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A Pathetic Ballad.

By the lake where drooped the willow, Row, vessels, row;

I want to be an angel, And jump Jim Crow.

An old crow sat on a hickory limb, None knew him but to praise;

Let me kiss him for his mother, For he smells of Schweitzer case.

The minstrel to the war has gone, With the banjo on his knee;

He woke to hear the sentries shriek, There's a light in the window for thee.

A frog he would a wooing go, His hair was curled to kill;

He used to wear an old gray coat, And the sword of Bunker Hill;

Oh in the stillly night, Make way for liberty! he cried;

I won't go home till morning, With Peggy by my side.

I am dying, Egypt, dying, Susannah don't you cry;

Know how sublime a thing it is, To brush away the blue-tinted fly.

The boy stood on the burning deck, With his baggage checked for Troy;

One of the few immortal names, His name was Pat Mulloy.

Mary had a little lamb, He could a tale unfold;

He had no teeth to eat a hoe cake, As his spectacles were gold.

Lay on, lay on Mad-rig, Man wants but little here below;

And 'tis to be queen of the May, So kiss me quick and go.

Locers.

They linger in the garden walk, Talking as only lovers talk;

Sweet, foolish trills, love's delight! With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stoops and plucks a rose, To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;

Scattering the rose-leaves in the air, A dainty shower o'er face and hair.

With laughing look she sees them fly, Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh,

For youth and love as soon are gone, And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot, A tuft of pale forget-me-not;

She takes them with a careless zest, Then hides them in her sunny breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair, Whispering she is wondrous fair;

While tenderly his loving hands Linger o'er the rippling strands.

They pause to watch the evening sky, And see the golden sunlight die;

A squirrel started from his lair, Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curls, Till the bright tag the wind unfurls,

And blows a trace across his face, Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last, He holds her slender fingers fast;

Then kisses them, as well he may, While she, all blushing, speeds away.

—New York Saturday Evening Post.

Aunt Patty's Last Offer.

Aunt Patty was one of those universal

ants that was frequently to be met with

in country villages. She was not remark-

able except on account of rejecting a

wealthy suitor, through mercenary

motives. That may appear paradoxical

at first sight, but the facts will ex-

plain.

At the time the event occurred, Aunt

Patty was neither young or pretty. She

had been in her youth both a beauty and

a belle, very much courted, as they al-

ways are, and at the time our story be-

gins had been twice married, and both

times left in indigent circumstances.

The person who owned the premises,

once her own, permitted her to live in a

part of the dwelling by right of possession,

I suppose. She had no visible means of

support, unless it might have been her

knitting work. She was a "Mother in

Israel," and a person of great influence

in society, notwithstanding her lack of

bank stocks and bonds. She was a church

elementary, and the members, who were

farmers, levied voluntary taxes up-

on themselves to provide for her. The

result was, she always had an abun-

dant supply, not only of the necessities

of life, but the luxuries. She lived bet-

ter than the best of them. She had the

best pile of wood in her woodhouse, the

best store of vegetables and fruit in her

cellar, and she rode to church in the best

style. It was seldom a brother passed

her door without bringing tribute. If

he made the attempt she was sure to

call after them; to inquire after the

health of their families, and how the

poultry flourished? If they had any

chickens to kill? "For her part, she

did not feel well, her appetite was poor."

On Sundays she was always ready for

church when the brother appeared in

sight who rode in the handsome and most

comfortable carriage. It did not

matter if one of the members of the fam-

ily, particularly the youngest, was in-

commoded, she "knew they would like

to walk the rest of the way, they had al-

ready rode so far," and it was only a

step from her dwelling to the church. In

winter, whoever was so fortunate as to

have the best light robes was sure to

find Aunt Patty just emerging from her

door, foot-stove in hand, intending

to walk to church if they had not ap-

peared so opportunely.

As a favorite of Aunt Patty's I was

Louisa, there's few such men as Mr. Dewberry!

Then the affairs of the church would

be discussed, and Deacon Nat Acres

would come in for his share of her

admiration.

Deacon Nat Acres was a wealthy

widower, rheumatic, and past labor. He

lived with his son, or his son with him

—I never knew which. Both generously

contributed to Aunt Patty's comforts,

spiritual and temporal. It was not an

uncommon event to see Deacon Nat's

glossy chestnut horse fastened under

the door.

Neither was it a matter for gossiping

comment; for he was not in the way

of his duty, to visit the widow in her

affliction? But it did give to a mat-

ter for comment, for rumor said that

Deacon Nat was becoming weary of his

loneliness at home, impatient with his

long children, complaining of neglect

and indifference on the part of his chil-

den, and that he had informed his wife

that he had decided to take Aunt Patty

"for better or worse," to cheer up his

loneliness.

His son, of course, looked upon this

resolve as a piece of childish infatuation

on the part of his honored parent, who

arrived at the mature age of eighty years,

but wisely forebore to oppose him. Ac-

cordingly, upon the next Saturday after-

noon, about the hour of four o'clock,

Deacon Nat's handsome chestnut drew

up to his accustomed tree, and Deacon

Nat, in a new summer suit, positively

jumped from his carriage and buoyantly

entered the house.

Patty did not, as in politeness she was

bound to do, arise and welcome him,

but told him to "walk along and take a

chair." It was a lovely afternoon—the

setting sun bathed all nature in its re-

fulgent beams. The tall white "hay-

locks," (as Aunt Patty called them,) by

the side of the door, were covered with

a wealth of bloom—also the purple ones by

the windows—and shed sweet odors

through the room. Patty's polished cop-

per-tastle sang on the top of a small

table in the fire-place. Her cat was

coolly curled up on a cushioned chair,

and the very few flies that she permitted

to remain in her presence were already

perched in the asparagus over the look-

ing-glass. After a short desultory con-

versation the deacon informed Patty that

there were symptoms of an awakening

in the church; that David Drum was

quite interested. Patty replied: "Well,

I am glad David is waked up, I hope

he'll pray a new prayer now, for I'm

tired of death hearing him pray that old

one over and over again." With that

she folded her knitting, put it aside, and

prepared to lay her damask. It was

not damask at all, but homespun, with

her own hands, and woven in a beauti-

ful pattern called true-love knot.

Patty did not, as in politeness she was

bound to do, "set along up," (meaning

that she should be seated at the table.)

Patty had provided a bountiful supply of

good things. The fragrant tea and

tempting light biscuit, and especially the

old boiled fowl and custard, appeared

directly to Dea. Nat's heart. I was very

young then, and did not know the ex-

act location of that organ in man, but

a three-year old "man-child," has since

tought me. He had a fashion of loving

people in different ways—some in his

"eye" and some in his "heart," as he

said. He professed to love in his

heart. I thought to puzzle him by ask-

ing him where his heart was, but, not a

bit puzzled, he patted his little stomach,

said it was there. I believed him, for

I had thought that he manifested more

affection for the fruit, nuts and sug-

ar-plums, with which I regaled him

when he visited me, than he did for my-

self. I treasure the knowledge that I

gained from him, and take advantage of

it by providing something good to eat

whenever I wish to make an appeal to

the heart of man. But I am digressing

Edwin P. Fisher.

Fell at his post, Thursday, March 7,

1867, while faithfully discharging his

duty, Mr. Edwin P. Fisher, of Boston,

aged 29.

The mail train down, upon the day

above mentioned, was approaching Man-

chester, when a broken rail threw the

forward cars from the track. As the dan-

gerous whistle sounded, Mr. Fisher, who

was a brakeman and conductor of the

Boston, Concord & Montreal R. R. Co.,

sprung to the brake of the car. He suc-

ceeded in checking the momentum, and

was in the act of passing to the next car

and forward when the coupling broke, and

he was thrown upon the track under the

wheels of the car. When found he was

entirely by the wheel of the car which

rested upon his thigh, crushing it to a

pulp. Half an hour elapsed before the

car could be raised and Mr. Fisher re-

leased from his terrible position. He

received other injuries which he be-

lieved were fatal, and insisted upon being

carried at once to Boston, in the expecta-

tion that he might once more see a be-

loved wife and child. Alas, the hope