Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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From Harper's Weekly. NOTHING TO WEAR. AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square, Has made three separate journeys to Paris. And her father assures me each time she was there That she and her friend Mrs. Harris (Not the lady whose same is so famous in history, But plain Mrs. II., without romance or mystery,) Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping, In one continuous round of shopping; Shopping alone and shopping together, At all hours of the day and in all sorts of weather. For all manner of things that a woman can put On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist Or that can be sewed on or pinned on or laced, Or tied on with a string or stitched on with a bow, In front or behind, above or below : For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls, Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls; Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in: Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in; Dresses in which to do nothing at all: esses for winter, spring, summer, and fall: All of them different in color and pattern, Silk, muslin and lace, crape, velvet, and satin; Brocade and broadcloth, and other material Quite as expensive and much more ethereal; In short, for all things that could ever be thought of. Or milliner, modeste, or tradesman be bought of, From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sous frills; In all quarters of Paris and to every store, While McFilmsey in vain stormed, scolded and swore,

They footed the streets and he footed the bills. The last trip their goods, shipped by steamer Arago, Formed, McFlinisey declares, the bulk of her cargo; Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest, Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest, Which did not appear on the ship's manifest, But for which the ladies themselves manifested Such particular interest that they invested Their own proper persons in lavers and rows Of muslins, embroideries, worked undergothes, Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trides as those Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties, Gave good-by to the ship and go-by to the duties. Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt, Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout For an actual belle and a possible bride; But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside: Which, in spite of collector and the custom-house

Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three mouths have passe The merchandise went, on twelve carts up Broadway, This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square, The last time we met, was in utter despair Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

Noving to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty, I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—That she's inglestate of absolute nudity. Like Power's Greek Slave or the Medici Venus: But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare, When, at the same moment, she had on a dress Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less, And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,

That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here that out of Miss Flora's Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers, I had just been selected as he who should throw all The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections, Of those fossil remains which she call'd 'her affections,' And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art, Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart." So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted, Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove, But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted, Reneath the cas-fixtures we whispered our love. Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs, Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes, Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions, It was one of the quietest business transaction With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any, And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany. On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss, She exclaimed in a sort of:parenthesis, And by way of putting me quite at my ease. You know I'm to polka as much as I please, And firt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—. And you must not come here more than twice in the

Or talk to me either at party or ball, But always be ready to come when I call; So don't prose to me about beauty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free, For this is a sort of engagement, you see, Which is binding on you but not binding on me.'

Well, having thus wood Miss McFlimsey and gained her, With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her. I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder At least in the property, and the best right To appear as its escort by day and by night; And it being the week of the STUCKUF's grand ball-Their eards had been out a fortnight or so,

And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe-I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found, When the time intervening between the first sound of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter Than usual-I found: I won't say-I caught her Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning. To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning. She turned as I entered-"Why, Harry, you sinner, I thought that you went to the Flasher's to dinner! "So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed, And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine or more, So being relieved from that duty, I followed Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.

As just to inform me if you intend Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend, (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow) To the Strekry's, whose party, you know, is to-mor

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air, And answered quite promptly, "Why Harry, moncher, I should like above all things to go with you there; But really and truly-I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are; I engage, the most bright and particular star, On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye, Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery, Opened on me at once a most terrible battery But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose (That pure Greeian feature.) as much as to say. That a lady would go to a ball in the clother

No nottesshow fine, that she wears every day?" So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade," Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a

"Your blue silk"-" That's too heavy . "Your pink," —"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white." Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"-"I haven't a thread of point lace to metch."

"Your brown moire antique" Yes, and look like "The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-maker. Has had it a week"—" Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock." (Here the nose took again the same elevation) I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation." "Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could

As more comme il fant"-" Yes, but, dear me, tha lean .
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I wint appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green, That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich greading"—
Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite Opposition, "That gorgeous toilette which you In Paris Last spring, at the grand presentation, [tion, hen von an

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up, And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation, And she burst upon me with the fierce exclamati "I have worn it three times at the least calculation, And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!" Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you men hav Doesn't fall down and crush you-oh, you men have

no feeling. You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures, Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why what a mere guess it is! Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?... I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still
higher.)
"I supposed if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know

mildly suggested the words-Hottentot, Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief, As gentle expletives which might give relief; As gende experts which made give refer,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed To express the abusive, and then its arrears Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears, And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too, Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo, In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say; Then, without going through the form of a bow, Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how— On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square At home and up stairs, in my own easy chair; Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to invest, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to

spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear? Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited

broad in society, I've instituted A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough, On this vital subject, and find, to my horror, That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising, But that there exists the greatest distress. In our female community, solely arising From this unsupplied destitution of dress, Vhose unfortunate victims are filling the air With the pitiful wall of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and starting statistics, Of which let me mention only affew : n one single house, on the Fifth Avenue, Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two.

In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch Are unable to go to ball, concert or church. In another large mansion near the same place Was found a deplorable, heart fending case In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls Total want, long continued, of famels'-hair shawls; And a suffering family, whose flase exhibits The most pressing need of reaffermine tippets; The most pressing need of read-rinne diplets; One deserving young lady, almost unable:
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house when its windier Than usual, because her shawl isn't India. Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific Ever since the sad loss of the speamer Pacific, In which were engulfed, not friend or relation, (For whose fate she perhaps might have found con

Or borne it, at least, with screne resignation)
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves an Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dolla

And all as to style most recherche and rare, The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear, And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic, For she touchingly says that this sort of grief Can not find in Religion the slightest relict, And Philosophy has not a majim to spare For the victims of such overwhelming despair. But the saddest by far of all these sad features But the cruelty practiced upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons
Who resist the most touching procals made for dia-

By their wives and their daugiters, and leave the for days Unsupplied with new jewelry, lans or boquets, Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have chance, and deride their demands as useless extravagance;

One case of a bride was brought to my view, Too sad for belief, but alas! 'twas too true, Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharor The consequence was, that when also got there, At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear, And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,

And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain Has here been disclosed to stirlup the pity Of every benevolent heart in the city, And spur up humanity into a center Won't somebody, moved by this touching descripti Come forward to morrow and head a subscription? Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is So needed at once by these indigent ladies, Take charge of the matter? or won't PETER COOPER The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-Structure, like that which to-day links his name In the Union unending of honge and fame; And found a new charity just for the care Of these unhappy women with mothing to wear,

Which, in view of the cash which would daily claimed,
The Laying-out Hospital well night be named! Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daugh-

or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresse And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and

Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway, From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride, And the temples of Trade which tower on each side To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt Their children have gathered, their city have built; Vhere Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey, Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair; Ruise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair, To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the see those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,

All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street; Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that From the poor dying creature who writhes on the Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell. As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door:

Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare-

spoiled children of Fashion-you've nothing to wear And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere. Where all is made right which so puzzles us here, Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time Fade and die in the light of that region sublime, Where the soul, disenchanted of fiesh and of sense Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense Must be clothed for the life and the service above, With purity, truth, faith, meekness and love: Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware! Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear

Who Wrote "Nothing to Wear?"

An article relating to the authorship of the poem "Nothing to Wear," having appeared in the Courier and Enquirer, giving circulation to a report "prevalent in private circles," and based "upon authority in every respect reliable," that the authorship is claim ed by a young lady, and that her parents corroborate the claim, and account for its publication, "by the fact that she lost the manuscript, and was surprised to see it in print with additions and alterations," William Allen Butler, Esq., has addressed a letter to the Courier, in which he says:

"Thave not hitherto avowed the author ship of this poem, but when an allusion to my name is coupled with a charge of stealing the literary productions of a girl 'not out of her teens,' and permitting their publication as my own, and when currency is given to such a report in the columns of a respectable journal, I feel called upon to state publicly and without delay that it is entirely untrue. The poem in question was written by me during intervals of leisure running thre several months, and whatever may be its merit or want of merit as a literary work, it is exclusively my own; no line or thought in t having been suggested to me by, or derived by me from any other person or source, and any assertion to the contrary is entirely

Rev. Isaac Peck, an Episcopal clergyman of New York, claims the authorship of par of the poem for his daughter, in the follow ing letter to the Evening Post, written afte the appearance of Mr. Butler's card: GENTLEMEN: The statement copied 1 ou on Saturday, from the Courier and En

quirer, contains some errors, which may be most effectually corrected by a story of facts such as I first received them. The statement originally made by me was as follows: 9 My daughter, about a year ago, in a ram ble through the woods near the house where I reside, accidentally tore the skirt of her dress. This incident caused her to exclaim with perhaps some vexation, "There, now I've nothing to wear!" and this exclamation was succeeded by the reflection, "How many are in the habit of declaring they have noth ing to wear, who really have no just reason for the complaint; while, on the other hand multitudes might make the same complaint with truth as well as sorrow!" Being in the Who have been three whole weeks without anything habit of composing almost daily, in prose or in verse, she composed and wrote down, or her return home, the following fragment:

> Raise the rich dainty dresses, and careful essay Up the long-worn and rickety staircase to climb: Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the groans that re From the poor dying creature who writhes on the The oaths that profuse like hell's echoes abound. And the prayers which the starving pour supplia

To the alleys and dens of misfortune and crime!

For the land where the famished shall hunger i

In a day or two she altered and enlarge these lines as follows: Oh, ladies, dear ladies the next sunny day Just trundle your hoops quite out of Broadway. To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt, Their children have gathered, their city have built Raise the rich dainty dress and the fine broidered skirt Pick your delicate way, through the dampness and

To the garret where wretches, the young with the old Halt starved and half naked lie crouched from the cold Mark those skeleton limbs and those half-frozen feet All bleeding and cut by the stones of the street. Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groan that swell

From the poor dying creature that writhes on Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell. As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door. Then—home to your wardrobe and say if you dare, Spoiled children of fashion you've nothing to wear.

and,Oh! if perchance there should soon come a sphe Where all is made right that so puzzles us here; Where we, disenchanted of flesh and of sense, Unveiled by the trappings of show and pretence, Must be clothed for the life and the service above With purity, innocence, faith, truth and love; Then, daughters of earth foolish virgins, beware

Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear In the course of a week or two after the above was written, she composed-what she intended as the beginning of her poem-the following six lines:-Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison square

Made three separate journeys to Paris; And, her father assures me, each time she was the That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris, Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping, in one continual round of shopping.

These three fragments, the first consisting of nine, the second of twenty-four, and the third of six lines, were written by her on the same sheet of paper, and subsequently brought with her on a visit to this city. She had the manuscript in her hand on leaving the cars near Twenty-sixth street, and in passing through the crowd it was dropped and lost. Yours respectfully, ISAAC PECK. New York, July 27th, 1857.

The lines in the published poem which most resemble those given in Mi, Peck's letter, are the following:-

Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison square, Has made three separate journeys to Paris, And her father assures me, each time she was the That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris, (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history, But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery, Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping, In one continuous round of shopping.

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day, Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway, From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and prid And the temples of trade which tower on each side. To the alleys and lanes where Misfortune and Guilt Their children have gathered, their city have built Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey, Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair; Raise the rich dainty dress and the fine broidered skir Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt: Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair. To the garret where wretches, the young and the old, Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold. Ser those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
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Spoiled children of fashion, you've nothing to wear. And, oh! if perchance, there should be a sphere Where all is made right which so puzzles us here, Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of time Fade and die in the light of that region sublims; Where the soul, discinchanted of flesh and of sense Unsercented by its trappings and shows and pretence Must be clothed for the life and the service above With purity, truth, faith, meckness and love.

Oh! daughters of earth, foolish virgins beware

Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear

TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

THE OUTPOST:

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by vast bodies of the Huron and Iroquois Indians had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia, Ohio, and the northwest portions of New-York State—the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays, and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of 'regulars' and the colonial militin, were dispatched to the several points assailed, and amongst the his life, rest, a Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among them were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort; which at this period stood within a few miles of the north fork of the Allegheny river. -

Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old post to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and this being done and order onco more restored, sentries were placed at all the advanced points of the station while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and night.

Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, manly, fine-looking young fellow, who, from his fatal and unerring skill as a marksman had received the somewhat awe inspiring nom de plume -Death. But with whatever justice this name had been applied to him for his skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror-si reading epithet. On the contrary, he was the very life of the company.

His rich fund of mother wit, large social propensities, and constant good nature, rendered him a general favorite with the men; while the never failing stock of game which his skill enabled him to supply the mess table of the officers with, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many a' short-coming of his to be winked over in silence, which, otherwise, perhaps he might not bave got over so easily.

The company had not been stationed at the fort much more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm house, some three or so miles distant from the fort, there lived a certain Miss Hester Standhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had not seen before. And to render himself still more certain of the fact, he called the day following, under cover of the pretense of having left his powder-flask.

Death was invited to come again, by Farmer Standhope, who happened to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was accepted, and as often as circumstances to their arrival. would permit, complied with.

The second week after this occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which, though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the fort, were of widely different degrees of importance.

The first was, that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or, that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been found sadly wanting in the items of woodcocks, blackcocks, partmigan, &c., for the week past—and the second and most important of the two events, was, that in regular succession, four sentinels had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.

This last circumstance struck such dread into the breasts of the rest of the company, that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take the post-well knowing that it would be only like signing their own death warrant to do so; and Col. Innes, not wishing to wilfully ascrifice the lives of his men by compelling them to go, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal post unoccupied for a night or

Two or three reconnoitering parties had been dispatched off round the neighborhood in the hope of finding some clue to the mystery, or obtaining some intelligence of the enemy, but they had each of them returned as wise as they started, with no reward for their

trouble save weary bones. It was on the third night of the desertion of the post that our hero, Death, was returning to the fort, after paying a visit to Standhope Farm :- The moon was up, but her light was nearly all obscured by the dense masses of clouds which every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face, while the huge trees, now all in full leaf. creaked and groaned, and their tall forms swayed to and fro, as the heavy gusts rush-

ed whistling in among their branches. Our hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest-that skirted the small open space in which the fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down on his hands and knees, crept cautiously forward a few paces. Having remained in-his position for several minutes, he again stealthily retreated in the manner he had advanced; and plunging into the forest again emerged at a point considerably lower than where he had intended to leave it be-

Col. Innes sat reading, alone, in his private apartment, when an orderly entered and nformed him that one of the men wished to speak to him.

'Send him in,' said the Colonel; and at the next minute our friend, Death, had entered, and made his best bow to his commanding officer. 'Well, what scrape have you been getting

into now? said the Colonel, wher, he saw who his visitor was. 'None, Colonel,' replied Death. 'but I have ome to ask a favor. 'Let us hear it,' said the Colonel, ' and we

will then see what we can do!'.. 'Well, Colonel it is simply this—if you will put the 'rifles' under my orders to night, and let me occupy the dezerted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the disappearance of our four sentries, but make the post tenable for the future.* 'But how?' said the Colonel, in intense

'I guess, Colonel,' answered Death, 'you

'You are a strange man,' said the Colonel, 'but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to

'In about an hour's time,' answered Death. ders, so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more, if you will perto repent having humored you, you shall have poor Campbell's place.'

He always had some particular horse on hand for every particular emergency of trade, and the adroitness of his operations in

headstrong young Scotchman who had occupied the post of Lieutenant at the fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to that delightful and much abused animal, the stand sentry at the fatal spot from which three sentinels had already so mysteriously disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with

'Now, my lads,' said Death, as in about an hour after his conversation with Cot. Innes, he approached the deserted post, at the head of a dozen riflemen who had been temporarily placed under his orders, 'I will tell you what we are going to do. The long and fer in case of any stick in a transaction, and the short of the affair is simply this, it's a he being a disinterested man, would decide gang of them cussed, thievin' Iroquois that on the matter of difference, always, howevmen-shooting them with their arrows, and then decamping with their bodies.

'To-night, as I was returning to the fort, I uddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices and creeping on my hands and knees towards the spot, got nigh enough to see and hear about a dozen Iroquois were there and arranging their plans to surprise the fort to night-intending to steal upon it, by the point which their cussed devilry had rendered so easy of access. I only stopped long enough to learn this, when I hurried off arbitrator as we can find, and Fguess I'll call to the Colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learned. but determined that if possible the 'rifles' should have all the honor of exterminating the variets. And now I ask you, are you

willing and ready to follow my orders? Every man cheerfully answered in the affirmative, and with quickened pulses and sanguine hopes, the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long, narrow space, bank; while its extreme end was closed in by the dark and impenetrable looking forest, The bank on each side of the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood, and mong these Death now carefully concealed his men; taking care so to arrange them that their fire would cross each other, and bidding them not to fire until he gave the signal, and ifter they had fired not to stop to reload but clubbing their rifles, to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.

the post assigned him; and in another minute, the spot presented the same lone, still

The little company had begun to grow very impatient, and Death, himself, to fear the title and the age. that the Indians had either rued of making the attempt, or else had changed their plan of attack, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of one of his crafty foes issuing in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw far up

the pass. 'Three-six-nine-twelve-thirteen,' counted Death, as one after another they emerged in single file from the wood, and with quick don't be in such a hurry. Suppose I should up the pass; their rifles in trail, and their faces and bodies rendered still more hideous and ferocious looking by the grotesque marking of their war-paint. On they came swiftly and sileatly, and all unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.

The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf-teeth collar and eagle tuft. at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was directly opposite the bush in Someboo which Death was hid, when the latter with horse is. startling distinctness suddenly, imitated the cry of the night owl, and discharged his rifle. Eight of the Indians fell by the volley, which the remaining riflemen now poured yard. Good morning, Mr. Wax. in upon them; but strange to say, one of the five who did not fall, was the chief whom Death had aimed at. This unusual event his apron looking at the horses.

was owing to the following cause; the branch of the bush on which he had steadied his arm in firing, had suddenly yielded at the moment he discharged his piece, thus rendering harmess his otherwise unerring aim. Uttering an imprecation of his ill luck

Death sprang down the bank to the rest of his companions, and with one bound he reached the side of the Iroquois chief; they grappled and both fell heavily to the ground, clasped in a fearful embrace, and darting glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted and scowling brows.

'Keep off!' shouted Death, as he saw one or two of his companions in the act of stoop- utes saiding down to assist him, 'keep off! and if he masters me let him go.'

Over and over they rolled, writhing and straining, but seemingly neither obtaining any advantage over the other. At last the head of Iroquois suddenly came in contact with the point of a rock that protruded from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice-like grip of Death's throat; and the latter, thus released, springing to his feet, find ished his career by bringing the heavy breach of his rifle with sledge hammer force down

upon his head. The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the victorious riflemen (none of whom had received any wound worth mentioning,) now sent up a shout of triumph wood rung with it for minutes after.

As Col. Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of Lieutenant; and now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and the uncompromising yeteran, General Morgan, of revolutionary notoriety, were one and the same individual. About a fortnight after this eventful night,

Standhope Farm became the scene of as much mirth, good eating, and dancing, as could be possibly disposed of during the twenty-four hours; and though we think it will be almost superfluous to do so we will add, that the and receive lots of reprobation for it from cause of "merry-making," was the marriage of the beauteous Hester Standhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.

The knowledge of truth, which is the had hetter let me have the men, and order us is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of eral had come in rather close proximity to but squanders when he gets it. off, and I'll tell you the whole affair after.— human nature; that is to say, it would arrive at I promise you that not one shall even receive or rather, it will be, when we shall arrive at Lion. off, and I'll tell you the whole affair after. human nature; that is to say, it would be, his nose. Ike said he was blowing them at

A HORSE STORY.

A keeper of a hotel not fifty miles from Boston, is, or was, a famous man for horses, owned many, and was always ready for a Very well, I will give the necessary or trade in such cattle. He was sharp at a bargain, and was never known to make a move that didn't count on his side, until the followform all that is promised, and don't cause me | ing happened, that proved an exception to the

trade, and the adroitness of his operations in lawyer was present, and the Governor, recogputting off a beast was a subject for delighted approval on all hands among connoisseurs of isfaction, being a latitudinal word, did not almate of happiness in the trade-like the same

term in connection with the duello. Wax, that occupied a small shop near the hotel, to whom Staffle was accustomed to refer in case of any stick in a transaction, and have circumvented and carried off our four er, by what was deemed a strange fatality, deciding in favor of Staffle. Some, however, went so far as to intimate that Staffle and the cobbler had talked the matter over previously, and had certain signs by which they un-

derstood each other. When the stick came, then Staffle would say, "Well, well, we can't get along any further. Now I'm willing to leave it to a third party, and as Mr. Wax, around the corner, knows the value of the horse I am swapping with you, he will be as good and candid an him." Mr. Wax would accordingly come

nine times in ten. One day there came along a stranger with ject of Staffle's interest. He examined the horse in all his points, and determined to have him. The determination worked itself up to a positive fever by next morning; and when in which no one joined more heartily than bounded on each side by a rocky, shelving the stranger's horse was led out to be harnessed. Staffle stepped out and asked the owner, who was looking on, seeing that the

harness was adjusted properly, if he didn't want to swap horses. something out of it.

With steady alacrity each man took up those animals that, having been called a colt when legitimately entitled to the appellation, had forfeited it by the offense of age, and solemn appearance it had worn previous and was now sailing under false colors. The stranger looked at the "colt," and gave a

"Well," said he at last. "how shall trade? What are you willing to give to boot?" "Boot!" said Staffle, with feigned surprise

"the boot is on the other leg, I think." "Ah," said the man, "well, if you think so, we will stop negotiation. Good morn-"Hold on," cried Staffle: "hold on-

catlike stealithness of movement, advanced offer you-say, twenty-five dollars-how would that please you?" "It would not please me at all," was the reply. "I shouldn't want to take less than

eighty dollars."
"Well," said Staffle, "I can't do that but I'll tell you what I will do-I'll leave t out to somebody." "Done," replied the stranger; "anything for a trade. Whom will you leave it to?—

"Never a better, sir,' said Staffle, delightedly; and here's just the man, of all others, that I would like to see, coming into the for their day and then ceased to exist, was

Wax nodded good morning back again, and said so, and then stood with his hands under "Mr. Wax," continued Staffle, "this gen-

tleman and myself are about trading horses, and we want you to decide on the amount of boot that I am to pay him. You know what man to be alone." This they believed, and an excellent horse the 'coult' is, and can also that one wife only should "cleave to her judge by comparing the two, what the differ. husband," but then this should be a matter ence should be."

es?" asked the stranger. Mr. Wax nodded, and looked up into his face, as much as to say, "I should like to to call upon Rogers and talk the matter have you find a better one." He then proceeded gravely to examine the two, and, after of the impropriety of living with Sarah as standing with his arms akimbo for some min- he did. But neither John nor Sarah would

"I should think seventy-five dollars would be about right."
"Good," said the stranger: "five dollars

Staffle was red as a beet, and drawing out his pocket-book, he counted out seventy five they professed? The governor's logic was dollars, and take the horse." dollars, and paid them over. The transfer powerless.

"That was a devil of a trick you played me. What was you thinking of? Didn't you understand the 'colt' was mine?" "Yes," replied Mr. Wax; "but you didn't suspect that the other horse was mine, did over their victory that the echoes of the old | you? I bought him yesterday on specula-

tion."—Boston Saturday Gazette. MRS. PARTINGTON'S OPINION OF GENIUS. 'I don't know what you mean by genius, said Mrs. Partington with animation, while speaking of the merits of a tyro, who had just given evidence of a wonderful ability by improvising, ostensibly, a poem, before the institute of which he is a member. " I don't know what you mean by genius is he hasn't the name of the laws of God and of the Comgot it, for didn't he impoverish poetry before | monwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you the literary destitute, I should like to know. people who know what good poetry is!"
There was a triumph in the tone of her voice, and though her antagonist smiled, she evidently had him, because he made no farther remark, except to request her to compel lke presence of it, and the belief of truth, which to discontinue blowing beans at him, as sev-

The Patch on Mr. Marcy's Breeches.

Harper's Weekly relates the following anecdotes of Mr. Marcy :-- While he was Gov. ernor of this State, he was visiting Newburg on some public occasion, and with a party of gentlemen, Whigs and Democrats, was at the Orange Hotel, Good humor was prevailing, and one story suggested snother .-The Governor always enjoyed a story; and could tell one wish excellent effect. A Whig

nizing him, said:
"Ah, yea; I'll tell you a good story of that delightful and much abused animal, the Spooner. The other day he came up to Alhorse. No one ever traded with Staffle that bany, on his way to the Whig Convention did not confess himself satisfied, though sat. at Utica, and so he took it in his way to call on me to get a pardon for a convict at Sing ways mean that the satisfaction was the ulti. Sing. I heard the case, examined the documents, and being satisfied that all was right, agreed to grant the request. Spooner handed There was a jolly cobbler whose name was me the paper to endorse, and I wrote, 'Let pardon be granted. W. L. Marcy; when Spooner cried out, 'Hold, hold, Governor! that's the wrong paper! And sure enough, it was a whig speech that he was going to make at Utica, abusing me the worst possible way. But I had granted the pardon in advance, and I suppose he committed the offence

> afterward." The story was received with great applause and Spooner, being looked to for a response, instantly went on with the following, which,

for an extempore story, certainly is capital: "Yes, gentlemen-yes, I did. And when the Convention was over we went to Niagara-Falls, and as we were dragging on by stage over miserable corduroy roads, banging our heads against the top of the coach, and then coming down as if we were to go through the bottom, the stage came to a dead halt; out, leather apron and all, and, after looking at the driver dismounted, opened the door, and the matter candidly, would decide that Staffle receive a smart consideration as the difference in value, and this would settle it when we were all out, standing on the ends of the logs of which the restriction as the constant of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the restriction and the ends of the logs of which the ends of the logs of the of the logs of which the road was made, the driver took off his hat and said: 'Gentlemen, a pretty good horse, and it was at once an ob- we always stop here out of respect for the Governor; this is the identical spot where

Marcy tore his pantaloons!"" The story was heard with great jollification,

the Governor himself. That pantaloon incident deserves to be recorded in every history of this great man.-He was sent out to hold special sessions of court to try the anti-Masonic parties charged The stranger told him he hadn't the least with murder. He was to receive a salary objection, provided he could make a little and his expenses. With that nice regard for details that belonged to his sterling character, "Well," said Staffle, "I'm glad to hear he kept a minute account of all his expendiyou say so. John, bring out the red colt." tures, and handed in the list on his return, The red colt was accordingly brought out. | without thinking it proper to revise and strike It's name was a misnomer. It was one of out those items of a private nature, which other men, less scrupulous in great matters, might have carefully suppressed. There stood the tailor's charge for mending. The political foes of the Judge, when he came to be candidate for Governor, found it, and pawhistle as he sawathe discrepancy between raded it before the world in the newspapers; and making an effigy of Mr. Marcy, suspended it in the streets of Albany, with a great patch on the pantaloons and the tailor's charge on the top of that.

But an observant people saw through the patch and the charge into the heart of an honest man, and in that very deed of his they recognized a frankness and transparency of character that commended him to their warm approbation. It is not probable that the pantaloon charge lost for him a single vote, while it is doubtless true that it made him multitudes of friends. He was never ashamed of it, and never had reason to be.

MARRIED IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

Old Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut, who flourished some fifty years since, was a man of some humor, as well as perseverance in effecting the ends he desired. Among Somebody, I hope, that knows what a good other anecdotes told of him by New London people, the place where he resided, is the following:

Of the various sects that have flourished one known as the Rogersites, so called from their founder-John or Tom or some other Rogers-who settled not far from the goodly town aforesaid.

The distinguishing tenet of the sect was the denial of the propriety and scripturality of of agreement merely, and the couple should "Mr. Wax, are you a good judge of hors- come together and live as man and wife, dispensing with all forms of the marriage covenant. The old governor used frequently

give up the argument. It was a matter of conscience with themthey were very happy together as they were —of what use then could a mere matter of sn't much in a trade. Give me seventy-five form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal; were they not bound "to take He was in the neighborhood of John one

"Now, John," says the governor, after a long pause, "why will you not marry Sa-

rah? Have you not taken her to be your wedded wife?". "Yes, certainly," replied John, "but my conscience will not permit me to marry her

in the form of the world's people." "Very well. But you love her?"

"And cherish her, as bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh?" "Yes, I certainly do."

"And you, Sarah, love him and obey him, and respect him, and cherish him?" "Then," cried the Governor, rising, "in

to be husband and wife," The ravings and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail—the knot was tied by the highest authority in the State.

Time is the most precious and yet the most brittle jewel we have. It is what every man bids largely for when he wants it,

The American Ballot of Portsmouth Lest in that upper ream you have nothing to wear!

A Free Transmitter.—"Sic transit gloria muss.

A Free Transmitter.—"Sic transit gloria muss.

(k) nead them.

Thank goodness, washing day is over?

The American Ballot of Portsmouth a scratch, that is, if they will be, when we shall arrive at Lion.

Thank goodness, washing day is over?

The American Ballot of Portsmouth a scratch, that is, if they will follow my divide a knowledge and a love of the truth. That is not yet.

Thank goodness, washing day is over?

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship. ident (until elected.) John C. Fremont.