The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

ALINE'S CHOICE.

BY EDITH MAY.

Rudolph is a baron:—
He dreams till noon on a pillow fine;
From the dusk of eve till the dusk of dawn,
Drinking deep of the amber wine.
But Ludovic, the peasant,
Lies like a deer in the dewy brake;
With his broad hand for a drinking cup,
Stoops to a breezy lake.

Rudolph rides to the knightly chase,
With hawk, and pack, and mounted train;
Ludovic, with a single hound,
Wanders afoot o'er the windy plain.
The one will rest in a silken tent,
When the quarry is dropped, and the mort is played;
The other lies in the cleft of a rock,
Under a hemlock shade.

Rudolph will give me a palfrey white,
With silken saddle and stirrup of gold;
But Lodovic, in his arm of strength,
Has borne me far through the heat and cold.
The noble has promised a chain of gems,
Broidered kerchief and mantle gay;
The peasant will sheer me a fleece, to spin
A gown for my wedding day.

What should I do with jewels
On my neck, that is brown with the sun and rain?
How should I fasten my loose long hair
With a comb of pearl or a golden chain?
I'll crown it fair with a myrtle wreath,
I'll gather it back with a ribbon gay;
And I'll wrap myself in my peasant's cloak,
To keep the cold away?

I hold my breath in yon lone old halls;
Echoes that lurk in the niches there,
Say over my words with a hollow laugh,
Stealthily follow from stair to stair;
Knights and dames on the pictured wall
Look, as I pass, with a steadfast frown;
And the mastiff that's chained in the castle court
Barks at my peasant's gown.

I know a roof where the wild grass hangs
From moss and mould to the cabin door:
I know a hound that will crouch and fawn
At the sound of my step on the rush-strewn floor.
Keep your gifts, oh Rudolph,
The chains of pearl and the golden band—
To match the pride of a fairer neck,
To shine on a whiter hand.

Biographical.

HORACE GREELEY.

Among the many books which have lately been issued from the New York press, none are more readable, instructive, or better calculated to exert a salutary influence upon the minds of the reader than the life of Horace Greeley, Editor of the New York *Tribune*, by James Parton, published by Mason & Brothers, a book of 442 pages closely printed. We take the liberty of transferring to our columns a page here and there, which will show up a little of the early history of one who perhaps wields a greater influence over the minds of the American people than any other live man. Of his parentage and early childhood a reviewer of the book thus briefly states the main facts:

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, on the 2d day of February, 1811, and is, consequently, nearly forty-four years of age. The maiden name of his mother, who is spoken of as in many respects a remarkable woman, was Mary Woodburn. Hit father's Christian name was Zaccheus.

He early manifested signs of extraordinary intelligence, and took instinctively and irrepressibly to learning. For his first instructor he had his mother, and a better one he could not have had. He learned to read at home, and cannot now remember the time when he could not read, nor how he acquired the art. All the friends and neighbors of his early childhood agree in asserting that at the age of four years he could not only read any book whatever, but could read with his book in any position: right side up, up side down, or sidewise!

Here is a picture of

GREELEY IN THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

On one of the first benches of the Londonderry school house, near the fire, we may imagine the little white-headed fellow, whom everybody liked, to be seated during the winter of 1814–15. He was eager to go to school. When the snow lay on the ground in drifts too deep for him to wade through, one of his aunts, who lives to tell the story, would take him up on her shoulders and carry him to the door. He was in the possession that winter, of three books, the "Columbian Orator," "Morse's Geography," and a spelling book. From the "Columbian Orator" he learned many pieces by heart, and among others, that very celebrated oration which probably the majority of the inhabitants of this nation have at some time of their lives been able to repeat, beginning:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage."

One of his schoolfellows has a vivid remembrance of Horace's reciting this piece before the whole school in Londonderry, before he was old enough to utter the words plainly.—He had a lisping, whining little voice, says my informant, but spoke with the utmost confidence, and greatly to the amusement of the school.

'Spelling Schools' were popular in those days, and Horace was exceedingly fond of attending them. Spelling appears to have been a perfect passion with him. He is well remembered by his companions in orthography. They delight still to tell of the little fellow, in the long evenings, falling asleep in his place, and when it came his turn, his neighbors gave him an anxious nudge, and he would wake instantly, spell off his word, and drop asleep in a moment.

He was also a great proficent in Arithmetic, and noted for his kind, obliging, and peaceful disposition, and for helping his comrades to solve their hard sums. As may be easily conceived, he soon knew too much for his teachers, and was obliged to continue his education at his father's fireside, where he was accustomed to read and study during the long winter evenings, by the light of a blazing pine knot!

While Horace was yet quite young, his father met with a pecuniary misfortune, which deprived him of all his property, and soon after removed to Westhaven, Vt. Here for a time, they seem to have had a hard but nobly sustained struggle with poverty and hardship. We are thus introduced to the family as they are taking their supper of

DEAN PORRIDGE.

A five quart milk-pen filled with bean porridge—an hereditary dish among the Scotch-Irish—was placed upon the floor, children clustering around it. Each child was provided with a spoon, and dipped into the porridge, the spoon going directly from the common dish, to the particular mouth, without an intermediate landing upon a plate, the meal consisting of porridge and porridge only.—The parents sat at a table enjoying the dignity of a separate dish. This was a homely way of dining; but, adds my kind informant, 'they seemed so happy over their meal, that many a time, as I looked upon the group, I wished our mother would let *us* eat that way—it seemed *so* much better than sitting at a table and using knives, and forks and plates.'

At Westhaven, Horace worked, read and studied as industriously as before, and was considered a prodigy by everybody who knew him. He devoured books of all kinds with a never-sated appetite, and remembered all he read. In person he was rather tall for his age, and in the costume described below must have 'cut a figure' not less picturesque than striking.

YOUNG GREELEY'S COSTUME.

More than three garments at the same time, Horace seldom wore in the summer, and these were: a straw hat, generally in a state of dilapidation, a tow shirt, never buttoned, a pair of trowsers made of the family material, and having the peculiarity of being very short in both legs, but shorter in one than the other. In the winter he added a pair of shoes and a jacket. During the five years of his life at Westhaven, his clothes did not cost three dollars a year; and, I believe, that during the whole period of his childhood, up to the time when he became of age, not fifty dollars in all were expended upon his dress. He never manifested, on any occasion, in any company, nor at any part of his early life, the slightest interest in his attire, nor the least care for its effect upon others.

This carelessness upon the subject of dress is frequently alluded to throughout the book, and only in two or three instances does it appear to give way to the force of circumstances. Once, on his first visit to New York, when he applied for board and lodging at a third-rate hotel, when the landlord eyed him closely from head to foot, and then remarked, 'I guess we are a leetle too high for you.' Horace went instanter and invested the larger portion of his funds in a suit of clothes, tho' he had not obtained a place to work. Another occasion was at the time of his marriage. It seems that he considered silk stockings an indispensable article in the proper attire of a bridegroom, but upon trying on his wedding garments he found that the long continuations of his pantaloons entirely hid them from view, he made his tailor cut off a portion sufficient to exhibit the stockings. The old white coat is alluded to; it was purchased, Greeley once told a friend, of an old countryman, and was a very good one. Hence it was worn a long time, and became almost as celebrated as its owner.

He was sometimes very absent minded, and on several occasions was

TAKEN FOR AN IDIOT.

Once, when he entered a store, in one of the brownest of his brown studies, and a stranger enquired, 'what darn fool is that?' and a second time in the manner following: He was accustomed to call his father '*Sir*,' both in speaking to and of him. One day while Horace was chopping wood, by the side of the road, a man came up on horseback and inquired the way to a distant town. Horace could not tell him, and without looking up, said, 'Ask *Sir*,' meaning, ask father. The stranger, puzzled at this reply, repeated his question, and Horace again said, 'Ask *Sir*.' I *am* asking shouted the man. 'Well ask *Sir*,' said Horace once more.' '*Ain't* I asking you—fool,' screamed the man. But I want you to ask *Sir*,' said Horace. It was of no avail, the man rode away in disgust, and inquired at the next tavern, 'who that towheaded fool was down the road.'

At a very early age he made up his mind to be a printer. The way he got a place as apprentice, in the office of the *Northern Spectator*, East Pultney, Vt., is thus happily described:

HORACE BECOMES AN APPRENTICE.

It was a fine spring morning in the year 1826, about ten o'clock, when Mr. Amos Bliss, the manager, and one of the proprietors of the *Northern Spectator*, 'might have been seen' in the garden behind his house planting potatoes. He heard the gate open behind him, and, without turning or looking around, became dimly conscious of the presence of a boy. But the boys of country villages go into whosever garden their wandering fancy impels them, and supposing this boy to be one of his neighbors, Mr. Bliss continued his work, and quickly forgot that he was not alone. In a few minutes he heard a voice close behind him, a strange voice, high-pitched and whining.

'It said, 'are you the man that carries on the printing-office?'

Mr. Bliss then turned, and resting upon his hoe, surveyed the person who addressed him. He saw standing before him a boy apparently about fifteen years of age, of a light, tall and slender form, dressed in the plain farmer's cloth of the time, his garments cut with an utter disregard of elegance and fit. His trowsers were exceedingly short and voluminous; he wore no stockings; his shoes were of the kind denominated 'high-lows,' and much worn down; his hat was of felt, of the old stamp, with so small a brim that it looked more like a two quart measure inverted than anything else; and was worn far back on his head; his hair was white, with a tinge of orange at its extremities, and lay thinly upon a broad forehead and over a head 'rocking on shoulders which seemed too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to the general outline.' The general effect of the figure and its costume was so *outre*, they presented such a combination of the rustic and ludicrous, and the apparition had come upon him so suddenly, that the amiable gardener could scarcely keep from laughing.

He restrained himself, however, and replied, 'Yes, I'm the man.'

Whereupon the stranger asked, 'Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?'

'Well,' said Mr. Bliss, 'we have been thinking of it. Do *you* want to learn to print?'

'I've had some notion of it,' said the boy, in true Yankee fashion, as though he had not been dreaming about it, and longing for it, for years.

Mr. Bliss was both astonished and puzzled—astonished that such a fellow as the boy *looked* to be, should have ever thought of learning to print, and puzzled how to convey to him an idea of the absurdity of the notion. So with an expression in his countenance, such as that of tender hearted dry-goods merchant might be supposed to assume if a hod-carrier should apply for a place in the lace department, he said, 'Well, my boy—but, you know, it takes considerable learning to be a printer. Have you been to school much?'

'No,' said the boy, 'I hav'nt had much chance to go to school. I have read some.'

'What have you read?' asked Mr. Bliss.

'Well, I've read some history, and some travels, and a little of most everything.'

'Where do you live?'

'At Westhaven.'

'How did you come over?'

'I came on foot.'

'What's your name?'

'Horace Greeley.'

Now it happened that Mr. Amos Bliss had been for the last three years an Inspector of Common Schools, and in fulfilling the duties of his office—examining and licensing teachers—he had acquired an uncommon facility in asking questions, and a fondness for that exercise which men generally entertain for any employment in which they suppose themselves to excel. The youth before him was—in the language of medical students—a 'fresh subject,' and the Inspector proceeded to try all his skill upon him, advancing from easy questions to hard ones, up to those knotty problems with which he had been wont to 'stump' candidates for the office of teacher. The boy was a match for him. He answered every question, promptly, clearly, and modestly. He could not be 'stumped' in the ordinary school studies, and of the books he had read, he could give a correct and complete analysis.

* * * * *

After half an hour's conversation with the boy, Mr. Bliss intimated that he thought he would do, and told him to go into the printing office and talk to the foreman. Horace went to the printing office, and there his appearance produced an effect on the tender minds of the three apprentices who were at work therein, which can be much better imagined than described, and which is most vividly remembered by the two who survive.—To the foreman Horace addressed himself, regardless certainly, oblivious probably, of the stare and the remarks of the boys. The foreman, at first, was inclined to wonder that Mr. Bliss should for one moment, think it possible that a boy got up in that style could perform the most ordinary duties of a printer's apprentice. Ten minute's talk with him, however, effected a partial revolution in his mind in the boy's favor, and as he was greatly in want of another apprentice, he was not inclined to be over particular. He tore off a slip of proof paper, wrote a few words upon it hastily with a pencil, and told the boy to take it to Mr. Bliss. That piece of paper was his fate. The words were: '*Guess we'd better try him.*'

Nearly the first work as a journeyman printer by the editor of this paper was done in an office where the man who wrote those five words—Horace Greeley's fate—was at work at the printer's case. He had been prosperous in business, but a devastating fire had brought him down so that he had to work, when he had passed the prime of life, for men who were every way his inferiors, for more than a year, until a 'fat take' relieved him. During this time we have often listened to his stories of Horace, of whom he always spoke with affection. Some of these are as graphically related in the book before us, as though they were taken from the lips of good old Ansel Warren.

For an account of his career since, as printer, editor, publisher, politician, member of Congress, we must refer our readers to Mr. Parton's deeply interesting book, as we have only space for brief extracts.

Mr. Greeley is still subject to fits of absence of mind, a good illustration of which may be found in the story of

THE CAKE BASKET.

One scene, if it could be portrayed on the printed page as visibly as it exists in the memories of those who witnessed it, would show, better than declaratory words, how *absorbed* Mr. Greeley was in politics during this famous 'campaign.' [1840.] It is a funny story, and literally true.

Time—Sunday evening. Scene—the parlor of a friend's house. Company—numerous and political—except the ladies—who are gracious and hospitable. Mr. Greeley is expected to tea, but does not come, and the meal is transacted without him. Tea over he arrives, and plunges headlong into a conversation on the currency. The lady of the house thinks he 'had better take some tea,' but can not get a hearing on the subject; is distressed, puts the question at length, and has her invitation hurriedly declined; brushed aside, in fact, with a wave of the hand.

'Take a cruller, any way,' said she, handing him a cake basket containing a dozen or so of those unspeakable Dutch indigestibles.

The expounder of the currency, dimly conscious that a large object was approaching him, puts forth his hands, still vehemently talking, and takes, not a cruller, but the cake basket, and deposits it in his lap. The company are inwardly convulsed, and some of the weaker members retire to the adjoining apartment, the expounder continuing his harangue, unconscious of their emotions or its cause.—Minutes elapse. His hands, in their wandering through the air, come in contact with the topmost cake, which he took and broke. He begins to eat; and eats and talks, and talks and eats, till he has finished a cruller. Then he feels for another, and eats that, and goes on, slowly consuming the contents of the basket, till the last crumb is gone. The company look on amazed, and the kind lady of the house fears for the consequences. She had heard that cheese is an antidote to indigestion. Taking the empty cake basket from his lap, she silently puts a plate of cheese in its place, hoping that instinct would guide his hand aright. The experiment succeeds. Gradually, the blocks of white new cheese disappear. She removes the plate. No ill consequences follow. Those who saw this sight are fixed in the belief, that Mr. Greeley was not then, nor has since become aware, that on that evening he partook of sustenance.

With one further extract we close. Those who wish to know more of Horace Greeley must read the book. Here is a glimpse of

HORACE GREELEY AT HOME.

'I waited an hour. There came a double and decided ring at the bell. No one answered the summons. Another and more tremendous ring brought the servant to the door, and in a moment, the face of the master of the house beamed into the room. He apologized thus: 'I ought to have been here sooner, but I couldn't.' He flung off his overcoat, hung it up in the hall, and looking into the parlor, said: 'Just let me run up and see my babies, *one* minute; I haven't seen 'em all day, you know;' and he sprung up the stairs two steps at a time. I heard him talk in high glee to the children in the room above, for just 'one minute,' and then he rejoined me. He began to talk something in this style:

'Sit down. I have had a rough day of it—eaten nothing since breakfast—just got in from my farm—been up the country lecturing—started from Gosh n this morning at five—broke down—crossed the river on the ice—had a hard time of it—ice a good deal broken and quite dangerous—lost the cars on this side—went *dogging* around to hire a conveyance—got to Sing Sing—went over to my farm and transacted my business there as well as I could in the time—started for the city, and as luck would have it, they had taken off the four o'clock train—didn't know that I should get down at all—harnessed up my own team and put her over to Sing Sing again—hadn't gone far before snap went the whippletree—got another though—and reached Sing Sing just two minutes before the cars came along—I've just got in—my feet are cold—let's go to the fire.

'With these words he rose quickly and went into the back room, not to the fire-place but to a corner near the folding door, where hot air gushed up from a cheerless round hole in the floor. His dress, as I now observed, amply corroborated his account of the day's adventures—shirt all crumpled, cravat all awry, coat all wrinkles, stockings about his heels, and general dilapidation.

'I said it was not usual at the west to go into a corner to warm one's feet; to which he replied by quoting some verses of Holmes which I did not catch. I entreated him to go to tea, as he must be hungry, but he refused 'pine block.' The conversation fell upon poetry. He said there was one book more he should like to make before he died, and that was a *Song Book for the People*. There was no collection of songs in existence which satisfied his idea of what a popular song-book ought to be. He should *like* to compile one, or help do it. He said he had written verses himself, but was no poet; and bursting into a prolonged peal of laughter, he added, that when he and Park Benjamin were editing the *New Yorker*, he wrote some verses for insertion in that paper, and showed 'Park,' and 'Park' roared out, 'Thunder and lightning, Greeley, do you call *that* poetry?' Speaking of a certain well known versifier, he said: 'He's a good fellow enough, but he can't write poetry, and if——had remained in Boston he would have killed him, he takes criticism so hard. As for me I like a little opposition, I enjoy it, I can't understand the feeling of those thin-skinned people' * *

'A little child, four years old, with long flaxen hair and ruddy cheeks, came in and said, 'Mother wants you up stairs.' He caught it up in his arms with every manifestation of excessive fondness, saying, 'No, you rogue, it's *you* that wants him;' and the child wriggled out of his arms and ran away.'

'As I was going, some ladies came in, and I remained a moment longer, at his request. He made a languid and quite indescribable attempt at introduction, merely mentioning the names of the ladies with a faint *bob*, at each. One of them asked a question about Spiritualism. He said: 'I have paid no attention to that subject for two years. I became satisfied it would lead to no good. In fact I am so taken up with the things of this world, that I have too little time to spend on the affairs of the other.' She said, 'A distinction ought to be made between those who investigate the phenomena *as* phenomena, and those who embrace them frantically.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I have no objection to their being investigated by those who have more time than I have.' 'Have you heard' asked the lady, 'of the young man who personates Shakspeare?' 'No,' he replied, 'but I am satisfied there is no folly it will not run into.' Then he rose, and said, 'Take off your things and go up stairs. I must get some supper, for I have to go to that meeting at the Tabernacle to-night' (anti-Nebraska.)

'As I passed the hat-stand in the hall I said 'here is that immortal white coat?' He smiled and said, 'People suppose it's the same old coat, but it isn't.' I looked questioningly, and he continued, 'the original white coat came from Ireland. An emigrant bro't it over; he wanted money and I wanted a coat; so I bought it of him for twenty dollars, and it was the best coat I ever had.—They do work *well*, in the old countries; not in such a hurry as we do.

'The door closed, and I was alone with the lamp-post. In another hour, Horace Greeley, after such a day of hunger and fatigue, was speaking to an audience of three thousand people in the Tabernacle.

The Lancaster Gun.

Many of our journals, as well as those in England, have endeavored to give the public a true idea of the construction and nature of the above-named gun, which has won so much fame in the Crimea, but we confess to have been amazingly befogged with their descriptions, and must say that a little more reflection would have convinced every one of them who has endeavored to be wise on the subject, that it has been very soft. It has been described by one as the "oval gun," that is having an oval bore, from which we should infer that it was made for firing off eggs. By another it has been described as having an elliptic bore, from we should infer that it was useful for shooting eccentrically. How in the name of common sense could a cast-iron ball be rammed down a cannon if it had a conical bore—narrower at the breach than the muzzle? It is impossible. The Lancaster gun is simply a rifled cannon having conical balls cast for it, each with two broad projections to fit into the grooves.—*Scientific American.*

MORE REVELATIONS.—Sarah, one of President Young's numerous wives, has left him, and arrived at Chicago on the way to Boston, her native city, where she proposes to commence a series of lectures on the mystery of iniquity among the Mormons. She promises to make the lectures decidedly spicy.

A WARM INSINUATION.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, is as mad a wag as ever. His paper of the 29th ult., contains the following: "The editor of the New Hampshire Patriot says he expects to grow fat as long as he lives. Ah, yes: but, when he dies, will not the fat be in the fire?"

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

COLONIZATION.

African colonization deserves the attention, and, in our opinion, the united support of all the American people. The continent of Africa, in its present condition, presents a gloomy picture of suffering and degradation. Without commerce, without manufactories, destitute of the arts of civilized nations, it still remains sunken low in Pagan ignorance, a cipher, among the grand divisions of the globe. The little republic of Liberia is extending a happy influence on that benighted continent; and yet the future success of that little republic will depend, to a great extent, on the amount of emigration from the United States.

Then restore to Africa her long-lost children, build upon her shores institutions of learning, and she will yet inhale the breath of life and activity, and the dark clouds of ignorance and vice which have so long lowered over that unhappy country will be dispelled by the sunlight of intelligence, and by the principles of Christianity.

The institution of domestic slavery cannot be eternal, and its abolition will be hastened by colonization. Liberal sums have been appropriated by the legislatures of several of the States to assist in this work; and we have no reason to disbelieve that appropriations will be made eventually in favor of colonization by the national government.

Politically considered, should the emigration of the colored population ever become *general* it would remove the evils attending the residence of the different races in the same country; and aside from this, it is evident that in the course of years all the '*domain*' of our republic will be needed for our own Caucasian race.

But Africa will derive the principal benefit resulting from colonization, for she can be reclaimed only by people of her own race—only by her own children. And interest and policy should impel the colored population to emigrate. They leave a country in which they have never been considered as the equals of the whites, for the land of their fathers, in which they can enjoy the blessing of self-government, for a country yielding all the luxuriant productions of a tropical climate—a country warmed by the genial rays of an equatorial sun, and shaded by the green orange groves and by the cocoa-trees.

If you would see Africa reclaimed, if you would see proud cities skirt its sea-board; its commerce whitening the adjoining oceans; if you would see idolatry and barbarism displaced by Christianity, virtue, and intelligence, do all in your power to sustain the important work of colonization, a work which will prove beneficial to Africa, to America, and to the world.

JOHN W. CARGILL.

Thomson, Pa., May 6, 1854.

A Wild Man in the State of Maine.

A correspondent of the Thomaston (Me.) *Journal*, writing to the editor of that paper, says:

'On the morning of January 2d, while engaged in chopping wood, a short distance from my house in Waldoboro', I was startled by the most terrific scream that ever greeted my ears; it seemed to proceed from the woods near by. I immediately commenced searching round for the cause of this unearthly noise, but after a half hour's fruitless search, I resumed my labors, but had scarcely struck a blow with my axe when the sharp shriek burst out upon the air. Looking up quickly I discovered an object about ten rods from me, standing between two trees, which had the appearance of a miniature human being. I advanced towards it, but the little creature fled as I neared it. I gave chase and after a short run succeeded in catching it. The little fellow turned a most imploring look upon me, and then uttered a sharp shrill shriek, resembling the whistle of an engine. I took him to my house and tried to induce him to eat some meat, but failed in the attempt. I then offered him some water of which he drank a small quantity. I next gave him some dried beach nuts which he cracked and eat readily. He is of the male species about eighteen inches in height and his limbs are in perfect proportion.—With the exception of his face, hands and feet he is covered with hair of a jet black hue.—Whoever may wish to see this strange specimen of human nature, can gratify their curiosity by calling at my house in the eastern part of Waldoboro', near the Trowbridge tavern. I give these facts to the public, to see if there is any one who can account for this wonderful phenomenon.'

Modern Church Music.

Mr. Doesticks has communicated to the Detroit Advertiser some of his experience in New York. Having exhausted the amusements of the theatre, the opera, the museum and the concerts, he tried the church. The following is his account of the music:

Pretty soon, music—organ—sometimes grand and solemn, but generally fast and lively enough for a contra dance. [B. D. said the player got a big salary to show off the organ, and draw a big house.] He commenced to play Old Hundred. At first, majestic as it should be, but soon his left hand began to get unruly among the bass notes, then the right cut up a few monkey shines in the treble; left threw in a large assortment of quavers; right led off with a grand flourish and a few dozen variations; left struggled mournfully to keep up, but soon gave out dead beat, and after that went back to first principles, and hammered away religiously at old Hundred in spite of the antics of its fellow:—right struck up a march—marched into a quick step—quick step into a gallop; left still kept at Old Hundred; right put in all sorts of fantastic extras, to entice the left from its sense of propriety; left still unmoved; right put in a few bars of a popular waltz; left wavers a little; right strikes up a favorite polka; left evidently yeilding; right dashes into a jig; left now fairly deserts its colors and goes over to the enemy, and both commence an animated hornpipe, leaving poor Old Hundred to take care of itself. At length, with a crash, a squeak, a rush, a roar, a rumble, and a expiring groan, the overture concluded and service began.

A HINT.—The following pretty broad hint is from Diogenes: 'What if there should appear in the next European Family Receipt Book (revised in London and Paris) a direction how to take *Greece* out of mape?'

THE ISLE AND THE STAR.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

In the tropical seas,
There's a beautiful isle,
Where storms never darken,
The sunlight's soft smile.
There the hymn of the breeze
And the hymn of the stream
Are mingled in one,
Like sweet sounds in a dream.
There the song-birds at morn
From the thick shadows start,
Like musical thoughts
From the poet's full heart.
There the song-birds at noon
Sit in silence unbroken,
Like an exquisite dream
In the bosom unspoken.
There the flowers hang like rainbows
On the wildwood and lea—
O, say, wilt thou dwell
In that sweet isle with me?

In the depths of the sky
There's a beautiful star,
Where no yew casts a shadow
The bright scenes to mar,
There the rainbows ne'er fade,
And the dews are ne'er dry,
And a circlet of moons
Ever shines in the sky.
There the songs of the spheres,
Are unceasingly heard
Through the infinite years.
There the soft air floats down
From the amaranth bowers,
All faint with the perfume
Of Eden's own flowers.
There truth, love and beauty
Immortal will be—
O, say, wilt thou dwell
In that sweet star with me?

West Jersey not in the United States.

When confidence in human nature is at so very low an ebb as at the present moment, it is pleasant to know that it has not deserted the whole earth, and fled to other spheres.—Some of it lingers yet on the western border of our State at least, according to the relation of a traveller from New York, who says, that when he left the cars at Camden, he wanted to visit a place diverging from the railroad line about ten miles. He was entirely unknown, though certainly a respectable looking person; and, therefore, his first surprise was, that the stabler, to whom he applied, should have fitted him out with a handsome horse and buggy for his journey with alacrity, and without the slightest recommendation or inquiry whatever.

The next event that awakened wonder happened thus. When half way on his return, he missed the valuable whip, with which he had been entrusted. He had left it, or dropt it, coming along—at any rate the whip was missing. His good horse did not need one, as far as he knew; but he could not proceed with comfort without one notwithstanding. But no whip could he purchase anywhere. He stopt at a stable; none was to be had there. A boy, however, was met with, who observed that he had one himself, but declined to sell it at any price. It was clear he had never been in New York, where they will sell anything they possess. The spirit of independence had not been expelled by that of cupidity and traffic from the boy's breast. But, says he, 'I will cut you a stick sir, that will answer your purpose almost as well.' He did so instantly, and it worked as favorably as he had promised, for in fact the noble steed neither needed whip nor stick.

Still he had on his return, to reckon with the owner. Having paid for the loan of the horse and buggy agreeably to contract, one thing, the gentleman observed, remains to be settled. 'What is that?' was the reply—'The whip; I wish to pay for that, as you see I bring back nothing but a stick.' 'Did you lose it?' he replied. 'Yes,' said he, 'or else I left it where I visited.' 'Very well,' he answered, 'in either case, as my name is on the handle, some honest person will find and return it to me. I am willing to trust to that.' 'But I am not,' replied the gentleman. 'I don't believe that you will ever see your whip again, and therefore insist upon paying its value.' The owner, who appears to have been in New York as little as the boy who cut the stick, positively refused to take any thing, repeating, that "some honest person would return it to him, because it had his name upon it.''

Alas! how many umbrellas, books and numberless articles have been appropriated by people as their own, though the names of their real proprietors daily stared them in the face, and said as loud as such names could speak, 'you are a thief, Sir, for you have got another person's property, and you know it. Return the stolen goods, and do not be a mean scoundrel any longer.'

At length seeing the gentleman, who did not know the worth of the article at all, or he would have tendered the money at once, absolutely resolved to pay an equivalent, the owner consented to set a price upon it which he accepted; but it was afterwards ascertained, that it could not have exceeded half its value. These are certainly primitive doings and prove sufficiently that the western part of Jersey at any rate, *lies considerably out of the United States.—Newark Adv.*

THE ORDINANCE OF 1787.—The authorship of this celebrated enactment has been assigned to Mr. Jefferson almost invariably. It appears that this has been done on unreliable authority. The Hon. Geo T. Curtis has addressed a long communication to the Boston Advertiser, in which he proves conclusively that Mr. Jefferson had no agency in drawing it up, and that Mr. Nathan Dane was the author. Three years previous to the passage of the Ordinance, Mr. Jefferson offered a resolution in Congress to exclude Slavery from the Northwest Territory, and it is for this reason that its authorship has been attributed to him; but his resolution was not to take effect until the year 1808, sixteen years after, and being merely an act of the Continental Congress, could have been repealed at the request of any new State formed within the Territory, and thereby the prohibition would have proven nugatory.—Mr. Dane's ordinance prohibiting slavery from the date of its passage, could not be repealed, and in consequence of its passage, in 1850, there were in the five States provided for by the Ordinance, a population of 4,523,154 souls, and no slaves.

☞ Agriculture as a study has been introduced into the public schools of New Hampshire, and books treating of the elements of that science have been ordered to be supplied to pupils.

☞ 'It is a very solemn thing to be married,' said Aunt Bethany.

'Yes, but it is a great deal more solemn not to be,' said an old maid of forty.

A Singular Fact.

A valued correspondent, says the *Susquehana Journal*, who is a faithful and reliable minister of the gospel, writes to us from the interior of Florida, and at the close of his letter gives the following account, which to many of our readers will, probably, be a new fact in natural history. We will use his own words for a heading to his article.

'THE TRAVELLING BUTTERFLY.'

'In many places in the southern parts of Georgia and Florida, during the months of October and November, there may be seen a species of a deep yellow butterfly, with some slight touches of black on their wings, measuring some 24 inches from the point of one wing to the point of the other, going six or eight miles to the hour. Their precise course is some four or five degrees east of south; and when they meet with a forest too thick for them to penetrate, they rise above it, but immediately on passing it, they fall back to within six feet of the earth.—Their course is frequently interrupted by flowers on which they alight, and sometimes change their course in going from one to another; but as soon as their appetite is satisfied, they again resume their travels, so that by watching them a few rods, a person, howsoever perplexed, may find the true course; for they are always reliable. This being the season for collecting stock in those trackless countries, we should often be greatly perplexed, especially on cloudy days, were it not that God, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, has provided us with a living compass. A few of them return in April, but not one of a hundred that go in the fall, ever return.

347,225.

There they are. That is the whole. That is the number of the people who shape and control the policy of our Government, the choice of our Public Officers, and the legislation of Congress—in other words, the Slave holders of the Union. Treaties, Laws, Appointments, Decisions, are made with the view of pleasing them before all others. If you doubt it, name the President, the Senate, the House of Representatives, or the Federal Court that pronounces against their views in any case where they have taken sides?

By the 'rule of three,' 347,225 is to 25,000,000 as 1 to 72. Each one Slaveholder exercises more political power than seventy-two Freemen. The next question is if a country where the seventy-second part of the inhabitants govern, is a Republic, what sort of a thing is a Despotism?

What an outcry and bustle there would be if the National Policy was devoted solely to fostering the interests and increasing the size of the State of New York! Yet the State of New York at the last election cast about 50,000 more votes than all the Slaveholders put together.

The six figures at the head of this article will be found eminently suggestive of reflection. We do not purpose to enlarge upon them, but simply to add that they are vouched for by the official Census files. Put them on record for future reference.—*Albany Eve. Journal.*

RUSSIAN SERFDOM.—Among the limitations of Russian serfdom in which it is different from the chattel slavery of the United States are these:

1. The master cannot sell the serf without the land on which the serf lives.

2. Families cannot be separated; and the unmarried children, after the death of parents, constitute a family.

3. The master's power over the body of the serf extends not to maiming, or perilling life.

4. The master cannot require the serf to marry contrary to his own choice and affections.

5. He is entitled to the labor of only three days in the week, and cannot require labor on the Sabbath, or on high festivals.

6. Serfs cannot be held except by the nobility and certain privileged classes and persons.

7. They cannot be held except in proportion to the master's property in land, there being required for each serf the possession by the master of twenty acres.

These provisions of the Russian law render serfdom, bad and oppressive as it is, a condition entirely different from that of chattel slavery. The slave market, the coffle, the bonds, the incessant toil, the concubinage, are unknown; and the serf population live in villages, have homes which are homes to them, have more than half their time to themselves, and, except for military service, enjoy the most precious of boons, security.

'It's queer,' said Mrs. Partington, carefully folding the paper she had been reading, and raising her spectacles off her nose, 'It's strange,' said she, referring to the statement that a locomotive had been driven off the track by one the switches. 'Who would thought,' she mused, 'that one of them big iron locofocos would have minded such a little thing as a switch?'

'But, aunt,' interposed Ike, who was trimming a limb of his Christmas-tree with the bright jack-knife that he found suspended thereto, 'you know the locomotive has a tender behind.'

'To be sure, Isaac,' responded the venerable dame; 'but you needn't talk about it, my son.'

And she drew down her spectacles and resumed her reading, while Ike went to switch the cat out of the buttery.

Miss Louisa Bradley, of Philadelphia, made a balloon ascension from Easton, Pa., on Thursday morning last. The balloon went up straight to a great hight, then veered to the east a short distance and, bursted, when, forming a parachute, she came down fast, and landed four miles from Easton, uninjured. The excitement was intense, until word was received of her safety.

HOW THEY DID IN OLDEN TIMES.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican reports that in Deerfield it was unanimously voted, in 1768, "that if any generous disposed persons are willing to shingle the meeting house at their own expense, they have full, free, and ample liberty."

☞ An exchange says, our Junior partner returned a pair of trowsers to his tailor last week, because they were too small in the legs. 'But you told me to make them as tight as the skin.' 'True,' quoth colleague, 'for I can sit down in my skin, but I'll be split if I can in those breeches!'