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"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

WM. W. BALLARD, Editor.

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A REMINISCENCE.

King George the Third issued a proclamation for a public fast on February 4th, 1794, for which Montgomery, the poet, furnished the following hymn:

Oh! God of hosts, thine ear incline,
Regard our prayers, our cause be thine;
When *orphans cry* and *babes complain*
When widows weep, canst thou refrain?

Now red and terrible thine hand
Scourges with war, our guilty land,
Europe thy flaming vengeance feels,
And from her deep foundations reels.

Her rivers bleed like mighty veins;
Her towers are ashes, *graves* her plains;
Slaughter her groaning vallies fills,
And reeking carnage melts her hills.

O Thou whose awful word can bind
The roaring waves, the raging wind,
Mad tyrants tame, break down the high,
Whose haughty foreheads beat the sky.

Make bare thine arm; great King of Kings!
Thine arm, alone salvation brings—
That wonder-working arm, which broke
From Israel's neck the *Egyptian* yoke.

Burst every dungeon, every chain,
Give injured men *their rights* again;
Let *truth* prevail, let discord cease;
Speak, and the world shall smile in *peace!*

JENA AND AUERSTADT.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

In the year 1806 England, Russia, and Prussia formed a new coalition against France. Prussia commenced the campaign by invading Saxony with an army of 200,000 men, under the command of Frederic William, the Prussian king. Alexander, of Russia, with an equal army, was pressing down through the wilds of Poland, to unite in the march upon Paris. England co-operated with her invincible fleet, and with profuse expenditures from her inexhaustible treasury.

The emperor was greatly annoyed by this unprovoked attack, which thwarted all his plans for developing the industrial resources of France. He shut himself up for forty-eight hours to arrange the details of the campaign, and immediately dictated two hundred letters, all of which still remain the monument of his energy and sagacity. In six days the whole imperial guard was transported from Paris to the Rhine. They traveled by post sixty miles a day. On the 24th of September, Napoleon, at midnight, entered his carriage, at the Tuileres, to join the army. His parting words to the Senate were:

"In so just a war, which we have not provoked by any act, by any pretense, the true cause of which it would be impossible to assign, and where we take arms to defend ourselves, we depend entirely upon the support of the laws, and that of the people, whom circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and courage."

Placing himself at the head of his army, by a series of skillful manœuvres he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians, cutting them off from their supplies, and from all possibility of retreat. Being thus sure of victory, he wrote as follows to the king of Prussia:

"SIRE, MY BROTHER:—I am in the heart of Saxony. My strength is such that your forces cannot balance the victory. But why shed so much blood? why make our subjects slay each other? I do not prize victory purchased by the lives of so many of my children. If I were just commencing my military career, and if I had any reason to fear the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire, your majesty will be vanquished. At present, you are uninjured, and may treat with me in a manner conformable with your rank. Before a month is passed, you will treat in a different position. I am aware that in thus writing I may irritate that sensibility which naturally belongs to every sovereign. But circumstances demand that I should use no concealment. I implore your majesty to view, in this letter, nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that He may have you in His worthy and holy keeping."

To this letter no reply was returned. In two days from this time the advance guard of the French met the Prussians, strongly entrenched upon the plains of Jena and Auerstadt. It was the evening of the 13th of October. The sun was just sinking with unusual brilliancy behind the western hills when the proud array of the Prussians, more than one hundred thousand strong, appeared in sight. Three hundred pieces of artillery were concentrated in batteries, and a squadron of eighteen thousand cavalry, splendidly caparisoned and with burnished armor, were drawn up upon the plain.

Napoleon immediately took possession of Laudgratenberg, a steep, craggy hill which the Prussians had supposed inaccessible to artillery; and from whose summit the long lines of the Prussians, extending many leagues could be clearely discerned. As the gloom of night settled down, the blaze of the Prussian camp fires, extending over a space of eighteen miles, illumined the scene with almost an unearthly glow.

Couriers were despatched to hasten on the battallions of the French army. To encourage the men, Napoleon, wth his own hands, labored through the night in blasting the rocks and clearing the way that he might plant a battery upon the brow of the Landgrafenberg. As brigade after brigade arrived, they took the positions assigned them by their experienced chieftan. Soult and Ney were ordered to march all night to a distant point to cut off the retreat of the foe. Towards morning Napoleon threw himself on the bank hill side, to share for an hour the frigid bivouac of the soldiers.

At four o'clock he was again on horseback. A dense fog covered the plain shrouding the sleeping host. Under cover of this darkness Napoleon ranged his troops in battle array. Enthusiastic shouts greeted him as he rode along the lines. About six o'clock, the fog still unbroken, the order was given to pierce the Prussian lines in every direction. For eight hours the battle raged with fury never before or since surpassed. The ground was covered with the dead; the shrieks of the wounded, trampled boneath the hoofs of charging squadrons, rose above the thunder of the battle. About 1 o'clock P. M. the Prussian general sent the following frantic dispatch to his reserve.

"Lose not a moment in advancing your yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that, through their opening may pass the still unbroken bands of the battle. Be ready to receive the charges of the enemy's cavalry which, in the most furious manner, rides on, overwhelms and sabres the fugitives, and has driven into one confused mass the infantry, artillery and cavalry."

The Prussian reserve, twenty thousand strong, with unbroken front, now entered the field, and for a moment seemed to arrest the tide of victory. Napoleon had stood at the head of the Imperial Guard, which he had held in reserve as hour after hour he had watched and guided the terrible fight. A young soldier, impatient of this delay, at last in the excess of his excitement, shouted,—"Forward! Forward!" Napoleon turned sternly to him and said:

"Ho now what beardless boy is this who ventures to counsel his Emperor. Let him wait till he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he proffers him his advice."

It is now 4 o'clock. The decisive moment had arrived. Marat at the head of twelve thousand horsemen, fresh, and in perfect array, swept down upon the plain as with earthquake roar, charging the bewildered exhausted, bleeding host; and in a few moments the work was done; the Prussian army was destroyed. Like an inundation, the fugitives rushed from the field, ploughed by the batteries of Napoleon, and trampled beneath the powerful tread of his restless cavalry.

While this scene was transpiring on the banks of Jena, another division of the Prussian army was encountering a similar disaster on the field of Auerstrdt, twelve miles distant. As the fugitives of both armies were driven together in their fight, in confusion and dismay unparallelled, horsemen, footmen, wagons, and artillery in densest and wildest entanglement, there was rained down upon them the most terrible storm of balls, bullets and shells.

Night at length came. But it brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit was uninterrupted. In whater direction the shattered columns fled, they were met by the troops which Napoleon had sent anticipating the movement. The king himself narrowly escaped during the rout of that terrible night. Accompanied by a few companions on horseback, he leaped hedges, and fences, and plunged through fields and forests until he reached a place of safety. The Prussians lost in this one disastrous fight twenty thousand in killed and wounded, while twenty thousand more taken prisoners.

No military chieftan has ever manifested so much skill in following up a victory as Napoleon. In less than fourteen days every remnant of the Prussian army was taken and all the fortresses of the French. The king, a woe-stricken fugitive, driven from his realms, fled for refuge to the army of Alexander. Never before in the history of the world was so formidable power so speedily and utterly annihilated.

But one month had now elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. An army of two hundred thousand men, in thorough discipline and drill, had in that time, been killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed—not a hostile regiment remained. A large number of fortresses, strengthened by the labor of ages, and which had been deemed impregnable, had fallen into the hands of the victor, and he was now reposing in security in Berlin, in the palaces of Frederick the Great.—The story of this wonderful achievement passed over Europe like the wonders of an Arabian tale. In assailing this man," said the Emperor Alexander, we are but children attacking a giant."

[From the Maryland News Sheet.]

The Condition of Baltimore.

Within the past few months a great change has taken place in the general appearence of our city. One familiar with Baltimore in 1860, but who has been absent for a year, will find some difficulty in recognizing what was once comfortable to him and still more in accommodating himself to this new order of things. Let any one who has not yet appreciated to its fullest extent the change which has taken place ascend Washington Monument and view the surroudings of the city. The conclusion to a person who was a stranger to the facts, would be that it was a besieged city. In whatever direction the eye turns, fields of tents are in view, while armed men are seen pacing their lonely beats. Vast fortifications, bristling with wide-mouth cannon, having sprung into existence apparently by very magic, and death-dealing shot and shell lie piled in profusion within the works. Men in glittering uniforms tread our streets and are met in all resorts. The most striking feature in the change is the great multitude of strange faces encountered at every turn, and the new class of people which they represent. It is no novelty for Baltimore to be thronged with strangers. Spring and Fall have invaribly filled our city with country merchants and their families and opulent visitors, who sought the city to enjoy a week, participating in the gaieties which mark those seasons. Important anniversaries and memorable occasions have brought their trains of strangers, who have lingered a few hours or days at most, and then returned to their homes without leaving any particular impress on the public.

To day however, and for months past, the city has been crowded with strange faces of a people who appear to have no sympathy with us, either in habits, taste, or manners. Any one who has been a careful observer of the class of men who attend on national political conventions, not as delegates, but "outside pressure" and expectant officeseekers can form a very correct idea of the major part of the visitors now here. The hunt for office over, the hunt for contracts now commenced, and every little village in the northern and western States has sent out its "sharp men" in search of some position or situation, or contract by which the Government can be fleeced.

Such a man can be distinguished easily. When the train stops in the depot, he jumps from the cars with a little black sack in his hand containing a shirt and a collar, and hurries off to depot or hotel. The hotel clerk is wearied with questions as to localities, and names of unknown and unheard of persons. Hundreds of this class of men are in the city to-day, ravenous as wolves, and as pertinacious.

Then there are the "country cousins," who have been visiting their relations in camps, bearing to them as presents nice jellies, woollen socks and a dough-nut. They promenade in quality cut cloths, with a half-smile on their countenances, staring at the show-windows, looking into your face as though they were meeting you on a country road and it was their Christian obligation to bid yon "good morning."

But the influx of strangers is not the greatest change. After years of suffering, during which the dearest rights of the community were trodden into the dust by licentious mobs after great sacrifice and much patient endurance, the people of Baltimore succeeded in excluding from power and place the men who had wielded the one and filled the other, and the municipality was restored to purity. A police force was instituted which for efficiency, had no parallel on this continent. The rowdies who had perpetrated outrage upon outrage were compelled to self exile or were called to answer at the bar of justice. Security reigned everywhere. Law was respected and enforced. It is scarcely necessary to say that a change has taken plaee.

In so large a city as this, street beggars are almost a necessity. And many were in this city one year ago but compared with those to-day the number was small indeed. Now thousands—men, women and children—are tramping the streets.—Not an hour passes that the dwellings of opulent families are not besieged with medicants. Scarcely are the wants of one applicant supplied before another equally as needy is supplicating for relief. Tales of suffering—of days of fasting, and nights of hunger—are on thousands lips, and too often the sunken eye, the blanched cheek, and the emaciated form are eloquent witnesses to the truth of the sorrowful story. Strong, earnest and honest men, who never knew what it was to want, whose hands were ever open for the relief of suffering, now walk our streets in absolute poverty. Heretofore it has been their pleasure to give bountifully; but they are no longer dispensers of charities,—on the contrary they are its worthy recipients. Their tongues have never learned the art of begging and they have been educated to look upon the practice, even when necessary, as disgusting. Hours of want—days of trouble, nights of sleepless sorrow, come and pass, and still they cheat themselves, with the delusion that help will arrive—that relief from some unknown source is at hand—that "something will turn up." Not so. Disappointment adds to the heavy sorrow; and at last, sick at heart, with hunger staring from their eyes, they are forced to apply to some friend, perhaps but little better off than themselves. The story runs always thus:—"Not a bite to eat for days—not a cent of money—no employment, nor prospect of it—a wife and little ones to feed." Hundreds in this city, within the past few months, have told the same sad tale. Hundreds more will tell it, And when winter, with all its rigors, its penetrating frosts and pitiless storms, is here, God only knows what the poor will do. Many a shoeless foot will leave its impress in the snows—many a grey head will go unsheltered of the storms—many a throbbing heart will be settled for ever. "Alms," "alms," is a doleful sound to be constantly ringing in the ears. It is natural to turn away from the oft-told tale, and even at last to doubt the truth of any story of sorrow; though it may be rehearsed with trembling tongue and bursting heart. "I have nothing for you, I am as poor as you;" as the supplicant turns away—a new bonnet—a new shawl—a new over-coat—a new hat—a jewel or some furs. A few yards from your door you will find shoeless feet—half-naked bodies—hatless heads—destitute homes—want—hunger—death. The poor are troublesome, but "ye have them always with you."

Suffering, however, is not the greatest grief that flows from poverty. Too frequently it is the mother of shame. Women who have never known want—who have lived fashionable lives, joined in the follies and extravagances of a prosperous community, until their simple natures have changed, their tastes been vitiated and their desires corrupted—now find themselves deprived of the means of indulging their propensities for dress, or gratifying their longings for the excesses which made their past life a fiction. Too weak to resist the corrupting influences by which they are surrounded, and anxious to continue living a life of uselessness, they commence one of shame.

Other women, pressed by want—urged by dire necessity—maddened by a destitute present and a dark, unpromising future—take the fatal step and are lost. Scarcely a day passes, but some fond, doting parent is besieging the police authorities, invoking their aid in reclaiming an erring daughter. In some instances the effort is successful, but in a large majority of cases it is "love's labor lost," and the parent—an aged mother—goes to her home with a bleeding heart to live a life of sorrow. Those who are still virtuous and know not of the miseries of life, should have much compassion for this unfortunate class of women.

Idleness is the parent of vice.—This truth is demonstrated in the present career of the young men of this city. Hundreds of them have lost their situations, and, to use one of their own expressive terms, 'they're afloat.' Nothing to do. But who ever knew a young man live without doing something? It he is not employed in a legitimate business, he will be in an illegitimate one If not industrious at labor, he will be industrious at vice. Go into a restaurant, a bagatelle room, or a small-fry gambling hell, and you will find throngs of young men, indulging in all the excesses of dissipation. Faces that are yet smooth and beardless are already bloated. Eyes that should be clear as crystal are reddened and swollen with debauchery. Nightly, when the streets are deserted, they are to be seen reeling to their homes, or perhaps making the silent hours hideous with broils. Never has there been a time when the youth of the city were so thoroughly given up to dissipation; and no feature of all the miseries which are hanging over us as a dark pall, demands more the attention of society, than the present downward course of the young.

This is the month of October, which should be the harvest-time of a commercial community. Heretofore our city at this season "with buyers and with sellers was humming like a hive." The sidewalks were crowded with boxes and barrels, bales and crates, until they were almost impassable. Drays and carts and express wagons jostled against each other, and the ears sickened with the din which pervaded every avenue of trade. Men of business hurried to and fro, in their rivalries, and clerks toiled late and early, until exhausted. How is it now? There is no necessity for enforcing the law relative to keeping the sidewalks clear. There is less swearing done by draymen. Merchants are walking leisurely about, or sitting quietly in their counting-rooms. Clerks are standing listlessly at the store doors, or indolently lounging on a bale of goods. Rents are going on, but few are being paid.

The same depression marks every branch of mechanics. The noise of the foundry is stilled, and the tilt-hammer is silent. The ring of the anvil is almost a novelty, and the "sound of hammers closing rivets up" is nowhere heard. The condition of Baltimore is that of all the cities. The same calamities which afflict her people bear with equal weight upon those of all communities. A great prosperous nation is in the dust. An honest people have found out too late that they have been used by base men, and they are now compelled to deplore a state of affairs for which history has no parallel and the present no solution.

PROTECTING ROSES IN WINTER.—I would like to communicate an experience I have made these last two years, that is—how to keep tender roses through the winter safe and in a small place. I take my roses up in the fall, trim them considerably back, and heel them in a frame. I keep over a hundred roses under one sash and round them all alive and in good order, even though my ground is very wet. I found not only that I kept them well, but they flowered very fine the whole of last summer. I found this idea stated in the Ohio Farmer some years ago, by Mr. Elliott. In speaking of it, he says; "I have yet to learn that it is not the best way to keep them. Z.

CAPT. HENRY CLAY (grandson of Henry Clay, Sr., and son of the Col. Clay, who was killed in the battle of Buena Vista,) has been appointed an Assistant Adjutant General of Volunteers, and assigned to the staff of Brigadier Gen. Richard W. Johnson of Kentucky.

The singular development was made a few days ago, in Washington, in respect to pistol cartridges given out to some of the cavalry, that they were filled, some with wooden plugs and others with turnip seeds!

The following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a country paper: "Made their escape—a husband's affections. They disappeared immediately on seeing his wife with her hands and face unwashed at breakfast."

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

Women live for each other—that is, for the love of criticism of each other.

The Position of Gen. Houston as Defined by Himself.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, of recent date, contains a letter from Gen. Sam Houston, dated September 18, which was written for the purpose of defining his position, and in answer to an article which he saw in the N. York *Herald*, about the 15th or 16th of August, which states that General Houston has no sympathy with the rebellion. In reply to this he says:

Previous to the act of secession by Texas, and whilst the measure was one of argument and opinion, my opposition to it was open and avowed, and my opposition to the acts of the Convention was not concealed, but on all becoming occasions fully expressed, nor did I cease that expression of opposition to the measure of secession, until the people acquiesced in it, when I, as one of them, unhesitatingly assented to this conclusion; since which time I have attempted to throw no impediment in the way of this action, but, on the contrary, have performed all the acts of a dutiful and loyal citizen of the Southern Confederacy. This was doing no more than what became me, for I have lived and acted upon the principle that all public officers should obey the will of their constituents, and all private citizens support the Government which secures to them their liberties.

Whilst the Convention was in session, I presented a communication to the Legislature, accompanying resolutions forwarded to me by the Executive of Tennessee, on the subject of coercion, in which I denounced, unqualifiedly, such a measure of Federal policy. Since then my opinions have undergone no change.

* * * * * * *

Had I been disposed to involve Texas in civil war, I had it in my power, for I was tendered the aid of seventy thousand men, and means to sustain myself in Texas, by adhering to the Union; but this I rejected, and, in return for the offer, I gave my advice to the Federal Government that I wanted no money, I desired no office, and wished for no troops; but, if Mr. Lincoln was wise, and wished to confer a benefit upon the country, he would evacuate Forts Pickens and Sumter, recall all the Federal troops from Texas, and not take the counsel of such a man as General Scott, or his administration would be disgraced. Notwithstanding this, when my message was reported to Mr. Lincoln, by his own messenger, it appeared that he did not believe that his agent had been faithful in the discharge of his trust in reporting my opinion. So strong was this belief, that he immediately resolved to send another messenger and troops to the South. * *

My only son—above the years of childhood, and he is only a stripling of eighteen—attached himself to the first company that was raised in the neighborhood; he has been mustered into service for during the war, and is discharging the duties of a soldier, equipped to meet the enemies of the Southern Confederacy; and, in addition to this, no less than four nephews have enlisted for during the war; and are now on their march to Virginia. I might cite these as evidences in vindication of myself, if I chose so to do, but such is not the object; it is merely done for the gratification of boasting a little, and to let those who are most forward in Secession see whether they have done more than I have, and am willing to do, for the Southern Confederacy.—And more than this, I have three other nephews who have been in Virginia from the commencement of the war, with the other Southern troops.

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The time has been when there was a powerful Union sentiment in Texas, and a willingness on the part of many true patriots to give Mr. Lincoln a fair trial in the administration of the Federal Government. * * These times have passed by. If there is any Union sentiment in Texas now, I am not apprised of it.

When the millions of Persia invaded Greece, the Spartans were not more united in defence of their country and liberties than is Texas united in support of the Southern Confederacy.

A peddler called on an old lady to dispose of some goods, and inquired of her if she could tell him of any road which no peddler had travelled "Yes," said she, "I know one, and only one, and that is the road to heaven."

Woman—To her virtues, we give love; to her beauty, our admiration; to her hoops, the whole sidewalk.

What ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied," replied Joe.

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