The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

From the Louisville Journal.

A WINTER NIGHT.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

A glorious bard has sung the evening wind
In tones that warble like a brook in June;
But had he wrapped the "drapery of his couch
About him" in this bleak and haunted room,
This antique, melancholy, moaning room,
Where I lie down to dream, but not to sleep,
And, half afraid, see my expiring lamp
Shoot its vague, ghastly flicker o'er the walls
Like the thin robes of spectres in a dance
Around a felon's grave, and flare and bend
Before the insolent and prying gust;
Had that sweet bard lain down to sleep and dream
In this antique, dim, melancholy room,
He would have heard a wilder voice than leaves
Kissing each other's foreheads in the dusk
Of Summer eves, or dance of fluting breeze,
Or hoarser murmur of the restless waves.
Roar, roar! Great God, how Thou dost make the winds,
The free, wide-winged, thundering winds of heaven,
A mighty organ-pipe to roll Thy praise,
Thy power and glory through the frighted world!
Shuddering, I draw my weary frame behind
Its pillowy shield, responsive to the jar,
The thrill, and horror of the oak-ribbed walls
And shivering pines far out upon the waste
That writhe and groan at every wounded nerve.
The air boils as it never boiled before,
Since God threw wide the windows of the sky
And hurled such deluge down of darkness, hail,
And thundrous rain, as blanched the carnage-blots
From out the old world's guilt-bedraggled skirts,
Tossing her rock-walled hills as winds, dead leaves,
Whelming her vineyards, towers, and golden vales,
Her temples, herds, and thrones, within a gulf
Of slimy, voiceless, starless nothingness.
Rave, rave, ye winds and clarion the name,
The power, and terror of your master, God!
For there is One that holds you in His hand
Or bids you forth to pile the world with wrecks.
To-night my soul is leaning toward the shrine
Of that resplendent, sweet idolatry
Which drew the hearts and hoary forms of Eld—
The glorious bards and wild-eyed priestesses
That roamed amidst Dodona's oaks and heard
In Tempe's olive shades the song of nymphs,
And charmful pipings of voluptuous Pan,
And saw in clouds and the red path of storms
The wrathful brow and lifted arm of Jove.
Their prescient eyes interpreted the light
Of the Undying Dream, the Life to come;
And in the calm or ruffled elements,
In streams that wandered through the solemn groves,
In flowers and stars and smiling autumn winds
That shook the fruitage from the mellow boughs,
And shouting War that blackens the green hills
And dashes all their limpid purls with blood,
They saw a living likeness of themselves
In passion, love, and the grim lust of power.
And I, to-night, can deem the caged winds
Have issued forth at the loud signal-blow
Of their great lord, against the dungeon walls
In wrath and vengeance bearing sword and shield,
The lofty front and fiery blood of gods
To seize and tear the royal ermine-folds
That robe the rocky shoulders of the hills!
That jar again! Heavens! when did mortal car
Rock on the surges of so fierce a wail?
Or Fancy eddy down the boiling gulf
Of sound so iron-tongued and thunder-barbed?
All, the groans that rocked old Cannae's hills,
The black-lipped cannon whose tremendous growl
Rent the dun sulphur-dome of Waterloo,
Were Zephyr-notes beside your mountain harp,
O! awful shades and hollow-bugling winds!
Hell from beneath is moved to walk the earth,
And flute her drunken joy along the crags!
The stars have toppled from their diamond thrones
And drowned their fiery foreheads in the sea
Of frozen darkness and chaotic night—
The keen gusts seize the burly, spectral drifts
And scourge them forth in sheets of tingling fog,
Till the wide atmosphere and haggard fields
Seem one black sea of hungry, wrangling sound,
And this bleak hill, the lone, beleaguered isle,
On which the frosty billows warp and clang
Like some enormous, grim, funereal bell,
Rung by the red and bony hands of ghouls,
To peal their triumph o'er a shattered world!
And I, in trembling, ask the distant woods,
The hissing, trenchant snows and my own heart,
How shall another summer morning burst,
Or violet open in the icy vales?

LITCHFIELD, Conn.

Tales and Sketches.

ONE DAY'S SACRIFICE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

'Oh, dear I wish I knew what to do!'

The lips were just like the tone, that moment, half pouting, half wishful; indeed, this was the expression of the whole face, as it pressed itself closer up to the window-pane that morning.

It was a sweet face though by no means a *beautiful* one, and you felt intuitively that the pout was improvised, and that a *smile* was the indigenous expression of the full, rounded lips, and of the clear hazel eyes.

They looked out, those eyes, on a winter morning cold and still, for the night before had woven its stainless robe over brown field and barren hill, and the trees lifted up their charred foreheads under the white baptismal of December.

Over head the clouds were slowly wrapping their gray folds away from the sun, and revealing pleasant interludes of soft blue sky, the morning's blessed prophecy written in the heavens above, to the earth beneath, 'The day shall be a very bright one."

'What a glorious time they will have,' murmurs Grace Hammond, while her little fingers move along the high frost-rim on the edges of the pane. 'It's full fifteen miles to the green, and they'll be three hours getting there. Then such delicious sleighing as it will be, and there are twenty couples going, Cousin Charley said.'

'How I should enjoy it, with the late dinner, and the evening plays, and the delightful ride home by moonlight. Oh! it seems to me I never wanted to go anywhere so much in my life."

'But then there's Mattie, dear child, she'd enjoy it even more than I would, buried up as she is, week after week, in that old red school house, with those tiresome boys & girls.'

'Goodness! I believe it would drive me crazy in less than a month, and yet how patiently and nobly she bears it all.'

'If her father hadn't made that wretched speculation before he died, mortgaging even the house they lived in.'

'Mrs. Palmer with her feeble health, and those two little children, all dependent on Mattie's services, and she so delicately, so tenderly reared. I declare, it makes my heart ache to think of it.'

'Didn't she look sweetly, though, at our party the other evening: I spoke before I thought, 'Mattie, how becoming black is to you,' and then the tears came into her eyes. It was careless of me.'

'Weston Hunt was really quite smitten with her. I could see this very plainly by the attention he paid her all the evening, and then this inviting her to go in the sleighing party to day proves this, if ever anything could. Why, there isn't a girl in all Meadowbrook that wouldn't be proud of his attentions.—And then, how some of them have treated Mattie of late, just because the family have lost their property. It's a perfect shame, I think.'

'But about the sleigh ride, that's the question and I must decide it now.'

'Charley'll be so disappointed if I don't go,' and the old, half pouting, half irresolute look dashed across the sweet face.

'But there's Mattie again. It would be such a change, such a pleasure to her to get out of that old school-room for a day; and if I were to teach for her I could think when night came, I'd made her so happy, if I hadn't been so myself.'

'I will, too; that's settled now, Grace Hammond, you don't go on that sleighing party to-day!' And the young girl perorated this decision by bringing down her hand emphatically on the window-sill.

Grace Hammond's monologue must have given you a glance into her inner self, reader; and I can only outline for you, very briefly, her mental character.

She was the only child of a wealthy farmer, petted, and half spoiled from her infancy.

But she was ardent and impulsive, with a rich, deep, loving nature, which no extraneous circumstances could entirely change.

She had her faults, and they were many, but her heart—and it is a blessed thing when you can say this of a man or woman—her heart was a true one.

'Mattie, darling'—so wrote Grace Hammond ten minutes later—'you are going on this sleigh ride, so just don't say another word about it. Cousin Charley told me Mr. Hunt sent you the invitation an hour ago, and I've taken a notion to play school ma'am for you to-day. I've been on scores of sleigh rides this winter, and I think it will do you as much good to drop the mantle of your dignity on me to-day, as it will my giddy self to assume it.

So throw off that school hood from your brown curls, my darling, and call up the old smiles to the soft bloom of your lips, the old light to the summer-blue of your eyes; and in all the annals of youth, love and sleigh rides, may there be no page so bright as the one this day shall write in the history of Mattie Palmer and Weston Hunt, most fervently prays GRACE HAMMOND.'

'Not going, Grace! Why, you're surely not in earnest,' and a look of mingled chagrin and disappointment clouded the fine features of the young man as he turned them on his companion.

'Yes, I am, Charley. You see I've made an engagement for the day which renders it quite impossible for me to go. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped.'

In spite of her efforts, there was a little thread of disappointment running through the studied calmness of the speaker's voice.

'A fiddle on your engagements, Grace.—Why, this will be the greatest sleighing party of the season. Come, now, don't think for a moment of staying at home. We can't do without you at all, so go and get ready in a hurry, for we start at ten. There's a good girl.'

Poor Grace; it was very hard to refuse the pleading of those dark, handsome eyes, for Charles Munson was more to the girl than many cousins; indeed he was rather nominally than really her relative—although some marriages between members of their respective families gave the young people the privilege of this appellation.

'Charley, do not urge me. I am very grateful for your invitation, and it pains me more than you can imagine to refuse it. But I am compelled to do this.'

If Grace's manner was cold, it was because her words cost her such an effort.

'Very well, Grace. Of course, I shall not press my claims any further. Excuse me, if in my desire to secure your company, I have been importunate. Good morning.'

He lifted his hat with his natural grace, but the old, frank smile was not on his lips as he left her.

'There! he is certainly offended with me, I knew it would be so,' murmured the girl, as she sank back on the sofa, while the tears brimmed over her brown lashes; for Grace was making no light sacrifice this morning.

'I'm almost sorry I sent Mattie that note, but it is too late to recall it. Charley will take Jane Morton with him, I know, and it will be a great triumph for her to think he's slighted me.' And the fair haughty face of the doctor's daughter rose before the young girl, while a sharp pang of jealousy quivered through her heart.

But it was wearing towards nine o'clock, and Grace had little time for reflection.

'I must get Tom to take me over in the cutter,' she murmured. 'I can easily gain mamma's consent, she is so kind hearted, and Mattie is such a favorite with her. Goodness!' glancing at the small china clock on the mantel, 'I must be off in twenty minutes.'

'Gracie, Gracie, how shall I thank you?'

Grace stood at the window, robed for her ride to school, and waiting impatiently for the sleigh to present itself at the front gate, when these words, *whispered*, because of the tears that lay behind them, reached her ear.

She turned quickly. 'Why, Mattie, what has brought you over here.'

'I couldn't go without thanking you. Oh! Grace you have made me happy!' And now Mattie's arms were round Grace's neck, while great sobs were shaking her figure, and tears raining from the large, mellow eyes.

'You're a real naughty girl.' Grace's tone was half expostulatory, half scolding. 'Now you'll spoil that charming face of yours, after all my pains,' and she stroked the rich brown curls that fell out of the black straw bonnet.

'Do you know you're going to pass this day with the only son of a millionaire, who, by this invitation, gives very strong evidence of having been captivated by your naughty little self.'

Mattie placed her hand on Grace's lips, and shut back the tears from her shining eyes.

'Gracie,' she said, and the tones, tremulous at first, grew strong and deep with pathos as she proceeded. 'I must be growing very weak, for it came so hard for me to refuse that invitation this morning. You know it is so long since I have had any relaxation, any pleasure, and this hard, barren, toilsome life seemed closing all around me, and I struggled vainly through it, reaching my gaze out for the light that never came, lifting my hands up with a sharp cry for the blessings that never filled them. And somehow, that invitation was such a mockery to me; for you see, dear, I was growing morbid, and I thought how they would all go off light-hearted and happy, leaving me choked in by the bare walls of the old school-room. Well I sat down and wrote my regrets with a steady hand, but O, with *such* a heavy heart. Just as I had finished it, your note came—O, Grace, how shall I tell the rest.'

'By saying nothing about it, Mattie. And now, do you go straight home, and dress yourself nicely as possible for the ride.—There's Tom. Good bye, and a bright day to your darling. There was a quick rain of soft kisses on the damp cheeks of Mattie Palmer, and Grace was gone.

I am not of those, reader, who believe that the doing good always brings *at once*, its own exceeding gread reward, but rather that it is oft times a blessed legacy, which the present bears through darkness and sorrow, to dower the future. And therefore, I cannot assure you that Grace Hammond passed an especial pleasant day in the old red school house, which stood at the intersection of the four principal stage routes from Meadowbrook.

I know that once during the morning a sudden mist dampened her hazel eyes, for the wind brought the gay rhythm of the sleigh bells to her ears, and she heard the joyous laugh of the young party, as it leaped out, full and rich on the frosty air.

For a moment the oak desks, the long benches of black and brown and flaxen heads, swam before her, and 'I wish I was with them!' rushed involuntarily to her lips.—But the after thought followed quickly, 'I am glad Mattie is there.'

And when the work was done, the last scholar dismissed, and the short December day, reaching out its cold arms to the night, Grace Hammond knelt in that little school room and thanked the Father that he had given her strength to make this sacrifice, that she had obeyed His great, royal law, in loving that day her neighbor as herself.

It was a merry company the great parlor of the old hotel contained that evening.—Sweet breaks of laughter, the effervescence of youth and glad spirits, came over rosy lips, and bright eyes glanced, and graceful figures fluttered about the long, old-fashioned room.

'Don't you think it very funny Grace Hammond isn't here?' asked a young girl, as she came up to the corner where the village belle sat, her head leaned gracefully to some complimentary speech which Charles Munson was that moment making her.

'Well I don't know.' And the lady twisted her diamond ring round her white finger. 'I presume she would have come, had she received an invitation."

There was a quick, half imperceptible curl of the young man's lip; notwithstanding his affront at her refusal, Miss Hammond was to his heart what the haughty lady at his side could never have been.

'I had the honor of inviting her myself,' was the reply that well nigh sprang to his lips, and with all his chivalry, it was exceedingly difficult to suppress it.

But Mattie Palmer had heard all this, as she stood near, leaning over an engraving of rustic life, on whose naturalness Mr. Hunt was descanting, and her face flushed eagerly as she turned toward the trio, and her sweet, earnest voice answered: 'Grace remained at home to take charge of my school to-day, so I could come here. It was *very, very* kind of her.'

Charles Munson's proud face bent on Mattie a look that she could not interpret; a look of mingled delight, gratitude, and tenderness, which she had never seen there before.

He understood it all now—the sacrifice she had made, and the pain it had cost her, and looking down in his heart, he felt for the first time, whose face was shown there, serene and boly, and that Grace Hammond was his soul's selection.

No wonder his companion repeated her question three times before he heard her.

'So you prefer school teaching to sleigh riding, do you, Grace? You know I always thought you something of a blue, but I never supposed you would carry the matter to such lengths.'

It was the morning of the day after the sleighing party, and Grace was leaning over the rare exotics which occupied the deep recess by the sitting-room window; now peering into the rich heart of a half opened rose, or cautiously lifting the bells of the clematis blooms, sprinkled like snow-flakes among the dark leaves. She lifted her face from the flowers among which it was half concealed.

'Why, cousin Charley, good morning!—Who told you I had been teaching?'

'No matter now. You needn't blush so prettily about it, though you were a very naughty girl for not telling me the truth and letting me go offended with you,' and he laid his hand on her shoulder, and looked so fondly down on her drooping face, which surprise and embarrassment was incarnadining with blushes.

'Of course, I couldn't tell you my motives for declining your invitation, Cousin Charles,' she said, unconsciously pulling off the geranium leaves, and scattering them on the carpet. It would have looked too much like sounding a trumpet in my own praise.'

'You are a proud little girl, ain't you.—Gracie? But I don't like you any the less for it. He smoothed carelessly the plaits of her hair over the fair forehead. 'I wonder if you'll be too proud to answer the question I am about to ask you?' and leaning down, the young lawyer whispered it to the girl.

I do not know what the answer was, but I do know that they stood a long time, conversing in a low tone, by the window that morning. And when Charles Munson parted from Grace Hammond, he clasped both her hands in his, and said, with mingled tenderness and ferveney, 'May God take care of you, my Grace.'

'Now tell me all about the ride, Mattie,—you know you are not going home until after tea, so just sit down without any demurring.' And Grace pushed Mattie into the cushioned arm chair, and unfastened her bonnet strings while she spoke.

'We had a delightful time, Grace. I never enjoyed myself half so much in all my life.' But the beaming of the smile was half lost in the blushes that gathered into the usually pale face.

Grace saw these, and with a woman's intuition, she half divined what lay behind them. She pushed a stool to Mattie's feet, and the gay light of the departing day looked into the window, and saw a picture which an artist might have rejoiced in.

The graceful, unconscious attitudes of the two girls, the sweet, uplifted face of the one, the pure, fair, half pensive outline of the other, shaded by its rich curls of brown-black hair, were in beautiful contrast.

'And was Mr. Hunt as agreeable and chivalrous as usual? queried Grace, looking up archly into her friend's eyes.

'Of course he was; but, we will not talk about him now, darling. I have come over here to say once more, 'Grace, I thank you,' but that seems a very little, when I feel so much.'

'Don't say it then, Mattie; or rather say it to God, that He gave me strength to resist the temptation, for it was not a light one, when Charley came for me; say it to God that He put it in my heart to pass one day of my life in doing unto others as I would have them do unto me.'

Tears—tears of happy gratitude were swelling over the blue eyes of Grace Hammond.

'Yes, darling, I will say it for you, as I have said it for myself every night for the past year,' and Mattie laid her hand solemnly on Grace's hair.

'It has been to me a year of struggling and bitterness, of darkness and tears. Oh, Grace, it is a very hard thing to feel that the mother you love, and the little sisters whose helplessness only folds them closer to your heart, are dependent upon you for the bread they eat, for the roof that shelters them.'

'I know it is, dearest, and you have been a brave, noble girl, to do and suffer all you have done for the past year, and—

'Come, girls, supper's all ready.' Mrs. Hammond's kindly tones broke into the room suddenly and terminated the interview.

'Oh! I am so glad, Charley,' and Grace sprang up from the sofa, and, clapped her hands gleefully as a child. The young man gazed up into the face of his betrothed, and thought how very sweet and childlike she seemed, with that joylight breaking into her eyes.

She saw the glance, and the half-fond half significant smile, and, blushing at her own enthusiasm, returned quietly to his side.

'I cannot help rejoicing greatly' she continued, half apologetically, 'at what you have told me. To think that my little Mattie's steps have come out into the sunlight again?'

'She is really engaged to your friend, you say, Charley, and will be the wife of a millionaire, and what is much more, of a good, true honest man.'

'If you knew, as I do, how many pages of her life have been darkened and wetted together with very bitter tears, you would be glad as I am, at the good fortune that has come to her at last.'

'Well, Grace,' answered the young man, with a little emphasis of natural indignation running through his tones. 'she can triumph now over all who have treated her unkindly, for I know him well, and in wealth that the world honors, in high social position, in integrity of life, in nobleness of heart and mind, Weston Hunt is a man among a million.'

'But Mattie is above any of that triumph of which you speak, Charley. Suffering has only refined her character, and she will go up very meekly, with her own quiet grace, to the new place assigned her, remembering 'it is God who pulleth down one and setteth up another.'

When the green feet of May came over the Meadow-brook, there were two bridals in the gray stone church on the green.

For love's sake it was that Grace Hammond and Mattie Palmer were married together.

Story of the Tin Pedlar and Sleepy David.

The following story, extracted from the work "A Yankee among the Nullifiers," purports to be told to another by a South Carolinian:

The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too cute for us in everything but horse flesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entered my horse Southron for a purse of two thousand. He had won a like sum the year before with all ease. In short he was the best horse at that time in South Carolina.—There were, to be sure, two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him, but they were no touch to Southron, and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting here at this moment—when who should come along but a d——d yankee, with a tin cart! He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse I ever put my eyes on. He was a lean, slab-sided, crooked legged, rough haired, son of a gun, as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact his owner called him Sleepy David. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the peddler, whose exterior corresponded marvellously with that of his horse, and who said his name was Zadock Barber, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse with the rest.

"Your horse!" exclaimed I—"what, that sleepy looking devil there? You'd better enter him for the turkey buzzards."

"Not as you knows on, mister," resumed the Yankee, with some show of spirit. "To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him Sleepy David, but he's a jo-fi'd smart horse for all that. He's like a singed cat, a darned sight better nor he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him against some of your South Carolina hosses. To be sure I don't come all the way from home on purpose, but as I was coming out this way with a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time it so as to kill two birds with one stone, for, thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle off my notions at the same time, I shall make a plaguey good 'spec.' But I had to hurry on like the mation to git here in season; and that's one reason that my hoss looks so shabby and out of fix this morning. But for all that he'll perform like day's work, I tell you."

Supposing he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him be gone, and not trouble me with his d——d Yankee palaver.

"Why, mister," said he, "this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk or let it alone, jist as he can afford. Now I've taken a great deal of pains to git here this morning in order to run Sleepy David against some of your southern horses. I aint joking, sir, I'm in airnest. I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazingly to pick it up."

"You talk of picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of carrion of yours! Away with you, and don't trouble us any further."

"Well, if I can't run, I suppose I can't, but it's darned hard any how for a man to take so much pains as I have to come to the races, and then can't be allowed to run arter all."

"It's too late now; by the rules of the course the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you'll plank the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet."

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow, having no idea that he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

"How much might the entrance money be?" drawing out a purse containing a few shillings in silver and a few pence in copper.

"If it aint more'n a quarter of a dollar or so, I'll plank it on the nail."

"It is two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred!" exclaimed the Yankee.—"By gauley, what a price! Why, they axed me only twenty-five cents to see the Elephant and the hull Caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! Why, you must be joking now—Bless me! my hull load of tin ware, hoss, wagon and all, wouldn't fetch that. But, mister, don't you think I could git in for ten dollars?"

"Nothing short of two hundred, and that must be paid in five minutes."

We now thought we had fairly got rid of the fellow; but he returned to the charge and asked if fifty dollars wouldn't do, then seventy, then a hundred, and finding he could not make a bargain for less than the regular sum, he engaged to give it provided he could find any one to loan him the money, for which he offered to pawn his wagon load of notions and Sleepy David to boot. He asked one, then another to accommodate him with a loan—declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse the money should be returned, and he would give a dozen tin whistles into the bargain. He however got more curses than coppers, until some wag who had plenty of cash and liked to see the sport go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice.—Though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had plenty of money about him, and was merely playing "possum" all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle.—In this he was also accommodated; and taking Sleepy David from the tin cart, he scrambled upon his back, and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit on a horse so awkward in your life. Every one said he would fall before he had gone a hundred yards—and some out of compassion urged him to withdraw.

"Not by a darned sight," exclaimed he.—"Do you think I'm such a darned fool as to pay two hundred dollars, and then withdraw and not run arter all?"

Others, who wanted to see the sport, though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed, saying, as they laughed aloud, that they had no doubt but he would carry off the purse.

"That's what I mean to do," said he. "I hain't come here for nothing, I can tell you. Wake up, Sleepy David, and look about you; you must have your eyes open to-day, it's no time to be snoozin' when there is money at stake."

The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, pricked up his ears, and actually began to show signs of life.

The signal was now given to start. Away sprang Southron, with the speed of lightning, and away sprang the other Southern horses, leaving Sleepy David far in the rear and the peddler verging from side to side, as if he was just ready to fall off. The horse went pawing along, with his tail clinging to his haunches, and his nose stuck out straight before him; and you never beheld so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair at that time presented.

But they improved as they proceeded; the peddler sat more jockey-like, and the horse evidently gained upon the others. But it would not do. He came in at least half a mile behind Southron, and but a little less behind the others.

It was now thought the Yankee had enough of the race, and would withdraw before the next heat. Contrary to all expectation, however, he persevered; and offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

"The fellow's a fool," said one.

"He don't know which side of his bread is buttered, or else he wouldn't risk any more money on so desperate a stake."

"He is safe enough there," said a third "for he has no more to risk."

Here, however, all were mistaken again, for the peddler hauled out an old, greasy pocket-book and plarked the thousand dollars. It was covered, of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered, and to suspect the Yankee was after all more rogue than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. Southron was not a horse to be distanced in one day, and especially by such a miserable devil as Sleepy David.

The second heat was now commenced, and if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble Southron, that confidence was strengthened as I again saw him coming in ahead of the rest. I considered the purse as now my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket, when—lo! and behold! the peddler's horse which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward as if the devil had kicked him, and, stretching his head like a crane, won the heat by a head!

Everybody was astonished. "That horse must be the devil himself," said one. At least he has the devil to back him," said another. "I was sure he would play some Yankee trick before he got through," said a third. Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee, in the meantime, offered to take another thousand dollar bet; but nobody felt disposed to bet with him, and it was well that they didn't, for at the third heat Sleepy David not only distanced every horse, but even came in a full quarter of a mile ahead of Southron himself.

"There, by gauley," said the Yankee, as he dismounted, "I'll take that ere leetle purse, if you please, and the other cool thousand tew! I knowed well enough that your Southern hosses couldn't hold a candle tew old Sleepy David."

☞ "Ven you arrive to the dignity of sawin' wood, Laffyette, if you is ever elevated to that ere profession, mind and saw the biggest sticks fust. Cos vy, you'll only hev the little ones to saw when you get tuckered out. Ven you eats pie, as I 'opes you'll live to be a man, eat the crust fust, cos the crust aint a good thing to crop off with, 'specially if it is tough and thick. Ven you piles up wood, always pile the big ones to the bottom—always Laffyette, cos its mighty hard exercise to lift 'em to the top of the pile. These are the results of hobservation Laffyette, and may be depended on, and its for your good that I say it."

PARODY PARODIED.

SOME fair writer thus retaliates on the parodist, whose production we published last week. Both sides must be heard, and we give the lady a chance:

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot,
Where bachelors come no more—
Some lone and pleasant dell
Where no moustache is seen—
Where long-eared dandies never come
Ourselves and fun between?
There came a murmur from the distant lee—
A low, sad tone, which whisper'd, 'No-siree.'

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favor'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary girls may find
A rest from soft dough faces,
And hear themselves called *women*,
Nor likened to the graces?
Soon did the misty deep its answer give,
By murmuring, 'Not while brandy smashes live.'

And thou, serenest moon,
What language dost thou utter,
While gazing on the GENTLEMAN
Whose head is in the gutter?
Say, hast thou in thy round
Gazed on some favored spot,
Where *hats know not the weight of bricks*,
And where segars are not?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
But in Italics answered, '*No, no, no!*'

Tell me, my secret soul—
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From fops, and beaux, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where womankind are blest—
Where man may never come,
And where the girls may rest?
Faith, Truth and Hope—best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—'Yes, in *Heaven!*'

From the Lancaster Examiner and Herald.

A Northern Man's Impressions of the South.

One who has never been South, and whose notions and opinions are formed entirely from books and hearsay, would have his ideas considerably changed by a tour, however brief, through the seaboard slave States. So much is said about the slaves and their masters, the sugar plantations, cotton fields and rice swamps, that a large majority forgot all about the country itself. Having had occasion to pass through some of these States a few weeks ago, a few observations concerning them may not prove uninteresting to Lancaster county men, particularly as of late years considerable emigration has been going on in that direction, chiefly, however, to Maryland and Virginia. The reason why Pennsylvanians have not found their way further down still, becomes as clear as daylight, when one has once had a glimpse of the country.

Maryland and Virginia are two quite respectable States in an agricultural point of view. True, much of the soil, through the mismanagement and carelessness of the native farmers, has become unproductive and is "worn out," but by northern farming and northern energy, can again be made productive to an extent that will pay the farmer handsomely for his labor; but this is not the case with those States lying still further south. Such as have traveled through the above mentioned States, must have remarked the large amount of rocky and swampy land, which it is very probable will never be rendered productive, the soil being poor in the first place, and the expense of reclaiming it in the second being so great as to prevent all idea of its being attempted. Things become ten times worse as soon as you get out of Virginia into North Carolina, which is the poorest and meanest State agriculturally in the Union, South Carolina excepted, which in this respect bears off the palm from every country in the world.

Virginia, from having been the mother of Presidents and statesmen, has condescended to be the mother of negroes, and the result on her prosperity is only too apparent. The wretched dwellings of the white population, and the still more miserable cabins of the slaves, speak even louder than Governor Wise himself, of her miserable condition.—An almost endless succession of stunted pines lines the railroad from one end of the State to the other. A few other species of deciduous trees are sometimes seen, but it is very rarely that the oak or the hickory is found. North Carolina is better off in her pine forests, for here the trees grow to an immense size, and form one of the chief sources of wealth to the people. So far as other timber is concerned she is quite as badly off as Virginia. The country, too, is more uneven, and the soil seems much inferior, and in fact, from this point down to New Orleans, the soil has an appearance that would be very uninviting to a Lancaster county farmer, resembling very much the red, sandy appearance of that portion of Lancaster known as Muddy Creek, but still less productive.

There is not so much cotton raised in North Carolina as I supposed. The pine forests which cover almost the entire country, furnish quite as reliable a source of wealth, and with much less trouble. I here witnessed the manner of making rosin, turpentine and tar. An incision is made in the tree with an axe, about a foot from the ground, and a strip of the bark about three feet long is then taken off above the cut and extending down to it.—The cut is shallow and it catches the liquid as it oozes out of the tree. The rosin is secreted in that portion of the tree from which the bark has been taken. Each year the bark is taken off a foot or two higher up than the previous year, and this practice is continued until the tree dies, which is in about six or eight years; afterwards the tree is cut down, and then burnt in a conical shaped kiln, from which the tar is produced. The amount of rosin made in North Carolina is astonishing. I saw thousands of barrels lying along the road, waiting to be sent to market. Much is also made in South Carolina.

One that has never seen a southern swamp, cannot have the slightest idea of what it is. The season in which I saw them, being winter, there was of course no vegetation, and my chances of observing them, all the better. The ground is covered with water, from six inches to two foot deep, and out of these marshes, rise enormous trees, mostly pines. A most singular feature in these trees is, that two or three feet from the water, the trunk suddenly enlarges to three or four times its usual girth; this, I suppose, arises from the soft, yielding nature of the soil, which renders it necessary for the tree to have a wider and consequently firmer base for its roots.—The aspect of these swamps is oftentimes very peculiar. Through the trunks of the trees you can see for hundred of yards, nothing but the shining water, at this season of the year, unrelieved by animal life of any kind. During the summer months, however they are the abode of almost every species of vermin. They account also for the sickness that prevails in so many parts of the South, during the warm weather. Sometimes these marshes extend almost without interruption, for a hundred miles: a person begins to think the South is nothing more nor less than one interminable bog, and he is not very wrong.

To one who has been accustomed to see Conestoga teams all his life, southern horses and southern teams present a very strong contrast. The bone yard would be deemed the fittest place for nearly every horse I saw after I left Washington. A more wretched, abject lot of beasts can be found no where, unless it be in Italy, which they say beats the world for sorry horses and mules.—Oxen are more used in the South than horses, for the reason, I presume, that they are kept with less expense. I am confident, six good horses would eat up the entire produce of many of the plantations I saw; oxen therefore are preferable, both as a matter of economy and policy. Nothing surprised me more, than the small number of horned cattle, and live stock generally, kept on southern farms. Two or three cows, as many hogs, a couple of goats, half a dozen barn fowls, and a few yoke of oxen, constituted the planters property—his negroes excepted.

In the matter of barns, they are entirely destitute. I do not remember, of having seen a single barn after leaving Richmond. The extreme meagreness of southern crops, renders out-buildings entirely unnecessary to the planter. He would not know what to do with it, if he possessed one. A ricketty shed, a dozen feet long, answers every purpose, and costs nothing. I saw immense corn-fields in all the States down to Louisiana, but not a grain of corn. I can't imagine what becomes of it, unless used for the support of their negroes. I judge from the appearance of the stalk, that such ears of corn as we see in Lancaster county are altogether unknown. They plant their corn as we do, except that they never put but one grain in a hill, it being found that one stalk is quite as much as one hill will grow.

A perceptible change for the better takes place in the character of the country, as soon as you get into Georgia. The soil looks better; the cotton and corn fields show a more vigorous growth. Alabama is still better than Georgia, and in some places the country looks quite respectable. The swamps still show themselves, however, and the entire State, if it has not the submerged look of the Carolinas, is yet flat and uninteresting. It is anything else than the place where a northern man, though he comes from among the rocks of New Hampshire, would desire to live.—I am very confident that were twenty-five Lancaster county farmers to locate in any southern state, south of Virginia, before the close of the first year, twenty-four of them would have found their way home again, and no one would blame them. I hold it almost impossible for a northern man to feel at home, or even to become reconciled to the routine of a southern plantation, and the farmer who makes up his mind to try his future in the south, would better consider the step he is about to take. I should advise every man with such intentions, to go any where, rather than here. He can't farm here with the limited means he could in one of the western States; everything is high, from bread up to niggers. I heard a man say yesterday, he could not buy a good field hand in his part of the State, for less than fifteen hundred dollars.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 16, 1857.

From the Falmouth (Jamaica) Post, Apr. 1857.

Capture of an American Slaver.

On Thursday last, the 16th inst., the inhabitants of St. Ann's Bay were thrown into a state of considerable excitement by the arrival of a schooner—evidently American—towed into port by her majesty's brig Arab. It was soon ascertained that the schooner was a slaver, and that she had on board a large number of captives. It appears that the captain of the Arab had received information that a bark and schooner were expected in Cuba from the coast of Africa with a cargo of slaves. A strict watch was therefore kept, and on Monday, the 13th inst., a suspicious looking craft was seen with a full press of sail, making the best of her way to her destined port. She was closely pursued, and the Captain finding that there was no possibility of escaping from the Arab, deserted her, taking with him in a shallop his crew, money, chronometer and other useful articles. The commander of the Arab dispatched his gunboat, with fifteen men, under the command of his First Lieutenant, with orders for the capture of the shallop. The chase continued for nearly three hours, and a shot having destroyed the rudder of a shallop, the Captain, who was owner of the slaver, surrendered. Two of his principal slaves and an interpreter were taken from the shallop, and the crew were left in it to make the best of their way to Cuba.

The first Lieutenant then boarded the schooner, and found her filled with young Africans, males and females, to the number of 373, no less than 127 having fallen victims to the horrors of a middle passage during a voyage of 20 days. The poor captives were in a wretched condition—all of them were naked and the greater part seemed to be half-starved. They were packed closely together, and covered with dirt and vermin. On the arrival of the schooner in St. Ann's Bay, several gentlemen went on board, and their sympathies were excited at the misery they witnessed. Messrs. Bravo & Brother suggested measures which were adopted, and, with their usual liberality, orderod a steer to be killed, and soup prepared for the sufferers; other gentlemen furnished ground provisions, bread, &c., and while the food was being prepared, the whole of the human cargo was brought upon deck and washed, and had blankets given to them until clothing could be procured. Thirty of them were in a dying state, but the most humane attention was paid to them, and up to the time when our informant left St. Ann's Bay they were all alive, and expected to do well. The Hon. Charles Royes, Custos of the parish, sent off, without loss of time, a dispatch the his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, acquainting him with all the circumstances connected with the capture, and requesting to be informed whether the captives should be handed over to proprietors of estates who were anxious to procure their services.

The captain of the schooner refused to give his name or the name of the vessel, but stu-