

CASTELAR.

The Great Republican Orator of Spain. The following sketch of Castelar, the great Republican orator of Spain, by a writer in Appleton's Journal, will be read with interest:—

could be heard, tried to reply, and, in the opinion of the ultramontane correspondent of the New York Herald, completely annihilated Castelar. How he really succeeded the sequel shows. About five days after this great event, Garibaldi, writing from Capri to his friend Garrido in Madrid, placed next to the names of Espartaco, nearly eighty, and Orensé, nearly sixty, the name of this man of scarcely forty, among those from whom a dictator or king should be chosen— an honor which he did not extend to any who formed the existing Government.

result of days and nights of toil—occupying a goodly portion of the apartment. There was a little work-bench near the window filled with diminutive tools without number, with which the curious thing had been fashioned and shaped, and cut and carved. But before we describe, even most imperfectly, the machine we had come to see, let us say something of its author. Bergmann is a German, about fifty years of age, and speaks English most imperfectly. He is a little diminutive man, with a pale, sallow countenance, and a look which speaks of care and thought, if not positive suffering. He is evidently very poor—the house is almost bare of furniture—and in speaking of the dream and the work which had so infatuated him, he said it would have been better for him if he had never experienced the one nor understood the other. He is a cabinet maker by trade, and the skill of an almost marvellous handworker as well as the stamp of remarkable inventive genius is to be seen in the construction of the machine. Bergmann informed us that fourteen years ago he dreamt one night of a machine such as stood before us. At first he thought little of it. Then it began to occupy his mind to the exclusion of other subjects, and after a time he commenced the work, at first at odd spells, and then quite continuously for days. Some inexplicable power was urging him on every step of his work, and he felt that the spells of inspiration came upon him, everything had to be abandoned, and every work had to be laid aside, even though there was no bread upon the cupboard shelf—and many a night the poor artisan went hungry to bed. But after years of anxious toil, the dream is verified—the work is complete.

ments? The knots and groups of citizens began to move uneasily towards their homes, as if feeling that their strong arms would soon be needed to wield the knife and rifle for the protection of their thresholds. Now strange, exciting cries are heard from those who have remained the last upon the streets, and the cry of "Buffalo! the buffalo are crossing the river!" was echoed by many months. Men hurried out of their houses, women appeared in the doorways and windows, their night garments giving them the ghostly appearance of the inhabitants of the sepulchre. Rifle barrels gleamed and shone with a crimson lustre in the light of the fires which were now leaving their serpent tongues in the waters of the river edge. Heavens! what was that? A huge body rushes past the frightened women and like a demon incarnate dashes up the street. Then another, and still another, then the place resounds with clashing hoofs, and a sea of moving hair and glistening horns fills the streets and sidewalks. Crash! crash! crash! The rifles rebound upon the streets. Crash! crash! and heavy bodies sink to rise no more. A moment of horror and bewilderment, and then the town is quiet—the streets empty, and the thunder of receding hoofs comes almost inaudibly to the ears of the citizens who now cautiously slip forth. In the streets and gutters dark, shaggy masses are dimly to be seen by the light of the now dying fires. They struggle and vainly strive to rise to their feet, but soon sink back and beat their huge heads against the hard roadway, and the crimson life stream pours from month and nostril, roll their eyes in the death agony. By the morning light ought to be seen but the gory pools which yet lay in miniature lakes upon the streets.

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Under the rule of Isabella and Narvaez, he was editorially connected with four different liberal journals, the *Discusion*, the *Tribuna*, the *Herida*, and the *Soberana* (National Sovereignty). Through those, as well as his professorship, he became known to the whole Spanish-speaking world.

THE WONDER. We will now attempt to describe the machine. It is so complicated and does such wonderful things that a perfect description would fill columns. We hardly know what to call it, even. It beats all the automotons in the world. The reader must imagine a beautiful miniature structure set upon a huge mass of rocks, with road-beds winding up the sides of the rocks, and streams of running water coursing down precipitous bluffs.

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Deeply chagrined, Manterola, as soon as he could be heard, tried to reply, and, in the opinion of the ultramontane correspondent of the New York Herald, completely annihilated Castelar.

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