The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS. } MONTROSE, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1855. {FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS—VOL. I. NO. 12.

Select Poetry.

Thos. Campbell on the American Flag.

United States, your banner bears
Two emblems; one of Fame,
Alas! the other that it wears,
Proclaims your nation's shame.

Your high renown in glorious types,
Is blazoned by your stars,
But what's the meaning of the stripes?
They mean your negro scars.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE BY GEORGE LUNT, OF MASS.

England, whence comes each glowing hue
That tints your flag of "meteor" light?
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Crossed with the moonbeam's pearly white?

The blood and bruise—the blue and red,
Let Axia's groaning millions speak;
The white, it tells the color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek.

Tales and Sketches.

LOVE AND MONEY.

A STORY OF EMS.

Ems is a charming place. It lies about twelve miles to the south-east of Coblentz, in the valley of the Lahu—that miniature Rhine, all bordered with orchards and vineyards, and steep wooded hills. Nothing can be more romantic than the situation of the town, which consists of one long irregular line of hotels and lodging-houses, with the mountains at the back, the river in front, and long double rows of acacias and lindens planted at each side of the carriage-way. Swarms of donkeys with gay saddles, attended by drivers in blue blouses and scarlet trimmed caps, loiter beneath the trees, soliciting hire. The Duke of Nassau's band plays alternate selections of German, Italian and French music in the pavilion in the public garden. Fashionable invalids are promenading. Gaming is going forward busily in the Conversation-Haus alike daily and nightly. Ladies are reading novels and eating ices within hearing of the band; or go by, with colored glass tumblers in their hands, towards the Kurhaus, where the hot springs come bubbling up from their nauseous sources down in the low vaulted galleries filled with bazaar-like shops, loungers, touters, and health-seekers. All is pleasure, indolence, and flirtation.

To Ems, therefore, came the Herr Graff von Steinberg—or, as we should say, the Count Von Steinberg—to drink the waters, and to while away a few weeks of the summer season. He was a tall, fair, handsome young man; an excellent specimen of the German dragoon. You would never suppose, to look at him, that anything of illness could be his inducement for visiting Ems;—and yet he suffered from two very serious maladies, both of which, it was to be feared, were incurable by any springs, medicinal or otherwise. In a word, he was hopelessly in love, and desperately poor. The case was this:—His grandfather had left a large property, which his father, an irreclaimable gambler, had spent to the uttermost farthing.—The youth had been placed in the army, chiefly through the interest of a friend. His father was now dead; the inheritance forever gone; and he had absolutely nothing beyond his pay as a captain of dragoons, and the distant prospect of one day retiring with the title and half pay of Major. A sorry future for one who was disinterestedly and deeply in love with one of the richest heiresses in Germany!

'Who marries my daughter will receive with her a dowry of 200,000 florins, and I shall expect her husband to possess, at least, an equal fortune.'

So said the Baron of Hohendorf, in cold reply to the lover's timid declaration; and with these words still sounding in his ears, weighing on his spirits, and lying, by day and night, heavily upon his heart, came the Count von Steinberg, to seek forgetfulness, or, at least, temporary amusement, at the Brunnen of Ems. But in vain. Pale and silent, he roamed restlessly to and fro upon the public promenades, or wandered away to hide his wretchedness in the forests and lonely valleys around the neighborhood of the town.—Sometimes he would mingle with the gay crowd in the Kurhaus, and taste the bitter waters; sometimes linger mournfully round the tables of the gaming company, gazing enviously, yet with a kind of virtuous horror, at the glittering heaps of gold and at the packets of crisp yellow notes which there changed hands so swiftly and in such profusion. But Albert von Steinberg was no gambler. He had seen and experienced the evil of that terrible vice too keenly already in his own father, to fall a prey to it himself. Years ago he had vowed never to play; and he had kept his oath, for no card had ever been touched by his hand. Even now, when he found himself, as it might happen now and then, looking on with some little interest at the gains and losses of others, he would shudder, turn suddenly away, and not return again for days. Nothing could be more regular than his mode of life. In the morning he took the waters; at noon he walked, or read, or wrote; in the evening he strolled out again and heard the band, and by the time that all the society of the place was assembled in the ball room or at the tables, he had returned to his quiet lodgings, and, perhaps, already gone to bed, in order that he might rise early the next morning to study some scientific work, or to take a pedestrian excursion to the ruins of some old castle within the limits of a long walk.

It was a dull life for a young man—especially with that sweet, sad recollection of Emma von Hohendorf pervading every tho't, and every moment of the day. And all because he was poor. Was poverty a crime, he asked himself, that he should be punished for it thus! He had a great mind to throw himself off the rock where he was standing—or to throw himself into the river, if it were deep enough—or to go to the Baron's own castle gate, and shoot himself—or—or, in short, to do anything desperate, if it were only sufficiently romantic; for his hot young German head, full of sentiment and Schiller, could be content with nothing less than an imposing tragedy.

He thought all this, sitting in a little fantastic summer house, perched high up on a ledge of steep rock just in front of the gardens and public buildings. He looked down at the gay company far beneath, and he heard the faint music of the royal band. The sun was just setting—the landscape was lovely—life was still sweet, and he thought that he would not commit suicide that evening, at all events. So he went moodily down the winding pathway, across the bridge, and, quite by chance, wandered one more into the Conversation Haus. The gaming was going on, the glittering gold pieces changing hands, the earnest players sitting round as usual. The sight only made him more unhappy.

'Two hundred thousand florins!' he tho't to himself. 'Two hundred thousand florins would make me the happiest man on earth, and I cannot get them. These men win and lose two hundred thousand florins ten times over in a week, and think nothing of the good, the happiness, the wealth they would be to hundreds of their fellow creatures. What a miserable dog I am!'

And he pulled his hat on fiercely, folded his arms, and strode out of the rooms, taking the road to his own lodging with so dismal an air that the people in the streets turned and looked after him, saying, 'He has lost money—we saw him come out of the gaming-rooms.'

'Lost money!' muttered he to himself, as he went into his garret and locked the door; 'lost money, indeed! I wish I had any to lose.'

And poor Albert von Steinberg fell asleep, lamenting that the age of fairies and gnomes had passed away.

His sleep was long, sound and dreamless—for young men, in spite of love and poverty, can sleep pleasantly. He woke somewhat later than he had intended, rubbed his eyes, and at last sprang valiantly out of bed.

Was he still dreaming? Is it a hallucination? Can he be mad? No, it is real, true, wonderful! There upon the table lies a brilliant heap of golden pieces—hard, ringing, real golden pieces, and he turned them over, weighed them in his hands, lets them drop through his fingers to test the evidence of his senses.

How did it come there? That is the important question. He rings the bell violently once—twice—thrice. The servant runs up, thinking some dreadful accident had occurred.

'Some one has been here to call upon me this morning?'

'No, Monsieur.'

'Indeed! Somebody, then, has been up stairs since I have been asleep.'

'No, Monsieur.'

'Are you sure?'

'Quite sure, Monsieur.'

'Now speak the truth, Bertha; some one has been here; you are paid to deny it.—Only tell me who it was, and I will give you double for your information.'

The servant looks both alarmed and astonished.

'Indeed, there has not been a soul. Does Monsieur miss anything from his apartment? Shall I send for the gens-d'armes?'

The count looked searchingly in the girl's face. She looked wholly sincere and truthful. He tried every means yet left—adroit questions, insinuations, bribes, sudden accusations, but in vain. She had seen no one—heard no one; the door of the house was closed, and had not been left open. No one—absolutely no one had been there.

Puzzled, troubled, bewildered, our young friend dismissed her, believing, in spite of his surprise, the truth of what she stated. He locked the door and counted the money.—Ten thousand florins! not a groschen more or less!

Well, it was there, but whence it came, remained a mystery. 'All mysteries clear themselves up in time,' said he, as he locked the money up in his bureau. 'I dare say I shall find it all out by-and-by. In the mean time I will not touch a single florin of it.'

He tried not to think of it, but it was so strange a thing that he could not prevent it from running in his head. It even kept him awake at night, and took away his appetite by day. At last he began to forget it; at all events he became used to it, and at the end of a week it had ceased to trouble him.

About eight days from the date of its occurrence, he woke, as before, thinking of Emma, and not at all of the money, when, on looking round, lo! there it was again. The table was once more covered with glittering gold!

His first impulse was to run to the bureau in which the first ten thousand florins were stored away. Surely he must have taken them out the night before, and forgot to replace them. No, there they lay in the drawer where he had hidden them, and there upon the table was a second supply, larger, if anything, than the first!

Pale and trembling he turned them over. This time there were some notes—Prussian and French—mingled with the gold—in all, twelve thousand florins.

He had locked his door—could it be opened from without by a skeleton key? He had a bolt fixed within that very day. Honest Albert von Steinberg! he took as much pains against fortune as others do against robbery!

Two days later, however, his invisible benefactor came again, notwithstanding all his precautions; and this time he found himself fourteen thousand florins the richer. It was an inexplicable prodigy! No one could have entered by the bolted door, or from the window, for he lived in a garret on the fourth story—or by the chimney, for the room was heated by a stove, the funnel of which was no thicker than his arm! Was it a plot to ruin him? or was he tempted by the powers of evil? He had a great mind to apply to the police, or to a priest (for he was a good Catholic)—still he thought he would wait a little longer. After all, there might be more unpleasant visitations!

He went out, greatly agitated, and walked about the entire day, pondering this strange problem. Then he resolved, if ever it recurred, to state his case to the *chef de police*, and to set a watch upon the house by night.

Full of this determination, he came home and went to bed. In the morning, when he woke, he found that Fortune had again visited him. The first wonder of the thing had now worn off, and he arose, dressed himself, and sat down leisurely to count the money over before lodging his declaration at the *bureau de police*. While he was engaged in making up little roleaux of gold, twenty in each roleau, there came a sudden knocking at his door.

He had no visitors, no friend in Ems; he started like a guilty man, and threw an overcoat hastily upon the table, so as to conceal the gold. Could it be that this summons had anything to do with the money? Was he suspected of something that ——? The knock was repeated, this time more loudly, more imperatively. He opened the door.—It was the Baron von Hohendorf!

'How! The Baron von Hohendorf in Ems! I am rejoiced—this honor—I—pray, be seated.'

The poor young dragoon's heart beat so fast, and he trembled so with pleasure, and hope, and astonishment, that he could scarcely speak.

The baron looked at him steadily, but sternly, thrust back the proffered chair, and did not deign to take the slightest notice of the extended hand.

'Yes, Herr Count,' he said drily, 'I arrived yesterday at this place. You did not expect to see me.'

'Indeed, no. It in a pleasure—a delight—a——.' He was so agitated that he forgot his visitor was standing, and sat down; but he rose up again directly.

'And yet I saw you, Herr Count, yesterday evening, as you came out of the Conversation rooms.'

'Me? Indeed, sir I never visited the Conversation-rooms at all yesterday; but I am very sorry that I was not there, since I should have had the honor of meeting you.'

'Pardon me, Herr Count, I saw you. It is useless to argue the point with me, for I stood close behind your chair for the greater part of an hour. Do you know why I am here this morning in your apartment?'

The young man blushed, faltered, turned pale. He knew but one reason that could have brought him a visit from the baron. Had he relented? Could it be his generous design to make two lovers' hearts happy by granting that consent which he formerly refused? There were things more impossible. The baron was capable of such goodness! Something to this effect he stammered in broken sentences, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his hands playing nervously with a pen.

The baron drew himself up to his full height. If he looked stern before, he looked furious now. For a few moments he could hardly speak for rage. At last his wrath broke forth.

'Impertinence such as this, Herr Count, I did not expect! I came here, sir, to give some words of advice to your father's son—to interpose, if possible, between you and your destruction. I did not come to be insulted!'

'Insulted, baron?' repeated the young man somewhat haughtily: 'I have nothing to call for such a phrase at your lips, unless, indeed my poverty insults you. The richest man in this land could do no more than love your daughter, and were she a queen, the homage of the poorest would not disgrace her. Explain yourself, I beg.'

'Permit me first to ask you one question. What brings you to Ems?'

The young man hesitated, and the baron smiled ironically.

'I came sir,' he said at length, 'in search of—I will confess it—in search of peace, of forgetfulness, of consolation. I was not happy, sir—I—'

His voice broke: he looked down, and remained silent.

The baron laughed aloud—a harsh mocking laugh that caused Albert to raise his head with a movement of sudden indignation.

'I have not deserved this treatment at your hands, Baron Hohendorf,' he said, turning away towards the window. 'Your position as the father of one whom I dearly love, protects you from the satisfaction I might demand; but I trust the time will soon come when you will recognize and acknowledge your injustice to me.'

'What effrontery! You forget, then, that it is in my power to confront you with the proof of your vice; nay, at this instant to confound and convict you. What gold is this?'

And the old gentleman, whose eye had detected the glimmer of the coin beneath the coat, extended his hand, and lifted the garment away upon the end of his walking stick. The lover turned pale, and could not speak.

'Der teufel! For a poor man you have, it seems, a well-filled purse for travelling! Ah! *you* never gamble?'

'Never, sir.'

'Indeed! Pray then, if your gold be not the fruit of the gaming-table, whence comes it?'

'I know not. You will not believe me, I am aware, but I swear that I speak the truth. This gold comes here, I know not how.—This is the fourth time I have found it upon my table. I can discover nothing of the source whence it arrives. I know not why it is here, who brings it, or how it is brought.—By my honor as a gentleman and a soldier—by all my hopes of happiness in this life or the next, I am utterly ignorant of everything about it.'

'This is too much!' cried the baron furiously. 'Do you take me for an idiot or a dotard? Good morning to you, sir, and I hope I may never see your face again!'

And he slammed the door violently behind him, and went away down the stairs, leaving poor Von Steinberg utterly overwhelmed and broken-hearted. 'Cursed gold!' he exclaimed, dashing it upon the floor in his anger.—'what brought thee here, and why dost thou torment me?'

Then the poor fellow thought of Emma, and of how his last chance was wrecked, and he was so miserable, that he actually threw himself upon his bed, and wept bitterly. All at once he remembered that the baron had a sister at Langueschwalbach; she perhaps would believe him, would intercede for him! He started up, resolved to go thither at once; hastily gathered together the scattered pieces of money; locked them up in the drawer with the rest; ran down straight to the neighboring carriage stand; hired a vehicle to convey him to the railway station, and in less than half an hour was on his way. In about three hours he arrived. He passed nearly the whole day in trying to discover the lady's address, and when he found it, was told that she had been for the last two months at Vienna. It was a foolish journey, with disappointment at the end of it! He came back quite late in the evening, to Ems, and entered his own room, utterly broken down by anxiety and fatigue.

In the meantime, the baron, crimson with rage, had returned to his hotel, and told all the circumstances to his daughter. She could not believe in the guilt of her lover.

'He a gambler!' she exclaimed. 'It is impossible!'

'But I saw the gold upon his table.'

'He says he knows nothing of it, and he never told an untruth in his life. It will all be explained by-and-by.'

'But I saw him playing at the tables.'

'It was some other who resembles him.'

'Will you believe it if you see him yourself?'

'I will, my father, and I will renounce him forever; but not till then.'

'Then you shall be convinced this evening.' The evening came, and the rooms were more than usually crowded. There was a ball in the *salon de danse*; refreshments in the anteroom; gaming as usual, in the third department. The baron Von Hohendorf was there with his daughter and some friends. They made their way to the tables, but he whom they sought was not there. Eager faces enough were there around the board; faces of old women, cunning and avaricious; faces of pale dissipated boys, scarce old enough, one would have thought, to care for any games but those of school ground; faces of hardened cool, determined gamblers, faces of girls, young and beautiful, and of men, old and feeble. Strange table! around which youth, and beauty, and age, and deformity, and vice, should congregate together, and meet on equal ground.

Suddenly there was a movement at the farther end of the room; a whisper went round, the spectators made way, and the players drew aside for one who now approached and took his stand amongst them. This deference is shown only to those who play high and frequently. Who is this noted gambler? Albert von Steinberg.

A cry of agony breaks from the pale lips of a young girl at the other end of the room, as she clings to the arm of an elderly gentleman beside her, and she leans wildly forward to be sure it is really he. He neither hears nor heeds any thing around him. He does not even look towards where she stands. He seats himself very quietly, as a matter of course, takes some *rouleaux* of gold and a packet of notes from his pocket, and begins to play with all the cool audacity of one whose faith in his own luck is unshakeable, and who is perfect master of the game. Besides this, he carried his self-command to that point which is only to be obtained by years of practice. It was splendid to see him so impassive. His features were fixed and impressive as those of a statue; the steady earnestness of his gaze was almost terrible; his very movements were scarcely those of a man liable to human frailties and human emotions; and the right hand with which he staked and swept up the gold was stiff and mechanical as that of the commandant in *Don Giovanni*.

The Baron could contain his indignation no longer. Leaving his daughter to the care of her friends, he made way round the tables, and approached the young man's chair. He extended his hand to touch the player's arm, when his own was forcibly seized and held back. He turned, and saw one of the most celebrated physicians of Germany standing beside him.

'Stop!' he exclaimed, 'do not speak to that young man, it might injure him.'

'That is exactly what I wish. I will disturb his calculations, the hyp-rite.'

'You will kill him!'

'Pshaw! you are jesting with me.'

'I am perfectly serious. Look at him,' continued the physician, pointing to his pale face and set gaze: 'look at him! He sleeps! A sudden shock might be his death. You cannot see this, but I can. I have studied this thing narrowly, and I never beheld a more remarkable case of somnambulism.'

The physician continued for some time conversing with the baron in an undertone. Presently the bank gave the signal: the players rose; the tables closed for that evening, and the Count von Steinberg, gathered up his enormous winnings, pushed back his chair and left the rooms, passing close before the baron without seeing him. They followed him down the street to his own door; he entered by means of his latch-key, and closed it behind him without a sound. There was no light in his window, no one in the house was awake—none but those two had seen him enter.

The next morning, when he awoke, he found a larger pile of gold than ever on the table. He counted it, and he told over 44,000 florins.

Again there came a knock at his chamber-door. This time he did not even attempt to conceal the money; and when the baron and the physician entered, he was too much troubled even to feel surprised at the sight of a stranger.

'You have come again to tell me that I am a gambler!' he exclaimed, despairingly, as he pointed to the gold, and leaned his head listlessly upon his hands.

'I say it, my young friend, because I saw it,' replied the baron; 'but at the same time I come to entreat your pardon for having accused you of it. You have played without knowing it, you have gambled, and yet you are no gambler.'

'Yes,' interrupted the physician, 'for somnambulists often perform the very actions which they detest. But with you it is a mere functional derangement—not a settled habit, and I can easily cure you. But perhaps,' he added, smiling, 'you do not wish to lose so profitable a malady. You may become a *millionaire*.'

'Ah, doctor!' cried the count, 'I place myself in you hands, cure me, I entreat you!'

'Well, well, there is time enough for that,' said the baron; 'first of all, shake hands, and let us be friends.'

'I have a horror of play,' replied the involuntary gambler, 'and I shall instantly restore to the bank all that I have won. See here is, altogether, 130,000 florins!'

'Take my advice, Albert,' said the baron 'and do no such thing. Suppose, that in your sleep you had lost 130,000 florins, do you think the bank would have restored it to you? No, no; entertain no such scruples. Your father lost more than thrice that sum at those very tables, it is but a restitution in part.—Keep your florins, and return with me to my hotel, where Emma is waiting to receive your visit. You have 130,000 there, I will excuse the other 70,000 upon which I formerly insisted, and you can make it up in love. Are you content, or must you restore the money to the bank?'

History has not recorded the lovers reply; at all events, he quitted Ems that same day in company with the baron von Hohendorf and his pretty daughter. The prescriptions of the learned physician have, it is said, already effected a cure, and *Frankfort Journal* of last week announces the approaching marriage of Mdmlle. von Hohendorf with Albert, Count of Steinberg.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

☞ The way to escape a fall is to fear one's own weakness, and not go too fast.

Know-Nothing Organization.

EXTRACTS FROM A

SPEECH OF HON. O. R. SINGLETON,

OF MISSISSIPPI,

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

February 22, 1855.

Before I proceed to consider this subject I wish to premise what I may say, is intended to apply to the organization as it exists in the States where its character and conduct have been developed in the recent elections. For, as yet, I have no sufficient evidence that it exists to any considerable extent in the South; or, if it do, that there are any feelings, or opinions, common to the order, in the two sections of the Union.

First, then, what are the constituent elements of this grand conglomerate? So far as its secrets have been revealed, political and religio-fanatical Abolitionists seem to be its controling spirits. Is this proposition called in question? If so, I shall offer an array of testimony in its support which cannot fail to carry conviction to the mind of every intelligent, truth-loving man. In the first place, I challenge its advocates to point me to a single man, in the free States, who is one of its acknowledged leaders, or who has been honored by the votes of its members with any important position, whose opinions on the slavery question are sound. It cannot be done, sir. They are all Free-Soilers or Abolitionists. I go one step farther. Show me a single resolution, passed by them in a subordinate lodge, or in grand council, which repudiates Abolitionists, or Abolition sentiments, or expresses a willingness to acquiesce in the provisions of the Kansas-Nebraska act, or the fugitive slave law. No man who respects truth or fairness will undertake this task. But, lest there might remain doubts in the minds of those who are not particularly interested to know the truth in reference to the matter, I shall not content myself with this negative sort of proof, but will offer that which is positive in its character.

Who are the acknowledged leaders of the Know-Nothings in Pennsylvania? The high priests of Abolitionism, Johnson, Pollock, and Stevens. Who are its godfathers in New Jersey? Pennington, Dayton, and Halstead. Who speaks for Illinois upon the subject? Lincoln, the Anti-Nebraska champion. Who for Iowa? Grines and Harlan, Abolitionists of the deepest dye. Who are its mouth-pieces in Ohio? Corwin, Ewing, and Galloway, whose names are synonyms for Abolitionism. New Hampshire has her Fogg, the traducer of President Pierce in the late canvass; her Colby and her Hale; the two latter the avowed candidates of the order for the United States Senate. Maine, too, has her Fessenden; Wisconsin her Durkee; and Connecticut her Gillette and Truman Smith, who have embraced the cause, and, Don Quixote like, started out in search of adventure. As for Massachusetts, the old State of Bunker-Hill memory, around whose name cluster so many fond reminiscences of our early history, when her sons, in the better days of the Commonwealth, were ready to pour out their blood in the cause of religious toleration, and against the hateful dogma of taxation without representation; instead of having as her spokesmen an Everett, a Choate, a Winthrop, and a Webster, is cursed with a Gardiner, a Wilson, a Bulingame, incendiaries who, by their crusade against slavery, are doomed to the same sort of unenviable notoriety that was awarded to Pisistratus for burning the temple of Diana. Well might the old Commonwealth exclaim, in bitterness and anguish of soul, 'O what a fall was there, my countrymen!' Instead of having, in the Halls of Congress, the eloquent voice of 'the godlike,' exhorting his countrymen to be true to the Constitution and its gurantees for the protection of its citizens, we shall hear the treasonable voice of a Burlingame, as he proclaims to the world his own infamy, in such language as the following: 'If asked to state specifically what he would do, he would answer: 1st, repeal the Nebraska bill; 2d, repeal the fugitive slave law; 3d, abolish slavery in the District of Columbia; 4th, abolish the inter-State slave trade; next, he would declare, that slavery should not spread to one inch of territory of the Union. *He would have judges who believe in a higher law, and in an anti-slavery Constitution; an anti-slavery Bible; and an anti-slavery God.*' And the seat which Webster filled so entirely to the satisfaction and delight of his friends and admirers will be disgraced by a Wilson, who said of the speech of Burlingame just quoted, 'You have listened to the eloquence of my young friend, and here to-night *I endorse every sentiment he has uttered*;' thus making it his own. These are *political Abolitionists*; many of whom will occupy, at the next session of Congress, seats which are now occupied by men of great moral and intellectual worth; and will pollute, by their foul touch, the fountains of legislation.

But there is another species of Abolitionists more hateful, if possible, than those already mentioned, of a religio-fanatical stripe—a set of men in the North styled *clergymen*; who, forgetting their mission into the world, have turned aside from their sacred ministrations, to dabble in the dirty pool of political fanaticism; lowering the standard of that religion which they profess to exalt; giving offense, and throwing stumbling blocks in the way of thousands. Could they but feel the weight and responsibility of their sacred calling, as it rested upon the mind and heart of the eloquent apostle, when he exclaimed, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!' they would turn and repent in sackcloth and ashes if, perchance, they might obtain forgiveness.

Am I asked for proof of their connection with the order? I point you to Harlan, the newly elected Senator from Iowa; to Brunton, of Indiana; Pearce, of Pennsylvania—members elected to this House; to Moore, the Universalist preacher of New Hampshire, who was nominated by the order for Governor, but declined for the want of a sufficient residence in the State; to the twenty-seven preachers in the Massachusetts Legislature; and finally, to the three thousand who protested in the name of Almighty God, against the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill; all of whom, so far as I can learn, are members of Know-Nothing lodges.

But, sir, I must notice, very hastily, some other elements entering into this amalgamation. It is almost invariably the case that, where you find a worn-out, cast-off politician, or a *patriot* who has long desired to serve his country, but has been permitted to continue in retirement, for his country's good, you will find a burning, shining light in the cause of Know-Nothingism. Its trumpet-blast has awakened the sleeping dead to a political resurrection; and as they meet and greet each other, an exultant shout of thankfulness goes up from the resuscitated multitude, for the general jubilee which they enjoy. Hale lives anew; Wilson, Pollock, and Durkee have been regenerated; Trumbull, like Lazarus, has come forth; Stevens and Wilmot, Corwin and Fogg, breathe again; and Seward has escaped the purgatory to which he was consigned, and has taken a new lease at their hands of a six years' term in the United States Senate.

But I must come to the climax. Hideous as this picture seems to be, the worst is not yet told. The membership of the order is not confined to free white persons. An Irishman, or a German, however virtuous, intelligent, and patriotic, is too low in the scale of being to aspire to social and political equality with native Americans in certain portions of the country; but the sable sons of Ham are marvelously proper men for the enjoyment of these privileges. Read the following paragraph from the Philadelphia Ledger:

"In New York colored persons are allowed to vote. A Know-Nothing lodge of colored persons was organized at Elmira, New York, last week, being the eighth of that complexion in the State."

But, again, let the New Hampshire Independent Democrat, the same Abolition organ which traduced and vilified President Pierce, in 1852, for being hostile to Catholics, the tale of infamy unfold. It furnishes the following notices in its columns:

"SLAVERY AND POPERY.—Rev. Thomas James, a fugitive slave, will address the citizens of Franklin on Wednesday evening, January 9th, upon slavery and POPERY, and show their bearing upon the nation." * *

"Rev. Thomas James, of Massachusetts, formerly a slave, addressed a crowded audience at Phœnix Hall, in this city, last Sunday evening, on the subject of slavery and popery. The patient attention which the audience gave to the address, is the best test of its ability and of the interest it excited. Mr. James is a WORTHY MAN, and WILL DO GOOD, we make no doubt, whenever he has a hearing."

Sir, I will not dwell longer on this disgusting picture, but turn to something else.

An object of this new order is said to be, or rather *has been* said to be, the destruction of the Abolition, higher-law party in the North. A most praiseworthy object, I confess, had the action been suited to the declaration. But how stands the matter? Let the tree be judged by its fruit. Southern members of the order may obstinately close their eyes to the truth, and hug this phantom to their bosoms, but their brethren at the North will laugh at their credulity, and ridicule their pretensions. I shall not doubt that, in the infancy of the organization, when its spread in the South was much desired, that assurances were given that it would make war upon Abolition. But then it was in the hands of comparatively good men; now it seems to have gathered into its lodges the worst elements of Abolitionism that curse the North. Then its operations were confined to a more limited sphere; now it seeks to control political events everywhere, and to give direction to public sentiment upon religious as well as political subjects. Then it was weak, and consequently humble in its pretensions; now it has become strong, and risen to power, it has grown insolent and overbearing in its demands, vindicating the truth and wisdom of Shakespeare's words when he said:

"Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But once he has attained the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Look into the clouds, and scorns the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

It is now sufficiently potent to dispense with its southern allies, and they must either come into measures of Abolitionism, or be lopped off as excrescences. This is not all, sir; they are taunted with their weakness, and sentence of condemnation pronounced against them and their institutions. Let Southern men read and reflect upon the following language from the Worcester Evening Journal, a Know-Nothing organ in Massachusetts;

"The following States, we know, can be carried to day by the American party, and we attach to each the number of votes they are entitled to: Pennsylvania 27, Massachusetts 13, Maine 8, Delaware 3, New Jersey 1, Illinois 11, Indiana 13, Rhode Island 3, New York 35, Ohio 23, Connecticut 6, New Hampshire 6, Vermont 5—making in all 160 electoral votes, being eleven more than are required for the election of President. *These figures show, that as a party, we are independent of any southern support whatever, and therefore the temptation or the necessity of bidding for Southern votes does not exist; for the two great States of the Union are now secured to the American party.* Maryland and Virginia are sure to go for the American ticket; but without the aid of a single vote from these almost northern States, we shall elect, in 1856, an American President. The slavery question cannot affect the American party; *for its whole power, and all its hopes, are north of Mason and Dixon's line. Its aspirations are for freedom; and when the party is accused of being pro-slavery, let its defenders point the men who utter the base lie to every election that has occurred since the party sprung into existence.*"

But it may be said this is only the language of a newspaper, and the editor is alone responsible for it. I propose, then, to present it in a still more solemn form. The subjoined resolutions were adopted in one of their conventions, just before the late elections in that State:

"Resolved, That in the present chaotic condition of parties in Massachusetts, the only star above the horizon is the love of human liberty and the abolition of slavery; and it is the duty of all anti slavery men to rally around the Republican party as an organization which invites the united action of the people on the one transcending question of slave dominion which now divides the Union.

"Whereas, Roman Catholicism and Slavery, being alike founded and supported on the basis of ignorance and tyranny, and being, therefore, natural allies in every warfare against liberty and enlightenment—Therefore be it

"Resolved, That there can exist no real hostility to Roman Catholicism which does not embrace slavery, its natural co-worker in opposition to freedom and republican institutions."

In the State of Michigan, where the anti-Nebraska men and Know-Nothings swept over the State like a desolating storm, the Legislature sends greeting to Federal Massachusetts the following preamble and resolutions:

"Whereas, The violation by Congress of the compact of 1820 has released the people of this State from all obligation to respect Congressional compromises for the extension and perpetuation of Slavery; Therefore

Resolved, That the act of Congress of 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave law, was, in the opinion of the people of this State, an unnecessary measure; that it contains provisions of doubtful constitutionality; that the mode of proceeding under it is harsh, unjust, and repugnant to the moral sense of the people of the States, cruel and despotic toward the person claimed as a fugitive, and that we are in favor of its immediate repeal.

Resolved, That our Senators in Congress be, and they are hereby, instructed, and our Representatives requested to use their best exertions to procure the immediate repeal of the act of 1850, known as the Fugitive Slave law."

Ohio, too, has spoken to the same effect, through the State Journal, an Abolition Know-Nothing press.

"So far, in this State, and the free States generally, *the 'Know-Nothings' have co-operated and worked faithfully with the anti-Nebraska and anti-slavery feeling of the people.* They have shown themselves true republicans by *casting their weight uniformly in favor of freedom.*"

Mr. Chairman, I trust I shall be pardoned for the number and length of these extracts. I desire that southern men especially, and sound men everywhere, shall see and understand the views and purposes of this organization in these States. What must southern men think of such avowals, openly and distinctly made? Can they meet the members of the order from these, in a grand council or convention, and fraternize with them? Are they prepared to give them the right hand of fellowship, and bid them God speed? Sir, I was born upon southern soil; reared amongst that proud and spirited people; I have witnessed with what jealous care they guard their rights and institutions; and here, to-day, in vindication of their wisdom and self-respect, I proclaim to the world that they will not stultify themselves by any such connection; that they will not be cheated into any such unholy alliance. While they have organized Know-Nothing lodges, with a membership numerous and respectable, and, it may be, with controlling political power, yet its members South can have no feeling or principles common with those of the North, and the order can have no nationality. A southern man will never consent to be found in secret conclave with a Burlingame, a Wilson, a Fogg, or a Wilmot, plotting the destruction of slavery. The effect of the whole movement will be, then, to renew in the halls of Congress the agitation of the slavery question. Most of those, if not all, who have been elected to Congress from northern states by the aid of this organization, have, like Hannibal, sworn upon the altar of their country eternal hostility to slavery. The repeal of the Kansas-Nebraska act, the repeal of the fugitive law, is the language which they use at the hustings, in their conventions, in their legislative resolves; and the same language will echo in the halls of Congress. And when this period shall arrive, as it soon will, the South will need all the unity and strength she can summon to the conflict to bear her off harmless from the fight. Instead of giving countenance to this movement, which is now assuming such a threatening aspect for us, we should begin to heal up our dissensions, to repair the broken walls of our fortifications; to post our sentinels, and, with wisdom and foresight, prepare to receive the attack, like men who know their rights, and intend to defend them.

SHORT SERMON ON THE TIMES.

A venerable colored gentleman, who calls himself 'Professor Julius Cesar Hannible,' holds forth weekly in one of our papers, and sometimes mixes considerable satire in his peculiar discourses. The following is the 'Professor's' last Lecture:

'MY DEAR GRUMBLERS:—In 'cordance wid my promise, I will spoke to you dis ebenin' on de prewailin' epedemics ob de day. You will find my text on de tongs ob eberybody in de komunity from Bill Astor down to de limekill man. It am written in unmistakable characters and deep lines on de phizes ob de poor—and in de anxious faces ob de rich.—It am none as HARD TIMES.

'*It's hard times*,' tinks de merchant's lady, as she slights from her carriage decked in two thousand dollar set of diamonds, thousand dollar furs, hundred dollar dress, and delicate opera cloak. It's hard times—husband couldn't afford no greater display, times are so berry hard.

'*It's hard times*,' sez de fop to de tailor, and you must wait.' 'Hadn't you better wear out your ole close,' sez de tailor, 'till your finances improbe a little, and de times git softer?'

'Can't afford it,' sez the fop; 'must have the Shanghie. I can't afford to lose my position an' look as doe I work for a liven.'

'*It's hard times*,' sez the capitalist as he buttons up his coat. I guess I lock up what gold and silber I had in a walit and let no man have it, kase all de newspapers sez its hard times and wos a comin'. I'll look up money, kase dare am no noeing who to trust.'

'*It's hard times*,' sez de Bank fellers, who had been liber too fast, I must eder retrench or Skiler. I can't retrench and go in good society afterwards, but I can default, and in two seasons all am forgotten. I'll Skiler, kase it pas best.'

'We must take advantage ob de times,' sez de bizness man, 'and cut down de wages ob my workmen—now is de time when noosepapers, Preachermens, Lawyers, and everybody am cryin' hard times.' So doun goes de wages, and doun comes de tears ob de workman's children for bred at he same time—so you see de poor man and de family do all de sufferin' and de rich all de jawin.—Dere am no mistake, de times am so hard you can bite it.

☞ A countryman attended one of the President's levees, at which the ladies appeared in full ball costume, that is to to say, with dresses cut very low in the neck, and leaving not so much to the imagination as poetry would require, as to the charms half concealed, half disclosed. When the unsophisticated citizen was about to take his leave, the President asked him (speaking of the levee of course) if he had ever seen such a sight before. "*No!*" said he emphatically, "*not since I was weaned.*"

☞ The following was posted on the door of the Ludlow Church, in Hertfordshire, some time back:—'This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in the churchyard, but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried, are desired to apply to Ephraim Grubb, parish clerk.'