

DEAN'S

Illustrated Farthing Books.

THE FUNNY YOUNG LADY;

AND THE

SOLDIER'S TRUST.



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THE FUNNY YOUNG LADY.



ONCE when travelling in a stage coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be upon the constant look out for something laughable; and not content with laughing her-

self, took great pains to make others do the same.

Now, travelling in a stage-coach is rather dull business. People in this situation are very apt to show themselves peevish and selfish, so the young lady's good humour was, for a time, very agreeable. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke ; while the cows and hens looked demurely on, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense. But they are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them ; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing. So, after a while an old lady came running across the field, swinging her bag at the coachman, in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew in his horses, and the old lady, coming to the fence by the road-side, squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady in the stage-coach made some ludicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It

seemed very excusable; for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now, taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady; pretending, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet. At length the old woman turned towards her.

“My dear,” said she, “you are young, healthy, and happy. I have been so too, but that time is past. I am now old, decrepit, and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my only child. And then, my dear, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in a world where merry girls will think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and odd appearance, forgetting that the old woman has a spirit that has loved and suffered, and will live for ever.”

The coach now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

“How is she?” was the first trembling inquiry of the poor mother.



“Just alive,” said the man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps, the driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed the card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and you may be assured that I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we greatly hoped would do her good.

THE SOLDIER'S TRUST.



IN the present war, the Southerners made an attack upon one of the Northern regiments doing picket duty on the Maryland side of the Potomac. There were three houses standing upon the Virginia shore which afforded shelter to the enemy, and it became necessary to have them removed. The colonel tried the effect of shelling them, but, owing to the short range of his guns and the great distance, could not demolish them. The only thing accom-

plished by this was driving the enemy out of them to the shelter of the woods beyond.

The colonel then asked for volunteers to cross the river and burn the buildings. Only two men came forward, one a private, the other an orderly sergeant. The colonel gave the command to the sergeant, and told him to select as many men as he needed, and go. Selecting three men from his own company, to manage the boat and assist him, the brave fellows departed on their perilous mission. Ere they reached the middle of the stream, they were greeted with a shower of bullets; volley followed volley, each passing over their heads without touching a man. As they neared the shore, the house immediately in front of them, which was a large brick one, offered them shelter for landing; and it was not many minutes after, ere the smoke issuing from the roof showed their work was accomplished there. The next house was soon in flames also; but the third stood some distance from the river; to get to it, they must cross a ploughed

field directly under fire of the musketry. Here, as in crossing the river, they were made the target for the enemy's bullets. Strange to say, this "forlorn hope" returned uninjured, and were received by enthusiastic cheers from their brave comrades.

The young sergeant, upon being complimented upon his courage, replied: "It is not in me; give God the glory. When I started, I committed my beloved wife and child to His fatherly care, should I never return. I breathed a prayer for myself and my little band, that we might *all* return in safety; and as I stepped from that boat, these words of the ninety-first Psalm came forcibly to my mind: 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee. I humbly received it as an answer to my prayer; and though we could hear the bullets whizzing by, almost touching us, I felt no more fear of them than if they had been hail-stones.'