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Poetical.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE POOR MAN.

BY FARMER.

Oh! what will become of the poor man? says one,
I am a mechanic, but work I have none;
My tools are all rusted, said he, with a frown,
And I am quite sick and tired of town.

Far better had poor mortal never been born,
Than be where the few cause the many to mourn;
Who, living in luxury and at their ease,
Smile at man's misfortune, his burden to increase.

The world now looks drear, he sighingly said;
The country must suffer, her statesmen are dead;
The rich hoard up money, still more bonds to buy,
And enterprise cripples and ruin thereby.

The rich are made richer, the poor are distressed,
Taxation increasing, tax-payers oppressed.
The money squandered, the debt still grows on,
And no labor in town for the poor man at home.

The pay of the big men in office is raised—
A thing for which law makers will not be praised.
The pay of Ulysses is doubled, I hear,
While still there is nothing to do for me here.

Can men, who would pass such outrageous laws,
Be true to their country and true to her cause?,
Can congressmen thus from their duty depart,
And yet have the good of the people at heart?

Can statesmen, who say they are loyal and true,
Go in for the wrong, while the right they should do;
For the sake of the dollar put through a bill,
To get what they earn not, their pockets to fill?

Are such men not wasting the money away—
Increasing the tax which the poor have to pay?
They love not their country, but grasp for the gold—
Care not for this Union, are bought and are sold,

The love of money is an evil, indeed;
For oft it does frail human nature mislead.
It causes dishonor, and much of man's wo,
And leads him away from the path he should go.

Tell me, my dear reader, where is there to-day
A Benton, a Webster, a Douglas, or Clay?
Go now where you will and search earth all around,
Such statesmen as they were, can no more be found.

They worked for the good of the many and all—
Were true to their country and true to her call.
The motto of those noble men of the past
Was, "Our country first, and our country last!"

They died full of honor, their labors well done;
They passed from this life, their spirits went home;
Their great fame si read o'er this land of the free—
Their names through all ages immortal shall be.

Miscellaneous.

AN OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY.

Work Versus Herb Tea.

BY P. THORNE.

Mrs. Whitaker was much troubled about Susan. All summer she had been in a pale, languid, half-alive condition, with no strength, no appetite, no interest in anything.

Mrs. Whitaker having a never-sufficiently gratified passion for doctoring, had at first rather enjoyed this opportunity of trying the virtues of the various roots and herbs that hung in dry, dusty bundles from the garret rafters. Susan's life had been made a burden to her by doses of thoroughwort, pennyroyal, tansey, dandelion and burdock. There was always a big bowl of black, bitter herb-tea standing in the pantry, which it was equally the object of Mrs. Whitaker's life to induce Susan to take, and the object of Susan's to escape.

And still Susan lay around the house in an exceedingly limp state, reading novels with a languid interest, studying her symptoms in the "Family Adviser," and cutting out such scraps of poetry from the newspapers as dwelt on the hollowness of the world, unappreciated loveliness, and early death.

Ned Whitaker, Susan's younger brother, was decidedly skeptical on the subject of her illness. 'It's enough to make any one sick, to do as Sue does,' said he, energetically. 'If she gets up earlier in the morning and does a little housework she'd get well twice as quick as she does now, dosing and coddling.'

'A great deal you know about it,' retorted Susan, with considerable vigor for an invalid; 'I like to hear boys talk They know so much—in their own estimation.'

'See here, Sue! What if that interesting young school-master should hear you speak so to your brother? It don't sound very angelic.'

Sue said nothing, only blushed a little, and assumed that plaintive, meekly injured look, which says plainly, 'You'll be sorry for this when I'm gone."

'Fudge, Sue,' said Ned, quite unimpressed. 'Don't look so spoony,' and off he went, whistling and banging the door.

It was a fact that there had been a good-looking young school-master, the previous winter, a school-master who had not loved, but flirted and 'rode away.' Perhaps Susan, having nothing else to do, had pleased herself by fancying she was in love with this gay deceiver. A girl must do something. Mrs. Whitaker was one of those indefatigable, irrepressible women, a scrupulously neat and exact housekeeper, who loved work only for its own sake, and 'didn't want any one bothering round.'

At one time Susan had quite a mania for cooking, but Mrs. Whitaker, after witnessing her awkward struggles with the bread dough, said:

'Come, let me take it. It's easier for me to do it myself than to see you. If you'll keep the sitting room in order, and take care of your own room, its all I'll ask.'

And now Mrs. Whitaker thought Susan so delicate she relieved her of even these light duties, and left her with nothing to do but realize, in her own experience, the truth of the saying:

'A mill-stone and the human heart are ever driven round,
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.'

to know all the weariness of an empty, aimless life.

September came, and yet Susan remained in a state of discouraging about-the-sameness. Mrs. Whitaker thought she would drive over and consult Aunt Debbie Dunbar.

Aunt Debbie was a woman of vast experience in sickness. She had brought a large family of her own successfully through all the mumps, measles, and other ills infant flesh is heir to, and was now experimenting on a yearly increasing circle of grandchildren, besides acting as adviser general for the whole neighborhood.—What Aunt Debbie didn't know about doctoring was generally considered not worth knowing at all.

As Mrs. Whitaker drove up she descried Aunt Debbie's ample form out in the garden, bending over the sage bed. At the sound of wheels, she straightened up, pushed her sun-bonnet back and peered sharply through her spectacles to see who was going by.

'Well, I never!' she exclaimed as Mrs. Whitaker drove into the yard.—'If it ain't you, Miss Whitaker! I was jest thinkin' about you. How dew ye do? Seems as if I hadn't seen you for an age. Cum right along in, and Kiah'll put your horse out.'

'Thank you, but I've only come for a call; I can't stop long.'

'Well, how d'ye all do at home?' asked Aunt Debbie, after she had ushered her visitor into the sitting-room, rolled up one green paper curtain, and settled down to her knitting. Aunt Debbie could always talk easier with her knitting work in hand.

'Pretty well, thank you, except Susan. I came over partly to see you about her. She don't seem to get along as I should like to have her.'

'Miss Haskell was tellin' me, last Sunday, how ailin' Susan's ben, this summer. From what Miss Haskell said I should think she's a good deal as my Melissa was, five years ago. I cured Melissa with boneset.'

'Susan's been taking that, more or less, all summer.'

'Does she cough any?'

'No.'

'Because if she did, colt-foot tea is a grand thing. Ain't she bilious?'

'I shouldn't wonder if she was."

'Well, now if she was my girl I should give her a dose of blue pill' to begin with, and follow it out with a smart course of costor ile or salts. I should keep right on with the boneset three times a day—'tis very strengthenin'—and I'd have her take a raw egg in half a glass of cider every mornin' before breakfast. That's one of the best things I know of for weakly folks. Is she nervous about sleepin'?'

'Yes, she is, rather."

'There is nothin' so good for narvousness as hop tea. Give her some every night, the last thing before she goes to bed, and make her a hop pillow. I guess, if you follow her up thoroughly, you'll bring her out all right. There's nothin' like bein' thorough,' said Aunt Debbie with the emphatic air of long experience

After much further advice, Mrs. Whitaker set out for home, burning with zeal to 'follow up' Susan with all Aunt Debbie's prescriptions. What the consequences would have been to poor Susan, one shudders to think.—Fortunately fate kindly interposed in her behalf.

It seems a clear case of one 'born in the woods to be scared at an owl,' that the old Whitaker horse should take into his ancient head to be frightened at a mowing machine. But such was actually the fact. As he was jogging along, head down, apparently lost in memories of his far-away youth, he came suddenly upon Deacon Foskett's rattling, clattering, mowing machine. Up went his head, one snort, one jump sideways, and away he plunged down the hill, twitching the reins from Mrs. Whitaker's hand by the suddenness of this unexpected start. A big rut at the foot of the hill—over goes the wagon on top of Mrs. Whitaker—and Deacon Foskett and his hired man ran down the hill to find Mrs. Whitaker with one leg broken, a sprained shoulder and any amount of bruises and wrenchings.

What was to come of the Whitakers, now that the main spoke of the domestic wheel was useless? They hire a girl, of course, suggests the intelligent reader. But hiring a girl in Tully was no such trifling matter. A small factory in the village absorbed all the American girls of the vicinity, who would otherwise have worked in families, and there being no Catholic church within 10 miles, the Irish girl that could be induced to live on a farm was a *rara avis* indeed.

Mr. Whitaker devoted a week to driving over the hills in different directions in pursuit of various myths of possible girls that vanished into thin air on closer inspection. Now Mrs. Haskell had heard of a very nice girl over in Benham, Franklin Lester's wife's sister, who was anxious to secure a place. By the time Mr. Whitaker reached Benham the nice girl had engaged to teach a district school. Arrived at home he found Mrs. Goodman had sung the praises of a certain 'widow woman' on Stony Hill. Mr. Whitaker hies him to Stony Hill to find the widow gone to keep house for her brother.

'I declare,' said Mr. Whitaker to Susan, as he returned, girtless and dispirited, from his long drive, 'I believe if I wanted a wife I could get six easier than I can get one girl.'

'Don't try any more, father,' said Susan. 'We can get along somehow.—Ned and I can do the work.'

'That's so,' said Ned. 'We'll make a bully team.'

'Don't be so low, Ned,' said Susan, who had undertaken the somewhat discouraging task of 'elevating' Ned.—Boys resent 'elevating,' especially by their own sisters, and accordingly Ned rather exerted himself to be slangy in Susan's presence.

But now a feeble wail was heard from the bed-room where poor Mrs. Whitaker lay, fevered and helpless on her restless couch.

'You must get a girl, father,' she remonstrated. 'Susan can't do the work. It will be a long time before she is strong enough, and besides she has not the experience. Oh dear, if I could only be about and do the work myself! I can't be reconciled to lying here when there's so much to do!'

To sooth his wife, Mr. Whitaker promised to try once more, and finally one night drove into the yard in triumph, seated on a small hair trunk, an actual 'girl' in *propria persona*, band-box in hand, sitting in state on the seat behind him.

The new girl's name was Luna, 'pale Luna,' Ned called her. She was tall and bony, wore her hair cut short in the neck, and rejoiced in a bass voice that was a perpetual surprise in the family. Luna soon developed ways, that, if not 'dark' were decidedly uncomfortable. Ned always declined pie, after he once saw Luna, as she cut each piece drawing the knife-blade through her mouth to 'cleanse' it. No matter what she had previously been doing, she stirred Mrs. Whitaker's beef tea with her finger without going through the ceremony of washing her hands, and tasted it freely with the same spoon offered the invalid. She told Susan she 'liked to make bread, it takes the grind off your hands so nice.' Under her administration, the appetites of the Whitakers dwindled alarmingly. Susan, who saw the most of Luna's cookery, lived entirely on crackers.

When Mrs. Whitaker heard that Luna prepared the potatoes for dinner in the wash-hand basin, and put the best tea-knives soaking in the bottom of the pan while she did the other dishes, tea-knives whose glossy handles were Mrs. Whitaker's pride, her indignation knew no bounds.

'I won't have her in the house another minute! I can't sleep till she is out of it! The idea! My best tea-knives! I've been particular never even to dampen the handles, and always kept them put away in tissue paper and now they're ruined! Do get her out of the house before she spoils everything in it, and poisons us all!'

Luna went. Susan cleaned up the house, and prayed, whatever other calamity might be in store for them, they might at least be spared another girl. Susan was much better now. Her mother's illness had taken her out of herself, and obliged her to make some exertion. She went into housework with a will, equally pleased and surprised to find herself really good for something. Ned helped her all he could, and novel were some of the experiments of what Ned called the 'new girls.'

One day Susan decided to have baked beans for dinner. She put something like two quarts boiling. By and by, looking in the pot, she was dismayed to find it full to the very brim. She took out nearly half but still the beans continued to swell beyond her wildest forebodings. Ned came in to dinner to find an immense dish of baked beans crowning the dinner table, with several pans of the same agreeable edibles, in various stages of doneness, were standing around in the kitchen.

'Whe-ew!' exclaimed Ned. 'You're a good provider, Sue, but seems to me you are rather overdoing this bean business. I feel about beans as the old lady's hired man did about liver. He liked it well enough for fifty or sixty days, but didn't care about it for a steady diet.'

'Don't laugh, Ned,' said poor Sue, looking anxious and exhausted. 'I've had a really dreadful time with the things. I positively believe three beans would have been enough.'

Susan usually had very good success with her bread. But one day there arose an unforseen complication. The sponge had soured in the night.

'Ned,' she said, 'did you ever notice how much soda mother uses when the sponge is sour? I'm sure I don't know.'

'Nor I. I guess she just stirs it till it tastes all right.'

She put in a large tea-spoonful of soda. Then she and Ned both tasted and smelt it.

'Tain't right yet,' said Ned, with an air of wisdom and experience. 'Dab in some more.'

In went another spoonful. Another testing by the cooks.

'It tastes smarty,' said Sue. 'I believe I shall put in another spoonful.'

After getting in four spoonfuls, they concluded it would 'do.'

The bread came out of the oven a deep yellow-brown in hue, and exhaling an overpowering odor of soda. Sue made buscuit for tea, and the pigs reveled in new bread for supper that night. Ned, being implicated, swore solemn secrecy, and, as he used afterward triumphantly to observe, 'it didn't kill the pigs, either.'

But Susan's experiences were not all so disastrous. Mrs. Whitaker was quite astonished to see how well things went. She really began to think Susan was a 'natural cook.' Daughters of such notable housekeepers as Mrs. Whitaker are apt to be 'natural cooks.' Order and method is the rule of the house, and they adopt, instinctively, 'mother's way,' of doing things. A certain deftness and skill is hereditary with them. Perhaps, if Susan had, as she sometimes wished in the old dreamy days, been an 'authoress,' her proudest triumphs would have given her no deeper thrill of pleasure than when her father said:

'Susan, this is really a capital squash pie. If your mother don't look out, you'll beat her yet. Just give me another piece.'

One day Ned astonished Sue with a bona fide compliment.

'You're growing handsome, Sue,' said he.

Sue thought Ned was making fun of her, thereby, for once, doing him an injustice. For there is no surer cosmetic and beautifier than house-work, when not carried to excess. No amount of dumb-bells, flesh-brushes, 'constitutional' walks and drives gives the energy, the brisk circulation, the cheerful tone to body and mind that comes from the vigorous, varied exercise of house-work. Sue flew briskly around the house now, singing as she made beds up stairs, with the fresh morning air sweeping breezily through the open windows, now sweeping the sitting-room, now kneading dough, now out in the garden for vegetables, all this varied work bringing every muscle into play the more healthy, because not done deliberately and with 'malice aforethought.'

'How do you feel to-day, Susan?' queried Mrs. Whitaker, anxiously.

'I really don't know, mother,' replied Susan, laughingly. 'I haven't had time to think.'

And so Sue had grown plump and rosy, had a buoyant step, a light and sparkle in her eyes, the radiance in looks and spirit that comes from a sound mind in a sound body.

One Monday Sue was in the clothes yard, trying to hang out the clothes. She was short, and the line high up, the wind blowing a gale. It certainly was a provoking wind. It blew Sue's sun bonnet off, and her curly brown hair into all sorts of wild tangles and tousles, and the table cloth she was trying to hang up kept flapping back all over her. Sue stood on tiptoe, straining her arms up, and struggling in vain with the refractory table cloth.

'Let me help you, Sue,' said a pleasant, manly voice.

She extricated herself from the mazes of the table cloth to find Charlie Goodman beside her. Charlie was working in his south lot, which joined the Whitakers' garden, and seeing his neighbor's distress, had come to the rescue, like the kind-hearted fellow he was.

'Oh, thank you, Charley,' said Sue, with perhaps more color in her cheeks than the wind was solely responsible for. It was so vexatious to be caught looking so. And Sue hastened to roll down her sleeves, and conceal her blushes under her sun bonnet while Charlie hung up the table cloth and let the line down within her reach.

It is as pleasant for a woman to be helped, as for a man to help. She felt quite a glow of gratitude to Charlie.

'How nice it is to be tall!' she said. 'I am ever so much obliged to you.'

'Not at all. I am glad to do it. A little body like you ought always to have a tall man around somewhere handy, to help her,' said Charlie, looking not unadmiringly down on the flushed face and tangled brown curls under the sun bonnet.

'Nonsense, Charlie!' laughed Sue slyly, stooping to pick up a clothes-pin.

Charlie went back to his work, wondering he had never noticed before a pretty girl Sue Whitaker was.

Somehow, Charlie found a great deal to do in the south lot that fall. Any deficiency on his part, hitherto, in 'noticing'' Susan, was more than atoned for now. He always had an eye out in the direction of the Whitaker mansion. The number of errands he discovered that necessitated his "just running over" there was really surprising. Of course, he was often thirsty, and obliged to step into the kitchen for a drink of water. Then, nothing could be more natural than that he should stop and chat a few minutes with Sue.

Rogers might often have found a pleasing model for a statuette group illustrative of New England life, in the Whitaker kitchen, consisting of Sue, in a big bib-apron, that only served to set off her plump, rounded form, with sleeves rolled up, a pie-plate gracefully poised on one little hand, with the other deftly cutting the edges of the crust, listening with rosy cheeks and downcast eyes to Charlie, who looks manly and handsome, in spite of his shirt-sleeves and overalls, as he leans, straw hat in hand, against the pump, and talks, with his lips, of the weather, perhaps with his eyes, of far different topics.

The interest Charlie took in Mrs. Whitaker's health was truly touching. He called so often to inquire for her, and listened so politely to all her symptoms, that Mrs. Whitaker took a great fancy to him, and was always telling every one what a remarkably nice young man Charlie Goodman was; on which occasions Sue generally discovered she had an errand in the kitchen, or anywhere out of the room. In short Charlie not only loved his neighbor as himself, but a great deal better.

As for Sue, the memory of the young school-master had faded like a morning dream. She came to feel such an interest in Charlie's prosperity, that, rather than have him waste so much time, she consented, in the spring, to move permanently over to the Goodman house. She made as brisk and blooming a matron as one often sees, and "they lived happy forever afterward;"—as happy, at all events, as is possible in a world which sometimes has sharp trials for even the most loving and united hearts.

If any one still asks what cured Susan I shall reply by quoting Miss Alcott "Love and labor, two beautiful old fashions, that began long ago, with the firt pair in Eden."

BURIED ALIVE.

Sad Accident at Honesdale, Pa.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., May 13.—Honesdale, Pa., was, on Saturday evening, the scene of a terrible casualty. A new sewer trench that was being dug had been left by the workmen in a rather unprotected condition, and a number of little girls were running through it, plying hide and seek. While thus engaged, a large portion of the trench caved in, burying beneath it two of the children, one named McLean and the other Manfish. A brother of the McLean girl saw the accident, and ran home at once, and told his father. The latter hastened to the spot, and seeing the fingers of one of the children sticking out above the surface, he at once commenced digging with his hands to uncover her face. In a remarkably brief time he succeeded in clearing the dirt away from her face, and was rejoiced to find that his daughter, after being exposed to the air, showed signs of life. She was extricated from the dirt, and soon regained consciousness. When her face was uncovered fire it was as black as a negro's.

The brother of the girl, when he gave the alarm, did not know there was another child buried with his sister. This fact was not known until the rescued child was able to speak, when she at once revealed it. Three or four men at once procured shovels and commenced digging for the other little girl. A large crowd had assembled by this time and the wildest excitement prevailed. It was several minutes before the body of the unfortunate little one was discovered. It was in a sitting posture, with the head crushed forward on the knees. The little girl had evidently been instantly killed by the great weight that was upon her. She was badly injured internally. Like the McLean child, her face was black.

The mother and sisters of the child were in the crowd when her body was found, and their cries were heartrending, The father is an industrious German, a machinist, and had that day moved into the village. He did not know of the fate of his child until he came into the crowd on his way home from work. The trench had been pronounced unsafe, and the workmen were themselves afraid of its caving in upon them.

PAPER BALLOON ASCENSION.

A Ten Mile Ærial Ride in a Paper Ship.

The Reading *Times* gives the following account of the daring ascension of Prof. Donaldson on the 17th inst.: Donaldson, the irrepressible, the intrepid aerial gymnast, has again astonished his neighbors and fellow citizens. On the above day he telegraphed to Mr. John D. Mishler from Bethlehem, from which place he had made an ascension on Thursday evening, that he would make an ascension in his paper balloon, "John D. Mishler," on Saturday afternoon from Reading. He arrived in this city on the 1·50 New York train from Bethlehem, in the afternoon and immediately commenced preparations for the inflation and ascension.

The paper balloon, "John D. Mishler," has been manufactured for some time. It is made of the same material as that in which goods are wrapped, and of course it is very frail in its structure. The professor has made several attempts, and had met with as many reverses from windy and wet weather, that it was doubtful if this attempt would prove successful. However, the word fail or cowardice are unknown in the Donaldson vocabulary, and consequently the preliminary preparations were commenced. Meanwhile several thousand people had assembled in Penn square. The process of inflation was somewhat slow, and the condensation of gas after the sun had gone down added somewhat to the detention, but at fifteen minutes past seven everything being in readiness, the command "let go" was given, and the balloon rose gracefully and majestically. Prof. Donaldson was seated in the rigging, having dispensed with the basket and appurtenances, which could not be carried along. He rose to a considerable height, and sailed in an almost direct southerly direction. The balloon presented a grand appearance in the departing rays of the sun which had just set when he left the earth. It was visible for about fifteen minutes, and appeared to be almost stationary, the wind having lulled to an apparent calm. At intervals he waved his handkerchief, and was greeted with hearty and prolonged cheers from the enthusiastic thousands of lookers on. Helanded fifteen minutes before eight o'clock in a field about ten miles from Reading. The landing was successfully accomplished and with but little difficulty, although the balloon was much torn and was left on the field. Not being able to obtain a conveyance, he had to walk back to Reading, arriving here a few minutes befo re eleven o'clock.

For the first time in his life Prof. Donaldson witnessed two sunsets in one evening, the first before he had left terra firma, and the second after he had got beyond the clouds. The latter he describes as beautiful beyond description.

This is the first paper balloon ascension by an aeronaut on record. Although it proved successful, and was the cheapest ascension in a pecuniary sense that could be made, Prof. Donaldson has no desire to repeat it—not for fear of the safety of the ascension, but because of the fragile character of the balloon and the almost certainty of its destruction in making a landing.

The weight of the "John D. Mishler," was 48 pounds, being but half that of the ordinary balloon of a similar capacity. It held 14,000 cubic feet of gas. The cost of the paper used in the construction amounted to $5.20.

AN ELECTRIC STORM.

The Electric Fluid Strikes a Party of Card-Players—One Killed—Appalling Scene in a Laborer's Cottage.

A special correspondent of the Wilmington *Commercial*, writing from Middletown, says: "The thunder-storm of the 17th inst. was terribly severe in several places in St. George's Hundred, in one case with fatal results. In a tenant house, on Mr. Price's farm about four miles beyond this town, near Bunker Hill, some ten or twelve colored men were seated at a table playing cards. The fearful vividness of the lightning frightened one of the party, named Benjamin Dares, and, rising from the table with an oath, he exclaimed that he was 'going to bed out of the way.' He proceeded upstairs, and got into bed between two colored children, and had hardly laid down when a bolt of lightning entered through the roof, piercing a hole through the man's head from temple to temple, killing him, of course, instantly.

"The children were unharmed, but in the lower room, the table, cards and men, were scattered in every direction. With the exception of one man who was badly burned on the back, all escaped with being severely stunned. As soon as they could the whole party left the house, now in flames, as if for their lives. One of them, however, returned and rescued the children, and body of the dead man; the others ran up the road to a store, where they took refuge on the porch in goods boxes, and any place that offered apparent security, fervently praying for a cessation of the anger of the mighty powers. Their prayers were not favorably answered, as a bolt of the terrible electric fluid entered the front of the store, passing through, and tearing out the greater part of the rear end. A goods box, behind which one of the colored men was standing, was torn in splinters; a new pale fence, along which crowded two or three men, was entirely demolished, and things smashed up generally. Another retreat was now made at a rapid speed, and for what we know, some of the party may still be on the run."

FIRMNESS.

BY PHEBE CAREY.

Well, let him go, and let him stay—
I do not mean to die;
I guess he'll find that I can live
Without him, if I try.
He thought to frighten me with frowns
So terrible and black—
He'll stay away a thousand years
Before I ask him back!

He said that I had acted wrong,
And foolishly besides;
I won't forget him after that—
I wouldn't if I died.
If I was wrong what right had he
To be so cross with me?
I know I'm not an angel quite—
I don't pretend to be.

He had another sweetheart once,
And now when we fall out,
He always says she was not cross,
And that she did not pout.
It is enough to vex a saint—
It's more than I can bear;
I wish that girl of his was—
Well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too—
Was beautiful as good;
I wonder if she'd get him back
Again, now if she could?
I know she would, and there she is—
She lives almost in sight;
And now it's almost nine o'clock—
Perhaps he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come—
But then I've said I won't,
I do not care so much, but she
Shan't have him if I don't.
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
And he was in the right;
I guess I'll tell him so—and then—
I wish he'd come to-night.

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS.

Capture of the Ganswurger Brothers---A Triple Execution at Grillheim---The Mob Attack the Guillotine---Terrible Murder of Mr. Kufer and His Clerk at Karlskron.

The small village of Grillheim, near Karlskron, in Southern Bavaria, a place of no importance whatever, is situated on the edge of a dense forest, and very seldom visited by strangers. And yet this heretofore unknown place with its 1,500 inhabitants, has of late called the attention of whole civilized Europe to itself, for the criminal records of the kingdom have shown that it has furnished fully 10 per cent. of the criminals in the State prisons. The publication of this fact by the minister of police was caused by the many applications which that official had received, praying to pardon the three Ganswurger brothers, who were sentenced to be beheaded on the 14th of last month. Their crimes were, however, so heinous that the king refused to interfere, and ordered the execution to take place on the appointed day.

THE THREE GANSWURGER BROTHERS,

Edward, Adolph and Carl, were respectively thirty-one, twenty-seven and twenty-one years of age. On the 12th of last month the guillotine arrived in the village, and when it was first seen by the population, among whom the three criminals had great influence, loud threats were made. As the mob was constantly gaining in numbers, the sheriff dispatched a special messenger to the post commander at Karlskron requesting troops to be sent on without delay. They arrived next day, and it was high time indeed; for the mob had resolved to prevent the execution at all hazards. The cavalry succeeded in quieting the riot, but not until they had made free use of their sabres and Count Bosselman had notified the rioters that he would order his men to fire if the king's order was interfered with. The sheriff fixed the hour for the execution as early as possible, and it was precisely 5 o'clock when two companies of Uhlans rode up in front of the guillotine. The three delinquents were brought up by the sheriff, escorted by another company of cavalry. A wild yell greeted their appearance, and a rush was made toward them. It was with great difficulty, and not until several of the mob had been wounded that the execution could be proceeded with. The three Ganswurgers were closely watched by the sheriff and his assistants, who, pointing their revolvers at the breasts of the wretched men, threatened to shoot them if they should make the slightest attempt to escape.

THE YOUNGER OF THE THREE

was then ordered forward, and when his head fell in the basket and his blood rushed over the planks, his elder brother, Edward, commenced laughing and turning to the sheriff exclaimed: "You have the best of us now. But as brave as the youngest of us died we will die likewise." A few minutes afterward the three brothers lay side by side in one great casket, and the corpses were taken to Karlskron, and turned over to the medical college.

The three Ganswurger had always been considered a reckless trio, but no one of the authorities ever suspected them of being the perpetrators of the

MANY MURDERS AND OUTRAGES

which had been committed near Karlskron. They had laid their plans so well and executed them so secretly, that the arduous labors of the authorities had always proven a failure. It was well known to the authorities that Edward had a liason with a yound married woman, until finally her husband's attention was called to that fact. While Edward once tried to obtain admission he was confronted by Mr. Kufer, the unfortunate husband of the unfaithful woman, and cooly told that if his face was again seen near his (Mr. Kufer's) house, the consequence would rest with the intruder. Ganswurger left the premises, uttering a fearful oath and with murder in his heart. He narrated the encounter to his two brothers, and in order to revenge this insult, it was agreed upon to murder Mr. K. and then set fire to the building. Two nights afterward the hellish deed was executed. The three brothers entered the building by means of false keys, and with the knowledge Edward had obtained on former occasions, it was but too easy a task to find the bedroom of Mr. Kufer. This gentlemen and his wife were, however, not in, and fully two hours elapsed before footsteps were heard. The rain poured down in torrents, and to make sure of their work the younger brother had used petroleum, and was only awaiting his brother's order to light it. To the utter disappointment of the three murderers, the approaching party was not Mr. Kufer, but his clerk. 'It is absolutely necessary to make him cold in order to quiet his tongue,' said Adolph Ganswurger, and plunged a dagger into the young man's heart. Shortly afterward Mr. Kufer came home, and while he was likewise hurried into eternity, his wife was told not to reveal the least, the petroleum was lit, and the murderers made good their escape. Some four days afterward, Edward Ganswurger, against whom a warrant had been issued, was seen by a special detective entering his father's house at Grillheim. A posse of twelve officers was at once dispatched, and so completely surprised the entire family that no resistance at all was offered. The three brothers were indicted for murder, and upon the evidence of Mrs. Kufer sentenced to be beheaded. The most remarkable feature of this trial was the confession of Edward Ganswurger. He boasted having killed seven persons alone, and was proud to say that his two brothers were excellent in that business.

SPEECH OF

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAMS,

ON THE

BORDER RAIDS BILL,

April 7, 1873.

Mr. Williams said: The late rebellion and its scenes are still fresh in the minds of all. It is unnecessary to call your attention to or bring before you those terrible conflicts of armed forces which occurred on the different battle-fields. You are familiar with them all, and the numberless resting-places of the fallen dead, with their monuments, giving the name, date and battle-field, attest that the strife was a long and deadly one; that priceless sacrifices were made to preserve a free government—a government baptized in blood—and one which on its inception declared that among the inalienable rights of men were life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But I will ask you to go with me for a short time, and look upon the beautiful Cumberland Valley and the surrounding counties in June, 1863, when the rebel legions, flushed with victory at Winchester, came with their steady march over vale hill and mountain. Before the exultant, defiant army of Gen'l Lee came the fleeing multitudes, who were escaping with their property, to save it from the hands of the spoilers. Every road and avenue were filled with the fear-stricken populace; some with their wagons, some with their horses, some with their cattle, some with their household goods, some with their merchandise, with which they had been trading, and some with their families, all rivaling each other to reach a place of safety. But many of them never reached their haven of rest. The swift advance of the rebel army intercepted some of them and captured their horses, wagons and cattle, and allowed their wearied owners to pursue their journey on foot, amid dust, dismay and confusion. But this is not all. After the fearful battle of Gettysburg what do we see? Could we but in one picture portray the whole scene! Could we but bring all the border counties before you, showing the desolation, the destruction of property and of the homes where the loved ones were left; and more, could we but see the ghastly dead after Lee's retreat from Pennsylvania's soil. But we cannot. We can only name in that fearful picture a few of the most prominent points. We see persons returning to their homes to find the places where they once were marked by a smouldering heap of ashes. We find persons returning to see their fields of golden ripened grain trod and threshed beneath the rushing hosts of cavalry and artillery. We see persons returning to find their stock of merchandise, which they were forced to leave behind, either taken or else strewed by the hands of the enemies before the winds of the heavens. And mingled with all this what a ghastly, dreadful sight of death meets our anxious gaze! Sad, sad indeed, to look upon. And even now it is sufficient to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened, and to those who weep not. But we will not detain you with this sad picture. You may have heard sufficient. From your own knowledge and from what you have heard, we are satisfied you will admit that the border counties of Pennsylvania suffered terribly from the several invasions of the rebels—and from our own troops during the war of the rebellion. Now, sir, if this is so, the question is, should not the Government see that these losses are paid? I hold, sir, that if among the inalienable rights of men are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that if governments are instituted to secure and preserve these rights, then we say that if the State is not able to protect these rights from every interference by the invader or armed forces, then she should compensate her citizens for the loss. But you may say that life, liberty and happiness are not property. This may be so. But we will ask what is life worth if we have no property at all? Or, what is liberty if we have no right to accumulate property and be protected in its enjoyment? Or what is happiness if you have no home and dear loved ones to make you happy? Sir, we hold that property is included in these rights, and without property, life, liberty and happiness are only a name, a phantasy or a waif on the ocean of time. You must have property—a home to make life pleasant—to make liberty a boon to be sought for. And the pleasures of home and the enjoyment and use of property is the only true substantial happiness that this world in itself can afford. Now, then if this is the case, should not the State, as a matter of right, pay these claims? These people lost their property, their homes, from a cause from which they had no power to protect themselves—except thro' the State. The State was not able to do it. Hence the liability of the State for not so doing. The Government compelled us to raise our required quota of men to fill up the ranks of the army, which we did. The Government asked us to pay the taxes assessed, which was also complied with. Then, for this reason, should not the State protect the property of the people, on which they paid the taxes? And more than this—should not the State take care of the property of our people who were in the army fighting the battles for the Union of the States? But we may hear some one say that this should be the duty of the U. S. Government. This may be true, but we, as the representatives of the people who have suffered, can only be heard here, and if the State of Pennsylvania should assume these claims, it would not be long before the United States government would see the propriety of paying them. The United States Government is now and has been paying claims for losses of loyal people of the Southern States, which occurred during the rebellion, and should they not pay the losses of our people, who were all loyal. If our people suffered losses should they not be paid equally as well as the loyal claimants of the South? No one representing the people of this State on this floor at this time will deny this. But it is not only the duty and obligation of the State at this time to see that these claims are paid, but it is a matter of justice to the people, and would develop that proper respect and feeling toward the Government which the people ought always to bear to the supreme authority of the land. We have appropriated one million dollars to the Centennial Commission, at Philadelphia, to hold an exhibition of the arts and sciences, on the hundredth anniversary of the independence of these States. By this exhibition we propose to awaken a brotherly feeling among all the people. We not only propose to awaken a brotherly feeling among the people, but to cause that people to fully appreciate and admire the greatness and power of our common country; and, above all, to awaken in the hearts of all the people a greater love and devotion to this great and glorious Union of the States. But, sir, whilst this is one of the objects, will we not fail in impressing this upon the minds of all the people—when we allow these claimants to go unpaid, and even turning them away empty? Will not the imputation go up from one end of the land to the other, that the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will appropriate one million of dollars to the Centennial for the purpose of having a glorification and jubilee on the hundredth anniversary of the independence of the States, whilst thousands of her citizens are refused the just payment of their losses—incurred in a war for the just preservation of this Union? Will not the imputation go further if these losses are not paid or provided to be paid by the year 1876, that a free Democratic government is a failure? That if a government is not able to protect property, life, liberty and happiness, or compensate the people for the loss by war or an invasion by armed force therein, that it does not answer the purpose for which it is instituted, and that no jubilee, however grand its character or great in its conceptions, will ever cause a people to respect its power or pray devoutly for its continuance or perpetuity? No, if—[illegible] and great and free government to be near and dear to the people she must be just and honorable to the people. The State ought and will have to say to these people, "You have lost your property and homes by war and invasion, and we are bound to compensate you for your losses." Then will the people rise up from all sections of the land, and bless the government which is over them, and pray for its continuance for all time. If this is done, many who are now bowed down by the cares and oppressions of poverty, will rise up and rejoice in the sunlight of a free and just government. Pass this bill, and our people will be able to develop the great iron interests of our border counties, and pour untold wealth into the coffers of all, and increase the revenues of the State beyond computation. Pass this bill, and you will cause the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to be just to her people—whilst you will be adding to the revenues of the State by the increased industries of her people. Yes, pass this bill, and you will have the approval of your consciences now, and for all time to come. In addition, Mr. Speaker, I wish to say one word relative to some remarks made by the