The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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"Poet's Corner."

SONG OF THE STEAMER.

BY J. G. SAXE.

Rushing through the ocean, rolling in the breeze,
Riding over billows, pitching into seas,
Shaking with the engine, screaming with the blast,
Mighty pleasant mode of going rather fast.

Stewarding on deck because you cannot stand,
Holding on the railing with a shaking hand;
Now the floor is settling underneath your feet,
Now it heaves you up like a tossing sheet.

Sailors looking red, and ladies looking pale,
Captain comes along, and says it's quite a gale.
Passengers inquire how long it's like to last;
Captain shakes his head—"It's rising very fast."

Gentlemen in motion, looking quite distressed,
Say he'd give his house for half an hour's rest.
Elderly old lady wonders he could sup,
Has a poor opinion of his bringing up.

Invalid complaining, not the slightest doubt
Another fit of straining will turn him inside out;
Lays on the sofa, lying dead almost,
Calling more to give up, unless it be the ghost.

Gentleman in upper berth little sleep enjoys,
Gentleman beneath is making such a noise;
Gentleman in lower berth, timid sort of chap,
Tried to put his head out, for fear of some mishap.

Dinner bell is ringing, dishes under cover,
Passes pitching round, and gravy pitching over;
Half the chairs are empty, folks are out of joint,
Could not bring their minds up to the sticking point.

Glutinous beef-eaters, been to sea before,
Eat three meals a day, 'cause not content with four—
Soup and fish, and turkeys, ham and cheese for lunch,
Mutton, pork, and oysters, ale and whiskey punch.

Miserable ones looking on in wonder,
Question how they do it, in the name of thunder;
Certain pitching rascals say it's all a sham;
Recommend, to cure them, pork, and tripe, and ham.

Weather getting smoother, stomachs getting quiet,
Passengers, now a tranquil, try a little diet;
Back come to life whose company was missed;
Sick of playing possum, now they're playing whist.

Sick requisition, gossip gets about;
Sick are growing curious finding others out;
Wonder where they came from; wonder what they're doing;
Wonder what their names are; wonder where they're going.

Inquisitive member puts an end to doubt;
Rogue in disguise begins to let it out;
Sick are going to London; nothing shall prevent them;
Want to see the Minister; think he must present them.

Cunning-visaged Yankee, looking sharp and slim,
Says he guesses folks won't come it over him;
Waits to shave his dinners; prudent like a monk,
Has a pound of candles locked up in his trunk.

Swaggering Western rowdy will do as he sees fit;
Means to go to Fenton's; means to smoke and spit;
Keeps a pair of pistols, wears a bowie-knife;
Never took an insult, never in his life.

Smart looking lender claps him on the back,
"Pay your borrowed money; give us less of clack."
Intimated rowdy bullies more and more;
Captain says "We'll fix him when we get ashore."

Man has got a gimcrack patented anew;
Going abroad to sell it; offers it to you;
Stocks of wooden nutmegs, very fine device,
Much more economical than any other spice.

Gentleman going to London to see the Coliseum;
Fond of gladiators, wishes much to see 'em;
Uncle went to Florence; now on his return,
Thinks the Pitti Palace a pitiful concern.

Gentleman of business, dealing in hardware,
Going straight to Sheffield to see how prices are.
Lady and her daughter, traveling express,
Mean to take a counter, cost it more or less.

Lady must assort with gentlemen of rank;
Learns the best hotel is summit of Mont Blanc;
Nobody resides there, but the highest class,
Acquiescent company write him down an ass.

Lady getting nervous, sees a ship in sight,
Wishes they will not run us down sudden in the night;
Gentleman resolving, if he gets ashore,
Helloes his life on t'other side, and never steams it more.

Rushing through the ocean, rolling in the breeze,
Heaving o'er billows, pitching into seas,
Shaking with the engine, screaming in the blast,
Comfortable thing to be arrived at last.

Tales and Sketches.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

A FIRST-RATE LOVE STORY.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (to not state, reader,) twenty seven, and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not even fallen in love, as yet. 'Had she no offers?' What a simple question!—Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go begging? Offers? Yes, scores of them! It may be accounted as one of eccentricities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurance of this, and how could she in her present position? Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution; but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting-room, really indulging in some serious reflections of the past and future, the far future, too, a gentleman presented himself, and inquired for Mr. Bremen. The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said 'I am he.'

The stranger might have been some thirty years or so of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his hat, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. B. was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader:

'——, 11 mo., 18—.

FRIEND PAUL:—This will introduce to thee friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend upon him for aught that he can do, and shalt not lean as on a broken reed. If thou canst do anything for him, thou mayest peradventure benefit thyself, and cause to rejoice Thy former and present friend,

MICAH LOOMIS.'

'It is not every one who can get old Micah Loomis' endorsement on his character,' said Paul Bremen to himself as he folded up the letter of a well-known associate of former days. 'Old Micah is good for a quarter of a million, or for anything else—it will do—I want him—getting old, business increasing—must have some more help—now as well as any time.'

The old gentleman looked at all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips.

'Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?'

'I have had some few years experience.'

'Any objection to a place here?—pretty close work—thousand a year.'

'None in the world.'

'When can you begin?'

'Now.'

A real smile shone upon the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among clouds of evening, lighting up those seeming hard, dark features.

A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was diped in the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that the old man and the young man had known each other for years.

In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark, that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a general acquaintance with the most note worthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two lovely sisters.

As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.

Very little, indeed, was said by either of them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them save in the counting room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Mr. Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the young man before him.—Something was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it be? And then, too, at home he looked so curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. 'Sure,' said James, 'something's a-coming.' Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on her.

'What is it, father?' she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadfastly in her face; 'what is it?—Do tell me.'

'I wish you'd have him,' burst forth like an avalanche. 'Known him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible man—don't talk much—regular as a clock—prime for business—worth his weight in gold.'

'Have who, father? What are you talking about?'

'My head clerk, Copeland—you don't know him—I do—haven't seen anybody else worth an old quill.'

Annie was puzzled. She laughed, however, and said:—

'Marry my father's clerk! what would people say?'

'Humbug, child, all humbug—worth forty of your whiskered, lounging, lazy gentry; say what they please; what do I care? what do you care? what's money after all? got enough of it—want a sensible man—want somebody to take care of it; all humbug.'

'What's all humbug, father?'

'Why people's notions on these matters. Copeland is poor—so was I once—may be again; world's full of changes—seen a great many of them in my day—can't stay here long—got to leave you, Annie—wish you'd like him.'

'Father, are you serious?'

'Serious, child!' And he looked so.

Annie was a chip of the old block; a strong-minded, resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.

'Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get acquainted with him. If he likes me and I like him, I'll have him. But he shall love me for myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave the matter to me?'

Go ahead, my child, and do as you like. Good morning.'

'Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little; I shall appear to be a poor girl, a companion of our friend, Mrs. Richards, in H—— street; she shall know the whole affair; you shall call me by my middle name, Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours; you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care for itself.'

'I see; I see;' and one of those rare smiles illuminated his whole face. It actually got between his lips parted them asunder, glanced upon a set of teeth but little the worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for his counting room. The twilight of that smile was not yet gone when he reached the well-known spot, and bowed and looked 'Good morning' to those in his employ, for old Paul was, after his fashion, a polite man. On the morning of that day, what looks were directed to our friend Charles! so many, so peculiar, so full of something, that the head clerk could not but notice them, and that, too, with some alarm. What was coming? At last the volcano burst forth.

'Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?'

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Bremen say that, and in the counting-room too? The very ledger seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject.—He for the first time made a blot on the fair page before him.

'I say—why don't you get a wife?—know just the thing for you—prime article—poor enough to be sure—what of that—a fortune in a wife, you know—a sort of relation of mine—don't want to meddle with other people's affairs, know your own business best—can't help thinking you'll be happier—must see her.'

Now the fact is, that Charles had for some time past thought so himself; but how the old man should have completely divined his feelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hands by James, his Irish servant, the contents of which produced another grim sort of a smile. When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. B. handed a sealed document of rather imposing form to Charles, saying—

'Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at No. 67 H—— street. Place it only in the hands of the person to whom it is directed; don't want to trust it to any one else.'

The clerk saw on the outside, 'Mrs. Richards, No. 67 H—— street.' The door bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards.

'She is not in, but is expected presently; will you be seated?' There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self-command about this person, which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people,) made some commonplace remark, which was immediately responded to; then another; and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented; a glance at the outside.

'Mr. Copeland.' Charles bowed.

'Miss Peyton.' The young lady bowed; and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaing any longer, and our friend took his departure.

That night Annie said to Mr. B., 'I like his appearance, father.'

'Forward—march!' said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with rast satisfaction.

'The ould man's as swate to-night as a new potato,' said James to the cook.

The next day Charles Copeland came very near writing several times, 'To Miss Peyton, Dr.,' as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold.

'Delivered the paper last evening?'

Copeland bowed.

'Mrs. Richards is an old friend—humble in circumstances—the young lady, Peyton—worth her weight in gold any day—have her myself if I could.'

* * * * * *

'How much you remind me of Mr. Bremen;' said Charles one evening to Annie; 'I think you said you were a relation of his?'

'I am related to him through my mother,' was the grave reply.

Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a smile.

Somewhat later than usual, on that day, Annie reached her father's house. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly written there.

'I see, I see,' said the old man; 'the account is closed—books balanced—have it all through now in short order. You are a sensible girl—no foolish puss—just what I want—bless you child, bless you.'

The next day Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his counting room. Casks and boxes seemed to be staring with wonder.

'Copeland, you are a fine fellow—heard from Mrs. Richards—proposals to my relative, Peyton—all right—done up well. Come to my house this evening—never been there yet, eh?—eight o'clock, precisely—want to see you—got something to say.'

Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland, even kinder than you think for.

At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James.—Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and turning round abruptly introduced him to 'My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen,' and immediately withdrew.

'Charles, will you forgive me this?' He was too much astonished to make any reply. 'If you knew all my motives and feelings, I am sure you would.'

That the motives and feelings were soon explained to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt.

'Copeland, my dear fellow,' shouted old Paul, as he entered the room, 'no use in a long engagement!'

'O, father!'

'No use, I say; marry now—get ready afterwards; next Monday evening; who cares? Want it over—feel settled. Shan't part with Annie, though; must bring your wife here; house rather lonesome; be still; no words; must have it so; partner in business; Bremen & Copeland; got the papers all drawn up to day; can't alter it. Be quiet will you? won't stay in the room!'

I have now finished my story, reader. I have given you the facts. I cannot say, however, that I approve of the deception practiced upon our friend Charles. As, however, our Lord commended the unjust steward because he acted wisely, so I suppose the good sense shown by the young lady, in choosing a husband for the sake of what he was, and not for the sake of what he might have possessed, merits our approbation. It is not every one who has moral courage to step out of the circle which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart, which the heart can neither give nor take away.

THE BED AS AN INSTITUTION.—The almost forgotten French romancer, Clemence Roberts, thus warmly expresses himself on the comforts of the bed. "A bed is certainly the most precious and most favorable asylum to be found here below. In fact, when I look at it, and when I think, when I step into it, how one is suddenly, as if by enchantment, rid of fatigue, wind, dust, rain, importunate visitors, tedious conversation, common place remarks, pompous assertions, bragging, putting forth headstrong opinions, contradictions, discussions, travelling stories, confidential readings of a poem or a whole tragedy, explanation of systems in long words, interminable monologues; and in place of all these one has pictures, thoughts, memories to be called up, that he is in the midst of a chosen society of phantoms and visions, just to his mind, and all these dreams, which a foreign writer calls 'moonlight of the brain;' when I think of all this, as I look at a bed, I know not what words to make use of to express my enthusiasm and veneration, and I am almost ready to bow in adoration before it."

☞ A wealthy farmer in the state of New-Jersey being engaged in a law suit with a Mr. Havens, wrote the following classical epistle to his attorney,—'Squire Welle—sir, if the suit of *Heaven* goes agin me, I want you to karry it up to a *Higher-corte*, for God knows I don't owe him one cent."

THE OLD VILLAGE PRINTING OFFICE.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

The old village had no hotel; only two houses of entertainment. One was 'up street' and that was an inn, so-and-so's inn; the other was 'down street,' and that was the stage house where, once a day, the yellow, mud be-spattered stage rocked up and brought to, and the well conditioned boniface came shuffling out from the grated corner in the bar-room, like an over-fed old spider, opened the stage coach door and let out the passengers. They were always hungry when they got there, for breakfast was just ready for southern emigrants, and dinner for northern; but the the landlord was *not* an old spider, but a very jovial, pleasant sort of a man, who made every body feel as much at home as *he* was, and nothing more homelike could be imagined; and so, very well-to-do did he get, at two shillings a meal.

So much for the old village, for here we are, just now passing an orchard, and there, with a broader phylactery of tan bark, is the printing office, whence was issued the weekly in olden times, the Black River *Gazette*.—The office, a low, white building, once tenanted by a lawyer, who had gone up to a higher court than any yet established on earth, stood next the church. So they were, for once, side-by-side, the pulpit and the press; and nobody has learned to turn out such engineery from forge and foundry, to this day. We enter: there is ink on the door, the print of five small fingers. Incline your ear, delicate reader, it is the *devil's!* Not he who wears but one boot, and is disagreeably redolent of brimstone, but the begrimmed urchin in shirt sleeves, just creeping through the broken pickets of the orchard fence, with apples in both hands and one in his mouth, followed in his flight by something hearing a striking resemblance to a brickbat.

But here we are. The walls are cobwebbed and dusty; the windows are curtained with newspapers; a very dim lantern to hold a great deal of light. Click, clik; the footsteps of the type, and there in the corner is the editor, publisher, proprietor and printer, 'setting up' an editorial from a very queer old case. Click, click; there's a pale young man busy with a 'death.' D-i-e-d, and so he goes slowly on as though he were actually following the bier. But then a death was a very rare thing in the village, and round in the woods, and it was worth pondering over. True, every body knew it already, but it must go into the paper, nevertheless, for there was somebody or other, that had gone out into the 'Genesee country,' that had loved the living, and so the paper must follow him away there, if it could, that he might mourn the dead.

Wonderful decorations there are on the walls; what marvelous borders to the handbills; what wonderful 'Selims,' that the man with a short coat and long whip could hardly hold; what 'great sales' of small articles; what gay coaches, riding on the top of a cloud, the four-in-hand all running away, and the 'nine inside' as merry as Punch. But not a picture of a railroad, or a reaper or a steamboat. A strange old office in old days.

But there in a far corner stands a square frame of heavy timber, like a huge loom. It is a loom, such as they weave thought on; it is the old *Ramage Press.*' Its huge lever, its lazy platen, its ponderous tympan, its great ink-balls, its creaking, groaning mechanism—there it stands in all its rudeness the greatest triumph of this or any other age.—A pair of tin sockets swing up by a wire above the dingy engine, bearing each a 'brief candle,' were the Castor and Pollux of the place. In a corner, in the dark stood a solitary keg of ink, not a great way off four reams of very greyish blue paper, but then the proprietor was 'passing rich,' at less than forty pounds a year. It is publication day and editor, pale apprentice, and dingy devil are all in active state of unrest. The editor writes and says 'we' and 'our readers'—he has two hundred and fifty—and then the publisher looks over the form and then the pressman places it on the press, and then 'comes the tug of war.' It is pull and repeat, and then pull and repeat again, and the 'inside' comes off, sheet after sheet, with the gravity of so many elephants; the candles get briefer and dim mer, but the two hundred and fiftieth is off at last, and they all, editor, publisher, proprietor and pressman, get into the same coat and beneath the same hat, and leave the devil to fold the papers and sweep out the office.

Where then were your compound levers, your glittering cylinders, your faithful rollers, panting furnaces, your press instinct with life and energy, that jars on like a chariot over whole highways of paper in an hour? Where are the busy 'jours,' and the whole corps of editors? Where are the steamers and railway trains and the telegraph, panting, shrieking, and flashing, to transmit that paper's contents to the world's dim, cloudy ends?

The morning comes, and the inky imp of yesterday, indulges in a clean face; his unkempt locks are out of snarl; he is transformed into a Mercury. Forth he goes, packages of paper under each arm, in his capacity of carrier boy. He is none of your brisk, pert fellows, of the now-a-day order, but very meek is he indeed; and when the squire speaks to him strong and hearty 'good morning my boy,' he holds down his head and deposits the answer in his bosom, as if it were a delicate thing, and not yet able to fly.—Like death he visits every house and his burden grows lighter as he proceeds. He does not *clock* the papers as they do now under the gate and over the fence, but decently and demurely places it folded and damp into the hand of somebody commissioned to receive it. But he doesn't 'ring' for there is nothing to ring in all the town, except the church bell, that the doctor brought home in his cutter one day, from Utica, or somewhere thereaway.

His rounds are soon completed; meanwhile a sorry sort of horse, an editor's horse, you know, is blowing a solitary oat about a very large manger, the last survivor of a very large family. Pretty soon Rosinante is led forth, and a pair of saddle-bags, distended to the suffocating point, is brought out, followed the Mercury and no devil, with his pockets plethoric with dough-nuts—what has become of all the old fashioned twisted luxury?—and a tin horn tethered to a button-hole by a bit of green string. It is with a sort of sheepish importance that he mounts by the aid of the proprietor, and wends his way, as they are fond of saying, 'out in the country,' as if the old village was not positively lost in the very bosom of it.

And so he went, his horn resounding thro' the solitudes, and he is happy as a knight fresh from a tournament. And that was the 'N. S. E. W.' the *News* of those old days. But what there was in the *Gazette*, and who they were that read it, must be passed over in the silence like that, that now, alas! hangs like a great wing over the most of them—the fairest, the loveliest and best.

Another Sell—Madness and a Method in it.

On Wednesday last, a neatly dressed, very prepossessing and pleasantly spoken woman, somewhere between sixteen and twenty-five years of age, drove up to the door of the Insane Hospital, over which Dr. —— presides, and inquired for that gentleman. She was ushered into the reception room, and awaited the coming of the doctor with an air of *nonchalance* which rather fascinated the servant who looked upon her with eyes of admiration and unfeigned pleasure. When left alone, she amused herself, as a woman always will, in gratifying her curiosity by inspecting the various articles in the room critically and thoroughly. The doctor being announced she received him with one of those bewildering smiles which some women know so well how to bestow, and whose influence no man of feeling can resist. The doctor welcomed her with more than usual warmth, and soon learned the object of her visit.

She had come, she said, with a glance full of melancholy, and tone of more than womanly tenderness, to ascertain of the doctor in person, whether she could secure private quarters for her husband, who was subject to insane fits of aberration of mind, but whose conduct towards her, bitter and cruel as it was, could not alienate her love for him which was the all-pervading passion of her soul. He had grown so violent of late that she wished to have him secured from violence to himself as well as to her, (and here the charming creature wept for some minutes,) and if she could make arrangements with the doctor, she urged that it should be kept as his most secret thoughts, and her husband beyond the scrutiny of visitors. And then she said her heart would break, she knew it would, and then she wept long and bitterly.

The doctor, as all who know his kind and tender-heartedness will readily imagine, was not insensible to the touching recital of his visitor, and with that frankness which always characterizes him, he promised to comply with her wishes, to give her husband a private apartment and his special care; and also to shield him from the gaze of curiosity-seekers who run down public institutions.

The lady was not long in arranging terms, she was not long in expressing her thanks, intermingled with tears; she was not long in settling the details of her husband's confinement; she was not long, in short, in taking her leave. And as she stepped into her carriage, aided by the kind hand of the doctor, she turned her beautiful face towards him, and cast upon him a glance that was full of tenderness and solicitude, and inspired him anew with admiration and pity.

The carriage drove away, the doctor's eye followed amid clouds of dust which followed in its wake, until it was entirely lost to view. Down to the bridge, along the crowded thoroughfare, over the pebbled way of Chestnut street, to a fashionable, if not *the* fashionable jewelry establishment of the city, the carriage passed, its sweet and solitary inmate glancing out and smiling within, and growing radiant with a thought that requires another paragraph to learn.

She alighted, and glided into the bazar of gold and silver and precious stones, with all the stateliness of a queen. One or two of the gentlemanly attendants ran to learn her wish. She wanted to select a set of silver ware, not too elaborate in design or workmanship, nor yet too plain, something neat, tasteful, and beautiful. The various patterns were shown her, and a set valued at five hundred dollars was selected by the lady of stately tread. She desired the articles to be put up, a bill to be made out and she would settle it. Her wishes were complied with, and the lady took out her elegant portmanie, but alas! there was but $40 in it. She picked up the wrong port monnaie, she said with bewitching sweetness, and she was vexed at her stupidity. She, however, could arrange it. She was the wife of Dr. —— the principal physician of the Insane Hospital, and she desired her attendant to accompany her to that place, when she would pay him at once. Who could resist such a request from a beautiful woman—a request spoken as much with the eye as the voice? Not the clerk certainly.

The two got into the carriage together, and back it whirled to the hospital. The lady jumped from the carriage and was warmly greeted by the Doctor, who was at the entrance.

'Doctor, this is my husband,' said she with an air at once sweet and sorrowful.

The poor attendant started. He was struck aghast. He could not fathom her meaning.

'What did you say?'

'Doctor this my husband, please take him in charge.'

'The devil, madam. I'm not your husband, what do you mean—?'

Bursting into tears she sobbed aloud. 'He has another spasm—he has another attack.—Oh! Doctor, if you have any pity in your soul, secure him, and save yourself and me from violence.'

In vain the poor fellow attempted to explain. He was hurried along the corridor into a room, and confined securely—the woman all the while following close behind, weeping as though her heart would break.—The lady and the Doctor returned to the reception room, and the lady, after giving the other an outline of her husband's attacks, together with some directions in reference to the care she desired to have bestowed upon him, she left, promising to return again in a few days. And away whirled the carriage, the silver ware and the lady, neither of which has been heard of since.

The poor attendant was confined for three days before any one about the establishment could be induced to convey a letter to his employers, who, all the time, were suspecting his honesty and preparing to advertise him in the newspapers. Upon the receipt of the letter it did not take them long to discover that they had been sold most brilliantly and upon their appearance at the hospital, it did not take the Doctor long to discover that he had been sold decidedly; the poor attendant was satisfied upon his arrival at the hospital, that he had been sold most sorrowfully indeed. And here, we think, we will end the story, which has been talked over in fashionable circles for the past three or four days with many a hearty laugh.—*Philadelphia Times.*

American Slavery and Russian Serfdom.

In anticipation of Miss Murray's defence of Slavery, we are enabled to lay before our readers an interesting parallel between American Slavery and Russian Serfdom, being an extract from "Russian Letters and American Impressions," by Ivan Golovin, a work about to be published here:

"*To M. Victor Schoelcher:*

"DEAR SIR:—To you belongs the eternal glory of having cut the gordian knot, and having, by a blow, abolished slavery in the French colonies in 1848, at the time you were under-Secretary for the Navy, and Jacques Arago Secretary. Since then, you said to me in London, 'England, after all, is the freest country; the three-and-a-half millions of slaves in America prevent me from going there;' and now, in recollection of your actions and views on slavery, I address you from America.

You cannot expect from me commonplace repetitions on the subject of slavery, but I faithfully compare American slavery with Russian Serfdom.

It is prohibited, the State of Kentucky excepted, to instruct slaves in America. Well, it is not allowed to admit serfs into Russian public schools. If some of them receive any education, it is with the master's hope of realizing a greater profit therefrom.

A law prohibits the separation of families in Russia or the sale of a son without his father. But exceptions are met with daily among the house serfs.

Colored blood is a title to bondage in America. In Russia, a free girl who marries a serf becomes a serf herself, too, and a property of the master of her husband.

A master can kill his slave with impunity in both countries, especially when punishing him.

The slaves are differently fed in America; well by some masters and badly by others. The field serf in Russia, lives upon a lot of ground which the master gives him, and in spite of all such provision one meets with many beggars, especially during the years of short crops.

Bad masters are an exception in Russia—in the United States I dare say so too.

In Russia you hear that serfs would make a bad use of freedom; here you are told that negroes can become but bad servants if freed and ultimately would relapse to pristine savagery. Thus the objections raised against emancipation are the same in both countries. Yet we witness daily proofs of the contrary there as well as here. The negroes of Jamaica became poor since they became free, but is not poverty better than bondage; and does not Liberia demonstrate that African air is not mortal to freedom?

Slaves cost one thousand dollars in America; in Russia a serf is sold with the ground for one hundred dollars. Females are dear here, but are not accounted at all among *souls* in Russia.

There is a law of extradition from the Northern States to the Southern States. In Russia a fugitive serf is brought back to his master from the extremity of the empire.

The serf becomes a soldier, the negro not. It should be an advantage for the former—but it is not; for I never saw a serf glad of becoming a recruit.

The negro bears heat well, thanks to the strength of his skull; the Russian bears cold very well. The former is sometimes well replaced by the Chinese.

It is not allowed to write about serfdom in Russia; it is not advisable to speak much against slavery in the Southern American States. In the Northern States slavery has been abolished; so, too, serfdom in Russian-Baltic provinces. Slavery is very likely to be extended into Nebraska; serfdom was extended by Catharine II to the Ukraine.

In Russia the serfs sing sometimes; in America the slaves always sing, but by permission.

In Russia a proverb exists that a beaten serf is worth as much as one not beaten; and when it happens that one is innocently punished the master promises to account for it at his next fault. An overseer here never recognizes having unjustly punished a slave, and the master never admits any complaint against the overseer, in order not to compromise his authority. The same principle produces everywhere the same effects.

The Russian serfs often rebel against their masters, and not seldom kill them. Such a thing is quite unheard of in the plantations.

Sexual intercourse between masters and serfs is more rare in Russia than in America; yet there are many instances of illegitimate children still held in bondage.

Emancipation should enrich Russia. I dont know whether the masters here are rich enough to live on the interest of their capital.

I have been a serfholder myself, and I can say from experience, that slavery renders the moral feelings of the best hearted master cruel.

After all that I said and did against Russian serfdom, I should be the worst of men were I to defend slavery in America; but as a foreigner I wish not to become a Abolitionist here. I am told that the Abolitionists conspire with the European despots for the destruction of American Institutions. I ask you how the abolition of slavery can be profitable to European despotism? Will not, on the contrary, the masses here greatly improve by being rid of the shameful institution of slavery? Was he a traitor or a supporter of despotism, O'Connell, who refused an American from a Southern State the entrance to the House of Commons, saying that he did not like to speak with slaveholders? Are those who seek to be freed of this disgrace not better patriots than those who do not care for justice, the opinion of the civilized world and the verdict of posterity? Indeed, I pity the man who likes slavery better than the Union. But all such are a new edition of the *specter rouge* born in the secret police of Bonaparte, in order to frighten the Parisan cheesemongers, and thus them to fly into the arms of despotism. The emancipation of the blacks, let us hope, will never enslave the whites of this glorious Union.

Believe me, yours, &c.,

IVAN GOLOVIN.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10, 1855.

FEMINOLOGY.

A queer gatherer of Statistics says that of one hundred and fifty-eight pretty women whom he met in the streets of a fashionable resort in a given time, one hundred were sucking their parasol handles.

In an omnibus, four young ladies out of every seven invariably look through the front window at the horses.

At a party, seven ladies out of ten prefer vanillia ice cream, while only one in ten habitually eats orange water ice.

The stouter a lady is the more she rolls her eyes up while waltzing.

The smaller a lady is, so much the more does she affect sun-flower rosettes, enormous flounces, and extra sized ornaments. Diminutive ladies invariably admire giant-like gentlemen—and *vice versa.*

Sensible, amiable and conscientious young ladies of a gentle disposition, are invariably fond of reading newspapers. This sort make the best of wives.

Ladies who are greatly admired by their own sex, are seldom viewed in the same light by gentlemen. Some ladies speak of 'ladies beauties' and 'gentleman's beauties.'

If you walk up street with a boquet in your hand, nine women out of ten will look attentively at it, while not one man in twenty will notice its existence.

It is a curious fact that those women who have made the most acquaintances during a long course of years, have by far the best memory for faces and for persons.

Although women are supposed to be the talkative sex, it is not less true that in learning a foreign tongue men acquire more readily the facility in speaking it, while ladies understand it better and sooner when spoken to.

HOW TOM GOT MARRIED.

"I don't believe cousin Jule cares for me half as much as Belle Marshall—and if Belle has not any money, I have enough for both—and I don't care a fig for Julia's money." Thus soliloquized the elegant Tom Cutter as he walked up street with his pretty cousin—to whom every body thought he was engaged.

But Julia did care for him, and moreover in her heart she disliked Belle Marshall, and so she kissed her very tenderly every time they met.

"What a fine girl Miss Isabel Marshall is," remarked Tom as they sauntered along.—'What a healthy red and white she has—all owing to horseback riding.'

'And the best rouge et blanc,' said Julia, mischievously.

'I'll never believe that,' said Tom, badly nettled.

'You shall see,' said Julia, and just then they met the splendid Miss Marshall, looking as ruddy as an English milk-maid.

'Dear Miss Bell, how are you?' said Julia, giving her a sucking kiss on the middle of the cheek, such as babies bestow in their first attempts at doing the affectionate. That kiss was very wicked. The rouge was dissolved—a lily bloomed in the centre of Belle's cheek. Tom saw it, but gave no sigh. They passed on.

'I told you so,' said Julia. 'Are you convinced?'

'Yes,' said Tom, empathatically, and then he thought, 'all this pains, this wear and tear of conscience and risk to her really fine complexion for me—I'll break it up,' and so he went to see Belle that day—proposed and was accepted. Isabel Marshall never wore rouge afterwards.

Salt River.

Many persons may suppose the river of this name to be a mere imaginary stream—up which defeated politicians are sent by a figure of speech. Indeed, it is doubtful whether one in a hundred ever thought of inquiring into its length, breadth, depth, or locality.—From the description which follows it is certain that the exile has not much of a journey to make:

This river, (says Bayard Taylor,) where it debouches into the Ohio river, is not more than sixty yards in breadth, but very deep. It is never fordable even in the driest seasons, and being navigable for fourteen miles above, has not been bridged at this point. We descended its steep and difficult banks, embarked our carriage on a flat ferry-boat, and were conveyed across. The view looking up the river was very beautiful. Tall sycamores overhling the water, forming a vista of foliage through which the stream curved out of sight between two wooded hills. I longed to be rowed up it. While on the spot I took occasion to inquire the derivation of the slang political phrase, "Rowed up Salt River," and succeeded in discovering it. Formerly there were extensive salt works on the river, a short distance from its mouth. The laborers employed in them were a set of athletic, belligerent fellows, who soon became noted, far and wide for their achievements in pugilistic line. Hence it became a common thing among the boatmen on the Ohio, when one of their number became refractory, to say to him, "We'll row you up Salt river," when of course the bully salmen would have the handling of him. By a natural figure of speech the expression was applied to political candidates, first, I believe, in the Presidential campaign of 1840.

☞ 'Sonny, do you love me say?'

'O, I don't I though!'

'What for?'

'Cause you always bring me candy, when you come to see Sissy Jane. Give me some more.'

'And what does Jane like me for?'

'O, because you take her to concerts and give her so many nice things. She says so long as you are fool enough to fetch her shawls and bonnets, she won't suck you no how—now give me some candy!'

☞ One of the sons of Green Erin having lately invaded the state of Matrimony—the Boston Atlas gets off the following piece of excellent advice:

A Proclamation to the Sons of Erin!—Follow the example of the patriotic Meagher, and rush to arms! Become at once united Irishmen!

P. S.—London Times please copy.

☞ A GOOD LITTLE GIRL.—'It is not proper for you to play school, my dear, to-day; for it's Sunday.'

'I know it, mother,' replied the little girl, 'but it is Sunday school that I am playing.'