

BY GEO. MILLS JOY:

THE OLD NORTH STATE

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POETRY, The following impromptu lines from a gallant and well-known soldier will be sung in every column of the American Army!

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

"There are but two sides to the Contest--Patriots and Traitors."--Douglass.

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OUR STORY.

BLUCHER'S JUDGMENT!

On a sultry summer evening in 1831, an old woman was sitting before her humble cottage, in the little Silesian village of Burnheim.

"How are you, mother?" She arose and threw her trembling arms around his neck. "God be thanked, my boy, that I see thee again!

"What did he like best? Should she make him an omelet, or a roast chicken? O, it was no trouble? She was too glad to do anything for her own dear boy.

"The old woman, all bustle and activity, left the room. The youth did not betray so much pleasure at this hearty reception from his aged parent as might have been expected.

"Where is the residence of the commander-in-chief?" asked they of one of the ordnance-officers, who were palloping through the streets in every direction.

"Why, in the chateau, to be sure, where the two hussars were mounting guard on horseback."

"When they had entered the yard they were not in the least discouraged at the sight of his scores of adjutants and orderly officers of every rank and aim, all of whom seemed to have some urgent business with the commander-in-chief."

"Why, they had chosen their time rather badly indeed; the general was extremely busy. Couldn't one of the secretaries do as well?"

"By no means; they must see the general himself." "Was it information concerning the enemy which they wanted to deliver?"

"Oh, no; something much more important--from Burnheim," added the schoolmaster. The middle-aged officer with the benevolent countenance laughed, and said he would try.

When they all had gone, the old woman took up the holy scriptures once more; but it was in vain that she strove to read; her eyes grew dim, and the letters were all swimming confusedly before them.

Early on the following morning a strange procession was seen emerging from the little village of Burnheim--four old peasants escorting one young soldier. The country judge, with grave air, marched ahead of them, whilst the schoolmaster, who had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the expedition, brought up the rear.

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"But, your excellency"--remonstrated the amazed dignitary. "Hold your tongue; I say you are an ass. I know better; in Burnheim there are no deserters! And you, my son, he went on, with his iron features relenting a little, and with that strange expression in his large bright eyes, "you will show them to-morrow, on the battle-field, what a Burnheim man can do; will you not?"

The young man dropped down on his knees, and was stammering a few broken words, which the general did not hear, however, for when he had rose again with high flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes--a far different man--Blucher had left the room.

The worthy peasants, whose perceptive faculties were by no means equal to their honesty, began at last to get a glimpse of the general's real meaning. The country judge was the last to throw his cap high into the air and give three hearty cheers for Father Blucher, who, with one single word had extinguished what they had considered a stain upon their native village, comforted the broken heart of a mother, and preserved a pair of arms for the defence of the country--arms that would not fail to do their duty now.

"Why, going back again, to be sure. To Burnheim, you know!" ejaculated the schoolmaster.

"And did they think that his excellency would allow anybody to leave headquarters without having had a dinner first? He had already given orders to that effect, and they had but to follow his non-commissioned officer here, who should show them the way."

"They needed not to be told twice, we may be sure; and when they were shown into a Kitchen room where dinner was served up for them, with a bottle of wine standing before each cover, they felt very gratefully to his excellency, and very proud at the same time because of the honor shown to the representatives of their village. But when each of them found a double Frederick d'or under his plate, their enthusiasm burst out afresh, and many were the healths drunk to the welfare of Old Father Blucher.

"When they had all eaten and drunken their fill, and were about to take their leave, they fell in once more with their friend, the middle-aged officer, who gave them some advice concerning the best way of reaching the village without running any danger for, as he said, the coming day would be an eventful one. He accompanied them through the yard to the gateway, where he bade them farewell, pointing as he left, to one of the hussars, who was mounted guard before the gate.

"By heavens! it was the prisoner, the boy Charles, now fully pardoned by his excellency, the commander-in-chief. How proud he looked, with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes! He dared not address them, for he was on duty; but he looked at them, as much to say: "Wait, and you shall see to-morrow!"

Nor was he faithless to the vow. On the evening of the following day, the memorable 25th of August, when the bloody victory at the Katzbach was gained, and the field marshal rode through the thin ranks of his men, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheers, he was addressed by the commanding officer of the 21st hussars who reported how greatly private Charles Fisher had distinguished himself above all the rest, having taken a standard from the enemy, and made prisoner, with his own hands, the commander of a French regiment.

The field marshal stopped his horse, and taking the iron cross from his own uniform, affixed it with his own hands to the young man, said, with that strange expression in his bright eyes: "Well done, my son. I knew I was right when I said that in Burnheim there were no deserters!"

The following order, *verbatim et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower: "Sir: My wife is dead, and Wants to be buried to morrow. At Wunor kiok U. nose wair to dig the Hole--bi the side of my too Yver wair--Let it be deep."

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Half an Hour in a Railroad Office.

Traveler--New York, plunking the price of a ticket. The ticket clerk jerks out a ticket and jerks in the money almost in an instant, without a word, and the traveler gives place for the next comer, who perhaps has the same destination, but who occupies much more time in making his wants known, something after this style:--

"What's the fare to New York?" "Four dollars." "How long afore you start?" "Ten minutes." "Ah--can you change a fifty dollar bill?" "Yes, sir."

"Give me change in Boston money, (laying out the fifty) and in five dollar bills, if you can." (Change is made, and the ticket thrown out in almost a second of time.) "Do you get to New York as early as usual?" "Yes, sir!" "What time does the Filidelfy train leave to-morrow mornin'?"

By this time the querist had gathered up his bank notes, folded them up, put them smoothly into a pocket-book, poked his umbrella into the stomach of a heated individual from the rural districts who was waiting nervously behind him, and by the delay caused the collection of half a dozen applicants for tickets.

Next comes the countryman's turn. (Breathlessly)--"Ticket for Boston!" "You are in Boston now, sir." "O! O--sir! Yes--ah! ha! ha! I want to go to Pimptonville"--(no show of money). "Forty-five cents?" (waiting for a show of funds.) "Yes; Well, I'll take one ticket." "Yes, sir, forty-five cents!"

By this time gent from the rural district comprehends the pay in advance principle adopted at the well regulated railway stations--and fishing into the profound depths of his pantaloons pocket, withdraws, in a capacious hand, a miscellaneous collection, which from a hasty glance appears to be composed of a piece of cavendish tobacco, a lead pencil, piece of red chalk, jack knife, a political medal, leather shoe strings, a couple of buttons, a suspender buckle, and some change. From the latter a twenty-five cent piece, two half-dimes, two three cent pieces and four cents are laboriously extracted and laid upon the counter, from which they are rapidly swept by three or four dexterous passes of the clerk, who turns to serve a lady.

"I want a lady's ticket to Providence"--depositing a five dollar note. Clerk throws out a lady's ticket, which bears a striking similarity to, and in fact would be called a twin brother of a gentleman's ticket, and also some change at the same time. Lady cautiously examines a bank note she has received in exchange--"Is it a good bill?" "Certainly, madam, it is none other." Lady retires perfectly satisfied. The next customer is an illustrious exile, who we have every reason to suppose has recently fared sumptuously upon a repast in which onions figured conspicuously as a vegetable, and moderate priced whisky as the principal beverage.

"Shure what is the price of a ticket now to New Yarrk?" "Deck passage, two dollars and a half." "Wouldn't ye take a dollar and seventy-five?" "Shure it's all the money I've got at all." "Not! two dollars and fifty cent." (Persuasive.) "Shure, wouldn't ye take two dollars?" "Not a cent less than two fifty. (Emphatically.) Pass out your money or pass on!" Pat, finding blarney and persuasion of no use in this instance, counts out his cash, which the quick eye of the clerk discovers to be a little short of the required amount. "Three cents more."

The stray three cent pieces is reluctantly dropped from Patrick's warm palm, and the individual, who succeeds astutely inquired "what time the five o'clock-train leaves?" and is seriously informed at "sixty minutes past four."

The next inquires, "has Mr. Smith bought a ticket for this train?" "Can't say, sir; don't know him." "O, he's a dark complexioned man, had on a dark overcoat, and an umbrella under his arm." In consideration of the fact that about fifty "dark complexioned," individuals, with dark overcoats on had purchased tickets of the clerk, some having umbrellas under their arms and some not, it is not very extraordinary that he does not recollect which one is Mr. Smith.

All the time these negotiations are going on, eager interrogators on the outer circle of the crowd about the office are propounding questions, and a running fire of them and replies fill up every possible pause. "When does the next train start?" "Ten minutes of five." "Say you: what do you tax to Mansfield?" "Seventy-five cents." "Sailor--Furser, give us a card for New Bedford." "Slaps down a gold piece, sweeps ticket and change into the crown of his hat, takes a bite of the weed, and rolls off to a car well forward."