling even to turn her own senses  
against the evidence of her heart!

"Charles Foster?"

"Yes; our cousin, Charles Foster!"

"And you have accepted him?" in-  
quired Patty, in a hoarse voice.

"Oh! no—no—no! Did you think I  
had forgotten poor Archibald? Besides,  
I am not the person whom he ought to  
have asked to marry him—false and  
heartless as he is; I would not be his  
wife—cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his  
conduct has been! No! not if he  
would make queen of England!"

"You refused him, then?"

"No, my father met me suddenly, just  
as I was recovering from the surprise  
and indignation that at first struck me  
dumb. But I shall refuse him—the  
false, deceitful, ungrateful villain!"

"Poor father—he will be disappointed.  
So will mother."

"They will both be disappointed, and  
both angry, but not at my refusal. Oh!  
how they will despise him!" added Jane.

Poor Patty, melted by her sister's  
sympathy, and touched by an indigna-  
tion most unusual in that mild and gen-  
tle girl, could no longer command her  
feeling, but threw herself on the bed in  
that agony of passion and grief which  
the first great sorrow seldom fails to ex-  
cite in the young heart. After a while  
she again resumed the conversation.

"We must not blame him too severely.  
Perhaps my vanity made me think his  
attentions meant more than he really did  
and you had all taken up the notion.—  
But you must not speak of him so un-  
kindly. He has done nothing but what  
is natural. You are so much better and  
wiser than I am, my own dear Jane!—  
He laughed and talked with me—but he  
felt your goodness; and he was right.—  
I was never worthy of him, and you are;  
and, if it were not for Archibald, I  
should rejoice from the bottom of my  
heart," continued Patty, sobbing, "if  
you would accept"—but, unable to speak  
her generous wish, she burst into a fresh  
flow of tears, and the sisters mutually  
and strongly affected, wept in each  
other's arms and were comforted.

That night Patty cried herself to sleep  
but such sleep is not of long duration.—  
Before dawn she was up, and pacing with  
restless irritability the dewy grass walks  
of the garden and orchard. In less than  
half an hour a light, elastic step—she  
knew the sound well—came rapidly be-  
hind her; a hand—oh! how often had  
she thrilled at the touch of that hand—  
tried to draw hers within his arm;  
whilst a well-known voice addressed her  
in the softest and tenderest accents:

"Patty—my own sweet Patty! have  
you thought of what I said to you last  
night?"

"Said to me?" replied Patty with bit-  
terness.

"Ay, to be sure—to your own dear  
self! do you not remember the question  
I asked you when your good father—for  
the first time unwelcome—joined us so  
suddenly that you had not time to say  
'yes,' or 'no'?"

"Mr Foster," said Patty with some-  
spirit, "you are under a mistake here!  
It was to Jane that you made the propos-  
al, last evening, and you are taking me  
for her this very moment."

"Mistake you for your sister! Prop-  
ose to Jane! Incredible! Impossi-  
ble! You are jesting!"

"Then he mistook Jane for me last  
night, and he is no deceiver!" thought  
Patty to herself, as, with smiles beaming  
brightly through her tears, she turned  
round at his reiterated prayers, and  
yielded the hand he sought to his pre-

sure.

"He mistook her for me! He that  
defied us to perplex him!"

And so it was! an unobserved and  
unobserved change of place, as either  
sister resumed her station beside little  
Betty, who had scampored away after a  
glow-worm, added to the deepening twi-  
light and the lover's embarrassment,  
produced the confusion which gave poor  
Patty a night of misery, to be followed  
by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was al-  
most as glad to lose a lover as her sister  
was to regain one. Charles has gone  
home to his father's to make prepara-  
tions for his bride. Archibald has taken  
a great nursery garden, and there is  
some talk in Aberleigh that the mar-  
riage of the two sisters is to be celebra-  
ted on the same day.

Camp Literature.

A friend has furnished us for publica-  
tion, a copy of the "Chronicles of the  
Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps." They  
are very handsomely printed on a  
fly sheet of letter paper convenient for  
circulation, and have evidently had an  
extensive "run." They read as follows:

CHRONICLES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA  
RESERVE VOLUNTEER CORPS.—Man that is  
born of a woman, and enlisteth as a sol-  
dier in the "Pennsylvania," is of few  
days and short "rations."

2. He that cometh for at "reville,"  
is present also at "retreat;" yea, even  
at "tattoo," and retireth apparently at  
"taps."

3. He draweth his rations from the  
commissary and devoureth the same.—  
He striketh his teeth against much "hard  
bread," and is satisfied. He filleth his  
canteen with *ayra pura*, and clappeth  
the mouth thereof upon the bung of a  
whiskey barrel, and after a while he go-  
eth away rejoicing in his strategy!

4. Much soldiering hath made him  
sharp; yea, even the seat of his breeches  
is in danger of being cut through.

5. He converseth with the credulous  
farmer for many chickens, and much  
honey and milk, to be paid promptly at  
the end of each ten days; and lo! even  
upon the *ninth day*, he is no where to be  
found.

6. His tent is filled with potatoes,  
cabbage, turnips, kraut, onions, and oth-  
er delicate morsels of a delicious taste,  
which abound not in the commissary de-  
partment.

7. And many other things not in the  
"return," and which never will return;  
yet, for a truth, it must be said that a  
soldier of the "Pennsylvania Reserve,"  
that of a surety he taketh nothing which  
he cannot conveniently reach.

8. He fireth his musket at midnight,  
and the whole camp is aroused and form-  
ed into a line, when lo! his mess comes  
bearing in an adult porker, which he de-  
clares so resembles "secessh" he was com-  
pelled to pull the trigger.

9. When he goeth into Washington  
he giveth the Provost Marshall much  
trouble, often captureth his guard, and  
possesseth himself of the city.

10. At such times lager and pretzels  
flow like milk and honey from his gen-  
erous hands. He giveth without stint to  
his comrades; yea, and withholdeth not  
from his lank, expectant, "raw" friend  
of the "Pennsylvania Forty-Ninth."

11. The grunt of a pig, or the crowing  
of a cock, awaketh him from his sound-  
est sleep, and he sauntereth forth, until  
healed by the guard, when he instantly  
clappeth his hands upon his "bread  
basket," and the guard, in commiseration,  
alloweth him to pass to the rear.

12. No sooner hath he passed the sen-  
try's beat than he striketh a "be-line"  
for the nearest hen-roost, a seizing a  
pair of plump pullets, returneth, self-  
quising to himself: "The noise of geese  
saved Rome; how much more the flesh  
of a chicken preserveth the soldier."

13. He playeth "Old Sledge" with  
the chaplain, whether there will be  
preaching in camp on the Sabbath, and  
by dextrously "turning a Jack" from the  
bottom, postponeth the service.

14. And many other marvellous things  
doeth he; and lo! are they not already  
recorded in the morning reports. Yea,  
verily.

"Hallo, driver, your wheel is go-  
ing round," sang out a little urchin to a  
cart driver, who was driving furiously  
through the street the other day. "Garty  
pulled up and looked anxiously first on  
one side and then on the other. "You  
needn't look now, it's stopped!" coolly  
added the provoking little rascal.

A soldier on sentry was noticed  
by his officer with having a black eye  
and charged him with fighting. "Please  
sir," replied the soldier, "wasn't it for  
that purpose you engaged me?"