The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

VOL. LXII. LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 30, 1861. NO. 29.

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, AT NO. 8 NORTH DUKE STREET, BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Advertisements, not exceeding one square, (12 lines,) will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of greater length in proportion.

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THE OLD MILLER.

BY W. N. DAVIDSON.

I.
I knew an old miller in boyhood,
Who lived on the side of a hill,
In the sound of the falling waters,
And nigh by a clattering mill.

II.
I remember the low ancient cottage,
The clustering ivy that clung
To the stately and olden linden
That over the gable hung.

III.
A pathway led down through the garden
And out through a latticed gate,
That swung on its wooden hinges
With a sad and complaining grate.

IV.
And on through a little meadow,
Where cattle used to graze,
And a spring-book used to babble
Through long, bright summer days,

V.
Till it joined the highway to the village,
That ran at the foot of the hill,
And there stood the bourne of my travels—
The dingy and clattering mill.

VI.
How lofty it was, and so narrow!
The rafters how peaked and tall!
The angles so crooked and leaning,
Men said the old building would fall.

VII.
The miller but smiled at the warning,
And unto them, gayly, he said:
"My friends, the old mill will be standing,
Long years when the miller is dead."

VIII.
"Oh, give me the clash of the gearing,
The buzzing, and whirring, and jar
Of the stone," he would say, "I would rather
Have these than the wealth of the Czar!"

IX.
Ah! well I remember the miller;
In fancy, I see him to-night,
As I saw him in days of my childhood,
His clothing all mottled with white.

X.
And his musical accents are ringing
In memory's galleries still,
As away in the past I have heard them,
Above the loud clang of the mill.

XI.
Thrice Famine had spread his dark pinions
And Want brooded sore in the land,
And oft were the poor and the widow
Relieved with a bountiful hand.

XII.
For never, when hunger oppressed them,
And dreary and dark was the day,
Went they to the miller for succor
And came empty-handed away.

XIII.
I remember the high and wide door-way,
The form that led up to the sill,
The hook and the ponderous cable
That hung from the top of the mill.

XIV.
And the queer oaken doors as I saw them,
The upper one ever ajar,
I wondered with innocent wonder
What so many nails could be for!

XV.
One night, when the river was swollen,
And Thor was abroad on the blast,
Recording his journey in lightnings,
And bowing the woods as he passed,

XVI.
The family up at the cottage
Were praying the God of the storm,
Whatever of ill should betide them,
To shelter the good miller's form.

XVII.
But, oh! as their prayers were ascending
High up to the radiant Hill
Of Promise for aid and protection,
They heard the loud fall of the mill!

XVIII.
"The chastening hand of Our Father
In wisdom is over us all!"
Cried the reverent dame; but its shadow
Lay over her soul as a pall.

XIX.
The glorious eye of the morning
Looked down on the olden scene—
The cot, the brook, and the garden,
And meadow so quiet and green.

XX.
But where was the dingy old building,
So leaning, and narrow, and high,
With roof all so lofty and peaked,
It seemed to be piercing the sky?

XXI.
Down under its wide-scattered ruins
The miller lay rigid and still,
And the heart that beat warm for his fellows
Was bloodless forever and chill!

XXII.
They buried him nigh by his cottage—
His tomb could be seen from its door,
And graved on it: "Here lies a miller;
He never took toll from the poor!"

[*New York Mercury.*

THREE WILD STORIES.

The Samoyedes, whose country will readily be found in the northern extremity of Asiatic Russia, belong to that large family of the human race which comprises the Turks, the Mongols, the Tungusians, and the Finns, with all their subdivisions, and which is distinguished by ethnologists as the 'Altaic.' Their life is chiefly passed in the desert regions bordering the Arctic Ocean, which are sometimes damp and marshy; and their principal property consists of the reindeer which convey them from place to place when they feel it necessary to change the site of their encampments. Tents are their only dwelling places, and so completely are they wedded to a nomadic life, that it seems probable they will rather be extinguished than benefited by the progress of civilization.

Among these primitive people the great Altaic philologist, M. Alexander Castaen, found a set of tales, which for wildness equal the most fantastic dreams of the Hindoos. The heroes to which they refer are completely free from all law, moral or physical; virtue is by no means necessarily rewarded, nor is death an unsurmountable obstacle in the way of an aspiring genius. With these tales, in a condensed form, we present our readers.

A tribe of Samoyedes, seven hundred strong, was encamped in as many tents, under the rule of seven chiefs, all members of one family, and all maintaining the dignity of their office by devoting their time, talents, and energies to the single purpose of dining out. Six of these great chiefs were childless, but the other, the eldest, had a boy, who, far from sharing in the family propensity, never went out at all, but snored away his existence in bed. On one occasion, when a great festival was coming off, the father of this heavy youth asked him to join in the party but he refused with a yawn, alleging as an excuse that he had a bad dream, which showed him that all the seven chiefs would perish miserably unless they appeased the higher powers by a sacrifice of fourteen reindeer.

The father laughed at the dream; but, when the next morning dawned, the horrible reality far exceeded the dismal prediction, for the youth, opening his eyes, found that not only the seven chiefs, but the whole seven hundred personages, with their reindeer and dogs, had come to an untimely end. The frightful spectacle aroused him to unwonted activity, and having first cut all the cords of the tents, he sat out on a long walk, which, at the end of some long months, he found too much for his strength, especially as he was not fortified by a particle of food. At last he came to the site of a former encampment, where he found a bone, already gnawed by the dogs, but which, in the present emergency, was not to be despised. Having regaled himself with this delicacy, he raked about the snow, in hopes of making more discoveries of the same kind, but he only found a pair of silver ear-rings, which he put into his glove, and then set out on another long walk, seeing nothing at all till his eyes were gladdened with the sight of a reindeer sledge.

'Have you found ear-rings," said a woman who was the sole occupant of the vehicle; 'because if you have, you may as well hand them over.'

'Yes, I have found them, and I've got them in my glove. You may take them, and welcome, if you'll only drive me to some place where I can find a little society.'

To this very modest request the woman replied by giving the Wanderer (as we shall call him) such a blow with her spear that he fell senseless. She then took the ear-rings, and rode on as if nothing had happened.

The blow of the spear had a narcotic effect, and the wanderer passed a long time in sleep. On resuming his dull journey across the boundless desert he came to a site of another encampment, again enjoyed the luxury of a gnawed bone, and seeking in the snow for more, discovered an iron shovel. This proved more serviceable than the ear-rings, for a finely dressed lady, who met him shortly afterwards, and asked for her shovel, rewarded his good office in restoring it by driving him home to her tent. They indulged in pleasant converse on the way, the Wanderer talking about the inhabitants of the seven hundred tents, and their untimely end, of which the lady had heard somewhat already, but desired to hear more, till at last the dialogue took a new turn, through the lady's remark that the reindeer in the sledge were uncommonly like his late father's stock; for the elderly gentleman who had presented the lady with this fine pair of animals, and also with the iron shovel, had intended them for bridal gifts, in consideration of her approaching marriage with his son. This son was clearly the Wanderer, so that the happy lady had at once found her intended husband and recovered her lost shovel.

They lived together happily enough as man and wife, till the time arrived for removing the camp. Then the Wanderer discovered that, although he had agreed very well with his wife, he was far from popular with the inhabitants of the neighboring tents. When the tribe commenced its march, he was provided with worse reindeer than the rest, so that he always lagged behind, and when at last a halt allowed him to overtake his comrades, one of them artfully contrived to run a spear through his body. The party then moved merrily onward, as if nothing had happened, and though the bereaved lady remained behind, weeping in the sledge, her deer soon took fright and carried her after the others. Dead as he was, the Wanderer retained sense enough to be aware of the presence of an old man, who had but one eye, one hand, and one leg, and who, striking him with an iron staff, bade him hasten back home, where he would find his father and all his uncles alive. Thus admonished, he woke up and found himself alone; but, instead of following the old man's salutary counsel, he rejoined his wife and companions, who had again halted, and was rewarded for his obstinacy by being killed again, with same weapon as before. This time his wife did not think it worth while to stop behind and weep, but continued her journey with the others, firm in the conviction that he who got up once could easily get up twice. Nor was she wrong. The defective old man again resuscitated the dead wanderer with a touch of his iron staff, again advising him to return home, and informing him that his father was not only alive, but he had been alive for some time. As the Wanderer had witnessed the destruction of the family with his own eyes, this last assertion considerably weakened his confidence in the old man's veracity, so he joined his wife and comrades, who had again halted, as before, and with the same result, for the same man killed him for a third time, with the same spear.

The old gentleman, whose patience was nearly exhausted, again revived the corpse with the iron staff, but took occasion to observe that he did not intend to repeat the operation. The Wanderer had now become a little—very little wiser by the experience. As the murderer had always artfully persuaded him to look another way while the mortal wound was inflicted, he had never been properly aware of his own death, but had regarded his one-eyed benefactor as one of the images in a strange dream. However, a man is not to be killed three times for nothing, so when he again joined the camp, strong in the suspicion that he would meet with foul play, he resolved to strike the first blow. Instead of entering his tent as before, he took all the bows and arrows out of the sledges while his comrades were sleeping, and then hewed down the tents with his wife's iron shovel. The sleepers, thus violently awakened, rushed from the tents, and being deprived of their weapons, were easily despatched. Our hero had intentionally spared none but his wife's nearest relations, but when he surveyed the corpses, he was grievously disappointed at the discovery that the miscreant, who had slain him three times over, was not among them. The persevering villain had escaped.—Still there were traces of his feet upon the snow, and these the vengeful shovel-bearer followed, till at length he overtook the treble assassin. Frightful and long was the single combat that ensued. It lasted through the whole winter, and just as summer set in, both combatants dropped down dead, affording a savory repast to the wolves and foxes, who soon reduced them to a heap of fleshless bones.

The one-eyed old gentleman, resolved that the story should not end here, paid a visit to the bones about the beginning of the autumn, and collected those of the Wanderer into a bag, grumbling very much that his good advice had not been followed, and informing his piecemeal *protege* that this was the *last* time he meant to serve him. He would give the Wanderer one more trial, and now, he trusted, the wilful youth *would* go home, schooled as he had been by such very bitter experience.

With the bag on his back, the one-eyed old gentleman crept into a hollow, after rolling aside a stone that stopped the entrance, and found himself in a dark, dismal place, in which there was all manner of disorderly whistling and singing, while sundry hands sought to make a capture of the bag. When the old man's eye grew a little more accustomed to the situation, he could perceive by the light that issued from the other end of the room that the snatchers and whistlers were all fleshless skeletons; but as this was a matter of trifling moment, he walked up towards the light, and found a tent, within which a fire was burning, while an old crone, whose large eyes were placed vertically in her head, sat on the hearth with two unwieldly monsters for companions.

'Here's some firewood for ye,' growled the one-eyed old man, pitching his bag at the old woman.

'Thank ye! We were sadly out of it,' replied the crone, and threw the bones on the fire which speedily converted them into ashes. On these the old woman slept for three whole days, at the end of which they produced a human form—namely, that of our friend, the Wanderer, who could not make out where he was, and felt particularly awed by the aspect of the two monsters. These, the old lady informed him, had been very estimable persons in their time, but were now converted to stone; and she gave him to understand that if he did not take her for a wife he would be petrified likewise. Honestly avowing that he was married already, the Wanderer complied with her request, and the old dame, not to be behindhand in generosity, promised to drive him home.—So, after a short honeymoon of three days, the reindeer were put to the lady's sledge, and bride and bridegroom rode merrily towards the mouth of the hollow, pursued all the way by the mob of skeletons, who tried to wound the stranger with their spears, but were rendered powerless by the counter charm of the reindeer. The stone at the mouth of the hollow was so weighty that the Wanderer could not restore it to its place, but this operation was gracefully performed by the old woman with a kick; and a little more journeying brought the loving couple to a tent where they found the first wife and both her parents. These jumped into the sledge, which now proceeded with all speed to the Wanderer's first home—the old place with the seven hundred tents, in which everybody had been murdered when he was a little sleepy boy.

There were the dear old tents all erect again, not one of the seven hundred missing; there were the people, and their deer, and their dogs just as if nothing had happened, and the Wanderer had a right to exact a little repose after his toilsome vicissitudes. There, too, was that good creature, the little old man with one eye, and, sad to say, behind the old man was the hateful villain who had so many times caused our hero's death. Of course, two such inveterate foes could not meet without fighting, and though the Wanderer soon despatched his adversary, his victory was immediately followed by insanity, and he killed his one-eyed benefactor into the bargain. Off like a whiff of smoke went the beautiful vision of domestic felicity. The existence of the people in the tents was manifestly contingent on the life of the old man, for when the wanderer approached his boyhood's home, he found all dead, and his two wives instantly died likewise, leaving him in a state of hopeless solicitude. Thus the story leaves off, as it began, with a heap of corpses, and, what is the strangest part of the matter, most of the people who die at the end are those who die at the beginning.

Seven brothers, who are heartless in the most literal sense of the word, figure in a tale that is distinguished from the others by something of a poetical tone. These seven brothers have murdered an old Samoyede lady and carried off her daughter, but there is a pious son, who has obtained a supernaturally gifted beauty for his wife, and hopes, with her aid, to repair the mischief that has been done. The great point is to get the hearts of the brothers, which they are in the habit of taking out of their bosoms every night before they retire to rest, and which they very imprudently entrust to the care of the captive girl.

When the Samoyede and his wife enter the tent belonging to the brothers, the lady is invisible, but the husband accosts his sister, whom he finds alone. The brothers, she informs him, are from home at present, but will return in the evening, and she gives him ample instructions how he is to proceed in his pious work. What these instructions were will be shown by the manner in which they were carried out, though we must promise that the hero slinks off to his own residence, and his wife undertakes the achievement of the adventure.

When the brothers come home, they eat their supper, and, spreading out seven deerskins on the ground, lay themselves down to rest. The captive maiden then goes round to them all with a dish. In this they place their hearts, which are afterwards hung on one of the tent poles by the treacherous attendant. The wife, securing her prize, returns with it to her husband, who, on the following morning, pays the brothers a visit, and finds them all in a wretched state. Six of the hearts he casts on the ground, and the six younger brothers immediately die, but the seventh is informed that if he will restore the deceased old lady to life, he may have his heart back. The desired resuscitation is effected by means of certain charms, but the seventh heart is nevertheless thrown on the ground, and the eldest brother perishes like the rest, while the Avenger takes his mother and sister home.

An important personage in the family of the Avenger is his father's sister. It was by her consel that he obtained his gifted wife, detained her garment while she was bathing with her six sisters, and refusing to restore it till she had promised not to leave him. In fairy tales all the world over this mode of ensnaring semi-supernatural personages is exceedingly common, and therefore we but lightly touch on this incident, as being less characteristic than any of the others.

The wise aunt, consulted once by her nephew, presents him with a knife, that he is to give his wife, who will assuredly make a proper use of it. With these injunctions the nephew complies, and the wife no sooner receives the weapon than she cuts out the heart of every one in the tent, including her own and her husband's, and flings them up in the air. The aunt visiting the tent, finds every one alive, though destitute of the most important organ of vitality; and, with a view of recovering the lost hearts, proceeds to a lake, where the six sisters of the wife are bathing, and weeping for the seventh. Detaining the clothes of one of the bathers, she will not restore them save in exchange for a number of hearts, found by the sisters at their ærial residence, and which may possibly be those recently extracted. Loaded with these hearts, which have been purified in a celestial region, the aunt returns to the tent, and all on receiving their hearts become *pure* and *holy*. The wife proposes that they should now join her sisters, and ascending through the air in a reindeer sledge, they penetrated a thick mist, and at last reach a warm, blissful place, in which they are living to the present day.

In consequence of missionary operations, the legends of the Finnish races not unfrequently show a curious mixture of the Christian with the national elements, the Apostles sometimes appearing as powerful allies of the ancient gods. We can hardly help suspecting that the Christian doctrine of regeneration is to some extent shadowed forth in this last and least savage of our Samoyede tales.

Incident of Camp Life.

The humors of camp-life are well worth printing very often, as in the case of the following side-splitting incident narrated by the Washington gossip of the New York Mercury:

For the last two months as you are aware, our city has been one vast camp; and as all the public departments had organized military companies for the protection of the buildings, the Government printing-office employees, no less loyal to the Union, determined to follow in their wake and organize a company also.

The intention was no sooner circulated among the men than a long list of names was received of the ablest young men in the office. But among them was one individual, named 'Nubbs,' who, by some means or influence, was admitted in the company against the wish of nearly three-fourths of the members; not that he was not a good Union man, but because he loved his bitters better than his duty, and they were afraid to trust him on duty when he had been drinking.

It so happened that, the very first night the company went into active service, it fell to the lot of 'Nubbs,' among six others, to stand guard outside the building; and as he was no friend of the corporal, the latter, determined to give him the most solitary post in his power, and placed him on the north side of the building, next to an old graveyard.

'Nubbs' being possessed of no extraordinary share of courage, fortified himself with a large bottle of his favorite beverage—whisky—to keep him company, and give him consolation during the two long weary hours he was compelled to keep guard.—Before going on duty, he was provided with an old flint-lock musket, which for the want of balls, was loaded with some old 'pi.'

It was twelve o'clock when he was marched out to his post; and after receiving instructions to 'let no one pass without it,' he was left alone with his fears, reflections, and whisky.

The time, place, and hour all conspired to make poor 'Nubbs' send his 'best friend,' the bottle, on frequent excursions to his mouth; and before the first half of his two hours expired, he had kissed his 'best friend' to death, and consigned it to an uncovered grave in the burying-ground opposite.

'Nubbs' courage by this time being 'equal to any emergency,' he walked his post like a Roman sentinel; but, unlike one, he wandered far out of his limits, and halted not until he came to a well-known resort of his, a public-house, kept by one Flanigan, and there kept guard for at least two hours, thinking it was the office that he was watching so vigilantly, and cursing the corporal for keeping him on duty so long. He had already driven off two intruders—boarders of Flanigan's, who had been out pretty late—because they refused to give the countersign, when a third party approached, and was quickly challenged by our attentive sentinel with,

'Who goes there?'

No answer.

'Who goes there, I say? Stand, or I'll fire!'

As no answer was returned, 'Nubbs' brought his 'shooting-stick' to his shoulder, and fired at the approaching object, which he could dimly see in the distance.

No sooner had he discharged his musket, than the terrible deed flashed upon his mind with such vividness that it caused him to recover his sober senses; and throwdown his old flint-lock, he ran to see if he could be of any assistance to the unfortunate victim of his rashness; for he was quite sure he had struck the object, as it had not moved since he fired; but what was his astonishment when, on coming up to it, he discovered he had shot, not a traitor, but a fine large hog!

'Nubbs' first thoughts were to bury the hog, and say nothing about it; but as he had nothing to dig a hole with, he concluded to drag it to Flanigan's yard, and leave it till morning, with the hope that he could get it away before any one discovered it.

But Flanigan, having seen some one guarding his house in the night, got up much earlier than usual to discover the cause of it; and the first object that met his view was the dead hog, with a lot of old type 'sticking' in his head.

It was not long before the affair leaked out, and Nubbs was compelled to undergo an examination before the captain, who sentenced him to 'hunt for the owner of the hog until found, and pay the value of it.'

Although Nubbs strenuously contended that he was only following his instructions to 'let no one pass without the countersign,' he was compelled to seek the owner and pay for the hog. And he says, to this day, that he spent more money, drank more whisky, and traveled over more ground than ever he did in one day before in his life, 'just to find the owner of a darned dead hog!'

DELICIOUS TEA CAKE.—Beat to cream 7 ounces of sweet butter; beat to a stiff froth the whites of 8 eggs, and mix gradually with it 1 pound of flour, together with the butter and half a nutmeg grated. Bake in a pan lined with buttered papers Almonds blanched and pounded may be substituted for the butter.

☞ There are two classes of disappointed lovers, those who are disappointed before marriage, and more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

SALLIE AND I.

BY ANNIE M. DUGANNE.

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Are there no bachelors willing to buy?
None who have courage enough to propose;
None who have wisdom enough to disclose
That they've shirts without buttons, and pants without straps,
They have vests with fringed edges, and coats with torn flaps,
And their last winter's hose are minus of toes,
And their uncovered heels are like to get froze,
For lack of such bodies as Sallie and I
To attend to the wants and the woes we espy!

We are no coquettes—Sallie and I—
So free-loving dandies need not apply—
Beauty's admirers or Wit's devotees
Need not approach, for we never shall please;
But we know of a circle whose names are untold
In Fame's shining temples or mansions of gold,
Whose life without spot, or blemish, or blot,
Have won them the honor the world giveth not—
For such, worthy bachelors, Sallie and I
Still wait in the market—will ye not buy?

Unsullied Virtue, Sallie and I,
Only can offer to those who apply—
Hearts warm and loving we've striven to blend
With hands ever ready in need to befriend;
And our lips seldom gossip, our feet rarely roam
Beyond the charmed precincts of childhood's sweet home—
And to wash, brew or bake, small splutter we make,
For "Quiet and Thrift" is the motto we take—
Oh! rare such housewives as Sallie and I:
Lonely old bachelors, will ye not buy?

We're in the market—Sallie and I—
Shall we be left in the market to die?
Swiftly youth's fleeting years over us go,
Dimmer the rays from Hope's beacon light glow,
And the dimples where Cupid hath chosen his bed,
Too long left unkissed, will be wrinkles instead—
And our hearts, like the May, will forget to be gay
If Love's fragrant blossoms ne'er dawn on our way:
Such is the petition Sallie and I.
Offer to bachelors—pray, will ye buy?

A Soldier's Emotion in Battle.

Our citizen soldiers inexperienced in the battle field will find the most terrible moments just before the battle begins.—A soldier in his narration of personal adventures in the Mexican war, published in '*Howe's Achievements of Americans*,' gives some interesting items on this head in his description of the battle of Palo Alto, the opening battle of the war.

When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time I did not see a single man of the enemy move; they stood like statues. We remained quiet with two exceptions. General Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment, he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came to where we stood, he looked steadily at us; I suppose to see what effect the novel circumstance in which we were placed had upon us, and as he gazed, he said: '*The bayonet, my hardy cocks! the bayonet is the thing!*' The other occasion was that of Lieut. Black, of the engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemy's line in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so close did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him, Black, however, paid no attention to him but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands. How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments? Look at our men! a clammy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, not from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril, combined with a determination not to flinch from duty. These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to the reflection that whatever may befall them they will act with *honor*; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain he would be shot in the tracks he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; the man who has passed through a two hours' fight, has lived through a great amount of mental and physical labor. At the end of a battle I always found that I had perspired so profusely as to wet through all my thick woolen clothing, and when I had got cool, I was as sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change.

Reader, did you ever see your house on fire? If so, it was then you rushed into great danger: it was then you went over places, climbed over walls, lifted heavy loads, which you never could have done in your cooler moments; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such was my excitement that I never fully realized it. All men are not alike; some are cool; some are perfectly wild or crazy; others are so prostrated by fear that they are completely unnerved—an awful sinking and relaxation of all their energies takes place, awful to behold; they tremble like an aspen, sink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the coolness of our men; there they stood, chewing bits of biscuits, and talking about the Mexicans—some wondering if they would fight; others allowing that they would, and like demons, &c. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy, and happened to be looking toward their right wing when suddenly a white curl of smoke sprang up there from one of their guns, and then I saw the dust fly some distance in front where the ball struck. Instantly another, and then another rich curl of smoke arose, succeeded by a booming sound, and the shot came crashing toward us. The enemy fired very rapidly, and their balls knocked the dust about us in all directions—some went over our heads, others struck the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured in upon them a perfect storm of iron. Lieut. Churchill and his men began with their eighteen pounders, and when the first was fired it made such a loud report that our men gave a spontaneous shout, which seemed to inspire us with renewed confidence. I could hear every word the Lieutenant said to his men. When the first shot was fired, he watched the ball, saying, 'Too high, men; try another!'—'too low, men; try again—the third time is the charm!' The third shot was fired, and I saw with my own eyes the dreadful effect of that and the following shots. 'That's it, my boys!' shouted Churchill, jumping up about two feet; 'you have them now! keep her at that, and so they did, and every shot tore complete lanes through the enemy's lines; but they stood it manfully. The full chorus of battle now raged; twenty-three pieces of artillery belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot; this puzzled the enemy, and they could not bring their guns to bear upon us, making our loss very small. Many were the narrow escapes; one ball came within six inches of my side. The force of the shot was tremendous; a horse's body was no obstacle at all; a man's leg was a mere pipe stem. I watched the shot as it struck the roots of the grass, and it was astonishing how the dust flew. In about an hour the grass caught on fire, and the clouds of smoke shut out the opposing armies from view. We had not as yet lost a man from our regiment.—In the obscurity the enemy changed their line, and the eighteen pounders, supported by our regiment, took a new position on a little rise of ground. As we moved on to the spot, a six pound shot carried away the lower jaw of Capt. Page, and then took off a man's head on the right, as clean as with a knife.

The blood of poor Page was the first I saw; he was knocked down in the grass, and, as he endeavored to raise himself, he presented such a ghasty spectacle that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of that night I shall carry with me to my dying day. A little later Major Ringgold was mortally wounded at his battery; I saw him just after it. The shot had torn away a portion of the flesh of his thighs; its force was tremendous, cutting off both his pistols at the lock, and also the withers of his horse—a splendid steed, which was killed to relieve him of his misery. The enemy tried hard, but without avail, to hit our eighteen pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene. We bivouacked where we were, and laid on on our arms; we slept, however, but little, thinking we might be attacked in our sleep.

The enemy had been eery severely handled owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men; each stripping off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist; they all wore red flannel shirts, and, therefore, were in uniform. To see them limbering and unlimbering, firing a few shots, then dashing through the smoke, and then to fire again with lightning-like rapidity, partly hid from view by dense clouds of smoke and dust; with their dark red shirts and naked arms, yelling at every shot made, reminded me of a band of demons rather than of men.

The Tailor and Dean Swift.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of Revelation: Quitting the shop board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family was likely to famish.

His monomania was well known to Dean Swift, who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor as he fancied, got a special revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and the next morning took up his line of march for the deanery. The Dean whose study was furnished a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he awaited his approach.

The door opened, and the tailor announced in an unearthly voice, the message. 'Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—' 'Come in my friend,' said the Dean, 'I am in great trouble, and no doubt 'the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty.'

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

'My friend,' said the Dean, 'I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelation, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the sea, and the other on the earth, and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics, continued Dean, has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me.

This sudden exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor he rushed from the house, ran to his shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation thoroughly cured of his prophetical revelations by the wit of the Dean.

POLITENESS.—Politeness is a redeeming part, in a person's character. It is a most beautiful illustration of the refining power which a higher development of humanity always exerts upon our race. By politeness is meant that behavior of man towards man that he would ask for himself. It is but a part of the mode of carrying out the great Christian precept which lies at the base of order and harmony among men.—'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.' Do what we may in life, the wheels of society can never move smoothly and well, where the spirit of politeness does not actuate the thoughts and deeds of man in his intercourse with man.

☞ A woman down East has commenced a suit of divorce against her husband, because he would not allow her to apply her tongue to the stopper of the molasses jug every time she used it, a privilege every Yankee woman considers sacred.

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The great mission of the Democratic Party, which has ever stood as the bulwark of the Union and the Champion of the Constitution, renders its entire unity and bold attitude in this hour of National peril a matter of vital concern. The pending struggle is not less for the maintenance of a United Country than for the Perpetuation of Democratic Principles, as expounded by Jefferson and Jackson. The most momentous results hang upon the issue. Mere party questions are for the time by common consent adjourned. The past is dead, save in its lessons of experience.
The Democratic hosts have not shrunk from their full share in the responsibilities and dangers of the emergency. They have rallied with one accord around the standard of our common country. But the occasion imposes other duties. The Government will demand and receive the willing support of every patriot, in its efforts to vindicate the National honor and re-assert the National authority; but the Preservation of Constitutional Liberty rests more with the people than with Congress and Cabinets. Vigilance and Unity are therefore specially requisite in the present juncture.
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