

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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"Poet's Corner."

The Dead Trumpeter.

Woke, soldier, wake! Thy war-horse waits
To bear thee to the battle back;
Thou slumberest at the foeman's feet;
Thy dog would break thy lance;
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust.

Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thy warfare o'er—
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more.
With summons to the battle plain,
The trumpet-note more loud and deep,
Must rouse thee from thy leaden sleep!

Thou need'st not heed of trumpet now,
Beyond the Grecian hero's boast;
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host:
For hand and foot are true and sound,
A thousand arrows cannot wound.

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that wild, widowed look she wore,
The day—how long her it seems!
—She knelt thee at the cottage door,
And skinned at the sound of joy,
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! Let thy mother wait,
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,
And bid her come to thee at last;
—He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy chariot on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard
Thy lingering echoes fall.

Select Tale.

A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOFF.

We are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally despised on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the ablest and to this his son afterwards bore testimony—was the real founder of his future greatness. This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the days in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. He remembered reading in his historian, Forster, that within one year he killed upwards of three thousand partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the lauded gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor Von W— sent his majesty an invitation to a walk with the hounds, a request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly been one of her majesty's suite.

One fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bed-chamber, as well as the court fool, Baron Von Gundling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral chateau. On the very next day, the chase commenced, and Von Gundling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and he had received all imaginable titles and honors, in order to afford his majesty and the court greater sport. In fact his excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor and President of the Arts, Baron Von Gundling, acquired such arrogance through his titles that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency, on such occasions, would grow very angry—the very thing his tormenters wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being treated, which naturally increased the laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessary part of the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and able to give all possible explanations in the daily meetings of the so-called "talks collegium." His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him. As for his possessions, he had as little to be proud of as for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron Von Gundling, then, lay at full length on the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman who arrived rather late for the chase, happening to notice it, and taking it for some strange animal, fired point blank at the wig, but fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately, in the highest indignation, and cried out—

"You vagabond rascal how dare you—"

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal was not actually belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off as full speed to the neighboring forest. The Baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but as he saw a man plowing at a short distance from him, he cried out in his arrogant manner, "come hither man!"

"I have no time or inclination to do so, but if you speak civilly, I may."

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he, therefore, walked towards the impudent plowman with up-

raised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the previous evening at the nobleman's chateau. The Baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

"How can you be such an impudent ass? Do you know who I am?"

"O! yes, you're the King's fool."

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again; but on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat.

"Just wait my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out plowing." The clergyman replied, quite calmly—

"My gracious master will probably remember that Cincinnati plowed too, and he was a dictator, while I am a poor village pastor."

"Yes," the Baron said, after inspecting his coarse and peasant-like dress; "but when Cincinnati plowed, he did not look like a common peasant."

"I am certain he did not look like a fool," the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the Baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy of the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quartel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king; he, therefore, answered most pathetically, "But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm!"

"Well, that's very true," the peasant replied, "especially as he's getting old, and can't run up as he used; but I'm sure when he comes to this place—a fellow like a church steward, he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't chore him or your clergyman; if you the patron is to beat us on week-days, and the pastor plays the same game on Sunday, when will our backs find time to get well?"

Gundling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days, to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He therefore quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar tree.

"Well! Gundling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he reached the road, we will put a little coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher!"

He, therefore, returned to the chateau, where he looked up a captain of his own acquaintance, whom he took to one side, with the hurried question—

"How many fellows have you already got?"

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; and so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king took as much delight in such soldiers.

"We're in it, I've but one," the officer replied, "and he is only a journeyman tailor."

"Well, then," Gundling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's not a tremendous height, but it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed—Gundling would remain with him as company, a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighboring town, and the young candidate taken away, *volens nolens*, by the carrier, and transported to the next garrison.

To the meantime, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardor. It so happened that the king, in attendance on the queen, followed by eunuchs, followed the windings of the stream, which led from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelm von B—, was a young and charming creature, and was excellently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent and not so charming. In consequence, there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the hunters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them regarding them with a look which they interpreted as "This little Jaegerling will make my breakfast, and the other little darling I'll leave; on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls did not in the least expect such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognized the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Jaegerling had fascinated their eyes, and, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The eldest young lady sobbed out a masculine name—we presume

that of her lover—while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly, a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joyful surprise when they perceived the unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them.

"You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadrads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the chateau.

The ladies quickly accepted his invitation, and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took a seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years' pupils, at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, and became acquainted with this worthy gentleman, who she had recognized and at length whispered in her ear—

"Ah! he is not a nobleman."

Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, where the silent one first declined but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation, the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God, all ye His gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended—

"If you would do me a real favor, would you sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here?"

This request was so flattering that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang, as solo, the song, "My heart should be contented," without the least idea, that in a very short time, not merely all his consolation but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished this song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as a difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite seemed an insurmountable obstacle he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and his congregation.

In the meanwhile however the king and his suite returned to Berlin, and Gundling and the carrier remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of the gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night to come on the ensuing Sunday night to come on the ensuing Sunday night, as he had learned that their kind host had intended to pay a visit to a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidates sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides the king's adjutant who attended to all military affairs, was the captain's cousin, Gundling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son. As soon as the anxiously desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the overcrowded church; the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gundling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gundling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in the case.

At a very late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by Carl with these words—

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unreasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you," the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

They may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and

interposed between them. He, too, was unable to speak at first through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gundling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father to his consciousness, and crying, "You villainous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he had gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father—

"Do you believe our heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

"At all this were silent; but when the question was repeated the old man replied—

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He know knees everything not to be aware of his own fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that you must not forget that all things work together for good to those who love God. I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. Allow me march!"

All ran after the unfortunate young man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother, and sisters were driven back by the butt ends of the muskets.

"He will be frozen," the captain cried, and then he'll put on his snow-drivers."

We will not attempt to give any description of the condition of the surviving family, as a soldier's life that day was not the most disgraceful, but wretched on earth; and many a father had the choice between his son, would sooner have seen his son in the coffin than in the colored coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son for one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precaution to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult on this account to reclaim him still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may easily be imagined in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself; that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves knew where he was, and he must be getting on well or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long since received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he had died through the cold on the frightful evening or at the halber's.

At length when the second year was just ended he received a message from a neighboring town, to say that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening, in company with the lady of the Dean of P—.

When their joy at this unexpected news, which had appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was mitigated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanations as to this strange companion; but this was their least anxiety.

"The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us."

And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome home their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross roads, when he had already sighted, when a carriage drove up out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words.

"Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf."

"At the moment he looked out he recognized his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now, then, tell us all, you wicked boy, you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could not—dare not," Carl replied.

"The captain made me pledge my honor that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he," Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried; let the carriage drive home.

"Yes," the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy; "let the carriage drive home. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who winked away his tears and then commenced thus: "If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"How badly I feared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send you news to my dear parents and sisters. I need not tell you. My only trust was in God for help I had not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a thousand others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you at that night of terror, 'We know that all works together for good to them that love God,' supported me in all my necessities."

"Thus it happened that just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand

corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking as usual of home, and as I felt very low spirited, and besides, fancied the neighboring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen's, 'My heart should be contented,' when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw the lady ahead."

"Ah! the dean's lady," the old pastor said as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters."

And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But father," the son inquired, "do you not recognize the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife, had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said—

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf."

"Certainly," Carl replied, "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, he proceeded with your story," he continued in the following fashion—

"As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot and at length said—

"I could scarcely believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H—, who saved me from the wolf two years ago!"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her and then proceeded to tell her what a fate she had reserved for me."

"You saved me from a wolf!" she exclaimed, "and I will do as much for you," and then hurried back into the room."

I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with these words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from duty you must go through that door and present yourself to her majesty, the queen."

I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

At length I was released, and trembling I entered the queen's apartments. She asked my history very graciously, when I had finished it she added—

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but will beg the General to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve; the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then bring with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favorite hymn. Who puts his trust in God alone. I will then see what I can do for you."

"With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met his lady who whispered to me—

"Courage, courage, I trust all will be well!"

"As I expected I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been committed. However I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare to sing another verse."

"And yet," the young lady, who interposed the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised.

"What! what! your husband!" all exclaimed.

"I fancied you were the dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing; the patron murmured for he knew the lady was of a very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming."

"You must then hear my story the young lady remarked with a smile.

The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this, I began saying everything I could in favor of the young man, without, till the king laughed, and said—

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

"I felt that I blushed at this remark, but I still answered boldly—

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me two years ago from a frightful wolf."

"Diable," the king added, "you are a very old family, and might get a lieutenant's fat as a knee cap."

"Here the queen interposed, and I begged his majesty, who was in a very good humor that day, not to torment me further. I had opened my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grounders, or no one else for my husband. I must beg your majesty to remember, the queen continued, "how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness."

"Well," the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain prizes the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself; but suppose, suppose he will not have you?"

"I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying—

"Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, the fellow will not be such a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room apparently in deep thought.

That's the end of my story, the young lady said, and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore continued—

"Naturally believed that I had been

quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day that might nourish my hopes.

"The next morning however at parade the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs—

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentinel yesterday morning between eleven and twelve o'clock at the queen's door? Let him step out of the ranks!"

"With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty without making a feature, first measured me from head to foot and then said—

"Two under-officers, here—take this fellow's coat off!"

"I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberst for my unreasonable singing, and therefore began tremblingly—

"I implore your majesty, with all submission—

"But the king interrupted me—

"Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!"

The under-officer did as he was commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature said—

"Now his gaiters!"

"I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and retreated in my fear."

"I beg your majesty on my knees to be merciful to a poor fellow; but the same answer was given me. 'Don't argue.'"

"As I stood there, in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—

"Now bring that black chest hither to the front."

"I was now certain of death, when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword at the very moment, and I stepped up to the king, and commended my soul to God, when the king before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me—

"Now look in and see how that suits you."

"As soon as I had raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or an instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again roused me.

"Now dress yourself immediately and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side arms across them, so that he cannot tumble through them. The greater shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in the saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put on the coat again. Now then up on the drums, you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

"Assuredly," the young man continued, "I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me; but to my good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favorite text, and determined to think on it on the very first Sunday after my release. In fact I had continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I therefore boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words— St. Paul says, in Romans viii. 28, 'and we know that all things work together for good to them that love God,' after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes which had worked together for good; by the confirmation of my faith, and then made a universal and particular application of it."

"I had noticed that the King, who stood close before me, had had never once taken his eyes off me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word Amen, when he said to me—

"Now come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

"During my discourse I had noticed that one of my coat pockets seemed heavier than the other. I put my hand into that one first; and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew forth a gold tabatiera, filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said—

"That is a present from my wife; but now look and see whether there is anything in the other pocket; and I drew out my appointment as a dean, signed by the king's own hand."

"How is that possible? Such a thing was never heard of!" the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to heaven. "My son a dean! A candidate and private in the grammar-school! Yes, I now understand who you went to tell me that you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your poor father, to the wedding, as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable."

"Did I know anything about my marriage?" the son continued; "but listen, father. I naturally tried to murmur out my thanks, after all these fabulous events, but was interrupted by the king, who said—

"Now, come to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you."

"Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, (who was hardly less astonished than I was) and as soon as I had entered the audience room, where all the court was assembled, with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me—

"Whom does he think he has to thank for all this?"

"I answered with a low bow—Besides God, my most gracious king and his most illustrious courtiers. To which his majesty remarked—

"There he's right; but look ye, bars. This young and charming woman did the

most for him. He has nothing to say to her. She is a poor girl, and I know she married. What does he think of it?—He is now a dean, and his pocket is full of ducats. Will he try his luck and fancy he is all alone with her?—

"His eyes and looked at the poor girl who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the floor."

"All was silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before, when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself and in a few moments said—

"His majesty, the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings, like as the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?"

"She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardor to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God bless us, when the king added—

"Regimental chaplain, come hither and marry them. And afterwards we'll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands today."

"The chaplain with a low repled—

"It's impossible, the young couple have not been asked in church."

"Nonsense," replied the king. "I asked them myself long ago. Come, marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like."

"Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite the young man here."

"I must really be dreaming," said the old pastor; "why, it's stranger than any story in the Arabian Nights. A grenadier made a dean!—But what did the members of the consistory say to that?"

"They kept me so long, the young man replied, "or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarce announced myself and handed in my diploma, with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen as may be easily supposed, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate to his majesty in a long position. The king returned it with the words written in his own hand on the margin—

"I have examined him myself. He does not understand Latin; he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself."

Frederick William.

"As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after an examination to which I voluntarily consented."

The young man thus ended his story, and our readers can easily imagine the rest. We need only add that our hero made an excellent dean; and for many years held the living of P—.

In conclusion we were bound to state that the above anecdote, as history is true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still, we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier, might not desire the story to be publicly known, in connection with themselves.

Worth Knowing.

Some of the papers have had a graphic recommending the use of *St. Raphael's* in the case of scalds and burns. A gentleman at Dayton has testified to his satisfaction. He says—

"While at the supper table, a little child which was seated in its mother's lap, suddenly grasped a cup of hot tea, severely scalding its left hand and arm—I immediately brought a pan of flour, and plucked the arm into it, covering entirely the parts scalded with flour. The effect was truly remarkable; the pain was gone immediately. I then bandaged the arm loosely, applying a piece of flannel to the skin, and the following morning there was not the least sign that the child had been scalded—neither did the child suffer the least pain after the application of the flour."

Reader, do you bear this little fact in mind, if a similar occasion offers. We have ourselves experienced the soothing effects of water flour, years ago. A water rash broke out under the arm, the effect of heat and sweat in the field, and having nothing else at hand, we rubbed some flour on it. It alleviated the pain at once, and, as we think, was the cause of its healing speedily. We can readily perceive, after this personal trial of its virtues, that the above statement of the Dayton gentleman is not an exaggeration.—*Old Farmer.*

NANKIN.—A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in the course of an article on the manœuvre in China, gives this sketch of Nankin—

"This city, which contains more than half a million of inhabitants, has three the circumference of Paris; but amidst its deserted streets are found large parks turned up by the plough, and the great grows upon the quays to which a triple line of shipping was formerly moored. It is situated in an immense plain, surrounded by canals. In the district is a network of rivers and navigable waterways, lined with willows, and the river in the province of Nankin, gives the river canals from which a large quantity of cotton flour is obtained. There also is raised a great quantity of rice consumed in the province of Nankin; and in the vicinity of Nankin, the richest gam in the diadem of the Heaven. Nothing is so common as to give an idea of its vastness, by the plain of France, the river is very fertile, and produces an abundance of rice. The soil is very rich, and the climate is very healthy."