

The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

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Select Poetry.

TO PENNSYLVANIA—BEFORE ELECTION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Oh, State, prayer-founded! never hung
Such choice upon a people's tongue,
Such power to bless or ban,
As that which makes thy whisper Fate,
For which on thee the centuries wait,
And destinies of man.

Across thy Alleghanian chain,
With groaning from a land of pain,
The west wind finds its way;
Wild wailing from Missouri's flood
The crying of thy children's blood
Is in thy ears to-day.

And unto thee, in Freedom's hour
Of sorest need, God gives the power
To ruin or to save,
To wound or heal, to blight or bless
With fruitful floods or wilderness:
A free home or a grave!

Nay more: transcending time and place
The question of the human race
Is thine to solve anew;
And trembling doubtful on thy breath
A thrill of life or pang of death
Shall reach the wide earth thro'.

Then let thy Virtue match the Crime;
Rise to the level of the time,
And if a son of thine
Betray or tempt thee, Brutus like,
For Fatherland and Freedom strike,
As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,
The great Occasion's forked seize;
And let the North with strong
And golden leaves of Autumn be
Thy coronet of victory,
And thy triumphal song!

TO PENNSYLVANIA—AFTER ELECTION.

BY THE QUAKING POET.

Oh, State confounded! never rung
Such thunder from a people's tongue,
Such a terrific ban,
As that which on our wand of fate,
Which tells Freedom that he must wait,
And "spoils" the little man.

Across the Alleghanian chain,
With groaning from a land of pain,
The East wind blows away;
Wild wailing from Salt River's flood,
Black Rees, up to their eyes in mud,
Is in thy ears to-day.

For unto thee, in Freedom's hour
Of sorest need, was given the power
To ruin or to save,
To wound or heal, to blight or bless,
To crown his life with happiness,
Or send him to his grave.

Nay more: transcending time and place
The question of the "nigger" race
Was thine to solve anew;
And trembling doubtful on thy breath
We heard the news—a song of death
Made all New England "blue."

Why did thy Virtue match our Crime?
Rise to the level of the time,
And choose that son of thine;
And when we tempted, Brutus like,
For Fatherland and Freedom strike,
As Justice gave the sign?

Thou wouldst not give us any peace,
Nor Billy Seaward's coat tail seize;
S! let the east wind strove
And cindered leaves of Autumn be
Our coronet of misery
And our funeral song!

Miscellaneous.

THE CHARGE OF MAY.

A Legend of Mexico.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There was a day when an old man with
white hair, sat alone in the chamber of
a National Senator, his spare but muscular
figure resting on an armed chair, his hands
clasped and his deep blue eyes gazing
through the window upon the cloudless winter sky.
The brow of the old man, furrowed with
wrinkles, his hair rising in straight masses,
white as the driven snow, his sunken cheeks
traversed by marked lines, and his thin lips,
firmly compressed, all announced a long and
stormy life. All the marks of an Iron Will
were written upon his face.

His name, I need not tell you, was Andrew
Jackson, and he sat alone in the White
House.

A visitor entered without being announced,
and stood before the President in the form
of a young man, clad in a coarse round
blue and brown, and covered from head
to foot with mud. As he stood before the
President, cap in hand, the dark hair falling
in damp clumps about his white forehead,
the old man could not help surveying at
glance the muscular beauty of his
figure, the broad chest, the sinewy arms,
the head placed proudly upon the firm shoulders.
"Your business?" said the old man, in his
short abrupt way.

"There is a Lieutenantcy vacant in the
Dragoons—will you give it to me?"
And dashing back the dark hair which
fell over his face, the boy, as if frightened at
his boldness, bowed low before the President.
The old man could not restrain that smile,
he watched his firm lip, and shone from his
clear eyes.

"You enter my chamber unannounced,
covered from head to foot with mud—you
tell me a Lieutenantcy is vacant and ask me
to give it to you. Who are you?"

"Charles May!"—The boy did not bow
this time, but with his right hand on his hip,
stood like a young Indian, erect in the pres-
ence of the President.

"What claims have you to the commis-
sion?"—Again the Hero surveyed him, and
again he faintly smiled.

"Such as you see!" exclaimed the boy as
his dark eyes shone with that dare-devil light,
while his young form swelled in every muscle,
as with the "conscious pride of his manly
strength and beauty." "Would you"—he
bent forward, sweeping aside his curls once
more, while a smile began to play over his
lips. "Would you like to see me ride? My
horse is at the door. You see, I came post
haste for this commission."

Silently the old man followed the boy, and
together they went forth from the White
House. It was a clear, cold winter day;
the wind tossed the President's white hair,
and the leafless trees stood boldly out against
the deep blue sky. Before the portals of the
White House with the reign thrown loosely
on his neck, stood a magnificent horse his
dark hide smoking with foam. He uttered a
shrill neigh as the Boy-Master sprang with a
bound into the saddle, and in a flash was
gone, skimming like a swallow down the
road, his mane and tail streaming in the
breeze.

The old man looked after them, the horse
and rider, and knew not which to admire
most, the athletic beauty of the boy, or the
tempestuous vigor of the horse.

Three times they threaded the avenues in front
of the White House, and at last stood panting
before the President, the boy leaning over the
neck of his steed, as he coolly exclaimed—
"Well—how do you like me?"

"Do you think you could kill an Indian?"
the President said, taking him by the hand,
as he leaped from his horse.

"Aye, and eat him afterwards!" cried the
boy, ringing out his fierce laugh as he read
his fate in the old man's eyes.

"You had better come in and get your
commission," said the Hero of New Orleans
led the way into the White House.

There came a night when an old man—
President no longer—sat in the silent cham-
ber of his Hermitage home, a picture of age,
trembling on the verge of Eternity. The
light that stood upon the table, revealed his
shrunken form, resting against the pillows
which cushioned his arm-chair, and the death-
like pallor of his venerable face. In that
face, with its white hair and massive forehead,
everything seemed already dead except the
eyes. Their deep grey blue shone with the
fire of New Orleans, as the old man with
long white fingers, grasped a letter post-
marked "Washington."

"They ask me to designate the man who
shall lead our army, in case the annexation
of Texas brings on a war with Mexico—" his
voice, deep toned and thrilling, even in that
hour of decrepitude and decay, rung
through the silence of the chamber. "There
is only one man who can do it, and his name
is Zachary Taylor."

It was a dark hour when this Boy and this
General, both appointed at the suggestion,
or by the voice of the Man of the Hermitage,
met in the battle of Resaca de la Palma.

By the blaze of cannon, and beneath the
canopy of black smoke, we will behold the
meeting.

"Captain Mar, you must take that bat-
tery!"

As the old man uttered these words, he
pointed far across the ravine with his sword.
It was like the glare of a volcano—the steady
blaze of the battery, pouring from the dark-
ness of the chapparel.

Before him, summoned by his command
from the rear, rose the form of a splendid
soldier, whose hair waving in long masses,
swept his broad shoulders, while his beard
fell over his muscular chest. Hair and beard
as black as midnight, framed a determined
face, surmounted by a small cap, glittering
with a single golden tassel. The young
warrior bore a magnificent charger,
broad in the chest, small in the head, deli-
cate in each slender limb, and with the nos-
trils quivering as though they shot forth jets
of flame. The steed was black as death.

"Without a word, the soldier turned to his
men.

Eighty-four forms, with throats and breasts
bare, eighty-four battle horses, eighty-four
sabres, that rose in the clutch of naked arms,
and flashed their lightning over eighty-four
faces, knit in every feature with battle fire.

"Men, follow!" shouted the young com-
mander who had been created a soldier by the
hand of Jackson as his tall form rose in the
strut, and the battle breeze played
with his long black hair.

There was no response in words, but you
should have seen those horses quiver beneath
the spur and spring and launch away! Down
upon the sod, with one terrible beat, came
the sounds of their hoofs, while through the
air rose in glittering circles, those battle
cimeters.

feel the fire of his eyes—they hear, not men
forward! but men follow! and away, like
an immense battle engine, composed of
eighty-four men and horses, wroten together
by swords—away and on they dash.

"They near the ravine; old Taylor follows
them, with hushed breath, eyes clenching
his sword hilt, he sees the golden tassel of
May, gleaming in the cannon flash.

They are on the verge of the ravine, May
still in front, his charger flinging the earth
from beneath him, with colossal leaps, when
from among the cannon starts up a half-clad
figure red with blood and begrimed with
powder.

It is Ridgley, who, to-day, has sworn to
wear the mantle of Ringgold, and wear it
well! At once his eyes catch the light now
blazing in the eyes of May, springing to the
cannon, he shouts.

"One moment, my comrade! and I will
draw their fire."

The word is not passed from his lips, when
his cannon spoke out, to the battery across
the ravine. His flash, his smoke have not
gone, when hark! Did you hear that storm
of copper balls, flatter against his cannon—
did you see it dig the earth, beneath the
hoofs of May's squadron?

"Men, follow!" Do you see that face
gleaming with battle fire, that scintillating
cut in his glittering circle in the air? Those
men can hold their shouts no longer. Rend-
ing the air with cries—hark! The whole
army echoes them—they strike their spurs,
and whirled into madness, their horses whirl
on, and thunder away to the dreadful ravine.

The old man, Taylor, said after the bat-
tle, that he never felt his heart beat, as it did
then.

For it was a glorious sight to see that
young man, May, at the head of his squad-
ron, dashing across the ravine, four yards in
advance of his foremost man, while long and
dark behind him, was stretched the solid line
of warriors and their steeds.

Through the windows of the clouds some
gleams of sunlight fall—they light the golden
tassel on the cap, they glitter on the up-
raised sword, they illumine the dark horse
and his rider with their warm glow, they
reveal the battery, you see it above the far-
ther bank of the ravine, frowning death from
every muzzle.

Near and nearer, up and on! Never heed
the death before you, though it is certain—
never mind the loss though it is terrible—
But up the bank and over the cannon—hur-
rah! At this dread moment, just as the horse
rises from the charge, May turns and sees
the sword of the brave Ingo on his right,
turns again and sees his own soul written in
the fire of Sackett's eye.

To his men once more he turns, his hair
flying back behind him, he points to the
cannon, he keeps back and certain death,
and as though inviting them, one and all, to
his bridal feast, he says—
"Come!"

They did come. It would have made your
blood dance to see it. As one man, they
whirled up the bank, following May's word
as they would a banner, and striking madly
home as he leads—through the roar of battle
they heard—"Come, Come."

As one mass of broad chests, leaping horses
and flashing sabres, they charged upon the
bank; the cannon's fire rushed into their
faces, Ingo, even as his shout rang on the air,
saw laid a mangled thing beneath his steed,
his throat torn open by a cannon shot. Sack-
ett was buried beneath his horse and seven
dragons fell at the battery's muzzle, their
blood and brains whirling into their com-
rades' eyes.

Still May is yonder above the cloud, his
horse toiling above the heaps of dead, his
with his sabre circling around his flowing
hair, he cuts his way through the living wall
and says—Come!

All around him, friend and foe, their swords
locked together—yonder the blaze of mus-
ketry, showering the Iron hail upon his band,
beneath his horse's feet the deadly cannon
and the ghastrly corpse, still that young sol-
dier rior, for Taylor has said, silence that
battery, and he will do it.

The Mexicans are driven from their guns;
their cannon are silenced, and May's heroic
band, scattered among the mazes of the
chapparel, are entangled in a wall of bayo-
nets. Once more the combat deepens, and
dyes the soil in blood. Hedged in by that
wall of steel, May gathers eight of his men
and hews his way back toward that captured
battery. As his charger rears, his sword cir-
cles above his head, and sinks blow after blow
in the foemen's throats. To the left a shout
is heard; the Americans led on by Gisham
and Pleasanton, and Winslip, have silenced
the battery there, while the whole fury of the
Mexican army, seems concentrated to crush
May and his band.

As he went through their locked ranks, so
he comes back. Everywhere his men know
him by his hair, waving in dark masses, his
tinsel cap, his sword—they know it too,
and wherever it falls, hear the gurgling groan
of mortal agony.

Back to the captured cannon he cuts his
way, and on the brink of a ravine beholds a
sight that fires his blood.

A solitary Mexican stands there, reaching
forth his arm in all the frenzy of a brave
man's despair; he retreats his countrymen to
fury, to man the battery once more and hurl
his gun on the foe. They shrink back ap-
palled before the dark horse and its rider,

May! The Mexican, a gallant young man,
whose features can scarce be distinguished on
account of the blood which covers them, while
his rent uniform testify to his deeds in that
day's carnage, clenches his hand, as he flings
his curse in the face of his flying countrymen,
and then, lighted match in hand, springs to
the cannon.

A moment and its life will scatter ten
American soldiers in the dust.

Even as the brave Mexican bends near the
cannon, the dark charger, with one tremen-
dous leap is there, and the sword of May is
circling over his head.

"Yield!" shouted the voice, which only a
moment ago, when rushing to death, said
—"COME!"

The Mexican beheld the gallant form be-
fore him, and handed Captain May his sword.
"General La Vega is a prisoner!" he said
and stood with folded arms, among the man-
gled corpses of his soldiers.

You may see May deliver his prisoner into
the charge of the brave Lieutenant Stephens,
who—when Ingo fell—dashed bravely on.

Then would you look for May once more,
gaze through that wall of bayonets, beneath
the gloomy cloud, and behold him crashing
into the whirlpool of the fight, his long hair,
his sweeping beard, and sword that never for
an instant stays its lightning career, making
him look like the Embodied Demon of this
battle day.

In the rear of the battle behold this pic-
ture. Where May dashed like a thunder bolt
from his side, General Taylor in his familiar
brown coat still remains. Near him, gazing
on the battle with interest, keen as his own,
stood his brother soldier, Twigg. They have
followed with flashing eyes, the course of
May; they have seen him charge, and seen
his men and horses hurled back to their
blood, while still they thundered on. At this
moment the brave La Vega is led into the
presence of Taylor, his arms folded across his
breast, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

As the noblehearted General expressed his
sorrow that the captive's life had fallen on one
so brave; as in obedience to the command
of Twigg, the soldier arranged in battle or-
der, saluted the prisoner with presented arms,
there comes rushing to the scene the form of
May, mounted on his well known charger.

"General you told me to silence that bat-
tery, I have done it!"

He placed in the hands of Zachary Taylor,
the sword of the brave La Vega.

THE PEDLAR'S PRIZE.

A cold winter's night found a stage load
of us gathered about the warm fire of the
tavern bar-room of a New England village—
Shortly after we arrived, a pedlar drove up
and ordered his horse stabled for the night.
After we had eaten supper we repaired to the
bar-room, and as soon as the ice was broken
the conversation flowed freely. Several an-
ecdotes had been related, and finally the ped-
lar was asked to give a story, as many of
his profession were generally full of adven-
tures and anecdotes. He was a short, thick-
set man, some here about forty years of age,
and gave evidence of great physical strength.
He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his
home was in Dover, New Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knock-
ing the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it
in his pocket, "suppose I tell you about the
last thing of any consequence that happened to
me. You see I am now right from the
West, and on my way to winter quarters. It
was about two months ago, one pleasant
evening, that I pulled up at the door of a
small village tavern in Hancock county, In-
diana. I said it was pleasant—I meant it
was warm, but cloudy and very likely to be
dark. I went in and called for supper, and
had my horse taken care of, and after I had
eaten, sat down in the bar-room. It began to
rain about eight o'clock, and for a while it
poured down good, and it was awful dark
out doors.

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the
next morning, for I expected a load of goods
there for me, which I intended to dispose of on
my way home. The moon would rise about
midnight, and I knew if it did not rain, I
could get along very comfortably through
the mud after that. So I asked the landlady
if he could not see that my horse was fed
about midnight, as I wished to be off before
two. He expressed some surprise at this, and
asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I
told him that I had sold my last load about
out, and that a new load of goods was wait-
ing for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be
there before the express agent left there in the
morning. There was a number of persons
sitting around while I told this, but I took
but very little notice of them, one only ar-
rested my attention. I had in my possession
a small package of placards, which I was to
deliver to the Sheriff of Jackson, and they
were notices for the detection of a notorious
robber named Dick Hardhead. The bills
gave a description of his person, and the man
before me answered very well to it. In fact
it was perfect. He was a tall, well-fro-
m man, rather slight in frame, and had the ap-
pearance of a gentleman, save that his face
bore those hard, cruel marks which an ob-
servant man cannot mistake for anything but
the index of a villainous disposition.

"When I went to my chamber, I asked the
landlord who that man was, describing the
suspicious individual. He said that he did not
know him. He came there that afternoon
and intended to leave the next day. The

host asked why I wished to know, and I
simply told him that the man's countenance
was familiar, and I merely wished to know if
I was ever acquainted with him. I resolved
not to let the landlord into the secret, but to
hurry on to Jackson, and there give information
to the Sheriff, and perhaps he might reach
the inn before the villain left; for I had no
doubt as to his identity.

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it
to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to
sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and
immediately got up and dressed myself—
When I reached the yard, I found the clouds
all passed away, and the moon was shining
brightly. The ostler was easily aroused, and
by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud
was deep, and my horse could not travel
very fast—yet struck me forcibly that the
beast made more work of it than there was
need of, for the cart was nearly empty."

"However, on we went, and in the course
of half an hour I was clear of the village. At
a short distance ahead lay a large tract of
forest, mostly great pines. The road led di-
rectly through these woods, and as I could re-
member, the distance was twelve miles. Yet
the moon was in the east, and the road ran
directly west, I should have light enough—
I had entered the woods and had gone half a
mile when my wagon wheels settled with a
bump and a jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered
an exclamation of astonishment, but this was
not all—I heard another exclamation from
another source!

"What could it be! I looked quickly
around but could see nothing. Yet I knew
that the sound I heard was very close to me.
As the hind wheels came up I felt something
beside the jerk of the wheels. I heard some-
thing tumble from one side to the other of
my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occa-
sioned by the movement. It was simply a
man in my cart. I knew this on the instant.
Of course I felt puzzled. At first I imagined
some poor fellow had taken this method to
obtain a ride; but I soon gave this up, for I
knew that any decent man would have asked
me for a ride. My next idea was that some-
body had got in to sleep; but this passed
away quickly as it came, for no man would
have broken into my cart for that purpose.
And that thought, gentlemen, quickly opened
my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken
in."

"My first thoughts were of Dick Hard-
head. He had heard me say that my load
was sold out, and of course he supposed I had
some money with me, for I had over \$2,000.
I also thought he meant to leave the cart
when he supposed I had reached a place of
safety, and then either creep over and shoot
me or knock me down. All this passed like
lightning through my mind by the time I
had got a rod from the hole.

"Now I never make it a point to brag
of myself, but I have seen a great deal of the
under difficulty. In a very few minutes my
resolution was formed. My horse was knee-
deep in the mud, and I knew that I could
sleep off without noise. So I drew my revolver—
I never travel in that country without one—
I drew this, and having twined the lines
about my whip stock, carefully slipped
down in the mud, and as the cart passed
I went behind it and examined the hap-
pening."

"The door of the cart let down, and is
fastened by a hasp, which slips over the staple
and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock
was gone, and the hasp was secured to
its place by a bit of pine—so that a slight
effort from within could break it. My slight
wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side
of the cart, and I quickly took it out and
slipped it into the staple, the iron handle just
slipping down.

"Now I had him. My cart was almost
new, made in a stout frame of white oak and
made on purpose for hard usage. I did not
believe any ordinary man could break out
I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off,
and then urged my horse on, still keeping
my pistol handy. I knew that at a distance
of half a mile further I should come to a good
hard road, so I allowed my horse to pick
his own way through the mud. About ten
minutes after this I heard a motion in the
cart, followed by a grinding noise as though
some heavy force were being applied to the
door. I said nothing, but the idea struck
me that the villain might judge where I sat
and shoot up through the top of the cart at
me, so I sat down on the foot-board.

"Of course I knew now that my unexpect-
ed passenger was a villain, for he must have
been awake ever since I started, and nothing
in the world but absolute villainy would have
caused him to remain quiet so long, and start
up in that particular place. The thumping
and pounding grew louder and louder, and
pretty soon I heard a human voice:

"Let me out of this," he cried and he yel-
led pretty loud.

"I lifted my head so as to make him think
I was sitting in my usual place, and then
asked him what he was doing there."

"Let me out, and I will tell you," he re-
plied.

"Tell me what you are there for," said I.

"I got in here to sleep on your rug," he
answered.

"Let me out or I'll shoot you through the
head," he yelled.

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck
the hard road, and I knew that the rest of
the route to Jackson would be good going.

"The distance was twelve miles—I slipped
back on the foot-board and took the whip.
I had the same horse then I've got now—

tall, stout, powerful bay mare—and you may
believe there's some go in her. At any rate
she struck a gait that even astonished me—
She had received a good deal of oats, the air
was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen
minutes we cleared the woods, and away we
went on the keen jump, the chap yelling to
be let out.

"Finally he stopped, and in a few minutes
came the report of a pistol—one-two-three—
four, one right after the other, and I heard
the balls whiz over my head. If I had been
on my seat, one of those balls, if not two
of them, would have gone through me. I
popped up my head again and gave a yell,
and then a deep groan, and then said, 'O
God, save me! I'm a dead man!' Then I
made a shuffling noise, as though I were fall-
ing off, and finally settled down on the foot-
board again. I now urged up the old mare
by giving her an occasional poke with the
end of my whip-stock, and she peled it
faster than ever.

The man called out to me twice more,
pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply
he made several attempts to break the door
open, and as this failed him he made several
attempts upon the top. But I had no fear of
his doing anything there, for the top of the
cart was framed in with iron bolts. I had
made it so I could carry heavy loads there.
By-and-by, after all else had failed, the scamp
commenced to holler whoa to the horse, and
kept it up until he became quite hoarse. All
this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the
reins firmly, and kept poking the beast with
the stock.

We were not an hour in going a dozen
miles—not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear—
perhaps I might let the truth and say I had
none, for I had a good pistol; and more than
that, my passenger was glad when I came to
the old flour barrel factory, that stands at the
edge of Jackson village; and in ten minutes
more I hauled up in front of the tavern, and
found a couple of ostlers in the barn cleaning
down some stage horses.

"Well, old fellow," says I, as I got down
and went around to the back of the wagon,
"you have had a good ride, haven't you?"

"Who are you?" he cried, and he kind
of swore a little, too, as he asked the ques-
tion.

"I'm the man you tried to shoot," was my
reply.

"Where am I? Let me out!" he yelled.

"Look here, we've come to a safe stopping
place, and mind ye, my revolver is ready for
you the moment you show yourself. Now lay
quiet."

"By this time the two ostlers had come to
see what was the matter, and I explained
it all to them."

After this I got one of them to run and
route out the Sheriff, and tell what I believed
I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight
were just coming up, and in half an hour it
would be broad daylight. In less than that
time the sheriff came, and brought two men
with him. I told him the whole affair in a
few words—exhibited the handbills I had for
him, and then he made for the cart. He told
the chap inside who he was, and if he made
the least resistance he'd be a dead man. Then
I slipped the iron wrench out, and as I let
the door down the fellow made a spring, I caught
him by the ankle and he came down on his
face, and in a moment more the ostlers had
him. It was now daylight, and the moment
I saw the chap I recognized him. He was
marched off to the lock up, and I told the
sheriff I should remain in town all day.

"After I breakfasted the sheriff came down
to the tavern and told me that I had caught
the very bird, and that if I would remain un-
til the next morning, I should certainly have
the reward of two hundred dollars which had
been offered."

"I found my goods all safe, paid the ex-
press agent for bringing them from Indianap-
olis, and then went to work to stow them
away in my cart. The bullet holes were
found in the top of my vehicle just as I ex-
pected. They were in a line about five inches
apart; and had I been where I usually sit,
two of them would have hit me somewhere
near the middle of the back, and passed up-
wards, for they were sent with a heavy charge
of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one."

"On the next morning, the Sheriff called
upon me, and paid me \$200 in gold, for he
had made himself sure that he'd got the vil-
lain. I afterwards found a letter in the office
at Portsmouth for me, from the Sheriff of
Hancock county, and he informed me that
Dick Hardhead had been imprisoned for life!"

So ended the pedlar's story. In the morn-
ing I had the curiosity to look at his cart,
and I found the four bullet holes just as he
had told us, though they were now plugged
up with phial corks.

LORENZO DOW AND PRES-
IDENT PIERCE.

One of the Editors of the Boston Evening
Gazette says that during a trip to New Hamp-
shire, a grave citizen of that territory related
the tedium of some twenty miles over the
Eastern Railroad, by the recital of a proph-
cy, made many years ago, by Lorenzo Dow,
regarding Franklin Pierce, then Representa-
tive in Congress. It was, in brief, as follows:

When Mr. Pierce was Representative in
Congress from New Hampshire, he was called
upon in Washington by the celebrated long-
bearded preacher, Lorenzo Dow, who claimed
to possess powers of prophecy, and went about
the country with staff in hand and girdle, like
John the Baptist. He was a remarkable man,

and won many proselytes by his
wonderful and mysterious power. His way-<