The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

Vol. 9. BELLEFONTE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1864. No. 50, 49

[WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN OF CHARLESTON, TO THE MOTHER OF HIS WIFE.]

Dead! dead! oh, how little ye think,
At the whisper that dread word to my ear,
How it rushes on to the awful brink
Of the dim unknown!

Ye think for children a tear to steal,
Or press a chills from my pallid lips,
But what heart-agony can I fear or feel
At Mary's decease?

All the mother outspeaks
In the look of love and the dimpled cheeks
Are but half of Mary.

Dead! in my manhood! I never dreamed
That she would ever yield through death's dark portal,
To my blinded vision it always seemed
That love was immortal.

What else could I read in her glowing face
Or the heavenly depths of her azure eye?
How tremble of shrink in her sweet embrace,
Lest she might die?

Dead! what's dead? Not our love, I ween!
She does not stir at my passionate kiss;
But although a thousand years rolled between
This hour and this.

She would seem the same in her snowy dress,
My beautiful bride with the golden hair!
And the pale, calm forehead I stoop to caress
Is still as fair.

As when at the altar I pledged my life
To honor and cherish and keep her for aye,
And the rose all blooming, my own true wife,
As she is to-day.

I know that those eyes have lost their light,
Whose fringes are sweeping a marble cheek,
They will never more kindle with soft delight
To words that I speak.

And the hands that love has so often pressed—
Dear hands! so eager to work my will—
Now dumbly crossed on her waveless breast,
Are cold and still.

But her heart is mine by her wifely vow,
In her maiden truth she gave it to me,
And I claim dominion over it now,
Wherever it be.

You may bury her deep in her earthly bed,
But love is stronger than death or the grave,
And will follow for aye the loving dead
That it could not save.

But somewhere beyond the rolling stars,
Further than swiftest thought can rise,
She watches me still through heaven's bars,
With tenderest eyes.

And loosing the thread of love's dear tie,
When my spirit its mortal cords shall sever
She will spring to my arms in that realm on high,
And be mine forever.

Dead! but on her dead heart I pray
To that God who giveth no love in vain;
When his angels shall roll the stone away,
It will rise again.

—*Boston Courier.*

ADDRESS.

To the Democratic Citizens of Pennsylvania:

I have but waited the tardy movements of our public authorities in collecting the result of the election held on the 8th ult., in order to discharge the incumbent duty of calling your attention to the means by which a majority of 20,081 votes (as I now learn from official circles), has been recorded against us. This majority is made up from all the votes stated to have been given in the districts at home, including those by proxy, and all those given in the armies—legal votes and all—in every form of returns, lawful and otherwise.

There have been at least two palpable forms of fraud practised by the supporters of Abraham Lincoln, in order to make up this majority, and thus secure him the electoral vote of the State. Fictitious ballots have been placed in the ballot boxes answering to false registries, the same as has been repeatedly proven to have been the case in our elections heretofore; and secondly, the suffrages of the volunteer soldiers have not only been over awed and perverted by corrupt partizan officials, but the returns themselves, in many cases, have been tampered with and transformed. In reference to fictitious votes, who believes that the city of Philadelphia has to-day, or ever had 99,800 voters legally and properly registered in her various wards and precincts? And yet that number of votes has been counted as those resident—giving near twelve thousand *Abolition* majority in a city that not many years since burnt an Abolition hall in open day as a public nuisance.

The late attempt to exercise the right of suffrage on the part of the volunteer soldiers has proved a signal failure—farce I would call it but for its various melancholy concomitants. The doubts entertained by many as to the wisdom and propriety of this measure prior to its adoption would seem to have been fully realized.

It is impossible ever to secure a fair and full distribution of tickets, so as to allow a free choice to the veteran army service. The expenses of the attempts made to do so are almost beyond belief. On the part of the State they will reach at least $30,000; and the two political organizations expended $100,000 more. The system will always be liable to great abuses, and must ever be unequal in its operation, and unfair in its results.

Certain it is that the privilege of voting given to the soldier is a mockery, when the very man against whom perhaps he would like to vote has the most despotic control over those who rule that soldiers every movement must mould and bias, as a word to the front of battle, and to death, if he refused compliance with their behests. Until the volunteer soldier have the power of choosing their own officers, the right of suffrage for other purposes can never be properly carried into effect in the army. Had they been fairly and freely left to their own preferences, can any one seriously doubt but that there would have been about the same proportionate division of sentiment expressed by the soldier in the late elections, that was manifested by their fathers and brothers at home?

It is this army vote (not to speak of the other frauds) which has given our opponents their recent beggarly triumph in Pennsylvania. Beggarly indeed—when it is recollected that it shows a falling off of from forty to fifty thousand in their majority, within the last four years! Such a victory sad so obtained, betokens a speedy downfall as a party, to the advocates of negro equality in our staunch old Commonwealth, [illegible] never, [illegible] it would be of little moment, [illegible] votes, properly divided amongst

the larger States would have defeated Mr. Lincoln altogether.

It was our duty, fellow citizens, to have rescued the Constitution at the late election if we could. The effort was gallantly, but unsuccessfully made. And now, in view of all that must inevitably transpire within the next four years, feel honestly more like congratulating you as a political party on having escaped a fearful responsibility than offering explanations and condolence over a defeat. After entailing a weight of suffering upon this country from which nothing but the most radical measures can ever relieve it; after having forced into operation a financial system which is but the mask of ruin in that regard; after so mismanaging the unfortunate civil war now upon their hands as to leave scarcely a hope of saving the Union, it is but right that the Abolitionists and their instrument, Abraham Lincoln, should remain in a position to feel the first fruit of their own wickedness and folly, and meet the curses and condemnation of an outraged and suffering people, when the impending clouds shall mature into storm and darkness.

Our plain duty, fellow citizens, both as a party and as patriots, is to maintain our noble organization in all its power and activity. It now comprises upwards of two hundred and seventy-six thousand freemen—the bone, sinew and brains of this Commonwealth. Every hope of an ultimate reunion of the States and of restoring the Government and laws to their original purity and vigor, lies in the progress and ultimate triumph of the Democracy. We must still continue to act as the sentinals of freedom, and vindicate our time honored principles before the people. Instead of disbanding our clubs and associations, let us increase their number and inspirit their action. Hold at least monthly meetings. Gather if possible, and organize a Democratic association in every school district, and boldly canvass on all proper occasions the measures of our corrupt and imbecile rulers. Expose the secret leagues and banditti like gatherings of our opponents; and hold up to merited scorn those who, in midnight assemblies, and under kindred darkness conspire to rob and ruin our country, and at the same time to degrade our people by plotting an affiliation with the negro race. Let us, as a party, march steadily on our accustomed paths, employing neither stealth nor secrecy—they are unworthy of freedom, who are afraid to defend it in open day.

Allow me, in this connection, to add a word also in behalf of the Democratic press of Pennsylvania. Always but too poorly rewarded, now when nearly all the public patronage is in the hands of the fanatics, and the expenses of printing greatly increased, it becomes the manifest duty of every faithful Democrat to support and strengthen his local paper, and to discriminate in his patronage, if compelled to do so at all, in favor of the Democratic press of our own State. There is a culpable carelessness in this respect in many of our public men, which is a very proper subject of reprehension, as well as of remembrance to those who suffer from it.

Under ordinary circumstances, fellow citizens, I would deem the present duty of my place fully discharged in this hasty reference to the late election, and the sequent suggestions which I have ventured upon. And in what I further undertake at this time, it is possible I may be charged with traveling somewhat out of the sphere of my appointment, and with entering upon a field of inquiry that is beyond its usual limits. But as my purpose is manly and upright, and I may add patriotic, I feel I may safely rely in these times that the spirit of liberty will secure me at least your indulgence.

On or about the 1st day of September last forty-four substantial and reputable citizens of Columbia and Luzerne counties, in this State, were seized by military authority and hurried with indecent haste, at the bayonet's point, into the depths of a distant and disused military fortress as a place of confinement. One of them, in a letter to his relatives, in simple words that must touch every honest heart, thus describes their imprisonment:

"Our treatment was inhuman. When *first* taken and incarcerated in this cell, not a stool or bench to rest our weary limbs on; not a cup, or knife, or fork, or plate; and these few indispensible articles were purchased at exhorbitant prices, attended with vexatious delay. Forty-four of us in one cell, without even a separate place to attend to the calls of nature, it is no wonder that one of our number was soon laid in his last resting place, and many others prostrated by disease."

Four of their number have recently been brought to trial before a military commission, and three of them sentenced to heavy fines and imprisonment, upon charges, clearly cognizable in the civil courts in the State and of the United States. With the question of the guilt or innocence of these men (and I believe them truly innocent of any deliberate infraction of law), I have in this place nothing to do. It is the startling fact that forty-four men of good repute in their respective neighborhoods, some of whom had held places of high public trust and honor, should be seized by soldiery in the heart of this peaceful and loyal State, dragged off to a miserable military dungeon, and there kept for months without being confronted by an accuser; one of them in the meantime dying, as is believed, from suffering there; another [illegible] Island from his bereaved [illegible] shut up in [illegible] Island for [illegible] a bomb-proof cell [illegible] a [illegible] de nate desecration [illegible]

with many proud recollections and memories of our forefathers' struggles for freedom, turned into a Bastile for the rites of modern tyranny!

This is not all, nor in my view the worst of the case—if it is to be established as a precedent. These men are being drawn out, one by one, to be tried before a tribunal unknown to the Constitution—called a Court Martial, in which they are denied the privilege—priceless in a freeman's estimate—of a trial by jury of their peers, and of the vicinage.

I should impliedly impugn your intelligence and love of freedom, fellow-citizens, by offering here, any elaborate discussion of this sacred right of trial by jury. No work of tyranny so stirs the inmost depth of every freeman's heart, as any attempt at infringement of this precious principle of liberty, which has come down to us unrammelled and unimpaired from the days of *Magna Charta* to the present moment. The very idea of a Military Commission sitting in the heart of our faithful, law-abiding old Commonwealth, to try anything but simply breaches of military law and regulations, is monstrous and unbearable. Our Legislature fairly humbled itself to subserviency, in passing laws punishing any resistance, by word or deed, to the Conscription laws of *Congress*; and *Congress* in its turn has piled enactment on enactment—now endorsing our gracious President's proclamations of martial law, and next restraining them—but all the while pointing to the Civil Courts as the proper tribunals to try the class of offences newly announced—shall I say, CREATED, by both President and Congress—Lord and Master of a submissive people!

I submit, fellow-citizens, whether it is not the duty of the two hundred and seventy-six thousand Democrats of Pennsylvania, to inquire into this alarming violation of those great principles of human rights, which even no monarch on the throne of our English ancestors since the date of *Magna Charta*, ever yet invaded with impunity; and no Administration of our Government ever before dared to infringe, even in the slightest degree? The fate to-day, of these men of Columbia county, if innocent, may be ours to-morrow. Besides, if it really has come to pass, that the old laws of the land require enforcement by bayonets, and the new ones introduced, and *about to be introduced*, need the same illustration and support, it must at least be interesting to the people to know it, and be prepared to yield up gracefully all those cherished principles of civil freedom baptised in the blood of our fathers of the revolution, and bequeathed to us as their inestimable legacy. True, we had the boastful announcement of the Secretary of State at Washington, that the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* placed every independent heart in the land under his goalership; and we had also the practice of Secretary Stanton's satraps in various places in other States, showing the same grand estimate of *his* powers; but, that military Commissions and *secret trials* without JURIES, were to be substituted for proceedings in the Civil Courts of the country, in cases clearly defined by statute law as belonging exclusively to their jurisdiction, is a state of things which could not have been fully contemplated by the people of Pennsylvania at the late election. We really seem to be fast approaching the condition of the German Baron of olden time, who, in order to provide the means of maintaining his castle against assailants, mortgaged it to some neighboring Shylocks, who seized and appropriated it themselves, before the Baron's defences were completed. Or, in plainer words, in conducting what appeared at the outset to be a proper struggle to sustain the powers of the Constitution, and the supremacy of the laws over the Southern States—we are now sinking the same vital principles here at home!

Who is responsible for this position of affairs so far as our State is concerned? The new Military Commander of this Division, with his own fair record to preserve, and a bright ancestral fame in memory cannot be acting a voluntary part in them. The Governor of Pennsylvania disavows all prior knowledge of the original proceedings against the Columbia county prisoners, and all responsibility in the premises. The Judiciary, if applied to, would probably be disinclined to enter into a conflict with the military authorities, in which would simply be illustrated, that the president and his Cabinet ministers are the Lords paramount of our destinies, both civil and military!

The people can allow, can perpetuate, this position of our liberties if they desire. They have the power—the *civil* power to prove recreant to themselves; to become the executioners of their own rights—their own happiness, and their own glory illustrated in the past; or, if they so elect as a people, they may, in cowardly supineness, allow themselves to be covered with the pall of a despotism as dark and dismal as ever shrouded any of the victims in the cold world; and finally fill the silent of those ignoble graves of National freedom, that lie in dreadful warning along down the great highway of time.

In behalf of the Democratic State Central Committee of Pennsylvania.

C. L. WARD, *Chairman.*

TOWANDA, PA., Dec. 5th, 1864.

A dispatch from Atlanta to a contemporary says that whoever uses the expression "Sherman's march to the sea" hereafter, will be [illegible] to [illegible] will have [illegible] to [illegible] gallop that they went

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And, like a sunset on the sea,
Slopes gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering sad and chillingly:
And locks are gray
At winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all dreary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts
Which leap as leap the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in dungeon chain;
And dawn of day
Hath passed away,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years,
And beauty fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent fears;
And then how dark!
But Oh! the spark
That kindles youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections lingering say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring
And golden Summer cease to be;
And we put on the Autumn robe
To tread the last declivity.
But now the slope,
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold—
Another dawn with fairer light,
While watchers whisper thro' the night,
There comes a time when we grow old. *Ex.*

THE MAD ENGINEER.

The following thrilling story is furnished by a Prussian Railroad Conductor:

My train left Dantzic in the morning generally about eight o'clock, but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamers arrival that I came down from the hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not perform his work. A railway carriage had run over him and broke one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to procure another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed. I had inquired for Westphal, but was informed that he had gone to Sweegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent to Koingsburg, on the road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for *two days*, and had gone no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Neufahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked them if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking up to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages assigned to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house.

It was past nine o'clock.

"Come, why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my unform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badge which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips which were very thin seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quickly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well sir, I am going to Bromberg; I must go, and I will run the engine for you."

"Sir!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the country. And as now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive, my name is Manfred Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg, and I will show you running that is running."

"Sir! I protest—" I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He looked at my uniform with a look and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the engineer in the hands of the surgeon, and all ready for the start. Kroller got upon the platform, and followed [illegible] of [illegible] a man [illegible] [illegible]

Him intensely amid the machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff—a groaning of the heavy axletrees—a trembling of the building, and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few minutes more the station house was far behind us.

In less than an hour we reached the Dirsham, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Konigsburg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. By the Heavens, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours!"

I smiled at what I thought his enthusiasm and then went back to my station. As soon as the Konigsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-carriage attached we started on again. Soon after I went into the guard-carriage, and sat down. An early train from Konigsberg, had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and that wasat Little Oscue, where we took on board the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear.

But are long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway too and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guards coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look sir, and see how we are going."

I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before travelled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in an undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Heavens! didn't you know him?"

"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled; "What do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no engineer to run on the engine, and—

"You took *him!*" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognise him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one who was a stranger to you. Then I knew the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

The whole fearful truth was now opened to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard and then made my way forward as quick as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine board, his hat and coat off, his his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at his throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces.

"Kroller, Kroller," I cried at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion. "They sword that I could not make it. But yes! yes! See my new engine! I made it and they are jealous of me. I made it, and when it was done they stole it from me. But I have found it. For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they work it was not made. But I have found it. I knew it this morning when I saw that Dantzic, and I have managed to have it. And I've got it! Ha, ha, ha! we're on the way to the moon, I say! By heaven! you'll be in the moon in four and twenty hours. Down, down villain! If you move I'll shoot you."

This was spoken to the fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the [illegible] man sank back again.

"Kroller, Kroller," I cried at the top of my voice, and at the same time I [illegible] cried out one of the guards. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed we were now gone. The houses flew past like lightning. I knew if the switch was not turned the switch as usual, we should be dashed into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash—it was another engine. I closed my eyes, but still we thundered on. The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not head us in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we ran forward.

But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula, and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there is not a moment to lose; Schwartz is close by. But hold," he added, "let's shoot him."

At that moment a tall stout German student came over the platform where we stood and we saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm, but I should have been nothing in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome at the wild emotion that raged within me, we began to turn the river, and before I was fairly recovered the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwartz.

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform, and as we carried him to the guard room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near by was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzic."

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the western mail for the next northern train to carry along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and I was glad of it; for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current, which might have poured upon my head, for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that, he was found again; his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed on again by a *crazy engineer.*

BLUCHER AND HIS PIPE.

Here is an incident of 1815, which the English journals are relating:

On the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo, Heuneman had just handed his master (Blucher) a lighted pipe, when a cannon ball struck the ground close by, scattering earth and gravel in all directions, and causing the white charger on which Blucher was mounted to spring aside—a manœuver that broke the pipe into a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips.

"Get keep a lighted pipe ready for me; I shall be back again in a few minutes—after I have driven away the rascally French churls."

With these words Blucher gave the command, "Forward boys!" and off he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, however, of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer day, as we all know from History. After the battle was over, Blucher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combating armies, and regaining the spot where Bleucher had halted in the morning, they saw to their surprise a military man, his head clad with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling, and calmly smoking a pipe.

"Donner-and-blitzen!" cried Blucher, "why, that is my Hanneman. How [illegible] you? what are you doing there?"

"Waiting for your speedy return," was the grumbling answer. "You have come at last! I have smoked ten [illegible] pipe in search, for the whole long day. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shot away every pipe from my mouth, have riped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the last pipe."

Saying which he handed to Blucher the pipe, to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed. Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blucher: "You have [illegible] the unfinishing loyalty and bravery of my Highlanders, what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?" "But your Highlanders had no pipe to regale themselves with, replied Blucher.

TALLEYRAND AND A[illegible]

One day Talleyrand [illegible] from Paris during the darkest hour of the French revolution; Paris and the blood-hounds of the reign of terror. Talleyrand mounted a carriage, in the dead of night, [illegible] and sail. He [illegible] [illegible] a stranger, and [illegible] by the sweat of his brow. [illegible] Is there an American [illegible] he asked of the landlord [illegible] hotel. I am going across the water, and would like a letter to a person [illegible] of once in the New World."

"There is a gentleman [illegible] from America or Britain, but whether from America or England, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way and Talleyrand, in his life was bishop, prince and minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable [illegible] cant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered. In the far corner of the dimly lighted room sat a man of fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the dogmost brows and upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His form, [illegible] with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark but distinguished costume. Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and with the impression that the gentleman was an American he solicited his kind feeling and offices. He spoke forth his history in eloquent French and broken English.

"I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without friend or home. You are an American. Give me then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; a life of labor in America would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will please give me a letter to one of your friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow; he spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning:

"I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one in America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated to the next room. "your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its [illegible] "Have you any fault to find with my name, brother?" "Not for myself," was the reply. "What objection has your name?" followed up the inquisitor. "Oh, none at all!" "Where, then is the trouble, my friend." "Why, do you not understand when you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] must go, for I [illegible]

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the most of men.

——Dirty droppings from the sanctuary—political sermons.

——Children that go to bed, love to tell heaven how dear they were to us here.

——An Irish lover remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when your "sweetheart is wid ye."

——A man, on being told that a certain kind of stove would save half the coal said "I'll take two of them and save it all."

——If a woman could talk out of the two corners of her mouth at the same time, there would be a good deal said on both sides.

——Sweet words fly like honey bees from the lips of a lovely woman, penetrate the heart as with the dart of love, and in each puncture with honey.

——A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up hill work." "Good," said his friend; "I would rather go up hill than down hill any time."

——A Pennsylvania editor says, somebody brought a bottle of tear-water into his office, with a request to notice it as lemonade. If Esau was given enough to sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will sell a free country for five cents.

——A country gentleman walking in his garden, saw his gardiner asleep in an arbor. "What," said the master, "asleep, you lazy dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine upon you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid down in the shade."

——A quaint writer says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail for fear it was should overset; and afraid to walk for fear she [illegible] might fall. But I never saw one afraid to get married."

——Persons living in cities ought to wear plaster similar than country people, from [illegible] approximity of looking [illegible] distance. Those who wish to put on a new [illegible] should accustom themselves to long views. The eyes always enlarged, and when better, if after reading a while, go direct the sight to some far distant object, even for a minute. Great travelers and hunters are seldom short sighted. Numbers of shipmasters could read [illegible] Sailors discern objects at a great distance with considerable distinctness, when a common eye sees nothing at all.

——Once upon a time a clergyman in a small parish was absent for three days of his parishioners, who asked a [illegible] of Dissenters to a sister church. The clergyman questioned him as to his motive of leaving. "Have you any fault to find with my preaching, brother?" "Not for myself," was the reply. "What objection has your wife?" followed up the inquisitor. "Oh, none at all!" "Where, then is the trouble, my friend." "Why, do you not understand when you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] must go, for I [illegible]