arest Republican.

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Somehow or Other, burden for every man's shoulder;

escape from its troubles and care buth and 'twill come when we're

is as close as garments we wear. ones into our lives uninvited, or bearis of their treasures of song; old and friendships are slighted, or other we worry along.

an overy-day blessing, y's cottage and crust we may

back on which burdens are pressing to the heart that is strengthened

or other the pathway grows brighter on we mourn there is none to be-

in the heart makes the burden seem And somehow or other we get to the end.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A Tale of the Last Afghan War.

CHAPTER L -AN ASIATIC BEAUTY.

rening in Afghanistan, on a fine ber day in 1841 : the city of Cabul outspread in all the beauty of its dess gardens and many colored ers beneath the sunset glory, the sive tomb of Baber, the Mogul, nding out like a giant sentinel against e crimson sky; the red light fading wly over the wide green plain around, otted with white villages, and framed a ring of purple hills; the little river soing and sparkling amid its clusterg trees, and here and there along the as ranks of wooden houses a few rbaned figures gliding forth to enjoy refreshing coolness of the coming

but the peaceful scene harmonizes ill the the stalwart figures in white cks that come tramping along the min street—showing the light hair and blue eyes of the Englishman bethe lank, wiry frame and dark, lean ge of the Sepoy—heeding as little herce looks darted at tuem from er side as the gleam cast on their

yonets by the setting sun. Afghanistan has been invaded and mmed himself, is on his way to Peshes prisoner, and sixteen thousand s hold Cabul in the name of Shah th, the new king, whom British nets have forced upon the "men of

But the invaders, flushed with their my victory, and ill-restrained by their nder, are already beginning to

se their discipline. An experienced leader would augur mischief from the sounds of boisterous merriment echoing on every side, and to and fro, as unlike as possible to wary soldiers in the heart of an enemy's coun-

At the corner of the principal streets hree or four of the londest brawlers had alted and spread themselves out as if stop some one who wished to pass.

"Holloa, Bill !" cried a rough voice; 'ere's a prize. Who'll bid for a share?" *Share and share alike, as good comrades ought!" shouted a second, with a arse laugh. "Let's have a look at

the little baggage." And, so speaking, he tore away the vail of the slight figure which his comrade had seized, revealing the face of a young native girl of sixteen.

The next moment the aggressor started ck with a howl of pain, as the small knife, which is every Afghan woman's aseparable companion, gashed his exended hand from side to side. But the frail weapon was instantly wrested from her, while half a dozen strong hands seized the struggling form in their brutal

Just at that critical moment a blow, which the late Senator Morrissey himself might have applauded, sent the foremost assailant sprawling on his ck, while the others recoiled right nd left before the shock of a tall figure hat came bursting in among them, scattoring them in all directions.

"Now, then ! who the deuce are you, shovin' in where you ain't wanted? rowled one of the soldiers, pugna-

The new-comer deigned no rerly, but Hently threw back his cloak, displayto the startled group the uniform of line officer, and the badge of their n regiment.

"By Jingo I" muttered the challenger, tha look of dismay, "here's a pretty

You call yourcelves Englishmen? ried the officer, in a voice almost tharculate with passion. "Is this how you up the honor of the old flag? n shall hear of this to-morrow mornbe assured of that! Be off with

The crestfallen brawlers slunk away out a word.

then the rescued girl took her protor's hand in both her own; and slmost royal dighity, which, in one carcely beyond the years of childhood, astoniahed even the unimaginative Eng-

Though voted a model officer by his superiors, and an insensible brute by the ladies of the Peshawur garrison, Captain St. Clair was not yet so thoroughly "pipe-clay" as to have lost his appreciation of feminine charms; and beauty of the wilderness, with the fire as he replied : of her Afghan blood in her deep, lustrous eyes, and the supple grace of the rades in their sorest need, just that I Oriental in every line of her perfect may save my own life? Thank you-

as he asked, in her own language: "Have they hurt you, my poor

"I would have hurt them, had they not snatched away my knife," answered the Afgbanne, proudly, as she pointed to the blood drops that had fallen from her assailant's wound. "The daughter

of Akbar Khan knows how to defend "Akbar Khan!" echoed St. Clair, recalling with a sense of vague un easiness for which he could not himself ac-

himself. "But how came you here, then, when your father is far away in the south?"

"I came—to visit—a friend of my father's," said the girl with a momentary hesitation which did not escape her questioner.

"She's lying, the little fox!" thought he; "but it's no business of mine," "I was going back," she continued, 'to the friends who are waiting for me in yonder village, but I found the city

"If that is your only difficulty," said the captain, "it is soon mended. Come with me. A few minutes brought them to the

eastern gate, and two words to the sentry sufficed to open it. As the girl passed through the deep shadowy archway, she looked wistfully

back to her preserver, and paused for moment as if about to speak. But the words, whatever they were died on her lips, and St. Clair strolled back to his quarters, with a half-smile upon bis face at the thoughts of a romance which the sentimental subalterns would have rejoiced in falling to the lot

of an "old stager" like himself. Little did he dream that upon this seeming trivial occurrence hung not merely his own life, but that of every man in the English army.

CHAP, II .- GATHERING OF THE VULTURES.

Sixteen days had passed since Captain St. Clair's adventure, and the night of the 5th of November found him slowly pacing the street where it had occurred. As he stood musing, hidden by the

shadow of a projecting corner, two Afghans came slowly up the deserted Just as they passed him, he heard one

sy to the other:
"All is well, then; for the hill tribes are with us to a man if Akbar Khan but lift his finger."

"It is said that the khan would have seld back," rejoined the other, "for he snew that the Feringhees (Europeans) are strong; but when he heard that hese dogs (may Allah consume them !) and insulted his own daughter, Guleyaz, when she came hither in the last moon with his message to the chiefs of the city, he swore that not a man of the unbelievers should escape and he will humiliation. keep his oath!"

And the speaker's voice was lost in the distance.

the benumbing sense of secret treachery (of all things the most abhorrent to a brave man) oppressed him like a nightmare.

Scarcely knowing what he did, he stepped forth as if to follow the two conspirators, and found himself face to face with Guleysz herself!

There she stood in the ghostly twiight-calm and beautiful as ever, but with a sembre light in her large dark eyes, such as one sees in those of the hungry tiger, when, after a long and weary circuit through the jungle, he sees the deer which he has been track-

ing fairly within reach at last. "Feringhee," she said, taking his hand, "you showed me kindness once, and an Afghan never forgets either good or evil. Death is waiting for the English host, and I have come to save you prove unfounded. ere it be too late." "It is you, then, who have betrayed

us?" said Herbert, with an intensity of scorn which no words can convey. The taunt struck home. In an instant the tender, clinging woman sprang up into an offen led queen.

"Betrayed!" echoed she flercely. "Is it treachery to aid my own race against its enemies? Why did the Feringhees come bither to waste our valleys and burn our homes? Why have they taken our own king from us, and set up in his stead a dog unworthy to tie an Afghan's sandals? But woe to them! Before the full moon shall have spent her light, the dogs shall lick the blood of every Feringhee in Cabul!"

Herbert shrank back appalled, so hideously changed was that beautiful face by the sudden tempest of passion. But this movement of aversion checked her rage in mid-current, and the warm, womanly heart beneath asserted itself

once more. "Do not be angry with me," she whispered, pleadingly; "no one shall harm you while I live. Hear me-the English are many and mighty, but what sed it lightly to her forehead, with avails the tiger's strength when he is once in the toils? Every leaf on yonder hills is an Afghan warrior, every twig a loaded rifle. Escape if you can;

Why should you perish in vain?" As she spoke, there came over her hearer's noble face a smile of grand and rocks, the grouns of the wounded and commanding scorn. He drew up his dying, all mingling in dismal chorus tow ring figure to its full height, and with the thunder of the battle—blood could not but own that this young met her beseeching eyes unflinchingly

"Do you ask me to desert my com-

In spite of himself, his voice softened | brothers, shoulder to shoulder, striking hard and deep to the last, with the old English flag flying overhead !"

The girl looked at him-a look which, through all the horrors that were to come, he never forgot. Grief, anger, tenderness, wondering admiration, were all mingled in the momentary flash of those marvelous eyes. Then she pressed his hand passionately to her lips and

Ha! What was that sudden glare that broke out over the whole eastern side of the town? And what could be the count, the name of the terrible chief meaning of that dull, distant roar, like whose influence among the hill tribes a far-off sea, swelling ever louder and was only second to that of the Ameer louder, till the ear could distinguish the sharp crackle of musketry, the crush of falling buildings, the clamor of countless voices, and high over all the terrible war-shout, "Allah Akbar!"-God is

Just at that moment four soldiers, torn and blood-stained, came marching past, carrying a helpless, ghastly, dust-be-grimed figure, in which even St. Clair himself could scarcely recognize his once gay and dandified junior lieutenant. "It's all up, old boy," said the lad, faintly. They have fired our quarters and murdered poor Burnes and ever so many more; and the whole town's up to help them. Nothing for it but to die

"Nothing, indeed," muttered Her-bert. "God have mercy on us all!" The next moment he was hastening at full speed toward the scene of action.

CHAPTER III.—THE VILLEY OF DEATH.
All great historical catastrophes—Armada wrecks, London pestilences, Saragossa sieges, Moscow retreats-are wont to prolong the agony which they inflict, and to let fall their vengeance drop by drop, instead of mercifully ending all with one crushing blow.

So it fared with the ill-fated invaders of Cabul. The murder of Sir Alexander Burnes, the noblest of the countless martyrs in that disastrous year, was

only the first drop of the coming storm. rising of the whole surrounding country, rifles. the destruction of the reconnoitering parties sent out too late by the comm under-in-chief; the capture of the British stores, which left the troops almost without food, and at length, on the fatal 1st of January, 1842, the crowning madness of the "convention of retreat," by which the whole army gave itself up to its destroyers, acceptng the assurance of a safe passage homeward from the very men who had sworn the death of every British soldier

Foremost in every combat was Herbert St. Clair, recklessly exposing himelf to all dangers; for, soldier as he was to his very finger-tips, the sight of an English flag dishonored and an Engsh army in retreat, bowed him down

But, to the amazament of all who witof every fight as scatheless as he had St. Clair's heart grew chill within gone into it; and the conviction grad-him as he listened. His worst suspicions were now fully confirmed, and | thrill of mingled bitterness and delight, that the Afghans had purposely spared his life, and that they had done so becarse he was the man whom their great prince's daughter secretly loved.

> Meanwhile the course of events went inexorably on. On the fifth of January, in the depth of the terrible Afghan winthe forlorn army-two-thirds of which were men reared amid the burning heat of India-filed through the gate of Cabul, wearied, dejected, half-starved, ill-supplied with ammunition, to com mence its long march of death.

For a time, however, it seemed as if the assurance of safety were really to be kept. They passed the great plain he sat for hours drinking in the lifewithout firing a shot or seeing the face of an enemy, and even the most experienced officers began to hope that, after low, all, their worst apprehensions might

But they little knew the man Khan was not one to let slip the prey memory more than once, which he had once ensnared, and the jaws of death were already gaping for every man of the ill-fated army.

In the gray of a gloomy winter morning, they came in sight of the pass of glimpse of the black, tomb-like gorge, shut in by frowning precipices, over which brooded a weird, unearthly silence, the boldest felt their hearts sink, but it was too late now to draw back. Rank on rank, with the ghostly mist closing around them like a shroud, the doomed host went down into the valley

An I then, in one moment, the tragedy bagan. Far and wide the air was rent with

the Afghan war-shout, and each rock, each thicket, each hollow, was one blaze and crackle of musketry, every bullet telling fatally upon the helpiess mass below. Surprised and outnumbered,

English still stood their ground manfully, and attempted to return the fire, but against ambushed marksmen hundreds of feet overhead, what could they do? In a moment all was one whirl of I will guide you out of the city, and bid after and smoke and hideous uproar; yells my friends keep you safe till all is over. of rage, shrieks of agony, savage curses, the shouts of officers, the neighing of frightened horses, the crash of falling flowing like water, and death coming

blindly, no man knew whence or how. What need to dwell on the multiplied horrors of that fatal day? how the en-Oriental in every line of her perfect may save my own life? Thank you— trapped men, famished, wounded, hopeled a wide hall, around which stood a figure, made such a picture as he had blood. If we are to die, we will die like last; how the worn-out officers, with statues.

their swords dropping from their frostbitten hands, still cheered on their fainting men as gallantly as ever; how one handful of heroes fought their way out of the deadly valley, only to be slaughtered to a man by fresh enemies

Of sixteen thousand who left the capital, only a single man reached Jellalabad alive; and one day avenged alike Rohilcund and Cabul.

Through the whole of the dreadful struggle, Herbert St, Clair had fought among the foremost, reckless of life, and caring only to have his fill of Afghan blood before he died.

cry of "Kill the Ingleez-Bashi !" (English captain) while bullets fell around him thick and fast. But although his uniform was torn to rags and his cap weapon could harm and no peril dis-

But the end came at last. A sharp, sudden pang shot through his left side -a sick dizziness overpowered himthe black rocks and the rolling smoke, and the eddy of struggling figures, swam before him in a mist-there was a rushing, roaring sound in his ears-and he fell heavily to the earth.

CHAPTER IV .- TRUE TO THE LAST.

When St. Clair regained consciousness, he was too weak and weary to take much note of his surroundings. His chief feeling was one of overpowering exhaustion, mixed with a vague sense of having lain insensible for weeks or even months since the fatal day of Koord-Cabul. Little by little he began to notice that he was lying upon a cushioned-couch in a large, high-roofed chamber, the walls of which were hung with the skins of wolves and tigers, mingled with pointed helmets, silver-Then followed blow upon blow, the hilted yataghans and long mountain

> Through a narrow loop-hole in the wall, which revealed its immense thickness, he caught a glimpse of a smooth green valley far below, dappled with clustering trees, among which a tiny stream sparkled in the sunlight—a sufficient proof how long a time must have elapsed since the gloomy winter morning of the great battle.

> At that moment a light step caught his ear, and, looking round, he beheld once more the long dark hair and lustrous eyes of Guleyaz.

He was about to speak, but she signed to him to be silent.

"The angel of death still hovers over you, and you must beware you all you wish to know. The Feringhees are slain, every man; and the with a sense of personal disgrace, and coward whom they set up as our king made him careless of life after such a has fled for his life. They who struck you down were men of another tribe, who knew nothing of my father's pessed his reckless daring, he came out pledge; but our people recognized you among the fallen, and brought you gone into it; and the conviction grad- away-and here, in the halls of Kara-Dagh, you are safe as beneath the shadow of the prophet's tomb !"

The word "Kera-Dagh" (Black mountain) was a revelation to St. Clair. There was no further room for doubt. He was a prisoner in the mountain stronghold of Akbar Khan himself!

Day succeeded day, and the wounded officer, thanks to his own native vigor as well as the untiring care of his charming nurse, began to shake off the fatal torpor which had held him down so long.

After a while he was able to leave his souch, and, supported by the arm of Guleyaz, who seldom left him, to venture forth upon the battlements, where giving mountain breeze, and feasting his eyes upon the glorious panorama be-

From Guleyaz herself he had learned that her father was himself in the stronghold; and the reluctance with which with whom they had to deal. Akbar she gave the information recurred to his

The reason of these precautious was at length explained by a piece of news which made his heart leap, when the careless talk of two sentinels brought it Koord-Cabul, through which lay their army was advancing into Afghanistan to shortest route to India. At the first avenge the destruction of its predeces-

> But these disturbing ideas were speedily banished by thoughts of a softer

No living creature is more thoroughly accessible to female influence than a strong man suddenly made helpless; and Herbert, with the princess arm supporting his weary head, and her musical voice repeating some stirring native war-song or romantic Eastern legend, was happier than he had ever been amid the rush and carnage of the battle-field.

But this pleasing dream was destined to a sudden and awful awakening. One morning when St. Clair's strength

was so completely restored that thoughts of escape had already begun to haunt him, Guleyaz rose to leave him much before her usual time, with a long, lingering, beseeching look, which her last words terribly explained:

"The Feringhee warriors are on their march hither, and my father is angry. This day he will send for you, and, oh, beware of offending him, for your own sake-and mine !" An hour later, the curtain that hid his

door was lifted, and a deep voice said: " Follow us, Ingleez. The khan calls Led by his guards, St. Clair traversed a seemingly endless passage, and enter-

In the center sat the principal chiefs of the tribe, and midmost of all the stately figure of Akbar himself, in all the splendor of barbaric adornment, with the folds of his jeweled turban overshadowing the flerce black eyes that

had never known fear or mercy.

As the prisoner entered Guleyaz (who was seated beside her father) shot one rapid glance at him, as if to bid him remember her warning, and then cast her eyes down as before.

There was a momentary pause, and

then Akbar spoke:

"Feringhee, you are a brave warrior; and as chief speaks with chief, so will I Man on man, the white-frocked mur-derers fell before his deadly aim; and the rocks above began to echo with the the rocks above began to echo with the angry. War is at our gates, and we need every good sword that will fight for us: Hear me; we have fought with you as an enemy-we now embrace you as a friend. You have been valiant and struck from his head, the death hail we respect your valor; you have been still failed to reach his life; and the kind, and we are grateful for your kindsuperstitious mountaineers looked with ness. Dwell among us, fight in our secret awe upon this man whom no ranks, call yourself an Afghan instead of a Feringhee-and my wealth shall be your wealth, and I will be your father, and my daughter shall be your bride.

For one moment the brave man's pulse throbbed wildly, as the large deep eyes that had so often looked love into his own rested on him imploringly. Few men could have met that glance unmoved; while, on the other hand, he knew that to refuse such an offer from such a man would be rushing upon certain death, in the cruelest form that Afghan vengeance could devise. But in the face of the terrible temptation, the Euglish heart within him beat true as ever. He looked fearlessly into the merciless eyes that watched him, and

his voice never wavered as he replied: "Prince, you have spoken plainly, and I thank you. Your offers are great but were you to offer me the Afghan crown itself, you could never tempt an English soldier to break his faith and take the hand of a traitor and a murderer. Do your worst-I defy you !"

Even the iron men around him shuddered to hear such words addressed to their terrible leader, and the daring speech was followed by a dead and awful

A momentary spasm of rage shook the prince's granite-hewn face, succeeded by a look of stern and reluctant admiration -the savage's instinctive admiration of courage, even in a mortal enemy. He spoke at length, with a calmness more deadly than the londest anger:

"It is enough-take him away !" The guards led forth the captive ; and mingling with their heavy tramp came

the doomed man's last words: "God save old England !"

The silence of midnight brooded over he ancient palace, when the gloom of the dungeon into which St. Clair had been cast was broken by a sudden light. Before him, white and rigid as a corpse in the spectral glare of her lamp, stood Guleyaz, with her finger pressed warningly to her lips. In silence she held out to him the tunic and gaudy turban of an Afghan warrior, signifying to him to put them on,

He cheyed mechanically, like one in a dream, and the moment the disgnise was complete she led him hastily to the

Outstretched on the floor outside lay the sentinel, evidently stupefied by some powerful narcotic, by whom administer-

ed Herbert could easily guess.

Pausing a moment to assure herself that all was still in the castle, Guleyaz went straight to the end of the passage and opened a small iron door, locking it behind her as soon as they had entered,

What followed Herbert could never clearly recall. He had only a vague recollection of tracking the gloomy windings of a dismal cavern, from whose damp, cozy sides the water fell drop by drop, with a sullen plash, which was the only sound that broke the eternal

One of these drops extinguished the but Guleyaz's burning hand seized his own in the darkness, and led

him onward he knew not whither, At length, after a seemingly endless them, and St. Clair, with a delight to his ears, viz., that a second English which no words can convey, felt the cool night air on his cheek, and saw the

stars shining overhead. "There lies your road," said his armies of your people cannot be far off reach them.'

"And you?" asked Herbert, with a you who have saved me, and then "-

"Who cares what happens to me?" answered the girl, passionately. "When the dew that refreshed it is gone, what matter how soon the flower withers? I have saved your life-I care not how soon I lose my own.'

"Never, by heaven !" cried St. Clair, throwing his strong arm around her, as if his whole soul were poured into the caress, "I am not such a cur as to sneak off in safety, and leave my little ewe-lamb to these mountain-wolves, Come with me, darling; and may I be called coward before the whole regiment, if anything but death ever parts us two again!"

Years later, the story of that flight sorely tried the faith of the guests at Clairmount park; but still harder did they find it to recognize the savage amazon of Cabul in the beautiful and highbred lady to whom Sir Herbert St. Clair was wont to say playfully : "My dear, I've been telling these

tures in 1842."-David Ker.

Night on the Farm.

'Tis dewfall on the lonely farm. The flocks are gathered in the fold, The dusky air is soft as balm, The daisies hide their hearts of gold

Slow, drowsy, swinging bells are heard In pastures de wy, dark and dim, And in the door-yard trees a bird Thrills sleepily his evening hymn.

The dark, blue deeps are full of stars; One lone lamp in the hillside glooms, A mile away, is red as Mars;

The night is sweet with faint perfumes. At bestime in the quiet house, Up through the wide, old rooms I go, Without a lamp : and not a mouse

Is stirring. Loudly, to and fro, The old clock ticks, and easterly The ancient windows open high Here the sun's kiss will waken me, With bird songs welling up the sky. -Anna Boynton Averill.

Items of Interest.

Eighteen seventy? Nein! The prodigal's return-Gold come to

Bayard's Taylor's life was insured for

Sleigh-riding affords k. k. - cold

Baking powder is used for blowing ' up bread A man takes no interest in a bad in-

Fan for the week-A farce in an insane asylum. Nothing was made in vein, except

human blood. The inebriate's song-This is the way long have sot.

It is said that the speed of a comet is eight times greater than a telegraphic message. The Chinese new year begins on the

5th of February, and they colebrate accordingly. A New York shopkeeper has written

on his door: "Every one shuts this door but you." "Set solid," as the printer said when the chair he sat down wasu't there, and he landed on the floor.

The tuberose grows wild in Venezuela, and also in great abundance, being the

principal flower there. A man and a lion met one night, But they'll never meet again, For the man ran away with all his might, And the lion with all his mane.

Mr. Baker, of Oshkosh, has a son of seven years who reads in three lan-He is the flower of the family. Merid n Recorder. And is undoubtedly well-bred .- Rome Sentinet. A young lady said to her lover: "Charley, how far is it around the world?" "About twenty-four inches,

my darling," replied he, as his arm ensiccled her waist. She was all the world The first weeping willow in England is said to have been planted by Alexander Pope. He received a present of figs from Turkey, and observing a twig in the basket ready to bud, planted it. From his stock all the millions in Eng-

land and America are believed to have The school is still; a hand is raised-"May I go out, please, sir?"
And 'tween his handkerchief and nose

Do ruddy stains appear. "Why, certainly," the master says; The urchin straightway goes; He takes his cap from off its pez, The cranberry from his nos

How to Cook a Husband. The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish is as follows: Many good husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. interval, another door flew open before These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it is not supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated in this way; but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows: Get a large guide, pointing down the valley. "The jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good housewives have on hand), now. May Allah keep you safe till you place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be sudden impulse of tenderness, as the clear; above all, let the heat be contremor of her voice told him she was stant, cover him over with affection and weeping. "They will know that it is subjection; garnish him with spices of pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secreey, mixed with prudence and moderation. - Toledo Blade.

> Bayard Taylor's Lines in an Album, Long ago, when Bayard Taylor was a young man, he wrote in the album of a young friend the following lines, which reveal the character of his aspirations at that early age :

> 'Upon the world's great battle-field the brave Struggle and win and fall. They proudly go, Some to unnoticed graves, and some to stand With earth's bright catalogue of great and good.

Who, urged by consciousness of noble sime, Stands breast to breast with every evil thought, Subduing until stricken down, shall pass In warrior glory to his long repose, And his good doeds rest like a banner-pall-Telling the faith he fought for to the world-Upon his memory, for all coming time

BAYARD TAYLOR. gentlemen about our Afghan adven-