

Independent Republican

“FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG.”

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MONTROSE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1858.

H. H. FRAZIER, PUBLISHER—VOL. 4.—NO. 34.

SUMMER WIND.

By WILLIAM COLLYER BRYANT.
It is a sultry day. The sun has drunk
The rays that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm,
That canopy its dwelling, and its shade
Score miles me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Scuttling on the flowers, and then again
Flinging the pollen-dust; the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its leaves;
But far in the breeze rustling through the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the blue heaven,
Their bases upon mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air.
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gaze's eye away from me. I feel
Largely in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I feel the wind
That still delays the future of the great
Gulf, and voluble spirit of the air.
Oh, come and breathe upon the fluting earth
Of freshness and life. It is that in his voice
The heart is set, and tender words rise.
The pine is bearing its proud top, and now
Among the nearby growth, chestnut or oak,
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Bringing a shower of blossoms from the shrub,
And bearing on his fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young trees.
And some of sweetest leaves, and some of voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the roadside and the borders of the brook,
Not gulf to each other, glow in level.
Are talking in the sun as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
In small waves and sparkle as he comes.

THE OLD REPRESENTATIVE'S HALL.

This removal of the House of Representatives from their old Hall in the centre of the Capitol, into the new Hall in the extended southern wing, swakens many recollections of men and events, which, in this most silent Chamber, have played leading parts in the drama of public events. The old Capitol was destroyed by the British forces in August, 1814. The incidents of the war then raging induced Mr. Madison to convene an extra session of Congress in September of that year. They met in a plain brick building on Capitol Hill. Though the country was passing through the most critical period of its history, the message of the President occupies only about a column of an ordinary newspaper. The Speaker, Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, announced the standing committees the second day of the session, and members went at business in right good earnest. As things are done now-a-days, the message would have filled a huge volume, and a month would have been consumed in getting into working order. A temporary Capitol was erected in which the two Houses sat until the assembling of the sixteenth Congress, on the 4th of December, 1819, when the House of Representatives met for the first time in their then greatly-adorned new Hall.

He who shall hereafter write the history of these renowned legislative Chambers—the ancient and the modern—will not overlook the remarkable change that the closing hours of the old Hall of 1819 were devoted to exciting debates upon the Missouri Compromise question—that the opening hours of the new Hall of 1819 (now the old Hall) as well as several succeeding months, resounded with the din of debate on the same theme—that, after a lapse of more than a third of a century, the last Congress that occupied this Hall shook the country with agitations respecting the same Missouri Compromise, and that the first speech delivered in the new Hall of 1857 was devoted to an examination of the principles involved in the enactment of this celebrated measure; and the legitimate consequences springing from its repeal.

The struggle respecting the admission of Missouri into the Union began in the old Hall, in December, 1818, and closed in the Senate Chamber, in the great drama in American history, in March, 1820. Scarcely had the members drawn for seats, in December, 1819, than the fierce sectional battle of the last two sessions was renewed. Challenging to the arena the highest forensic powers of that resplendent Congress, and convulsing the country scarcely less than has the reopening of the controversy in our time, this essentially sectional conflict of opinion finally subsided into Mr. Clay's great oration in the old Hall, in which he expounded the principles of the Missouri Compromise, and the nation sank exhausted into apparent repose. Though the fires went down, the waters still smoldered, and waited to break out thirty-four years afterwards with a more flaming flame than before. Thus extraordinary fire-works.

At the opening of the second session of the Congress, (Mr. Clay having resigned the Chair,) John W. Taylor, of New York, was elected Speaker, on the twenty-second ballot. The opening session being mostly given to Mr. Douglas, of South Carolina. It was a national contest, growing naturally out of the agitations of the preceding sessions; and it was, though it but faintly resembled, the more recent struggle which resulted in the election of the Chair, in the close of a more protracted session in this great drama, that the old Speaker, Nathaniel P. Banks, of New York, was elected on the twenty-second ballot. We have neither time nor materials for more than brief allusions to some of the mighty themes and great men who have figured in the old Hall, during the eight-and-thirty years of its occupancy by Congress.

The first subject to which we will refer is the earliest Congressional proceedings of which we have any contemporaneous recollection. Whether by speech, and the succeeding debate, in January, 1824, on the Greek revolution.

The Greek debate was an era in Congressional eloquence. Clay, Pinckney, John Randolph, Dwight of Mass., delivered splendid speeches. The keen philippic of fiery young Bartlett, of New Hampshire, against Clay, and the lofty Kentucky's contemptuous and taunting reply, are freshly remembered.

Sam Houston, then from the wild woods of Tennessee, broke a lance in the fray. A third of a century has gone, during which he has conquered a foreign Republic, has filled its Presidential chair, and annexed it to our Union; and yet, the towering form of the old chieftain may be seen, erect and eagle-tipped, in the Senate Chamber, an active participant in its daily proceedings.

A few old of the revolutionary period yet live to remember the brilliant career which Lafayette, nearly half a century after

he had bade adieu to Washington, on the eve of his return to France, was received in the Representatives' Hall, amidst the wildest plaudits of hundreds of spectators. Mr. Speaker Clay, in the name of the great Republic, which his valor had helped to found, welcoming his return to our shores. A later day witnessed a similar spectacle, when he was greeted within this Hall by the National Representative, Kosuth, the eloquent Governor of Hungary.

In this Hall transpired that event, which so completely dissolved existing political combinations, and has influenced the destiny of men and parties even down to our day—the election of John Quincy Adams by the House to the Presidency. The spiteful contemporaneous Clay and Kreamer correspondence—the out-reiterated charges of "bargain and corruption"—the long-standing feud between Clay and Jackson then engendered—the remorseless obliquity that chafed the spirit of the great General, the great Commander, (now known to have been so undisturbed by him,) are among the bitter remembrances of this period.

We can barely mention the proposed Congress of Panama—the Tariff revision of 1828—the Indian confederacy with Georgia, and the ultimate removal of the Aborigines beyond the Mississippi; measures pregnant with great principles and private of great consequences, furnishing occasions for genius to utter glowing words which posterity will not let die. Nor can we dwell upon that other memorable contest which shook the Hall of Representatives and the Senate Chamber to their foundations, and filled every corner of the land with agitation. We mean the nullification conflict of 1830 and 1831.

It was about the time when the two last-mentioned events were pending, that the Senate began to take the lead of the House in the initiation and discussion of important measures, and to attract to itself an unprecedented share of the public attention. This was due in part to the recent infusion into that body of several new Senators, who were distinguished not only for great learning and ripe experience in affairs, but for splendid oratorical powers. To say that when Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Wright, Clayton, River, Poinsett, Ewing, Tallmadge, and Dallas, entered the Senate, they found already there, Benton, Woodbury, Tazewell, Hayne, Berrien, Frelinghuysen, Holmes, Forsyth, Sprague, and McLean, is simple proof that the north wing of the Capitol was to be the theatre where the great questions then convulsing the country were to play their principal parts.

But the other wing of the Capitol, during the closing events of Mr. Adams's administration, and the opening session of Gen. Jackson's, displayed a roll of names scarcely less eminent. Storrs, McDuffie, John Quincy Adams, Archer, Root, Cambreleng, Hamilton, Burges, Buchanan, James B. Wayne, Polk, Bell, Choate, Verplanck, Stevenson, Corwin, Evans, Binney. It needed but his array of learning and eloquence in the House, contemporaneously with the still grander display in the Senate, to entitle these four or five years to be called the golden era of Congressional oratory.

The nullification contest, and the closely following tariff compromise, and the protracted United States Bank war, would each afford materials for a chapter in even a meagre sketch of public events. But the intense interest felt in these questions, together with the leadership of the Senate in affairs, were soon to pass away—the heat which they engendered being destined to "pale its ineffable fires" before the glowing fervor of a life-long controversy concerning the Essential Rights of Man, which, commencing in 1834, has, in three-and-twenty years, raged in the old Hall, till its every seat and aisle, its every column, and arch, and tabernacle, is associated with some historic event, some heroic struggle, some brilliant triumph in this Holy Crusade, or with some effort of genius, eloquence, and courage, in behalf of the Right and the True, which will outlive the lofty dome that looked down upon them. Would that we had time to linger around some of the scenes in this great drama in American history. We can barely touch upon two of them, in passing.

The right of petition was early put in issue by that persistent body of men, the radical Abolitionists, whose convictions of duty no fire of persecution was not enough to burn out of them. It is a curious fact, that the first modern memorial respecting Slavery, ever presented to the House of Representatives, was the first genuine reply of that approaching storm which ultimately swelled into a tempest that raged in the House with unabated fury for many years. The earliest defenders of the right of petition were Messrs. Dickson, of New York, Phillips and Jackson of Massachusetts, and Slade of Vermont. Resort was soon had to the gag rule, which, as the flood of memorials began to increase in volume, was finally incorporated among the standing rules of the House. These tyrannical measures aroused the ire of John Quincy Adams, who soon became the leading champion of the right of petition. His great age, his eminent services, his persistent courage, his skill in debate, at once elevated the controversy to a commanding position before the country. During the sessions of 1830-7-8 and 9, his desk was loaded with heaps of Anti-Slavery memorials from all the free States. Every petition day witnessed a graphic scene, as the old man deliberately presented one memorial after another, taking most provoking pains to make a brief statement of the contents of each, as he handed it over to the little page, to be ultimately consigned by the Clerk to some dark cell in the subterranean vaults of the Capitol.

On the 18th of January, 1837, the House adopted the usual rule to lay Anti-Slavery petitions on the table; this being denominated the "Haves gag," or the "Atherton gag." On Monday, the 6th of February, 1837, Mr. Adams having occupied an hour or more in exhausting his pile of Anti-Slavery memorials, paused, and looking significantly at Mr. Speaker, Polk, said, "I hold in my hand a paper purporting to be a petition from cer-

tain slaves. If I should present it to the House, would it go on the table under the order of the 18th of January?" The Speaker seemed bewildered and had just time to stammer out something about the gravity of the question, when the entire Pro-Slavery side of the Chamber exploded with the most intense wrath. "Let him be expelled!" screamed a score of voices. "Expel the traitor!" shouted Dixon I. Lewis, whose huge body, weighing 500 pounds avoirdupois, came waddling and wheezing down the aisle towards the Clerk's desk. The whole corps of oligarchs were on their feet, screeching, swearing, gesticulating, like demons. Polk plied his gavel and called to order in vain, while the spectators in the overhauling galleries caught the spirit of the scene, and were going wild with excitement. Quick as thought, resolutions were prepared for the expulsion of Mr. Adams, based on the assumption that he had presented a petition from slaves for the abolition of Slavery. Here they were fairly before the House, they were offered in a modified form by Mr. Waddy Thompson, now demanding the severest course rather than expulsion. Throughout the debate began. It raged violently three days. Thompson, Dring, Cole, Wise, Underwood, leading off for the slavery; while Lincoln, Cushing, Phillips, Granger, and others, defended Adams. During the height of the tempest, the rotunda, the galleries, the passages of the Capitol, being filled with an excited throng, the colleagues and friends of Mr. Adams felt great anxiety not only for his fate in the House, but for his personal safety. Momentarily the resolutions were going through various modifications, all tending to soften their terms and mitigate their consequences. At this time the Roman cat unprovokedly fell in place, the calmest man in the chamber, with the necessary petition safely locked up in his desk. At length it came to look out that the paper was not exactly such a document as the slaveholders in their hot haste had imagined it to be. Whereupon, Dr. McLean, of Virginia, still further modified the resolutions by bettering forth that the member from Massachusetts had no right to present an idea that slaves had a right to petition; and, in a phrase on which Adams afterwards relied him alive. Finally, the Pro-Slavery side of the House began to suspect that they were pursuing the negro in the wrong direction; that if there was a colored individual in the case at all, he was more likely to be found in the ranks of the opposition, so they thought to take breath. Then Mr. Adams rose to address the House. With great deliberation, his voice pitched on a shrill key that pierced the remotest corner of the galleries, and with a frail bit of paper rustling in his aged hand, he called the Speaker's attention to the question he had put to him three days ago, which still remained unanswered. "Whether a paper purporting to be a petition from slaves would, if he used to present it, go on the table under the order of the 18th of January?" Looking around with a mingled expression of sarcastic cunning and lofty scorn which Lord Chatham would have envied, he cried in a voice, not of thunder, but in a sharp, hissing tone, such as lightning might be supposed to employ if it spoke at all. And an eye was expelled from the loggia, "babbling House for simply asking a question?" For the first time the thought flashed on friend and foe, that Mr. Adams had neither presented the paper, nor proposed to present it! Every body felt queer, while some grave men looked like link sheep suddenly denuded of their fleeces. It had now got wind that the slave was a forger; the work of some stupid slaveholder in the West, who had written the petition in his own hand, and had signed it by Scipio, Sancho, and other vulgar names, asking the House to expel Mr. Adams from their body!

And now "the Old Man Eloquent" took his turn in the debate. How he demolished one opponent after another, scouring, flaying, scolding, impaling, to his heart's content, how rank upon rank of the Cavalry went down in heaps before his trenchant blade—how he spitted poor Dring, Cole, and roasted him before a slow fire of sarcasm, when he told him that "giving color to an idea" was not a Northern but a Southern practice, one of the peculiar domestic institutions of Virginia with which he had no desire to interfere—how the House screamed with laughter, as Dring, Cole, essayed a grim smile in acknowledgement of this delicate allusion to the bleeding chemistry employed by the South to eradicate the dark taint in their degraded population—how he wound up his triumphant philippic by warning his young adversaries "never again to run on an errand till they know whether they are going!"—and how the House finally refused to lay the resolutions on the table, but brought their authors to a direct vote, and finally trampled them down by a decided majority.

The bleeding chemistry written in the Chronicles of the Old Hall of the House of Representatives!

In January, 1842, another attempt was made to expel or disgrace Mr. Adams for his practical defence of the right of petition. Among the numerous memorials forwarded to him was one from Haverhill, Massachusetts, asking Congress to take the necessary steps for the dissolution of the Union. He presented the petition on the 24th of January, at the same time remarking that he was prepared to grant its prayer. As in the previous outbreak of 1837, the Pro-Slavery side of the Chamber, which had been threatening a dissolution of the Union any day for the last dozen years, now threw itself into a foaming rage at the bare suggestion of taking it at its word. Tom Marshall, the eloquent but eccentric member from Kentucky, gravely proposed to impeach Mr. Adams for treason; Henry A. Wise, even yet famous for his absurd heresies, demanded his expulsion from the House, while milder members only called for severe censure. Mr. Adams demanded a trial. Of the thrilling incidents of that controversy, which extended through twelve bitter days, there is no time now to speak. On the fifth or sixth day, (we are writing wholly from memory,) Mr. Adams entered upon his defence. We have a distinct recollection of the mighty themes addressed forth in his outline, and which he proposed to discuss at length; and of the important documents for which he called under an order of the House—his themes and his documents embracing the whole circle of Slavery. Having laid out circle enough, as he said, in response to a question from a Southern member, to occupy two or three months, he began by an examination of the position of his assailants, *seriatim*. His reply to Mar-

shall was magnificent. In the course of it, while responding to Marshall's proposition to impeach him for treason, he turned suddenly upon him—Marshall blushed himself upon his high birth and superior intellect—and said: "The framers of the Constitution have not left it to the puny mind of the member from Kentucky to define what treason is. They have declared it solely to consist in levying war against the United States, and giving aid and comfort to their enemies. Let him study the document!"

In his reply to Wise, he was terribly severe. For once, he made the haughty, brassy Virginian blanch and quail. Wise took an active part in this attempt to degrade the old man. It will be remembered that, on the occasion of the Gilley duel, the House appeared to be determined to expel all the members who had participated in that "murder." Wise was one of the number. At a critical stage of the controversy, Mr. Adams made a speech against the constitutionality of the House to expel a member without a formal trial, and subsequently made a successful motion to lay the subject on the table. Thus Wise was saved. On the present occasion, in the course of his reply to Wise's bitter attack, he fixed his eye upon him, and, pointing his skinny finger steadily at him, said, "At a period not far remote, when the member now sitting in that chair entered this Hall, pale and haggard, his hands all dripping with the red blood of a fellow member, and this House in its indignation was about to expel him from its presence, who interposed the shield of the Constitution in defence of his privileges, and saved him from disgrace? And is this the return he renders me for that service?"

When the old man was uttering these terrible words, Wise was sitting erect at his commencement, taking notes, eyes fixed upon him, and when he saw that the speaker's countenance was completely hidden behind his desk. No convicted culprit, standing in the dock, and writhing under the sentence of a judge, ever exhibited a more pitiable spectacle than did the coward Virginia member.

We must forbear further details. Suffice it to say that, at the end of the twelfth day, the slaveholders, beaten at all points, and driven from the field, while Mr. Adams was only on the threshold of the discussion, were glad to lay their own resolutions on the table, and give up the contest.

Of Mr. Adams's rare parliamentary tact, the celebrated strife over "bread salt" of New Jersey, affords an instance. At the opening of the session, the Clerk for many days refused to put any motion to the House though scores of resolutions were offered, and he persisted in calling a roll of members which he had prepared—the House being unable in the meantime to proceed to the election of a Speaker, and standing in a dead lock of disorganization. Finally, after long debates, Mr. Adams made a motion that Mr. Rhet, (we forget at this moment whether it was Rhet or Lewis Williams,) do take the Chair temporarily, and preside till a Speaker be chosen. "Ah, ha!" responded half a hundred voices; "but who will put this question to vote?" "I intend to put it myself," instantly responded Mr. Adams. In the twinkling of an eye, the obstinate Clerk sank to the position of a mere scribble, rose out of chaos, and Mr. Adams himself was placed temporarily in the Chair. Posterity will regard the Congressional career of Mr. Adams as the most illustrious period of his great life. He served, he saved the cause of Liberty. The same unerring tribunal will place his forensic displays in the cotemporary period, bold and brilliant in a mind richly laden with the spoils of the sciences and all times. That a man who had borne no part in deliberative bodies, and had spent the greater portion of his life in foreign Courts, where he rarely heard the accents of his mother tongue, should, late in the evening of his days, enter the most tumultuous popular assembly in the world, and for sixteen years, and until he reached the octogenarian period, hold the position of the most exalted parliamentarian and the most dreaded debater of his time, is without a parallel in history.

The circumstances of his death were an appropriate closing of his extraordinary career. On a sunny morning in February, 1848, the House was thrown into one of its wildest, most turbulent moods. Half the members were on their feet, shouting to the creation of the Sierra Nevada, and standing by the creation of the Pacific Empire founded on the Pacific, larger than that which Washington won, richer than any which Cæsar ever conquered: Every throne in Europe twice shaken to their foundations: Two revolutions in France: The death of Napoleon: the restoration of his line: the final extinction of the Bourbons: England declaring her rotten boroughs, retaining her pizarro acts, emancipating her slaves, abolishing her corp laws: The genius of Fulton stemming the currents of all rivers, and ploughing the bosom of the ocean as if it were prairie: The railway a common mode of conveyance in all civilized States: The telegraph carrying messages of love and literature, of finance and war, on lightning's wings over land and sea, in the uttermost parts of the earth: And the old Hall sees the same eternal conflict between Freedom and Slavery still going on!

Mrs. PARTINGTON.—This well-known lady has concluded to have a house built after her own plan. She is very particular about its construction, and insists that it shall have a turret all around, a condition inside rear, a turret all around, and an observation tower like a strometer.

A WAGON CONSCIENCE.—We never do evil so thoroughly and cordially as when we are led by a false principle of conscience.

—Pascal.

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman in the same predicament?

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if we were a grave-digger or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with great enjoyment.

—Douglas Jerrold.

There is a man in Fifo who has so high an opinion of himself, that he imagines he is a church steeple. Being told so by the bellie, confirms him in the opinion.

Michigan militia, with Brigadier Cray in command. The various evolutions and contortions of the line, so that the soldiers might enjoy "the unbragging shadows of the shady trees," the ominous gathering in the heavens about noon, the willing shower, the scattering of the troops, their voracious charge near nightfall, the thirsty Cray leading the hungry column upon the adjacent whiskey shops, water-melon booths, and gingerbread stands—the intermingled allusions to Steuben's work on military tactics, Vauban's on engineering, to Alexander and the great Frederick—were all given in language and tones so exquisitely ludicrous, that for an hour and a half the House screamed with laughter, while poor Cray escaped to one of the adjoining committee rooms. The next day Mr. Adams brought down the House by speaking of Gen. Cray as "the late member from Michigan."

The country remembers, and the historian records, the annual financial battles which have been fought in the Old Hall. The Sub-treasury, the exciting scenes of the extra session under the Tyler dynasty—the imperious bearing of Clay—the vetoes of the incensed Virginia—the sturdy defence of the President by "the Guard," so called in the House, which consisted of Wise and Cushing, and half a dozen lesser men, all of whom secured their offices in the Senate and House by their bladders—the protective tariff of 1842—the bankrupt act by which debtors paid off their obligations in a paper currency most unsatisfactory to their creditors—the free-trade tariff of 1846, and cognate questions afforded for many years an ample field for great displays of politico-economical eloquence.

Members of the House will recollect how long during the long session of 1846, the dapper Secretary of the Treasury was seen in consultation with the regred old Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. McKay of North Carolina, whose sturdy sense and skillful leadership, carried through the tariff bill of that year.

Despite these financial measures, these monetary crises, the eternal struggle between the "Point" and the "Penny" continued. The annexation of Texas, the consequent war with Mexico, the acquisition of new Territories, and the contests of 1848 and 1850, in regard to the nature of the civil and social institutions which should be established in these Territories, bring this rambling sketch down to the eve of that greatest of all events in this protracted struggle, the overthrow of the Missouri Compromise. We will pass here a moment to refresh our own recollection of the rich scene in the House, in the winter of 1848, when Wilnot gave Father Ritchie, then editor of the *Union*, a terrible flaying, for attempting to read him out of the Democratic party, for moving as an amendment to a money bill, his Provision of immortal memory. As the ready, robust representative of the free hills of old Bradford was making the Hall ring with the blows he was leveling at the sallow, lank Virginian, the latter was fitting around the lobby, dodging behind this column, peering nervously through that cranny in the screen, and looking for all the world like a lost spirit, struggling to escape from purgatory.

But enough, ay, too much, of this. At some future time should opportunity occur, we may sketch the incidents in that recent contest alluded to, still fresh in the recollection—yes, and still going on, though its din will no longer disturb the solemn repose of the old Hall, which witnessed its opening scenes. Those yet unparallded Congressional contests—that of 1820, which resulted in adopting the Missouri Compromise, and that of 1854 which ended in its repeal, both transpiring in Washington, and both of which would afford rich subjects for the pencil of the painter, the lyre of the poet, and the pen of the historian. So, too, would many incidents in that ever changing drama, which opened with the defence of the Rights of the Union by John Quincy Adams in 1833, and which, twenty years thereafter, saw the closing scene of its first act in the glowing closing of the Missouri Compromise, by Banks to the Speaker's Chair.

Thirty-eight years ago, the Representatives of 1820, led by Henry Clay, of imperishable fame, took their seats in this historic Hall. During that period, what changes has it seen at home and abroad! Thirty-one States sitting around the National Council Board, while others, lying at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and standing by the creation of the Sierra Nevada, demand admission: A Republican Empire founded on the Pacific, larger than that which Washington won, richer than any which Cæsar ever conquered: Every throne in Europe twice shaken to their foundations: Two revolutions in France: The death of Napoleon: the restoration of his line: the final extinction of the Bourbons: England declaring her rotten boroughs, retaining her pizarro acts, emancipating her slaves, abolishing her corp laws: The genius of Fulton stemming the currents of all rivers, and ploughing the bosom of the ocean as if it were prairie: The railway a common mode of conveyance in all civilized States: The telegraph carrying messages of love and literature, of finance and war, on lightning's wings over land and sea, in the uttermost parts of the earth: And the old Hall sees the same eternal conflict between Freedom and Slavery still going on!

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black nigger?" cried Jonathan, turning to him with a furious look.

"Why, you see, I do General's aide-camp in holding the stakes in his special game?" at the same time he handed them over to his master with a chuckling laugh.

The losing party saw the deception of the trick, and appeared doubly anxious to facilitate their journey.

The General was none the less merry for having won their money, and occasionally laughed over it, saying he had merely made his expenses, whereas he ought to have made several thousand dollars.

"The Frenchman sighed, and said he thought it 'vor varie expensive country'."

The General however assured him that he should have a chance of winning back his money, as soon as he should feel disposed, by any game he or his down East friend should see proper to select.

Monsieur said he only knew one, which was the French game of *Vingt-et-un*, or twenty-one.

The General replied that was one of his strongest games; and that so soon as they could make themselves comfortably situated as to their lodgings, they would have a friendly touch at it.

Arrived at a hotel where they intended to pass the night, the Frenchman and his companion, having determined not to proceed any further with the General, made their intentions known to him—stating as a reason, that a friend whom they sought was on a tour to the South, and that on the first opportunity they should embark on a boat for Natchez.

The General said he thought they would have a pleasant trip, and that he would dispatch his servant home with his horses and accoutrements. This was certainly anything but agreeable, but as there was no help for it, our traveling friends thought proper to assent.

The water at this time being low, it was proposed by the General that a small flat boat should be procured, which would be very advantageous, and as the Frenchman could play at his favorite game of twenty-one, while the down Easter and the landlord, whom the General persuaded to go along, should manage the boat.

This accordingly being acceded to, the boat was soon under way. Scarcely had they left the shore, when the General, eager for the game, gave the Frenchman a hint to that effect, and they were soon in full blast—the Frenchman taking the deal, the General betting high and losing. Night setting in, they concluded to lay to and dispense with the game until morning.

The next day, while lying at the shore, they resumed their play—the General still losing the most important deals. At last he proposed a new change of deal. Monsieur assured him he could only play his game one way, and that was to deal. Again they played on for a time, when the General appearing to get out of patience, insisted the game should be changed, as he was over one thousand dollars the loser.

Monsieur thought it an unfair request, as he had frequently said he knew no other game.

The General still pressed his suit and said he was willing to leave it to their host, whether it was not right he should give him a chance to win back his money. The host, being a staunch friend of the General, of course decided in his favor.

By this time all was ready for the morning departure, and Monsieur, thinking he might come out second best, was anxious to leave; but the General insisted the game must be played without any further delay.

"Well, den, Monsieur," replied the Frenchman, "you shall propose your game—what is it?"

"My game," said the General, "is *dead open and shut*."

"'Tis you say General? Me no understand you, sure. It is *von dead open and shut* with one card, eh?"

"Open and shut with everything else but cards," said the General with a coarse laugh—"I will give an example."

He placed himself in an attitude to explain his game, which was done by placing his hands behind him, and requiring the Frenchman to say whether they were open or shut.

Monsieur, hardly knowing what to make of it, said "open."

"How much will you bet me?" inquired the General.

"Suppose me bette you von lecture hundred dollars."

"Done!" said the General, at the same time showing to the astonished Frenchman his closed hands. "I am sorry to inform you you have lost!" and a smile of peculiar meaning played across his mouth.

"Ah! *scro!* I shall no understand von such game General."

"Must understand it, by Jupiter!" thundered the General, once more placing his hands behind him.

The Frenchman guessed again, and lost, of course. This was repeated several times, until the Frenchman declared he could no longer play.

"Produce a substitute, then," cried the General, "by thunder! the game *must* be played."

Monsieur then referred him to his worthy friend, the Yankee—who, being called upon, proposed that he should be alternately entitled to the privilege of securing his hands. But the General soon gave him to understand that the game could be played only one way—at the same time telling the landlord he might as well station himself on shore with his rifle, as intend that he should be very little equivocating in gaming transactions.

The Yankee, finding that the General was determined not to give him a fair chance, proposed that the General should bet two to his one. The General laughed at the proposition and readily assented, provided the Yankee would agree to let him fix the amount, which was also conceded.

To a Northern traveler, this scene would have been highly interesting. About thirty yards from the boat perched upon a stump, with a long rifle in his hand, was their host, ready to oblige the slightest command of the General. At the stern of the boat stood Monsieur, with pale cheek and feelings that can be better imagined than described, as he thought on the termination of a game which would, in all probability, end in leaving him and his friend several thousand dollars in the hands of the General.

A little in advance, in front of him, stood the General and the Yankee—the former cool and collected; and the latter exhibiting much uneasiness; which was particularly perceptible in his bloodless, quivering lips—

THE WIDOW.
By ROBERT BENTLEY.
Cold was the night-wind, drifting fast the snow-fall,
While we lay down, and shelterless and naked,
When I poor wanderer struck her journeyer,
Weary and waysore.
Dear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;
Cold was the night-wind, colder was her bosom;
She had no home, the world was all before her,
She had no shelter.
Past o'er the heath a chaffard rattle by her;
"Pity me!" feebly cried the lonely wanderer;
"Pity me! I had once a husband—
Here I should perish."
"Ours I had friends—though now by all forsaken;
Once I had parents—they are now in heaven!
I had a home once—I had once a husband—
Pity me, stranger!"
"I had a home once—I once had a husband,
I am a widow, poor and broken-hearted!
Lend me the wind's whetstone, and help me complaining,
On drovo the chariot."
Then on the snow she laid down to rest her;
She heard horsesmen; "pity me," she groaned out;
Lend me the wind; I would have her complaining!
On went the horsemen.
Worn out with anguish, cold and cold and hunger,
Down sank the wanderer; sleep had seized her senses,
There did the traveler find her in the morning;
God had released her.

From the *St. Joseph Valley Register*.

YDIED OPEN AND SHUT.
By TOM HARRINGTON.
Few who have traveled much on the
lower Mississippi at an early day, but have
heard with dread the name of General
William Montgomery, and none but knew
of the landing called "Montgomery's Point,"
which for its location and some peculiar ad-
vantages was hard to be excelled. Mont-
gomery himself, was a shrewd, quick witted,
low bred fellow; who in roguish exploits was
seldom if ever equaled. He was the terror
of the South, to all who knew him, and as a
sportsman, gambler, &c., was as notorious as
the celebrated Captain Kidd as a pirate.
The General was said to have many padrem-
ont qualities in his gaming transactions, which
might be classed as follows:
First—If he found a man naked he clothed him.
Second—if he was thirsty and poor, he
gave him drink, and advised him to leave for
some more salubrious climate.
And last, though not least, if he was thir-
ty and rich, he made him drink and then
robbed him.
His notorious life was the cause of all
gamblers yielding to his nefarious designs
who chanced to fall in with him, and what-
ever the General said must of course be right,
as none dared to gaudy him.
It was about the time when his notoriety
had gained its height, that a French Gen-
eral, accompanied by a huge Yankee, ar-
rived at the "Point" on their way to the head
waters of the Arkansas river, and as there
was no other hotel in the place put up with
the General.
Application being made to him for con-
veyance, he advised them to defer their jour-
ney for a few days, as he thought the pros-
pect of high water was in their favor. This
proposition was by no means a welcome one
to Jonathan, who had learned the desperate
character of his host, and said he would
rather make a pack-horse of himself than re-
main at the "Point." The Yankee assured him like-
wise that his business was very urgent—that
he must go, on foot even, if there was no
other conveyance. The General was not
pleased with the determined obstinacy of the
two, but could not well hit upon a plan to
deter them by their own consent, so he fi-
nally agreed to take them through on horse-
back, as far as Fort Smith. The horses were
accordingly equipped, and the General with
his negro, the Frenchman, and the Yankee,
at length set out, making quite a respectable
caravan for the Arkansas wilderness.
Ere they mounted, however, the General
began running his soft sawder on the Yankee
about the many advantages he possessed over
the multitudes of the Southern people,
which were no other than being sufficient in
strength to answer as his own pack-horse,
and though he might have bushels of
wooden nutmegs and horn gun-flints, to pack
through the State, he could always accommo-
date himself.
The Yankee felt somewhat chagrined at
the insinuation, for he felt that the Frenchman
might consider him a man of that character.
After their leaving, the General still caused
Jonathan no small uneasiness by his constant
attacks on nativity, &c. The Frenchman
soon discovered the annoyance the General
was giving the Yankee, and insisted that he
was too hard in accusing his honest friend
of having to do with anything of so base a char-
acter. At this the General laughed, and told
him his accusations were by no means error-
neous. The Yankee ground his teeth, and
remarked—
"It's tarnation well for you that I ain't at
him, for if I was I'd give it to yern, darn quick
teem."
"Don't you see," said the General, turning
to the Frenchman with an insinuating
glance, "Monsieur believes it too true to be
a joke."
At this the Frenchman assumed the six feet
down Easter that the General only jested.
"You are much mistaken," said the Gen-
eral, "as if you had burnt your finger, I
never accuse a man but what I am willing to
back my accusation with my money, and
will bet you a hundred dollars, that to search
the Yankee's saddle-bags, you will find at
least one or two hundred horn gun-flints, and
as many wooden nutmegs."
"I will bette you five hundred dollars,"
said the Frenchman, "that my friend carry
no wooden nutmegs nor horn gun-flints in his
von little saddle-bag."
"I take all such bets," replied the Gen-
eral turning to Cuffy, who was showing his
ivory, and placed the above named sum in
his hand. This was immediately covered by
the Frenchman, while the Yankee dumfounded
and prepared to settle the matter by un-
loading his saddle-bag.
For some moments all gathred around in
breathless silence, when the Yankee to his
utter astonishment drew forth the above
named articles.
"Well, you see I have won," continued
the General while Cuffy roared and capered
about with delight, showing the whole
breadth of his whites, his eyes opened to an
extraordinary magnitude, and his nose flat-
tered like a viper, crying—
"You don't catch de General die at time
gosh amighty! wid dem ar horn gun-flints!"
"What have you to do with it, you tarna!