The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

ARRANGEMENT OF A BOQUET.

BY NICHOLAS DRAYTON.

Here damask roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall run along the thread—
My chiefest flower this make I.

Among these roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double pansies then for show,
And will not this be dainty?

The pretty pansy then I'll tie,
Like stones some chain inchasing;
And next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.

The curious choice clove July flower,
Whose kind hight the carnation,
For sweetness of most sovereign power,
Shall help my wreath to fashion;

Whose sundry colors of one kind,
First from one root derived,
Them in their several suits I'll bind:
My garland so contrived.

A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
And here and there (though sparely,)
The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
Like pearls that will show rarely;

Then with these marigolds I'll make
My garland somewhat swelling,
These honeysuckles then I'll take,
Whose sweets shall help their smelling.

This lily and the fleur-de-lis,
For color much contenting,
For that I them do only prize—
They are but poor in scenting;

The daffodil most dainty is,
To match with these in meetness;
The columbine compared to this,
All much alike for sweetness.

These in their natures only are
Fit to emboss the border,
Therefore I'll take especial care
To place them in their order;

Sweet-williams, campions, sops-in-wine,
One by another neatly;
Thus have I made this wreath of mine,
And finished it featly.

A NEW SONG.

There is a beauty, pathos and truth combined in the following song which all delinquent subscribers should learn to sing with an understanding heart:

Oh, how happy are they,
Who the printer do pay,
And have squared up the old year and more;
Tongue cannot express,
The great joy of the press,
When delinquents have paid the old score.

Printers all the day long,
Labor hard for their song,
Oh, that all their hard fate could but see,
They have worked all the day,
And of course want their pay,
To buy sugar, bread, butter and tea.

Tales and Sketches.

THE INCONVENIENCE OF PRIDE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

There are several objections to one-horse chaises. With two wheels, they are dangerous; with four, generally cruel inventions, tasking one animal with the labor of two.—And, in either case, should your horse think proper to die on the road, you have no survivor to drag your carriage through the rest of the stage; or to be sent off galloping with the coachman on his back for a coadjutor.

That was precisely Miss Norman's dilemma. If a horse could be supposed to harbor so deadly a spite against his proprietor, I should believe the one in question chose to vent his animosity by breathing his last just at the spot where it would cause the most annoyance and inconvenience.

It was just at this moment that I came up with my gig, and knowing something of the lady's character, I halted, in expectation of a scene. Leaving my own bay, I proceeded to assist Humphreys, the coachman, in extricating his horse; but the nag of royal line was stone dead.

'If you please, ma'am,' said Humphreys, 'Plantygenit be dead.'

The lady acquiesced with the smallest nod ever made.

'I've took off the collar, and the bit out, and got un out o' harness entirely; but he be as unanimate as his own shoes;' and the incumbrant looked earnestly at the lady to observe the effect of the communication.

But she never moved a muscle; and honest Humphreys was just shutting the coach door to go and finish the laying out of the corpse, when he was recalled.

'Humphreys!'

'What's your pleasure, ma'am?'

'Remember, another time——'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'When a horse of mine is deceased——'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Touch your hat.'

The slashed coachman instantly paid up the salute in arrear. Unblest by birthright with self-possession, he had not even the advantage of experience in the first families, where he might have learned a little from good example; he was a raw, uncouth country servant, with the great merit of being cheap, whom Miss Norman had undertaken to educate; but he was still so far from being proficient, that in the importance of announcing the death to his mistress, he omitted one of those minor tokens of respect which she rigorously exacted.

It was now my own turn to come forward, and as deferentially, as if she had been indeed the last of the Conqueror's Normandy pippins, I tendered a seat in my chaise, which she politely declined, with a gracious gesture of head and hand. 'If you please, ma'am,' said Humphreys, taking care to touch his hat, and putting his head into the carriage so that I might not hear him, 'he's a respectable kind of gentleman enough, and connected with some of the first houses.'

'The gentleman's name?'

'To be sure, ma'am, the gentleman can't help his name,' answered Humphreys, fully aware of the peculiar prejudices of his mistress; 'but it be Huggins.'

'Shut the door!'

It appeared, on explanation with the coachman, that he had mistaken me for a person in the employ of the opulent firm of Naylor & Co., whose province it was to travel throughout Britain with samples of hardware in the box-seat of his gig. I did not take the trouble to undeceive him.

After a tolerably long pause on all sides, my expectation was excited by the appearance of the W—— coach coming through the Bimn Gate, the only public vehicle that used the road. At sight of the dead horse, the driver, (the noted Jem Wade) reined up—alighted, and standing at the carriage door with his hat off, as if he knew his customer, made an offer of his services.

But Miss Norman, more dignified than ever, waved him off with her hand. Jem became more pressing, and the lady more rigid. 'She never rode in public vehicles.' Jem entreated again; but 'she was accustomed to be driven by her own coachman.'

It was in vain that in answer he praised the quietness of his team, the safety of his patent boxes, besides promising the utmost steadiness and sobriety on his own part.—Miss Norman still looked perseveringly at the back of the coach-box: which, on an unlucky assurance that he 'would take as much care of her as her own mother,' she exchanged for a steady gaze at the side window, opposite to the coachman, as long as he remained in presence.

'By your leave, ma'am,' said Humphreys, putting his hand to his hat and leaving it there, 'Mr. Wade be a very civil spoken, careful whip, and his coach loads very respectable society. There is Sir Vincent Ball on the box.'

'If Sir Vincent chooses to degrade himself, it is no rule for ME,' retorted the lady without turning her head; when lo! Sir Vincent appeared himself, and politely endeavored to persuade her out of her prejudices. It was useless. Miss Norman's ancestors had one and all expressed a very decided opinon against stage-coaches, by never getting into one; and she did not feel disposed to disgrace a line longer than common, by riding in any carriage but her own.

Sir Vincent bowed and retreated. So did Jem Wade. The stage rattled away at an indignant gallop. By way of passing the time, I thrice repeated my offers to the obdurate old maiden, and endured as many rebuffs. I was contemplating a fourth trial, when a signal was made from the carriage window, and Humphreys, hat in hand, opened the door.

'Procure me a post-chaise.'

'A po-shay!' echoed Humphreys, but like an Irish echo, with some variation from his original—'Bless ye, ma'am, there beant such a thing to be had for ten miles round—no, not for love nor money. Why, bless ye, it be election time, and there beant coach, cart, nor dog barrow but what has gone to it!'

'No matter,' said the mistress, drawing herself up with an air of lofty resignation.—'I revoke my order, for it is far, very far, from the kind of riding that I prefer. And Humphreys——'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Another time——'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Remember, once for all——'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'I do not choose to be BLEST!'

Another pause in our proceeding, during which a company of ragged boys, who had been blackberrying, came up, and planted themselves, with every symptom of vulgar curiosity, around the carriage.

Miss Norman had now no single glass through which she could look without encountering a group of low-life faces staring at her with all their might. Still the pride of the Normans sustained her. She sat more rigidly erect than ever, occasionally favoring the circle with most awful threatening looks, accompanied ever by the same five words.

'I CHOOSE to be alone.'

It is easy to say choose, but more difficult to have one's choice. The blackberry boys chose to remain. I took pity on the pangs even of unwarrantable pride, and urged my proposal with some warmth; but it was repelled with absolute scorn.

'Fellow, you are insolent!'

After a tedious interval, in which her mind had doubtless looked abroad as well as inward, fresh tapping at the window, she summoned the obsequious Humphreys to receive orders.

'Present my compliments at the Grove—and the loan of a chariot will be esteemed a favor.'

'By your leave, ma'am, if I may speak—'

'You may NOT.'

Humphreys closed the door, but remained a minute gazing on the panel. If he meditated any expostulation, he gave it up, and proceeded to drive away the boys, one of whom was astride on the dead Plantagenent, a second putting a ring through his collar, and two more preparing to play at horses with the reins.

Then away Humpheys went, and I found the time grow tedious in his absence. I had almost made up my mind to follow his example, when hope revived at the sound of wheels; and up came a taxed-cart, carrying four inside, namely, two well-grown porkers, Master Burdell, the pig butcher, and his foreman, Samuel Slark, or as he was commonly called, Sam the Sticker. They inquired, and I explained in a few words the lady's dilemma, taking care to forewarn them, by relating the issue of my own attempts in her behalf.

'Mayhap you warn't half purlite enough,' observed Sam, with a side wink at his master. 'It an't a bit of a scrape, and a civil word, as will get a strange lady up into a strange gentleman's gig. It wants a warmth-like and making on her feel at home. Only let me alone with her, for a persuader, and I'll have her up in our cart—my master's, that is to say—afore you can see whether she has feet or hoofs.' In a moment the speaker was at the carriage door, smoothing down his sleek fore-locks, bowing, and using his utmost eloquence, even to the repeating most of his arguments twice over.

It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers; and she did not say it. She merely turned her head away from the man, to be addressed by the master, at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air. 'A taxed cart, madam,' he said, 'mayn't be exactly the vehicle accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, consider respective ranks of lives, why, the more honor done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful; likewise in distancing the two pigs.'

The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Burdell's behavior. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesmen wo'd have called 'an advantageous opening,' for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and, as junior counsel, 'followed on the same side.' The lady was invincible.

The blackberry boys had now departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphreys made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation and afterwards favored me with the result, the Sticker being the orator.

'It was a man's duty,' he said, 'to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, purtecting females was his nature, and he should never be easy again, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be protected with her own free will, she ought to be compelled to, like any other live beast unsensible to its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up.'

I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly only been asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barrier, I know not; but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysterical scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits!

We contrived to get her seated on the step of the vehicle, where the butchers supported her, fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sat, in the cart, between the two butchers. They were already on the move.

I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into W——. Unfortunately, her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, screaming in concert with the two pigs, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well by sight as 'her own carriage!'

Personal Appearances of the Apostles.

From "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul," by Conybeare.

From St. Paul's expression, "before all," (Galatians, ii. 14.) it is evident that his rebuke of Peter took place on some public occasion.

The scene, though slightly mentioned, is one of the most remarkable in sacred history; and the mind naturally labors to picture to itself the appearance of the two men. It is therefore, at least, allowable to mention here that general notion of forms and features of the two apostles which has been handed down in tradition, and was represented by the early artists. St. Paul is set before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of the Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines indicative of Greek tho't. His stature was diminutive, and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expression of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The characteristics of his face were a transparent complexion, which visibly betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright grey eye, under thickly overhanging, united eyebrows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenance, which invited the approach and inspired the confidence of strangers. It would be natural to infer, from his continual journeys and manual labor, that he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone through the greatest exertions; and his own words, on more than one occasion, showed that he suffered much from bodily infirmity.

St. Peter is represented to us as a man of larger and stronger form, as his character was harsher and more abrupt. The quick impulses of his soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye. The complexion of his face was full and sallow; and the short hair, which is described as entirely gray at the time of his death, curled black and thick round his temples and his chin, when the two apostles stood together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing as we do, that these traditionary pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we gladly take them as helps to the imagination. And they certainly must assist us in realizing a remarkable scene, where Judaism and Chistianity, in the persons of two apostles, are brought before us in strong antagonism.

IS IT POSSIBLE?—The London correspondent of the N. Y. Times says the Empress Eugenie will be the real 'observed of all observers,' and then 'lets on' as follows:—

'And then, the comparisons to be drawn between her and the Queen. What a field for feminine conversation. I am rather afraid for poor Victoria. She is too much criticised even now, without being compared to any one else. She looks sulky, ill-natured, rather *passe*, very common, proud, and a great deal more. She drinks, she beats her children, she is awfully jealous, so as to once have locked out Prince Albert, who went home a little after 10—she is most tyrannical to her servants, and boxes their ears, &c. I have heard all these remarks, not once, but a thousand times, not in one rank of society, but in all ranks. What will it be, when she is looked at by the side of the smiling, beautiful and young Empress, who has not been a Princess?'

LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.—'A Washington correspondent of the Trenton *Gazette* says:—General Pierce has distinctly informed the friends of Gen. Shields that the latter cannot be made a Brigadier General, because, in the course of events the latter may become commander in-Chief of the army—and as General Shields is an Irishman, the President will do nothing which will favor the contingency of a foreigner becoming supreme commander of the United States Army. General Shields will be provided for in some other way. The President says that Congress should pass a law that none but an American born should be Commander-in-Chief.'

☞ To measure hay in the bulk, multiply the length, breadth and height of the hay into each other, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards will weigh a ton. Clover will take eleven to twelve yards to a ton.

THE SOLDIER'S VOW—A TRUE TALE.

One beautiful Indian summer day in the autumn of 1844, a stranger appeared in the streets of Hanover, N. H., whose garb bespoke the utmost poverty and destitution. As he staggered along, he was surrounded by a crowed of village boys, who amused themselves by insulting him with coarse jests, and personal indignities. He bore the abuse with exemplary patience, and begged them to wait till he felt a little better, and he would sing them a fine song. His voice was thick with unnatural excess, and he was too weak to protect himself from the rude jostling of the crowd; yet he smiled on his tormentors, and exhibited no other sense of his helpless and forlorn condition than by a look of grief and shame which despite his efforts and smiles, would occasionally overspread his countenance. Late in the afternoon, the writer, then a student passed him in company with a friend, when our attention was arrested by a voice of unusual power and beauty, singing that favorite national song of France, 'La Parisienne.' As he proceeded a great number of students from the college gathered around him, and at the conclusion an involuntary expression of delight broke upon us from the entire mass. He was enthusiastically encored, and afterwards the Marsellaise was called for. The same rich, clear voice rang out, with melody in the very words which are wont to arouse the spirit of the French soldier to frenzy. The admiration of the poor inebriate's auditory was now raised to the highest pitch. Despite his tattered and filthy garments, now that the fumes of liquor had subsided, his form appeared symmetrical and manly, and his face, glowing with the sentiments of the patriotic song, and flushed with excitement at the unexpected praise he was winning, assumed an expression of intelligence and joy that beautifully set off his really fine features. 'What and whois the stranger?' was the universal inquiry.

'His singing is unconparable, and his French and English are both faultless' Yes, said he, dropping his eyes, 'and I can give you German or Spanish, or Italian as well as Latin and Greek, either, he added carelessly. In reply to the many questions that were showered upon him with the coin he so much seemed to need, he at length said in a sad tone, and slowly endeavoring to push his way through the crowd—'Gentlemen, I am a poor vagabond entirely unworthy your kind sympathy. Leave me to my rags and wretchedness, and I will go on my way.' But our curiosity was too much excited to allow this, and amid loud cheers, he was furnished with water and an entire suit of good clothes, and the barber's art was put in requisition, and after an incredibly short space of time, he re-appeared upon the college steps, smiling, and bowing gracefully, a man of fine appearance and noble bearing as eyes ever beheld. The delight of the crowd at this transformation was intense, and repeated shouts rent the air. 'Give us La Paisienne,' echoed from all sides, and as soon as silence could be obtained, again that rich voice uttered those inspiring words:

"Peuple Francias, peuple de braves,
La Liberte rouve de bras.'

He was conducted to the spacious chapel, and there for two hours he held an audience of one thousand people spell bound, by one of the most interesting autobiographies that it was ever our lot to hear. Born of wealthy parents, he had in early life been thoroughly educated at the university of Wirtenburg, and received the Master's degree. He soon after joined the fortunes of Napoleon, and with the rank of Lieutenant, was with him during all his campaigns in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, in Russia and at Waterloo. He had been engaged in more than seventy battles. His account of scenes in those battles, and his description of places and cities were expressed in choice and graphic terms, and on being compared with history, were found to correspond in every particular. He related many unwritten and curious incidents in the life of Napoleon, which had come under his observation, and finally closed with a touching account of his own career after the battle of Waterloo. In the terrible rout that followed the memorable event, his detachment was chased by a body of Prussian hussars, and becoming scattered in the night, he wandered for three days in the woods and by-places without food or drink.

The chase being at length over, the poor Frenchman sank down weary and sick with his wounds, and ready to die by the road side. A humane Dutch girl, discovering him in this situation, brought him refreshments, and cordials, and among the latter a bottle of Brandy.

'Here' says the soldier, 'was the beginning of my woes. That angel of mercy, with the best of motives, brought me in that flask a deadly foe; which was more potent for evil to me than all the burning toils of the Egyptian campaign, or the intolerable frosts and snows of Russia, more fatal than the cannon of seventy battles, which kindled in me a thirst, more insatiable than that which forced me to open my veins on the desert sands of the East. Till that day I had never tasted strong drink. I had uttered a vow in my youth to abstain from it, and to that vow I owed my life; for not one of all my comrades who indulged in the use of it survived the horrors of the Egyptian campaign.

But as I lay in anguish longing for death and momentarily expecting his approach, a sweet face appeared to me wearing an expression of deep sympathy, for my sufferings, and I could but accept without inquiring what she gave. She gently raised my head and wiped with her handkerchief the dampness from my brow, and administered the cordial to my lips. It revived me—I looked around, my courage, my love of life returned. I poured forth my gratitude in burning words, and called down the blessings of heaven upon her.—Ignorant of what it was that had so suddenly inspired me, as soon as the spirits flagged I called for more. I drank again and again—for three weeks her loved voice soothed me, and her kind hands administered to my wants.

As soon as my strength was sufficiently recovered, learning that some enemy might still be lurking near, I bade her adieu with many thanks and tears, sought the sea side and embarked as a common sailor on the first vessel that offered, and have followed the sea ever since.

My fatal thirst has ever accompanied and cursed me; in port or on deck, this foe has debased me and kept me from all chance of promotion. Oh! how often have I in the depths of my heart, wished I had died on the field of Waterloo, or breathed out my last in the arms of my gentle preserver. Six weeks ago I was wrecked on the packet ship Clyde, off the coast of New-Brunswick. I have wandered on foot through Canada and New-Hampshire, singing for a few pennies or begging my bread, till I met your sympathies to-day. How do these college halls and this noble band of students recall to my recollection the scenes of my former years.'

The emotion of the stranger for a moment overcame his voice, when he resumed, the tears still coursing down his cheeks.

'I know not why God should direct my steps hither; but, gentlemen, this shall be the beginning of a new life to me, and here in His presence, and that of these witnesses, I swear, as I hope to meet you all in Heaven, never to taste a drop of alcohol in any form again.'

Prolonged and deafening cheers followed these words, and I noticed many a moist eye. A collection was immediately made, and more than fifty dollars were put into his hands.—As he ascended the coach to take his departure, he turned to the excited multitude who surrounded him and said. 'It is but justice that you should know my name. I am Lieutenant Lannes, a nephew of the Great Marshal Lannes. May God bless you all—farewell!'

As the youths thoughtfully returned to their accustomed pursuits not a few resolved in their deepest souls that temperance and virtue should ever mark their character, and that the soldier's vow should be theirs.

From the Buffalo Democracy.

A REVERY.

Among the forerunners of Spring, the signs of "Fresh Shad," the spectacle of veal upon the butchers' stalls, the appearance of cocoa-nuts and other fruits of the tropics, and the thinkle of the scissors-grinder's bell, there is one other that appeals to the memory of those who ever really were boys, with an earnestness and a force there is no resisting. We felt it, the other day, for the first time. It was a balmy, bright morning; the sun was rising, the fogs were still obscuring the hills of Chautauque, the din of the town had scarce commenced, and, barring the distant howl of a locomotive, and the nearer bark of a dog, no inharmonious sounds obtruded upon the ear. We threw open the window, to allow the fresh pure breeze to visit our temples, and as we did so, there came faintly borne upon the zephyr, the cry of boys, and the well remembered, dull, stubborn sound of the ball striking the bat. They were playing Ball.—Instant, and sudden as those flitting, memories that drift through the brain when at the verge of dissolution, back came to us the days of youth, not dark and vague, but, seen through the vista of intermediate life, as through a telescope, the incidents of that far-off time stood out, clear as shadows on the wall, tho' softened and tranquilized by distance.

After breakfast, strolling to our daily task we came to where the boys were playing, and we stood for some minutes, the while our memory was working, and the dead past with all its recollections, and its long forgotten joys and sorrows, filled before our mind's eye, and became again present and active.—We saw the little school-house of our childhood, and the companions of our rudimental studies; the master with his tyrannous rule; the meek, suffering, child who was beaten, but never complained, and who finally went to Heaven supplicating blessings on the head that had contrived for him so much misery; we saw the burly, honest, generous lad, coarse and ugly in his physical parts, whose gentle mind and swelling heart used to revolt at that vile tyranny, and on whose sturdy back so many vicarous blows have fallen; we stood once more over the grave of our early companion, who died when school was "going out," and whose mother came to us, with tearful eyes, beseeching silence for poor "Joe was dead;" we saw again the green slopes on which we were used to play at boyish games, long after the sun had set in Canada, and the lowing of home-tending kine told of approaching night; we heard, again, the drowsy hum of the bees that wrought their patient task just beneath the school room windows, sending a visitor, now and then, to inspect and alarm us at our studies; we saw the pretty cousin to whom we proposed, at seven, and who, referring the question to mamma, was not as broken-hearted as we had expected, at the answer.

All this, and more, came up from the "dim plains of long-ago," and conjured our attention as it swept by. We went back twenty years, and for the nonce, felt that we belonged there, and had no part in things actual. We wore a roundabout again, and carried our dinner. It was Spring in the little village, and all through the by-streets, and out in the suburbs and by the fence-side, and in the door yards, the grass was starting modestly.—The family of yellow-birds, that for many successive years, had annually repaired *their* homestead, in the tree that shaded *ours*, were twittering and chirping in the branches of the old locusts. Gardens were being made, and the fresh turned soil was redolent of odors. On a grassy plain, where it was our wont to play, there had assembled all our boyish band, and we were "choosing sides" for a game at ball. The little girls were there—matrons now, dispersed in all quarters of the earth, some of them, some lingering still among the scenes of childhood, some coming back at intervals to visit them, some dead, some—peace! they were young then and innocent; could they have looked forward, how would their little hearts have bled, in anticipatory grief!—thank God, we may not see the future! The little girls were there, romping and joyous, and the *very* little boys whom we, of half-a-score or so of years, patronized and permitted. Standing there, too, and leaning on his crutch, was the lad whom disease had early stricken, and leaving but a wreck, had doomed to a life of sorrowing. Poor boy! how graceful and natural was the pity all showed for the pale, anxious sufferer, who looked on so patiently, so uncomplainingly, gazing out of his great, blue eyes, at his stronger companions! All but one, and he in after years, saw many an hour when one glance of pity for the felon and the outcast, would have broken his stony nature down and drawn tears such as his childhood never knew. All were assembled there, upon that soft turf, and romping with the carelessness of the first ages of life, just as, twenty years before, on such a spring day, they were gathered after school, in our village home. They were the same clubs and balls; the latter manufactured, of evenings, by the fireside at home, from the ravelled threads of stockings that had finished their duty as garments, and were saved for the boys by kind-hearted mothers; each had been wound with care, about the nucleus of India-rubber, or cork, or the elastic cartilage from a sturgeon's nose, and been covered (if with buckskin, so much the more valuable,) by a kind sister, or some child-loving cordwainer. The same "byes" were there tho' a score of years had passed, and giant warehouses had grown up on the old play-ground they were crownless hats with stones in them to hold them down, then, and there, in picturesque decadence, they had remained, thro' all that lapse of time.

Once more we grasped the tough hickory club and stood ready to receive the whizzing ball; once more the old rhyme—

"A tick and a ketch
Will always fetch."

a rhyme handed down, perhaps, from a remote English origin, and which may have been familiar to the children, who afterwards on that bleak December day, more than 200 years ago, landed upon the coast of Massachusetts; one more rude rhyme was on the tongue, and we smiled as we recalled it.—Then, memory, frolicsome and revelling among quaint thoughts and childish knowledge long unused, exhumed and arranged before us such other snatches and fragments of youthful rhyme as we had learned of yore, and we caught ourselves repeating—

"Apple seeds and apple thorns;
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock."

for the first time in—Heaven knows how long.

In that few moments, years of life, passing as the crowding incidents of dream romance were recalled and quickened into reality.—In that short period, were brought together, at the summons of memory, all the widely-separated members of the little circle, whose childish shouts had made the air vocal, and whose glancing feet had pressed the turf, so many years agone! A new generation had come upon the stage with new faces, new voices, more delicate and less hardy frames; but these were boys still; and their game was the same that we had played with the wanderers, the felon, and the dead of our companions. How soon, to these merry players, will come such retrospection! and how many of them, twenty years hence, will stand here and recall their youthful spring-time, and their joyous sports, their school-days, and their games of ball, the while they repeat, as we did the other morning, with one "whose age is past, for he has taken on immortality"—

"All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me."

[From the Richmond Penny Post.]

The Editor of the *Richmond Anzeiger* (a German paper published in this city and to whom I am in no way responsible,) in his issue of Saturday, the 24th of March, had the impudence to select me from the entire foreign population of this city, (to use his own polite expression) as the only fool among them—and to assert that I was under the influence of a certain gentleman who had first made me a Whig and then a Know-Nothing.

It is certainly true that I am a Whig, and I expect to remain one, but I will inform the editor when and how I became a Whig. It was when I was living in Baltimore, and when Mr. Van Buren was a candidate for the Presidency, and before I ever saw the gentleman alluded to as exercising a control over my judgment and action; and it was because I heard a number of Germans who had come to this country, as I have done; (for the reason that I could make more money here than I could at home,) insisting that the whole German population ought to vote for Martin Van Buren because his father was a German, and, if he was elected, the Germans would get all the offices they wanted. I did not think they were entitled to hold these offices, because, if they were not fit to fill offices in their own country, they were still less fit to hold them in this, and if they had been fit for them at home they would have remained there, and not come here to look for them; and because I loved the country of my adoption better than a lazy set of office hunters from my own country, and because I thought Americans knew more about freedom, to which they were born, and the Constitution under which they were raised, than those that spoke my native language and knew nothing about either, until they got here, and some of them not much then; and because I cared more about my own liberties than I did for their holding office. These were the reasons why I joined the Whig party, and voted for the Whig candidate; and after I joined them, I stuck to them, because I thought the principles of the Whig party would advance my interest more than the principles of the other party.

I thought after I became an American citizen that the government ought to protect my labor, and encourage my industry, rather than protect the labor and encourage the industry of those I had left behind me in the old country, and this the Democrats refused to do, saying, let all the people of this country starve for what we care; let us buy everything we want from abroad, and encourage the British and French and German workingmen on the other side of the water, in preference to our own people at home.

Now, as to the Know-Nothings, I don,t exactly know what Know-Nothing means; but if it means that the natives of this country are better entitled to rule the country than foreigners—whether they be Irish, Germans, English, French, Spaniards or Mexicans—then I am a Know-Nothing in principle, for I believe so too.

I don't want any office myself, and could not get one if I did, and wouldn't be fit for one if I *could*, and I think I am about as fit as the rest of my countrymen that I am acquainted with; but I believe the people of this country understand enough about their own affairs to manage for themselves; and I don't see that because they let me come here, and live among them, and enjoy my liberty, and follow my trade, and they support me in my business and protect me in my rights, that *that* gives me any claim to ask them to get out of my way, and make room for me to come in and have an office too.

If I was in my native home in Germany, and an American citizen was to come there and set himself up for an office, I should not feel that he had any right to complain of me, and feel unkindly towards me, because I preferred my own countrymen to him; and I think it would be a very hard matter for any American citizen to get an office where I came from, that was worth anybody's having, and for that reason I don't complain because the Americans choose to have their country controlled by their own people, in preference to mine.

I have American born children, and am satisfied that they should come in for their share of offices, and don't want any foreigners to come here and shove them out of the way.

The Democrats make a great fuss over the rights of the Germans to hold offices, but all they want is their votes. How many offices do the Germans hold in this town? The Democrats held a meeting last week to nominate all the city officers. How many did they give the Germans none?

Now, I don't see much difference between the Know-Nothings, who say openly that they wont give any German an office, and the Democrats who say they are entitled to them but take good care not to give them any—but keep all for themselves; but what difference there is, is in favor of the Know-Nothings, who act honestly about it, and practice what they preach; and as for proscription, I don't see that, as a German, I am any more proscribed by the Know-Nothings, than, as a Whig, I was proscribed by the Democrats.—So, Mr. Editor, you may put that in your Dutch Democratic pipe and smoke it. If there is any Democratic German in this city that didn't proscribe me and my party as Whigs, I would like to see him pointed out, that's all! And if they can't find any, let them talk no more to me about proscription. When they had the power, they proscribed both natives and foreigners, unless they would fall down and worship the demon democracy, and now that they find themselves in a minority, they whine about proscription.

But I not only love my adopted country, and mean to do all I can to serve its interests, but I am under greater obligations to the natives than I am to foreigners—and therefore I mean to vote with them. I have been three times ruined since I have been here—twice by fire and once by robbery—and have been three times re-established in business, and every time by native whigs and democrats; and no fellow countryman of mine ever yet lent me any aid in my distress, and therefore they have no claims on me to support them for offices that, by the way, they will never get; and if any of my countrymen are weak and silly enough to let the Democrats use them as tools for their own purposes, up to the time of election, and then be laughed at for their folly, they may do it, but they don't catch me in any such trap.

But there is another thing that made me a Know Nothing, and that is, that I was carried to the 'culvert' by my brother German Mr. Henry Miller, where I 'saw the Elephant,' large as life. In the month of September last, I was in Baltimore with him, and he took me up to the German Roman Catholic Church where I heard the priest preach in the German language from 11 o'clock to 1, *on politics*, with a newspaper in his hand, from which he would read and then address his congregation, and he told them in my presence and hearing that those who did not come up on the next Sunday and pledge themselves to vote for certain parties were to nominate that week, (for the Maryland election that was to come off on the following month of October,) would no longer be permitted to claim Jesus as his brother, or Mary as his sister, pointing at the same time to the pictures of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. If I had not been satified before, this would have been enough to convince me of the dangerous influence of the Priesthood, and the unfitness of Roman Catholics to govern this country; and that the two matters of Politics and Religion, or Church and State, were too much mixed up with that denomination of Christians, to command my confidence in the selection of proper persons to discharge public duties.

That the foreign Roman Catholics of this country should be opposed to the Know Nothings is natural enough; but if there is any reason why foreign Protestants (of which I am one,) should be, I have yet to learn; and will thank the editor of the Anzeiger, if he will condescend to inform me.

Now, then, the aforesaid editor has my reasons for my being a Whig and a Know Nothing, and he may make the most of it—and if he chooses to make a fool of himself, he can do so, but he will find it is out of his power to drive or persuade me to imitate his example.

Since the Democrats are so much in love with the German population, why don't they put some of them in the Common Council to regulate city affairs or select one for constable, sergeant, collector, or something else, that will confer either profit or honor. And why don't the editor, who sets himself up as their guardian and protector, come forward with the spirit of a man and claim for them?—Until he does, and has succeeded, he had better shut up about Germans being proscribed.

The Irish Catholics may get some offices, but German Pro estants never do. They will serve the Democrats for voting purposes, and that is all, and after that, it is 'don't know nothing' on one side, and 'don't care nothing' on the other. So I will go in for the benefit of my children, who will I hope, be able to take care of themselves, especially my two youngest, John Minor Botts and Henry Clay. VALENTINE HECKLER.

April 2, 1855.

Mushroom Aristocracy.—The Newburyport Herald, alluding to the growing extravagance in the U. States, says:

There is not a country in the world where the people are becoming so extravagant in their mode of dress and living as in the United States.

It is one of the worst signs of the times. The habits of this mushroom aristocracy are really disgusting. How it looks to see boys sporting diamonds by the thousand dollars worth at a time, whose fathers were accustomed to wheelbarrows, and whose children are pretty certain to be in the workhouse. And girls, silly, simpering things, weighed down with jewels and bracelets, whose mothers broke their backs at the washing tub, scouring floors and picking oakum. The real substantial aristocracy never indulge in such fopperies and fooleries.

SHREWD ADVICE.—Alderman Binns being called upon by a woman in red-hot haste and quite indignant at an expression used to her, addressed him thus;—

'Alderman, Mrs. Snooks, my next door neighbor, called me a thief; can't I make her prove it?'

'Well, said the Alderman, after a moment's deliberation, 'you may, but I think you had better not.'