The Lancaster Intelligencer.

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

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TERMS.

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JOB PRINTING.—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on the shortest notice.

I'M COMING HOME TO DIE, MOTHER.

Unwelcome winds are sighing,
Within this distant West,
And wrapt in pain I'm lying
With vision broken rest.
I often dream thy bosom
Is pillowing my head,
And wake to find illusion
Has gathered round my bed;
But starting from my dreaming,
I check the rising sigh,
For I'm coming home to die, mother,
Coming home to die.

I long to see thee, mother,
And kiss thy dear, old cheek,
I feel there is no other
With whom I wish to speak;
No heart has half such kindness,
No voice such music's flow,
Why did I in my blindness
Cause you a moment's woe?
I know you've mourned me often,
But wipe the glistening eye,
For I'm coming home to die, mother,
Coming home to die.

Tell father that I wish him
To mark the spot for me,
Where Looloo used to kiss him,
And sing the Forest glee;
'Tis where the wild red roses
Perfume the summer air—
And when the life-scene closes,
Lay roving Alland there;
O let the spot be lonely,
And hid from passers by,
For I'm coming home to die, mother,
Coming home to die.

My memory is clinging
To childhood's sunny hours,
And Looloo's voice seems ringing
Amidst the garden flowers;
The moments seem to lengthen
As starting time draws near,
And hope begins to strengthen
With thought of leaving here.
So let the heart be gladden'd,
Our meeting hour is nigh,
For I'm coming home to die, mother,
Coming home to die.

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

The glowing tint of Tropic eve,
Burns in her radiant cheek,
And we know that her voice is rich and low,
Though we never have heard her speak;
So full are those gracious eyes of light,
That the blissful flood runs o'er,
And wherever her tranquil pathway tends
A glory flits on before.

O! very grand are the city belles,
Of a brilliant and stately mien,
As they walk the steps of the languid dance,
And flit in the pause between;
And beneath the boughs of the hoary oak.
When the minstrel fountains play,
I think that the artless village girl
Is sweeter by far than they.

O! very grand are the city belles,
But their hearts are worn away
By the keen-edged world, and their lives have lost
The beauty and mirth of May;
They move, where the sun and the starry dews
Reign not; they are haughty and bold,
And they do not shrink from the cursed mart,
Where Faith is the slave of Gold.

But the starry dews and the genial sun
Have gladdened *her* guileless youth,
And her brow is bright with the flush of hope,
Her soul with the seal of truth;
Her steps are beautiful on the hills
As the steps of an Orient morn,
And Ruth was never more fair to see
I' the midst of the Autumn corn.

THE BANK NOTE.

'You would scarcely think I had been in the State's Prison, would you?'

'In the State's Prison?' I echoed. 'Oh! of course you mean as a visitor,' and I felicitated myself that my good-humored host had not 'sold' me.

'No; I mean as a convict.'

'As a convict?' I echoed again, dropping my pipe in amazement. 'Impossible.'

'True, nevertheless.'

Mrs. Elmore raised her eyes from her knitting, and looked at her husband and then at me, with a sort of sad smile, that seemed to say: 'True, every word of it.'

Mr. Elmore was a planter living near Natchez, in Mississippi, and I, fancying myself an artist, at that time staying at his house, ostensibly engaged in painting a portrait of his daughter Annette, a fair young beauty of seventeen.

True, my stay had already been longer than was strictly necessary for purposes of painting, but for reasons which will appear more fully hereafter, I still lingered on the plantation an honored guest. And often, in the calm autumn evening, we would all sit together on the verandah, and talk for hours in a home-like, old-fashioned way, under the shadow of the clinging vine.

'In the State's Prison as a convict!' I repeated, after a pause, inwardly wondering how it could be possible that the mild, benevolent old gentleman could have ever been so abused.

'Perhaps you would like to know how it happened?' he said, inquiringly.

'Most certainly, if you are willing to narrate it.'

'I have never spoken of it since I have been here, but if you will listen to-night to an old man's babbling, I will tell you the story.'

We replenished our pipes, settled ourselves in our seats, and just when the sun went out of sight the old man began his story.

'Forty years ago, to-day, I was twenty-one years old, and, improbable as it may seem, I was practicing law in the city of Boston. Or rather, I was sitting in my office waiting to practice. My father, who had died when I was but a boy, had been a lawyer, before me, and it was my ambition always to be like him as I dimly remembered him, and as my mother described him.

At that time my mother and myself were living together in a little house at Roxbury, and I had just begun to see some prospect of success in my business.

There was an acquaintance of mine, Louis Milton by name, at that time cashier in one of the city banks.

Circumstances had thrown us much together, and we had grown to be very good friends, so much so that he had often spoken to me of a certain Mary Marshall, whom he was accustomed to regard as his future wife; the contract, for such only it was called, having been entered into years before by their parents.

Weston Marshall was a wealthy importer, and the elder Milton chief owner of the bank in which Louis was cashier. Both were wealthy, and both were aristocratic, and hence the foundation of the contract. I had never seen her, and never thought of her but when he spoke of her, little dreaming that she would one day indirectly effect a thorough change in my whole life. But I must not anticipate.

I shall never forget one snowy night, the first time I ever saw her. Some theatrical celebrity was 'starring' at one of the Boston theatres, and Louis and myself, happening together in the evening, strolled to the play. In one of the intervals between the acts, Louis turned to me and asked:

'Have you ever seen Mary?'

I answered that I had never had that pleasure.

'Do you see,' he said, directing my attention to a remote part of the house, 'that young lady dressed in purple, with damask plumes in her hat?'

I replied that I did.

'Well, that's Mary.'

Placed as we then were, in the glaring light I could see little beyond the particulars of dress he had remarked; but the chances of the crowd, as we left the theatre, brought me quite near her, and I thought then, and I think now, that I had never looked into a pair of deeper or more heartfull eyes. But we passed on chattering pleasantly together of indifferent things, and that night I slept as sound and dreamless a sleep as if there were never a woman in Christendom.

Mayhap you have noticed, if you have what people call 'an ear for music,' you certainly have—that you may listen to a piece of music which shall strike you as being peculiarly beautiful, and go away, and one hour afterward you could not recall, so as to articulate a single word of it, though your life depended on so doing. And yet, days afterward, when you least expect it, you shall catch yourself humming strain after strain, as easily as if you had known them from childhood; and in truth it shall seem more like an echo of something with which you had long ago been familiar, than the acquisition of something entirely new.

Just so was it to me with Mary Marshall's eyes. I do not think I thought of them for weeks after that night at the theatre, until one morning I was walking into my office, thinking of 'declarations,' not in love, but in law, when her image started out in memory with more than the distinctness of most familiar faces. I cannot explain why this should be so, any more than I can explain why it is that at occasional periods in every man's life there flashes across his mind, with a sort of curdling shudder, a shadowy consciousness of having seen and heard all that is then passing, at some remote point of the illimitable past. I only know that both are true. The causes of and the deductions from, I leave to profounder speculators.

Once having presented itself, it seemed determined not to be exorcised, and it maintained its position during the entire morning, pertinaciously returning to the attack whenever displaced for a moment by assiduous application to the perusal of 'Coke upon Lyttleton.'

In the afternoon of the same day I was passing slowly down Tremont Street. There had been a warm sun for some days, and the snow was disappearing. Now and then, where it was drifted on the roofs, the dampening of the slates occasioned it to lip from its position, and it descended in minature avalanches into the street below, sometimes carrying with it fragments of ice, which, from the last night's freezing, were clinging to the eves.

Suddenly one of these 'slides' deluged me with snow, and a lady, who had been walking just before me for some distance, was knocked down by a fragment of ice.

Of course, my first impulse was to raise and carry her into the nearest shop; my next to inquire if she was at all injured. But the motion of carrying commenced the work of reanimation, and the restorative produced by some ladies present in the shop, soon completed it, and the same eyes I had seen at the theatre again met my own.

It would be useless to detail to you how it happened that I called a carriage and accompanied her to her father's house; or how a pleasant acquaintance sprang out of that chance service; of a thousand other things you can as well imagine.

Let it be enough to tell you, what I suppose you already anticipate, that a friendship soon grew up between us, which, long before the blossoms of the following spring had ripened into acknowledged love, and that all unheeding any obstacles which might be set up between us, we were as happy as summer birds.

For some years previous to this time, little—nay nothing—had been said by any party in regard to the contract long before entered into between the parents of Louis and Mary; and the latter, whose gay heart had scarcely given a thought until she met with me now began to hope that it had been forgotten, or at least, abandoned by tacit consent. But causes which I will briefly allude to soon brought it to remembrance.

For several months both the houses of Marshall and Milton, in common with a major part of the commercial community, had been dipping largely into extravagant speculation, and had been losers to an alarming extent, though neither knew of the other's danger, and both retained their reputation for wealth. Under these circumstances, each looked to the consummation of this contract of marriage as the most available means of avoiding bankruptcy; and accordingly Louis pressed his suit urgently, and Marshall sided him with all his powers of persuasion. I was poor, and Marshall was a—in short, it would have been worse than useless for me to have spoken then.

And so the time had gone forward into the summer, and one afternoon accidentally brought Mary and myself together in one of the city bookstores. While there chatting over the books, I purchased one of them, and gave it to her, paying for it with a bank note of some large denomination.

And now, let me hasten over a portion of my life which can give you little pleasure in the hearing, and is certainly bitter in memory.

The next morning I was arrested, charged with having uttered counterfeit money. I need not tell you that I was astonished. I knew not which way to turn, or what to say. There was the bill I had passed the day before, with the word 'counterfeit' written across the face by Louis Milton, who, in entire ignorance of the fact that I had passed it, had thrown it out when presented for deposit. I could not deny having given it, and even if it could have been of any avail, I was unable to say whether it was counterfeit or not. Some old enmity against my father prompted the proprietor of the bookstore to a vindictive prosecution of the charge; and bitterly was he revenged; for my conviction, which followed close upon my arrest, killed my poor mother.'

The old man's voice trembled, and pausing, he nervously knocked the ashes from his pipe. I turned away my face, and in the sight of the stars only, I brushed away the tears that would come in spite of me.

'Well the trial came on. I did all I thought I could, but I could not deny that I had given the note. It seemed that there could be no doubt of its spuriousness, and the prosecution was pressed with singular vindictiveness. I was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the State's Prison. To be an innocent man in the sight of God, shut out from all I held dear in life; deprived of that birthright of humanity, liberty; my name rendered infamous, as I thought, forever; is it any wonder that I sometimes prayed for death to terminate my suffering? Her utter hopelessness of agony under that terrible trial, no human tongue can tell.'

The old man's tone grew tremulous again, and Mrs. Elmore, as I had done before, turned her face toward the slow-marching stars.

'Meantime the great world outside my prison-house moved on unheeding. Pecuniary pressure gradually tightened around both Marshall and Milton, until each felt that the last hope lay in the union of Louis and Mary. How fallacious was that hope the sequel showed out too soon. Mr. Marshall had long since ceased endeavoring to persuade his daughter to this step, and had tried commands. Both means failed entirely, and he now resorted to entreaty. He faithfully represented to her the condition of his affairs, and urged her to save him from ruin and disgrace by marrying the son of the rich banker.

Startled at the prospect of her father's impending penury, so vividly set before her; utterly desolate at heart; feeling keenly that all her hopes of happiness were wrecked entirely and forever, she finally yielded, a martyr as she thought, to her father's good; and they were married. Alas! how vain the sacrifice! Within a week after their marriage unusual explanations disclosed the truth, and both houses failed the same day. Twenty-four hours thereafter, found Marshall dead. Poison, self-administered, was suspected, but the truth is not known to this day. Louis Milton, giving way under the magnitude of the temptation of dishonesty, gathered together all he could of the scattered remnants of both fortunes, regardless of his father or his creditors, and departed suddenly, carrying with him his humbled and sorrowing wife.

The commercial world was startled for a moment by the failures; but in a few brief weeks the thing was almost forgotten, save by those who suffered immediate loss.

All these things I learned long afterward. It would profit nothing to detail to you the weary and humiliating routine of my prison life. Let me pass to the close.

I had been shut out from the world nearly two years, and one evening was sitting on the bed in my solitary cell, dreamingly wandering among the 'gardens of memory.' Sorrowful enough is this, even to him to whom time has brought no shadow of disgrace—who, while he looks into the irrevocable 'long ago,' dozes beside his fireside, surrounded by those who love him, and those he loves. Who shall say how many 'grim forms of unpretended error' look out from its shadow upon even the happiest man? How much less, then, shall my tongue tell how deep was the pain I felt in the past, to me, who, while yet young, had seen my name stained with foulest dishonor, all my dearest hopes—even in their broadest scope blotted into instant night.

And so I was sitting, in the glowing gloom of that autumn evening, mentally living over again the days that were gone, when the door opened, and the turnkey, accompanied by two or three gentlemen, entered the cell. One of the gentlemen I recognized as having been the prosecuting attorney upon my trial; the other I did not know.

'This is the man, Mr. Crampton,' said the turnkey.

I rose and bowed stiffly.

'My dear Elmore,' said the attorney, frankly extending his hand, 'let me congratulate you upon your restoration to life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness, as the ancients have it. You are from this moment free to wander whithersoever you choose. Come, let us go forth into the open air; it makes me feel anguish here.'

I was completely bewildered, and suffering myself to be led without a word, before I could collect myself to ask the reason of this unexpected proceeding, I found myself once more under the light of God's blessed stars, accompanied by, or rather being dragged by the good natured old lawyer. And what was the reason you ask. Simply this. The note, for the uttering of which I had been imprisoned, was the issue of a country bank, and since my trial, had remained in the hands of Mr. Crampton the attorney. A short time previous to my release, Mr. Wilson, the gentleman who accompanied Mr. Crampton to the prison, and president of the bank whence the note was issued, being in Boston, was sitting in Crampton's office when some casual [illegible] recalled to the memory of the latter, the circumstances attending my conviction. From more curiosity he showed the note to Wilson, and he to Crampton's astonishment, pronounced it genuine.

And so I had been guilty of no crime either in thought or deed. But where was the redress? What redress could there be for a mother murdered and a name dishonored?

You need not be told my reasons for quitting Boston forever. I came here after many wanderings, and to this day, no soul there knows but I am dead.'

Once more the old man paused, relighted his pipe, and in a more cheerful tone continued his story.

'I had lived here with an old negro woman for housekeeper for nearly four years, when an unaccountable desire prompted me to visit New Orleans. There was no reason why I should either go or stay, except my own inclination; and so I ran down to the bank hailed the first boat bound downward, and took passage for the city.

It was a hot but beautiful day in May when the White Cloud swung out into the current, and steamed gallantly down the river.

The heat was tempered by a strong breeze from the South, before which small fleecy clouds, that seemed almost melting into the distant blue, scudded like fairy barges, swiftly to the northward. Always silent and abstracted, I was that day unusually thoughtful. I remember I sat all day on the guards, to all appearances looking at the banks of the river, really looking dreamily into my own heart history, with that sort of pleasant sadness which every meditative man so often feels; that partial losing of one's present consciousness in the cloudy living over again the pleasantness of 'years ago.'

Late in the afternoon the sun disappeared behind a mass of leaden clouds, gilding its volumed verge with a line of dazzling light. The wind ceased entirely, a stifling coolness crept through the atmosphere; and to an eye at all weather-wise, it was evident that the armies of the air were mustering for a conflict. By and by the thunder, which, like the artillery of a distant battle-field, had swelled near and more near; the lightning—fierce spirit of the storm—leaped from the bosom of the cloud, and waved its flaming banner in advance; a few large drops which in the oppressive stillness sounded like a shower of shot clattered upon the deck; and then, with all the din of a summer tempest, the elemental battle whirled around us.

For more than three hours the storm raged with unabated fury and even when its fiercest rush had swept away to the east the rain poured down in steady torrents, and except for an occasional pale flash of lightning the night was intensely dark. During the whole of the first half of the night I felt no inclination to sleep. I rather felt as if I could not sleep should I try ever so earnestly, and at nearly one o'clock in the morning I was standing at one of the glass doors of the social hall. I do not know how long I stood there: I only know that I alone of all the passengers was waking, and except for the escaping steam, there was no sound on board. Suddenly I was aroused by loud shouting without, followed in quick succession by the hurried trampling of feet, and a crashing shock, that made the vessel tremble to her keel. As I gained the deck, the air was filled with loud screams and agonized cries for help. For the next moment the rosin torches of the boat flashed their red light upon the darkness, and there, close before us lay a disabled steamer, sinking rapidly. In the thick darkness the eye could not properly measure the distance, and in a rash attempt to cross the course of the White Cloud, she had been cut far below the water-line.

I had not dwelt so long upon the river's bank without familiarizing myself with the use of an oar, and with the aid of two or three of the first who recovered their self-possession, I launched one of the steamer's boats and pushed off to the assistance of those who were struggling in the water. I shall never forget the faces I saw that night, and I shudder now as I recall their looks of despairing supplication as the turbid waters closed over them forever, within sight, almost within reach of helping hands.

I was standing upon the bow of the boat as we were returning slowly from a long circuit around the sunken steamer, when I saw before the gleam of a white garment upon the water, and a faint bubbling call for help reached our ears. The boat shot forward under the impulses of the rowers, but the object was gone. We were rowing away to leave the spot, when the water parted again below us, and the glare of torches shone upon an upturned female face. I needed no second glance; my heart leaped into my throat, and with a spring that carried me far over the boat's side, I grasped the white figure with trembling fingers, and supported it until strong arms in the boat lifted us from the water.

The next evening, Mary Marshall—I could not call her Mary Milton—and I sat together in New Orleans and talked hour after hour.

Let me make my story brief.

They had gone directly from Boston to New Orleans, where Louis soon obtained employment as book-keeper in one of the banks of that city. But the loss of his wealth and position had apparently broken down his weak spirit. He fell into the habit of drunkenness, was rarely at home, sometimes leaving her in their boarding-house for days together. He entertained an insane hope of regaining his wealth at the gaming table, and within twelve months from their marriage he was brought home dead, stabbed in a drunken brawl in one of the gambling hells of the city. Fortunately for Mary, she had gained the affection and esteem of the wife of the president of the bank where Louis had been employed, and now offered her a home ostensibly as teacher of music for her daughter. And here she had been ever since, meeting with nothing but kindness, and contented with her lot. She was accompanying the family on a Northern tour when the accident occurred which brought us together.

'More than thirty years,' solemnly continued the old man, after a pause, 'have rolled away, and never since, for a single day have Mary and I been parted.'

Mrs. Elmore rose softly from her chair, and kneeling beside her husband, hid her face in his bosom and sobbed like a child.

Silently I walked down the pathway, and leaning upon the rustic gate, looked far down where the light of the now risen moon slept upon the water, and listened to the night wind as it whispered softly to the slumbering flowers. Presently I felt, rather than heard a light step behind me. A little white hand was laid lovingly upon my shoulder, I passed my arm lovingly around a yielding figure, and then, with spirits that melted into each other, and in that blissful hour lived but as one essence, Annette and I stood dreaming under the silent stars, until the old man's voice said:

'Come, children, it is late.'

That little hand is not so fair and plump now as then, and the frosts of age are beginning to silver my hair, but still the quiet autumn evenings often find us standing at the rustic gate. The same river flows unchangingly at our feet, and Annette and I are as perfectly one spirit now as then.

AN EXPENSIVE PRAYER.—As a specimen of 'patriotic prayer,' we send you a portion of one made to-day in one of our churches, in the presence of a large congregation, by a gentleman of reputed creditable attainments, both literary and moral:

'Oh, Lord, had the East done as well as the Hoosier State in furnishing men to put down this rebellion, we would not be under the necessity of calling on Thee.'

If you had, on the same occasion—the observance of the President's Fast Day—anything more directly to the point, we petition for the report.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ When does a farmer act with great rudeness towards his corn? When he pulls its ears.

JENA AND AUERSTADT.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

In the year 1806 England, Russia and Prussia formed a new coalition against France. Prussia commenced the campaign, by invading Saxony with an army of 200,000 men, under the command of Frederic William, the Prussian King.—Alexander of Russia, with an equal army, was pressing down through the wilds of Poland, to unite in the march upon Paris. England co-operated with her invincible fleet, and with profuse expenditures from her inexhaustible treasury.

The Emperor was greatly annoyed by this unprovoked attack, which thwarted all his plans for developing the industrial resources of France. He shut himself up for forty-eight hours to arrange the details of the campaign, and immediately dictated two hundred letters, all of which still remain the monument of his energy and sagacity. In six days the whole imperial guard was transported from Paris to the Rhine. They traveled by post sixty miles a day. On the 24th of September Napoleon, at midnight, entered his carriage at the Tuileries, to join the army. His parting words to the Senate were:

'In so just a war, which we have not provoked by any act, by any pretence, the true cause of which it would be impossible to assign, and where we only take arms to defend ourselves, we depend entirely upon the support of the laws, and upon that of the people, whom circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and courage.'

Placing himself at the head of his army, by a series of skilful manœuvres he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians, cutting them off from their supplies, and from all possibility of retreat. Being thus sure of victory, he wrote as follows to the King of Prussia:

'SIRE, MY BROTHER—I am in the heart of Saxony. My strength is such that your forces cannot balance the victory. But why shed so much blood? why make our subjects slay each other? I do not prize victory purchased by the lives of so many of my children. If I were just commencing my military career, and if I had any reason to fear the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire, your majesty will be vanquished. At present you are uninjured, and may treat with me in a manner, conformable with your rank. Before a month is passed, you will treat in a different position. I am aware that in thus writing I may irritate that sensibility which naturally belongs to every sovereign. But circumstances demand that I should use no concealment.—I implore your majesty to view, in this letter, nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that He may have you in His worthy and holy keeping.'

To this letter no reply was returned.—In two days from this time the advance guard of the French met the Prussians, strongly entrenched upon the plains of Jena and Auerstadt. It was the evening of the 13th of October. The sun was just sinking with unusual brilliancy behind the western hills, when the proud array of the Prussians, more than one hundred thousand strong, appeared in sight. Three hundred pieces of artillery were concentrated in batteries, and a squadron of eighteen thousand cavalry, splendidly caparisoned and with burnished armor were drawn up upon the plain.

Napoleon immediately took possession of the Landgrafenberg, a steep, craggy hill, which the Prussians had supposed inaccessible to artillery, and from whose summit the long lines of the Prussians, extending many leagues, could be clearly discerned. As the gloom of night settled down, the blaze of the Prussian camp fires, extending over a space of eighteen miles, illumined the scene with almost an unearthly glow.

Couriers were dispatched to hasten on the battalions of the French army. To encourage the men, Napoleon, with his own hands, labored through the night in blasting the rocks and clearing the way that he might plant a battery upon the brow of the Landgrafenberg. As brigade after brigade arrived, they took the positions assigned them by their experienced chieftain. Soult and Ney were ordered to march all night to a distant point, to cut off the retreat of the foe. Towards morning Napoleon threw himself upon the ground on the bleak hill side, to share for an hour the frigid bivouac of the soldiers.

At four o'clock he was again on horseback. A dense fog covered the plain, shrouding the sleeping host. Under cover of this darkness Napoleon ranged his troops in battle array. Enthusiastic shouts greeted him as he rode along the lines. At 6 o'clock, the fog still unbroken, the order was given to pierce the Prussian lines in every direction. For eight hours the battle raged with fury never before or since surpassed. The ground was covered with the dead; the shrieks of the wounded, trampled beneath the hoofs of charging squadrons, rose above the thunder of the battle. About 1 o'clock, P. M., the Prussian General sent the following frantic dispatch to his reserve:

'Lose not a moment in advancing your yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that, through their openings there may pass the still unbroken bands of the battle. Be ready to receive the charges of the enemy's cavalry, which, in the most furious manner, rides on, overwhelms and sabres the fugitives, and has driven into one confused mass the infantry, artillery and cavalry.'

The Prussian reserve, twenty thousand strong, with unbroken front, now entered the field, and for a moment seemed to arrest the tide of victory. Napoleon stood at the head of the Imperial Guard, which he had held in reserve as hour after hour he had watched and guided the terrible fight. A young soldier, impatient of this delay, at last, in the excess of his excitement, shouted, 'Forward! Forward!' Napoleon turned sternly to him and said:

'How now! What beardless boy is this, who ventures to counsel his Emperor. Let him wait till he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he proffers his advice.'

It was now 4 o'clock. The decisive moment had arrived. Murat, at the head of twelve thousand horsemen, fresh, and in perfect array, swept down upon the plain, as with earthquake roar, charging the bewildered, exhausted, bleeding host, and, in a few moments the work was done; the Prussian army was destroyed. Like an inundation the fugitives rushed from the field, ploughed by the batteries of Napoleon, and trampled beneath the tread of his resistless cavalry.

While this scene was transpiring on the plains of Jena, another division of the Prussian army was encountering a similar disaster on the field of Auerstadt, twelve miles distant. As the fugitives of both armies were driven together in their flight, in confusion and dismay unparalleled, horsemen, footmen, wagons and artillery in densest and wildest entanglement, there was rained down upon them the most terrible storm of balls, bullets and shells.

Night came at length. But it brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit was uninterrupted. In whatever direction the shattered columns fled, they were met by the troops which Napoleon had sent anticipating the movement.—The king himself narrowly escaped capture during the rout of that terrible night. Accompanied by a few companions on horseback, he leaped hedges and fences, and plunged through forests and fields, until he reached a place of safety. The Prussians lost in this one disastrous fight twenty thousand in killed and wounded, while twenty thousand more were taken prisoners.

No military chieftain has ever manifested so much skill in following up a victory as Napoleon. In less than fourteen days every remnant of the Prussian army was taken, and all the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of the French. The king, a woe-stricken fugitive, driven from his realms, fled for refuge to the army of Alexander. Never before in the history of the world was so formidable a power so speedily and utterly annihilated.

But one month had now elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. An army of two hundred thousand men, in thorough discipline and drill, had, in that time, been either killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed. Not a hostile regiment remained. A large number of fortresses, strengthened by the labor of ages, and which had been deemed impregnable, had fallen into the hands of the victor, and he was reposing in security in Berlin, in the palace of Frederick the Great. The story of this wonderful achievement passed over Europe like the wonders of an Arabian tale, exciting universal amazement. 'In assailing this man,' said the Emperor Alexander, 'we are but children attacking a giant.'

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		$99,390 94
Paid Losses, Expenses, Commissions, Re-Insurance, Returned Premiums, &c.		$70,383 00
Increase of Fire Premiums over last year's	$14,699 59	
Decrease Marine Premiums	10,426 74	
Nett Increase		$ 4,272 85

ASSETS.

Real Estate, Bonds and Mortgages	$141,240 00	
Stocks, (Par, $80,310,)	47,915 00	
Bills Receivable	59,885 73	
Unsettled Premiums and other debts due the Company	17,823 02	
Cash on hand, and in the hands of Agents	8,389 28	
		$275,253 03

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Save your broken Furniture.
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Don't throw away that broken Ivory Fan, it is easily repaired.
IT WILL MEND CHINA,
Your broken China Cups and Saucers can be made as good as new.
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