

## The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

For the Watchman.

### Audieverunt me Proces!

BY W. J. THOMPSON.

Lead! through the dark maze of Error,  
Guide me by Thy Light!  
Mid the promptings of Sin's dark'ning terror,  
Lead my soul aright.

In the Valley of Life there are flowers,  
Fair unto the sight;  
But their fruit beareth Evil's dark powers,  
Like to the Nightshade's blight.

As the Flower of Truth they resemble,  
Teach me that whereby  
I shall know that the hue which dissemble  
Are not of Truth's pure dye.

Thou hast written, that in the Beginning  
The Darkness knew Thee not,  
That Thy Light, in the hours of Blinding,  
Was comprehended not.

Vouchsafe Thy Light to illumine  
The darkness of my Soul—  
For, without it, I may not determine  
Where is my Spirit's goal.

For the Watchman.

## THE SOUS-LIEUTENANT.

BY W. J. THOMPSON.

### CHAPTER I.

"But for the thought of Lella slain,  
Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
And I would live and love again."

Of all the inland cities of France, Rouen is, perhaps, the most interesting—not alone from its historic associations, but from its natural surroundings and works of art. Chief among the latter is its grand old cathedral, and the ecclesiastical edifices belonging to the various religious orders.

It was in the summer of 1859, while visiting one of those old monasteries and exploring the wonders of this celebrated minister of Rouen that I became acquainted with a sous-lieutenant of artillery belonging to the garrison of the city. His name was Ambrose de Lavalette, and his genial disposition gave no manifestation of the steady hatred which he was capable of cherishing toward one from whom he had received a heavy wrong. Time alone, and an accidental occurrence, unfolded this trait of his character.

During my three months' acquaintance with him, I had learned much of his personal history—as he was naturally communicative—too much so, as I thought. And during our various excursions to the places of interest in the vicinity of Rouen, I learned much of his past life. He was then about thirty years of age—and it was a surprise to me that he had not risen above the rank of sous-lieutenant. One day, while conversing upon various topics, I casually made the remark:

"It is strange that the Minister of War has not seen to your promotion, when so many others, not as competent, have risen above you."

"Yes," replied he, "it must appear strange to any one not acquainted with the cause. But—"

And at this last word he stopped short, as if unwilling to proceed further. At length looking steadfastly at me, he continued:

"But the reason of it is this: Four years ago, while in garrison at Paris, I became engaged to the daughter of a Notary Public. She was beautiful and would have married me, but the Major of the Battalion loved her also—or, at least, he wished to possess her. With this view he spread false reports concerning me. I was too proud to notice them—even to contradict them. I chose rather to let my life and actions belie them. Juliette became estranged. She took for truth that which she saw I did not strive to dispute. She became the prize of the Major—and, in return for that confidence which she had reposed in him, he ruined her. Before I knew of this, the Battalion was ordered to Algiers—and he left as major in command of it. A few weeks after, I was sent on detached service, first to Brest, and subsequently to Rouen. Here I have been quartered ever since. Four months after the Battalion went to Algiers, I heard the story of the Major's perfidy. Juliette had sought out my whereabouts, and I beheld her once more. But her beauty was gone—I hardly recognized her. Disease and mental sorrow had done their work on her frail constitution. She died a few weeks after, and asked me, with her last breath, to forget the past. I forgave her and she forgave me—that is, the ill-advised determination of not disproving the major's slanders. At the sight of her, and the sound of her voice, all my old love for her returned. But she was not for this world—her course was run. Had she lived, I sometimes think it might have been well for both of us. But it was not to be thus. Still, the remembrance of her is sacred to me. I have since seen many perhaps more lovely, but I feel that I could never be satisfied with any one else, however good or beautiful. She was, and is, the only one whom I could ever love. I am content to live on alone. The fault was not all hers but partly mine. I should have condescended, for the sake of her, to refute the charge which malice fabricated and brought against me. It is a long time since then—but the remembrance of her love is never dying. It will continue unto the end. He was too credulous. But enough of this. She died. Let us come into

the cathedral—that is her monument by the door. You and I have often seen it. I published the Major, and for this I forfeited my promotion for two years—I was adjudged guilty of military insubordination. My promotion will come next month. But I have sworn to meet him, if I can seek him out—though I have since heard that he died in Algiers. Let us come into the church."

We were near the cathedral, and we both entered. There was the monument by the door—a plain one—with the name and age of Juliette Laroche graven upon it. The sous-lieutenant wopt some tears—and I gazed on in silence. In a few minutes the services were to commence, and so we departed.

### CHAPTER II.

"Th' said he goes to win a bride,  
More true than her who left his side."

Contrary to his expectations, the lieutenant's promotion arrived two days after our last visit to the cathedral. He was now a captain. I congratulated him on his good fortune, and we arranged, that, as I was to leave for London in a week, the remainder of my sojourn should be devoted to excursions to the various interesting localities round about. It was determined that the next day would be occupied in a pilgrimage to the castle of Montmorency, four miles from Rouen; and with this resolution we parted to make preparations for the morrow.

About nine o'clock next morning, as I was packing up some necessary articles for the contemplated excursion, the captain rushed into my room, in a state of much excitement, exclaiming, as his eyes flashed fire:

"I have found him! He is in the city!"

"Who do you mean?" I asked, not comprehending him.

"Why, the seducer. Major Jacques Fournier. I have seen him."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Do! Do! I shall challenge him! You shall see how I square my accounts."

Saying this, he rushed from the room before I had time to speak.

I learned, subsequently, that the Major, now a colonel of artillery, had that morning arrived in Rouen, with a detachment of his command, on his way to Marseilles. Captain Lavalette, recognizing him in the street, soon after, approached him, and charging him with his baseness and perfidy to Juliette Laroche, spat in his face. The latter retaliated by throwing his glove in the face of the Captain, and challenging him to a hostile meeting with swords. The challenge was gladly accepted by the Captain—who, however, was not then aware of Fournier's pretense with the sword.

Two hours after, Captain Lavalette returned. Taking me by the hand, he said:

"It is all arranged. We are to fight this day week. Fournier says it shall be with swords. I am not much acquainted with the new passes and guards—but I am to take lessons from Monsieur Laroche. You must come with me this evening." I consented, and eight o'clock found us in the study of the fencing-master.

The room presented a strange appearance. The walls were hung with foils and blades of all descriptions. Short swords, broad-swords, and that terrible weapon, the small sword, were well represented on these walls.

"Good evening, Monsieur," said the Captain, "I shall now place myself under your instructions."

"Well," replied the fencing-master, Colonel Fournier uses a large Toledo blade. He has already fought several duels with it—and at Paris, last month, he killed his antagonist. Let me see."

Saying this, the fencing-master took from the wall a short, thin weapon, and, balancing it upon his fingers, remarked:

"This is the one for you. Practice with it for this one week, and you need not be troubled about meeting Colonel Fournier."

"What! Meet him with that spit! I might as well use my hands." And the Captain eyed the blade with the most unmistakable sneer I have ever witnessed.

"This spit, as you are pleased to call it," answered the fencing-master, "is the true Saville blade. With this, and following the lessons I shall give you, it will be a sure thing in your favor when you meet Colonel Fournier. Observe its qualities."

With this observation, Mons. Laroche proceeded to illustrate his argument. Whirling it round his head he brought the sword down on a large nail in the wall, and covered it in two. Then he brought it flat on the iron railing of the stairs. Next he took its point and bent it until it met and passed through the bit.

"I trust you are satisfied now," said he, when he had finished.

"Yes," replied the Captain, "I think it will do."

"Well, then," returned the fencing-master, "the guard you will have to ob-

serve is this." And with this observation, Mons. Laroche assumed what is known as the "hanging guard,"—a favorite position with Scottish gentlemen of the sword during the last century, but not much in use now.

"This position you must observe at all hazards—it will be your only safety, against such a swordsman as the Colonel. When he raises his sword to pass for your left arm give him *la riposte*—the thrust which I shall now teach you. I will drop my handkerchief when the proper moment arrives in which to give it. Until then observe the "hanging guard." He will then make an attempt to pass under this guard, by depressing the point of his weapon. Here will be your advantage. With your left hand thrown forward you can seize the back of his sword—then you can recover yourself and give *la riposte*.

I saw nothing more of the Captain for the remainder of the week, except the evening. He was busied with the fencing-master.

At length the day arrived on which the duel was to take place. The Captain came to me on the evening previous to the meeting, and asked me if I would not be present. I told him I would, and we parted.

### CHAPTER III.

"Her spirit pointed well the steel,  
Which taught his felon heart to feel."

Eight o'clock the next morning found us at the place appointed for the interview. It was a dense wood, about four miles from Rouen. A space, comparatively clear, was chosen by the seconds, and all necessary preparations having been completed, the principals took their places. The Colonel stripped to his waist, discovering a chest and shoulders billowy with muscle, and a skin white as alabaster. Captain Lavalette also divested himself of everything except his military trousers and boots. His skin, unlike that of the Colonel, was extremely dark, with a faint bluish tinge—but this might have been the effect either of chilliness or fear.

The swords having been placed hilt to hilt on the grass, both principals advanced, and, bowing coldly to each other, lifted the weapons, and assumed their respective guards.

There was murder in Col. Fournier's eyes; and as he looked at the small, thin weapon of his antagonist, a contemptuous smile wreathed his face. It was evident he felt sure of his game. As I looked at them both, I had my fears for the Captain. So had the fencing-master, Monsieur Laroche, who remarked to me:

"He could sight a piece of artillery better than he can handle a sword."

Just before the principals took their places, Monsieur Laroche said to the Captain:

"Remember! When I drop my handkerchief—*la riposte*. Not until then!"

The moment Captain Lavalette assumed the hanging guard, the Colonel's contemptuous smile gave way to a look of surprise. He was evidently disconcerted. But he quickly recovered himself, and made a pass at his antagonist.

And now I could see the wisdom of the fencing-master's advice. The pass made by the Colonel was received on the right side of the Captain's sword, which rendered it unnecessary for the latter to change his position in the act of warding off. Colonel Fournier perceived the advantage which this position gave to his antagonist, and he attempted to break it by several scientific manoeuvres and finely-executed feints, but all to no purpose.

The Colonel now tried to turn the Captain's guard by executing a feint at the latter's breast, but the real thrust, of which this feint was but the *avant courier*, proved a signal failure.

The eyes of the two seconds, and of M. Laroche, were now upon him, and Colonel Fournier's face reddened: His reputation was at stake. He now attempted to close with his adversary, and decide the business by a *coup de main*. The fencing-master perceived this, and gave his pupil a look of warning.

It came. The Colonel, suddenly abandoning his guard, and apparently determining to trust to main force rather than to the rules of fencing, made a tremendous stroke at the head of his antagonist. But it came too late. As he had been instructed, the Captain received the stroke slapping on his left arm—at the same moment drawing his own sword across the Colonel's breast, laying it open for seven or eight inches. The Captain's arm was but slightly wounded.

Maddened with rage, and with the blood flowing profusely from his breast, Colonel Lavalette, again had recourse to the established rules of attack and defense. These latter were, however, of little avail against the peculiar training which the Captain had received from M. Laroche. It was in vain that Fournier tried every pass and guard which he thought would induce his antagonist to adopt a new mode of

defense. It was of no use. The Captain adhered strictly to the instructions given him by his preceptor.

Seizing a favourable opportunity, the Colonel attempted to pass his sword under Captain Lavalette's right wrist. Seeing this, the latter fell back about a foot, and seemed as though he were going to change his guard, in order to defeat the Colonel's design.

M. Laroche noticed this, and at once observed:

"There! See! If he loses his guard, he is lost. If I could only tell him so!"

But he was mistaken. The Captain moved backward, but still retained his guard. Colonel Fournier was evidently disappointed at this, and now, changing his position once more, he made a pass with the intention of disabling the Captain's left arm. Bringing his sword into the required position, he slightly advanced his body, and directed his stroke at the Captain's left shoulder. The latter received the blow on the sword, and without injury.

Just at this moment, M. Laroche dropped his handkerchief. The Colonel uttered a loud cry. *La riposte* had been given.

Captain Lavalette had parried the stroke, and passed his sword through the Colonel's body.

The latter, instinctively feeling that his wound was mortal, at the same instant shortened his weapon by seizing it in the middle, making a plunge at the breast of his adversary. The Captain fell back a few paces, leaving his own weapon in the Colonel's breast.

Colonel Fournier fell forward to the ground, driving his antagonist's sword still further into his body. With a look of intense hate toward the Captain, he turned over on his right side, and the debt of vengeance was cancelled between the Colonel of Artillery and Juliette's avenger.

## ANSWER TO "FARE THE WELL."

The following poem, which is a true copy of "L'au revoir" to Lord Byron's "Farewell to his Wife," has been excluded from oblivion by the adherence of the lady it has never been published on this side of the Atlantic, therefore as a curiosity it is now produced.

Yes, farewell—farewell forever,  
Then shut my eyes to our doom,  
Bede hope's fairest blossom wither,  
Never again for me to bloom.  
Unforgiving thou hast called me,  
Faded thou art, say, Fugate!  
For the wretch whose woes beguiled thee  
Thou alone didst seem to live.

Short the space which time had given  
To complete my first day;  
By unhallowed passion driven,  
Soon thy heart was taught to stray.  
Lured for me that feeling tender,  
Which thy yeses so well can show,  
From my arms why didst thou wander,  
My endearments why forego?

Oh, too late thy breast was bare!  
Of too soon to me 'twas shown  
That thy love, once but shared,  
And already it is gone.  
Wrested from mine it is a shame,  
On thy breast my head hath lain,  
In thy love and trust confiding—  
Bliss I ne'er can know again.

That dark hour I first discover  
In thy soul the hidden stain,  
Would these eyes had closed forever,  
Never to weep thy exile again?  
What's the impulse which has torn thee  
From my arms?—O, how I bleed,  
Yes, I yet would it be, O Byron!  
For the babe I've borne for thee

In whose lovely features, tell me,  
All my weakness love confess  
Whilst the struggling tears permit me  
All the features I can trace.  
He whose image I can see,  
Who, when I gaze, he looks to me,  
Whose name I can still prize,  
Who, the bitterest feeling gives me,  
Hilt to love where I despise

With regret, and sorrow rather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
I will teach her to say, Father,  
What's the name of that man who  
Whistles to-morrow and to-morrow,  
Wakes me from a wretched bed,  
On another's arm my sorrow  
Wilt thou feel, no tear wilt shed.

In the world's approval sought not  
When I tore myself from thee,  
Of thy praise or blame I thought not—  
What's the name of that man who?  
He so prized—so loved—so adored—  
From his heart my image drew  
On my head contempt has poured,  
And preferred a wanton's love.

Thou art proud, but mark me, Byron,  
I've a heart proud as thine own—  
Soft to love, but just as strong,  
When contempt is on its throne,  
But, farewell! I'll not upbraid thee,  
Never, never will I be;  
Wretched though thy crimes have made me,  
If thou canst, be happy still!

## Frightful Disaster at Granville, Ohio.

Taking out the bodies from the Ruins of the Asylum.

GRANVILLE, Ohio, Oct. 30.—The terrible catastrophe which has just occurred here has thrown a deep gloom over our town. The lunatic asylum was quite a large building. The fire, it is said, originated in the culinary department, and by reason of the very dry and old material comprising the structure the flames covered it with fearful rapidity. During the excitement attendant upon the discovery of the flames, all seemed to have forgotten that in one of the upper stories ten demented persons were confined. These persons were immured in a room that was strongly barricaded, since their paroxysms of rage, which held almost constant control over them, rendered such a confinement necessary to the safety of the other inmates of the establishment. Their shrieks were appalling as the flames hemmed them in. Desperate efforts were made to save them, but the flames remorselessly checked all advances of those who would have rescued them. The building is now a pile of hot and steaming ruins. Preparations are making to rescue the unfortunate persons who lie beneath the debris. The scene is surrounded with a dense throng of people, and the feeling of grief is intense.

## A Domestic Comedy.

### THE DANGER OF SCRIBBLING POETRY ON WRAPPING PAPER.

The Chicago Tribune tells this story: "A well-known dry goods establishment on State street was the scene of an extremely comical incident a day or two since. It appears that one of the salesmen quite recently wedded the idol of his heart, and consequently his mind is greatly absorbed in the contemplation of his happiness. Like another Orlando he loves his Rosalind so well that the secret of his passion will not abide with him, and he must e'en confide it to his surroundings. But instead of carving the poetical effusions of his love-sick heart on the trees of the forest, he has been wont to impart them to little scraps of paper, on which, during his leisure moments, he would pencil such tender things as—

"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

"Or such passionate things as—

"To thee I've breathed my bosom's vow,  
I've poured its fondest sigh,  
I've sworn by thine own lovely brow  
To live, or for thee die."

"Or such loving things as—

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious  
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man  
Locked up in woman's love."

"Scraps of paper thus scribbled upon always covered the counter and shelves in the vicinity where our ardent benedict measured silks and fine linen, and were the source of no little amusement to the rest of the store employees.

"On Saturday afternoon last, while the establishment was crowded with customers, and everybody was so busy that Orlando did not find sufficient time even to indite a single line to his most adored, an excited individual, with his cravat askew, his hair dishevelled, and a desire for blood visible in each line of his countenance, rushed into the place and struck an attitude of defiance in the middle of the floor. In his uplifted right hand he held a fragment of brown wrapping paper, and after cutting a pigeon wing or two, he rushed frantically toward our poetic acquaintance, and thrust the paper in his face with the remark, 'Did you write that?' The young salesman glanced at the ominous paper, and, with a faint and sickly smile, acknowledged that it was his scribbling.

"Well, sir, read it. I want your employees to know what sort of a man they have got in their store. Read it aloud, I say."

"Everybody in the establishment had now congregated about the two men, and the young man, as bidden, read

"Come in the evening or come in the morning,  
Come when you're looked for or come without warning,  
Kisses and welcome shall be there before you  
And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you."

"There, sir," continued the excited intruder, "how dare you give such stuff to my wife—my wife whom I adore? You wretch! and with that he reached for the hair of the poet. His intention was interfered with, however, and as soon as the young gentleman had conquered his confusion he went into an explanation, which in the end proved satisfactory. It appears that the effusion, intended to convey the feelings he entertained for his own wife, had accidentally been wrapped up with the cross pattern of the irate husband's wife, and on opening the package at the house it dropped on the floor.

"The contents were graciously decoupled by the somewhat jealous husband, and the wife was taken to task. She of course denied all knowledge of the matter, and his wrath then turned upon the perpetrator. It is perhaps needless to say that poetic scribbling is henceforth tabooed in that establishment.

## A Murderer and Bigamist Arrested after Thirty Year's Concealment.

The Dubuque Times has the following: "For the last fifteen or twenty years there has lived, about a dozen miles south of this city, a farmer named Costello, who, in his own community, and among those with whom he was acquainted, has enjoyed the reputation of being an upright, honorable, and fair-dealing man. Matters prospered well on his farm, he was all attention to his duties, and was considered a good husband and father. Costello was born in Ireland, and lived there until manhood. He had settled down, and rejoiced in the possession of a wife and several children. But an unlucky day came, when, in a dispute, which we will hope was caused by temper or liquor, and not in cold blood, he struck the blow which made him a fratricide—a brother murderer, an outlaw, and a fugitive from justice. Keeping the officers of the law, he fled the country, embarked on an emigrant ship, and came to America.

After many years of rambling through this country, he came to Dubuque, where, by industry and economy, he succeeded in securing a good farm. Meantime, his wife and children still remained in the old country, entirely ignorant of his whereabouts. He could not write to have them come out to America, for that would only lead to his discovery, and bring him surly to the gallows. So he adds another, the crime of bigamy to that of fratricide, by taking a wife, and, unhappily, has brought others into the world to share his shame.

But his terrible secret has at last crept out. Last week his nephew, the son of the murdered brother, arrived here, and, after securing the necessary legal papers, proceeded to the farm of Costello and had him arrested for the murder committed thirty years ago. He is now on the way to Ireland to be tried, and if no circumstances can be adduced to justify the fratricide, to suffer for it to the full extent.

—Eve selected a proper apple, and asked Adam to join her in eating it. She was the wife of his bosom—the joy of his heart—the apple of his eye—the darling little honey bug; pure as a flake of descending snow, and as beautiful as an angel's dream. How could he refuse her anything? He could not and he didn't; and I for one never blamed him since I fell in love with a red-headed girl in school.

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Why is a musical instrument like the sea? Because it is often sounded.

—The most important part of every man's education is that which he gives to himself.

—The reason why a piano was not saved at a fire was because none of the firemen could play on it.

—Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, is said to have lost \$60,000 lately by the failure of a St. Louis firm.

—Bridal breakfast parties, two days before the wedding, to show off the presents, are a late invention.

—A New York auctioneer announces for sale "oil paintings by some of the ancient masters of the day."

—Five men lost their lives by the giving way of a bridge now building across the Ohio River at Louisville, Ky.

—Mr. Simms says if it wasn't for the hole in the hoop you couldn't put it on the barrel, and the barrel would burst.

—What's the difference between water and whisky? Men slip on the former when it's frozen, and on the latter when it isn't.

—Mrs. Julia White, an old lady of 103, died at Charlestown, Mass., the other day. Sunday previous she attended church.

—Austria has a dead-beat traveling on the strength of his relationship to Ulisses. His name is Lewis Grant, and he professes to be e'er't in he is at least a nephew.

—If you would find a great many faults, be on the look-out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look-in.

—A little boy out West was asked if he knew where liars went, and answered yes—they went to New York to write for the papers.

—What is the difference between the labors of a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what she sows; the other sows what she gathers.

—A fashionable woman (to other day undertook to make a sixty dollar bonnet for herself, and did it at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents.

—Whisky and cards were the cause of the late disaster on the Mississippi which over 200 people were out to their long home. "Ponder it well!"

—Jones—"Poor Lucinda took that circumstance very much to heart." Nibbles—"Did she indeed?" (The dear girl) I wish I was that circumstance.

—An unknown man has been found hanging by the neck in the brush near Hudson, Wisconsin. The flesh had all disappeared, and no one claims the body.

—There is a muss rising about the pedigree of Dexter, the latest claim being that he is a Hambletonian. We are looking for an article on his "True Life" by Harriet.

—While a clerk in the Boston post office was stamping a letter last week, it exploded, injuring his arm severely. The letter contained a quantity of percussion caps.

—A water-girl at Keokuk, Iowa, will have her name sent down to posterity in a halo of glory. She busted the head of a colored Radical who tried to reconstruct her.

—Dirty-work Logan is down on Grant's appointee for Secretary of War. This is the only thing that makes us think the new Secretary may be comparatively honest.

—Some person has presented Ida Lewis with a \$50, traveling trunk. She had no more use for it than the Irishman who was asked to buy a trunk—"Fhat, and go naked?" said he.

—At Stoughton, Wisconsin, a band was waiting to receive Governor Fairchild, but they made a mistake and escorted an agent for a Milwaukee whisky-house to the hotel.

—An idiot named Adam Baden has taken rooms at Washington for the winter, to write the "Life of Grant." He would have done it last summer, but couldn't head him off anywhere.

—An invalid disturbed all the inmates of his boarding house recently by muttering a dog. When asked why he barked, he said he had been ordered by his physician to use Port wine and bark.

—An old farmer reports a very fair growth of corn in his section this season. He states that in July it was so dark between the rows that he was obliged to carry a lantern to see to plow it out.

—The Chinamen engaged to work on the Council Bluffs Railroad bridge will be valuable hands, it is supposed. They will be only one drawback. Irishmen will have to be furnished to do the hitting.

—A Cleveland paper has made a deadly enemy of all citizens of Milwaukee by the following: "Milwaukee, having built a hall that is too large for the place is now trying to raise \$20,000 to make it smaller."

—A collection of twenty-five pensive very well made, has just been placed in the Louvre. They were found in the subterranean vaults of Thebes, and were made more than three thousand years ago, showing that the modern invention is only a re-invention.

—Holiness is the beauty of God impressed upon the soul, and the impression is everlasting. Other beauty is but a faded flower; time will plough up deep furrows upon the fairest face, but this will be fresh to eternity.

—A single English colony has lately bought 80,000 acres of land in Kansas. The tract is to be divided among no fewer than 1,200 families, consisting of well-to-do farmers and artisans. German and Swedish colonists have also purchased largely.

—A gentleman doing business in New York city, but who resides in New Jersey, has commenced a suit against the Long Island Railroad for \$50,000 damages on account of the injuries he received in the accident on that road last April, the worst of which was the loss of his eye-sight.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Keckley, the colored dress-maker, who published a sketch of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln in book form, has commenced legal proceedings against the publisher who induced her to commit her recollections to him, on the alleged ground, that, promising her one-half the profits, he has failed to pay her a cent.