

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT.

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each subsequent week, 0.25
Business Cards per annum with paper, 3.00
*A liberal discount made to yearly
advertisers.

"Poet's Corner."

Watching.
BY EMILY C. JUDSON.

"This poem," remarks the *Baptist Recorder*,
"was evidently written in the East, during Mrs.
Judson's lonely watches by the bedside of her dy-
ing husband. The lines are instinct with the gen-
erous and trembling tenderness of a woman's
heart, amid the gathering shadows of a half anti-
cipated bereavement. No English poem with which
we are acquainted gives a more perfect reflection
of an Oriental night. Even Heber's beautiful lines
to his wife yield to these in delicate beauty,
depth of feeling, and that strange skill of the heart
by which, Hamlet-like, the writer gives the sombre
hue of her own soul to the distant tinkling of the
pavement bells, the cool breezes of night, and the
shadows which,

"With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb,
Sits to and fro around the lowly couch of the
Oriental hero."

Sleep, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Let from afar the freshening breezes sweep,
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the lowering palm,
And round the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lovely bed,
Thy cool and soft,
Bodily thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;

While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun,
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
There is magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost so much
Fain would thy scatter poppies o'er thee now,
Or, with a soft caress,
The tremulous lip its own supernal press
Upon the weary lid and aching brow,
While prayerful watch I keep—
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the poppies press
The bells are ringing,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wailing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are sighing,
As if a choir
Of golden-throated birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lay beside ever-droning near,
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent, that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

Selected Miscellany

TEMPERANCE OF THE ARABS.—We
quote the following from one of Bayard
Taylor's recent letters:
"I have as yet seen nothing of the
temperance of the Arabs. True,
they will live on dates—when they can
get nothing else; and they will go with
water for a day—when they have
none. I found a quart of water daily
sufficient for my own needs, not-
withstanding the great heat we endured;
but I do not think one of the men drank
more than a gallon in the same time, and
for their eating, Achmet says they
would finish a whole sheep before getting
to 'al handu lillah!'—the usual Arabic
prayer after meals."

It is somewhat singular that Wash-
ington drew his last breath in the last
hour of the last day, of the last week, of
the last month, of the last year of the
last century.
He expired on Saturday night, at 12
o'clock, Dec. 31, 1799.

HERE I AM!
"On quitting La Muro, the Emperor
composd his vanguard of 100 picked
men from that chosen body always under
the orders of Cambrouse. This general,
on advancing towards a bridge at some
distance from Muro, found himself in
front of a new battalion. The envoy he
sent to them with signs of peace was
driven back. The emperor being inform-
ed of this, again dispatched one of his
officers, Major Raoul, to attack the bat-
talion which refused to open his route,
but Raoul, threatened with their fire,
retreated without being heard. Napoleon
felt that the moment had arrived to put
to the test his own ascendancy over his
old soldiers. He passed through his col-
umns, ordering it to halt, and rode for-
ward at a gentle pace, almost alone, in
advance of his army. The peasants, cat-
tered about the fields of lining the hedges
on both sides of the road, seemed to
remain neutral between the two causes,
looking on only with the idle curiosity of
the people at the daring combat of which
they themselves are the prize. A few
scattered cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!'
arose here and there among the groups of
the populace, and some expressions in an
under tone encouraged Napoleon to dare
everything. It was one of those solemn
crises in which a nation seems to with-
hold its respiration, not to interrupt by a
single breath the undecided fiat of desti-
ny on the point of being pronounced;
when the balance of fate, about to incline
for one of the two causes, must carry
with it the whole world by the trifling
weight of the slightest accident. A sin-
gle cry may arouse a nation, a cold sil-
ence reveal the boldest attempt, a chance
bill from the musket of a soldier may
crush an enterprise, together with the
life of a great man, in whose heart it had
been conceived.

Such at this moment was the mute and
suspended situation of the two armies of
Napoleon and the people.

But the Emperor at this imminent cri-
sis was equal to his enterprise. The man
so feeble on the 18th Brumaire, retreating
disconcerted and almost fainting in the
arms of his grenadiers—the man so per-
plexed at Fontenoy before the insolence
of his revolted marshals; the man
since then so overcome and subdued at
the Elsenbe before the pressure of a few leg-
ionnaires and some traitors—was without ef-
fort or boasting a hero of sang-froid be-
fore the bayonets of the 5th regiment.
Whether he had been assured by his ac-
complishes at Grenoble, that the heart of
this battalion beat in his favor; whether
the habits of a soldier on the battle-field
had inured him to look on death with less
repugnance by the fire than by the sword;
or that his soul, since his departure
from Elba, had concentrated all its
powers in anticipation of this supreme
moment and that he had deemed that his
enterprise was well worth the risk of life,
certain it is that he did not hesitate a
moment. He neither hesitated nor slack-
ened his steps, but approached within
hundred paces of the bayonets, which
formed a wall before him on the road.
There he dismounted, gave the reins to
one of his Poles, crossed his arms on his
breast, and advanced with measured steps
like a man who marches to his death. It
was the spectre of the imagination of
both army and people appearing sudden-
ly, and as if rising from the tomb, be-
hind France of the present and the
future.

He wore the costume in which
recollected him on the memory of all;
the military hat, the green uniform of
the light infantry of the guard, the over-
coat of dust-colored cloth, open and dis-
playing his under-dress, the high military
boots, and spurs ringing on the ground;
his attitude was that of reflection, which
nothing can distract, or of peaceful com-
mand, which doubts not of obedience.
He descended a slope of the road inclin-
ing towards the regiment he was about
to accost. No group of persons before
him, he hid him from being seen in all the
illusion of his personal prestige, his figure
standing out bold and alone against the
background of the high road, and the
blue banner beyond. To strike such a
man, whom the soldiers recognized as
his former idol, would have been in their
eyes, not to fight, but to assassinate.
Napoleon had calculated from afar this
challenge of glory to humanity and to the
heart of the French soldier, and he was
not mistaken; but it required a profound
genius to attempt, and a Napoleon to ac-
complish it. His grenadiers, at a great
distance behind him, stood with their
arms reversed, as a token of peace.

The officer commanding the 5th reg-
iment, seeing violence pervade his feel-
ings in the execution of his duty, or
knowing beforehand the resolution of his
soldiers not to strike their Emperor, and
only wishing to intimidate the army of
Napoleon, upon an appearance of discipline,
ordered his battalion to fire. The sol-
diers appeared to obey, and took aim at
Napoleon, who, without stopping or bet-
raying any emotion, advanced within ten
steps of the muskets levelled at his breast,
and elevating that spell-like and disor-
dering voice, which had so often directed
the maneuvers of the review, or of the
field of battle, to the soldiers of the 5th reg-
iment, he exclaimed, deliberately uncon-
cerning his breast, and presenting his breast
to receive their fire, 'if there is one
among you who would kill his Emper-
or, let him do it. Here I am.'

There was no reply; all remained at-
tent and motionless. The grenadiers had
even loaded their muskets, as if they dis-
trusted themselves. Having gone through
the semblance of obedience, and fidelity
to discipline, they thought they had done
their duty, and that the heart might now
be left to its own course.

And the hearts of all spoke with one
voice. As first a thrill of feeling ran
through the battalion, then a few muskets
were lowered; then a greater number,
and finally, the whole, while a cry of

Battle of Lundy Lane.
Far different music has resounded thro'
these continuous woods than the wild
wailing of the breeze that how so gently
greets our ear. At yonder white house,
said the Major, as General Scott, making
a forward movement with his brigade in
the afternoon of the 25 of July, 1852,
came in view of it, we saw the court-yard
filled with British officers, their horses
held by orderlies and servants in atten-
dant. As soon as we became visible to
them, their bugles sounded to saddle, and
in a few minutes they were mounted and
disappeared through the woods at full
gallop, twenty bugles ringing the alarm
from different parts of the forest. All
ranked as if swallowed by the earth,
our own elegant veteran officer, who re-
turned to just out of our view, and took
a leisurely survey of our numbers. Hav-
ing apparently satisfied himself of our
force, he raised the plumed hat of his
head, and bowing gracefully to our com-
mander, put spurs to his horse, and dis-
appeared with the rest. From the occu-
pation of the house we gathered that we
were about a mile distant from a strong
body of the enemy, posted in the rising
ground just beyond the woods in our front.
General Scott, turning to me, said, 'De-
termine your march, Sir, to return to Major
General Brown, inform him that I have fall-
en in with the enemy's advance, posted
in force at Lundy Lane, and that in an
hour half hour, I shall have joined with
"Order up Ripley with the second
brigade, direct Porter to get his volunteers
immediately under arms,"—was the reply
of the Major General to my message, and
the aids were instantly in their saddles,
conveying the orders. As I galloped
back through the woods, the cannon shot,
screaming by the rail fences in the air in
contending ranks, and the contest had
begun. But we were on the battle ground.
There upon that sloping hill, parallel with
the road, and through the grave yard to
wards the Niagara, was drawn up the
British line under General Riall, in force
three times greater than our brigade, his
right covered with a powerful battery of
two pieces of artillery, two of them brass
twenty-four. The *Eleventh* and *Twenty-
Second* regiments first leaving the wood
deployed upon the open ground with the
coolness and regularity of a review, and
were soon engaged furiously in action—
the batteries, which completely com-
manded the position, opening upon them with
tremendous effect. Towson, having ter-
ried up with his guns on the left, in vain
endeavored to attain sufficient elevation
to return the fire of their battery. The
destructive on our side was very great.
The foremen fought with consummate
bravery. Severely cut up, their army
exhausted, and their officers nearly all
of them killed and wounded they were
withdrawn from action, the few officers
remaining unhurt throwing themselves
into the *Ninth*, which now came into ac-
tion, led by the gallant Colonel Leaven-
worth.

The brunt of the battle now came upon
them, and they alone sustained it for
some time, fighting with unflinching
valour, until their numbers were reduced
to one-half by the fire of the enemy. At
this juncture, General Scott galloped up
with the intention of charging the hill;
but finding them so much weakened al-
tered his intention, entreating them to
hold their ground until the reinforcements,
which were hastening up, under Major
General Brown, should come to their as-
sistance. A momentary cessation of the
action ensued, while additional forces hur-
ried to the aid of each army; Ripley's
Brigade, Hindman's artillery, and Porter's
volunteers, on the part of the Americans,
and a strong reinforcement under Gen-
eral Drummond to that of the British.
Hindman's artillery were attached to that
of Towson, and soon made themselves
heard. Porter's brigade displayed on
the left, while Ripley formed on the skirts
of the wood to the right of Scott's brigade.
The engagement was soon renewed,
with augmented vigor; Gen. Drum-
mond taking command in person, with
his fresh troops in the front line of the
enemy. Colonel Jessup, who had at the
commencement of the action been posted
on the right, succeeded, after a gallant
contest, in turning the left flank of the
enemy, and came in upon his reserves.
"Bordered with prisoners, making him-
self visible to his own army, amid the
darkness in a blaze of fire," completely
destroying all before him. The fight
raged for some time with great fury, but
it became apparent, owing to the Amer-
icans, if the enemy retained possession
of the battery manifestly the key of
the position.

Battle of Lundy Lane.
I was standing at the side of Colonel
Miller, and the Major, when General
Brown rode up and inquired, whether he
could storm the battery with his regi-
ment, while General Ripley supported
him with the other regiment, the
Twenty-third. Miller, in the appro-
priate and confident manner of a veter-
an, then quickly surveyed the posi-
tion, and coolly replied, "I will not
think it safe to attempt it, Sir; I think
I can see him now as drawing up his
giant figure to its full height, he turned
to his regiment, drilled to the precision of
a piece of mechanism. I hear his deep
tones, "Twenty-third, attention! Form
two columns, and march up the hill to the
storm of the battery, retire your fire, at
the port lights of the artillery men, and
carry the guns at the point of the bayonet."
"Support arms—double quick—march!"
The column could not possibly have
moved with more compactness than that
of the gallant regiment, and the long
gait of its leader, supported by the
stride of its leader. Supported by the
Twenty-third, the light troops moved up
the hill like one body, the lurid light glit-
tering and flickering in their bayonets,
and the combined fire of the enemy's artillery,
and infantry opened, murdering upon
them. They flinched not—they faltered
not—the stern voice of the officers, as the
deadly cannon shot yawning chasms
through them alone were heard. "Close
up—steady, men—steady." Within a
hundred yards of the summit, a volley,
instantaneous as a clap of thunder,
struck the ranks, and a short, furious struggle
with smoke, a short, furious struggle
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the bayonet, and the gallant men were
swept like chaff from their guns. An-
other fierce struggle, the enemy's line
was forced down the side of the hill and
the victory was ours—the position turned
in our hands—their own pieces turned
and playing upon them in their retreat.
It was bought at cruel price, most of the
officers being either killed or wounded.
The whole tide of the battle now turned
to this point. The result of the conflict
depended entirely upon the ability of the
British army to retain it. Major
Hindman was ordered up, and posted his
forces at the side of the captured cannon,
while the American line correspondingly
advanced. Stung with the correspondingly
General Drummond concentrated his forces,
to retake by a desperate charge the posi-
tion. The interval and the darkness was
alone filled by the roar of the cannon,
and the groans of the wounded. He ad-
vanced with strong reinforcements, out-
flanking each side of the American line.
We were only able in the murky dark-
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heavy tread. They halted within twenty
paces, poured in a rapid fire and pre-
pared for the next moment to advance.
Our men returned fire, directed by the
fire, and after a desperate struggle, the
dense column recoiled. Another inter-
val of darkness and silence, and again a
most furious and desperate charge was
made by the British, throwing the whole
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which composed the receiving line, with
undiminished firmness, while the fire from
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Hindman's artillery served with the most
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So desperate did the battle now become
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distinguishable, fought hand to hand,
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At length, a most desperate and deter-
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dred and twenty-two, officers and men.
The battle commenced in the afternoon
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So desperate did the battle now become
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distinguishable, fought hand to hand,
and with muskets clubbed; and so ter-
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storm of the battery, retire your fire, at
the port lights of the artillery men, and
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"Support arms—double quick—march!"
The column could not possibly have
moved with more compactness than that
of the gallant regiment, and the long
gait of its leader, supported by the
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tering and flickering in their bayonets,
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them. They flinched not—they faltered
not—the stern voice of the officers, as the
deadly cannon shot yawning chasms
through them alone were heard. "Close
up—steady, men—steady." Within a
hundred yards of the summit, a volley,
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with smoke, a short, furious struggle with
the bayonet, and the gallant men were
swept like chaff from their guns. An-
other fierce struggle, the enemy's line
was forced down the side of the hill and
the victory was ours—the position turned
in our hands—their own pieces turned
and playing upon them in their retreat.
It was bought at cruel price, most of the
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The whole tide of the battle now turned
to this point. The result of the conflict
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