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Choice Poetry.

THE MASKED BATTERY.

BY MEANDER MILES.

"Buy a badge, sir!" said the boy, as he held them in his hand—
The war worn, silent face of Grant, the Horatian visage bland.
"Buy badge! A quarter takes one. That's cheap, sir, all allow;
Kin hav yer choice of either—everybody wears 'em now."
Bill smiled and showed his empty sleeve—"That's all the badge I want."
"That's so! you'll do to travel, Cap—I bet you vote for Grant.
And off he started, singing, "Here's badges, take yer choice, Repub'or Reb., I suits 'em all, a quarter is the price."

Bill turned round kind of thoughtful: "Old sport, you don't forget
Eleven years ago last June, the day Bull Run was fit?
Side an' side we stood ez we do now, and each hez left behind
A trifle, just an arm or leg, to keep the day in mind.
The sun blazed hot—the' we lay cool, jest back o' that ere wood,
An' filled ourselves with blackberries, I swear they tasted good.
We listened to the firin' ez the roar 'od sink an' swell,
An' wondered when our turn 'od come to give the rebels h—ll.

"How that feller spurred his horse, fairly white with sweat an' foam,
Az he rid up to the Cornel, we knew that it hed come.
They didn't have to tell us, fur we jumped up to our feet,
An' o'mannest formed into ranks before the drum was beat;
Then we got the touch of elbows an' look into we wheeled,
An' started off at double quick toward the fatal field.
'Tell yew makes a chap feel pallsh, getting near that devlish rack;
But I guess tho' thar we'rn't one of us that felt like getting back.

"Nobody spoke a word till we got beyond the ridge,
An' turned upon the road that led down to the bridge;
'Twas open thar, an' we could see the blue smoke tew our right,
An' a few stray shots whizzed past us like skedaddlers from the fight.
A little ways ahead of us—ass—that arm gave me a twitch—
Thar was a heap of stuff piled up, leaves, cedar brush an' sich;
It lay up in a corner whar the road jest tuk a turn,
A pile sich ez a farmer 'od gather up to burn.

"The cedar boughs looked green 'an fresh—I mind that Jim Fitch sed
He'd like an armful of 'em that night to make a bed.
The real Virginny feathers—easy—ef you pinck 'em right;
He wa'nt the only one that had a bed near 'em that night.
On we went, a little faster, twenty, thirty rod or more,
When all at onct that heap burst out into a blaze an' roar.
A sothin' knocked my gun away, the blood began to spurt,
An I jest remember hearin' you say, 'Bill, by gosh, I'm hurt.'

"Tain't no use stringin' on it out, yew know ez well ez me
The way we lost that battle, an' what rebel prisons be;
An' yew wonder mebbe, why it fs I talk about it now;
'Twas that boy with the badges I a'spose that made me flow.
Fur when I hear them Greeley men an' watch the crowd they're in,
It somehow brings up tew my mind all these old thoughts again;
An' that mock lookin' heap of leaves it seems to me I see,
With the skulkin' rebs behind it an' the durned masked battery."

Select Story.

THE CHEMIST'S STORY;
—OR,—
HOW JOE JOHNSON WAS HUNG.

I am a chemist. Many, doubtless, would find it difficult to define what the duties of a chemist are, if asked. To such, I say a chemist is a collector of facts. It is the business of his life to aid in the unmasking, for the benefit of mankind, the good and evil hovering even in the air we breathe, burrowing in the earth we tread, mingling with the food we eat, and swimming in the water we drink. Then, again, the law waits on the chemist. A human being has passed suddenly away. Somebody thinks there has been foul play. The chemist examines the body of the supposed victim. The law listens, hat in hand, to science. The suspected party trembles in anticipation. The occular lips of the chemist move; he names one out of the fearful lists of poisons. It is either strychnine, prussic acid, or that deadly oil of bitter almonds. The law then puts on its hat, takes the decision into court, and hangs the prisoner.

In short, the chemist must know the whys and wherefores of everything in the phenomena life, as far as feeble man can know. The composition of the ocean he must be familiar with; he must be able to name the gases of the air, and capable of resolving the human body itself into invisible vapors. I am the occupant of this responsible and important position in the medical college of P——.

It was about 11 o'clock on a stormy evening that I bade good night to my student, Tom Richards, at the door of my laboratory, and the south end of the college buildings.

"Good night, Professor," said Tom; "we are going to have a fall of hydrogen, oxygen, and a trace of saline."

Hydrogen and oxygen—in our nomenclature—is water.

"I hope," I said, in answer to Tom's playful words, "that it will not rain before I get home."

"Oh, no; it won't for an hour yet," said Tom.

"Then," I said, with a sigh, noticing that the mercury in my barometer was falling, a sign of a violent storm, "I shall certainly get wet."

Tom was very anxious to know what would keep me up after 12 o'clock, so I told him I was about to commence analyzing the stomach of a Mrs. Johnson, whose husband now lay in P—— jail, just across the road from the college, on suspicion that he was her murderer. Tom said that I had worked hard enough that day, and deserved the night to myself. He spoke the truth; still I had delayed examining the woman's stomach so long, and the trial was so near at hand, that I could not in conscience put off the examination further, although I had heard several classes recite at the different public schools in the morning; had delivered a lecture in the college proper that afternoon, another in the laboratory that evening, besides attending to my several duties as police surgeon during that day.

As Tom was passing out of the college yard through the gate, his head turned, bidding me good night, he brushed against a man standing with his back to the college and his face to the prison. The street lamp showed me that the man was in police uniform.

Re-entering my laboratory, I took down a glass jar from the shelf and sat down before my sink to examine it. The jar, which contained Mrs. Johnson's stomach, was covered by a cloth, duly tied with a string, and properly sealed with my official seal in red wax. Breaking through the cloth, I lifted the stomach out with my dissecting hook and laid it on a white platter before me; then became busily employed in applying those tests to its contents by which we detect the presence of injurious substances.

An hour had passed since the departure of young Richards. I had carefully emptied the contents of the stomach into a number of bowls and basins. I had labored hard to discover traces of poison in all this, but had been unsuccessful. Joe Johnson, the suspected man, had been a student of mine a few years before. I had thought him a good-hearted, intelligent fellow, only a little wild, and really began to hope that he might prove innocent; when, among the macerated food, I came upon a small, infinitessimal, white grain. By careful manipulation and the use of my magnifying glass, I managed to get this upon a piece of smoked glass and examine it.

I was then certain I had discovered arsenic, but to make assurance doubly sure, I determined to apply a well-known test for poison. Accordingly, I placed in the woman's stomach the usual acids, and then turned on the blowpipe flame, and presently there appeared the brilliant metallic mark, worthy of Cain's brow, which is the sign and signet of the poison found.

"Yes," I exclaimed, as I saw the fatal blazon, "Joe Johnson is the murderer of his wife! With the evidence of that mark to back me, no power can save him from the rope."

"Do you really think so?" said a calm voice behind me.

I turned quickly and discovered, a tall, lank policeman, having red, weak and watery eyes, standing at my office door and staring in. His body looked as if it had been rolled out long between his hands, like a molasses candy stick. His nose was merely an elongated fleshy pug, and his forehead was decorated with two red streaks instead of eyebrows. He had no expression at all in his face, and his policeman's hat was so large that it threatened to settle down on his shoulders. His uniform reassured me, and I addressed him with some impatience.

"My friend, I suppose I am wanted to attend an inquest, or what is your purpose?"

"No, Doctor, the man ain't dead yet."

"Anything in the surgical way?"

I was Police Surgeon as well as Coroner.

"No."

"Well, then, why am I sent for at this time of night?"

"Don't bother, Perfesser; the man ain't dead yet, but they say he will be before morning."

"Are doctors attending him?"

"Oh, he's in good hands, Perfessor."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, said the official, "some folks say he's got so much knowledge into him that he can't live under it."

"Cerebral disorder, eh?"

"What?" asked the man.

"Brain disorder, I mean; something wrong here."

I touched my forehead, and so did he, as he said: "Aye; and I thought I'd drop in and tell you, if you was going to the station to-morrow, to take a look and see if it's *post mortem* or not. Besides, I wanted to see where I could always find you in case of need."

I bowed, and attributed his visit to a feeling of curiosity. He sat on the sink, one rubber foot thrown over the other, and wiping his nose with a dirty handkerchief several times, while his eyes wandered about like Christopher Columbus after discoveries. Finally, he spoke like one who is called upon to say something.

"Perfesser, there has been an accident this afternoon; terrible too."

"Ah," said I.

"Awful!" said he.

"What was it?"

"Nitro-glycerine explosion up in the iron mills—a hundred fellow mortals bursted!"

"Sad!"

"Affecting, very." Here he rubbed his mouth with the back of his hand. "Perfesser, what is that nitro-glycerine?"

"It is a very dangerous article," I answered, happy to display my knowledge. "It has nearly twice the destructiveness of gunpowder, but, unlike it, does not explode on the application of heat. A red-hot coal dropped into it will not explode it. It will freeze. It is yellow and greasy. Its symbols in our nomenclature are C8.115 (No. 3) 3, O6."

"You don't mean to say so!" said the officer, interrupting me, in disagreeable tones, in the very middle of a choice extract from one of my lectures. "Why, but you haven't told me how it does go off. If fire won't burst it, what in—(hem)—will?"

I told him if it were pressed, or anything fell on it, it would explode.

"Place it under the crusher of a cider mill, strike it with a hammer, let a weight fall on it from a height—"

"Yes," said my man, "and that rouses its volcanner, does it?" how does it come, Perfesser?"

"In little cans—why, like these!" said I, discovering that there was a little can of it on the marble sink, which I had carelessly neglected to replace in the cellar. I then took a little of the glycerine, spread it on an anvil, and struck it with a hammer.

A slight explosion and a flame burst from the paper.

"No, really," said the policeman, starting back. "I suppose, Perfesser, that 'ere can would make a mighty big noise, if allowed to explode in here all at once?"

"It would blow the entire building to atoms," said I, resuming the analysis of Mrs. Johnson's stomach.

"No!" I heard the policeman remark, in deliberate Yankee tones; "you don't say so!"

The next moment I lay on my back, a gag in my mouth, terribly frightened and sick at heart. Over me stood the policeman, and the first thing that functionary did was—looking me straight in the face—to take off his nose. He then rid himself of his red eyebrows, hair and cap, and became a determined looking fellow, with the eyes of a fiend and the nose of a Roman.

"So you think," said the metamorphosed, in the tones of a gentleman, "that nothing can save Joe Johnson from the rope? Poor fellow! it does look like it. But, my dear Professor, Joe Johnson is fortunate enough to have in me a devout friend, as well as brother. I have undertaken to save him, and he shall be saved. In order to accomplish this end, it will be necessary to remove from the face of the earth not only the stomach of his miserable wife yonder, but also, my dear Professor—I'm sorry to be obliged to say it, for I believe you were my brother's teacher and friend—yourself as well." I saw that he was in deadly earnest.

"Your death must apparently result from accident—at least, so it must seem to the authorities. My brother is in jail, and they will not suspect him, and they certainly will not suspect me."

What terrible deed was in his brain hatching? Was he going to murder me? The hard-earned knowledge of a score of years I would have given for power to utter one single cry. He took me in his arms and placed me in a chair, and bound me to it, and then from a side pocket he produced another rope.

Was it myself who was to hang instead of Johnson?

No; yes. He placed the line pully-like over an arm of a hanging chandelier. This was altogether too slight a support even for one of my slender frame. It was not to be hanging, then. To one end of the rope he attached a weight, and raised it, by pulling the other, six or eight feet from the floor. The loose end he secured to the sink. Was he mad? Did he mean to draw me under this weight and send me out of the world in a novel way, by letting it fall and dash my brains out? To the sink he attached a long, yellow string. Under the weight, on the floor, he placed the can of nitro-glycerine; I recognized the yellow string; it was a fuse, and it would burn in sixty minutes. It would run across the marble slab—there was no hope of igniting any substance that would warn my friends.

"Do you begin to see through it?" asked Joe Johnson's brother.

I believe I cursed him with my eyes. I could only breathe through my nostrils, and great veins were swelling and growing hot in my forehead.

Drawing a match from his pocket, he lighted and applied it to the fuse; that little tyrant that gave a man an hour to live, and kill him at the end of it—that little irresponsible terror that, less merciful than Providence, told the man the second he was to die, if fright and horror spared it to himself. Slowly the flames crept, snake-like, around the twine.

"In one hour," said the prisoner's brother, "you will be in heaven or hell. I will watch with you for half an hour, and the other half you will spend alone."

He sat down some minutes in a chair, watching the flame. Then he arose and took a piece of porcelain, with the murderer's name thereon, from the table and shook his head gloomily.

"I am chemist enough to know it is arsenic," he said. "Yes, those bright metallic eyes, a betrayal of the guilty! Science, thou wouldst kill my brother—thou shalt save him. Let us see in whose hand thou art most powerful. Here is a man who, by thy aid, bids the poison sprite uprise and write in brilliant characters a foul confession on this piece of porcelain. But behold, O, science! It is no sooner written than by the word the whole confession and thy chosen servant are annihilated. Let the good Professor use his chemicals; the bad brother only asks a little can of nitro-glycerine."

I heard this speech, indeed; but great heavens! it was my eyes and not my ears that were busiest then; for beneath the table, covered with a crimson cloth, and which I faced, appeared the face of a child. The hair was rumpled, and the blue eyes were just opening from sleep. The intelligent forehead was wrinkled strangely. It was my boy Billy. I was afraid he would cry "papa." If he did, the implacable man would add the murder of the child to the murder of the father.

But my boy did none of this. He had, I suppose, crept under the table unknown to me, and had fallen asleep there. I tried to tell the little fellow to hide again and wait for the final half hour, when my tormentor would be gone. Whether he understood me or not, aided by what he heard, I do not know, but he quickly withdrew his little head, first kissing his little hand lightly at me, and then shaking his fist at the schemer watching so belligerently his dumb fire agents.

The half hour wore slowly away. O, heavens! what agony did I suffer? Not for myself, but for my child. A slight noise might discover his presence; the match might run its tether sooner than was expected; he might be murdered or blown to atoms.

The fuse burned on—on. The half hour is up. The brother of the murderer rises to go. Joy!

"Commit your soul to God's keeping," he said. "You hold the evidence of my brother's guilt—nothing can save you now."

With that he turned to take his hat from off the table covered with the crimson cloth, beneath which hid my priceless boy. Something attracted his attention! He held out his hands and leaned forward. I thought he had discovered my boy. No; he was lifting something in either hand—the wires of the electric battery. In another instant my boy had leaped from under the table, and was turning the crank fast and furiously.

The murderer's brother was in the power of my boy. He could not drop the wires; he was helpless. How my boy cried for help! The old college rung with his voice. The prisoner's brother added his voice to my boy's in his agony. He begged, he beseeched—all his nerves were racked—great waves of galvanism leaped, surged, trembled and jarred over every sensitive nerve and fibre. Still my boy was inflexible, and shouted and turned faster. Unperceived upon the marble, in track of the burning fuse, was a pool of inflammable oil. In an instant a great length burned away. It would hast just five minutes, and no more!

"Father!" shouted my boy, "if no assistance comes, this villain must die with us. I dare not let him free. Help! help! help!"

Alas! I could not answer him.

Thank God! But some one else did. The fuse is burnt up. The rope is on fire—the nitro-glycerine! The door opens; Tom Richardson, on a midnight visit to the sick, has heard the cry; he comprehends all; seizes the can in his hand; the weight descends indeed, but not on the death-dealing oil. No; down it goes, through the office floor—down, down, like an evil spirit, to give back a dull metallic echo from the stones of the cellar beneath.

We are saved!

Joe Johnson, the prisoner, was hanged; but his brother remains unpunished by the law, for he stabbed himself with a knife, and thus escaped the hangman's rope.

Miscellany.

CAMPAIGN SONGS.

AIR—"*Star-Spangled Banner.*"

Oh, who is the man, who in peace as in war,
By deeds, not by words, has won honor and station?
Who the flag of his country triumphantly bore,
And saved, with his legions, the life of the nation!
Who, as brave and as blunt, in the battle's fierce brunt,
Throughout the stern struggle was always in front?
'Tis Grant, our great soldier; oh, long may he live,
To be crowned with all the honors his country can give!

Who finished the fight, and still stood in the van,
With peace in his heart at the war's bloody ending,
And proved that a soldier is also a man,
Ay mercy with victory tenderly blending?
Though helpless his foe, he allowed him to go,
And bound up the wound that still flowed from his blow.
'Tis Grant, our great soldier; oh, long be his days
In the land that still crowns him with honor and praise!

Again he will lead our battallions to war,
Though peaceful's the contest that now we are waging
Between freedom and slavery, now as before.
But with weapons of peace is the battle still raging.
Our cause is so pure, that the victory's sure,
And freedom with Union shall ever endure,
When we're led by our soldier; oh, long may he lead
The people whose millions his prowess has freed!

TONY LUMPKIN.

In his admirable vignette portrait drawn of Mr. Greeley in the letter to some colored Bostonians, R. H. Dana, Jr., says of the Tammany candidate:

"He is generally admitted to be vain, inpractical, loquacious, open to flattery, easily intimidated, easily deceived as to men, and intensely desirous of office. *And, while I have never regarded his hat and his trousers as strong arguments for or against him, there is no reason why we should shut our eyes to the fact that he is whimsical, affected, boorish, and profane.*"

We believe that nothing has given such deep offense, has been so keenly resented by Mr. Greeley's political friends as this charge of personal slovenliness. When Harper's *Weekly* ventured to object to the *Tribune* Philosopher's old white hat and pantaloons tucked into his boots, the Gracchi of the Democratic press were terribly wrothy at what they called Mr. Curtis' rose-water fastidiousness. Who but a snob would cavil at such things? Since when had it become un-Republican to wear a seedy coat and not to black one's boots? Wasn't this a free country?

Now, it is a generally recognized rule of society that its members must conform to conventional usages to a reasonable degree, whether in dress or manner. Even the Tahitians concede it, for they invariably put on their breeches on approaching a European's house, though they still continue to take them off and hang them round their necks when out of sight. No one disputes the right of wearing unsightly hats and shabby clothes in the abstract; while at home or in the woods, they may be worn without reproach; but it is an impertinence to carry rustic and eccentric habits into the heart of a civilized community. If Mr. Greeley chooses to dwell for a year or so among the Comanche Indians, he does well to adopt their paint, wampum, and scalp-adorned moccasins; but the instant he returns to New York, he is bound to resume its costume and conform with its usages. By refusing to do it he invites censure, and gives society a right to point its fingers at him. Louis Philippe gained nothing by appearing in the streets of Paris in a seedy coat, baggy trowsers, unstarched neckcloth, with a large umbrella, like that of Sairey Gamp, tucked under his arm. There are, of course, exceptions—privileged persons, such as a Diogenes, or a Rousseau, who may set society at defiance; but it forgives to them what will not be pardoned in John Smith or George Brown. As a rule, distinguished and really great men have, however, been remarkably careful of their personal appearance. Alcibiades lounged into the Angora with doves in his bosom and scented with the costliest perfumes. Julius Cæsar, even in dying, did not forget to arrange the folds of his toga in a becoming manner. Augustus wore a laurel crown to hide the scantiness of his locks. Lord Petersham had his coat, Count D'Orsay his hat, Blucher and Wellington their boots. In fact, a slovenly great man is a paradox. The greatest warriors, statesmen, philosophers, etc., were dandyish. The old nobles used to dress for battle as we do for a ball. When somebody sneered at the belaced dress of the household brigade, Wellington said: "These coxcombs are my best fighters."

It is therefore impossible—as Dana, Jr., observes—"to shut our eyes to the fact" that Mr. Greeley is "whimsical, affected, and boorish," a thorough-paced Tony Lumpkin. To be a sloven is no proof of genius; on the contrary, it is the evidence of a badly balanced mind.—*Chicago Paper.*

THE feat of "Herr Holtum, the Prussian Hercules," who is astonishing the British by catching a ball fired from a cannon, is said to be neither novel nor difficult. The fact is that about two ounces of powder are placed in the gun, then the ball is rammed home, then the balance of the charge is put in. When the gun is fired all the powder is ignited, and the flash, smoke, and report are orthodox, but the ball receives propulsion only from the small quantity of powder behind it, and is thrown but a very few feet. So accurately could the force be estimated, that at an experiment in England in 1846, a 12-pound ball was thrown against a board fence so as to leave a slight dent on it without knocking it down.

A BOHEMIAN biped, writing on gentlemen's fashions, says: "Never wear paper collars; they suggest poor credit with the washerwoman." We can see clean through this fellow's little dodge. He can't fool us. As soon as his statement is seen, the reader is expected to pitch all his paper collars out of the window, when this Bohemian goes around, gathers them up, and wears them himself! It beats the counterfeit-money-saw-dust dodge all to pieces.

SPONTANEOUS combustion is now thought to originate in electricity.

{*From the Toledo Blade.*}

THE NASBY LETTERS.

Mr. Nasby Goes Forward to Arrange—His Experience—His Conclusions as to the Profits of the Tour.

CHAPPAQUA, (which is in the State uv Noo York,) Sept. 29, 1872.

I am here safe at Chappaqua, and I am glad uv it. I don't live here ex high ex I did on the road, but to offset that, I hevn't the grindin anxieties. And things is better here than at first. I wuz, at the first, terribly afeerd uv Greeley's intense temperance principles, and wuz afeerd to take a drink in his presence, but his poisihen on likker is modified, the same ef it is on the tariff. He sez he is a inflexible temperance man yit but he is willin that it shel be left to the people uv the Congresshnal desstriks. "You are uv the people," sed he, "and the question hez not bin passed upon." I drink, therfore, with freedom.

At the time I left the party at Pittsburg, it wuz decided that we shood visit the Industriel Exposishen at Cincinnati, the same at Louisville, and return thence quietly and unostentashusly by the way uv Nashville, Memfis, St. Louis, Injeanapolis, Cleveland, and then throo Pennsylvany. Our toor bein one uv observashen uv industry, we proposed to go quietly, and without regard to politikle effect. The grate and good Greeley is opposed to candidates goin about seekin ovashens, and makin speeches for votes, from pallis cars, ez the tyrant and despot Grant duz.

Ez our rout lay throo the Cross Roads, I felt it a dooty I owed the party uv Peace and Reconciliashen to go ahed and prepare the way. I hastened to Looisville, and from ther struck south; I notified the Dimocrisy uv every stashen wat to do, reservin the Cross Roads for my own hands.

I found my little flock in condishen to do anything I wanted ez. We raked over the rooins uv the niggerskool house which hed bin burnt one nite six weeks ago, and sodded the place all over nicely. The post on wich we hed bin in the habit uv hangin niggers, we sawed off, and whitewashed it, convertin it into a most bland, innocent and consiliatory hitchin post, and we positively forbid any uv our people from offerin any indignity to our Northern feller-citizens till after the Presidenshel cavalcade hed passed throo.

So much for the Cross-Roads. Now the pint wuz to git up a proper consilliatory spectacle to greet the sage at the depo at Secessionville, our railroad stashen. I hed the Confedrit flags all taken down, and Union flags put in ther places. The depo happened to be the place uv meetin uv our Ku-Klux, and I hed the masks and sich taken out and put in a safe place, so that ef we fail politikally, they kin be wher they kin be got at immejitly agin, and I made sich other changes ez sejested therselves to a muskeler intellect to put the place in shape for a impressive seen when the Presidenshel train shood pass. I hed a tablo arranged. I hired four niggers, at $5 a piece, to stand on the platform in a attitood, with Issaker Gavitt, Kernel McPelter, Bascom and Deekin Pogram a clappin hands with em, while I solemly waved the Star-Spangled Banner over em, smilin sweetly over the cam and peceeful condishen uv things.

The day arrived, and the niggers and our men wuz promptly on hand. The toot uv the engine wuz herd in the cut above the stashen, and the tablo was organized. I hed em in a semi-circle, I standin jist behind em, with Mellissy Pogram and several uv our young ladies jist back uv me on benches a smilin approvinly. It wuz a tetchin tablo. The train come in, and ez it stopped, I yelled, "Three cheers for Horris Greeley, the grate Pasificator!"

"Wat in thunder is this all about?" sed the conducter.

"Wher is Greeley?" I demanded, a cold swet brakin out all over me.

"He changed hiz mind, and went to Injeanapolis," sed the conducter.

"Aint he aboard the train?" demanded Issaker.

"No!"

"Nor none uv his party?"

"No."

"Take that, you black cuss," sed Issaker, strikin his colored frend with whom he hed bin clasp-in hands, a blow wich wood hev felled a mule. "Take that, d—n you. Ef Greeley aint a comin, thing is precisely ez they wuz."

And Deekin Pogram, seezin the flag out uv my hands, nocked another uv em over with the staff, and afore I cood prevent it, them four unfortunit colored brethren wuz pummeled out uv all semblance to ther naterel selves. Ther blood wuz up, and I coodent control em. Immejitly the old Confedrit flags wuz replaced, the Ku-Klux material wuz put back in its place, and Bascom tote me that they made it warm that nite for the niggers up toards Garrettsville. It wuz a most disastrous day for the coz.

But I don't know that it wuz any worse ther than it wuz all along the rout. We hed a haf dozen uv Noo York importers on board the train, and we dassent talk tariff in Pennsylvany for fear uv offendin them, tho he druv them off the train before he got to Pittsburg by abosin ther free trade ijees, and holdin up the benefits uv protecksheu to em. Comin into Pittsburg, the Grate Pasificator wuz a readin uv the Convenshun uv soljers then in seshen in that city, and the resoloosshens they passed to support Grant, and he become enraged and consekently muddled. In that condishen he got off a pershen uv a speech wich he hed prepared to yoose in Kentucky, aboosin the soljery and sich. In Cincinnati he denied wat he sed in Pittsburg, wich wood hev bin well of it wuzut for the cussed telegraph and the short hand reporters, on whose heds rest cusses. In Looisville he busted the entire North, and in Jeffersonville he went back on his anti-slavery noshens, wich is wat we took him up for, and in Easton, Pa., he bed the infernal indiscreeshen to go back on his protecshen ijees, without wich we are helpless in Pennsylvany.

To sum up the results uv the toor in form, (I am nothin if not akkrit,) we stand about ez follers:

1. Talkin protecksbun to the free traders, he hez driven them off.
2. Talkin, publicly, free-trade to the protecshunists, he hez driven them off.
3. Talkin aboose to the soljers at Pittsburg, he hez driven them off.
4. Talkin about the possibility uv his anti-slavery ijees bein a mistake, at Jeffersonville to Ablishnists, he hez driven them off.
5. Not bein a practiced drinker hisself among the convivialists, he hez driven them off.
6. Hevin me with him, and shovin my nose into the face uv the temperance people, he hez driven them off.

In short, all he hez left is my pekoolyer freends in the South, and the old stanch Copperheads in the North. He haint done nothin to offend them yit, but I am expectin every minit that he will say suthin to drive them off. I hed wunst a grate ijee uv Greeley, but that's all gone. His pride is that he is a self-made man, and come from nothin. I think he did, and the result is exactly wat mite be expected from the commencement. I never agin will attach myself to a talkin candidate. The tong is a unruly member, and its fricksben makes a consoomin fire.

I still hurrah for Greeley, for I git three square meals a day with him, but the prospeck uv ever gittin into that Post Offis, grows dimmer and dimmer. I ain't encouraged. The grate and good Greeley feels safe becoz the people turned out to see him at the stashens; but good Hevens! don't the anshent innocent know that a two-hedded calf allus draws the biggest crowds? Men go miles to see a monstrosity, when they woodn't go a rod to see a handsome, Appelo-like man like myself. I'm sick and weary uv life, and wish I wuz a nun.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

(Wich wuz Postmaster, and wich hopes to be agin.)

MR. THOMAS HUXLEY is credited with this sharp utterance on spiritualism: "The only good that I can see in a demonstration of the truth of 'spiritualism' is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing sweeper than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a seance. I am, &c."

ONE ought every day, says Goethe, at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words.

IN the State library at Albany, N. Y., are the very papers that were found in the boot of Major Andre, and which led to his conviction as a spy.

THE modest Swinsheim says; "God and I are a majority against a thousand such worlds as this."

THE OLD MAN GOES FOR GRANT.

BY JOHN R. TATES.

We've had another meetin' at the school-house on the hill,
And cheers for Grant and Wilson were given with a will;
There were young men, there were maidens, there were gray-haired mothers there,
And songs for Grant and Wilson filled with melody the air.

We came to the conclusion, in looking matters o'er,
That good old Horace Greeley and the *Tribune* are no more:
The Presidential dress sang a very pretty song,
And Horace put his white hat on and followed her along.

But he's tuck the wrong road, Betsey, I'm now, untrodden road:
The good things he has said of Grant will prove a heavy load:
But of all the heavy loads he carries, the heaviest will be
The load strapped on at Baltimore, called "evil company."

We're all poor cretura at the best, and apt to go astray
When great temptations find our path and chloe across our way:
My faith in human goodness grows weak—does almost fail—
When men like Horace Greeley bow down the knee to Baal.

We've tuck the *Tribune* many years—we farmers 'round the hill:
Once it was law and gospel, but 'tis now a bitter pill:
Because one man leaves principle, and everything that's good,
It doesn't stand to reason that all we farmers should.

No, Betsey. We go in for Grant, the war-tried, peace-tried man:
The one who routed rebels can rout this other clan.
When Grant went fightin' treason he never meant to fail,
And when he *hooped* the traitor *he didn't go her bail.*

Hurrah for Grant! hurrah for Grant!—don't call me crazy, wife:
I'm marching with Ulysses in the Presidential strife.
I can't vote many more times: my days are nearly through;
Hurrah for Grant, the leader of the boys who marched in blue!

A STORY FOR CHILDREN ABOUT HORACE GREELEY.

[From the Seneca Falls Courier.]

This is a picture of Horace Greeley. (Picture necessarily omitted. The reader will imagine a very sorry picture.) See how sad he looks. He is a very great man. He was once a poor editor. An editor is a man who lives on what other people owe him until he starves to death. Mr. Greeley did not starve, because he ate too much Graham bread. Do you love Graham bread? Sometimes Mr. Greeley would write pieces for the New York *Tribine.* He belonged to the New York *Tribune*, or the New York *Tribune* belonged to him, and I have forgotten which. The *Tribune* had a great many subscribers. A subscriber is a person who takes a paper, and he tells everybody else that he ought to subscribe. After he has "subscribed" about seven years, the editor writes to him and asks him to let him have $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents), and then the subscriber writes back to the editor and tells him not to send his old paper any more, for there is nothing in it; and then the poor editor goes and starves some more.

Now I will tell you about Mr. Greeley. He used to wrap up strawberry plants and beets and things in his paper, and send them to subscribers. His paper was "not an organ," so you see it would hold a great many plants. Mr. Greeley had heard that any poor boy might be President of the United States, and have plenty of money, and buy Alaska diamonds and St. Domingoes and things, so he used to sit and think how he might become President. Then he would scratch his head. He did not have any hair on his head, like you and I, so he soon made his head very sore, and the people used to call him the great sore head, and then Mr. Greeley would say, "You lie, you villian, you lie!" There were a great many men besides Mr. Greeley who itched all over in spots to be President, or Governor, or constable, or something else that God never intended them to be.

These men were all very sorry when they saw Mr. Greeley's head, and they said, "let us make him President, and maybe the poor head will get well." So they got together, "without regard to country, creed, or color, politics or religion," and they called themselves "Democratic-Republicans," which is a Greek word, and means, "anything to get at the treasury." The Treasury is a large building at Washington, where all the gold belonging to the United States is kept until there is a "corner" in Wall street. You don't know what a "corner" is, my children, and I will not make you unhappy by telling you.

Well, as I was saying, all the people got together at a place called Cincinnati, where they pack a good deal of pork, and they all agreed that Mr. Greeley was a good man, because he did not have any religion, and that he was a great man, because he did not know any politics, and would make a good President, as he would not have any of those things to bother him. So they told him to dress himself up nice, and to black his boots, and "swing around the circle." You love to swing, do you not, children? Mr. Greeley was like a child in a great many things. He loved to play about the garden among the rhubarb, and cabbage, and guano, etc., and catch Democrats in his large white hat. A Democrat is a fowl that eats crow until it is gorged, and is then easily caught by Mr. Greeley. But, alas, it made Mr. Greeley very sick to swing, and it made all these wicked men sick that told him to go and "swing," and they all wept, and said: "Don't you all know how sick it made 'Old Mr. Johnson' to 'swing around the circle?'" But Mr. Greeley said: "You are always saddest when I swing," and went on swinging, and his head got sorer all of the time, and he got raving crazy, and his friends did know whether he was Horace Greeley or Daniel Pratt or George Francis Train! My children, the moral of this sad story is, if any good little boy wants to be President of these United States, he must never "swing around the circle."

A "STRAYED-OUT."

This Month.

It is October. The woods are all one flash of flame. The maple trees go praffked in gay gauds. Crimson nods to scarlet, and orange to the new Bismark. Gold comes down in showers, and the heavens are all lapis lazuli.

The swamps are in an indefinite commotion with the waving of their feathery tamaracks. Here a pale green tuft; there a faint yellow spray. Now and again, a sturdy spruce, near the earth broad enough, but somewhere in the sky, ending in a needle.

Squirrels, tails up, skim along the fences, partridges flutter, whiz, out of gun-shot. Ragged monkeys of gamins climb around and feed on nuts. There is a haze—the spell of a wizzard—on the mountains, far and near. Pumpkin pies are in the larder.

You hasten to the enchanted plates. You snuff the invigorating air. You are blown about by wonderful wind that comes laden with every season's best and choicest. You march across the uplands. You dally in the valleys. You fall in with little sour purple grapes. You half bury yourself in the fragrant, brilliant leaves. Life is worth living. The earth is ever young. The pulses beat, the step bounds, the heart leaves care leagues behind.

Fog comes up in a vast winding-sheet. White frost nips your garden. You find yourself in a state of blue and purple chatter, with shivers setting in.

Rain it seems to promise; wind it certainly is; hail it is almost sure to be, and every old weather-cock in the neighborhood crows snow.

Doors slam. The chimneys begin to wail, and the key-holes whistle. Withered leaves whirl past the window, and bare brown branches fan against the panes.

Patter, patter; drip, drip; slough, slough; splash, splash.

No stoves up. Spasmodic sneezing, wheezing not unknown. Croaking, confidently looked for. Growing greatly muffled, sensation of being stuffed, but one eye somewhat out of repair.

You resign yourself to catarrh. The aboriginal element is traditionary, and you demand blankets. You submit to goose's grease. You no longer object to No. 6. Bales of pocket-handkerchiefs. Cords of red flannel. A charitable mind sees to your gruel, and you are assured that, once between the blankets, your feet shall know the solace of hot bricks.—*Titusville Press.*

MEN trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precepts is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of examples is summary and effectual. —Seneca.

MARK TWAIN is reported as saying that "one of General Sherman's smiles cracked a saucer on the table; he smiled again, and smash went a plate."

TILSIT AND BERLIN.

While reading the glowing accounts of the imperial meeting at Berlin, the student of history cannot avoid remembering a somewhat similar event which transpired a little more than sixty five years ago. In the early days of July, 1807, Napoleon, Emperor of France, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, and Frederick William, King of Prussia, met at the little town of Tilsit, on the left bank of the Niemen, to settle the affairs of Europe—not "on the basis of Sadowa and Sedan," but in accordance with the decision rendered by Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau and Friedland. The Prussian monarch then occupied almost the same position as a high contracting power that Francis Joseph does now. The terrible campaign of 1806 had literally prostrated him at feet of the Corsican conqueror, and there was no alternative left but to accept such terms as were offered, and hide his chagrin and humiliation with the best grace possible. In the festivities which signalized the conclave of crowned heads, he played a subordinate part. It was observed that while at the grand reviews, Napoleon and Alexander rode side by side in earnest and friendly conversation, Frederick William usually followed in the rear alone, gloomy and downcast, with none so poor as to do him reverence. Whenever practicable he withdrew altogether from such exquisite mortification to him, and waited patiently for the promulgation of the edict he was powerless to prevent or control. That edict was the famous treaty between France and Prussia, signed on the 9th of July, 1807. By its provisions Prussia recognized the Kings of Holland, Naples, and Westphalia, and the confederation of the Rhine; agreed to all the concessions proposed in the Franco-Russian treaty ratified two days before, and other alienations of territory, amounting to nearly half her dominions; consented to the exclusion of the commerce of Great Britain from her harbors, and to the occupation of the kingdom by the French until an enormous indemnity had been paid. Russia was handled much more delicately; indeed, the Czar obtained substantial advantages at the expense of poor Prussia, and in consideration of aiding and abetting Napoleon in his gigantic designs. The open treaty of the 7th of July, was fair enough upon its face, but what are known as the "secret clauses" were fraught with tremendous consequences—the most of which, however, were averted by the unexpected changes of the next five years. By these secret clauses Napoleon agreed to resign to Russia the empire of the East—with the exception of Roumelia and Constantinople—and Russia consented to the acquisition of the Spanish peninsula by France; to make common cause with Napoleon against England, and compel Sweden, Denmark and Portugal to join the alliance. Napoleon furthermore promised to allow Russia to work her will with Poland, and do nothing to increase the power of the duchy of Warsaw. In addition to this written agreement there was a verbal understanding of even greater importance, to this effect: The months of the Cattaro, the Ionian Islands, Sicily, Malta, Egypt and the Papal dominions, were to be taken by France; also Greece, Macedonia, Dalmatia and the Adriatic coasts, when Turkey was divided—while Russia was to obtain the balance of Turkey and all of Finland.

The two imperial robbers exchanged titles, decorations, &c.—just as William, Francis Joseph and Alexander are now doing at Berlin—and parted with fond embraces and mutual pledges of fidelity. All this in 1807. In 1812 Napoleon struck the key-note of ruin in the disastrous march to Moscow;