The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Select Poetry.

TO A WOUNDED PTARMIGAN.

BY DELTA.

Hunter of the herbless peak—
Habitant 'twixt earth and sky—
Snow-white bird of bloodless beak,
Rushing wing and rapid eye!
Hath the fowler's fatal aim
Of thy free-born rights bereft thee,
And, 'mid natures curbed or tame,
Thus encaged, a captive left thee?—
Thou who, Earth's low valleys scorning,
From thy cloud embattled nest,
Wont to catch the earliest morning
Sunbeam on thy breast!

Where did first the light of day
See thee bursting from thy shell?
Was it where Ben-Nevis grey
Towers aloft o'er flood and fell?
Or where down upon the storm
Plaided shepherds gaze in wonder,
Round thy rocky sides, Craingorm!
Rolling with its clouds and thunder?
Or with summit, heaven-directed,
Where Benvoirlich views in pride,
All his skiey groves reflected
In Loch Ketturin's tide?

Boots it not;—but this we know,
That a wild, free life was thine,
Whether on the peak of snow,
Or amid the clumps of pine;
Now on high begirt with heath,
Now, decoyed by cloudless weather,
To the golden brom beneath,
Happy with thy mates together.
Yours were every cliff and cranny
Of your birth's majestic hill,
Tameless flock! and ye were many,
Ere the spoiler came to kill.

Gazing, wintry bird, at thee,
Thou dost bring the wandering mind
Visions of the Polar Sea,
Where, impelled by wave and wind,
Drif the icebergs to and fro,
Crashing oft in fierce commotion,
While the snorting whale below
In its ire tumults ocean;—
Naked, treeless shores, where howling
Tempests vex the brumal air,
And the famished wolf-cub prowling
Shuns the fiercer bear.

And far north the daylight dies,
And the twinkling stars alone
Glitter through the icy skies,
Down from mid-day's ghastly throne;
And the moon is in her cave,
And no living sound intruding,
Save the howling wind and wave,
'Mid that darkness ever brooding;—
Morn as 'twere in anger blotted
From Creation's wistful sight,
And Time's progress only noted
By the northern light.

Sure 'twas sweet for thee, in spring,
Nature's earliest green to hail,
As the cuckoo's slumberous wing
Dreamt along the sunny vale;
As the blackbird from the brake
Hymned the morning-star serenely,
And the wild-swan o'er the lake,
Ice-unfettered, oared it queenly!
Brightest which be the concave o'er thee
Deepening to its summer hue?—
Or the boundless moors before thee,
With their bells of blue?

Then from larchen grove to grove,
And from wild-flower glen to glen,
Thine it was in bliss to rove,
High o'er hills, and far from men;
Wilds Elysian!—not a sound
Heard except the torrent's booming;
Nought beheld for leagues around,
Save the heath in purple blooming.
Why that startle? From their shealing
On the hazel-girded mount,
'Tis the doe and fawn down-stealing
To the silvery fount.

Sweet to all the summer time—
But how sweeter far to thee,
Sitting in thy home sublime,
High o'er cloud-land's soundless sea!
Or if morn, by July dressed,
Steeped the hill-tops in vermillion,
Or the sunset made the west
Even like Glory's own pavilion;
While were fixed thine ardent eyes on
Realms, outspread in blooming mirth,
Bounded but by the horizon
Belting Heaven to Earth.

Did the Genius of the place,
Which of living things but you
Had for long beheld no trace,
That unhallowed visit rue?
Did the gathered snow of years
Which begirt that mountain's forehead,
Thawing, melt as 'twere in tears,
O'er that natural outrage horrid?
Did the lady-fern hang drooping,
And the quivering pine-trees sigh,
As, to cheer his game-dogs whooping,
Passed the spoiler by?

None may know—the dream is o'er—
Bliss and beauty cannot last;
To that haunt, for evermore,
Ye are creatures of the past!
And for you it mourns in vain,
While the dirgeful night-breeze only
Sings, and falls the fitful rain,
'Mid your homes forlorn and lonely.
Ye have passed—the bonds enthrall you
Of supine and wakeless death;
Never more shall spring recall you
To the scented heath!

Such their fate;—but unto thee,
Blood-soiled plume, protracted breath,
Hopeless, drear captivity,
Life which in itself is death.
Yet alike the fate of him
Who, when all his views are thwarted,
Finds Earth but a desert dim—
Relatives and race departed;
Soon are Fancy's realms Elysian
Peopled by the brood of Care,
And Truth finds Hope's gilded vision
Painted but—in air.

A DWARF RACE OF MEN.—The Newport *Mercury* gives the following:

"There is a singular race of dwarfs in Upper Peru (Bolivia) known as "Chibuitos" or "little men," that are as worthy our attention as the Aztecs. Everything connected with them seems to indicate that they are indigenous, though their general aspect gives the impression of a people reduced in stature by poverty and hardship. The tallest are not more than four and a half feet in height, while many will not measure more than three and a half. Their legs, apparently, are devoid of muscles, their eyes black and elongated, nose aquiline—cheeks drawn in—with high cheek bones, forehead low and retreating, hair black and wiry, and mouth tending to muzzle.—They travel south, on foot, and are absent from home two or three years, returning with small hoards of silver gained in traffic, travelling about five or six miles a day. From long habit they can do without food an extraordinary length of time, supporting nature by sucking cocoa-leaf, gathered from a shrub tree analogous to the betel-nut of the East Indies. It is equivalent to tobacco, laudanum—or strong infusion of tea: and it is only when their animals die of disease they have a plentiful supply of food. Their covering is a coarse kind of cloth, which they prepare themselves. Their abodes are rude huts, and when travelling, they sleep on the ground, huddled together to keep warm on the dry cold desert where the are principally found.

Tales and Sketches.

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE MIDNIGHT CRUISE.

A Sketch of the Last War.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It was a lowery day, the 16th of July, 1814, so said an old man, from whom we had the particulars of the incident we are about to relate. On a point of land at the mouth of Saco River, which makes out beyond a basin of water known as 'The Pool,' stood two men. They were roughly dressed, and the cut and rig of their garbs showed them to be fishermen, or, perhaps, lumbermen and coasters. The elder of the two was a stout, thick-set man, somewhere about fifty years of age, and wearing upon his face the marks of a bold, fearless person. The other was several years younger, and though not quite so stout in his build, yet showing enough of muscle to entitle him to the respect of one who looked for manhood in physical strength. The first—he of the most years—was named Sam Latham, and everybody about the coast knew him well. The other was a Jerry Clarke, and few were the people who knew one that did not know the other, for they were always together,—in health and in sickness, in sunshine and in storm, upon the shore or upon the sea.

It was near noon when they stood there, and they were looking off to sea, where a brig-of-war was standing in under reefed top-sails. This brig was an Englishman, and she had been off the mouth of the river nearly two weeks, much to the discomfort of a fleet of lumbermen, who were anchored along shore up the stream.

'I tell you what, Jerry,' said Sam Latham, after he had gazed some ten minutes upon the English brig in silence, 'we're fairly shut up here. By the great Moses, it's too bad. If we only had our lumber down shore, we should have our dollars hard an' fast. But it's no use. We can't get by that sneakin' peep.'

'By thunder I'd like to sink 'em,' was Jerry's emphatic response.

'*Like to!*' iterated Sam. 'Wouldn't I sink 'em if I could!'

While they were thus conversing on the subject of the enemy, they became aware of the approach of a third party, and on turning they saw an old gentleman whom they at once recognized as a Mr. Webb, a very wealthy man, who owned much of the shipping in the river. He approached our two friends, and after having gazed a few moments upon the blockading brig, he turned to Latham and said:

'Sam, I've come down to make a proposition to you. I've got four hundred barrels of beef that must be run into Portland, and I declare I can't send it over the land. Now that brig must be got rid of, at some rate.'

Both Sam and Jerry had eyes and ears open, for this accorded exactly with their own feelings.

'I'm ready,' was Sam's response; 'only show me a way, and give me a chance, and I'll do anything.'

'Well,' returned Webb, 'I can raise seventy-five men, and arm them; and they are men that'll do their duty, if need be. I know them all, for they have all, or nearly all, sailed for me at different times. There are over forty coasters up the river here, close by, and we can have nearly every man of their crews if somebody will only take the lead, and put them in a fair way to work. Now if you will contrive some way to get them aboard that brig, I'll give you one hundred dollars. Come, now set your wits at work.'

'By thunder!' muttered Sam, as he cast his eyes off upon the brig. It was a simple ejaculation, and was only thrown out as a sort of index to the weight of his feelings.—He looked upon the brig awhile, and then upon the sand at his feet, and then he looked into Mr. Webb's face.

'What do you say, Sam?'

Just as Webb spoke, the brig tacked and stood off.

'That's the way the saucy thing works,' Sam muttered; "standin' off an' on here just to bother us an' steal our bread an' butter. Let me think 'squire, just let me think.'

For some moments old Latham thought, and the look of earnestness which rested upon his features, and the nervous working of his hands, showed he was thinking to some purpose.

'Jerry,' he said, addressing his companion, and speaking in a thoughtful manner, 'it is going to be dark to night.'

Clarke raised his eyes to the heavens, and then held up his hand to ascertain which way the wind came from.

'It will, sartain,' he said. 'It's goin' to be thick to-night, an' no mistake. Them clouds are comin' over, an' I recon 'twill rain some, too.'

Latham looked into Jerry's face for some moments, and then he turned towards Webb.

'I'll tell you what 'tis 'squire,' he said, 'if I can have your old sloop—the Sally Ann—and seventy-five men, well armed, I'll run out this very night. If it's as dark as I think 'twill be, we can board the Englishman in spite of his teeth.'

'Good!' ejaculated Webb, seizing Sam by the hand. 'The sloop is empty and in good order, and the men shall all be aboard before dark.'

'Then let's be off. Come, Jerry, we are in for it now. You'll go with me?'

'Wont I?' uttered Jerry, with a quick sparkle of the eye. That was Jerry's method of giving a decided affirmative.

So the three started off towards the other side of the small cape, and there they took a boat, and rowed up the river. The sloop Sally Ann was a solid coasting craft of some hundred tons burthen, and Latham had sailed in her long enough to know that she behaved well at sea. She was hauled up alongside of one of the numerous wood wharves, and while Webb kept along up the river to collect the men, Sam and Jerry went on board the sloop to put things in shape there. They saw that the sails were securely bent, the running rigging in order, and that the deck was clear from all needless cumbrance.

As soon as this was attended to, Jerry Clarke went up to a high rise of land where he could see the brig, and while he kept watch there, Sam followed Mr. Webb. Before dark all the men Webb had engaged were collected and rowed out to the sloop, which had been hauled out into the stream, to avoid being left aground at low ebb. Each man had either a good cutlass or some weapon that answered the same purpose, and most of them were supplied with pistols. Just at dusk the sloop hoisted her anchor, and Mr. Webb went on shore. There was a large crowd collected upon the river's bank to see her off, and as her sails filled and she began to move through the water, they gave three hearty cheers. By the time the sloop reached the Pool it was fairly dark, and here she dropped her anchor again.

Sam Latham now called his men on deck and informed them of his plans. He knew nearly all of them, and he knew them to be a brave set of fellows, and after he had stated plainly just what he intended to do, they approved of his decision, and promised to stand by him to the last. He had no desire to start out until nearly midnight, for he wanted utter darkness to cover his work.

At about nine o'clock, a light drizzly rain set in, and it was dark as Egypt. Not a star could be seen, nor was there the least spot of relief in the black canopy that hung over the earth. At ten o'clock the wind blew from the northwest and was quite fresh. The bonnet was taken from the jib, and the main-sail reefed, and as the darkness was as complete as could be desired, the Yankee skipper resolved to get under weigh. Accordingly the anchor was run up once more, and sail made. Latham steered by the compass, and he knew very nearly the direction in which the brig would be most likely to be found. Lookouts where stationed forward, and one man took up his station on the end of the bowsprit.

For over an hour the sloop stood out nearly east, with the wind upon the larboard quarter. The binnacle light was so shaded that scarcely a ray could escape, only leaving an aperture large enough for the helmsman to see the compass. About half past eleven the man on the bowsprit reported that he could see a light ahead. Latham sprang forward, and after gazing a few moments he made out the brig's light. He could see that she had a lantern at the binnacle and another at the forecastle companion-way.—Her ports were open, and the rays of the lanterns were seen through them. After watching some minutes he decided that the Englishman was standing to the north'rd, close hauled, and she was now passing directly under the sloop's fore-foot.

By the manner in which she passed, Latham knew she had but very little sail set, and he saw that he could run her by the board as soon as he pleased. The drizzling rain still continued, and the night was as black as ever. The brig could not have been over an eighth of a mile distant, for even her lights could not have been seen through the thick darkness farther than that.

'Now, my men,' said Sam, as he came to the gangway, 'I'm going to run aboard of that fellow as soon as I can. He's standin' up on the larboard tack, and I can run him on the quarter in ten minutes. You that have the grapplings be sure and throw them as soon as we touch, and mind that you throw them sure, too, for one mistake may ruin us.

If we make a miss the first time and fall off, the Englishman 'll have time to beat to quarters, and then we're done to. By the time we're alongside, her lanterns will give us light enough to see how to operate. Look out for your arms, now, and remember what you've got to do. Step sure, but step quick. Now look out sharp for my orders.'

Sam then stationed men at the sheets, and then he went forward again and got his eye upon the brig.

'You may luff a couple of points,' he said, as soon as he got the brig fairly in sight.—'Round in a little on the sheets. Steady, so.'

By this time Sam could see the dark forms of the men as they passed to and fro by the ports, through which the rays of the lanterns came, and he distinctly heard the orders of the officer who had charge of the deck. In a few moments more he could make out the lines of the brig's nettings, and he saw that he could strike now by luffing sharp up.—Accordingly he passed the order in as low a tone as possible. The sloop came up handsomely.

'Let everything go!' cried Sam, as he sprang from his post and leaped towards the starboard gangway. 'Let everthing go, and stand ready to board!'

On the next instant the sloop's bows struck with a severe shock, and she glided alongside quickly. All on board the brig was confusion in a moment. The voices of her officers could be heard in wild, gasping tones, and the men could be seen rushing towards the larboard rail. The grapplings were thrown with precision, and the two vessels were fast together.

Not one of the Englishmen was armed, for they probably thought the collision was the result of accident, as they had not distinctly understood Latham's order to his men.

'What ho! you rascally lubber,' yelled the Englishman; 'push off! push off!'

But the lubber did not push off, but in the stead thereof he clung the closer, and in a moment more the brig's side was lined with armed men. Half a dozen lanterns had been lighted by the Englishman for the purpose of enabling them to look into the cause of the catastrophe, and when their beams fell upon the scene they discovered that their deck was swarming with strangers. The glitter of bright steel flashed upon their sight, and before they could fully realize what had occurred, they found themselves overpowered.

'Jump to the main braces,' shouted Sam, as soon as he saw that there was light enough to enable his men to work, 'jump, some of you, and lay the main-topsail aback. You take the helm, Jerry.'

These orders were quickly obeyed.

'Down with the hatches,' was our Yankee skipper's next order, as he saw that the off watch was tumbling on deck. 'Knock back every man that attempts to come up. Now where is the captain of this craft?'

Before Sam received any answer to this question, he noticed that some of the brig's crew had armed themselves from the arm chest, which stood abaft the mainmast, and he ordered his followers to down with them at once. There were not more than a dozen at most who had thus got arms, and in less than two minutes they were sprawling upon the deck. Our hero saw that now was his time to strike without stopping to ask questions, so he turned to his men and gave the word to strike.

'If there's any captain to this brig,' he cried, 'let him look out, for down goes every man that shows himself until you surrender. Cry for quarter as soon as you please; but you'll die fast if you don't.'

The Yankees were all in order now, and there was light enough for them to see plainly about the deck, as the lanterns had been hung upon their beckets over the guns, when the Englishmen had started for the arm chest.

'You would rob us of our hard-earned bread, and starve our wives and little ones,' cried Sam, as he dashed aft, after having seen a sufficient guard over the chest. 'We'll see whether you shall ride rough-shod over the rights of free-born people. Down! down! Strike boldly, my brave men. Strike for the honor of our noble flag!'

And they did strike. A few minutes the the stubborn Briton held out, and then he yelled with all his might for quarters. He had no arms, and he saw his men all driven into a solid body without the power of defence.

Latham gave the word to stop the conflict, and in a few moments more the din of battle ceased. The English Captain came forward and reported himself to the Yankee skipper.

'Have ye surrendeerd?' asked Sam.

'Yes,' uttered the Briton. 'We are not able to cope with a power that sneaks upon us like a snake at midnight.'

'Then you shouldn't tread upon snakes at midnight,' answered Sam. 'I know ye.—You talk about sneakin'! What do you call the murderin' of poor women and children, and the burnin' of poor men's houses? But it's no use of talkin'. Call your men aft, sir, and we'll see to 'em.'

The captain said no more in the way of recrimination, but his men were all called aft, and as soon as the brig's irons could be found, our hero set his men at work securing the prisoners. As soon as his part of the work was done, the few who had been killed of the enemy were gathered together, and then Sam sent Jerry Clarke on board the sloop with six good men. Ere long the grapplings were cast loose, and the brig's main-topsail filled, and as soon as good ground was found the prize was brought to anchor.

The next morning came on clear and bright. The clouds were all rolling off to the south'rd, and the sun arose without even a mist to obscure its glowing, glorious face. The tide set up the Saco River, and with it came the little sloop Sally Ann, and in her wake followed the English brig Alecto. In less than an hour the river's banks were lined with rejoicing people, and glad shouts rent the air. Old Mr. Webb was among the first to come down, and he met Sam Latham as he came on shore.

To say that Sam was a lion would not be half; but the noble Yankee skipper was by no means willing to have all this honor to himself. He took the pay which had been promised him, because he was poor and needed it; but his brave followers did not go unrewarded. From the proceeds of the prize they were all amply paid, though each and all cared but little for the money when compared with the satisfaction they experienced in capturing the Englishman, and thus ridding themselves and their countrymen of a dangerous and troublesome enemy.

Sam Latham has left a goodly number of descendants, and some of them are still living; and there are quite a number of younger Sams who take much pride in telling the story of old Sam's MIDNIGHT CRUISE.

An American Self-made Man.

It is said that 'some men are born to greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them,' but of Gen. Wilson, the Senator elect from Massachusetts, it may be said he has risen to his present eminence, from the plebeian ranks, by his own indomitable energy and perseverance unaided by wealth or influential friends. He is emphatically a self made-man—having earned, and nobly earned, the honors that now so thickly cluster about him. We learn from our Boston exchanges that Gen. Wilson went to Massachusetts in 1839 poor and friendless, and worked as a journeyman shoemaker at Natick. He took the 'stump' in 1840 as the 'Natick Shoemaker,' in favor of Gen. Harrison, and was himself elected to the Massachusetts Senate in that year. He was several times re-elected, and in 1850 was President of the Senate. Subsequently he became the leader of the free-soil party of Massachusetts, and was twice their candidate for Governor. In 1853 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and recently, we believe, gave in his adhesion to the Know-Nothing movement. He is now the successor to the seat in the United States Senate lately occupied by Hon. Edward Everett, and at present by Mr. Rockwell, appointed temporarily by the Governor. The origin, rise, progress, and success of the poor 'Natick Shoemaker' furnishes another emphatic demonstration of the truth of the old couplet, that—

"Honor and fame from no *condition* rise;
Act well your part—*there* all the honor lies."

The Locofocos object to Mr. Wilson that he is a Free-Soiler. But such an objection comes with a bad grace from the party who, at a caucus in Washington last September, invited, by express resolve, '*all men of all creeds and parties, without regard to their antecedents,*' to unite with them in a grand party in opposition to the American organization! The Locofocos are *estopped* from making any objection to Gen. Wilson on account of his Free-Soilism. Their objection, however, is his best recommendation—and a recommendation without which no man can hope to go to the United States Senate from Pennsylvania.—*Har. Herald.*

THE FOUR POINTS.—The following are the points, which, by recent arrival of the Pacific, it is announced that the Czar of Russia has acceded to. It is probable, however, that they have been somewhat modified.

1. The abolition of the Protectorate of Russia over the Danubian Principalities, and the possession of those provinces placed under the collective guarantee of the contracting Powers.

2. The free navigation of the mouths of the Danube secured according to the principles established by the Congress of Vienna.

3. The revision of the treaty of the 13th July, 1841, 'in the interest of the balance of power in Europe.'

4. The abandonment by Russia of her claim to exercise an official protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Port, (to whatever sect they might belong,) in consideration of the Powers giving their mutual assistance to obtain from the Sultan a confirmation and observance of the religious privileges of all Christian communities.

TIME.—A quaint writer has defined time to be "the vehicle that carries everything into nothing."

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

'May I go on the common to play? I've been a good girl to-day,' warbled the dear little pet, Isabel Lee, in a voice that was sweet as the song of birds at sunlight; and up and down the stairs she went, singing her childish ditty, and searching eagerly for her mother that she might obtain the desired permission. 'Say yes, do now, that's a dear good mother,' she exclaimed, when she at length found herself in the arms of the loved one. 'Miss Jane says I've been a *very* good girl, indeed; and she says, too, that air and play will do me much good. And there's no place in all the world where I love so well to play as on that dear old common of ours. I call it our little country, mother, 'cause there ain't no houses there, nothing but grass and trees and water.'

'And birdlings from human nests,' said the mother, as she lovingly kissed the darling.—'Yes, you may go; but mind and not play too hard—and be sure, Bell, to get home before the dinner is ready.'

Merrily then pattered the slippered feet after bonnet and cape and hoop, and merrily sang the happy voice:

'I may go on the common to play,
I guess I'll be good then every day.'

Very demurely did the little girl pace the crowded and fashionable thoroughfare; but O, how lightly and joyously she bounded down the stone steps. And once on the gravelled path, with God's green grass beside her, his noble trees arching above her, his free, glad sunshine quivering on their tops, dancing through their interlacing boughs—once beside the mimic lake, with its leaping, laughing, musical fountain—once out in that little country, and Isabel, happiest of the happy, flitted through the long walks with a step that seemed almost winged, so fleet, so airy was its tread; while her voice rang now in childish glee, and again in bird-like songs; and her pulses, beating with quickened life, sent fresh, bright hues to the delicate cheek, gave an added lustre to the beaming eye, a warm, glad gush to the panting heart, and a thrill of joy to the imprisoned soul. Out on the common she might be what God meant she should be while her years were yet young—a child, a romping, wild, frolicsome child; and gather in her buoyant sports that strength so needed in the life to come; that vigor which shields the heart from muffled notes. She rolled her hoop, she tossed her velvet ball; she 'hipped and hopped the barber's shop;' she made friends with the little girls who romped beside her, and lent them her hoop while she jumped their rope; she watched the little boys launch their boats, smiled with them when they bore a gallant sail, and spoke a comforting word when they met with a saddening wreck; she played with the babies—gladdened the hearts of the weary nurses with a kind and loving word; and then, fairly tired out, wandered away from the noisy group.

'I won't go home quite yet,' said she. 'I'll get rested first. Yes, I'll find me a nice, cool, shady place, and sit down there and think awhile. Mother says it does little girls good to think,' and so she tripped away in search of a musing spot.

But suddenly her steps were arrested; the light faded from her joyous eye; the song died on her lip. There, on the green turf beside her, the midsummer sun pouring its torrid rays upon his upturned face, buried in what seemed deathless slumber, lay a man in the prime of life. Tattered and torn were his garments, a battered hat beside him, a broken bottle clenched in his right hand, a blotted paper in his left.

'The poor, sick man,' said the wondering child, 'but here in the sun asleep. It's too bad, too bad. How sorry his folks would be if they only knew where he was. He must have been going to the doctor's, for he has a bottle and a paper, and I guess he was so weak he couldn't get there, and fell down. The poor, sick man—how I wish I could make him well.'

She looked awhile, and then hesitatingly approached him, and sat down beside him.—She took out her handkerchief and wiped away the great drops that had gathered on his brow, and then fanned him with that soft, delicate motion which we give to the dying friend. And all the time tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she was wailing with a hushed voice but sobbing heart over his lonely lot. She was wondering if he had a wife and little children—and if they knew how sick he was; and she wished he would wake up and tell her where they lived that she might bring them there.

A long while she sat there, a patient, thoughtful watcher. Only once she ceased the cooling breeze—it was to fold her little hands as she had been taught, and breathe over him a childish prayer. That prayer! The angels hushed their harps to listen, and 'there was joy in heaven.'

At length the sick man turned and tossed as though his sleep was mostly over. 'Poor man,' said his little nurse, 'poor man, you'll be sore and stiff, I'm afraid, sleeping on the ground when it rained only last night. Poor man, how sorry I am for you.' But now her little cheek is laid close to his bloated face, for his lips murmur and she would hear his words. Broken, indistinct ones, they were at first, but then audible and pleading.

'Just one glass more—one, one, only one! I am dying for it—give, give, one more—only one more!'

'He's begging for water,' sobbed she, as she raised her damp face. 'He's dreaming, and thinks they wont give it to him. O, if I only had some, it's so hard to want a drink of water and not to have it.' Here her eye rested on the broken bottle, and a happy thought struck her. She carefully unclasped his hand, seized the dark glass and hastened to the pond. 'It will hold some; it will be better than none,' said she, as she dipped it and bore away the cooling, life-giving draught. She poured a few drops on his parched lips, and then laved his hot forehead and burning cheeks. That water, that dew of human love, dripped through his life-pores and down to his very soul. It broke the stupor that palsied his nerves. He opened his heavy eyelids and gazed first vacantly, then wonderingly, about him.

'Do you feel any better?' whispered the little girl, in tones low and sweet as the cradle hymn of a mother; 'do you feel any better? I am sorry for you.'

'Better, better,' murmured he, 'yes I feel better. But where am I? what am I? I lay down in hell, a devil tramping upon me, and I wake up in heaven, an angel watching over me. Ain't you an angel? ain't I in heaven?' and he seized her hand convulsively.

'Don't say such naughty words,' said she, 'don't, sir, you scare me. No, I ain't an angel, nor you ain't in heaven. You are out here on the common. I found you here asleep in the sun, and I was so sorry for you, I sat down and took care of you. I am nothing but a little girl. Shall I give you some more water?' and she held the broken bottle to his lips.

'Water! water! yes, give me some. Water from an angel's hand may save my soul.' And he drank, and then he sat up and looked around, and at the little one beside him.

'Little angel, little angel,' said he, 'there is hope for me yet; hope for me. Heaven sent you to save me. Bless you! bless you, little angel!'

'But I ain't an angel,' said she artlessly.—'I am only a little girl. Feel of my hand; you couldn't touch me if I was an angel. And see, I han't got no wings either.' But he only said, 'little angel, little angel,' and laid his head in her lap and wept.

'Poor man,' said she, as she bathed his hot temples and flushed cheeks; 'poor, sick man, I am so sorry for you. Hain't you got any home?' He answered not, but only sobbed the louder.

By and by he looked up and said to the pitying child, 'can you pray?'

'Yes, sir, I can. I prayed for you while you was asleep.'

'Pray again—pray aloud—let me hear you.' And she knelt beside him, clasped her hands and prayed, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.' When she had ceased he laid his head again upon her lap and sobbed.

'Shan't I go and find your folks for you, poor man?' asked she. 'It's getting late and I must go home soon.'

'Take me to them, little angel—take me to them,' and he seized her hand and led her away out of that beautiful green spot, and across several streets and down into a dark, gloomy, cellar-home.

A pale, haggard looking woman, with a little, purple babe on her lap, sat on a rickety chair, the only one in the room, close to the little window, stitching as fast as her fingers could fly. On a straw bed in the corner lay two other little ones, tossing in fever fits, while a boy of Isabel's age crouched beside them, crying, 'O, I'm so hungry! I'm so hungry!'

'Thank God! you've come back at last, William,' said the woman, as they entered.

'Thank God I've been brought back,' said the man, with a choked voice.

'And here is the little angel that brought me, saved me. Bless her! Mary; bless her!' and he led the half-sacred child to the knees of the wondering wife.

'I ain't a little angel, said she. 'I'm only a little girl—and I saw him sick and asleep out in the sun and I fanned him, and brought him water, and took care of him. Weren't you worried about him, so sick?'

'Yes, so sick—so sick,' said the man.—'And when they ask you what ailed me, tell them I was sin-sick, sin-sick. Go home now, little angel—go back to heaven; you have saved me—made me well.'

With fleet steps Isabel ran off and reached her house, all out of breath, just as her father was descending the steps in search of her.

'O, father! father!' she exclaimed, 'come into the house, quick, quick; I want to tell you something. And she heeded not the many questions showered upon her by her worried parents till she had told her story.

'And O, father! O, mother! if you could have seen where he lived. A poor, sick man down in a cellar; only think—a damp cellar and a sick man, and two little sick children, and one boy crying for something to eat, and a little baby that was half-starved, and such a poor, sick looking wife, and only one chair. O, the poor folks!'

'And he would have it that I was a little angel—and he told his wife so. But I told him I was not, and I told her so; I was only a little girl. But she kissed me over and over again, and said I was a little angel.—*Do I look like an angel*, mother? Do let me see,' and she ran to a mirror. 'Why, no; I look just what I am, a little girl.—What made them call me an angel? Do you know, father? do you know, mother?' But they only clasped her in their arms, and said, 'little angel, little angel.'

In the parlor of Mr. W. there hangs an exquisite painting—a little girl is kneeling on the turf, her eyes raised to heaven, and her hands clasped in prayer. 'Is it a portrait?' asked a friend, after gazing long and earnestly upon it, for none can look without emotion on that pictured face.

'It is.'

He asked of whom, and turning to his host was surprised to see the great tears rolling down his cheeks.

'That is the little angel,' said a bright eyed boy who stood beside him. 'Father always calls it so.'

'And I call it so rightly,' said the father solemnly. 'She was a little angel—the angel that made me a happy man again. That made your mother a happy wife; and you, a little, puny, sickly babe, the bright, glad boy you are.'

Yes, thou wert an angel, sweet Isabel,
In heaven thou art a little angel still.

Edward Everett on Benjamin Franklin.

The Printers of Manchester, N. H., gave a festival on the anniversary of the birth-day of Benjamin Franklin, and among the letters received, was the following from Hon. Edward Everett:

BOSTON, Jan. 16, 1855.

Gentlemen:—I have recieved your favor of the 13th, politely inviting me to attend the celebration of the aniversary of the birth-day of Franklin by the printers of your city. It would give me great pleasure to be present with you on this occasion, but it is not in my power to leave home. The name of Franklin is one of the brightest in our history, and his eventful life is full of interest and instruction for men of all pursuits. He was a first rate printer—an industrious and methodical man of business, an active citizen, a self-taught man, but a friend of education, a master of the English language, as agacious observer of nature, a bold scientific theorist; as a patriot intrepid though cautious, and faithful in the discharge of the highest trusts at home and abroad. He first conceived the idea of a federal union, as early as 1734; he was one of the committee for drafting the declaration of independence in 1776; he was one of the negociators of the treaty of Peace with Great Britain in 1783; and an influential member of the convention which framed the Constitution in 1789. Boston has the honor of his birth; Philadelphia holds his ashes; but the whole Union enjoyes the benefit of his lessons of wisdom and patriotism; his fame is co-existant with the civilized world and his memory will live for ever.

Wishing you an agreeable celebration, I remain, gentlemen, respectfully,

Your friend and fellow citizen,
EDWARD EVERETT.

To W. N. HASKELL, and others.

Formation of American Leagues.

The ladies of New York are signing an obligation by which they agree not to purchase any article of foreign manufacture to wear for a year to come. This is not the only instance where public attention has lately been strongly directed to the importance of increasing the consumption of American fabrics, and of giving to the destitute industry and skill at home that employment which the consumption of luxuries and of many necessary articles in this country now furnishes to the labor and skill of foreign lands. The Providence *Journal* most pointedly says:—"The same papers that come to us freighted with accounts of destitution and want, of great workshops closed, and large numbers of mechanics thrown out of employment, also bring accounts of importations, by millions in a single vessel, of articles that can either be manufactured in this country, or can be wholly dispensed with. That the true charity is employment no one doubts, and that we cannot give employment both to foreign and domestic labor, is very plain. If we buy the silks, and the laces, and the gewgaws, the costly wines and the enervating luxuries of Europe, we cannot buy the fabrics and the products which give employment to our own labor. The destitution is caused by want of employment, and employment can be supplied to a great extent, probably as far as needed, if we will all purchase the products of American industry instead of foreign.—This is so obvious that it forces itself at once upon the notice of those benevolent persons who are engaged in plans for the temporary relief of the suffering which so widely prevails.

"It is with this view that an American league has been formed in New York to promote the consumption of American manufactures and to foster and sustain American interests in every form. Such a league, if generally entered into and faithfully kept, will very shortly raise our drooping industry from the dust and fill the homes of labor with cheerful comfort. Nor would there be any sacrifice of comfort, convenience, or even of tasteful luxury in this. The articles which we import so largely from Europe are, to a very great degree, superior to those of domestic production only in the capricious valuation of fashion. Many a pretty lip may curl in scorn when we say it, yet it is a fact that the foreign shawls, which are sold at such fabulous prices, are not, to the eye of true taste, so handsome as those which are made at home and sold at less than a year's interest on the cost of the foreign article.—Their value is in the curious fineness of the fabric, which only a close examination can detect, and in the fact that only the rich and those who foolishly imitate the rich wear them. So of many other foreign articles.—The time has come when our active ingenuity and diversified industry are equal to the production of nearly all the requirements of civilized life, excepting, of course, those things to which, on account of climate or other physical cause, the country is not adapted. The time has come when the man who cannot clothe himself mainly in American fabrics, and who cannot find the products of American labor mainly good enough to wear and to eat and to drink, should pass into the class of dandies and fops and snobs. There could not be a more favorable time than the present to inaugurate an American League, which shall include both sexes and all classes of Americans in its organization, and shall diffuse its blessings as widely and as generally. This can hardly be accomplished without the cheerful assent and co-operation of the women, but these are always readily obtained in a good cause."—*Phila. Sun.*

BASS WOOD PAPER.—The invention of making paper of bass wood is as much of a reality as the making of paper from rags.—We have seen it, handled it, seen it in large white sheets of newspaper, seen it with both sides printed upon, and seen it under circumstances which render the utility of the invention as certain as anything in the present or future can be rendered. There is raw material enough, and capital enough, on the part of the originator of the enterprise, and the only thing now wanting is a little time to prepare the machinery for use. The only new thing necessary, indeed, is the preparation of the pulp from the bass wood shavings, as the common newspaper machinery will do the rest. The sheets that have been made have been run off, on the old paper mill cylinders at Little Falls and elsewhere, and white and substantial as they are, they can be made of a much finer texture and quality by reducing and whitening the pulp. We have been slow to believe all this, but seeing is believing. The best part of the news, however, remains to be told. Bass wood paper, of as good quality as rag paper, can be sold, at a very handsome profit, at one half the sum.—The wood does not even need a mixture of rags. The only thing necessary is to shave the wood with the grain, and the fibre becomes as soft as linen. Indeed, from softer woods it is possible to make a cloth fabric as strong, durable, and beautiful as cotton, and the evidence of this can be demonstrated to those who care to investigate the subject. Among the recent discoveries, these, particularly the one of making paper from wood, are most important. The invention will bring a fortune to the skillful inventor, George W. Beardslee, Esq., who is, happily for himself and his discovery, a man of means, and ought to confer a vast benefit also upon paper makers, newspaper proprietors, book makers and the public at large.—*Daily Globe.*

A VETERAN:—Monsieur Jean Baptiste de Bordeaux, who participated as a French volunteer in the siege of Savannah, during the revolutionary war, and was near Pulaski when he was wounded, visited that city last week. He is a native of St. Domingo, and for the last sixty years has resided in South Carolina. He is said to be over one hundred years of age.