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Select Poetry.

Valedictory Song.

Sung at the commencement of the Susquehanna Institute, Towanda, Pa., July 3d, 1855.

BY B. F. TEWKSBURY.

AIR—*The Mountaineer's Farewell.*

Like the lull of the music in the sad Autumn gale
Like the moaning of zephyrs and the breeze's low wail
Come the sighs of our parting, and the bosom's wild swell
As we murmur in sadness the tender farewell.
Oh, kind teachers
We'll bless ye ever
In your own classic halls,
Like the lull of the music in the sad Autumn gale
Like the moaning of zephyrs and the breeze's low wail.

As the laving of waters on the stern ocean shore
When the war of the tempest and the billows is o'er
Comes the silent upheaving, the heart's choking swell
As we plaintively whisper the gentle farewell.
Oh, lov'd Students
Oh, fond remembrance
Of those past happy hours,
As the laving of waters on the stern ocean shore
When the war of the tempest and the billows is o'er.

Now these scenes are all over, the moment of gloom
Is hovering o'er us like death o'er the tomb—
It hastens! Oh, it comes like the dirge of a knell
And echo repeats it, farewell—fare ye well.
Oh fare ye well,
Oh fare ye well,
We must bid ye adieu.
Now these scenes are all ove the moment of gloom
Is hovering o'er us like death o'er the tomb.

Brooklyn, Pa., August, 1855.

Pennsylvania Politics—Letter from William B. Reed, Esq.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26, 1855.

To the Hon. A. G. Curtain, Chairman of the Whig State Committee, Harrisburg:

DEAR SIR: I beg to resign my position as a member of the State Committee, and desire to State the reasons which have led me to this conclusion. I am quite aware that these motives may have no interest either to my late colleagues or to the public, but I am not less satisfied that there is something in existing political relations calculated to affect personal character, and which admonishes every honorable man to be perfectly ingenous and unreserved as to what he does. In this communication I mean to be so, and I shall be very glad, if I am in error on any matter of fact, that you will correct me.

I was appointed a member of the State Committee by the Whig Convention of 1854, which nominated Mr. Pollock and Mr. Darsie. To us was confided the duty of promoting the success of that ticket in its integrity—Mr. Darsie's success as much as Mr. Pollock's. We were bound in honor to do all we could for both these gentlemen, and I can confidently assume that if any human being, in or out of the Convention or the Committee, had hinted the idea that one of these candidates was to be sacrificed, it would have been met by a most indignant rebuke. There was not even an undercurrent of intelerance *then*. These were Whig nominations, entrusted to the honor of a Whig Committee.

On receiving the intelligence of my appointment, I immediately wrote to the President of the Convention, begging, for personal and official reasons, to be excused from serving. Had I dreamed of what has since occurred, my withdrawal would have been peremptory, and I should have been spared the mortification of seeing the party, with which I have acted for thirty years, endangered, if not destroyed, by sinister and secret influences which I could not control and with which I might seem to be implicated. Yielding, however, to the urgency of old and kind friends, who seemed to think I might render some service, I consented to act. In one respect, and but one, (aside from the pleasant personal associations we have had,) am I glad I served. It enabled me, and in this my colleagues of the Committee and our candidates cordially co-operated, to aid in assuaging the asperities of political conflict, and so to direct the canvass that little or no personal feeling mingled in it. Sure I am that no word of personal reproach or unkindness to Governor Bigler, or any individual member of the Democratic party, emanated from the State Committee. It was in this particular a most decorous contest.

Having agreed to act, I took, as you are aware, my full share of duty, and attended every meeting of the Committee, one of which was held three hundred miles from my home.

You will excuse this recapitulation. It is necessary to the illustration of the painful, and in my judgment, most discreditable sequel to what was so propitiously begun. In the winter and spring of 1854, two incidents of public interest occurred, which in my opinion were attended with the worst consequences—the passage of the Consolidation Bill, and the first election under it. To consolidation, in every form in which it was presented, I am proud to say I always was, and yet am, resolutely opposed. The principle was wrong and delusive—the details of the measure, as has been abundantly proved, were incongruous and imperfect—the machinery rickety—and the manner in which it was forced on the public, no one venturing to resist the spurious sentiment that was stimulated, was most unfortunate. Its sad results no one now questions. The most sanguine enthusiast of this great speculation can do no more than hope for the very distant future.—In the long run, (to use a favorite phrase,) it may succeed, but it will be a very long run indeed, of suffering and dishonor, and social disorganization and imminent bankruptcy.—Every one of these results has in point of fact ensued. A huge municipality has been created which thus far cannot manage itself. Its Legislature is a miniature Harrisburg, transplanted to Philadelphia. The treasury is bankrupt. The credit of the community has been narrowly saved, so far as the payment of the mere funded interest is concerned, but is prostrate in everything else. New loans are familiarly talked of. New taxes are inevitable, and yet no one ventures to propose them. These I affirm to be the consequences—the bitter and natural fruits of this consolidation scheme.

In May of last year occurred the first election under the new system.

It was at this election that, for the first time, was developed a new and most dangerous element of political action, which has been running a short race of triumph ever since, but which now, I am happy to believe, is near its appropriate end. I of course refer to Know-Nothingism or secret Americanism. How, or where, or when it exactly originated no one knows—at least, no one out of its Councils, and, I suspect, not very many in them. It is believed to have had a very impure origin out of this State, and to have been transplanted hither by hands already stained by a good many black political spots, bankrupts in fortune and character, spirits congenial to any fraud that might, under a cloak of secrecy, be perpetrated with safety. Such I believe to have been its origin, tho' I am equally well satisfied that much personal respectability and honest, though misdirected sentiment has been infused in it since.—No matter, however, how or where it began, the disease broke out with great virulence in this city in the spring of 1854. Hundreds and thousands of sturdy Whigs, who had been fighting open Americanism all their lives, and as many fierce Democrats, rushed into these lodges—were initiated by some mock ceremony, and swore that they would never vote or assist or aid members of one Christian denomination—that they would proscribe every naturalized citizen; swore, too, though nominal Whigs or Democrats, that they would break faith with ancient friends and abide by the decisions of secret lodges—swore further to a code of disingenuousness which required them to deny their membership. Its mystery made it attractive and seemed to make it safe. Many a man who was ashamed publicly to preach intolerance and proscription, could do it safely in a secret council room. This system of denial and equivacation—a cardinal principle of Know Nothingism—led to some instances of personal degradation in this city which I do not like to think of.

It was not long after this election when the glory of triumph was brightest, that the Whig State Committee met for the first time in this city. I am confident in the belief that at that time this secret party had no considerable foothold in our committee. I have no idea of recapitulating the acts or counsels of the Committee then or thereafter. You will do me the justice to say, that from first to last, in every form and guise, I opposed all affinity to this new party, and I am glad to do you the justice, that you were equally decided and resolute on the same side. We worked together most harmoniously. Then, too, it was, that the question of our duty to George Darsie was considered and discussed, and then we were, or seemed to be, unanimous, that it was a matter of duty and honor to support him. The fact is now confessed, I regret to say, that some of our Committee, thus pledged in fairness and honor recognizing the superior obligation of Know-Nothing oath, voted for Mr. Mott, the Democratic candidate, believing him to belong to the order. The same subject of discussion arose at our meeting at Pittsburg, with the same apparent result, though I have no doubt the scheme of sacrificing Mr. Darsie was in the meantime matured. It certainly was most systematically perfected, and thus one of the ablest and most upright public men in the Commonwealth, who, in spite of his nativity and a few years of infancy in Protestant Scotland, had been a Pennsylvania legislator for nearly fifteen years, was sacrificed at the bidding of a secret oath-bound association, composed, to a large extent, of individuals who openly claimed communion with the party they betrayed.

How little the State Committee could do to avert this discredit, you very well know. The secret influence was around them, and upon them, and within them, and those who, like myself and others, were open and candid in their condemnation of this secret action and organization, were not fairly met or answered. The secret order was satisfied with rapid recruiting. Their oaths prevented discussion or fair play. It was confidently alleged and assumed that Mr. Pollock joined the order. From his own lips I have it that, at the time of his election, he was not a member of any party whose organization required him to proscribe any portion of his fellow-citizens, and relying on that assurance, I continued my exertions, and voted for him. I voted for the Whig ticket at the fall election. I voted for Mr. Tyson for Congress, after he obtained the Whig nomination, tho' I confess I was perplexed by many rumors that he, too, had joined the order, and taken the requisite *oaths*. I could not persuade myself that a man at his time of life, who had pronounced so many elaborate discourses in favor of religious toleration, and who venerated with a faith so sincere and professing, the name of Wm. Penn—the friend and favorite of England's Roman Catholic King—I could not persuade myself that he had abjured the principles of his education, and sworn to this new allegiance. Had I lived in the first Congressional District, I should no doubt have voted for Mr. Morris, for there would have needed much more than rumor to convince me that he, the ancient antagonist of Native Americanism, (which was at least a manly party,) had retracted, and joined the secret order. If these were errors on my part, they were errors on the side of fidelity to my friends and party.

After the month of September, 1854, the State Committee never met. Gov. Pollock and Mr. Mott were elected, and those of us who felt we were excluded from the new communion, had scarcely the heart to rejoice—the means of triumph in our opinion being so unworthy—and nothing to console us but the dim hope that things might turn out better than we feared.

In January of this year, the new administration was inaugurated and the new Legislature met. Of the doings of that legislature I need not speak, and especially of that scene of impotent intrigue, the canvass for United States Senator. Though there was a nominal Whig majority, the very name of Whig was ignored. The caucus was one of "*Secret* Americans" from which Whig Senators and Representatives were excluded—and within and upon that caucus, everything being veiled by what was thought to be safe secrecy, the influence of corruption, personal, pecuniary and political, were thought to be brought to bear. What better illustration, (I now appeal to your own observation,) could there be of the mischievous capabilities of this secret organization than Gen. Cameron's success in the "American caucus?" I do not unite in the denunciation heaped on that gentleman. I think—aside, of course, from all question of right and wrong—that his consummate skill and capacity of accommodating himself to an emergency, deserved better success than he attained. He fought his enemies with their own weapons and beat them. If they mined, he countermined. If they plotted and organized in secret lodges, he constituted lodges of his own, or went into theirs, and beat them even at mystery. If they renounced past political fidelity, Whig or Democratic, he, without any effort, renounced too. If they swore eternal enmity to Catholics and naturalized citizens, he swore as hard as they. It was with them all "Death to the Romans,"—Punic antipathy and Punic faith. I confess I do not see how any "Know-Nothing" can find fault with Mr. Cameron. And this accounts, in my poor judgment, for the feeble result of the secession which took place from the Senatorial caucus. The deserters carried with them, as marks of shame in Know-Nothing eyes, the fragments of their broken oaths, oaths of fidelity to secrecy and obedience. They had on their breasts the "*Scarlet Letter*," and they could not get rid of it, or hide it, or disguise it. And thus it ended. I am sorry to refer to all these matters, filled as they are with painful memories, but they are too illustrative of the domination of this secret and dangerous party to be passed in silence.

During all this time, the State Committee was not called together, and if it had been could have done little good. The melancholy fact had by this time developed itself, that out of the thirteen, of which number the Committee consisted, seven it was believed, had joined the secret order, some cheerfully and readily, and from congeniality of feeling and opinion; others, I venture to say, reluctantly, blushingly, and under what seemed to be an overbearing necessity. Whether hereafter, when the account for these misdoings comes to be settled, any distinction will be made between those who readily and those who unwillingly bartered away ancient political opinions, it is not for me to say.

I confess that, during this spring, I was anxious that our Committee should meet, if only to enable some of us to speak out, and to let an organized body in Pennsylvania have the honor of striking the first blow at the secret party. The elections in New York and Virginia, and the local spring elections in this city occurred first, and gave the wound from which the life blood of the organization is flowing away. Nothing could be more creditable to the nation—more fatal to this new party, than the almost contemporaneous election of Senator Seward and Gov. Wise, the one a northern Whig, the other a southern Democrat; men of widely different opinions, but on this great question standing shoulder to shoulder in defence of the Constitution, religious liberty, and equality of political rights. It was proved to be beyond the power of any secret conclave or its missionaries of mischief, effectually to rally thro' the length and breadth of the land the secret rebels to the Constitution.

On the 23d of July, ten months after we separated at Pittsburg, the Committee met in this city, and then I determined, and you well know, made no secret of my resolution, to bring this matter of Know-Nothingism before the Committee, and ask its action in the way of distinct and emphatic repudiation. I felt it my duty as a matter of self-respect. I believed that my Philadelphia fellow-citizens, whom I immediately represented, expected of me, and I think, having tried long to deserve their confidence, and having earned it, and being very proud of it, I properly estimate public opinion on this point. Here in Philadelphia, this secret party drew its first breath and gained its first victory; and here, in Philadelphia it has met its first reverse and will breathe its last. No one can mistake its coming doom.

What occurred in the Committee you know. To the proposition to call a Whig Convention I cheerfully assented, meaning, as soon as the call was determined on, to ask the Committee, by a manly declaration of principle, to free that Convention on its inception from the suspicion which since this secret party has existed, has hung round every political body that has met. I therefore offered and asked the Committee to adopt the following brief but comprehensive resolutions, every word of which had been well considered, and for every word of which I am willing to be responsible:

Resolved, By the Whig State Committee of the State of Pennsylvania, that an address be issued by this Committee calling the Convention to meet at Harrisburg——, and asserting the following principles of action:

1. Disapproval in the clearest and strongest form of all secret political associations as immoral and unconstitutional, opposed to the principles of our republican form of government, and utterly subversive of the confidence which ought to subsist among political friends.

2. Condemnation especially of that form of secret political associations which proscribes American citizens on account of their religious opinions or their place of birth, this Committee and the Whig party recognizing in its broadest sense, the constitutional principle that every man has a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and that organized political proscription on account of religious belief would be an interference with that right.

3. Disavowal by this Committee collectively and individually of any connexion with or sympathy with any such secret political organization.

4. The assertion of the feeling common to every Whig of Pennsylvania, and to very many of other organizations, that the Nebraska and Kansas measures of the last Congress, the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise line, and, as a part of the same system, the lawless and violent conduct of individuals since in Kansas, especially are abhorrent to the people of the North, and ought to be redressed.

5. That these measures were a wanton renewal of sectional agitation, for which in no sense are the Whigs of the North, and especially the Whigs of Pennsylvania, responsible.

6. That the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line ought to be demanded and insisted on as a matter of right.

7. The reassertion of the Whig principles—the value of which every hour is confirming—of protection in some form to American industry, and especially to the staple interests of Pennsylvania yet struggling into existence—the policy of peace and neutrality on the part of the General Government, and resolute abstinence from all schemes of foreign aggrandizement and sympathy or affinity to foreign politics.

These resolutions, after a free discussion, were laid on the table, my own vote being the only one recorded in their favor; and yet I hope I may be permitted to say there were few of the Committee who did not, in their hearts and consciences, agree to every word in them. It is due to my colleagues to add that some of them put their votes on the resolutions strictly on the ground of inexpediency and a doubt as to the powers of the Committee. With them, however, readly united those others of our colleagues who are not ashamed to avow that they are Know-Nothings, and, as such under a paramount if not exclusive allegiance.

During that discussion one of these gentlemen, as you will recollect, said with emphasis, and without a word leading to it, that if these resolutions passed he should resign. Till then no word which, by any possibility could be construed into a threat, had been whispered—certainly not by me. But the feeling and resolution were all along cherished that, if, after all that had occurred, the sacrifice of Mr. Darsie, the discredit of last winter at Harrisburg, the insolent abandonment of the very name of the Whig party, and, above all, the prevalent suspicion that effected every one, these resolutions, or something like them, were not passed, my duty as a gentleman was very clear, vacate, as I now do, my position. It is a resolution, I assure you, not lightly formed or which can be reconsidered.

The resolutions affirmed this secret organization, with its proscriptive and evasive oaths, to be not only *unconstitutional*, but *immoral*! I deliberately reiterate that opinion, be its value what it may, without agitating another grave question, whether these combinations and these extra judicial oaths are not strictly unlawful. It is a very safe kind of swearing for easy consciences when no penalties of perjury are risked. I am, by education and principle, opposed to all extra judicial oaths—having been taught long ago by one of the greatest lawyers Pennsylvania ever produced—one, too, whose memory I most affectionately nourish, that the administering or the pronouncing of any oath, except by authority of law, is an offence against the Law. The example of this secret party is making them fearfully common—this taking in vain the Almighty's name—"this rash swearing not required by the magistrate" which the wisdom of more than one Protestant church condems. I am free to say that oaths of exculpation are nearly as repugnant as oaths of initiation and proscription. Aside, I repeat, from question of law, the whole secret organization is immoral, and degradingly so in this, that it exacts evasion and sometimes the denial of truth. If it does not now, it certainly did so once, in its prime of youth and pride of victory. The obligation once was, and I fear is yet, to evade the confession of membership if possible, and if not, expressly to deny it; and I have myself seen instances of this degrading prevarication which makes the use of the word "immoral" almost too gentle.

One other word, and I have done. I shall look with deep interest to the constitution and action of the Convention which is summoned to meet at Harrisburg in September. I trust its action may be unreserved in the enunciation of principles—conciliatory to those who agree in principle and *republican* in every sense—and most so in this, that no whisper shall be uttered, no intimation given that can be construed into an interference with religious liberty, which the Constitution guards, or with social or political rights, which the Constitution recognizes. I am, very respectfully, yours,

WM. B. REED.

The Execution of Andre.

On Independence Day, we took a steamer for the county of Rockland, determined to pass the 4th in peace and quietness, and desirous of refreshing our patriotism amidst the scenes hallowed by the sacred memories of the Revolution. We visited Washington's head quarters at the little village of Tappan; the Seventy Six House, where Andre was confined, the place where he was executed, the grave where he was buried, and whence he was exhumed. We conversed with a venerable old lady, who gave him four peaches on the morning in which he went forth to die. "He thanked me with a sweet smile, she said, but somehow or 'nother he didn't seem to have an appetite. He only bit into one of them.

Standing by his grave we could see into the broad Hudson, the very place he was arrested by Van Wart, Williams, and Paulding and the gleaming of a white monument erected to their memory; the place where Washington stood when Andre went forth to die upon the gallows.

The following account of Andre's execution is one of the most minute and interesting that we have ever read. It was furnished by Mr. William G. Haeselbarth, of Rockland County, the history of which he is engaged in writing. It was taken down from the lips of a soldier of Col Seduthan Baldwin's regiment, a part of which was stationed a short distance from where poor Andre suffered.

One of our men whose name was Armstrong being one of the oldest and best workmen at the trade in the regiment, was selected to make his coffin, which he did and painted it black, as was the custom at that period.

At this time Andre was confined in what was called the old Dutch Church—a small stone building with only one door, and closely guarded by six soldiers.

When the hour appointed for his execution arrived, which was 2 o'clock in the afternoon a guard of three hundred men were paraded at the place of his confinement. A kind of procession was formed by placing the guard in single file on each side of the road. In front were a large number of American officers of high rank on horseback. These were followed by the wagon containing Andre's coffin, then a large number of officers on foot with Andre in their midst.

The procession wound slowly up a moderately rising ground about a quarter of a mile to the west. On the top was a field without any enclosure; and on this was a very high gallows, made by setting up two poles or crotches and laying a pole on the top.

The wagon that contained the coffin was drawn directly under the gallows. In a short time Andre stepped into the wagon, then on his coffin, took off his hat and laid it down; then placing his hands upon his hips, and walked very uprightly back and forth, as far as the length of the wagon would permit, at the same time casting his eyes up to the pole over his head, and the whole scenery by which he was surrounded.

He was dressed in a complete British uniform. His coat was of the brightest scarlet faced and trimmed with the most beautiful green. His under-clothes vest and breeches were of a light buff; he had a beautiful head of hair, which, agreeable to the fashion was wound with black ribbon and hung down his back.

Not many minutes after he took his stand upon the coffin, the executioner stepped into the wagon with a halter in his hand, on the end of which was what the soldiers in those days called a "hangsman's knot," which he attempted to put over the head and around the neck of Andre, but by a sudden motion of his hand this was prevented.

Andre now took off the handker chief from his neck, unpinned his shirt collar, and deliberately took the cord of the halter, put it over his head, and placed the knot directly under the right ear, and drew it very snugly to his neck. He then took from his coat pocket a handkerchief, and tied it before his eyes. This done, the officer who commanded spoke in rather loud voice, and said;

His arms must be tied.

Andre at once pulled down the handkerchief which he had tied over his eyes, and drew from his pocket a second cord, which he gave to the executioner, and then replaced the handkerchief.

His arms at this time were tied above the elbow and behind the back.

The rope was then made fast to the pole over head. The wagon was very suddenly drawn from under the gallows, which together with the length of the rope, gave him a most tremendous swing back and forth; but in a few moments he hung almost entirely still.

During the whole transaction he seemed as little daunted as John Rogers when he was about to be burnt at the stake, although his countenance was rather pale.

He remained hanging from twenty to thirty minutes, and during that time the chambers of death were never stiller than the multitude by whom he was surrounded. Orders were given to cut the rope and take him down without letting him fall. This was done, and his body carefully laid on the ground.

Shortly after the guard was withdrawn, and the spectators were permitted to come forward to view the corpse; but the crowd was so great it was some time before I could get an opportunity. When I was able to to do this, his coat, vest and pants had been taken off, and his body laid in the coffin, covered by some under clothes. The top of the coffin was put on.

I viewed the corpse more carefully than I had ever done that of any human being before. His head was very much on one side, in consequence of the manner in which the halter had drawn upon his neck. His face appeared to be greatly swollen and very black, resembling a high degree of mortification. It was indeed, a most shocking sight to behold.

There were, at this time, standing at the foot of the coffin, two young men of uncommon short stature. They were not more than four feet high. Their dress was extremely gaudy. One of them had the clothes just taken from Andre hanging on his arm. I took particular pains to learn who they were, and was informed that they were sent up from New York to take care of his clothes, but what other business I did not learn.

I now turned to take a view of the executioner, who was still standing by one of the posts of the gallows. I walked near enough to have laid my hand on his shoulder, and looked him directly in the face. He appeared to be about twenty-five years of age; his beard of some two weeks growth; and his whole face covered with what appeared to have been taken from the outside of a greasy pot. A more frightful looking creature I never beheld. His whole countenance bespoke him to be a fit instrument for the business he had been doing.

I remained upon the ground until scarcely twenty persons were left; but the coffin was still beside the grave which was previously dug.

I returned to my tent with my mind deeply imbued with the shocking scene I had been called to witness.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Fireside Story about Honesty.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in town, and broke it, and gave the half to his son.—"Not so father," said the boy, "I shall not eat till after you. You have been working all day at small wages to support me; and you must be very hungry; I shall wait till you are done."

"You speak kindly my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more good than my food, and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love me as she used to do; and indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn to eat." Thank you father, but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require more than I do. "I shall divide the loaf for you my boy; but eat I shall not, I have abundance, and let us thank God for his great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still cheerful and contented hearts. He who, gave us the living bread from heaven to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies?" The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin together the frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf there fell out several pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. My son, he cried, do not touch the money it is not ours. But whose is it father if it is not ours?" I know not as yet to whom it belongs; but probably it is put there through some mistake. We must inquire.—But father, interrupted the boy, you are poor and needy, and you bought the loaf, and the baker may tell a lie, and—

"I will not listen to you my boy, I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us.—The baker may possibly cheat us, but that is no reason why we should try to cheat him. I am poor indeed and that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own son, oh! let us also share the goodness and trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation but God's will be done should it be so! Yes my boy, trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes. So the boy run for the baker.

Brother workman, said the old man, you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money, and he showed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father, if it is, take it away. My father, baker is very poor, and,—Silence my child, put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money. The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf.—Thou art indeed an honest fellow, said the baker, and my neighbor David, the flax dresser spoke the truth when he said thou wert the most honest man in our town. Now I will tell you about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer, this morning and thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, so I sold it to thee as thou knowest for the last pence in thy purse, and the loaf, with all its treasures—and certain, it is not small—is thine, and God grant thee blessings with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his arms about his neck, and said, "I shall always be like you, my father—trust God, and do what is right, for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

A Marshal of the United States.

Among the Americans who attended the late ball given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four Major Generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the marshals of France went, there went Jack; and wherever the marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the post of honor. The day after the ball Jack called on his acquaintance Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, who started up a little conversation in the following manner:

"I hear Jack, you were at the ball last night?"

"I was, sir, and had a high old time."

"For which you are indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with? By the way, how came you associated with the marshals?"

"How? By virtue of my office—they were marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission and took post accordingly."

"By right of your office—what do you mean?"

"Read that and see."

Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a whitey-brown paper, with a seal big enough for a four pound weight.

"What in the name of Heaven, Jack, is this?"

"My commission of 'marshal'—I received it in 1850, when I assisted in taking the census in Frankfort."

"You don't mean to say that you travel on this?"

"I don't mean anything else. That makes me a 'marshal' of the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored."

Mr. Mason allowed that Jack was doing a large business on a very small capital. We should not wonder if the reader did the same. A census marshal of Frankfort mixing in with the marshals of France is certainly rushing matters in a manner that requires as much brass as epaulettes. Jack we are happy to say, is equal to the requirements.

A Duelling Anecdote.

Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbon, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

"We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds and in a lamentable voice said—

"Gentlemen I am a poor arisan, with a large family, and would——"

"My good man, don't trouble us now, cried one of the officers; don't you see that my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a christian humor."

"It is not alms I ask for, said the man. I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make their coffins."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laugter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other and walked away.

☞ A wag once entered a store in London, some years ago, which had for its sign "The two Baboons," and addressing himself to the proprietors, said:

"I wish to see your partner!"

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you'll excuse the mistake."

"Oh, there's no harm done; but what made you think there was two of us!"

"Your sign—The *Two* Baboons."

Sands of Gold.

Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap materials as dear ones.

The man who does the most has the least time to talk about what he does.

A quiet exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates errors as grass extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving them no room to grow.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

Giants are seldom overlooked.

The thoughtless and impatient shut their eyes to danger, rather than labor to avert it.

The fame which follows true greatness no friend need hold up, and no enemy can keep down.

A man's moral principles, like the dikes of Holland or the levees of the Mississippi, need to be continually watched and strengthened. He is ruined if they are undermined or overthrown.

Confused thought is a cheap commodity, but some writers parade it as if it were a priceless jewel.

D'Aubigne, in his History of the Reformation says, "The gospel triumphs by the blood of its confessors, not by that of its adversaries."

The world seems to the old to have gone backward, because they have gone forward.

Grouting.

Grouting is a simple operation by which the roots of plants taken up in dry weather are coated over with a moist and (sometimes) fertilizing substance, which prevents their dying from excessive evaporation, and gives an impulse to their growth until their existence is rendered certain by a shower of rain. When properly done, it is of great utility, rendering the gardener or planter almost independent of the seasons. We scarcely wait for a rain, in order to transplant cabbages, tomatoes, sweet potato draws, or any similar plants, our practice being simply this; We take a bucket of rain water or soap suds from a washing tub, and stir into it enough leave or woods would and scrapings from the cow-pen to make it as batter or thin mortar.

Into this batter we dip the roots of sweet potato draws or any other plant, and when they are well coated with the grouting mixture, we set them where they are intended to stand, in a hole made with a dibble or pointed stick, and having pressed the earth firmly around all parts of the root, the work is done.—*Michigan Farmer.*

THE LATE CHANCELOR KENT.—The late Chancellor Kent was one of those men whose innate dignity enabled him to take in good part familiarity—the result of ignorance and accident. He was extremely fond of martial music; and hearing the drums of a recruiting party who had taken their station at the corner of a street, to beat a point of war, he walked out to listen to it nearer. Insensibly he was whistling the burden of a tune, when the man of war accosted him thus:

"You are fond of such music then, my fellow?"

"Yes," was the reply.

Well, then said sergeant Kite, why not join us? Good quarters—good bounty—large bounty. Besides our Captain is a glorious fellow. Why don't you now! You can't do better."

"Well, said the Chancellor, I have one pretty strong objection."

"What is it?" asked the Sergeant.

"Why just now I happen to have a better trade."

"What trade is it?"

"I am Chancellor of the Stat of New York, he answered.

"Whew! muttered the Sergeant, Strike up,—quick time,—forward, march!"

Off tramped the military man without looking behind him, leaving the Chancellor to enjoy his laugh at the adventure.

MASTER AND SCHOLLAR.—A learned pedagogue, at Nantucket, who used every morning to read passages in the Bible, and expound the same as he proceeded, in order, that by asking questions as to how much they remembered of his comments, he might ascertain who were the bright boys of school. On one occasion he read from the book of Job, thus:

"There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job, and he feared God, and eschewed evil: that is he eschewed evil as I do tobacco—he would have nothing to do with it. With this very clear and fordible argument of the word *eschew*, he proceeded until a number of verses were read and commented on in a similar clear and intelligent manner.

After a long interval, when the young mind had time to digest its food, the pedagogue called up one of the younger boys, and the following dialogue ensued.

"Who was the man who lived in Uz?"

"Job."

"Was he a good man?"

"Yes."

"What did he do?"

"*He chewed tobacco when nobody else would have nothing to do with it,*" was Bob Holmes' answer.

The boy was permitted to take his seat.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—A gentleman who was recently in pursuit of Christ's Church, Boston located in Salem street, stepped into a store in the neighborhood, and inquired of the proprietor,

"If he could direct him to Christ's Church!"

The proprietor stepped to his store door, and directing the attention of the gentleman to a tall spire which loomed up before him, remarked,

"That, sir, used to be called Christ Church, but I don't believe *He's* been there for more than *two years*."

The gentleman being well acquainted with the facts through the papers, that unhappy difficulties had been of frequent occurrence in that church, was perfectly satisfied with the information.

☞ A lawyer once approached a pretty quakeress and said she looked so charming he couldn't help giving her a kiss.

"Friend," said she, "thee must not do it."

"Oh, by Heaven, I will!"

"Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it, but thou must not make a practice of it."

☞ A lieutenant's widow writes to complain that her heart is "left-tenantless."