

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

The following is said to be one of the finest battle poems ever produced by an American. Its author is J. W. Watson, of New York, who, it is claimed by a lady in New Orleans, is the author of "The Beautiful Snow."

Steady, boys, steady! Keep your arms ready! God only knows whom we may meet here. Don't let me be taken. I'd rather awaken. To-morrow, in—no matter where, Than lie in that foul prison hole—over there.

Step slowly! Speak lowly! These rocks may have life Lay me down in this hollow; We are out of the strife.

By heavens! the foe may track me in blood; No! no surgeon for me—he can give me no aid; The surgeon I want is a pick-axe and spade. What, Morris, a foe? Why, shame on ye, man!

I thought you a hero; but since you've begun To whimper and cry like a girl in her teens, By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well! well! I'm rough; 'tis a very rough school. This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool! I know a brave man and a friend from a foe; And, boys, that you love me, I certainly know.

But wasn't it grand, When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand? But we stood—did we not?—like the immortal rock.

Unheeding their balls and expelling their shock! Did you mind the loud cry, When, as turning to fly, Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?

Oh! wasn't it grand? God help the poor wretches who fell in that fight. No time was there given for prayer or for fight; They fell by the snow, in the crash hand to hand.

And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand. Huzza! Great heavens! this bullet hole gapes like a grave— A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave! Is there never a one of ye knows how to pray.

Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away? Pray! Pray!

Our Father! our Father! Why don't you proceed? Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how dying away? Ebbing away!

The light of the day Is turning to gray— Pray! Pray!

Our Father in Heaven—boys tell me the rest. While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my breast; There's something about a forgiveness of sin— Put that in! put that in!—and then I'll follow your words and say amen.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand; And, Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand, When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud.

And we scattered like mist by our brave little crowd! Where's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head, Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ, God, who died for sinners all, Hear Thou this suppliant wanderer's cry: Let not a sin this sparrow fall Unheeded by Thy gracious eye. Throw wide Thy gates to let him in, And take him, pleading, to Thine arms; Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin, And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn! It is light to my path when my sight has grown dim! I am dying—bend down, till I touch you once more—

Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war! Confusion to enemies—keep hold of my hand— And let our dear flag o'er a prosperous land.

The Stone by the Roadside.

Where the town of Randolph now carries on its busy traffic, Egbert Bacon's farm was once located. Egbert Bacon was my grandfather. His farm covered more than 700 good acres and he considered himself wealthy, as he undoubtedly was. He started in life a poor boy, and his honest accumulation was the result of his toil.

Grandfather was a very peculiar man. Many persons considered him penurious, but he was really liberal; and from the fact that his charities were given in secrecy, people supposed that he never contributed to good works. It was in his old age (and he lived to a great period) that a company of speculators bought his land, because of the fine water power that ran through it, and as soon as they erected the mills the place began to go forward until Bacon's farm was a thing of the past. I recollect when the first mill was built and I will remember my boyish curiosity in watching the mechanics who worked upon it.

My grandmother was about the same age as her husband. She did not long survive his death and I missed a good friend and counselor when she left me. Grandfather expected me to be a farmer but as I never had any taste for hard work my thoughts and inclinations went another way. Of course he was not at all pleased with my stubbornness, but my good grandmother always stepped between me and his wrath and shielded me from his displeasure.

The old gentleman was a sturdy man at 70 years. He was invariably dressed in brown clothes and wore so broad a brim to his low-crowned hat that he might easily have been taken for a Quaker at first sight. But get him angry once (for his irritability was easily aroused) and he would let fly such sharp and vehement sentences that it was sometimes difficult to imagine that they were not profane.

I was 19 years old and was deeply in love with Sallie Miller, the young lady who played the organ at the Cross Roads Church and was the finest dancer among all the girls in the country. Grandfather had conceived a dislike for Sallie because she was a musician. He had no ear for music and was not

"moved by concord of sweet sounds," and nothing so quickly excited his ire as to scrape a violin within his hearing, or to strike a cord upon the piano.

Much against my grandfather's inclination he permitted me to enter the law office of Mr. Smart, as a student. Had it not been for the offices of my grandmother I should not have had the wish of my heart gratified. But she smoothed the way for my grandfather's consent. But he never ceased to ridicule me for my pretensions and positively refused to give me his consent to marry Sallie Miller. It would not have been a wise thing in me to cross the old gentleman's whim, for I was his heir; and he could have found another without much difficulty, so I never urged my case, but humored him in every way I could think of.

"What are you thinking about, father," my grandmother inquired. She always called him by that name.

"I was thinking," he slowly replied, taking the pipe from between his lips and dropping both hands upon his knees, "that a few years hence, and one won't see good old hickory logs burning on the andirons. Stoves and grates, and that infernal coal that makes gas enough to suffocate a household, will supply the place of our old fashioned fires."

I ought to have held my tongue, for he was not speaking to me, but I wanted to show off some of my smartness, and so I replied:

"Oh! my dear sir, there is really no occasion for having a stove which permits the gas to escape. We have now gas consuming stoves, and one is not troubled in the way you suppose."

"Pray, Mr. Smartness, permit me to inquire how long you have been possessed of this valuable information? I have known it for some years, or rather have heard it said that these stoves were gas-burners, but it's all a lie; there's not a word of truth in it. I've known them to send out as much gas as would kill an ox, if he were confined in the atmosphere. Now, sir, don't you feel like a fool?"

"Come, now, father," replied my grandmother, "don't be so severe on the boy." (She called me a boy to the day of her death.) "He only told you what he heard, no doubt, and of course every one is liable to make mistakes, especially about such matters."

"That puts me in mind," continued my grandfather, "of asking you how you are coming on with your piano-playing friend?"

"I scarcely see her except on Sundays," I replied.

"Humph!" returned my grandfather, clearing his throat. "I did not like the ejaculation. I had often heard it before, and I regarded it with the same apprehension that a mariner does an ugly cloud that rises up to the windward."

"Humph!" he continued, blowing a column of smoke toward the china ornament on the mantel-piece, "what are you good for?" He looked very squarely at me as he asked the question. He evidently expected a reply, so I answered by saying that as yet I did not know.

"That's candid, at all events," he replied. "I've been thinking a good deal about you of late, and it occurred to me that you might make a poor lawyer after all. And you know what a poor lawyer is. You remember Simmons, the man who used to board about upon the farms during the Summer time? Well, he was what they termed a poor lawyer. He hadn't brains enough to make his profession support him, and was ready to do writing or saw wood to help eke out a livelihood."

"How unreasonable you are, father," suggested my grandmother.

He did not appear to notice her remark, but continued:

"Can you turn a somersault?" "I never tried," I replied.

"Then you are not as expert as a clown. For the life of me I can't see what good you are going to do in the world."

"And I can't see," said my dear old grandmother, "what occasion there will be for the boy to mend clocks or turn somersaults. To hear you talk, one would think you had nothing to leave him but your advice, and that is not of the most encouraging nature."

"A young man should rely upon himself, returned my grandfather. "Riches take wings. I've managed to hold my property together pretty well, but how do I know he will do so when you and I are gone? He'll marry Miss Miller. What sort of a wife will she make him? Smart with her heels, no doubt. Nimble with her fingers at the old organ, but those won't serve to keep a family from going headlong to destruction."

"Sally Miller is a very prudent and useful girl," replied my grandmother. "I don't see what you find amiss in her."

"Don't you?" he replied. Then he relapsed into silence, and smoked and looked into the fire.

By and by he got up and walked out of the room, and then my dear old grandmother took my hand and held it within her own, and told me not to fret, that she would bring my grandfather to think better of my sweetheart.

I thanked her ever so much, but I had little hope that she would ever be successful.

About this time my grandfather was selling some property in the town where I was reading law, and it became necessary for him to go there to sign the deed for the sale. At his request I accompanied him.

It was nearly evening when his business was finished, and we set out on our return home. Four thousand dollars, the proceeds of the sale, my grandfather carried in bank notes on his person, as it was too late to make a deposit in the bank. The old gentleman was in good humor, and talked pleasantly as we drove along. My mind was full of schemes just at that time, as to how I was to support Sallie Miller if I married her before my grandfather died. I little dreamed that ere we arrived home a way would be opened to me. We were going down a steep hill and it was now quite

dark, when the horse stumbled and fell and in an instant a shaft was snapped in twain. I sprang out of the wagon, and grandfather quickly followed.

The horse in his fall had become entangled in the harness, and lay helpless upon the earth. The moon was just rising, and gave but an uncertain light, for the sky was full of fleecy clouds, but still it was light enough to perceive grandfather drop the package of four thousand dollars as he stooped down to free the horse. There it lay at my feet, and he was unconscious of his loss. Another instant I picked it up and was holding it behind me, irresolute how to act. You will understand that I did not mean to steal it, but somehow or other I had an indistinct idea that I could make the occasion subserve my aims. There was a large flat stone by the roadside. I had trapped a rabbit there once and I knew there was a considerable cavity beneath it. An instant later and the \$4,000 was deposited in the hole.

The shaft being tied up we got on our way home again, but it was midnight ere we arrived at home.

Grandfather had not been within doors five minutes ere he discovered the loss of his money. He didn't get angry, but he was frightened. It was the first time in his life I had witnessed him alarmed.

"I've lost my money," he exclaimed, as he drew his hand from his coat pocket. Then he slid down, like a helpless child, into a chair, and the cold perspiration broke out in large drops upon his forehead. His face became very white. Grandmother was standing by his side.

"Never mind," she exclaimed; "grandson will go back and look for it, and I dare say, will find it too."

"Four thousand dollars don't lay long on any road, however unfrequented, and the road we traveled to-night has always some one passing over it. No, the money won't be found. Ah! me! and the old man lay back in his chair like one ill.

For an instant my heart reproached me, and I was ready to confess my trick, for my grandfather looked the picture of despair.

"I'll go and saddle a horse and ride back. I suppose you must have lost it when the horse was being freed from the harness. 'Tis only three miles back, and the moon is now up. It won't take me long to ride it."

"I think I'll go with you," said the old man.

"Don't think of it," I replied. "Trust me, grandfather; if I can't mend a clock or turn a somersault, you will acknowledge I was always a good hunter. I'll bet you anything you dare that I'll recover every dollar of your money."

"Do you think so?" he asked, grasping me by the hand. "You must not mind what I said to you, my boy, about being good for nothing. You are my grandson and my heir, too. All I have will be yours some day."

"There's one thing you won't agree to let me have," I replied.

"Heavened his hand. I know what you are going to say," he answered. "Well, your grandmother has been talking to me on that subject. Go along, boy, bring me back the \$4,000 and I'll allow you to marry Sallie Miller."

I made a spring for the door and was hurrying to the stable, when the old gentleman followed me.

"Remember my conditions, the \$4,000 I lost. Find that for me and you can marry Sallie Miller, and I'll provide you. But if you fail to bring me the money, I say, I say nay, and perhaps for a good while to come."

I flew along that road as fast as a good horse could carry me, but felt like a guilty wretch as I knelt down by the stone and passed my hand beneath it. A gleam of happiness crossed my heart as I held the package in my hand.

My first impulse was to hurry home as fast as I had thither. But reflecting that my speedy return might throw a suspicion on the affair, I allowed the horse to walk nearly the whole distance.

Grandmother met me at the door. She said my grandfather had been counting the minutes since I left. He was still in the sitting room.

I held the package up, and grandmother kissed me.

"You are a good boy," she said, "and I'll see that your grandfather does the right thing by Sallie Miller."

"Here you are, sir," I shouted, coming into the old man's presence, and placing the package in his hands.

"Thank heaven," he devoutly exclaimed. "I had given it up, my boy. Did you have much of a search? Where did you discover it?"

"Just where I said you lost it. On the spot where we broke the shaft."

Grandfather examined the package and found it all right. Then he hugged me, and patted my ear, saying:

"Now, you scamp, you can marry Sallie Miller. Bring her home here, for she, no doubt, requires a good deal of instruction in housekeeping, and your grandmother will make her fit to keep your house from running to waste."

Reader, these things happened many years ago. All the landmarks about the farm have long since passed away; but there is still a large flat stone by the roadside, as one rides out from the town of Randolph, and I never gave upon it without recollecting how intimately my destiny and that old rock are connected.

The earnest men are so few in the world that their very earnestness becomes at once the badge of their nobility; and as men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who seems eager to force his way through it, so mankind everywhere open their ranks to one who rushes zealously toward some object lying beyond them.

Judah P. Benjamin, who was leading counsel in a case recently tried in London, began an argument with the adjuration: "In the name of Heaven—!" The master of the roll instantly stopped him, saying very quietly: "I do not see that Heaven has much to do in this case, Mr. Benjamin; the proper appeal is to the appellate court."

Opening in Jupiter.

For many months past a vast oval opening has existed in the deep cloud envelope of Jupiter. Such at least seems to be the true interpretation of the enormous rose tinted spot now visible on "the moon-girt orb of mighty Jove."

This opening has a length of fully 25,000 miles, a breadth of about 7,000 miles, though it is to be noted, as not the least remarkable feature of this strange phenomenon, that since it was discovered the opening has changed markedly in size and shape if not in position (as Prof. Pritchard, who first noticed it, believes). The part of Jupiter's outer cloud envelope thus displaced cannot be less than 132,000,000 of square miles in extent—in other words, the area of the rose tinted spot is nearly equal to that of all the sea-covered parts of the earth. Our spectroscopists, ought to compare the rose light from this part of Jupiter with that received from the cream colored belt now occupying a part of his equatorial zone. The result of such a comparison could hardly be instructive. It has been asserted, by the way, that nine-tenths of Jupiter's light is inherent, not mere sunlight reflected from his cloud surface. This, however, cannot be the case, though doubtless the eminent mathematician (Prof. Pierce) who made the statement, is fully justified in believing, as he does, that the hidden globe of Jupiter is still aglow with intense heat. For if nine-tenths or even one half of Jupiter's light were inherent this light analyzed with the spectroscopic would almost certainly be found to differ in a marked degree from that of reflected sunlight, whereas the only observed difference is such as to indicate that Jupiter's light is in the main, if not wholly, sunlight which has passed through air heavily laden with vapor or water. Doubtless Jupiter's dense clouds hide his glowing surface almost wholly from our view.

Catholic Marriage Laws.

A Montreal dispatch says: An important case came before the Superior Court to-day in which a verdict is invoked to settle the conflicting relations under the old French laws between the State and the Roman Catholic Church. The litigation arising out of the marriage of a young French Canadian named Laramie, belonging to a wealthy Roman Catholic family, with a young Protestant girl named Evans, by a Protestant minister. The affair was a runaway match, and the bride being of humble parentage than her lord, the latter's family sought to nullify the contract. The action is brought by the father and brother of the bridegroom, the brother being appointed curator since the marriage of the young husband. The plaintiffs make the extraordinary demand that the marriage be referred to the Roman Catholic Bishop of the diocese, who alone is authorized to pass judgment upon its validity. Their counsel cited a number of decisions bearing upon the question, which maintained that a Catholic Bishop had the right to pronounce upon the validity of any sacrament of that church, including marriage; also that, in this province only, a Roman Catholic priest has the right to marry a Catholic. The defence urged that ecclesiastical courts had now no jurisdiction, and that the matter was one for the civil courts exclusively. The case was reserved for judgment.—Boston Herald.

An Old Bachelor and His Clocks.

Not far from the village of Goughersville, near the extreme end of Brecknock Township up to within a few weeks ago, lived an old and eccentric bachelor by the name of Elias Fitterling. Yesterday Squire Goughler took the affidavit of the appraiser of deceased's personal property, the appraisement having been made under the supervision of the parties, I. C. Becker, of this city.

Fitterling was past 79 years of age, and lived on his forty-acre farm alone and unattended. Several weeks ago he died, when his four roomed log building, with all its curiosities, was locked up until yesterday, when the appraisement was made.

The great hobby of the old man was clocks. In his little room he had no less than fourteen clocks of as many styles, sizes and shapes.

Nearly all of them were of old styles, and contained musical boxes and automaton figures. In one room he was obliged to lower a portion of the floor and raise a portion of the ceiling in order to place in a tall clock of a peculiar description. He had small clocks containing "cuckoos," and large clocks that played tunes and worked a number of wooden figures. One figure was that of a pretty woman, which he regarded as his wife.—Reading Eagle.

Jonah didn't care for any more fish breakfasts when he got through with the whale.

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