THE RED WING SENTINEL.

Minnesota Forever!

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RED WING, GOODHUE COUNTY, MINN., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

PROSPECTUS.

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BY
LITTLEFIELD & MAGINNIS.

An Independent Democratic Journal,
DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS AND RIGHTS OF THE MASSES.

As a Political Journal it will try all measures and men by the standard of Democratic principles, and will submit to no test but that of Democratic truth.

CONTENTS:

The *Sentinel* will contain Congressional and Legislative—Foreign and Domestic—River and Commercial News—Literary Matter—Tales—Biographical and Historical Sketches, &c., &c., &c. &c.

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Will give special attention to collecting &c.
74y

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Central Point, Jan. 1, 1858. 77y

W. E. HAWKINS. G. B. BAKER. A. HALL.
ACTIONS—NOT WORDS.
Hawkins & Co.,
WOULD take this method of informing their friends and the public generally, that they are now prepared to do
PAINTING
Of all kinds, such as House, Sign, Carriage, Curtain and Ornamental Painting, Graining, Glazing, Marbling and Paper Hanging.
☞ Special attention paid to all orders from the country. 53tf
Red Wing, July 17, 1857.

BLACKSMITHING
BY
GEORGE W. PARKER,
At the new Shop on Main street, within a few rods of the crossing of Jordon.
RED WING, MINNESOTA. 67tf

HOTELS.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
Levee street, immediately opposite the Steamboat Landing, Red Wing, Minnesota,
A. A. & E. L. TEELE, PROPRIETORS.
THIS new, spacious and commodious house is now open for the reception of guests.—It has been constructed under the immediate supervision of the proprietors, and nothing has been omitted to insure the comfort and convenience of those who may favor them with their patronage. The numerous rooms are all well lighted, ventilated and furnished in a superior manner. In connection with the house is a good and commodious stable.
Red Wing, March 1, 1858. 88tf

CENTRAL POINT HOUSE.
P. R. & F. A. HARDT, PROPRIETORS.
THIS House is pleasantly located on the shore of Lake Pepin, within a few rods of the Steamboat Landing. Persons wishing to spend a few days of recreation and leisure, will find this *the* place to do it. A good and well supplied barn is attached to the house, and a competent ostler always in attendance.
The proprietors having leased the above popular house and having thoroughly repainted and furnished in a superior style, would say to the public that n thing that they can do to make al. calling, comfortably and pleasantly situated, will be left undone.
May 28, 1858. 95y

RED WING HOUSE.
JACOB BENNETT, Proprietor,
RED WING, - - MINNESOTA.
☞ Connected with the House is a large and convenient Stable. Stages leave daily for the interior. Teams and Carriages on hand to convey Passengers to any part of the country.
April 24, 1858. 90-tf

FALLS HOUSE.
BY BEN VAN CAMPEN,
CANNON FALLS, MINNESOTA.
Travelers will find every accommodation on reasonable terms at the above House. Good Stables, Ostlers, &c. 62ly

HACK HOUSE.
J. HACK, Proprietor.
ON PLUM STREET, a few doors from Main Street, Red Wing.
This House is entirely new and newly furnished, and the Proprietor hopes by strict attention to customers to receive a share of patronage.
Red Wing, Sept. 5, 1857. 59y

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. F. HENDRICKSON,
Rectifier and Wholesale dealer in
Domestic and Foreign
WINES & LIQUORS,
Corner Plum and Third Sts., 27tf
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA.

NEW BARBER SHOP.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FITTED UP IN a first rate manner, the room formerly occupied as the Sentinel Office, on Plum street, opposite the Hack House, and having reduced the price of shaving to
FIVE CENTS!
is prepared to execute, in a superior manner, all branches of his profession. Citizens and strangers are respectfully invited to call.
J. W. COOK.
Red Wing, May 7, '59. 144-tf

T. L. ADAMS.
Manufacturer and dealer in
SADDLES, HARNESSES &C.
SHOP on Bush St. opposite C. J. F. Smith's store, Red Wing, Minn. Where he has constantly on hand a large assortment of Saddles, Harnesses, Bridles, Trunks, Valises, Whips, Fly nets, and all other articles usually kept in a harness shop, and cheaper than can be bought this side of Chicago.
Repairing and Job work done on short notice, and in the best style. 94tf

JOHN HISLER,
Manufacturer and dealer in
LADIES' GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S
Boots & Shoes.
Plum street one door north of the Kelly House,
RED WING, MINNESOTA. 94tf
Repairing done to order and with dispatch.

C. H. CONNELLY, M. D.,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Red Wing and vicinity.
OFFICE.—Corner of Bush and Plum street, up stairs.
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Hon. J. L. DAWSON, M. C., Brownsville, Pa.,
Prof. T. D. MUTZER, Philadelphia, Pa.,
Dr. J. C. COOPER, " "
Rev. Dr. DRUMMOND, Morgantown, Va.,
Drs. McLANE & BROCK, Morgantown, Va.,
Dr. A. H. CAMPBELL, Key West, Florida,
Dr. E. S. GAINES, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Red Wing, May 23, 1857. 44tf

I. S. KELLOGG,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
Drugs and Medicines,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS,
OILS, Dye Stuffs, Window Glass, Medicinal Wines and Liquors. Tobacco, Snuffs, Cigars, Camphene, Alcohol, Burning Fluid, &c., Main Street, Red Wing, Minnesota. 99y1

WOODBURY & WRIGHT,
Architects and Builders,
WE are now prepared to take contracts, furnish plans and specifications; also, Sash and doors on hand, and made to order. Work from the country solicited. Shop near the Chillson House.
Red Wing, March 27, 1858. 86tf

McINTIRE & SHELDON
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware Cutlery, Nails, Oils, Paints Sash, Window Glass, Looking Glasses, Farming Implments.
Also, Hosiery, Gloves, Cravats, Suspenders, Shirts, Collars, Brushes, Fancy Goods, &c.
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N. HERRICK, Dealer in American and Foreign Marble, Sixth street, below Main and Iowa, Dubuque, Iowa.
Monuments, Tomb & Head Stones, Mantles, Table Tops, &c. 62m9

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SURGEON AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.
Rooms over the Drug store, Main st.
Red Wing. 70m

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

[From the New York Mercury.]

THE ANCIENT MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY W. C. B.

A maiden of thirty, one night was reclining,
Unconsciously dreaming, as soundly she slept;
The moon on her features serenely was shining—
Revealing a tear-drop, which showed she had wept.

She dreamed that she stood in a strange land of beauty
Where flowers most lovely appeared to the sight;
Where birds of bright plumage would stoop to salute you,
As onward they swept through the regions of light.

All things were as bright as if thro' magic lenses
The maiden had gazed in beholding the scene;
While a strain of sweet music stole over her senses—
An angelic chorus she heard in her dreams.

While she stood, all entranced, in these bright, sunny bowers,
A gay band of spirits came moving along,
Arrayed in white garments, with garlands of flowers
Bedecking each form in the radiant throng.

She saw in their midst—as they passed just before her—
A sister, who long had been lain in the grave;
And she smiled as the old-time affection came o'er her,
But no sign of welcome the spirit-form gave.

Then one of their number came forth and addressed her:
"Why standest thou thus, all alone in our land?
Thy sister is here—thou hast often caressed her;
If thou hast done rightly—go, give her thy hand.

"If thou hast a husband who mourns thy removal,
Then here art thou welcome, for here is thy home:
But thy wavering looks give my words no approval;
Say, why art thou here then, and whence dost thou come?

"I ne'er to a husband have yet been united,
I know not why thus in your midst I appear."
Thus spake the old maiden, all pale and affrighted,
She trembled, yet knew not the cause of her fear.

"Begone! thou intruder!" the spirit-form shouted;
Begone! ere upon you our vengeance shall fall;
The mission of Woman on earth thou hast scouted,
And all thy affections have turned into gall!

"Begone! to the land where thy cronies await thee—
To the land of eternal lamenting and woe;
Thou neglectedst on earth to find one who would mate thee,
The miseries of maidenhood now thou shalt know."

Then fast through the ground this old maiden descended,
Down, down to the regions of brimstone and steam!
With terror she shrieked, o'er the red gulf suspended;
When, lo! she awoke. It was only a dream.

It was only a dream—yet the sackcloth and ashes
Of maidenhood long have been thrown to one side;
She has married a man with the best of *moustaches*,
And now all her dreams are the dreams of a bride!

BOUDOIR.

"All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy."

— Life is a farce to the rich; a comedy to the wise; and a tragedy to the poor.

— The Sickles trial at Washington kept the whole country on the Key-vive. The "charge" was small, but there was a loud and long *report*.

— Listening to a lady who was pouring out a stream of talk, Jerrold whispered to the person next him, "She'll be coughing soon, and then we can strike in."

— Prentice, speaking of "lo nec" dresses says: "It is supposed that angels do not wear dresses." Our fashionable ladies are getting more and more angelic every year.

— A good story is told of a lady, who on her way to an evening party, purchased a most unbecoming yellow turban. In her hurry she forgot to remove the printed inscription: "Very chaste. Only 5s. 6d."

— "What a strain that is," said Mrs. Partington, as she heard an aria from 'Lucia' sung in the highest style, by a young lady, where she was visiting. "Yes," was the reply; "it is operatic." "Upper attic, is it?" said she; "I should think it was high enough to be on the top of the house. Mrs. Partington does not believe that mere screaming constitutes melody.

—The following is the only trace we have left of the Parnassian flight of a young gentleman in the country, who was evidently in a bad way. Verse 4:

"Jane lookt at me so sweete, I lookt at jane, and we both felt considerably nonplussed: we woo both happy 'nough to go insane, and we sat there for a short time and bussed."

A RICH SCENE.

In the Canadian House of Assembly last week, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinoline, introduced by Aikens. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages:

Mr. Drummond was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender growth, he used to trundle his hoop, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him. Later in life, he swallowed a ring, which resulted in a hoop-in cough: and even now the sight of a hogshead brought tears into his eyes.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so hid by hoops, and enveloped in crinoline, that the naked—

Speaker—Order.

Mr. Brown—Mr. Speaker.

Speaker—The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown—But, Mr. Speaker, the naked—

Speaker—hold your tongue, sir.

Br. Brown—The naked—

Speaker—Upon my soul, Brown, cork up, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. Brown—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said the naked—

Speaker—(yelling)—clear the gallery of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. Brown—In the name of the seventeen graces and the fifteen muses, Mr. Speaker—dearly beloved Smith—let me apologize; then I only meant to say that hoops and crinoline had reached to such a rotundency that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—

Speaker—(frantically)—Death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety of—

Mr. Brown—(wildly)—Truth! truth! truth! naked truth was what I was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that the people could not pass along the streets without being assaulted by highwaymen. Now surely the honorable member from Lake Ontario could not but be aware that the character of every member of the House was affected by such a dam—

Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. Ross protested against such interruption. He was going to say by such dam—

Mr. J. Cameron—The honorable member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. Ross—Wasn't doing anything of the kind; but would be tempted to do so, if not allowed to finish his sentence—but such a dam—(order, order) a dam—(confusion) he would repeat it, by such a dam—(tremendous uproar.)

Mr. Wright stood up and moved, amidst the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the House for such awful language.

Mr. Ross (black in the face) exclaimed that such damaging statements was all he meant to say, when he was interrupted by the fool—

Mr. Talbot—Who's a fool?

Mr. Ross—Foolish ass—

Mr. Cameron—Who's an ass?

Mr. Ross—(wildly)—Foolish assertion of profanity.

DR. FRANKLIN ON DEATH.

We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real life. This is rather an embroyo state; a preparation for *living*. A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to immortals? a new member added to their society? We are spirits! That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure—instead of aid, become an incumberance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them.

Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently start together; why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him?—*Dr. Franklin's Works.*

WAITING.—I have gained the victory, and Christ is holding out both hands to embrace me.—*Rutherford.*

A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW ON DANCING.

That beautiful graceful accomplishment of dancing, so perverted by late hours and the indecency of fashionable attire, has outraged many sensible people, and led them to deprive the young ones of the most simple and healthful enjoyments, because it has been abused. For myself, I can not only testify to its healthful but recuperative power. The fortieth, nay, the fiftieth year of my age, found me enjoying this life-cheering exercise. It should be one of the earliest amusements of children, and care should be taken by parents that it is understood as an amusement. While I am on this topic, I will mention a case that occured in my practice. A thoughtful anxious mother, who has three children, brought to me her only remaining child—a daughter. Her temperament, nervous, billious—the nervous fearfully predominant, with great irritability of the system, peevish, passionate, dyspeptic, sleepless; of course, exacting, arbitrary and uncomforable, the poor child looked sad, old, morbid and miserable. She had been sent to school, because her parents thought it an amusement for her to be with other children.

After critically examining her physiognomy, I said to her mother, "What is the temperament of your husband?" "The same as my own," she replied. "Then the child is doubly stamped," I continued; "very vigorous measures must be used, if you expect to restore her to health. Divorce her immediately from anything mental, so far as memorizing is concerned, then send her to dancing school, that she may combine exercise with order and melody, and thus some of her rough edge may be rounded."

The Child—her large eyes open with wonder and delight—interrupted me with "Dancing school! Oh! I've longed to go but mother says its wrong and leads to wickedness." What a dilemma for a child! "Did you intend your daughter to play the piano, guitar, or other musical instruments?" said I to the mother. "Oh, yes," was the answer. "Why," I continued, "why show such partiality to the upper extremities? The hands are rendered equally happy in the same way." A nice afternoon school received the little girl, who grew in health and harmony every month as she followed the hygenic rule prescribed for her. Dancing is a healthful, beatiful, graceful recreation, and is not responsible for the abuses that luxury throws around it. Vulgarism and excitement have no more to do with the simple enjoyment of the dance than the rich wines and sumptuous banquets of the gormand, in whom they induce disease, have to do with the temperate repasts that satisfy the natural want of the body.—*Dr. H. K. Hunt.*

BISHOP LATIMER ON HOOPS.

I warrant you there was many a jolly damsel at that time in Bethlehem, yet amongst them all there was no one found that would humble herself so much as once to go and see poor Mary in the stable and to comfort her.—No, no; they were too fine to take so much pains. I warrant you they had their bracelets and vardingals, and were trimmed with all manner of fine and costly raiment, like as there be many now-a-days amongst us who study nothing else but devise fine raiment; and, in the mean season, they suffered poor Mary to lie in the stable; that is to say, the poor people of God they suffered to perish for lack of necessaries. But what was her swaddling clothes wherein she laid the King of heaven and earth? No doubt it was poor gear, peradventure it was her 'kerchief, which she took from her head, or such like gear, for I think she had not much fine linen, she was not trimmed up as our women be now-a-days; for in the old time women were content with honest and single garments. Now they have found out these roundabouts—they were not invented then; the devil was not so cunning as to make such gear, he found it out afterwards. Therefore, Mary had it not.

THE DYING NEVER WEEP.

It is a striking fact—*the dying never weep.* The circle of sobbing, agonized hearts around, produces but one tear. Is it that he is insensible and stiff already in the chill of dissolution? That cannot be; for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother or sister, with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the Angel of Summons, he says to his oldest brother—the last audible good night of earth—"Kiss me, kiss me!" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for our earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings, with the Father in Heaven, and his angel throng, led on by the Son himself; and what are griefs of a morning, to theirs of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in that vision bright of immortal life and overlasting reunion!

A GOOD JOKE.

This is a great country for jokes, and we have just had one that is too good to keep.

Early this morning there were added to our company of travelers a pair who looked very like runuways; the gentleman a tall raw boned specimen of the "half-horse-half-aligator" class, and the lady a fair match for him.—Among the passengers from Napoleon, is a solemn looking gentleman, who has all along been taken for a preacher. About nine o'clock last night I was conversing with the "reverend" individual, when a young man stepped up, and addressing him, remarked, "we're going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate."—"Allright, sir," he replied, laughingly, and we stepped into the ladies' cabin, when, sure enough, the couple stood waiting. There had been some "kissing games" and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed that this was merely a continuation of the sport; and so thought the "preacher," who, I could see, had a good deal of humor in him, and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment. The couple stood up before him, (a good deal more solemn than was necessessary in a mock marrige, *I* thought,) and the "preacher" asked the necessary questions, and then, proceeding in the usual way, announced them "husband and wife." There was a good deal of fun afterward, and when it was over I left the cabin—and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see the young folks enjoying themselves, and took a good deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun; but he did not understand why they should select him to act the preacher. Just then some one called me aside, and the old gentleman stepped into his state-room, which was next to mine. When I retured the door stood open, and the "preacher" stood just inside, with his coat and vest off, and one boot in his hand, talking with the gentleman who had played the "attendant," and who, as I came up, remarked: "Well, if that's the case it *is* a good joke, for they are in dead earnest, and have retired to the same state-room." The old gentleman raised both hands as he exclaimed: "Good Heavens! you don't tell me so!" and rushing, just as he was, boot in hand, to the state-room indicated, commenced and assult on the door as if he would batter it down, exclaimed at each lick: *For Heavens sake don't! I ain't a preacher!"* The whole cabin was aroused, every state-room flying open with a slam, when the door opened, and the "Arkansas traveler," poking out his head, coolly remarked: *"Old hoss you're too late!"*—*Henderson Democrat.*

LAWNS AND GRAVEL-WALKS.

The grass-plots and lawns in gardens generally have a melancholy appearance at this time of the year. In some places they are rough with worm-cast, and in others bare from the shade of trees, or the constant passing of feet. Laying down fresh sods is the usual remedy; but it is very troublesome, and oftentimes affords only a temporary relief. The best way of renovating a grass-plot is, therefore, not to lay down fresh turf or sods, but to sow a few seeds; and to render these more effectual, the surface should be scratched over with an iron rake, before the seeds are down, and rolled afterwards. Dutch clover, and what are called mixed grass-seeds, are the best; and the thinner the seeds are sown, so as to cover the ground, the more likely they are to come up.—When dug ground is to be sown with grass-seeds, so as to make a grass-plot without laying down sods, the proportion may be about five bushels to an acre. Gravel-walks, at this season, are also apt to look poor and neglected; and they should be either relaid entirely with fresh gravel, or they may be stirred, and a thin layer of gravel laid on the top, and afterwards firmly rolled. When the gravel is loose, it ought to be mixed with gravel of an adhesive nature.

PRINT IT IN LETTERS OF GOLD.

A father bade his son drive a nail into a certain post whenever he committed a certain fault, and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In the course of time the post was completely filled with nails. The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretion, and set about reforming himself. One by one the nails were drawn out; the delighted father commended his noble, self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults. The boy looked sad, and with a heavy heart replied, "True, father, but the scars are still there." Parents who would have their children grow sound and healthy characters, must grow the seed by the fireside. Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make a useful member of society; but, alas! the scars are there. The reformed drunkard, gambler and thief is only the wreck of the man he once was.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Business Cards of five lines, 1 year,	$6,00
do ten lines do	10,00
One column per year,	70,00
do six months	40,00
Half column per year	40,00
do six months	25,00
Fourth column per year	25,00
do six months	15,00
Each square (10 lines, or less) first insertion	75
Each subsequent insertion	25
Legal Notices, per sq., (first insertion)	45
" " each subsequent "	20

All advertisements continued until ordered out

Advertisements set in double column, ½ price additional.

☞ Advertisements will be changed as often as desired, by paying 25 cents a square for composition.

☞ Business Notices appearing in the Local Column, will be charged 15 cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

THE MAIDEN AND THE HERO.

On the night before the battle of Brandywine, I was sent with a message from Gen. Green to Count Pulaski, a noble Polander, who took a prominent part in our struggle for freedom. He was quartered in a neat frame house, near the upper forts.—After our business was finished, the Count asked me to take some refreshments, and at the same time called out—

Mary! my lass, Mary!

In an instant a rose-cheeked girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem, at the very sound of Pulaski's voice.

Did you call me, count? said the maiden timidly.

How often have I told you, my little love, said he, not to call me Count, call me, dear Pulaski. This is a Republic, my little favorite; we have no Counts you know.

But you are a Count, sir, when at home, and they say you came a long way over the ocean, to fight for us.

Yes Mary, very true—I did come a long way—the reason was, I had to. Now, can you get this gentleman and myself a little refreshment? He has a long way to ride to-night.

Certainly, sir; and she went out of the room like a fairy.

Fine, pleasant girl, said Pulaski; would that I had the wealth I once had; I would give her a portion that would send the youth hereabout after her sweet face.

On the morning of the eleventh of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford, for the purpose of crossing Brandywine Creek, and bringing on an action with Washington. Sir William Howe drove Maxwell's division across the creek, by ten o'clock, at one of the lower fords.

The Hessian General, Knyphausen, with a large force, advanced upon the creek, and uniting with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper ford of the river and creek. It so happened that, during the raging of the conflict, carrying orders, I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters, that I visited the night before. Suddenly a sheet of flames burst forth; the house was on fire.—Near the door-steps lay the body of Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains oozing out of the terrible wound. I had been there but half a minute, when General Pulaski, at the head of a troop of cavalry, galloped rapidly to the house. Never shall I forget the expression of his face, as he shouted like a demon, on seeing the inanimate form of Mary:

Who did this?

A little boy that had not before been noticed, who was lying amid the grass with his leg dreadfully mangled, said:

There they go!

He pointed to a company of Hessians, then some distance off.

RIGHT-WHEEL—MEN, CHARGE!

And they DID CHARGE. I do not think that one man of that Hessian corps ever left that field, except to be placed in the grave.

POOR PUSSY!

One of the queerest things we have met with lately, in the foreign journals, is the joint suicide of two old maids and a cat! The women were very decent, industrious creatures, and very fond of the cat, which was, it seems, their mutual property. Some relative died, and left them about five thousand dollars. This intoxicated them with visions of greatness. They dropped all toil, removed to London with their cat, and commenced a grand round of pleasure, amid which *puss* was always their companion. Balls, theatres, the opera, rides, drives, elegant dresses, expensive habits, &c., soon used up their legacy. This accomplished, they sought work; but it was not to be obtained. They had to pledge and sell, *ad libitum*, their clothing and other effects for food.—When all these sources were exhausted, they went down to the Surrey Canal, put the cat in a basket, entwined each other around the waist, put the puss basket on arm, leaped into the flowing water, and drowned as they had lived, altogether! Thus ends the history of the old maids and their cat.

"MY WORK IS DONE."

Such was the exclamation of an old man, near eighty years of age, seated in his house, at sunset, with his hands placed upon his head, after having performed his accustomed daily labor in the field. His work *was* done; for he soon after breathed his last. How suggestive the words: "My work is done!" We all have a work to accomplish—a destiny to fulfill; and with what a calmness of conscience must he meet death, who departs not till ample time has been given him to perform each and all the important duties of life, and can then proudly say: "My work is done!"

☞ What day in spring is a command to go ahead? March *fourth*.