

# The Independent Republican.

FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG.

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

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## Doc's Corner.

For the Independent Republican.  
Lines on the Death of Anna Williams.

By Geo. Lopez.

She has gone, the beautiful, the good,  
Gone to that far-off spirit land,  
No more to dream, in the forest wood,  
Of those who have joined its mystic band.

Here was a mind of brilliant light—  
A flower fair—too frail for earth,  
In Virtue's garb of spotless white,  
She died—to inherit immortal birth.

Untold the sorrow of that heart  
That loved her—Heaven knows how well.  
Alas! the agony when called to part—  
The tearful sigh—the last farewell.

Farewell, one of that student band;  
Thou hast now joined these classic halls;  
Farewell, thou hast gone to this better land,  
No more we shall meet thee within these walls.

Yes, thou hast gone, no more to roam  
Amid the silent shades of even;  
Death on dark wings hath swiftly flown,  
And borne thee home to Heaven.

Harford, 1855.

## Tales and Sketches.

### WRONG SIDE OUTWARD:

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CASHMERE AND CALICO.

Did I tell you about it Eunice?

About what?

My going to the city wrong side outward.

What do you mean? said Eunice.

Oh, I see you have never heard the story, so will tell you. Two years ago I spent a week with my friends the Wilmots, near the city of A—. In the family were two young ladies who found it necessary to do a great deal of shopping and of course patronized the railroad connecting their little village with the Green Street Depot, to no trifling extent.

Now you shall see what a handsome and gentlemanly conductor we have on this route, said Bell Wilmot as I took a luxuriant cushion in a crowded car for the first "miserable" trip to A—.

It is my beau ideal of a conductor" added Kate; "let the car be ever so crowded he is sure to find a place for the ladies, and never objects to our hand-boxes and carpet bags, as many ill-favored females, dressed in a little brief authority, are apt to do; and if our purses are short, after shopping excursions, he often— Kate's rhapsody was interrupted by the starting of the train.

We whirled on to A— in about twenty minutes, yet I had an opportunity to notice that the labelled official was very attentive to our party. He opened the window which was swelled by damp weather, at a look from Kate, and ordered a Dutchman, smoking nicely upon the platform, into the baggage-car at a symptom of faintness from Bell. I could not but acknowledge that Fanny Feru should add to her list a "model conductor," taking this one for her original.

Arrived at our destination, I was again entertained by my friend's praises of the various merchants and milliners they were accustomed to patronise.

I always purchase silks at Weaver's they are so conveinient and never try to palm off an inferior article upon a customer. At Mrs. Lasalle's you will find a superb assortment of gloves and embroideries. The proprietress is a reduced French Countess, and one of the most lady-like persons you ever saw, raved Bell Wilmot.

"And if you wish to purchase shoes, be sure and call at Martin's; they are so accommodating; they never make wry faces if you happen to break a string, or lose a clasp, or any other trifling accident," added Kate.

This was enough, yet if I needed more to convince me of the superior excellence of these aristocratic shopkeepers, that afternoon's observation would have furnished it. No sooner did the rich brocades, and ribbons of the fair Misses Wilmot flutter inside the door, than every attendant from proprietor to errand boy proceeded to don their most conspicuous smiles and agreeable deportment. It was not surprising, Eunice. The young ladies carried heavy purses, and were easily persuaded to lighted them.

The afternoon passed pleasantly and fatiguingly enough in chatting and shopping, in shaking hands with old acquaintances, and trying to bow gracefully to new introductions, and on our return, amid many expressions of satisfaction as our purchases were unveiled before Mrs. Wilmot and Aunt Lucy, the girls forced me to confess that the A— merchants and the A— and O— conductor far surpassed any other in the known world.

And so it was, almost daily for the first fortnight of my stay. At one time we called on a celebrated dentist for some trifling tooth operation. He was an acquaintance of Bell's, and she presented him to me as a friend. He was very handsome and his voice and smile captivating to one who could appreciate music and sunshine. Eunice, I was amazingly pleased with him; I who am so fastidious. I fancied him the impersonation of skill and beauty— the head and the heart—the muscle and the end—glorious combination for those who set themselves up as world's healers and teachers. He impressed me as one of the few to whom science may safely commit her priceless treasures, sure that they would be used only for the pleasure of humanity. Ah, Eunice! I had only seen the silk side!

"Pray go on," said Eunice.

One morning I received a letter from home giving notice that my young sister was about to take a Western tour with a friend.

New dresses of course are requisite," wrote my mother, "and I wish you to procure them immediately." Then followed a list of articles needed.

This letter had been longer than usual on the route; that moment I knew sister Lib, amid a sympathizing conclave of waiting milieus, marvelled at my long delay.

The articles must be purchased that very day, raining as it was, and moreover I must go alone, for Bell and Kate had gone to bed with hair in curl-papers and novels under their pillows. Toward noon the rain abated,

and I informed my friends of my determination to go to A—. The young ladies started with astonishment.

"Tomorrow I'll be at your service," said Bell, "but not to-day. Why you're crazy—look at the clouds—you'll take a dreadful cold—don't get satin-striped issue; it frays shockingly."

I dressed, walked to the station, a few rods distant, and found myself half an hour too early. Very soon the clouds lowered and the rain fell in torrents. Nevertheless I adhered to my determination the more stubbornly that I knew the girls would ridicule me without mercy if I returned. But I looked at my dress and thought of my bonnet, and was thankful that the old brown veil I had found crumpled in my pocket would protect the latter. My mantilla was of watered silk and handsomely trimmed, and I remember a lady told me that water would spoil it.

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"I think the wisdom you purchased was cheap enough in all events. Yet there is one place to which I wish you had gone."

"And where is that?"

"To the tearful sigh—the last farewell.

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When the old frigate Brandywine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul, Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and after some consultation—

the man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, in having agreed to work for his passage on board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; he had dressed well, and was remarkably good looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated fun, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense in it. This moment I placed my eyes upon the man, I knew that I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. I turned this wide side outward also.

"You don't mean to say that you went to the city in that style?" said Eunice.

"About what?"

"My going to the city wrong side outward.

What do you mean? said Eunice.

Oh, I see you have never heard the story, so will tell you. Two years ago I spent a week with my friends the Wilmots, near the city of A—. In the family were two young ladies who found it necessary to do a great deal of shopping and of course patronized the railroad connecting their little village with the Green Street Depot, to no trifling extent.

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come out. I did so, and he took the knife—one from his bosom and the other from his sleeve—and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball asked him if he would mark it, so he would know it again.—The fellow hesitated at first, but at length took it, with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

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