

Lehigh



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NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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Poetical Department.

My Childhood's Home

Time has fled—long years have gone
 Backward to the shadowy past—
 Years that in their early dawn
 Gladness seemed as they came on,
 And their forms before them cast.
 When the years that now are old
 Winged their flight all joyously—
 When the seasons sweetly rolled,
 And the hours seemed links of gold—
 Lived I in mine infancy.
 It is branded brightly—fears were few—
 O'er the years of life to come
 Hung a veil that checked my view,
 Though bright hopes still peeped through
 O'er my happy childhood's home.
 Now a ruin, grey and old
 Stands where then our cottage stood,
 I vividly recall its hold,
 And dark waters, dead and cold,
 Cloth'd with moss the crumbling word.
 Then, the busy, restless mill
 Checked the waters in their flow,
 And the noisy water wheel
 Held above the chafing rill,
 Ever bright a changeful bow.
 Yes the bow still lingered there,
 Like the joys that fancy rears
 In the future dark with care—
 'Mid the spray as bright and fair
 As the smile 'mid childhood's tears.
 Then, far round a forest spread
 Shunting out half heaven's blue
 While the trees all closely wed,
 Traced their branches overhead,
 Letting checkered daylight through.
 Now a swamp where reptiles grow
 Spreads around its baleful breath,
 And the trees all bending low,
 Not yet perished, seem as though
 Living in the arms of death.
 Then, dear friends made home more dear,
 Made the hours more smoothly flow,
 Kept the mind from future fear,
 Made all dangers disappear,
 Gave all joy a brighter glow.
 Now, their much loved forms no more
 Shall be seen again by me,
 Life is past, their trials o'er,
 And they live beyond its shore,
 Blest in immortality.
 O'er my spirit broodeth now
 That that tells of coming rest,
 Soon the yew andypress bough
 Shall hang drooping, waving low,
 O'er my worn and weary breast.
 Much I wonder, if my soul
 Will feel aught of loneliness,
 If the bell of time e'er toll,
 And the ages backward roll,
 That rest o'er thy loveliness.
 Or if I may lead my aid
 To remove the touch of time,
 And make thee as when I strayed
 Happy underneath thy shade,
 In my childhood's joyous prime.
 If I might, thy scenes should bloom
 With a radiance never thine,
 Swift dispersing all thy gloom,
 All earth's charms to fill its room
 Should their every power combine.
 Flowers should bloom where mosses grew
 Where wreaths should lindes sing,
 Zephyrs breathe where north winds blew,
 Till the scenes my childhood knew
 Should seem one eternal spring.

Miscellaneous Selections.

DEATH OF HAMILTON.

A Thrilling Sketch.

Disappointed, and all his hopes blighted, as he believed by Hamilton's instrumentality Burr became eager for vengeance. Humiliating was the contrast between himself and Hamilton, to whom, in his anger, he was ready to ascribe, not his political defeat merely, but his blasted character also. Though fallen from his former station of commanding influence in the conduct of affairs, Hamilton still enjoyed the unbounded confidence of a party, out-numbered, indeed, but too respectable to be despised; while, of his bitterest opponents, none, with any pretensions to character or candor, doubted his honor, or questioned his integrity. Burr, on the other hand, saw himself distrusted and despised by every body, and just about to sink into political annihilation and pecuniary ruin. Two months meditation on this desperate state of affairs, wrought up his cold, implacable spirit to the point of risking his own life to take that of his rival. He might even have exterminated the insane hope—for though cunning and dexterous to a remarkable degree, he had no great intellect—that Hamilton killed or disgraced, and thus removed out of the way, he might yet retrieve his desperate fortunes.

Among other publications made in the course of the late contest were two letters by Dr. Cooper, a zealous partisan of Lewis, in one of which it was alleged that Hamilton had spoken of Burr, as a "dangerous man who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." In the other letter, after repeating the above statement, Cooper added, "I could detail you a still more respectable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

Upon this latter passage Burr seized as the means of forcing Hamilton into a duel. For his agent and assistant therein he elected William P. Van Ness, a young lawyer, one of his most attached partisans, and not less dark, designing, cool, and implacable than himself. Van Ness was sent to Hamilton with a copy of Cooper's printed letter and a note from Burr, insisting upon a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant Cooper's assertions.

Perfectly acquainted with Burr and Van Ness, and perceiving as well from Van Ness's conversation as from Burr's note a settled intention to fix a quarrel upon him, Hamilton declined any immediate answer, promising a reply in writing at his earliest convenience. In that reply he called Burr's attention to the fact that the word "despicable," however in its general signification it might imply imputations upon personal honor as to which explanations might be asked, yet from its connection, as used in Dr. Cooper's letter, it apparently related merely to qualifications for political office, a subject, as nothing was said about the more definite statement referred to in the same letter, as to which it seemed to be admitted that no explanation was demandable. Still Hamilton expressed a perfect readiness to avow or disavow any specific opinion which he might be charged with having uttered; but added that he never would be interrogated generally as to whether he had ever said anything in the course of fifty years of political competition, to justify the inferences which others might have drawn, thus expressing his candor and serenity to injurious imputations on the part of all who might have misapprehended him. "More than that," so the letter concluded, "cannot be fairly said of me; especially, it cannot be reasonably expected that I shall enter into any explanation upon a basis so vague as that you have adopted. I trust, to some effect, you will see the matter in the same light. If not, I can only regret the circumstance, and must abide the consequence."

Burr's cool and offensive reply began with intimating that Hamilton's letter was generally deficient in that serenity and delicacy which he professed so much to value. The epithet in question, in the common understanding of it, implied dishonor. It having been affixed to Burr's name upon Hamilton's authority, he was bound to say whether he had authorized it, either directly or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to Burr's honor.

It was apparent from the letter, and it was subsequently distinctly stated by Van Ness, that what Burr required was a general disavowal on the part of Hamilton of any intention, in any conversation he might ever have held, to convey impressions derogatory to the honor of Burr.

Granting Burr's right to ask this extraordinary requisition to Hamilton's confidential conversation and correspondence, it would have been quite out of the question for Hamilton to make any such disavowal. His practice as a lawyer had given him full insight into Burr's swindling, pecuniary transactions, and he had long regarded him, in his private as well as his political character, as a consummate villain, as reckless and unprincipled as he was cool, audacious

and enterprising—an opinion which he had found frequent occasion to express more or less distinctly while warning his federal friends against the arts of Burr.

Desirous, however, to deprive Burr of any possible excuse for persisting in his murderous intentions, Hamilton caused a paper to be transmitted to him, through Pendleton, a brother lawyer, who acted as his friend in this matter, to the effect that, if properly addressed—for Burr's second letter was considered too insulting to admit of a reply—he should be willing to state that the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, so far as he could recall it, was wholly in relation to politics, and did not touch upon Burr's private character; nor should he hesitate to make an equally prompt avowal or disavowal as to any other particular and specific conversation as to which he might be questioned.

But as Burr's only object was to find a pretext for a challenge, since he never could have expected the general disavowal which he demanded, this offer was pronounced unsatisfactory, and a mere evasion; and again a second time disavowing in the same breath the charge made against him of predetermined hostility, Burr requested Van Ness to deliver a challenge. Even after its delivery, Hamilton made a further attempt at pacific arrangement in a second paper, denying attempt to evade, or intention to defy or insult, as had been insinuated, with particular reference to the closing paragraph of Hamilton's first letter, in Burr's observations, through Van Ness, on Hamilton's first paper. But this second paper Van Ness refused to receive, on the ground that the challenge had been already given and accepted. It was insisted, however, on Hamilton's part, as the Federal Circuit Court was in session, in which he had many important cases, and that the meeting should be postponed till the Court was over, since he was not willing by any act of his to expose his clients to embarrassment, loss or delay.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professional duelist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted this extraordinary challenge by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for about two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim of it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen, as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments, as a husband living and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family, as a debtor, honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death, he had every motive for avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in his character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however, in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. "The ability to be in future useful," such was his own statement of his motives, "whether in resisting mischief or affecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular."

With that candor toward his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished, that of which so very seldom, indeed, did he ever experience any return, he drew out in his paper, the last of the war, every objection to his conduct in this particular case. He stated that he being aware that Burr might eventually be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and which as usually happens, might probably have been exaggerated in the report. Those animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconception or misinformation, yet his censures had not proceeded on light grounds or from unworthy motives. From impossibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire and perhaps even his second, thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to raise and reflect.

The grounds of Weehawk on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, where at that time the usual field of these single combats, then chiefly by reason of the inflated state of political feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ended without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o'clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The barge men, as well as Dr. Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces; loaded the pistols; made the other preliminary arrangements; and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal, Burr took deliberate aim, and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side, and as he fell, his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him apparently somewhat moved; but on the suggestion of his second, the surgeon and barge men already approaching, he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella. The surgeon found Hamilton half lying, half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," said he, "this is a mortal wound; and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he swooned quiet away. As he was carried across the river the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-command to the last.

The news of his death, diffused through the city, produced the greatest excitement. Even that party hostility of which he had been so conspicuous an object, was quelled for the moment. All were now willing to admit that he was no less patriotic than able, and that in his untimely death—the country had suffered an irreparable loss. The general feeling expressed itself in a public ceremony, the mournful pomp of which the city has never seen equalled.

The Guerriere and Constitution.

The following account of the capture of the British frigate Guerriere by the American frigate Constitution, was recently communicated to the New York Evening Post by a medical gentleman who was a prisoner on board the Guerriere during the combat. It is a paper which deserves a place among the historical archives of the country:

Mr. Editor: Having been an American prisoner on board the Guerriere, during the famous battle between that frigate and the United States frigate Constitution, I propose giving you an account of that important action which took place in June, 1812. About two weeks previous to the engagement, I left Boston in an American ship, which was captured by the Guerriere some five days before she fell in with the Constitution. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the Constitution was discovered. The Guerriere hoisted her colors, and the Constitution heaved to. Captain Dacres handed me his glass, and asked what I took her to be. My reply was, "she looks a frigate." Very soon she came within reach of the long guns of the Guerriere, which were fired, but with no effect, as the sea ran high. The Constitution made no reply, but as I saw, was manœuvring for a position—during which Captain Dacres said to me:

"Do you think she is going to strike without firing?" I replied, "I think not, sir." At this moment, a severe contest was about commencing, in which I could take no part being only a prisoner. I raised my hat to Captain Dacres, and said to him— "With your permission, sir, I will go below, as I can take no part." "O, certainly," said he, "and you had better go into the cockpit, and should any of our men chance to get wounded, I shall feel obliged, if you will assist the surgeons in dressing them." "Certainly, sir," said I, and then descended into the cockpit. There were the surgeons, and surgeons' mates and attendants, sitting around a long table covered with blankets and all necessary medical apparatus. I was wounded, as usual, within a few moments after my foot fell on a round of the ladder, the Constitution gave that double broadside, which threw us in the cockpit over in a heap on the opposite side of the ship.

For a moment it appeared as if heaven and earth had struck together; a more terrible shock cannot be imagined. Before the Constitution had adjusted themselves, the blood ran down from the deck as freely as if a wash-tub full had been turned over, and instantly the dead, wounded, and dying were banded down as rapidly as men could pass them, till the cockpit was filled, with hardly room for the surgeons to work. Midshipmen were handed down with one leg, some with one arm and others wounded in almost every shape and condition. An officer who was on the table having his arm amputated, would sing out to a comrade coming down wounded.

"Well, shipmate, how goes the battle?" Another would utter some joke, that would make even the dying, smile, and so constant and freely were the playful remarks from the mimed and even the dying that I almost doubted my own senses. Indeed, all this was crowded into a space of not over fifteen or twenty minutes, before the firing ceased. I then went upon deck, and what a scene was presented, and how changed in so short a time!

"The Constitution looked perfectly fresh—and, even at this time, those on board the Guerriere did not know what ship had fought

them. On the other hand, the Guerriere was a mere rolling log—almost entirely at the mercy of the sea. Her colors all shot away, her main-mast both gone by the board and her fore-mast standing by the mere honey-comb the shot had made. Cpt. Dacres stood, with this officers, surveying the scene—all, all in the most perfect astonishment. At this moment a boat was sent putting off from the hostile ship for the Guerriere. As soon as within speaking distance, a young gentleman, (Midshipman Reed), hailed and said, "I wish to see the officer in command of this ship."

At this, Captain Dacres stepped forward and answered, Midshipman Reed—then said, "Commodore Hull's compliments, and wishes to know if you have struck your flag?"

At this, Captain Dacres appeared amazed, but recovering himself and looking up and down, he deliberately replied: "Well, I don't know—our main-mast is gone, our main-mast is gone—and, upon the whole, you may say that we have struck our flag!"

"Com. Hull's compliments, and wishes to know if you need the assistance of a surgeon or surgeon's mate?"

Captain Dacres replied, "Well, I should suppose you had on board your own ship business enough for all your medical officers."

Midshipman Reed replied, "O, no; we have only seven wounded, and they were dressed half an hour ago."

Captain Dacres then turned to me, deeply affected, and said, "How have our situations been suddenly reversed! You are now free, and I a prisoner!" All the boats of both ships were now put in requisition to remove the wounded on board the Constitution. So dreadful was the condition of many of them, that two days were nearly consumed in the removal after which the Guerriere was burned, with all her stores, armament, etc. The Constitution having recently come out of port, had no room to take scarcely an article.

Who can imagine the joy I experienced in finding myself again under American colors or the pride I felt at finding Commodore Hull down to the most humble man on board, an entire absence of everything like a boastful, or even a triumphant look, at their wonderful victory. Captain Dacres kept his state-room till we arrived in port. About two hundred of his men were necessarily ironed, as the ship was so crowded. Charles Morris, (now Commodore), the first officer of the Constitution, had a ball through his body, and for several days his recovery was doubtful; during which he sent for me to come to his room, and I well remember his perfect unconcern for himself, although the surgeon had apprized him of his danger. Every courtesy and kindness was by Captain Hull and his officers extended to their prisoners.

O Sunday about noon the Constitution arrived in Boston harbor. I was sent on shore in the boat. The harbor between the ship and wharves was now covered with boats to learn the news. To the first boat that we neared, we hailed, "The Constitution has captured the Guerriere." Instantly the two men in the boat took off their hats and violently struck them on the side of the boat, and, rising, gave cheer upon cheer. They hailed other boats and thus the air was rent with cheers, and the victory passed along till it reached the wharf and then spread like wildfire all over the city and country.

It is now nearly forty years since the transaction of that day proved to the Americans that British frigates were not invincible. Who can remember that day without feeling a glow of pride, that so early in the war, and in a manner so unpretending, a victory so perfect should have been achieved! I write this statement without notes, but believe it to be in the main accurate.

The Bonapartes.

Louis Napoleon may be said to be, in one sense, says the Cincinnati Gazette, the legal successor of the Emperor Napoleon. His election, at this time, is doubtless intended by him to be the restoration of the Empire under the Bonapart dynasty. By the decree, or Senatus-consultum, which constituted Napoleon Emperor in 1804, imperial succession was thus prescribed:

- 1st. To the imperial heirs, male, Napoleon, in the order of primogeniture.
- 2d. Failing these, to such son or grandson of his brothers, as Napoleon might designate, and the heirs, male, of such son or grandson.
- 3d. To Joseph Bonapart, and his heirs, male.
- 4th. Failing these, to Louis Bonaparte, his heirs, male, each in the order of primogeniture.

The only son of Napoleon, the Duke of Reichstadt, died in 1832. Joseph, ex-King of Spain, the eldest brother of Napoleon, known as Count de Surville, and who resided for many years in New Jersey died in 1845, leaving two daughters, but no son. Louis, ex-King of Holland, the father of the present Louis Napoleon, died in 1846, shortly after the escape of the son from the fortress Ham.

Two elder sons of his and Hortense, died, one in infancy, either at the age of 27, leaving Louis-Napoleon the only survivor, and the last in prescribed succession. To this claim quasi legitimacy it is probable Louis-Napoleon alludes in his proclamation to the people of France!

If you believe in truce of which my name is the symbol, it is, France regenerated by the revolution of '89, and organized by the Emperor, claim it, &c.

Jerome, the younger brother of Napoleon, sometime King of Westphalia, has addressed a letter to Napoleon, "in the name of the memory my brother, and partaking his horrid civil war," urging a republican and conciliatory policy. Napoleon, a son of Jerome's or was a member of the French General Assembly.

Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, died at Rome, leaving numerous family one of them the oratorist, now or lately prominent in the affairs of Rome and Italy. Pierre, another son, died in the French National Assembly; also Murat, a son of the Marshals of the Empire, the sister of Napoleon. One of the daughters of Lucien is the wife of Mr. Dudley Stuart an English nobleman.

Parentage of Lis Napoleon.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is the nephew of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, and grandson of Josephine, his wife. The captivating woman had to children, both by her first husband—Eugene and Hortense Beauharnois. Louis Bonaparte, father of him who is now at the head of the French people, was the third brother of the great Napoleon, and born at Ajaccio, (Corsica), on the 2d of September, 1778. His marriage with the daughter of Josephine was not his own choice, but brought about by the joint labor of Napoleon, and especially Josephine, who artfully accomplished many objects by which she hoped to make certain her own position as Empress. The first proposal was made to him in July 1800, shortly after the ruin of the First Consul from the campaign, one of the conflicts of which was the battle of Marengo. He then gave it a decided negative. Not long after it was renewed, but with no better success; and to escape further importunity, Louis Bonaparte made a tour of several months in Germany.

In October, 1801, Josephine, not at all discouraged by the two previous refusals to comply with her proposals, made a fresh assault upon Louis. One evening, during a ball at Malmaison, she took him aside, Napoleon joining the conference, and after a long conversation, "they made him give his consent," in the language of Louis himself, and on the 14th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage, and the religious ceremony took place at the private residence of the First Consul, in Paris. Hortense Beauharnois had just left the celebrated boarding school of Madame Campan, and had no different part in the affair, then her husband—both being instruments in the hands of the First Consul and Josephine. "Never," wrote Louis, "was there a more gloomy ceremony; never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of the bitterness of a reluctant and ill-assorted union." And Madame Campan, who was at a ball given in honor of the event, states that "every countenance beamed with satisfaction, save that of the bride, whose profound melancholy formed a sad contrast to the happiness she might have been expected to evince. She seemed to shun her husband's very looks, lest he should read in hers the indifference she felt towards him."

A Wife's Sphere.

"The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage, and strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfort, and despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract the indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a cheerful place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, comfort; and his soul convalesces its strength again, and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and is surrounded with bad temper, selfishness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, or competition, or reproaches, the heart breaks, spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into despair."

"We speak often of being settled in life—we might as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down a hill."

"The citizens of Savannah, Ga., are luxuriating on fresh shad."