

## THE GALLANT FIFTY-FIRST.

[Then came the memorable order from Burnside, which must have thrilled every member of the regiment: "Tell Sturgis to send the 51st Pennsylvania to take the bridge."]

Along the valley's narrow gorge  
The morning mist entreated,  
While rifle-pit and breastwork strong  
Frowned grimly overhead.

The sluggish stream that only served  
To slake the thirst of line,  
Was soon to see a drearier sight  
With men drawn up in line.

Along the crest a flash of fire  
Breaks red against the sky;  
Along the hillside's narrow slope  
Comes back the quick reply.  
Ferraro dashes up in haste,  
His countenance afame,

"The Fifty-first must storm the bridge,"  
Twas thus the order came.

"Fix bayonets!" Over Hartman's face  
A strange smile sent its beam;  
The red blood flushed his dusky cheek—  
His dark eyes all aglow.  
Sturgis and Cook in vain essayed,  
And others yet may try;

But now the gallant Fifty-first  
Must storm the bridge or die.

Bright flashed the sword their leader  
drew—

"Charge!"—like a simoon's blast  
The Fifty-first mad shot and shell  
Dashed on—the bridge is passed;

The beaten for in wild retreat  
Is flying o'er the bridge,  
Huzzah! huzzah! The Fifty-first  
Have stormed Antietam's bridge!

O men of Pennsylvania,  
Along your bloody route  
Lies many a comrade dull of ear  
Who may not hear you shout;  
But o'er your country's wide domain  
A paean grand shall burst;

A nation's accolade be thine—  
O gallant Fifty-first!

—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

## AMONG SHARPS IN LONDON.

How My American Friend Got Left.

In February last year, I came to London for the day, on business which took me into the city. Having accomplished the purpose of my visit more quickly than I expected, I was strolling leisurely along St. Paul's Churchyard, with the view of working my way into the Strand.

The time of day was something after twelve at noon, and of all the busy stream of people that flowed city ward or ebb past me, it seemed that I was the only loiterer. A man, however, walking nearly as slowly as I, seeing me smoking as he passed, at last stopped and asked for a light. I gave him a match. He fell back a little out of the stream of traffic into the shelter of a shop window corner, to light his cigar in peace. He was a short man about six and thirty, with brown beard and whiskers, face a trifle marked with small-pox, well-dressed, of gentlemanly appearance, and spoke with a strong (indeed, much too strong) American twang.

As I continued my stroll, I soon became aware that I was followed by this gentleman. The slower I walked, the slower he walked. It is not comfortable to be followed—so I pulled up to let him pass. Instead of doing so, he no sooner came up with me, than he pulled up too.

He set his head just as thought out of the perpendicular, and looking full in the face said, "Guess this is a tall city? Rather tangled to get about in, though? Now, it ain't like Philadelphia, where our critters knew what they was going at before they begun to build, and ruled all the streets straight ahead in right lines. No, sir."

"No?" I said curtly, and was moving on.

"No, sir," he continued, walking by my side, "and it's useless for a stranger in yure city to give his mind to going anywhere, for he ain't likely to get there. Now, if it ain't re-ude of a stranger asking it, because he is a stranger (and we know how to treat strangers in our country, sir,) where air you going to? Happen you can put me in the way where I'm goin' to."

"I am making for the Strand," I said; "if your way lies in that direction I can show it to you; if not, I can tell you how to find it."

"Just where I'm castin' about to get to," he returned; "my moorings is at a hotel opposite Somerset House, and as soon as I get into the Strand, I can fix myself right up. So I'll just couple on so."

I allowed him to do so. I hinted that I had no wish to show discourtesy to a citizen of that great nation to which he belonged. My companion had plenty to say. He rattled on about the States being this and the States being that, so that it was needless for me to do any more talking than an occasional interjection of surprise or satisfaction, each of which was recognized with a "Yes, sir," or a "No, sir," completely final. He told me he had only been in England for a fortnight—just taken a run over to see the old country—and should be back in New York again in a couple of months.

When he had passed through Temple Bar, I told him he could be in no further doubt as to his way, since he was now in the Strand.

"I'm considerable obliged," he said, "T'll do as much for you when you come to New York. But you ain't goin' to part company like that?"

I had freed my arm and held out my hand to wish him good morning.

"You'll just do a spell?" he continued.

"A what?" said I.

"Du I not make myself clear to the British intellect? Reckon you'll li'lour?"

No, I reckoned I had rather be excused.

"Wal," he said, chewing his cigar so that it assumed a rotary motion, and its point described a circle over his ace. "Wal, sir, it's a custom we hav in our country, and we think it rather scaly manners to refuse. Reckon you Britshers do not think it scaly to slight a friend's hospitality in the street. We ju."

As he persisted in regarding my refusal almost in the light of a personal insult, and would not listen to any explanation that we do not regard the declining of "drinks" in a similar light in our own country, I yielded the point.

We retraced our steps a short dis-

tance and entered a wine store, on the city side of Temple Bar, a very respectable place where wines are drawn from the wood. Small round marble tables and light chairs are dispersed about the shop for the convenience of customers. Here my companion compounded a drink of soda water and gin and lemon and ginger, of which he wished me to partake. I declined the mixture and took a glass of sherry. We might have sat five minutes, when a tall and important looking personage lounged into the wine-shop. As he entered he cast a supercilious look upon all the occupants of the tables; then, raising his head, he removed his cigar and emitted a long column of smoke from his lips as a contemptuous verdict of lofty disapproval on the society he had joined. He was well dressed—irreproachable, so far as the quality and cut of his clothes were concerned; but they seemed to assert that conscious independence of their wearers that new clothes will assert over a person who has been up all night. His black hair and small moustache were scrupulously well arranged, but his eyes blinked in the daylight, seemingly for want of a night's rest.

He sauntered up to our table and emitted another superior column of smoke over our heads.

"Know this swell?" my Yankee friend whispered.

I shook my head.

"Thought he might be a member of yore Congress, or a tailor's advertisement, or some other nob."

There was a spare chair at our table, and the person thus irreverently alluded to, after some time spent in mentally estimating the relative merits of the other vacant chairs, appeared to prevail on himself to take it and sit down.

"Spree, last night," he descended to say presently. "Champagne supper and things till all was blue."

"Very pretty tipple," said my American friend.

"Ya-as. Then coming home with some fellahs we saw a Hansom waiting outside a doctor's door, and we chined the man's cab to an iron post."

"Man cuus much?"

"By Jove, ya-as. Doctor damning the cabman and swearing he should be late, cabby cutting his horse like forty thousand, and couldn't tell what was up."

"Will you liquor?" inquired my American friend.

"No; pom' word, you know—you'll allow me. Waiter, a bottle of champagne!"

"Wal, reckon I'm not particular, so as we du liquor. (Original Champagne Charlie,") the American whispered to me.

The swell put his hand on his breast pocket and carelessly drew out a roll of notes, one of which he changed to pay for the champagne.

My American friend nudged me and raised his eyebrows.

"You'll excuse me, stranger," he said, but if I was in yure place I would take care of those notes and not keep 'em in a breast pocket, nor yet flash 'em about,"

"Oh," said the swell, "I always carry them, so."

"Then maybe you don't live in London, sir?"

"Oh, bay hove, no. The fact is my uncle died lately and left me a fine property down in Essex, and till the lawyers have settled up I came to have a flutter in town."

"Then you'll excuse me, once again, but if it was in yure place I wouldn't flutter my notes," and the American appealed to me for justification. "Ye see you never know what company you may be in."

I thought I knew what company I was in; but I didn't say so.

"Aw! for that matter," said the swell, "I know I am always safe in the company of gentlemen."

"That's correct. But how do you tell a gentleman from a coon?"

"Well, I think a man's a gentleman—aw—if he's got money in his pocket."

"Happen you're right. But how much money must a man have in his pocket to prove him a gentleman?"

"Nothing less than five pund," said the swell.

"Wal, I dunno. But for my part I shouldn't like you to think you were talkin' with anyone but a gentleman as far as I am concerned," and my American friend produced his purse.

"Aw" said the swell, before he opened it, "bay Jove, I'll bet you a new hat you havn't got five pund in your purse."

"Done with you," said my esteemed friend. And on exhibiting his purse he showed nearly thirty sovereigns as well as I could judge.

"Aw, then I've lost, and I owe you a hat. Aw, here is my card." He handed it to us both. Frederick Church, Esquire.

I was impressed with the notion that the faces of both of these men were somehow familiar to me.

The American nudged me again and bestowed upon me an encouraging wink.

"Reckon now you won't bet my friend here he hasn't got five sovereigns about him? He nudged me again.

"Ya-as, I will," said Mr. Church, languidly. "I often do it for a lark. I am generally about right twice out of three times."

I said that I didn't bet.

"Aw, well, some people don't. I wouldn't persuade anybody'm sure. Sure to lose in the long run. Bay Jove, I know I do. But just for the sport of the thing, I don't mind standing a new hat if you've got five pund about you. Your friend shall be a witness. It's all right, you know, among gentlemen."

I produced my purse. It contained about seven pounds in gold and silver. I also had about me a gold watch and chain, a ring or two, and a shirt pin. I observed just the faintest sign of an interchange of intelligence between my companions.

"Ah, lost again," Mr. Church remarked; "well, can't be helped! Another bottle of champagne."

This bottle my American friend insisted on paying for. I drank very little.

"Really, you know," Mr. Church remarked over the new bottle, "most singular thing—aw—three fellahs, perfect strangers, should meet like this—and all of us strange to London. Bay Jove."

As he persisted in regarding my refusal almost in the light of a personal insult, and would not listen to any explanation that we do not regard the declining of "drinks" in a similar light in our own country, I yielded the point.

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You're from the North (I had told them so, which was true), I'm from the East, and our friend and American brother, aw, if I may call him so, is from the West. Tell you what. As soon as ever the lawyers have done up my business, you shall both come down to my place in Essex and see me. Jolly good welcome and deuced good shooting. You shoot? "course?" turning to my American friend.

"Sheue? Wal, a small piece. I was lieutenant in General Sherman's army for three years, and very pretty sheutin, we had. Conclue you mean rifle sheutin?"

"Oh-no; shooting game," Mr. Church explained.

"You don't du rifle sheutin, then?"

"Bay Jove, no. I only shoot pheasants and partridges and all that sort of thing."

"Reckon you're a good shot, perhaps?"

"No, nothing uncommon."

"Wal, how many times d'yu conclue you'd hit the bull's eye out of twenty with a rifle?"

"Oh, av. I suppose sixteen," said Mr. Church.

"Bet yea ten dollars you don't hit it fourteen."

"Done."

"Very good, sir. My friend here shall be umpire." This was I.

"Oh-no; hang it! He's a friend of yours—that's not fair. Have the landlord?"

"This is Mr. Church."

The American explained that the landlord could not leave his business, and that I was only an acquaintance of half-an-hour, and could not be prejudiced either way. So, with some apparent reluctance, Mr. Church consented.

The next thing was, where should we go to "sheute of the affair," as my American friend put it. "I know there's a place Westminster way," he said. "I know there is, 'cause the volunteers shuite there."

I told him no; the volunteers did not shoot at Westminster, but only paraded.

"I mean a gallery," he said. "I know I had a shute there with one or two volunteers last week; but I couldn't find the place again."

"Call a cab," suggested Church.

"Cabby'll be sure to know."

"Where to, sir?" the cabman asked Church.

"Westminster Palace Hotel," he replied.

I was in a cab with two men whose object was to rob me, and I was being driven whither they directed. However, I was not going to be cowed at riding along with two thieves through the crowded London streets in broad day, and I was bent on disappointing them. As we rode on they pretended ignorance of the various buildings we passed. I pointed out Somerset House, the Charing Cross Hotel, National Gallery, etc.

Arrived at Westminster, Mr. Church dismissed the cab. We could walk the rest of the way, he said, and the cabman had told him where the shooting gallery was. The two walked on either side of me. We came to a dirty back street immediately behind the Westminster Palace Hotel, down that, and to the right—a dirtier street still. I said this was a strange situation for a shooting gallery. "It was all right when I was next morning fished up and brought to Whitehall. Lord Eldon buried it in his garden in Queen square one night when his house caught fire and he thought in the confusion it might be stolen. "And," writes the chancellor in his diary, "when the fire was extinguished I quite forgot in the morning where I had buried it, and while the carriage waited to take me to court, my lady and I and all the household were digging with pieces of sticks till we luckily found it." Lord Thurloe, who always held it during the night in his bed-room, had it actually carried off by burglars, from whom it was never recovered. A privy council was made the next day, a new seal was rapidly made, and during the remainder of his continuance in office Lord Thurloe invariably deposited it of a night under his pillow.

Down to 1818 the great seal itself was made of copper; since then silver has been the metal employed. It is in two halves, somewhat like two very thick, bright the saucpan lids fitting closely together, their inner surfaces deeply sculptured with the royal devices intended to be formed on the wax when squeezed between them. Instruments having a limited duration are sealed with yellow wax. Others, supposed to exist in perpetuity, such as patents of peerage, etc., are exemplified under green wax; and in the case of some letters patent, likely to be exposed to a great deal of knocking about or journeying from place to place, such as were the assize commissions, the wax seal was stamped after being ingeniously inclosed in cream colored leather.—*New York Observer*.

Gems of Thought.

They also serve who only stand and wait.—*Milton*.

It should not seem to be so very wonderful a thing that men could attain to the ability to say, "I am willing to die." It seems to me a much better, grander and nobler thing to say, "I am willing and ready to live, right here, to-day, in my circumstances; ready to take up my burden, to carry my load, to do my work, to wait God's time."

M. J. Savage.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposely kind and generous or we miss the best part of existence. The heart that goes out of itself gets large and full of joy. This is the great secret of the inner life. We do ourselves the most good doing something for others.

*Horace Mann.*

Have good will.

To all good lives, letting unkindness die

And greed and wrath; so that your lives be

As we see them. When you meet with travelers who are unable to do this, you will get nothing out of them but weariness of spirit. Shut up their books.

Keeping clear of living writers, may I recommend one or two works of fiction, on the chance that they may not have been mentioned, with a word of useful comment, perhaps, in other lists?

Read, my good public, Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story," in which you will find the character of a young woman who is made interesting even by her faults—a rare triumph. I can tell you, in our art, Read Marryat's