

# The Evening Democrat

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## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Earth's battle-plain  
The brave and fallen meet.  
On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead!

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now sweeps upon the wind;  
No troubled thoughts at midnight haunts  
O' loved ones left behind,  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife,  
At dawn, shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumed helmets are bowed;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud;  
And pensive funeral tears are washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gushed,  
Are freed from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's strident blast;  
The charge, the shouting, and the cannonade,  
The din and shout, are now  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
The breasts that once were warm  
The raptures of the fight.

For like the dreadful hurricane  
That sweeps the wild plain,  
Finished with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe.  
Who heard the tempest of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of the day  
Was "Victory or Death!"

Long had the doubtful conflict raged  
Across the surging plain,  
For ne'er such fight before had waged  
The fiery sons of Spain;  
And still the combat raged on,  
Still swelled the gory tide,  
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,  
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command  
Called to a martyr's grave  
The flower of his own beloved land,  
The nation's glory save.  
By rivers of their noble gore  
His first-born laurels wore,  
And well he deemed the sons would pour  
Their lives for glory too!

Full many a Northern breath hath swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying eye hath wept  
Above her mouldering slain;  
The raven's screech, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Alone wake the fallen hero's sight  
That frowned on that dread day.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,  
Ye should not slumber there,  
Where stranger spears and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air;  
Your own proud land's heroic soul  
Must be your fiercest guard,  
She claims for you the richest spoil—  
The ashes of the brave!

Now, 'neath their parent turf, they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast—  
On many a bloody shield;  
She smiles on their native sky,  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindly eyes and hearts watch by  
The soldier's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalm'd and sainted dead,  
Dear as the blood ye gave!  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The heritage of your grave;  
Nor shall your names be e'er forgot,  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Ye faithful heralds of a blazoned stone,  
With mournful pipe, tall bell,  
When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's flight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Shall mar one ray of glory's light  
That glids your deathless tomb.

Major General Winfield Scott.

## A NIGHT AT BOLTON HALL.

A Governess' Adventure, Related by Herself.

"A governess' life monotonous, do you say, my dear? Well, perhaps it may be, as a general rule; but I don't think any woman's existence, however quiet and obscure it may be passed, is ever entirely devoid of adventures. I have been a governess for forty years now, for I am past sixty, though I hardly look it; and I have had some curious things happen to me in the course of these forty years. There are more biographies in the world than ever get written, my dear, and I have often thought that the scenes of my life, if they were told to some people know how to picture them out, wouldn't make such a very uninteresting book.

"I never told you about the gawky young man, with the neglected education, who fell in love with me, when I was teaching him syntax and prosody, did I? No, nor the widower with seven children, who wanted me to go out to India with him, as his wife, at twenty-four hours' notice? Dear heart alive! I often wonder what has become of them all. But the strangest thing of any was what happened to me, when I was in old England, years and years before I thought of coming over to this country, my dear.

"It was just after poor Allan Percival died of scarlet fever; we were to have been married at the next Christmas, if all had gone right, and, naturally, I was feeling lonesome and low-spirited enough. But I've always found hard work the best cure for the blues, and when I had cried a good little solitary cry out, I put an advertisement, 'Wanted—A Situation as Governess,' in the Times, and sat down, patiently to await the result. For a fortnight no governesses must live, even though she has been what the world calls 'disappointed.'"

"Well, the answer came in good time—a letter from a place called Bolton Hall, in Lincolnshire, written by an old lady who wished to engage a capable mistress for her grandchild, a little girl of twelve years old. Only one pupil, advantageous terms, and an easy place, among gentle-people—who are always more readily pleased, I have found by experience, than your upstairs who have built their golden temples of fortune upon the foundations of a single day. I really did not think it would be

possible for me to do better, so I wrote back that I would be there upon a certain day, two weeks off.

"I had never been in Lincolnshire before, and I cannot say I was very favorably impressed at first. It was a dreary country, all flat ferns and dismal morasses, with starchy willow trees growing in monotonous rows, and here and there a windmill, with its arms out-lined against the leaden sky, like some grotesque monster beckoning to one. And it was long past sunset when I finally arrived at Bolton Hall—an old red brick mansion, many-gabled, and overgrown with flowering trails of ivy.

"It's a lonesome place, miss," said the post-boy, who had driven me over from Earsley, the nearest railway station. "I had a sister as was at service here once; but nobody stays long at Bolton Hall." "It is all nonsense for me to take any notice of a servant's idle chatter, but my mind was just in the morbid mood to be influenced by trifling things, and somehow the post-boy's words made me feel a little low-spirited. But the next minute the doors opened, and I saw a great, octagonally shaped hall, hung with dark crimson tapestry, and lighted up by the shimmering gleams of a huge fire of crackling logs, for the evening was chilly, although we were at the prime of midsummer; and the sweetest old lady you ever saw, in black satin robes and Valenciennes lace, with curls as white as spun silver, and a complexion like a winter rose, came forward to meet me and welcome me.

"You are Miss Barbara Ryerson?" she said, cordially extending to me a soft white hand, sparkling with rich rings. "I am Lady Bolton; and here," with a smile, "is your little pupil."

"And in an instant, a pretty child, about her face, had run into my arms. "Grandmamma!" piped the child, "I know I shall like her! She is pretty, and soft-voiced, and she hasn't got green spectacles like old Miss Mosier!"

"And I kissed the fresh, dimpled lips, again and again, for who could help loving an innocent, frank little creature like this?"

"The old lady smiled indulgently. "Take Miss Ryerson to her room, Victorie," she said, "and help her remove her things, for tea will be served in fifteen minutes."

"I fell in love with my room at once. It was a large, low-ceiled apartment, and the walls, finished of a delicate peach-bloom, and the floor covered with a brown carpet whose pattern reminded one of red and russet autumn leaves all over it, and deep-latticed windows hidden with red moorland hangings. And when we came down stairs again, little Victorie hanging fondly to my hand, Lady Bolton was waiting in a great room where the evening lamp cast a circle of soft light in one particular spot, and all the rest lurked in mysterious shadow. I could see a curious red glow at one end, which I afterward made out to be the low setting moon shining through a great stained-glass window, and there were the rustle of tapestried hangings in distant corners whenever a door was opened or shut by the grey-headed butler, or the brisk, pink-ribbed little maid in waiting. It was all eerie enough, and yet not unpleasant.

"Lady Bolton talked to me, after we had drunk our tea, about Victorie, who sat with her sunny head in the old lady's black satin lap, and her big blue eyes looked dreamily upon me; and her proficiency in this particular study, or her backwardness in that; and gave me one or two hints concerning the child's peculiar temperament and characteristics.

"I am very glad that you are young, Miss Ryerson," she said, with a smile. "There is a healthy atmosphere about youth that is especially needed, in a spot like this, where a young child and an old woman are thrown constantly together."

"Are you two the only members of the family?" I ventured to ask.

"We are all alone together, Victorie and I," she answered, her white, slender fingers straying thoughtfully through the little thing's meshes of golden hair.

"She is an orphan, then?"

"Perhaps Lady Bolton did not hear my question, for she immediately began to talk of something else, and I had no opportunity to repeat it.

"You must be tired," said the old lady, presently, rousing herself from her languid reverie. "You have had a long and wearisome journey to-day, and I am sensibly forgetting all but myself!"

And she rang the bell for lights, and a servant to conduct me to my room.

"Lady Bolton was right. I was very weary; so much so that, notwithstanding my resolution to be awake and bright, I fell into a deep slumber, and awoke in the morning, with a headache, and a light from a shaded lamp was falling full on my face, and a tall figure, with my face as white as the whitest alabaster, and arrayed in a sort of loose cashmere gown, belted at the waist with blue silk cord and tassels, stood close at my bedside.

"What is the matter—what has happened?" I cried, sitting up in bed, and wildly pushing the falling hair, and looking at my forehead, upon which a chilly dew of sudden terror had oozed out.

"Rise! rise!" huskily whispered my strange visitor, "for you are in mortal danger!"

"What danger—where?" I gasped.

"Do you know what became of the last governess who was here?" asked the peculiar smile on her face.

"No."

"I will tell you, then; they were murdered—murdered in their beds—murdered just as you are fated to be, unless you heed my words, before this night is another hour older."

"Impossible!" I cried, falling back

upon the common sense of the thing. "Who should murder me? for what possible reason?"

"Imagine people do not always stop to reason," was the calm reply. "If you do not believe me, I can show you where their dead bodies are lying now. The time grows short; will you remain here to perish, or will you consult your own safety by instant flight with me?"

"But who are you?"

"Your friend, and the enemy of secret murderers. The time is flying fast—will you go or stay?"

"I will go with you," I cried, springing to my feet, and beginning to tremble, hands, to throw on the various articles of dress that came first to my grasp. "But," and I paused on an instant, scarcely able to comprehend the startling events of the moment, "what sort of a place, then, is this Bolton Hall?"

"A hell upon earth—a charnel-house—a place where they shut innocent people up to die living deaths! Was the slowly uttered response; an answer which made the blood run cold in my veins. "But you need not fear, for that I have come to your rescue. I will conduct you to a haven of safety where none can harm you. Only be silent and speedy."

"I followed her, with limbs that trembled so that they would hardly support me, into the hall, and thence down a narrow, winding stairway, which led through a side door, into the starlighted night. The dew sprinkled my dress, as I hurried along the board-edged paths; mysterious shadows of aspen, laurel and willow trees lay in dark bars across the velvet-smooth grass, and here and there a night-bird shrieked through the thickets of dense-growing shrubbery—still we kept on, until on a landing the rushing sound of water warned me that we were approaching a stream of no inconsiderable magnitude.

"Suddenly my silent conductress turned into an alley leading to the left, and unlocked the door of a small building of some sort.

"Stay here until I return," she whispered, "and fear nothing!"

"But, in spite of her injunction, I did feel a strange, inward quaking, as I heard the key turned once more in the lock, and knew that I was quite alone, at the dead of night, in a strange place, by the dim starlight, shining through high latticed windows, I could see that a narrow wooden bench ran round three sides of the place, and that a flight of steps extended down to the water's edge on the fourth. Evidently I was in a boat-house, and, somewhat reassured, I sat down on the nearest end of the bench, to try and still my throbbing heart, and convince myself that all would yet be well. My rescuer would doubtless soon return, and then I should be enabled to make good my escape.

"As I sat there, huddled up and shivering in the chilly night air, with the rush of the water sounding like a mournful monotone in my ears, I could not but ask myself, over and over again, what was the meaning of this strange combination of circumstances? Did such a death-trap actually exist in a country like this? If so, where was safety and security to be found? And I trembled afresh at the bare idea of the terrible peril in which I had so unconsciously stood. It was like a hideous nightmare, or some fearful delusion of a fever-racked brain; yet, I knew quite well that I was neither asleep, nor delirious. No, it was the actual, terrible truth; one of those fearful adventures which come to people perhaps once in the course of a lifetime, but not often. The sweet-voiced old lady, who had welcomed me with such a show of hypocritical kindness, the laughing, radiant child, who had hung so fondly about her, and who had remembered those occurrences, and people of the night before. Only the night before! To me it seemed a period removed from my present by the long lapse of years!

"Thus I waited there, shivering, trembling, palpitating! I waited, and still nobody came. I waited, and still all the sounds that could be heard were the rustling of the woodbine which overhung the lattice, swaying back and forth in the dreary night-wind, the shrill cry of summer insects, and the restless pling of the river at my feet—and still the long-for footstep of the rescuer came not. And a new thrill and shudder came over me as I suddenly chanced to remember the post-boy's words:

"Nobody stays long at Bolton Hall!"

"And then, like a tender, reassuring smile, the dawn began to crimson rosy, and yellow light to creep in where the stars and the darkness had reigned hitherto. It was morning, once more. God's new day was born, pearl-browed and radiant, into the world. And, with the shine and the glitter, new strength and confidence came into my gradually sinking heart. Surely, surely my white-robed conductress would not linger long now!

"But the minutes crept by, slowly lengthening themselves into hours, and the vague, horror-stricken fear was borne in upon me that I had been utterly forgotten in my solitude. As this impression seized on me, I sprang madly to my feet, rattling at the locked door with all my feeble strength, shaking the mullions of the lattices, crying wildly out for help. But the dreary echoes of my own voice, and the weird cry of startled birds, were all that came back to me.

"With a new inspiration, that was like a glimmer of hope, I hurried down the broad wooden steps. Why had I not thought of this before? I had never been taught to manage a boat, but I believed that I could do so, in case of extremity; and here, at least, would be a means of escaping from a prison-house which began to be indescribably frightful to me.

"But to my dismay, I perceived that no boat was there, only the iron staples and rusted, hanging chains, to which, in former times, a boat had probably been attached, and, with a low groan of utter despair, I seated myself on the lower step, my dress dipping unheeded in the sparkling current whose sunlit splendor seemed to mock my desperation with its

joyous glitter. I could see the course of the stream for some distance on either side, as it wound through low, flat meadows, with alder-bushes fringing either side, and willow willows uprising their silver-grey foliage; but there was no dwelling nor other sign of human presence to be discerned, and the utter solitude and isolation of the place weighed upon my soul with a fearful incubus. Was I to starve to death here? to perish by slow agonies? I clasped my hands involuntarily together, and the incoherent fragment of a wild prayer broke aloud from my lips:

"And the sun, mooning higher and higher in the blue, cloudless heaven, withdrew its choicest of gold from the floor of the boat-house, and the day grew older and more radiant without, while I, silent and almost stupefied with hunger, fright and exhaustion, sat, like a motionless log, on the step, leaning my throbbing head against the rough boards that formed the siding; for I was quite past exertion now—I could only await my fate.

"It must have been past noon when the welcome sound of human voices broke in upon the dreadful trance of solitude which had come upon me, like a slow creeping numbness, and I involuntarily started up.

"There's foot-tracks here, plain enough, and the branches is broken down," said a gruff accent. "I only hope she's not been and murdered the poor young lady!"

"I lifted up my choked voice with a feeble cry for aid. Faint and tremulous though it was, it was heard, and responded to with a 'Hal-lo-o-o' that shook the very timbers of the building like a roar of thunder.

"Ere she is, or I'm no better than a land-lubber!" bellowed the gruff voice. "Ere she is, my lady! But, shiver my timbers, if the boat-house door ain't locked!"

"Break in the door at once, Stephens!" cried Lady Bolton's soft voice, agitated enough now. "Oh, merciful Heaven! who can tell what may have happened?"

"There ain't a-many bolts, or bars neither, as can stand agin my shoulder!" groaned the first tones. "So, 'ere goes! One, two, three, and—begin!"

"And then there came a mighty sound, like the cleaving and splintering sunder of beams, and the crash of splitting boards, and the next moment I was clasped in Lady Bolton's arms.

"My dear! my dear!" she faltered. "I am so glad so grateful to see you alive once again!"

"I heard no more. A blinding darkness came over my eyes, the rush of the river seemed to fill my ears with thunderous, confusing echoes, and I knew nothing further until I found myself on the sofa in Lady Bolton's own room, with little Victorie's blue eyes watching wistfully over me, and the faint sweet odor of cologne and scented waters permeating all the air.

"And then, when I was able to listen collectedly, Lady Bolton gave me the entire clue to the frightful mystery, which was so nearly proved fatally disastrous, but for the timely arrival of a restorant or saloon, neither smoke while on duty, or be caught without their gloves on, etc. For any such delinquency, they will be reported, brought before that august tribunal, the Police Commissioners, and dismissed the service, suspended, or fined, as the gravity of the charge demands. However, many of those very excellent regulations were evaded. We had one officer in the 27th Precinct that was not only very fortunate in such matters, but who would manage to steal enough from me to support his family almost. Many dollars he would take, but he would never touch the matter, and 'killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.' I was detected, and broke, in disgrace; and the last I saw of John Gurney he was a common street loafer. At the end of Dey street pier lay an old condemned propeller of the Albany line, that was used as a store-house for the propellers, and there they lay upon, and grew, quantities were of ten on board, in charge of a watchman. Now Gurney had a weakness for ale, and as the roundsman's visits could be calculated upon, somewhat, as to the time, he would often sneak off his post and visit his friend, the propeller watchman and his beer barrels. One morning, after the 5 o'clock change had been made, it became pretty well known that probably no other inspectors would be about that night. Consequently Gurney and four or five other officers boldly left their respective posts and betook themselves to the old propeller, and there remained until broad daylight, when they came marching up the pier, shouting and singing, having no fear of the roundsman "or any other man" before their eyes. They turned into the wood yard between Vesey and Fulton piers, and there furnished a free exhibition of some half a dozen "Metropolitans" in full uniform, blazing away with their revolvers at their costly regulation caps, and up on sticks of wood. Fortune favors the brave, also the fool and the drunken, for I believe they were never reported, and managed to get to their posts by seven o'clock to be relieved. At another time, for the most trifling offence, they would be dismissed the service.

Those dismal nights were the most critical times for thieves; if ever we had a chance to work in this manner, it was assumed upon our being housed from the storm, but housed we must not be. The more piercing the cold, the wilder the storm, the darker and more tempestuous the night, the keener must we watch and guard every avenue; and many were the losses we met with when we were doing our best. I came near making a haul of hundreds and odd dollars out of pocket on one occasion, which would have been a tolerable night's work; it was in this wise: I do not remember why, but I was alone that winter's night, having seven avenues to look after; most of the stands, however, were closed and locked. It was a bleak and dreary night, and, as I had walked myself tired, and everything being apparently quiet and regular, I thought to rest a little; accordingly, taking a book from my pocket, I crouched up in a sheltered place; opening the dark lantern just sufficient to throw a ray of light on the page, not sufficient to attract notice, and thus reading and watching by turns, I endeavored to while away the slowly passing hours of the tedious night. Each time I stroked my hat I threw the strong light from the "bull's eye" into every nook and corner, through the glass windows of every office, and thus satisfied myself that no one was lurking about. Thus the time passed on until the early hours of the morning—perhaps two or three o'clock—when I was betrayed into a longer rest than usual; how long, I scarcely know; I have an indistinct notion that I had fallen asleep, in fact, I am almost certain of it. At any rate, my book lay on the floor at my feet, a position I should scarcely have chosen for it had I been reading. Suddenly I was startled by a

## SKETCHES BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

Night Scenes in Washington Market—Festive "Merry-Do" at a Tavern—A Trio of Burglars, etc.

We have said somewhat about moonlight nights in Washington Market, but who shall describe those dark tempestuous watchnights, when the rain poured down in torrents, when vivid flashes of lightning blinded the eyes for a moment, shedding a lurid glare on every object, revealing with painful distinctness all the surroundings, only to leave us again in darkness that could almost be felt? And then

## THOSE CRUEL WINTER NIGHTS.

fifteen hours long (from 4 P. M. to 7 A. M.), that seemed an age to our weary limbs, benumbed with cold, for, during you might, the piercing cold winds from the river would find their way through long ere the morning, and it was at times almost unbearable.

No person can know aught of what utter loneliness and solitude is until they shall have passed the long hours of a weary winter's night on a solitary house, seeing a coal fire from eye till morn; the wind sweeping in fitful gusts through the deserted avenues, and sighing mournfully, and shrieking angrily by turns, and howling like unresting spirits contending in mid-air; and as the tempest sweeps across the river it rattles the blocks on the vessels, and whistles strongly and weirdly through the rigging, while every half hour the watch on each vessel (if he is awake), cries in their peculiarly despairing tone, "half-past twelve o'clock—and—all—well!"

The regular force had the advantage of us in this, that they were changed three times during the night, while we were on duty from night till morning without relief; but the poor fellows were under the strictest surveillance, and what with captains, sergeants, roundsmen, and inspectors, there was but little rest for them. They were obliged to move about continually, must hold no communication with each other, or with anyone, on so far as imperative necessity demanded; must not enter a restaurant or saloon, neither smoke while on duty, or be caught without their gloves on, etc. For any such delinquency, they will be reported, brought before that august tribunal, the Police Commissioners, and dismissed the service, suspended, or fined, as the gravity of the charge demands. However, many of those very excellent regulations were evaded. We had one officer in the 27th Precinct that was not only very fortunate in such matters, but who would manage to steal enough from me to support his family almost. Many dollars he would take, but he would never touch the matter, and 'killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.' I was detected, and broke, in disgrace; and the last I saw of John Gurney he was a common street loafer. At the end of Dey street pier lay an old condemned propeller of the Albany line, that was used as a store-house for the propellers, and there they lay upon, and grew, quantities were of ten on board, in charge of a watchman. Now Gurney had a weakness for ale, and as the roundsman's visits could be calculated upon, somewhat, as to the time, he would often sneak off his post and visit his friend, the propeller watchman and his beer barrels. One morning, after the 5 o'clock change had been made, it became pretty well known that probably no other inspectors would be about that night. Consequently Gurney and four or five other officers boldly left their respective posts and betook themselves to the old propeller, and there remained until broad daylight, when they came marching up the pier, shouting and singing, having no fear of the roundsman "or any other man" before their eyes. They turned into the wood yard between Vesey and Fulton piers, and there furnished a free exhibition of some half a dozen "Metropolitans" in full uniform, blazing away with their revolvers at their costly regulation caps, and up on sticks of wood. Fortune favors the brave, also the fool and the drunken, for I believe they were never reported, and managed to get to their posts by seven o'clock to be relieved. At another time, for the most trifling offence, they would be dismissed the service.

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## HEAVY MUFFLED REPORT.

accompanied by a jar, as of one blasting rocks under the surface. I was up in an instant, and wide awake. I had heard that sound before. Once when a heavy robbery was committed on Cortland street, the safe being charged with powder and blasted, I had then heard such a sound, and several times since, and always with a result. Passing hastily around, and finding nothing disturbed, I began to hope that it was not on my post, until I came to a very large stand in Centre Row, running through from one avenue to another, and entirely open to both, winter and summer. The owners were heavy dealers in poultry, game, beef, etc., and had in the centre of the stand a large office, enclosed by glass, and in which were two large iron safes, supposed to be "fire and burglar proof." As I threw the light to ward the office door, I saw a brass key in the lock, and intuitively turned it away again, and after pretending to look at some matters near the entrance, whilst carefully the while, I sauntered slowly out. But the mind was busy. I had taken in the situation and surmised the matter up. It was a remote point, and would be impossible to procure help without alarming whoever was inside; to leave the vicinity entirely I dare not. I remembered that at the lower edge of the sash (about breast high) was a narrow ledge, over which the cashier inside received money, and transacted business with those who purchased outside. The distance from where I first came in sight, i. e., the entrance, was perhaps twenty feet. For all I have intimated, I was scarcely outside before I had resolved upon my course, and ready to re-enter. I turned the full light on my dark lantern, which had a powerful reflector, that no person could look at without being blinded; and taking my revolver at full cock, I made a dash for the office door. Clapping the lantern on the window ledge, so that it shone full in the office, I quickly turned the key, and holding on by the knob of the door, I looked through the glass just by me; never was game more completely bagged; they had no doubt been aroused when I entered at first, but seeing me pass carelessly on, felt more secure than ever, and the second time I entered took them by surprise. There were three in all—one a mere stripling, such as burglars often use to place through small apartments, fanlights, panels, etc., to admit the more bulky operators.

One murderous looking outlaw, a red-shirted, Garibaldian looking fellow, had apparently started up when I dashed in, and expecting me to come through the door, was prepared to receive me on the neck with his club, and to shoot a foot long, which he held in readiness; however, I declined this delicate attention, and stayed outside; the other two were still on the floor, by the safe, which was blown open, and the contents scattered about in great profusion. I managed that my head and my revolver should both appear at the same time. "Don't move a limb," I calmly claimed; "don't stir a peg; I cover every movement; I hold six lives here; it's no use, gentlemen, you're in limbo."

"Put back your hand," said I to the young man, as I saw a stealthy move as if for a weapon, "you're not ready to die yet." He quickly drew back, or the next instant I should have shot him, for it was my only safe course, but then a spell would be broke, and wild work would follow. "Now, gentlemen," said I, facetiously, "you're bagged, there's no denying that, and I know just what you can do, and just what you can't do. Three of you can not get out of there alive. Two of you might, and give me a lively turn; but after one has moved first dies as sure as fate. Who shall it be?" They were demoralized from that moment. This was putting the matter in an unpleasant shape, which they did not relish. Not one stirred, but glared at me like wolves. At last my brigand near the door proposed that I should come in and arrest them. No, gentlemen, said I, "seeing that the hour is untimely, and there are three of you, it will be but showing you ordinary courtesy to have others present. I shall now call for my comrades, and in the meantime don't fear that I'll neglect you; you can sacrifice yourselves at any moment, only make up your minds who is to die first, if in this case you have all desire to live, don't do anything to disturb my nerves, for if my finger should by mistake give a twitch on this trigger, I may do that I shall be sorry for."

I expected a break when I called, but with steadfast look inside—a look so intense that it caused my eyes to ache and my sight to blur—I called, "Watch! Watch!" Soon I heard them come; first, sturdy Joe Scott, from Vesey street, then the Stringhams, from the inner market, "Barney," from West street, and, indeed, there was help enough. Upon entering, my "Garibaldian" (who seemed to be the leader), made a lunge at Stringham, but he was too wary an old fox to be caught easily; he parried the blow with his club, and then introduced the toe of his boot under the fellow's chin, and sent him sprawling backward. This was a favorite move of his (Stringham's), upon which he prided himself greatly. Eventually the two elder burglars did the State some service; being recognized as old offenders, their sentence was heavy; one of them was a noted "crackman" from Liverpool, of whose arrival the police had been apprised. The younger of the three was sent on the island for one year and six months, but he was off again in less than two months, for I saw him, and he told me how he had escaped by swimming. He also told me that once on that night I nearly caught them when endeavoring to fit a key to the door; that they had been inside about an hour, and that if I had entered I would never have come out until I was carried out. All this he communicated as I took him again to the station house, from whence he was sent again to the Penitentiary, and I saw him no more.

L. R. T.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Broad Ave is the quaint title of a paper published at Cleversburg, Pa. It should have been called the Cleversburg Cleaver.

St Louis is proud because she has a capital of \$3,000,000 invested in the larger beer manufacture. The annual product is \$4,000,000.

The great railway contractor of England, Brassey, left a fortune of over \$50,000,000, the whole result of his own industry and enterprise.

Kansas City reports a lady as passing along the main street of that town composedly puffing a cigar, while her husband, a meek-looking personage, walked behind, carrying the baby.

The Irish emigration to America, formerly so extensive, is reported to be now rapidly on the decrease. English and French emigration is increasing, while that from Germany is the largest.

"A Young Shakerer" says, in a note, that the assertion often made that the Shaker males hate the females, and vice versa, is not true; "for we love each other better than we can express."

Lillie Smith, the little Sunday-school scholar who gained a reputation for having committed to memory three hundred and sixty-nine verses of Scripture in one quarter, is just recovering from brain-fever.

Mary had a little lamb, With hair as fine as silk; The longer Mary lived, the more she found that lamb a bilk. For all the hair was only flax. On that deceitful brute; But Mary hadn't much to say, for her's was only jute.

Thieving has been reduced to a science. In Boston, the other day, two men stole an entire team, with its contents, consisting of \$5,000 worth of choice goods, which were on their way to a packet pier. This is almost equal to the sharp practice of the man who stole a saw-mill and the water power.

A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva the Goddess of Wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it, mamma?" was the artless reply.

At the Central Telegraph Office, London, no less than 455 young women are employed as clerks, and only 250 males. None but male clerks are placed on night duty. The general post-office in the same city employs about 5,000 telegraph clerks, and over 3,000 messengers. The "female clerks" there total up to nearly a thousand.

A curious and imposing ceremony took place in Lexington, Ky., a few days since, during the funeral services of a lady in that city, her infant, only a few weeks old, was brought to the chance of the church, and there, in the presence of its dead mother, was solemnly dedicated in baptism to the God whom she had served.