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March 28, 1861.—ly.

Select Poetry.

THE MEN WHO FELL IN BALTIMORE.

DEDICATED TO THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT BY J. W. FORNEY.

Our country's call awoke the land
From mountain height to ocean strand.
The old Keystone, the Bay State too,
In all her direst dangers true,
Resolved to answer to her cry,
For her to bleed, for her to die;
And so they marched their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore,

Our men from Berks and Schuylkill came—
Lehigh and Mifflin in the train;
First in the field they sought the way,
Hearts beating high and spirits gay;
Heard the wild yells of fiendish spite,
Of armed mobs on left and right;
But on they marched, their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Next came the Massachusetts men,
Gathered from city, glade and glen;
No hate for South, but love for all,
They answered to their country's call.
The path of them seemed broad and bright,
They sought no foeman and no fight,
As on they marched, their flag before,
New England's braves, through Baltimore.

But when they showed their martial pride,
And closed their glittering columns wide,
They found their welcome in the fire
Of maddened foes and demons dire,
Who, like the fiends from hell sent forth,
Attacked these heroes of the North;
These heroes bold, with travel sore,
While on their way through Baltimore.

From every stifling den and street,
They rushed the gallant band to meet—
Forgot the cause they came to save—
Forgot that those they struck were brave—
Forgot the dearest ties of blood
That bound them in one brotherhood—
Forgot the flag that floated o'er
Their countrymen in Baltimore.

And the great song their son had penned.
To rally freemen to defend
The banner of the stripes and stars,
That makes victorious all our wars,
Was laughed to scorn, as madly then
They greeted all the gallant men
Who came from Massachusetts shore
To Washington, through Baltimore.

And when, with wildest grief, at last
They saw their comrades falling fast,
Full on the assassins in their track,
They wheeled, and drove the cowards back.
Then, with their hearts o'erwhelmed with woe,
Measured their progress, stern and slow;
Their wounded on their shoulders bore
To Washington, through Baltimore,

Yet, while New England mourns her dead,
The blood by Treason fully shed.
Like that which flowed at Lexington,
When Freedom's earliest fight begun.
Will make the day, the month, the year,
To every patriot's memory dear.
Sons of great fathers gone before,
They fell for Right at Baltimore.

As over every honored grave,
Where sleeps the "unreturning brave,"
A mother sobs, a young wife moans,
A father for his lost one groans,
Oh! let the people ne'er forget
Our deep, enduring, lasting debt
To those who left their native shore
And died for us in Baltimore.

WASHINGTON, May 1861.

Miscellaneous.

A DETECTIVE TAKEN IN.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Our readers may remember the circumstance of the arrest, some eight or ten years ago, of a band of counterfeiters in Canada, and of the capture of a marvellous quantity of tools and implements of the nefarious craft. It may have been over ten years ago though I am inclined to think it was at a later date. However, the newspapers were full of the startling intelligence at the time, and as my story does not depend for its interest or truthfulness upon the exact date, we will not be particular. And, furthermore, if Mr. Sharp should see this bit of gossipping history, I beg that he will not blame me for having written it. He will observe that I have kept his real name out of sight; and so, if he keeps his own counsel, the uninitiated will be none the wiser touching his share in the transaction.

In that other time of which I have spoken, the business community of New England was startled by the appearance of new and dangerous counterfeit bank notes. They came, no one could tell whence; but they came in great quantities; and ere long nearly every trader in the country had suffered in the possession of one or more of these bogus promises-to-pay. The flood of counterfeits increased as the weeks passed on, and so nicely executed were they that people began to loose their confidence in all kinds of bank paper.

At this stage of the game it became necessary for the banks to step in and do something; and they did it—they did it for their own salvation. They came together by their representatives, and formed an association for the purpose of breaking up counterfeiting then and in all coming time; and in the hands of an elected commission was left the business of employing such means as might be necessary to the end in view. Intelligence had been received which rendered it certain that the counterfeits were manufactured somewhere in Canada; and after a deal of inquiry and patient investigation, the bank commission not only became assured that Canada was the point of issue, but they also obtained the name of some dozen suspected men against whom the evidence was at least strong enough to warrant their apprehension.

But now, how should these men be found? Of course the work must needs be carried on carefully and shrewdly, for counterfeiters are much like crows—they must be approached so stealthily that the springing of the trap shall precede the alarm.

Away up in Maine lived an old deputy-sheriff named Ralph Barnum, who had some experience in such matters, and it was suggested to the commission that they employ him; but they fancied they knew better. They wanted no *countryman* to blunder in their work. They had their eye upon the very man. Mr. Samuel Sharp was a policeman of the city, and such marvellous stories had he told of his exploits in capturing rogues that his fame had reached the ears of the commission, and he was fixed upon as the agent who should bring the hidden places of the counterfeiters to light. Mr. Sharp was a gentleman, and, perhaps, a scholar; and it was fancied that he could travel over the road without its being suspected that he was an officer. At all events, Mr. Sharp was engaged to do the work; and he was accordingly furnished with money for the trip, and also with the names of the suspected persons. This last item was a very important one, and the policeman determined to make the most of it. With such information to start upon he felt sure of success—so sure, that he told his employers he might depend upon him. Written down in a little book he had the names of a dozen men who were known to be great rogues; who had been seen in Canada within a month; and who were furthermore known to have had some hand in issueing bogus notes. The thing was now to find their lurking place; get possession of their tools and implements and stock in trade, and bring the villians to justice.

Mr. Samuel Sharp said he could do it. He said he *would* do it. He had a clue to the whereabouts of the rascals, and they could not escape him. He took the rail as far as that would carry him on his way, and then took the stage. At Derby, close by the Canada line, he stopped to make his final arrangements. He was sure that his game was not far away—not many miles over the line—and he determined to approach it very carefully. On the following morning he took the stage which was to carry him into Canada; and, as the day was fine, he rode upon the box with the driver. The driver was a jolly loquacious individual, and soon learned from his passenger that he, the said passenger, was simply travelling for his health and amusement. At noon they stopped for dinner at a small settlement, and in the afternoon Mr. Sharp had come to like the jolly driver exceedingly well—so much so that he laughed and joked about the peculiar institutions of the country.

"I have heard," said he, "that you have a good many sharp rogues in Canada; and if it is all true that has been told to me, you must be more than a match for the Yankees."

The driver laughed, and in a joking way claimed that his people were really overburdened with honesty.

"But," suggested Mr. Sharp, "they do a little keen horse trading once in a while?"

"When they can do it honorably," replied John, with a wink.

"And," pursued the detective, in a careless manner, "I have heard that a goodly share of the bogus bank notes come from Canada."

"I've heard such stuff myself; but I dont believe it. I never took but one bogus note and that I got in Vermont. I guess the Yankees made the most o' that."

And so they rattled on till night, when the stage stopped at a small in, where Mr. Sharp engaged lodgings. He did not speak for a seat in the coach for the next morning, for he imagined that he must already be in the neighborhood of his game. It might be some miles away, but in all probability, not on the line of the stage route. So he told the landlord that he might stop with him for several days, at the same time intimating that he might also want a horse and carriage to ride around and view the country.

In a little while after this the landlord and the jolly stage driver were closeted together in a back room.

"Who is that chap?" asked the landlord.

"He's a poke!" emphatically replied the jolly stage driver. "He's come up here to look after our folks. He ain't no pleasure hunter; but he's a bogus huntin; he talked ed about bogus money."

"Aha!" said the landlord. "I thought so."

"But," pursued the jolly stage driver, "that aint all. That aint half. He asked me if I'd ever heard tell of such a man as Bill Sawtell; and not long afterwards he wanted to know if ever I heard of a horse trader named John Downer. In course I never heard of any such chaps. But what does he want of Bill Sawtell and Jack Downer? How did he know there was any such men?"

"Aha!" said the landlord.

"He must be watched," said the jolly stage-driver.

"Aha! Leave him to me!" added the landlord, "Leave him to me!"

In ten minutes from that time a sharp witted, quiet-mannered boy was put upon Mr. Samuel Sharp's track, with directions to watch his every movement, and report.

After tea Mr. Sharp sat down upon the piazza, and having convinced himself that he was alone, took the little book from his pocket, and looked over the names he had there written down.

Now it so happened that Mr. Samuel Sharp was leaning against the sill of a window, the blinds of which were closed, and it further happened that within the parlor stood the little boy, peering down between the slats of said blinds, directly upon the afore mentioned book. By and by Mr. Sharp put up his book and walked away, and the boy went to report. He, the boy, found the landlord and the jolly stage driver in the back room, and he told them what he had seen. He had seen the book in the stranger's hands, and he had read a lot of names that were written down there. He had read the name of Bill Sawtell, and the name of John Downer, and the name of Dennis McKnight, and some eight or ten more, which he called over, and which the landlord recognized as belonging to their very particular friends.

"Aha!" said mine host. "I begin to smell!"

"Oho!" echoed the jolly stage driver; "that's his game."

In the evening the landlord went into the bar-room, and found the overcoat of his guest hanging upon a peg. It was a light loose sack, which Mr. Samuel Sharp wore as a "duster." Mine host took the garment down, and carried it away, and having ripped open the color, and examined its make and quality, he packed in a little extra stiffening, and then sewed it up as it should be, after which he carried the coat back, and hung it up where he found it.

On the following morning, after Mr. Samuel Sharp had eaten his breakfast, and smoked a cigar, he proposed that he would take a ride. He said that he might ride. He said he might ride on to the next town, and if he did he would not be back before night. The landlord didn't mind that. He furnished the team as desired, and expressed his willingness that the guest should ride whither he pleased.

In about an hour after Mr. Sharp had gone, the landlord and the jolly stage driver bestirred themselves. They hunted up a justice and an officer, and lodged a complaint against one Samuel Sharp, said complaint setting forth that said Sharp was an issuer of counterfeit money. The justice issued a writ, and the officer started off to serve it, the landlord and the jolly stage driver bearing him company. They overtook Mr. Sharp just as he drove up to the door of the inn at the next town, and the officer arrested him at once, and took him into the parlor, where a large number of curious people soon gathered.

"Good heavens, gentlemen, what do you mean?" cried Mr. Sharp. "*Me* a counterfeiter."

"Oho," cried the jolly stage driver, don't try none o' that on us. I took the measure on you when you was on my stage. I marked what you said. Oho, you was a leetle too leaky. Twas a bogus bill as you passed on me.

Mr. Sharp was astounded. He knew that he had said something to the jolly stage driver about counterfeiting, but he had no idea that it could have been turned against him.

"I must search your person," said the officer.

"Certainly," replied the detective.

During this operation the landlord suggested that counterfeiters hid bogus money away in strange places.

"Oho, that's so," said the jolly stage driver: and thereupon a more thorough search was commenced.

"Aha! What's this?"

It was something peculiar in the feeling of the color of the over-sack. The officer out with his knife, and ripped it open, when lo and behold, the evidence was in sight! Within that color, very nicely packed away between the cloth and the lining, they found eight thousand dollars of counterfeit money!

Mr. Samuel Sharp stood aghast, and knew not what to say; when he did speak, his words were only taken as so much evidence of his guilt. In short, Sharp was fully committed, and marched away to jail, while the lookers on went about their business; the accommodating landlord and the jolly stage driver returning to look out for the next detective that might happen to come along.

Mr. Samuel Sharp remained in jail eight-and forty hours, and then managed to gain an interview with the high sheriff. He told his story so plainly and directly, and had such a documentary evidence to show that he soon convinced the sheriff that he really was an officer in the pursuit of duty, and that a rascally trick had been played upon him. The sheriff saw through the matter at length, and concluded that the prisoner might be set at liberty.

"Of course, I cannot give you liberty at present by any legal process; but, under the circumstances, I am willing to take a great responsibility. If you you will give me your word that you will return at once to your home, and not remain here, I will persuade the jailor to let you make your escape this night.

Mr. Sharp accepted the offer with many thanks. That night he found the door of the jail open; and, before the light of another morning, he was beyond the line, in Vermont. He reached his home, and made his report; and it was the conclusion of the bank commission that Mr. Samuel Sharp was not sharp enough for that sort of business.

The next step was to send to Maine for Ralph Barnum; and in due time Mr. Ralph Barnum made his appearance. He said he would go in quest of the rogues, and his terms were as follows: In addition to the pay he demanded for his time, he demanded the right to expend as much money on account of his employers as he wished. He promised that he would keep a fair account of every dollar thus expended. If he wished to buy a horse, a horse he must buy; if he wanted to buy an ox, an ox he must buy. And, if he wanted a hundred horses, or a hundred oxen, he must have the means to purchase. Only, he promised that he would be as careful as possible, and purchase that which would readily sell again.

The commission finally consented to this, and Mr. Barnum went his way. Just imagine a middle-aged, red-faced man, with an honest jolly look; standing six feet and four inches in his stockings, and weighing nearly three hundred pounds, and you have an idea of Ralph Barnum. In the garb of an old cattle drover he made his way into Canada, and commenced at once to examine all the best stock, occasionally buying, as his fancy seemed to be suited. In this way, he spent a month, in the very neighborhood where Mr. Samuel Sharp had been operated on, and at the end of that time he was master of every secret he desired to know; yet so carefully had he kept his own counsel, and so persistantly had he followed his professsed calling, that his real intent was not suspected. In the end the train was laid, the force made ready, and the trap sprung.

As I said at first, those who read the newspapers of the time, cannot have forgotten the result. It was the largest and most important haul of counterfeiters and counterfeiting implements ever made in this country. And in closing, I may add, that conspicuous among the prisoners were the accommodating landlord and the jolly stage driver.

A MILITARY PIG.

During the last war with Great Britain, a very remarkable circumstance occurred in connection with the invasion of Canada. A company of Kentucky volunteers destined far Shelby's army had their rendezvous at Harrodsburg, in Kentucky, and formed a sort of nucleus or rallying point for the military recruits of that part of the country.—When they marched from Harrodsburg towards the Ohio river, having got a mile or two on their way, they noticed two pigs fighting, and delayed their march to see it out. After they had resumed their march, the pig which had been the victor in the contest, was observed to follow them.

At night, when they encamped, the pig found a shelter near, and halted also. The next day the pig accompanied the troops as before; and thus it marched every day and halted every night with the soldiers, or near them. When they came opposite Cincinnati, at which place the troops were to cross the Ohio in a ferry boat, the pig, on getting to the water's edge, promptly plunged in and swam across, and then waited on the other side until the whole cortege crossed over, and then renewed its post upon one side of the moving column. Thus the animal kept up with the troops until they crossed the State of Ohio and reached Lake Erie. On the journey, as the men grew familiar with their comrade, it became a pet, receiving a share of the rations issued to the soldiers, and destitute of provisions as the troops found themselves at times, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow soldier. What they had was shared, and if they fared scantily as the rest at times, it still grunted on, and manifested as much patriotism in his own line as the bipeds it accompanied did in theirs. At the margin of the Lake she embarked with the troops and went as far Bass Island. But when offered a passage over into Canada, she obstinately refused to embark a second time. Some of the men attributed her conduct to constitutional scruples, and observed that she knew it was contrary to the Constitution to force a militia pig over the line. She therefore had leave to remain.

After the campaign had closed, the troops recrossed the Lake, having left some of their horses on the American side. As soon as the line was formed, to the great surprise of the troops, there was the pig on the right of the line, ready to resume her march with the rest. By this time the winter frosts had set in, and the animal suffered greatly on the homeward march. She made out, however, to reach Maysville, where the troops recrossed the Ohio river. There she gave out, and was placed in trusty hands by Gov. Shelby, and finally taken to the Governor's home, where she passed the rest of her days in ease and indolence.

There are many in Kentucky who can now attest the truth of this remarkable story.

MODERN YOUNG GIRLS.

There are a great many young ladies who work—who have to work—who spend no time in simpering and coquetting—who wash their gloves, and iron their collars, and knit their stockings with their own hands. There are scores who despise dependence upon their hardworking fathers and mothers, and so learn trades, and work ten or twelve hours a day. They would cheerfully do housework, if the young men would invite them to become wives. But the young men seem to prefer the butterflies—the brainless do nothings; and the result is, that the class of girls we refer to, young ladies of energy and industry, who would really help their husbands to accumulate wealth—live and die in single blessedness.

We have found very few young men in our life time, who did not perceive the truth of what we are saying. They acknowledged that working, industrious girls—the girls who work in shops, or insist upon relieving their mothers of some of the cares and labors of housekeeping, are the girls to be married. But they are not the girls we meet with at balls and parties; and so, while the young man has determined to marry one of them at last, he has sought the butterflies for present amusement. The amusement has had this effect.

A few meetings at the ball room, a few interviews at the social gatherings, a few evening walks, and the working girl has been forgotten; the real prize lost. Butterfly is carried home, and a servant girl is hired to wait upon her, the bills run up and are not paid, ruin comes, in one shape or another, and then all the young men are invited to take warning. Their friend's mistake is not seen, but the fact that he got married is taken as accounting for all his miseries.

If he had married a *woman*, instead of a bundle of whalebone, millinery and crinoline, he would have got along well enough. Our belief is, that any man who takes care of himself can afford to have some one to help him. Yet plain enough it is, that no one but a millionaire can afford to marry one of the funny things we call ladies, which may be seen walking the street any pleasant afternoon. The truth, which needs to be preached just now, is that those 'ladies' are educated and dressed for the *market*. If young men do not overvalue them, we should not see them. They don't know much, it is true; but they do know what kind of a hook marriageable fishes like to swallow.

HOTEL REGULATIONS.—The landlord of a hotel at the capital of South Carolina posted in his barroom, as a mark of respect to the Legislature, the follwing notice: "Look here—the following rules of order will be hereafter obeyed in this hotel: Members of the Assembly will go to the table first, and the gentlemen afterwards." After reading it over he did not exactly like it. It didn't say anything about rowdies and blackguards; so, to caution them particularly, he added: "Nota Bena. Rowdies and blackguards will please not mix with the members, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

SOME malicious scoundrel has penned the following:

Eve did not know as much as her daughters of the present day. Had they been in her place instead of being deceived they would have deceived the D—l.

GEORGE WILSON.

A few years since as Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary appearance, but whose fine intelligent eye fixed the attention of the gentleman as the boy inquired:

"Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and learn him to read?"

"Whose boy are you, and where do you live?"

"I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the work house, because they would not learn me to read."

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates by faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed to use his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge.—It became necessary, after a while, that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room furnished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure hours to his favorite pursuits.—Here he made large attainments in mathematics, in the French language and other branches, and being in the situation a few years, one evening, while sitting at tea with the family, he remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France!" said his master, surprised that the apparently happy and contented boy should thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation "for what?"

His kind friend was accordingly invited. At tea time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts, in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest plan of measuring plain surfaces, of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded."

He then demonstrated his problem to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, then our minister to the court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, nobles, and plenipotentiaries, this American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize which he had clearly won, besides several presents from the king.

He then took letters of recommendation to the court of St. James, and took a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society, and soon after returned to the United States.

He was preparing to secure the benefits of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstration at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit. He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the autocrat of all the Russians!

HORRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.—A correspondence from Valparaizo, dated April 3, says:

"With feelings of deep regret I have to announce to you the utter destruction of the city of Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic, by an earthquake, on the evening of the 20th of March last. At that date, at half past eight, p. m. a slight but prolonged vibration of the earth was felt in this city, and in Santiago simultaneously. Most of the churches were densly filled, it being near the close of Lent, and some alarm and confusion was created, but no accidents occured, and tranquility was soon restored.

On Sunday, the 24th, however, a general gloom was cast over the city by the announcement by telegraph from the capital, that Benigno Bruno, the mail-rider had arrived from Mendoza that morning without a mail, bringing the distressing news that there remained but a heap of ruins to point the spot where a few days before had stood a thriving and populous city of 15,000 souls.

Bruno stated that he arrived at Mendoza on the morning of the 20th; that at half past eight, p. m., a brief but excessively violent shock of an earthquake, lasting but six or eight seconds, destroying every building, public and private, in the city; and that the number who were enabled to escape was very limited. The streets being narrow, the buildings high, and the inhabitants totally unused to such phenomena, were paralyzed with terror, and neglected to seek refuge in the open courts of their dwellings until to late. The Postmaster was buried beneath the ruins of the postoffice—the Governor was missing—and when he was asked why he brought no certificate that the mails were lost, the messenger replied, 'There was no one left to write it, nor materials to write with.'

The aspect presented by the city after the first shock was terrific. Hoarse subterranean thunders deafened the air—animals of all kinds rushed frantically through the open spaces howling—the earth opened and vomited forth floods of water, while, to crown the scene of horrer, flames burst from the ruins and consumed nearly the entire business portion of the city with its dead, its dying and its wounded.

On the 28th a number of letters were received here, and at Santiago by relatives and friends of Chilians residing in Mendoza but the hope till then entertained, that the earlier accounts were exaggerated, soon gave way to the dreadful certainty that the calamity had not yet been painted in colors sufficiently vivid. The earth still continued to tremble, and a few walls that had resisted the shock one by one fell, until now no vestage of a building remains.

"NOBODY ever lost anything by love," said a certain person. "That's not true," said a lady who heard the remark, "for I once lost three night's sleep."

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