

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

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Poet's Corner.

THE RE-REPUBLICAN.

FROM "MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

"And the silence of a beautiful moonlight night," said the Emperor, "a dog leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of that master rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding place, howling pitiously. He alternately licked the master's hand and ran towards us, as if at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge."

The pale moon rose in cloudless light, And threw her radiance silvery bright, On all who fell in honor'd fight.

On glory's field.

With faces turned to God's high throne, As praying mercy to be shown, To souls that now from earth had flown.

Their comes lay.

Now birds and human beasts of prey, Who'd watch'd the murder's fray, In fenshild triumph held their way.

O'er glory's toys;

But one, whose breast was plough'd by death, That tore the spirit from its sheath, And gave in lieu the blood-stained wreath.

That Victory wore,

Was left uncared for by the world, The steel which had his pail'd dy'd, With crimson rivers flowing wide.

Around his bed.

A sad and pity-moaning yell, Was borne upon the wind low swell, Which e'en a plume's heart could quell.

And how in shame—

A dog lay by his master's corpse, And neri'd by friendship's deathless force, Ever turn'd the savage prowler's course.

On other quest;

He lick'd his master's hand, that now Would ne'er again caress bestow, And then to his dead eyes would throw

Beseeching glare.

We came, and then his watch was done; A gleam of joy in instant shone In eyes whose brightness now was gone.

And lost in grief.

Once more he look'd, then downward turn'd His grief-struck eyes, as though he'd learn'd That death was cold, for his turn'd

And mourn'd for e'er.

A low sad wail was his last cry; It told of mortal agony, And mournfully did testify—

A FRIEND IS DEAD.

J. M. M.

Tales and Sketches.

THE VEILED MIRROR; Or, Pictures of the New Year.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The Old Year was fast drawing to a close. But a few hours and the advent of its successor would be hailed by merry shouts and joyful congratulations, mingling with the merry chime of bells ringing out a noisy welcome from church tower and steeple.

Adam Hathaway, a wealthy merchant, sat in his counting room, striking a balance between his gains and losses for the year which had nearly passed. From the smile that lighted up his countenance, as he drew near the end of his task, it might be safely inferred that the result proved satisfactory.

He threw down his pen, after footing up the last column, and exclaimed joyfully: "Five thousand net gain in one year. That will do very well, very well indeed. If I am as well prospered in the year to come, it will be a 'Happy New Year.'"

His meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door. He opened it and saw standing before him a man of ordinary appearance, bearing under his arm something the nature of which he could not conjecture, wrapped up in a brown paper.

"Mr. Hathaway, I believe," was the stranger's salutation.

"You are correct."

"Perhaps, if not particularly engaged, you will allow me a few minutes conversation with you."

"You are a wealthy man, Mr. Hathaway, and every year increases your possessions. May I ask what is your object in accumulating so much property?"

"This is a very singular question, sir," said the merchant, who began to entertain doubts as to his visitor's sanity, "very singular. I suppose I am influenced by the same motives that actuate other men, the necessity of providing for my physical wants and so contributing to my happiness."

"And this is your purpose? But your gains are not all devoted to this purpose. The last year, for example, the overplus has amounted to five thousand dollars."

"I know not where you gained your information," said Mr. Hathaway, in surprise.

"However, you are correct."

"And what do you intend to do with this?"

"You are somewhat free with your questions, sir. However, I have no objection to answering you. I shall lay it up."

"For what purpose? I need not tell you that money in itself is of no value. Why, then, do you allow it to remain idle?"

"How else should I employ it? I have a comfortable house well furnished—should I purchase one more expensive? My table is well provided, should I live more luxuriously? My wardrobe is well supplied, should I live more expensively?"

"To these questions I answer, No. But it does not follow, because you have a good table, comfortable clothing, a well supplied house, that others are equally well provided. Have you thought to give of your abundance to those who are needy, to promote your own happiness by promoting the happiness of others?"

"I must confess this is a duty which I have neglected. But there are alms-houses and benevolent societies. There cannot be much misery that escapes their notice," said Mr. Hathaway.

"You shall judge for yourself."

The stranger continued unwrapping the package under his arm. It was a small mirror, with a veil hanging before it. He slowly withdrew the veil and then said "Look."

A change passed over the surface of the mirror. Mr. Hathaway, as he looked at it

intently, found that it reflected a small room scantily furnished, while a faint light flickered in the grate. A bed stood in one corner of the room, on which reposed a sick man. By the side of it sat a woman, with a thin shawl over her shoulders, busily plying her needle. An infant boy lay in the cradle next her, while a little girl called Alice, whose wasted form and features spoke of want and privation, was rocking to sleep.

"Would you hear what they are saying?" asked the stranger.

The merchant nodded acquiescence. Immediately there came to his ear the confused noise of voices, from which he soon distinguished that of the sick man, who asked for food.

"We have none in the house," said the wife. "But I shall soon get this work finished, and then I shall be able to get some."

The husband groaned.

"Oh, that I should be obliged to remain idle on a sick bed, when I might be earning money for you and the children. The doctor says that now the fever is gone, and nothing but nourishing food to raise me up again. But, alas, I see no means of procuring it."

Would that some rich man out of his abundance would supply me with a trifle from his board. To him it would be nothing—to me everything."

The scene vanished, and gradually another formed itself upon the surface of the mirror.

It was a small room, neatly, but not expensively furnished. There were two occupants, a man of middle age, and a young girl of bright intellectual countenance, which at present seemed overcast with an air of dejection.

Mr. Hathaway, to his surprise, recognised in the gentleman, Mark Audley, a fellow merchant, and formerly intimate friend, who, but a few months before, had failed in business, and had recently defrauded his creditors, had given up all his property. Since his failure he had been reduced to a clerkship.

"I am sorry, Arthur," said he to his son, "very sorry that I could not carry out my intention of entering you at college. I know your tastes have always led you to think of a professional career, but it is out of my power to gratify you. It is best for you to accept the situation which has been offered you, and enter Mr. Bellamy's store. It is a very fair situation, and will suit you as well as any."

"I believe you are right, sir," said Arthur respectfully, "though it will be hard to resign the hopes that I have so long cherished."

Mr. Henry Fulham to-day. He was my class-mate at school, and is to enter college next fall. I couldn't help envying him. How soon will Mr. Bellamy wish me to enter his store?"

"Day after to-morrow, I believe, that is the beginning of the year—New Year's day being the first of January."

The scene vanished as before, a change passed over the face of the mirror. Again the merchant looked, and to his surprise beheld the interior of his own store. A faint light was burning in the light of which a young man, whom he recognized to be one of his clerks, was reading a letter, the contents of which seemed to agitate him powerfully.

The scene was brought so near that he could without difficulty trace these lines written in a delicate female hand as follows:

"My Dear Son.—You are not, probably expecting to hear from me at this time. Alas, that I should have such an occasion to write. At the time of your father's death it was supposed that by the sacrifice of everything, we might succeed in liquidating all his debts. I received a call from Mr. Perry this morning, who presented, for immediate payment a note given by your father for fifty dollars. Immediate payment! How, with a salary barely sufficient to support us, can you meet such a charge? Can any way be devised? Mr. Perry threatens, if the money be not forthcoming, to seize our furniture. He is a hard man, and I have no hopes of appeasing him. I do not know that you can do anything to help us. The young man have thought it right to acquaint you with this new calamity. Your affectionate mother, MARY DURELL."

The young man laid down the letter with an air of depression.

"I scarcely know how to provide for this new contingency," said he meditatively. "My salary is small, and it requires the strictest economy to meet my expenses. I might ask for an advance; but I know that Mr. Hathaway would not do so. I should be obliged to court a refusal. But to have my mother's furniture taken from the house, the whole amount would hardly cover the debt. There is one resource; but alas! that I should ever think of resorting to it. I could take the money from the till, and return it when I am able. But shall I ever be able? It would be no more nor less than robbery. At all events I will not do it to-night, who knows but something may turn up to help us?"

The young man looked out the light and left the store. The picture faded.

"I will show you another picture somewhat different from the others; it will be the last," said the stranger.

The next picture represented the interior of a baker's shop. The baker, a coarse featured man, with a hard aspect, was waiting on a woman—thinly clad in garments more suitable for June than December.

She was purchasing two loaves of bread and some crackers. There was another customer waiting his turn; it was a gentleman, with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Make haste," said the baker rudely to the woman, who was searching for money to pay for her purchases; "I can't stop all day; and here is a gentleman that you keep waiting."

"Oh, never mind me; I am in no hurry," the gentleman said.

"I am afraid," said the woman in an alarmed tone, "that I have lost my money. I had it here in my pocket, but it is gone."

"Then you may return the bread; I don't sell for nothing."

"Trust me for once, sir; I will pay you in a day or two. Otherwise my children must go without food to-morrow."

"Can't help that. You shouldn't have been so careless."

The woman was about turning away, when the voice of the other customer arrested her steps.

"How much money have you lost?" he inquired.

"It was but a half-dollar," was the reply; "but it was of consequence to me, as I can get no more for a day or two, and how we are to live till then, Heaven only knows."

"Perhaps that will help you to decide the question, and he took from his pocket a five dollar bill, and handed it to her."

"Oh, sir," said she her face lighting up with gratitude, "this is indeed generous and noble. The blessings of those you have befriended attend you."

She made a few purchases, and then with a slight hand departed.

The last picture faded from the mirror—and the stranger, weeping it up, simply said: "You have seen how much happiness a trifling sum can produce. Will you not, out of your abundance, make a similar experiment?"

The stranger disappeared; and Mr. Hathaway awoke to find his dream terminated by the chime of the New Year's bells.

"This is something more than a dream," said he thoughtfully.

"I will, at all events, take counsel of the mystic vision; and it shall not be my fault if some hearts are not made happier through my means before another sun sets."

When the merchant rose on the following morning, it was with the light heart which always accompanies the determination to do right. He was determined that the salutary of "A Happy New Year" should not be with him a mere matter of lip service.

"I believe," said he "I will go and see my old friend, Mark Audley. If his son Arthur, is really desirous of going to college, what is there to prevent my bearing the expenses? I am abundantly able, and can dispose of my money in no better way."

As he walked alone with his praise-worthy determination in his heart, his attention was drawn towards a little girl who was gazing with eager, wild eyes into a window of a neighboring shop, where were displayed in tempting array some fine oranges. He thought—may be quite certain—that in her he recognized the little girl who figured in the first scene, unfolded the evening before by the mysterious mirror. By way of ascertaining he addressed her in a pleasant tone.

"Your name is Alice is it not?"

"Yes, sir," she said, looking up surprised and somewhat awed.

"And your father is sick, is he not?"

"Yes, sir; but he is almost well now."

"I saw you looking at the oranges in that window. Now I will buy you a dozen if you will let me help you carry them home."

The purchase was made; and the merchant walked along, conversing with his little conductor, who soon lost her timidity.

Arrived at the little girl's home, he found that she had not been deceived in his promise. It was the same room that he had seen pictured in the mirror. The sick man was tossing uneasily in bed when Alice entered.

"See papa," said she joyfully, "see what nice oranges I have bought for you."

The merchant, before he left the humble apartment, gave its occupants a timely donation, and made New Year's Day a day of thanksgiving.

Mr. Hathaway now introduced the object of his visit, asking, "What do you intend to do with Arthur?"

"He was nearly ready to go to college was he not?"

"He was, and this is one of the severest trials attending my reversed circumstances, that I am compelled to disappoint his long cherished wish of obtaining a collegiate education."

"That must not be," said Mr. Hathaway. "If you and Arthur will consent I will myself pay his charges through college."

"Mr. Hathaway," said Mr. Audley—in a glow of surprise and pleasure, "This evinces a noble generosity on your part that I shall never forget. You must let me tell Arthur the good news."

Mr. Audley summoned his son, and pointing to Mr. Hathaway said, "This gentleman has offered to send you to college at his own expense."

The eyes of the youth lighted up—he grasped the hand of his benefactor, simply saying, "Oh, if you but knew how happy you have made me!"

"I do not deserve your thanks," was the simple reply. "I have learned that to make others happy is the most direct way to secure my own happiness."

Mr. Hathaway took his way to the store. Arrived there he sought out Frank Durell, and requested him to step into his office, as he wished to speak to him in private.

"Your salary is five hundred dollars a year, I believe," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Frank Durell, somewhat surprised.

"I have come to the conclusion that this is insufficient, and I shall therefore advance it two hundred dollars; and, as a part of it may not be unacceptable to you now, here are a hundred dollars which you may consider an advance."

"Sir," said Frank Durell, hardly believing his senses, "you cannot estimate the benefit I shall derive from this generosity. My mother who depends upon me for support, was about to be deprived of her furniture by an extortionate creditor; but this timely gift—for I must consider it so—will remove this terrible necessity. I thank you, sir, from my heart."

"You are quite welcome," said the merchant, kindly. "In future consider me your friend, and if you should at any time be in want of advice or assistance, do not scruple to confide in me."

A correspondent of the *Lagrange* Whig gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take the papers. The lesson is worth pondering by a good many men who 'wot' of:

"You have hens at home of course. Well, I will send you my paper one year for the proceeds of a single hen one season, merely for the trouble of sending it."

"It seems trifling, and I will willingly imagine the proceeds of a single hen will pay for the subscription; perhaps it won't, but I make the offer."

"Done," exclaimed farmer B. "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness in the affair.

The farmer went away apparently much pleased with his conquest, and the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled around, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in its orbit, just as it formerly did, the farmer received his paper regularly, and regarded himself with the information obtained from it. He not only knew the affairs of his own country, but became conversant upon the leading topics of the day, and political and financial convulsions of the times. His children delighted in perusing the contents of their weekly paper, and he himself was surprised at the progress of his mind and family in general information.

Sometime in the month of September, I happened up again in the office, when who should step in but our friend the farmer.

"How do you do Mr. B.—?" said the editor extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile, take a chair, sit, be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," answered the farmer, shaking the proffered "paw" of the editor, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B.—hitched his chair back and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly he said addressing the editor, "Mr. C.—"

"I have brought you the proceeds of that hen!" It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could scarcely keep my risibles down. When at the wagon the farmer pronounced his hen over to the editor the proceeds of the hen, which on being counted, amounted to eighteen cents, a shilling each, and a number of dozen of eggs, making in the aggregate at the least calculation \$2.50; one dollar more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it too. I have paid for your subscription, yet I have paid for your paper, and as a dollar and a half, sir, there is no man but can take a paper, it's charity, sir, charity you see."

"But, resumed the editor, "I will pay you for what is over the subscription. I did not institute this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay you for—"

"Not a bit of it, sir, a bargain is a bargain, and I am already repaid, sir—doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will cite him to the hen story." Good day, gentlemen.

Political.

U. S. SENATOR ELECTION.

A feverish anxiety seems to prevail in the public mind of this community to understand the proceedings of the American Caucus held at Harrisburg, on Friday night; and this anxiety it is but right and proper that the public press should satisfy as far as it can.

Those who have not the official proceedings of that celebrated midnight gathering of Pennsylvania Solons, we have yet gathered, sufficiently full and reliable, to enable us to present our readers with a pretty accurate statement of its doings.

As we learn, there were 91 members present at the organization thereof, 13 from the Senate and 78 from the House of Representatives. Among these were about half a dozen members whose right of participation was questioned, but generally understood to be of that celebrated midnight gathering of Pennsylvania Solons, we have yet gathered, sufficiently full and reliable, to enable us to present our readers with a pretty accurate statement of its doings.

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in favor of skulking responsibility by a majority of two, and the Caucus thereupon proceeded to ballot. On the sixth ballot, it was discovered that one vote more was deposited than there were members present, whereupon Mr. Simpson moved to adjourn, but this, in the superior parliamentary wisdom of the Chairman, (Thomas S. Steel,) who had no doubt a duty marked out for him to perform, was declared out of order! Finding thus no alternative remaining for those who desired their duty in the premises, Mr. McComb, of Lawrence, called upon all opposed to venal nomination to withdraw, and thirty-three members, we believe, thereupon retired from the Caucus, after this Gen. Cameron was nominated by those remaining, he received forty-four votes, including the five or six having no right to vote, and being thus declared the Caucus nominee, though he had really not a majority of the whole American vote.

The result of all this is seen in yesterday's proceedings. Two Ballots were had without coming to a choice, and then a postponement effected for two weeks. Having now given a simple and unvarnished statement of the events which have transpired in relation to the Senatorship, many of our readers will perhaps look for proper comments upon them, and in these we shall not fail at the proper time freely to indulge.

For the present, we prefer to remain silent. It is but reasonable to suppose that those who left the Caucus, and refused to support its nominee, as well as those who remained and adhered to the nomination, will publish a defence of their conduct under their own signatures, and we deem it but right and proper to await these statements before we give utterance to our own feelings and sentiments, and those we know exist in the community in which we live. Suffice it now to say that the report of the Joint Committee, which was yesterday ordered, will be early looked for by the people, and do much either to ally or to add to the general indignation now felt in this city.—*Phila. Daily News.*

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 13, 1855.

In the Senate, Mr. Jordan submitted the following:

Resolved, That if the House of Representatives shall, by a majority of two-thirds, vote to impeach any member of the Senate, the Senate shall have power to suspend him from the exercise of his office until he shall be acquitted or removed from office.

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