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Choice Poetry.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER.

A Farm Ballad.

BY WILL CARLETON.

If the weary world is willing, I've a little word to say.
Of a lightning-rod dispenser that dropped down on me one day.
With a poem in his motions, with a sermon in his mien,
With hands as white as lilies, and a face uncommon clean.
No wrinkle had his vestments, and his linen glistened white,
And his new-constructed neck-tie was an interesting sight;
While I almost wish his razor had made red that white-skinned throat,
And the new-co nstructed neck-tie had composed a hangman's knot,
Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my womenfolks to see,
And his rip-saw tongue a buzzin', for to gouge a gash in me.

But I couldn't help but like him—as I always think I must,
The gold of my own doctrines, in a fellow-heap of dust;
When I fired my own opinions at this person round by round,
They drew an answering volley, of a very similar sound.
I touched him on religion, and the hopes my heart had known;
He said he'd had experiences quite similar of his own.
I told him of the doubtin's that made dark my early years;
He had laid awake till morning with that same old breed of fears.
I told him of the rough path I had hoped to Heaven to go;
He was on that very ladder, only just a round below.
I told him of my visions of the sinfulness of gain;
He had seen the self-same picters, though not quite so clear and plain.
Our politics was different, and at first he galled and winced;
But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon convinced.

And 'twas getting toward the middle of a hungry Summer day;
There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he stay!
And he sat him down among us, everlastin' trim and neat,
And asked a short, crisp blessing, almost good enough to eat;
Then he fired up on the mercies of our Great Eternal Friend,
And gave the Lord Almighty a good first-class recommend;
And for full an hour we listened to the sugar-coated scamp,
Talking, like a blessed angel—eating, like a—blasted tramp.

My wife, she liked the stranger, smiling on him warm and sweet;
(It always flatters women, when their guests are on the eat.)
And he hinted that some ladies never lose their early charms,
And kissed her latest baby, and received it in his arms.
My sons and daughters liked him, for he had progressive views,
And chewed the quid of fancy, and give down the latest news;
And I couldn't help but like him; as I fear I always must
The gold of my own doctrines, in a fellow-heap of dust.

He was spreading desolation through a piece of apple-
When he paused and looked upon us, with a tear in his off eye,
And said: "O, happy family!—your blessings make me sad;
You call to mind the dear ones that in happier days I had;
A wife as sweet as this one; a babe as bright and fair;
A little girl with ringlets, like that one over there.
I worshipped them too blindly!—my eyes with love were dim;
God took them to His own heart, and now I worship Him.
But had I not neglected the means within my way,
They might still be living, and loving me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest; the thunder-peals were dire;
The clouds that tramped above us were shooting balls of fire;
In my own house, I, lying, was thinking, to my blame,
How little I had guarded against those shafts of flame.
When, crash!—through roof and ceiling, the deadly lightning cleft,
And killed my wife and children, and only I was left.

"Since that dread time, I've wandered, and naught for life have cared,
Save to save others' loved ones, whose lives have yet been spared;
Since then, it is my mission, where'er by sorrow tossed,
To sell to virtuous people good lightning-rods at cost.
With sure and strong protection, I'll clothe your buildings o'er;
Twill cost you fifty dollars, (perhaps a trifle more;)
What little else it comes to, at lowest price I'll put,
(You signing this agreement to pay so much per foot.)"

I signed it, while my family all approving stood about;
He dropped a tear upon it—(but it didn't blot it out!)
That very day, with wagons came some men, both great and small;
They climbed upon my buildings, just as if they owned 'em all;
They hacked 'em and they hewed 'em, much against my loud desires;
They trimmed 'em up with gewgaws, and they bound 'em down with wires;
They trimmed 'em and they wired 'em, and they trimmed an' wired 'em still,
And every precious minute kept a-running up the bill.

My soft-spoke guest a-seeking, did I rave and rush and run;
He was supping with a neighbor, just a three-mile further on.
"Do you think," I shrieked, "that I want a mile o' wire,
To save each separate hay-cock out o' Heaven's consumin' fire,
Do you think, to keep my buildin's safe from some uncertain harm,
I'm goin' to deed you over all the balance of my farm!"

He looked up, quite astonished, with a face devoid of guile,
And he pointed to the contract, with a re-assuring smile,
It was the first occasion that he disagreed with me;
But he held me to that paper with a firmness sad to see;
And for that thunder-story, ere the rascal finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.

And if any lightnin'-rodder wants a dinner-dialogue
With the restaurant depar tment of an enterprisin' dog,
Let him set his mill a-runnin' just inside my outside gate,
And I'll bet two hundred dollars that he won't have long to wait.

Select Story.

UP IN A BALLOON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN ROSSEAU.

I.

There happened, not long ago, in one of the last ascensions of the very celebrated and fortunate aeronaut, M. Godard, the following intensely dramatic incident. This recital is absolutely true from the first words to the last:

On that day, three weeks since, M. Godard had but one travelling companion—a wealthy private gentleman, who, for his half in the perils of the excursion, paid 1,000 francs. The weather could not have been more auspicious. From the start the balloon rose rapidly to a moderate height.

"What is the effect upon you?" asked M. Godard of his companion.

"None," laconically.

"I compliment you," said the aeronaut. "You are the first I have ever known to reach this height without emotion."

"Continue to ascend," waved the traveller, with magnificent phlegm.

Ballast was thrown out. The balloon rose 100 yards.

"And now," asked Godard, "does your heart throb?"

"Not the slightest," with an air that was born of impatience.

"*Diable!* my friend, "you have the qualities of a real aeronaut."

II.

The balloon continued to rise. Godard again interrogated his strange companion.

"And now?"

"Nothing—nothing. Nor the shade of any fear whatsoever," was the reply, in a tone of positive discontent, such as one would expect from a man who had been profoundly deceived.

"On my word, so much the worse," said the balloonist, laughing; "but I must renounce making you afraid, for the balloon has reached an altitude quite sufficient, and we must descend."

"Descend!"

"Certainly; it would be perilous to go higher."

"Well, it's all the same to me; it is not my pleasure to descend."

"What did you say?" asked Godard, taken aback.

"I say that I intend to go higher, far, far, above! I have given a thousand francs to have emotions, and I must have them; and imperatively we will not change our direction before I have experienced them!"

Godard laughed carelessly. He was amused at what he thought was a good joke."

"Once more, will you ascend, I ask?" And the traveller grasped him by the throat, and shook him violently. "When am I to have the sensations?"

III.

The aeronaut, amazed, felt himself lost. A sudden and terrible light broke upon him. In looking at the strangely dilated eyes of his assailant, he perceived he must deal with a madman!

Try in mid-air to reason with a madman! Cry for help in the midst of the clouds! If he had had but a weapon—for it was a question of life or death—but people visiting the clouds, do not furnish themselves with pistols. They scarcely dream of deadly encounter up amongst the stars.

The earth below was 1,500 metres. A horrible fall! The least move of the maniac might upset the car.

M. Godard, with the sang froid which he had acquired in years of audacious enterprise, reflected thus in the space of a second.

"Ah! you are ridiculing me, my brave aeronaut," and the lunatic tightened his grasp. "Ah, you take my thousand francs. It is well you do. It is now my turn to laugh. It is you who must dance."

IV.

The strange passenger was gifted with prodigious muscular power. M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself.

"What do you want with me?" he asked in a calm tone of voice, and with a submissive air.

"I am going to amuse myself by seeing you turn a summersault," was the reply, with a jeering laugh. "But first, I have my plan. I wish to seek emotions up there. I must sit astride the half-circle."

The maniac pointed to the higher part of the balloon. While speaking, he was already climbing the cords which attached the car to the areostat. M. Godard, who had trembled for himself, could not help trembling for the miserable man.

"But you are going to kill yourself. You will be attacked by vertigo."

"No remarks," came from the ropes; and the fool clambered into the ring. "I will hurl you into space."

"At least, permit me to put a cord around your body, so you may remain attached to the balloon."

"As you like," replied he to M. Godard, seeming to understand the utility of the precaution.

It was done. With the agility of a squirrel he climbed up the netting. He reached the body of the balloon. He placed himself unconcernedly on the half circle, as he declared he would. Once there he gave a yell of triumph, and drew a knife from his pocket.

"What do you intend?" shouted the aeronaut, fearing that he was going to slit the reservoir.

"First, to put myself at ease."

The words were hardly uttered, when quickly the madman severed the safely-cord which M. Godard had attached to him. Should a current of wind strike the balloon, the unfortunate man would be lost in mid-air. The balloonist closed his eyes, not to witness the sight. The maniac clapped his hands. He was beside himself with joy. He knocked his heels together, to spur on the balloon in its course.

"And now," shouted he, brandishing his knife, "let us laugh. Ah! brigand, you wished me long ago to descend! Now, it is you who is to caper. And instantly!"

V.

M. Godard had no time to make a movement or say a word, before he had divined the infernal intention of the lunatic. The latter had cut three or four of the cords which supported the car, and it now bent horribly to one side. But two cables of the support remained—hardly of more account than a thread! It would all have been over with the brave balloonist, had he not clung desperately to these.

The madman's knife touched the two cords. A moment more, and all would be ended.

"One word only," cried Godard.

"No; no mercy!" vociferated the lunatic.

"I do not ask for mercy. On the contrary."

"Then, what do you want?" astonished.

"At this moment, we are at a height of 1,500 meters."

"Indeed, it will be jolly to tumble from such an altitude."

"It is yet too low," continued M. Godard.

"How so?" asked the lunatic, stupefied.

"Yes, my experience as an aeronaut has taught me that, in falling from such a hight, people risk not being killed. Fall for fall, I prefer death to mangling. Do me the kindness to precipitate me only at the height of 3,000 meters."

"That suits me," said the madman, and he laughed ecstatically at the thought of the now fearful descent.

VI.

At once M. Godard held his promise heroically. He threw out all the ballast. Again the air ship darts heavenward, and rises 200 metres in a few seconds.

Only, while the possessed man was watching the operation with a menacing air, the aeronaut accomplished another of quite an opposite nature. He had noticed that among the ropes spared was the valve escape. His plans were formed in an instant. He pulled this cord, placed at the upper part of the balloon.

The hoped-for result was obtained. Little by little the maniac grew drowsy, and bent forward, inensibly asphyxiated by the escaping hydrogen.

Now that he was completely overpowered, M. Godard cautiously allowed his balloon to descend to the earth. The drama was finished. He was saved.

* * * * * *

The aeronaut did not bear the lunatic any spite, and hastened to bring him back to life, and then gave him in charge of the authorities.

The Grave of an Ancient Cherokee Chief.

A negro man, while plowing in a field on Mr. George Hamilton's place, near Dalton, last week, struck a hard substance with the plow point, which was unearthed, and found to be a brass kettle. Upon further examination, it was found that the kettle was one of several other articles buried in what was supposed to be an Indian grave. In the grave were found two skeletons in a good state of preservation, one of which was very large and over six feet in length, and supposed to be that of an Indian chief, judging from the articles found on and about it, and the position of the two skeletons—there being at the head a scalping knife, at the feet a tomahawk, and on the breast a large silver ornament, representing the rays of the sun, and a large gold belt slide and two gold buttons. The other skeleton was small, evidently that of a female, and the wife of the other. A thimble was found on one of the skeleton fingers, and a looking-glass on the breast, together with some other trinkets. In the grave were also found several earthen crocks, a metal vessel shaped like a modern frying-pan, and other household utensils. Tradition says that before the Cherokee Indians were Christianized, when a chief died, the wife was killed and buried by his side, the man's head placed to the east and the woman's to the west, in which position these skeletons were found—hence the supposition that these were a chief and his squaw. There are other graves in the locality where this one was plowed up.—*North Georgia Citizen.*

AN old nickel mine has been discovered in the town of Dracut, Mass., near Lowell, which was originally opened about 200 years ago. The resemblance of nickel to silver probably deceived the first workers, and the mine was abandoned. The value of nickel was not known before 1751. The old shaft was forty-three feet deep. A company has recently sunk it sixty-one feet, and found nickel enough to pay, and proposes to operate the mine.

THE birth-places of Lincoln and Jeff. Davis are only one hundred miles apart. They will never be so near together again.—*Puck.*

Miscellany.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless the little children!
We meet them everywhere;
We hear their voices round our hearth,
Their footsteps on the stair;
Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er
With mirthfulness and glee;
God bless the little children,
Wherever they may be!

We meet them 'neath the gipsy tent,
With visage swarth and dun,
And eyes that sparkle as they glance
With roguery and fun;
We find them fishing in the brook
For minnows, with a pin,
Or creeping through the hazel-brush,
The linnet's nest to win.

We meet them in the lordly hall,
Their stately father's pride;
We meet them in the poor man's cot—
He hath no wealth beside;
Along the city's crowded street,
They hurl the hoop or ball;
We find them 'neath the pauper's roof,
The saddest sight of all;

For there they win no father's love,
No mother's tender care;
Their only friend the God above,
Who hears the orphan's prayer;
But, dressed in silks, or draped in rags,
In childish grief or glee,
God bless the little children,
Wherever they may be!

LIABILITY OF EMPLOYERS.

In an address before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in December last, Judge Bennett gave a large amount of valuable information on "Farm Law," which is specially applicable to that State. We make an extract relating to the liability of a farmer for the men he employs:

The liability of a farmer who employs many hands may prove extremely onerous at times. As a general rule, he is liable for all the injury they do while actually employed in his business; therefore, if you send a boy to burn old brush, and the lad leaves his work to look after his partridge-snares or rabbit-boxes in the wood, and the fire runs into the next field, and consumes the crops or fence of your neighbor, you must pay the bill, although you told him to watch it carefully, and never leave it a minute, (5 Gilm. 500; 7 Cush. 385). If you send a load of farm produce into town, and the driver falls into a doze and runs into another team, you must pay for the broken spokes. If your man, in going to or from the hayfield, carelessly swings his scythe, and cuts an ugly gash in the leg of a passer-by, you had better pay the doctor's bill, and be glad to get off thus easy. If, in cutting your wood, a man accidentally cuts over the line, on your neigebor's lot, you are responsible, although you told him where the line was, (23 Mich. 298). And though your man shows a touch of maliciousness in his act done in the prosecution of your business, and intentionally runs into another team which somewhat obstructs his way while driving your load, you may not screen yourself behind his unnecessary and willful violation of your orders, (12 Allen, 49; 114 Mass. 518; 109 Mass. 154). Of course, in all these cases, you could compel the servant to repay you all the expenses he had thus caused you by his misconduct, (63 Me. 177; 43 Conn. 244). On the other hand, to make you responsible for his carelessness, he must have been *at the very time* on your business. If he borrows your horse and wagon, and goes off on pleasure or business of his own, and runs over somebody, you are not responsible, merely because it was your horse and wagon, (26 Penn. St. 482); much less would the master be liable if the servant took his team, without his knowledge, on pleasure or business of his own, (4 Daly, 338).

How it would be if the fellow was on his own business and yours too, is a nice question, which might puzzle even a "Philadelphia lawyer." In one instance a farmer lent his man his team to go to town for a holiday, and asked him to stop at the butcher's on his way home, and bring along a piece of meat for next day's dinner. While fulfilling this order, the man took a little "fire-water," and soon after ran over an old woman in the public highway; but the master was considered not responsible. This was, however, in the courts of the Emerald Isle, (9 Irish L. L. 567.)

One more distinction on this subject it may be well for you to know; and that is, that, although an employer is responsible for any careless injury his men may do to third persons, he is not responsible for such an injury to other fellow workmen. If this man, therefore, by the very same act of negligence, injures a co-laborer and also a by-stander, the latter would have redress against the master, and the other not; for, by a species of rather artificial reasoning, I think, a man, when hiring out, is supposed in law to have anticipated any direct injury from the carelessness of his co-laborers, and taken the risk on himself, (but not to his wife, 112 Mass., 234,) whatever his rate of wages. But, on the other hand, he is not presumed to have contemplated any negligence on the part of his *employer;* and therefore he has a remedy against the latter for his own personal carelessness, or in providing dangerous or insufficient machinery or apparatus, or even in hiring notoriously incompetent or habitually careless men. In one instance an employer was compelled to pay two hundred dollars to his hired man, who fell into a barrel of hot water, set into the ground and carelessly left uncovered, but which the man did not know of, (111 Mass., 322.) And this last rule would probably render the employer liable for any injury to his servants from dangerous or vicious animals intrusted to them to take care of; at least, if the owner knew of their character, and the man did not. But this whole subject is surrounded with subtle distinctions; and my best advice to you is, that, if you ever have such a case, you do not rely upon this lecture, nor upon any of those books called "Every Man his own Lawyer," but go and get the best legal counsel you can find.

Congressional Proceedings.

In the House, Mr. Murch introduced a bill providing for the payment of the national debt in thirty, sixty, and ninety days. Also for the interchange of gold, silver, and greenback bullion, and making it a felony for any miner in Colorado to dig out more gold than greenbacks.

Mr. Weaver introduced a bill to provide for the opening and developing of greenback mines in all States and Territories where gold and silver mines are now operated.

By Mr. Gunter—For the relief of John Jones, who was kept awake all last Friday night with the ear-ache, and had to help his wife take care of the baby all the next day.

By Hoyle—Providing that in all cases three of a kind shall beat two pair.

By De La Matyr—Providing for the coinage of $500,000,000,000,000,000 greenbacks to be loaned by the government on collateral security, such as watches, pistols, good clothes, clocks, and articles of household furniture, to all deserving people, special provision being made for the following loans, on twenty five years time, without interest: To William Smith, $15, to aid him in building a woodshed; to Thomas Jones, $50, to put a bay window in his new house; to Daniel Jackson, $1.25, for a new pair of suspenders; and to James Morrison, seventy-five cents, to get his boots half-soled.

By Johnson—To regulate the amount of rainfall and the course and velocity of the prevailing winds in Wayne County.

By Thistlepod—Establishing the price of corn at $1.97 per bushel, and wheat at $2.65 per bushel, and reducing the price of coffee and sugar to two and a half cents a pound.—*New Orleans Time's Record.*

QUEEN VICTORIA is the first lady in the world in rank, but if rumor speaks truth her manners hardly warrant her claim to that title. Canseur learns on excellent authority that when Gen. Grant dined with her at Windsor, she and the members of the royal family present devoted themselves entirely to conversing with one another in German.—*Boston Transcript.*

A HARTFORD (Conn.) lady, in looking for some old books in a second hand store, a few days since, found a book she had missed for thirty years, with her name in it, as written by herself when a school girl.

RICHMOND HAS FALLEN.

How the Glad Intelligence was Telegraphed to the Capital.

It is safe to say that no message ever sent by telegraph was of such national interest as the one which Mr. William E. Kettles, then an operator in the service of the government at the War Department in Washington, received from Richmond, on the morning of the 3d of April, 1865. Mr. Kettles, then a mere boy of 15, but an expert telegraph operator, was working the Fortress Monroe and City Point wire at Washington. Shortly after 9:30 the Washington and Cherrystone operators were engaged on a long message, when suddenly both men were taken aback by what seemed to be a most foolish demand from Fortress Monroe: "Turn down for Richmond, quick!" Had a flash of lightning struck through the walls at that moment, the shock could not have been greater than it was on the part of every man in that room. Such a thing as communication with Richmond, which had not been known since the beginning of the war, notwithstanding the frequent success of the Union army of late, was entirely out of the question in everybody's mind. Richmond, the great stronghold of the South! Could it be a joke?

There was great alacrity in turning down the adjustment. There were trembling fingers while it was being done, and there was a gathering around of many operators with curiosity, suspense, and impatience combined, to see what it meant. Sure enough! the signals of the operator in Richmond to the operator in Washington were bounding along the line. No signal was ever answered more promptly. Then came the question:

"Do you get me well?"

"I do; go ahead."

"All right. Here's the first message for four years:

RICHMOND, Va., April 3, 1865.—Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: We entered Richmond at 8 o'clock this morning. G. WEITZEL,
"Brigadier General Commanding."

Mr. Kettles concedes that he copied the message, but he could never tell how. He remembers of starting up from his chair and upsetting inkstand and instrument, of kicking over a tub that sat at the fireplace, in order to make a noise; of rushing for General Eckert's room, where sat President Lincoln and Mr. Tinker, the cipher clerk, talking in a low tone. As Kettles was about to hand the message to Mr. Tinker, the President caught sight of the body words, and with one motion and two strides, message and President were out of sight on the way to Secretary Stanton's room. Mr. Tinker and everybody else were dumbfounded. Kettles quietly returned to his instrument, walking like one in a dream; proceeded mechanically to turn the inkstand right side up, and to straighten up his overturned machine. Then he sat down in his chair and stared straight before him in blank amazement. Around him were the other operators, every man alike flustered and unable to get their minds back to their work or to utter connected words. It was a time, a great time, but a mighty good time.

In less than one quarter of the time it takes to write this, the operating-room was filled with officials and sub-officials. President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton came in and shook hands with every one in the room, and then every one in the room shook hands with each other, and then with the President and Secretary again. Then they all crowded around the Fortress Monroe instrument, hungry for more news. Kettles sat at his instrument, while questions were showered in on him from every mouth. He was asked more questions in those ten minutes than he will be likely to be ever asked again in that space of time. At last the information came that Richmond had disconnected itself for the present. All retired to General Eckert's room except Mr. Tinker and Kettles, who stood by the window endeavoring to hear themselves think. Neither had drawn a perceptible breath for ten minutes. Outside were the broad grounds of the department buildings. Looking from the operating-room window, the prospect was clear; not a single person was to be seen. Suddenly a Georgetown horse-car appeared in the distance. On it came at the usual rate. Near the building it stopped. A man got off and started with slow, leisurely steps up the centre walk to the door. Inside the operating room the thrilled operators looked out on his slow, steady pace, and could scarcely contain themselves at his unconcern. He was meditating, actually meditating—as though there was nothing to throw off his hat for and cheer till he was hoarse. Keeping on, he presently lifted his head and looked at the window. Tinker was there, and knew him.

"Any news?" he casually inquired.

Tinker leaned far out of the window, "Richmond's fallen!" he said.

No tongue can describe the features of that man while he was coming to himself. He turned red and white by turns, till, suddenly realizing the meaning of the words, he waved his arms, then turned and ran. Down the street he ran, spreading the news to every one he met. Soon there was a great crowd. The excitement rose. The people seemed almost wild. The war Department was soon besieged. Outside was a multitude. Inside were excited officials, clerks, operators, and an excited President. The outsiders locked in at the insiders, and the insiders looked out at the outsiders. Questions came hot and fast from the multitude, and answers were shouted back from every man who could get his head to one of the two windows. The crowd got the news fairly in its mind, and then seemed to want three cheers. The three became four. Then they wanted speeches. They got them. Half a dozen speeches were under way in less than that number of minutes. Some were good ones. Andrew Johnson was there. He was saying:

"God bless the old flag! If I was President of the United States—"

At this point something exciting occurred. Secretary Stanton entered the operating-room, leaning on General Eckert's arm. General Eckert pointed out to him the boy who had received the messages. They were formally introduced. The next moment Kettles found himself seized by the Secretary and held at arm's length out at the window above the crowd. The Secretary called to the crowd that this was the young man who had received the dispatch of the fall of Richmond. The crowd wanted a speech from him. Kettles gave them a speech in a few words, appropriate and pointed, for he was in the humor.

Then followed other scenes. Fire engines were brought out—anything to make a noise. In the evening the city was ablaze with illuminations. Kettles, who is now an operator in Boston, says he can never forget how Father Abraham started for Secretary Stanton's door after receiving the dispatch—hop, skip, and jump, shouting, "Clear the track!"—*Philadelphia Times.*

INTERESTING HISTORICAL RELICS.—The directors of the Battle of Bennington Monument Association met at the State House yesterday. Wonder if their attention was ever directed to those guns in the rotunda, "captured at the battle of Bennington," but bearing a date showing that they were not cast until after that interesting event. The attention of the Legislature was called to the fact a dozen years ago or more. General Butler, who was a member of the Senate at that time, expressed the opinion that the guns were just as good as if they had been captured at the battle of Bennington. This regard for the historical verities was characteristic.—*Boston Herald.*

IN her interview with her grandson, Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, just before her death, Madame Patterson gave that young gentleman some excellent advice. She told him that rank and royalty were at an end; that in twenty years there would be no kings or kinglions in Europe, the people having become tired of paying taxes to support Courts, and she recommended him to keep clear of any conspiracies to put the Prince Imperial on the French throne.

"IK MARVEL," the quietest of authors, is now a white haired man, with a genial, intellectual face and kindly eyes, whose country life, brightened by his family, his books and his pipe, is truly idyllic.

PARTED.

We sang together, you and I,
In a quiet church, sweet songs of praise;
Your voice was like an angel's voice,
Your face was as an angel's face.

We knelt together, you and I,
In that dim old church, in sight of heaven;
And you prayed a prayer that the angels know,
That sin may be forgiven.

We walked together, you and I,
In happy groves where wood-birds sing;
But sweeter were the pleasant words
That you kept murmuring.

They beat in time with our glad hearts,
Old words they were from some old song;
Laughing, you sang them, all for me,
As we two wandered on.

We talked together, you and I;
Wise things you spoke, for one so young;
I listened, feeling all the while,
That on your words a story hung.

We lived together, you and I,
In those old years, two friends no more;
Did we ever dream of what was to be,
Could we span the years that were on before?

If we loved together, you and I,
Was it wise that the love was never told?
Was it better to let the time glide on,
Till both life and love were old?

REMINISCENCE OF THE REBELLION.

How our Navy Went up the James River—Thrilling Experience of Our Brave Tars.

Altogether the most interesting feature of the meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences last Tuesday evening, was the impromptu speech of Commander Homer C. Blake, of the United States Navy. Dr. H. A. Mott, Jr., had read an elaborate paper upon torpedoes, and the means of protection against them, including a new device of his own construction. At its conclusion, the acting President of the Society called upon Commander Blake, who happened to be present. In response, the Commander said that he considered torpedoes the most demoralizing weapons of warfare. When it was determined to send ironclads up the James River as part of the combined attack upon Richmond, he was in command of the *Eutaw*, and assigned to the duty of towing the monitor *Osaodaga*. The speaker said:

So far as we were concerned, the war was about to be terminated, for none of us thought we would get up the river, knowing that crowds of torpedoes had been placed over every shallow, and some of the men declined to go. I was sixth in the line at first, but I thought, if there was death and danger, the sooner it was met and over with, the better; therefore, instead of slowing down at suspected places, I went ahead, and before long, I stood second in the line. We got nearly to Drury's Point without a sign of a torpedo, and began to think they were a humbug, and to laugh at our fears, when suddenly we saw the leading vessel, the *Commodore Jones*, lifted bodily out of the water, and blown into the merest fragments. Out of sixty men on board of her, the only trace we could ever find, was a piece of a man among the bushes, about 200 yards away. This event completely demoralized us all. We saw there was some virtue in torpedoes, and anchored on the spot, and I was ordered in charge of a party to clear the channel the next day.

A CURIOUS CUTWATER.

That night I received from Gen. Butler, a characteristic letter. It read:

"I send you a man who was found putting down torpedoes. If you can use him, do so; if not, hang him."

When the prisoner, a fine-looking, intelligent man, came, I asked him if the report concerning him was true.

"Yes," said he; "what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, read that letter," said I.

"Do you call that Christian warfare?" he asked, after reading it.

"There is nothing Christian in war," said I; "but these orders will be obeyed, unless you show us the easiest way to clear this channel."

He remained silent, and I left him sitting on a gun carriage for a little while to think about it. Meanwile, Captain (now commander) Fyffe came aboard, and noticing the prisoner, asked me about him. "Let me have him," he said; "I think I can get something out of him." So he took him, and a little while after, I saw him put out up the river, with the rebel prisoner lashed to his cutwater. He only went about 300 yards, when the man called out: "Stop, Captain, for God's sake! There's a torpedo just over there." This one removed, it was not long before another was pointed out by the terrified man, and so we cleared the channel.

This expedition over, I was given command of the station and torpedo vessels at Dutch Gap, where sometimes we used to pick up floating torpedoes sent against our fleet, at the rate of 100 a day. These torpedoes were suspended in pairs, or three or four together, to as many pieces of wood, which floated upon the surface, and were connected by a trigger line. Whenever the trigger line caught upon one of our vessels (the only obstacle to be encountered) a strain came upon it, by the action of the current, which exploded the two or three torpedoes, in close contact with the hull. This was the theory, and we guarded against it by putting out a boom and netting in such a way that the torpedo floats were sheered off, and passed harmlessly by. In the spring, the water was covered by all sorts of *debris*, but we soon learned to distinguish a torpedo boat, by its peculiar hobbling motion, and by throwing a cod line over, it could either explode it at a safe distance, or else drag it ashore. The small boats thus fished out hundreds of these, during the season.

The most dangerous of all the torpedoes, were stationary ones planted across the shallows at frequent intervals. They consisted of a spar, bearing the torpedo upon its summit, which spar was fastened by a universal joint to a fixed block at the bottom of the river. Swinging with the current and tide, this torpedo was always kept at a uniform depth beneath the surface, and was out of sight. The torpedo was studded with sensitive caps, and no matter where it was touched by a ship, it would explode. These could not be grappled for, and it was only by good luck, care and great ingenuity, that we escaped, and finally got them out of the channel. The torpedo which blew up the *Commodore Jones*, was a common water tank, containing 200 pounds of powder, which she was so unfortunate as to strike."

Commander Blake thought, however, that the destructiveness of torpedoes was over-estimated, and that the navies of the world would survive this invention, just as they have survived the introduction of explosive shells, which, years ago, was supposed to sound the death-knell of every war vessel. In reply to some questions asked by one of the members, Commander Blake said that after the close of the war, he was left in charge of the operations for clearing the channel of James river from obstructions. The Confederates had driven piles across the river, and sunk enormous blocks of granite, forming a solid bulkhead which nothing could pass. At first, it seemed impossible to move this; but by successive firing of torpedoes alongside of it, it was completely shattered in a week's time, so that ships were able to pass. A charge of 100 pounds of common powder was found most effective, and he had seen such a charge, exploded in four or five fathoms of water, bring a rock of two tons weight to the surface. At one spot, an ironclad had been sunk in water so shallow that her upper works were almost out of water. Repeated efforts to blow a hole in her side failed, her iron plating was too tough. Finally a series of torpedoes were exploded on the bottom of the river beside her, until a hole thirty feet deep had been excavated. Then a line of torpedoes was hung along her opposite side, and the force of their simultaneous explosion rolled her over into this grave and buried her here, out of all danger.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE credit of the United States was never so good as now, and, financially, this nation stands the peer of any on the globe. The Republican party, as it turns the law-making power over to the Democracy, can point with pride to the result of its work. Will the Democracy do as well? It is a question many are asking just now.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

NASBY.

The Deekin and His Nigger—A Story Showing the Folly of the Exodus, and the Kind and Generous Treatment the Negroes are Fleeing From.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,
Aprile 22, 1879.

The North is filled with all sorts uv absurd stories uv the treetment the cullerd sitizens are reseevin in the South, the desire bein, cleerly, to prejoodis the North agin the Suthern seckshun, wich was crushed in a unholy croosade agin its rites, and wich hez never rekivered from the same.

It is espesbly charged that the cussid nigger hez no rites in the courts, and that when opposed by a proud Kentucky Cawcashun, he is crowded to the wall, without the slitest chance for his life. To show the utter nonsense uv this statement, I give a troothful report uv a case tride afore Square Pettus, Justis uv the Peece for our Township.

Simeon Claghorn, as he calls hisself now, tho he wuz a slave wunst uv that sweet and gilelis saint, Deekin Pogram, (wich family he resembles to a degree which made the late Mrs. Pogram infooriated whenever she saw his mother, he hevin the ginoosine Pogram nose,) wuz a tenant uv the Deekin's, and hez bin for two yeers. He agreed to pay the Deekin $10 a yeer per akre for the land, and also agreed to buy his supplies uv that librel and Chrischen man. At the eend uv the first yeer, the Deekin took the entire crop, and brot him in det suthin like $100, wich the nigger tride to work out in the winter, cuttin and gittin out ralerode ties from the Deekin's wood-lot, on wich he hez lived ever sence the crooel war deprived him uv his laber.

The next seeson, the nigger found hisself in det about $800, and he submitted the matter to Joe Bigler, wich is pizen, and Josef, actin ez his attorney, come down on the innosent old Deekin with a demand for a bill uv items. Josef demandid that the nigger hev a kerect akkount uv the grain and staff wich he hed turned over to the Deekin, also a itemized akkount uv the supplies wich the Deekin hed furnished the nigger, that it mite be made manifest ez to how the akkount stood.

The Deekin wuz enraged. "Why shood not my word be taken agin a nigger's?" he demanded. "I never wuz called upon for anything uv the kind afore. It is a outrage!"

But ez Josef sued him afore Square Pettus for the full amount uv the crops wich the Deekin hed taken, the good old man wuz forst to degrade hisself by comin into court agin a Ethiopian. It rung his sole, but he submitted, ez we all hev hed to do sence the Linkin dynasty.

I helped the Deekin out. The two seesons' crops footed up $2,000, and I didn't pay any attenshun to the Deekin's books. I simply made a bill, chargin the nigger with $400 wuth uv bacon, $600 wuth uv flour, $400 wuth uv mules, and the balance, to make his clame good, in silk dresses for his wife, and sich other goods ez sejested therselves to a fertile imaginashun.

That bill I presented afore the Jnstis, wich received it with the gravity uv a grand chanceller.

The good old Deekin swore to his akkount ez he had it made out, wich cleerly established the fact that the nigger owed him $1,200.

The nigger presentid another akkount, wich brot the Deekin in det to him suthin like $600.

Joe Bigler remarkt that the Deekin hed hed his sware, and that the nigger shood be put onto the stand, to sware to his statement.

I protestid. "Is a nigger, a inferior bein, to come into court, over wich Justis is supposed, figgeratively, to be hoverin, and hev his testimony taken agin one uv the proud Cawcashen race?"

"Square!" exclaimed the Deekin, in agony, "am I, a white man, to hev a nigger brot into court to rob me? Ef my bill ain't big enuff to offset his'n, and bring him in det to me, I kin eesily amend it. Don't let this grose injustis be done!"

It was a critikle and solum momest. On the decishun uv Square Pettus hung the fate uv Kentucky. It was a soopreme moment. One minnit uv indesishun, one minnit's faltrin, and the white race uv Kentucky lay grovelin at the feet uv the inferior Afrikin, and we wuz in chanes forever.

Square Pettus wuz, forchunitly, ekal to the emergency. Risin in his seet, and stiddyin hisself at the desk in front uv him, he sed that he knowed the eyes uv Kentucky wuz onto him, and that Kentucky shood never be disappinted.

"I know suthin uv this case," sed the Square, sippin a sip uv Bascom's best, which he hed sent over to him in a quart bottle, "afore it come into court. I imeejitly antissipatid that this plaintiff wood demand to be sworn, and that in this joodishel arena the inferior Afrikin and the sooperior Cawcashen wood meet in a final conflict. I prepared myself. I went and got a man wich cood read, and hed him go throo the statoots uv the State uv Kentucky, passed prior, (wich, ez I am informed, means before,) the late unholy croosade. I found ther a statoot wich perhibits the takin uv the testimony uv a nigger in a court uv justis, wich this is. It is troo that the Fedrel yooserpashen made other laws, but a Kentuckian don't recognize that. A Kentucky Justis only recognizes his own State, wich is a sovren. "Recognizin only Kentucky, spittin onto a Ablishn Congress, and ignorin everything else, it is the yoonanimous desishen uv this yere court that all Fedrel laws recognizin the rites uv the cussed Afrikin is unconstitooshnal, and that therfore his testimony can not be admitted. I stand by my State."

"But my wife never hed a silk dress, no' anythin' but a caliko one," howled the nigger.

"It don't make no difference wat yoo say," replied the Jnstis. "The Deekin, wich is a Cawcashun, swares that your wife hez hed four silk dresses uv him, and, ez you can't be allowed to sware at all, ther ain't no testimony agin hizzen. This is a court uv law, and law is law, ez yoo will find out. Git one white man to sware that yoo never got them dresses, and I will consider it."

"I demand to be put on the stand," said Joe Bigler.

"The Court can't admit yoor testimony, for yoo are a prejoodist witnis."

Josef lafft, and left the court, much to the Square's releef, wich continnered:

"I may say, however, that ther may be no misunderstandin, that I, ez a indivijile, and not ez a court, will shoot any white cuss that dares to come into this court and sware for a nigger."

And the sturdy old Spartan cocked his dubble-barreled shot-gun, and sot down.

"I may ez well deside the case here and now," sed the Square, after a moment's thot. "Verdict for the plaintiff, and the Constable will immeejitly go for the defendant, and make him put up everything he's got for the costs."

The bill uv costs wuz immejitly made out, and the Constable rushed out to the mizzable retch's house, and took wat little furnichoor he hed.

Now wat did this ongrateful nigger do? Despite the fact that the Deekin wantid him to keep rite along, and live in peece and quiet, and plant his little farm, and work it throo the seeson, and reap the harvest, that nigger got together some little money from the sale uv a mule wich we overlooked, it bein pastered out site uv the house, and started for Kansas. He utterly refooesd to stay among his frends and pertecters, preferrin to rely upon the cold mercies uv a calkilatin, selfish Northern commoonity, rather than trust them ez he hed bin brot up amidst.

The ongratefulnis uv this peeple is suthin beyond understandin. They don't know when they are well eunff off, and they never did know who ther frends wuz. I shel never attempt to do nothin more for em. They don't appreshate