Independent Republicans

AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER EDITORS.

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Poet's Corner.

The Taskmasters and the Land of Bondage. BY CAROLINE C-

Seek them not in far lands beyond the seas: Trace not oppression's footsteps through the past:

The youthful—perish they ne'er by disease Whose mortal seem'd in mould immortal cast?
Not to thy elder sisters, whose misdeeds Have caused so much of woe and agony, Need'st thou, my country, look for the thick seeds, The fruits, and the broad leaves of Tyranny !-Alas, the shameful truth! Dear Liberty E'en in this house of Refuge, whither thou Came sorrowing and tearful o'er the sea, Even here fell Slavery stamps upon the brow Of myriads her dreadful mark of Cain, And men made in God's image, wear the bondage

Oh sons of Freedom! how dare ye invoke The name of Justice? Ye are swift to send Your thanks to heaven that the day has broke When Right may rule—ye're eager to befriend, When o'er the old world Famine stalks abroad, When monarchs trespass in their mighty power, Ye teach them mercy is the law of God Your eyes detect the heavy clouds that lower Around their thrones: ye tell them that the day Comes armed with rengeance, when they too mus

No land can prosper where love holds not sway; That none rule safely who strict justice spurn.
Your words burst forth as from an oracle,
Ah, were they but so perved to break foul Slavery's

is it indeed a lesson hard to learn, The love that could make Earth and Eden bright? Doth not the enfranchised soul forever yearn To change the gloom of bondmen into light? Ye who are true of heart, say have ye not An earnest wish, a most intense desire To break the wretched darkness of their lot Who have a right as sons of God, t' aspire? Ah if with you tis an exultant thought That ye are ransomed by the sacred blood Shed upon Calvary, is it never fraught With mem'ries that pour life a lava flood Through the faint heart, which fears, however brave, The day when He will judge us who have bound the

Say ye, our hands have never linked a chain?
We noter have bought or sold a brother's blood?
We noter of human flesh have made our gain? Ay, have ye ever that appeal withstood, That voiceless echo from the beauteous clime Our sunny South? have ye e'er breathed a word That might, perchance, have stayed the hastening

When broken shall be every captive's cord? Heve ye for honor among purse-proud men, Or, for self-interest, have ye ever hushed The inward voice, answering their cry of pain? Then fear! for thou art gailty—thou hast crushed Yet deeper in their souls the iron band,

Who search the future for a nation's tomb But o'er our land a voice no man can still Is ringing, it fortells swift-circling doom.
It pierces bearts most filled with hope and joy; It haunts the good man, and the mind of thought, Not as in dreams, where every slight alloy Makes visioned bliss with richer glories fraught-But, as a truth that will not be kept back-A drawing nigh of evil fraught with life! The host of Wrong with civil war is strife. Men! are ye blind? Let every chain be riven,

E'er we as aliens are cast off, cursed of high Heav-

Lales and Sketches. THE LEAP

FROM THE MAIN BRUCKE.

It was past midnight—the lights on the stone bridge which crosses the river Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the foosteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement-when a young man approached the bridge from the fown with hasty strides. At the same time another man, advanced in years, was coming to-wards him from Sachsenhausen, the well kown suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not yet met, when the latter turned from his path, and went towards the parapet with the evident intention of leaping from the bridge into the Main.

The young man followed him quickly and laid hold of him. Sir, said he, 'I think you want to drown

Yourself.'

You think right sir; but what is that to

Nothing at all: I was only going to ask you to do me the favor to wait a few minutes, and allow me to join you. Let us draw close to each other, and, arm in arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger, who has chanced to come for the same purpose is really rather interesting. Indeed, I have not experienced anything so exciting for some time; and I should not have thought that, in my last hour, so pleasant an occurrence would happen. Come, sir, for many years I have not made a request to any human being; do not refuse me this one, which must be my last. Lassure you, I do not remember having ever spent so many words about any request whatever.'

So saying, the young man held out his hand, his companion took it, and he then continued, with a kind of enthusiasm: So be it: arm in arm—and now let us be quick about it: it is really charming to feel a human heart near me in these last moments.-I do not ask what you are, good or badcome, let us down.

The elder of the two, who had at first been in so great a hurry to end his existence in the waters of the river, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger.

Stop, sir,' said he, while his weary eye tried to examine the features of his companion as well as the flickering light of the nearest lamp would allow him- Stop, sir, you seem to me too young to leave life in this way. I am afraid you are committing a rash act; for a man of your years, life must have still bright prospects.'

Bright prospects!—in the midst of rottenness and decay, falsehood and deceit, vice and corruption! Come, let us make an end

brood of serpents. nature; they are no hypocrites, bearing vir. and so will the other. the on their lips and vice in their hearts.'

emn hour. However much men are given I give you my word; I am anxious to which almost betrayed the emotion he felt. try; and am now on my way to Berlin to not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the much in the wrong as the world supposes.

When they came to the tayern, the young make arrangements for a great improvement town of Schwetz, on the Vistulo, and the en. That he made a blunder in ordering his force world enter upon the dark road with a lie et. upon my lips; and therefore, when I tell 'And my name is Karl T- I am the you that I am not a villain, as you seem to son of Anion T. Take these bank-notes think me, but an honest and upright man, I but only on condition that you do not leave am telling you the simple, unvarnished this house until I fetch you from it. Wait-

truth. ing it, and in his own company ! Let me go alone, and do you remain here.

Believe me, there are many good and honest as well as the large sum, struck the old man

But if life presents itself to you in hues so soon sank into a profound sleep. bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it.

Oh, I am only a poor old sickly man, unable to earn anything, and who can endure of Sachsenhausen, in an attie of a lofty and no longer that his only child, an angel of a unsightly house, sat a pretty blondine, about daughter, should work day and night to twenty years of age, busily employed with maintain him, and even sometimes to pro- her needle. The furniture of the room was cure him luxuries. No, sir, to allow this poor, but clean and tasteful; the girl's whole longer, I must be a tyrant, a barbarian. 2 - 15

ficing herself for your sake?'

'And with what patience, what sweetness, what love, what perseverance! I see her peaceful mind and a pure soul. The spirsinking under her toil and her deprivations, it of order, modesty and cleanliness reigned and not a word of complaint escapes from her pallid lips. She works and staryes, and still has always a word of love an affection- eyes betrayed sleeplessness and anxiety, and ate smile for her father.

Are you mad?" Dare I murder that angel? The thought

me; I see a tavern open yonder. Come, you must tell me your history; and, if you have no objection, I will then tell you mine, But this much I may say at once—there is no occasion for you to leap into the river. I am a rich, a very rich man; and if things really are as you represent, your daughter will no longer have to work, and you shall

The old man allowed simself to be dragexamining curiously the features of the other. away all night.' .. Refreshed and conforted by the effects of the wine, the old man began thus:

"My history is soon told. I am a mer- hear?" cantile man; but fortune never favored me. I had no money myself, and I loved and mar- ible marks of anxiety with great interest; ried a poor girl. I could never begin busi- then looking round the room, he said : 'Do ness on my own account. I took a situation | not be frightened, my lear girl; it is nothas book-keeper, which I held until I became ing of great importance. Your father met useless from age, and younger men were pre- last night an old acquaintance, who invited ferred to me. Thus my circumstances were him to a tavern. They had some wine toalways circumscribed, but my domestic hap gether; but when the landlord came for his piness was complete. My wife was an anged bill, your father's friend had decamped, and of love kindness and fondness, good and plous, active and affectionate; and my daught ficient money for this; and now the man will ter is the true image of her mother. But not let him go until he is paid, and declares age and illness have brought me to the last that unless he gets his money, he will send father-in-law. extremity, and my conscience revolts against him to prison." the idea of the best child in the world sacri- 'To prison!—my fither to prison! exficing her life for an old, useless fellow. I claimed the girl, 'Can you tell me how cannot have much longer to live; and I hope much the bill comes to? the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life, in order to

claimed the young man: 'I have never seen her to advance me the money. a more fortunate one. What you call your misfortune, is sheer nonsense, and can be cured at once. To-morrow I will make, my cured at once. To-morrow I will make my But if Madame Berg does not advance will, and you shall be the heir of all my post the money—what then? The girl burst in-

sessions, and to-morrow night I will take the to tears. leap from the Main Brucke alone. But be fore I leave this world. I must see your ready owe her one florin, and she is very Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one hard.' who is worthy the name of a human being.

But, sir, what can have made you so un. money you owe her? happy at this early age!' said the old man. moved with compassion.

"I believe it was my father's wealth. ers of Frankfort: when I mention my name. you will be at once convinced of the truth of my assertion. My father died five years 'Well, my father is very weak, a tune. From that moment, every one that that money to get a quarter of a fowl for has come in contact with me lias endeavored him.' friendship with good and generous people ment. but I found only hypocrites and imposters. 'I have nothing,' said she at length, 'but who pretended friendship for no other pure my poor mother's prayer book. On her pose than to partake of my wealth, and en death-bed, she entreated me not to part with

soon saw that she was nothing more than a will you promise me that? proud fool, who wished to make me her 'Certainly, my dear Bertha. Do not assave, and yoke all other men besides to her larm-yourself; I will take care that your setriumphal chariot. I broke off the engage- crets shall not be profuned. But now get ment, and selected a poor but charming girl ready, that we may go —a sweet innocent being, as I thought, who Whilst she left the room to put on her would be my life's own angel. Alas! I bonnet and shawl, Karl T—— (for the readfound her one day bidding adieu with tears er will have guessed that the young man was and kisses to a youth whom she loved: she no other than our here) glanced over the had accepted me for my wealth only. My writing of the girl in the book, and his eyes

peace of mind vanished; I sought diversion filled with tears of emotion and delight as he in travel: everywhere I found the same holicade the outpourings of a pure and pions lowness, the same treachery, the same mis heart; and when they had left the house toery. In short, I became disgusted with life, gether, and she was walking beside him with and resolved to put an end this night to the a dignity of which she seemed entirely un-

'Unfortunate young man,' said the other, and admiration. And so young! Your experience must with tears of sympathy, "how deeply I pity They first went to Madame Berg, who did have been very sad to make you consider you. I confess I have been more fortunate not give the advance required, but assured than you. I possessed a wife and a daugh the young man that Bertha was an angel. ter, who came forth pure and immaculate from | Certainly this praise Mr. T- valued high-Oh, scrpents are noble beings compared the hand of the Creator. The one has re- er than the money he had asked for. They with men; they follow the impulses of their turned to Him in the whiteness of her soul, pawned the book, and the required sum was

ature; they are no hypocrites, bearing virus on their lips and vice in their hearts.'

"I pity you from my heart; but there cerand permit me to visit your daughter toremarked the young man, 'on what will you of here."

"I pity you from my heart; but there cerand permit me to visit your daughter toremarked the young man, 'on what will you of here." tainly are many exceptions to this miserable morrow? But you must also give me your live to-morrow? word of honor that you will not inform her or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, then it may be a consolation, though a corne, that you have found one this sol
Then it may be a consolation, though a corne, that you have found one this sol
The old man held or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, that I am a rich man.' The old man held out his hand.

The old man held help you,' exclaimed Karl with an enthusiasm or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, that I am a rich man.' The old man held help you,' exclaimed Karl with an enthusiasm or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, that I am a rich man.' The old man held help you,' exclaimed Karl with an enthusiasm or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, work the whole night through.'

Yes, trust in God firmly, and He will "Ha!" I uttered "are you an engineer?" help you,' exclaimed Karl with an enthusiasm "I am, sir—one of the oldest in the counpoor one, that you have found one this sol- out his hand.

ruth.' er! a bedroom for this gentleman. You re'Indeed?—that is interesting. And so I quire rest, Herr Schmidt. Good night. Tomust meet the only honest man I ever saw morrow you will see me again; but under in the world, when I am on the point of leav- whatever circumstances this may happen, do

not forget the word you have given me.' The name the young man had mentioned, people who could render life charming for with astonishment; but before he could reyou. Seek them, and you are sare to find cover himself, his companion had left the house, and the waiter came to light him to "Well, the first one I have found already. his bedroom, where, weary and worn out, he

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets dress would not have fetched many kreutz-'What, sir!' exclaimed the other, almost ers; but every article was as neat, and fitted terrified, you have an only daughter sacri- her as well as if it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue, which bespoke a in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of one nobly born; her te smile for her father. ever and anon a deep sigh rose from the 'Sir, and you want to commit suicide! maiden's breast. Suddenly steps were heard on the staircase, and her face tighted up with Dare I murder that angel? The thought joy; she listened and donot seemed to over-pierces my heart like a dagger, said the old shadow her brow. Then came a knock at aman, sobbing. 'Sir, you must have a bottle of wine with that she almost wanted the courage to say 'Come in.' A young man shabbily dressed, entered the room, and made a low but awkward brow

'I beg your pardon Miss," said he, 'does Herr Schmidt live here?

'Yes, sir, what is your pleasure? 'Are you his daughter Bertha?' 'lam 🎉

Then it is you that I seek. I come from our father. ares, they were seated at table in the tay- has happened? Something must have hapern, with full glasses before them, and each pened—this is the first time he has stayed he then, turning to Bertha, I am Karl chan.

*The mistortune is not very great.

The young man see ned to observe the vis-

'Three florins and a half.'

'O God!' sighed the girl, 'all I have does preserve or prolong that of my dear Bertha. not amount to more than one florin; but 'You are a fortunate man, my friend," ex- will go at once to Madame Berg, and beg of

'Who is Madame Berg?' 'The milliver for whom I work.'

'I am much afraid she will refuse. I al

'For what purpose did you borrow the

The girl hesitated to reply. 'You may trust me, I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes, and I sincerely am the only son of one of the richest bank, wish I could assist you; but I am only a poor clerk myself. Tell me for weat pur 'Well, my father is very weak, and occaago, and left me in air to an immense for sionally requires strengthening: Iborrowed

to deceive and derraud me. I was a child in . "Under these circumstances, I fear Madinnocence, trusting and confiding; my edulame Berg will not give you any more. Here cation had not been neglected, and I possess is one florin, but that is all I possess. Have sed my mother's loving heart. I endeavored you any valuables upon which we could raise to associate myself in a union of love and some money?' Bertha considered for a mo-

oy themselves at my expense. My friends, it, and there is nothing in the world I hold or rather the villains whom I mistook for more sacred than her memory and the prom-friends, and to whom I opened my heart, be-trayed me, and then laughed at my simplied I must not hesitate. With a trembling hand, ity; but in time I gathered experience, and she took the book down from the shelf. my heart was filled with distrust. I was bear 'O, sir,' said she, 'during many a sleepless trothed to a rich heigess, possessed of all night I have been accustomed to enter the fashionable accomplishments; I adored her secret thoughts of my heart on the blank with enthusiasm: her love, I thought, would leaves at the end of the book. I hope no repay me for every disappointment. But I one will ever know whose writing they are;

conscious, he east upon her looks of respect

the hour of death, within sight of eternity. My name is Wilhelm Schmidt, and here is But for me, I have never told a falsehood in my address; giving him, at the same time, for the part he wished him to act; then he locomotion. My name is Martin Kroller— curve in the road. At the rate we were now my life and I would not for anything in the a bit of paper which he drew from his pock
The battle plans of Washington, and lost is impossible to describe. If you wish, I will run you as far as Bom
going we should be there in a few minutes, probably an error of the judgment—not a throw herself in her father's arms, and press running."

him to her heart. have I had-how uneasy I have been about He received my answer with a nod and smile, gineer.

as he said, to share with them his scanty

About a fortnight after, as he was going clerk, but I am honest and upright.'

'Can you love me, Bertha?' he asked again in an overflow of feeling. She was silent, and did not raise her head: but she held out her hand. He seized it, and kissed it fervently:

'Bertha,' said he, 'I love you immeasura-

dy: you have saved my life." A few days after, the young couple, simpy but respectably attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt, went to church, where they were married in a quiet way. they came out man and wife, an elegant car- four and twenty hours!" riage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step. 'Come,' said the happy husband to his bewildered wife, who looked at him with amaze-

Before she could utter a word, the three a quick pace. The carriage stopped before sengers, I went into the guard carriage and to the moon in, and that it had been stolen words were-" Stand by me, my brave grena splendid house in the best part of Frank- sat down. A train from Konigsburg had from him. We went for more help to ar. adiers?" and so he ended his career on earth. fort. They were received by a number of do- gone through two hours before, so we found rest him, and he was fled."

decorated in the most costly style. 'This is your mistress,' said T- to the where we took the western mail. servants: and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife,' said T--, one of the wealthiest men of this city. The house is yours, and these servants will returned, not yet holding any fear. For what is gold before Thee, that lookest in- are going !" to the heart? Thine is my heart, and Thine

"It is the Lord's and thine, my beloved Karl," whispered Bertlia, and sank in his

THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

FROM THE REPORT OF A PRUSSIAN CONDUCTOR.

My train left Danzig in the morning, generally at eight o'clock, but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was on the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from my hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not run. One of the railway carriages had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to obtain another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there; but I was disapthe passengers told me that your engineers pointed. I inquired for Westphal, and was told that he had gone to Steegen to his mother. Gondolpho had been sent on to Konigsburg on that road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence of two days, and had

gone, no one whither. Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in the Nenfahrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guard and asked them it they knew where there was an engineer. But the did not. I then went to the firemen and ed if any one of them felt competent to run

the engine to Bomburg. Not one them dare attempt it. The distance mearly one hundred miles. What was be done.

The steamer came to her what, and those going on by rail soon came flocking to the station. They had taken breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked, and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages pointed out to the various classes of passengers, and all were seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant figure house.

was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief official of the

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

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one else to hear what he said. "I do," I replied. " My train is all ready,

and we have no engineer within twenty miles

When they came to the tavern, the young make arrangements for a great improvement town of Schwetz, on the Vistulo, and the entrance in ordering his forces man went in first to prepare old Mr. Schmidt I have invented in the application of steam to trance, near the bank of the river, was a short to retreat and that his retreat very nearly the joy he felt when he saw the young girl berg; and I will show you running that is for each minute carried us over a mile! The probably an error of the judgment not a

'O, father,' said she, 'what a dreadful night | cept the man's offer at once, and so told him. you; but thank God, I have you again; and then proposed to go and get the engine.

her face brightened up with a smile of joy.

She paid the bill, and triumphantly led him to the house, where we should be found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, him home. T—accompanied them, and and all ready for the start. Kroller got up
geneer.

"Merciful heaven!" gasped the guardsman, nately. High words—indignant correspondence; then a court-martial—suspension for schwetz is close by! If you dare not go, I'll a year—and Lee, in utter disgust, threw up him home. T—accompanied them, and and all ready for the start. Kroller got up
go myself?" he added. Let's shoot him to the best school for a Gen-

the station house was behind us. In less than an hour we reached Dirschan, where we took up the passengers that had opened the safety-valve. As the freed steam to-day," written thereon—and then followed come in on the Konigsburg railway. Here I shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed his servants, leaving Washington to knock went forward and asked Kroller how he lik- of the train ligan to decrease, and in a few in vain. He never returned, and with the ed the engine. He replied he liked it very moments more the danger was passed; and passing year the eccentric soldier grew more

much. ment, and then you shall see travelling. By fore I was fairly recovered the fireman had In the first he kept his books—in the second the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run stopped the train in the station house at was his bed—his saddles and hunting gear in When an engine of my construction to the moon in Schwetz.

I smiled at what I thought his quaint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station.-As soon as the Konigsburg passengers were all on board and their baggage crate attached, we started on again.

. As soon as all matters had been attended vere seated in the carriage, driving away at to connected with the new accession of pas- He said it was one he had made to go of Charles Lee fled to other realms. His last mestics, who conducted them to apartments but one more stopping place before reaching Bomberg, and that was the Little Oscue, he had approached me in the same way. But house yonder after the battle of Camden. It

> "How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirs-

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I Oh, my poor, poor father, what shall I attend on you. I hold a pledge from you But ere long I began to be fearful that he on that riches will flot corrupt your heart. Here was running a little too fast. The carriages it is, in the prayer-book of your poor mother, began to sway to and fro, and I could hear I could see that the passengers were not whol- the army of the South, to make way for written by your own hand: "If thou wert to give me all the treasure of the world, O Lord, "Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, I would still remain Thine humble servant: coming down? "Look, sir, and see how we "Good heavens!" cried one of the guard,

we were dashing along at a speed never be- gratitude to him may have prevented a far him to die in peace here—enough punishment fore travelled on that road. Posts, fences, different current which might have been pour. that the magnificent drama of the Revolution rocks and trees flew by in undistinguishable ed upon my head for having engaged a madnass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I man to run a railway train. "Hurrah for the leap from the Main I started to my feet and met a passenger on Brucke!" exclaimed T—, embracing his the platform. He was one of our chief own-remained insensible from the effects of that libe remains of three vigorous lives—in them Berlin. He was pale and excited.

> the engine?" "Yes," I told him.

"Know him?" I repeated, somewhat puze freak on my engine.
ed. "What do you mean? He told me But I remembered it. and I remember it. zled. "What do you mean? He told me

"You took him?" interrupted the man.-Good heavers, sir, he is as crazye as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but I did not then recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of were all gone this morning, and that you found one who was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was extract: Martin Kroller! He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off

somehow."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing Revolution. Within a radius of one mile at each moment, and I knew that a few miles and a half lived, long and weary years, Chas. more per hour would surely launch us all in- Lee, the sinister here of Monmouth; Horato destruction. I called to the guard, and tio Gates, the loser of the battle of Camden that made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the tender, and there stood Kroller upon the this little village—on whose golden forests I engine board, his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot and the whole engine quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces! Kroller! Kroller!" I cried, at the top of

The crass engineer started-and caught the pistol in his hand. O! how those great black

swore I could not make it. But see! see! see in a plain, undecorated building; and Stephen and honest feeling that belongs to our nature. downright mitemuring. At this juncture some my power! See my engine! I made it! occupied a mansion probably built by the To bring the dispositions that are levely in one toucked me on the elbow. I turned and I made it! and they were jealous of me. But saw a atranger by my side. I expected he I've found it. For years I've been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I've found it! I knew it when I saw it this morning at Danzig, and I was determined to have it. And I have got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're off to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours? Washington; and there you will find that which leads us to act with effect and energy, ___Down! down, villain! If you move

This last was spoken to the poor fireman. who at that moment attempted to rise; and the frightened man shrunk back again.

The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if any struggle; but left the army about the the officers here had turned the switch as period of the battle of Princeton, disgusted usual we should be hurled into eternity in one at something or other-and so came hither, fearful crash. I saw a flash—it was another and lived and died.

want of courage. In Leutz's great picture, Was I not fortunate? I determined to accrash of the rails, and more terrific than all he sits on his horse sullenly before the chief;

said he had a few more kreutzers in his pock- on the platform and I followed. I had never At that moment a tall, stout German stu- bacro-that being the hest school for a Genet; she had better go and get them some- seen a man betray more peculiar spiness dent came over to the platform where we eral, he said with a sneer at Washington.thing to eat. And then you should have amid the machinery than he did. He let on stood, and we saw that the madman had his And here in this poor and obscure dwelling. seen this darling girl, how she busied herself, and how gladly she set about it; the
young man felt as if he could fall at her feet carringe with the most exact nicety. I had steadiness of nerve which I could not have

a line and manna had in pool and pool and pool and said, rusted out the sharp spirit of stick of wood from the tender, and with a Lee, and fell into dust and oblivion. With
young man felt as if he could fall at her feet carringe with the most exact nicety. I had steadiness of nerve which I could not have and worship her. It was late before T ___ seen enough to assure me that he was thor- commanded he hurled it with such force and hounds and horses, and making the chase his went home that night; but the leap from the oughly acquainted with the business, and I precision that he knocked the pistol from the only occupation, nearly, thus lived the gen-Main Brucke was no more thought of. He felt composed once more. I gave the engine maniac's grasp. I saw the movement, and eral and died. One day, long afterwards, came to the house every evening, in order, up to the new man, and hastened away to the on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang for. says a tradition of the neighborhood, Washoffice. The word was passed for all passen- ward, and the German followed nie. I grasp. gers to take their seats, and soon afterward I ed the man by the arm, but I should have that he would call on a certain morning and waved my hand to the engineer. There was been a mere infant in his mad power had I see him-that he hoped all past contention away one evening, he said to Bertha: Will a puff, a grouning of the heavy axeltrees, a been alone. He would have hurled me from and bitterness had been forgotten-he was you become my wife? I am only a poor trembling of the building, and the train was the platform had not the student at that moin motion. I leaped upon the platform of the mont struck him with a stick of wood which as a friend. Bertha blushed, and cast her eyes to the guard carriage, and in a few moments more he had caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and away all his servants-placed upon the lockon the next instant I shut off the steam and ed front door a paper with "No meat cooked as I settled back entirely overcome by the and more morose and repelling. The ground "But," he added with a strange sparkling wild emotions that had raged within me, we floor of his house was divided by chalk lines of the eyes, " wait until you get my improve- began to turn the curve by the river; and be merely, forming thus four compartments.-

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken He could thus sit in one spot, he said with from the platform, and as we carried him in. humor, and overlook his entire household. to the guard room, one of the guard recogniz. Tired of his dogs and his silent misanthropy ed him, and told us that he had been there at last, he commenced his silent "Queries about two weeks before.

that an engine which stood near here was his, him, and then tired of life the cynical spirit "Well," I replied with a shudder, "I wish he was more cautious at Danzig."

At Schwetz we found an engineer to rur the engine to Bomberg; and having taken out the western mail for the next northern train to take along, we saw that Kroller would of an indignant public opinion had blasted be properly attended to, and then started him; and his laurels were all seared and with-

coming down? "Look, sir, and see how we was made up by them for the German stu- it was said, had prepared its thunderbolt to I looked out at the window and found that and I was glad of it, for the current of their soldier's sorrow was respected. They left

ers of the road, and was just on his road to blow upon the head for nearly two weeks, to the musing eye, the spirits of Gates, and "Sir." he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on in mind again. His insanity was all gone. I speaking in every whisper of the pine trees saw him about three weeks afterward, but he and the oaks those ancient oaks of the noble "Holy Virgin! Don't you know him?" nothing of the past year-not even his mad

his name was Kroller, and that he was an en- still; and people never need fear that I shall shot almost of each other, these men of hisgineer. We had no one to run the engine, ever be imposed upon again by a crazy en- tory reposed—though not happily, we must

REVOLUTIONARY MEN AND BEHIN-

A correspondent of the Petersburg Express, ty, Virginia," sends that paper an interesting letter about Revolutionary men and reminiscences, from which we make the following?

In the immediate vicinity of the spot from

which I address you these lines, are the dilapidated and antique residences of three distinguished Major Generals of the American and the Southern campaign; and Adam Stephen, the early friend of Washington. In am gazing—under the shadows of the great woods here-remote from camps and the flashing world, these three warriors rusted out the remainder of their lives in inglorious rethe remainder of their lives in inglorious re-pose, the swords in moth-eaten scabbards no Pause not on the threshold of limitless life. * To mourn for the thing that is set. more to be drawn. Here, if I mistake not, two of them died, and soon even these lingering memorials of them will crumble and disappear as their figures are fading from the general mind.

Lee's house is a hundred paces from the little assemblage of houses called by his name. "Come, why don't we start ?" grant at a gree glared, and how ghastly and frightful the old fat Swede, who had been tatching state the looked!

Towly for the last fifteer minutes.

And upon this there was a gettern could not make it. But see! see! see the looked swore I could not make it. But see! see! see and is an oblong building of stone, with chimearliest pioneers of the valley, in which every- private life into the service and conduct of thing is small and confined but the fire place. the commonwealth; so to be patriots as not But that is neither small nor confined. It is to forget we are gentlemen. To cultivate grand-enormous! Around it how many friendships, and to incur enmities. To modgood companions must have gathered in the el our principles to our duties and situation. olden day, and what sounds of revelry shook. To be fully persuaded that all virtue which the rafters overhead! You may read of Adam is impracticable is spurious; and rather to Stephen in Sparks' edition of the writings of run the risk of falling into faults in a course among the hardy gentlemen who stood shoul- than to laiter out our days without blame der to shoulder with the young chief at Win- and without use. He trespasses against his chester, when the Indians ravaged the valley duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as a hundred years ago, was Lieutepant Stephen.

A large landed proprietor hereabouts, he "Here's Little Oscue right ahead!" shout- doubtless resented the trespass of the Indians Don't you want a ra'al prime lot of upon his grounds, stretching toward the foot butter?" asked a pedlar, who had picked it But even as he spoke, the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed we were gone now.—

upon as grounds, stretching toward the hot up at fifty different places, we hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my know that he did good service. He was afterwards an effective officer in the Revolution—

merchant.

of here."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bomberg—I must go—and if you can find none other I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered "are you an engineer?"

But there was sure death ahead if we did "leaf" that Lee was not so clear up to the head."

But there was sure death ahead if we did "leaf" that Lee was not so clear up to the head."

"I am, sir—one of the oldest in the countile and lived and died.

Of Gates and Lee more is known; the store with and lived and died.

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else, arose the demoniac yells of the mad en- whose hot anger flames out-all that he did and said afterwards was sullen too, unfortuingion sent his old adversary a note, saving

On the day fixed for the visit, Lee sent the third; the fourth was used for a kitchen. Political and Military"-an attack on Wash "He came," said the guard, "and swore ington. But the wold declined listening to

coming to see him as an old comrade in arms.

A word now of the third ray of my trind of warriors. Horatio Gates came to the old was the Gates who had taken Burgoyne, and whose popularity

Washington's. But now, alas! how fallen! The breath ered. He had lost the battle of Camden-The rest of the trip we run in safety, the' and had been deposed from the command of ly at ease, and would not be until they were Greene-over his head lowered a heavy cloud entirely clear of the railroad. A heavy purse of public execration almost; and Congress, dent, and he accepted it with much gratitude; strike him. But the bolt never fell. The sad was played out, independent of one who had

enacted so splendid a part in the earlier acts. and when he recovered from that he was sound | Lee, and Stephen hover around there still, had no recollection of me. He remembered | English looking "chase" which murmur you. der through the window-through whose lengthened vista appears the lone mansion of General Adam Stephen. Here, within a gun conclude after all their struggles. The current of the Opequon, resonant in old days with savage shouts and dyed with blood, murmured by them, and perhaps spoke to their minds of other days—typitying human things which ever bud and flow, and change like the writing from "near Leetown, Jefferson coun. skies of autumn yonder—the gorgeous leaves, whose colors vary with each day.

MOZART'S REQUIEM .- MOZART'S famous composition, The Requiem, was his last piece, finished just before his death. He had been engaged upon it for several weeks, and as soon as it was concluded, asked his daughter Emilie to play it on the piano. "Take these. my last notes," said he, "sit down to my-piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother." His daughter sang, and on looking around after she had finished, found that the spirit of her father had departed!

The following is the hymn: Spirit! thy labor is o'er! Thy term of probation is run, Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore And the race of immortals begun. Spirit! look not on the strife,

Spirit! no fetters can bind, No wicked have power to molest; There the weary, like thee—the wretched shall-fine A haven, a mansion of rest. Spirit! bow bright the road For which thou art now on the wing, Thy home it will be, with thy Savior and God,

Their loud hallelujah to sing.

SELF-CULTURE.—It is our business to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the utmost vigor and maturity every sort of generous

"The clear quill-made by my wife from a dairy of fifty cows-only two churnings.

"What makes it of so many colors ?" "I guesa," replied the Yankee, "you nev-er would have asked that question, if you had