



The Two Shadows.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It was an evening calm and fair
As ever drank the dew of June;
The living earth, the breathless air,
Slept by the shining moon.

There was a rudely woven seat,
That lay beneath a garden wall—
I heard two voices, low and sweet—
I saw two shadows fall.

Two shadows—side by side they were—
With but a line of light between;
If shapes more real lingered there,
Those shapes were all unseen.

The voice which seemed of deepest tone
Breathed something which I scarcely heard,
And there was silence, save alone
One faintly whispered word.

And then the longer shadow drew
Nearer and nearer, till it came
So close that one might think the two
Were melting to the same.

I heard a sound that lovers know—
A sound from lips that do not speak:
But oh! it leaves a deeper glow
Than words upon the cheek.

Dear maiden, hast thou ever known
That sound which sets the soul on fire?
And is it not the sweetest tone
Wrung from earth's shattered lyre?

Alas! upon my boyish brow,
Fair lips have often more than smiled;
But there are none to press it now—
I am no more a child.

Long, long the blended shadows lay
As they were in a vision's fold;
And will they never break away,
So loving, yet so cold?

They say that spirits walk the vale,
But I truly do not know—
I wonder, when I told the tale,
Why Fanny crimsoned so?

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Oh, time is sweet, when roses meet,
With Spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them:
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather;
But might not be so sweet to see
As old friends meet together.

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast time flew,
Or knowing, did not heed it!
Though gray each brow that meets us now,
For age brings wintry weather,
Yet might not be so sweet to see
As those old friends together!

The few long known, whose years have shown
With hearts that friendship blesses:
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses!
Who help'd and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather:
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see
And meet old friends together!

ARREST OF COL. AARON BURR.

The following interesting narrative is taken from Mr. Bickett's forthcoming history of Alabama. The relation of the arrest carries upon its face the appearance of so much truthfulness that we readily give it to our readers. It will be seen that the late Major Gen. Gaines, then a Lieutenant, arrested Col. Burr, and directed his conveyance to Richmond, Virginia, where his trial took place.

The Court House of Washington county, in the present State of Alabama, then known as a part of the Mississippi Territory, was in a small village called Wakefield, a few miles West of the Tombigby river. Here, late at night, in the month of February, 1807, Col. Nicholas Perkins, a lawyer, and Thomas Malone, Clerk of the Court, were engaged at a game of backgammon beside their cabin fire. Presently the sound of horses' feet attracted their attention. The game suddenly stopped, and the players wondered who were the riders at such a late hour of the night. The little cabin stood immediately on the highway, and the travellers rode near the door, who inquired if the village contained a tavern—answered in the affirmative, one of them asked if Colonel Hinson lived in the neighborhood. He was informed that it was seven miles distant to his house—the road obscure, and a difficult creek lay in the route.—Nothing daunted, the rider eagerly sought information as to the forks, and how to cross the creek. By this time, the fire, replenished by light wood, threw a blaze in the face of the traveller nearest the door. His countenance was highly interesting. His eyes sparkled like diamonds. He rode a splendid horse with fine saddle and holsters. His dress was that of a plain countryman, but beneath his coarse pantaloons protruded a pair of fashionable boots. His striking countenance, together with the strange mixture of his apparel and equipage, produced in the mind of Perkins vivid and permanent suspicions, and as they rode off, he remarked to Malone, "That is Aaron Burr." "How do you know him?" "I have read a description of him in the proclamations, and I am certain 'tis he. He must be

apprehended. Let us follow him to Hinson's and take measures for his arrest." Malone remonstrated upon the folly of such an expedition at so late an hour of the night, and declined to accompany him. The impulsive Perkins now waked up Theodore Brightwell, the sheriff, then asleep in an adjoining house. Both mounting their horses, they took the road to Col. Hinson's.—The night was bitter cold, and the pine forest moaned and moaned again the most lonesome and melancholy sighs.

The two strangers reached Hinson's inn safely about eleven o'clock at night, and hailed at the gate. The moon was now up, and Mrs. Hinson, rising from her bed, saw, through the window, their saddle-bags and tin-cups, and knew they were travellers. She made no answer, because her husband was not at home. The strangers went into the kitchen, where a large fire was still blazing.—Perkins and Brightwell shortly have in sight of the dwelling. The former recollecting that the travellers had seen him at the cabin, declined to go into the house, but sent Brightwell, whom he requested to return to him at a certain place in the woods, after he had ascertained whether the person was Burr or not. Mrs. Hinson, recognizing the voice of the sheriff, who was her relation, rose and opened the door, saying how glad she was to see him, as two strangers had stopped at the house, and her husband being absent, she felt alarmed. Brightwell repaired to the kitchen, found the mysterious traveller sitting by the fire, warming himself, with his head down, and a handkerchief partly concealing his face. His companion had gone to attend to the horses. A hasty supper was prepared in the main building, which was a double log house, and the strangers sat down to it. The elder gentleman thanked the lady in the most courteous terms for her kindness, and apologized for the trouble they had imposed on her. His conversation was most agreeable, and Mrs. Hinson soon discovered that the gentleman and his attire did correspond. His attention was often directed to Brightwell, who stood before the fire, and at whom he cast the keenest glances, evidently endeavoring to read his thoughts. A momentary separation taking place between the strangers after supper, Mrs. Hinson asked the younger one, "Do I not have the honor of entertaining in my house the celebrated Col. Burr?" Confused and mortified, he gave her no satisfactory answer, but left the room.

This question was suggested by Brightwell, who had previously communicated his suspicions to her.

Early in the morning, the mysterious personage, seeking a private interview, disclosed his name to Mrs. Hinson, regretted the absence of her husband, whom he had seen at Natchez, said he was discovered, and would prosecute his journey, but had intended passing a week with Col. Hinson. After inquiring the route to Pensacola and Mrs. Carson's ferry, on the Tombigby, he called for writing material, and indited several letters. He returned about nine o'clock in the morning, and the travellers set out for the Cut-off, not far distant.

Let us now return to Col. Perkins, whom we left last night in the woods, highly excited, and shivering in the cold. Why did not Brightwell keep his promise? No one knows. It is a mystery to this day. Perkins remained at his post until his patience was exhausted, and supposing that Brightwell, probably on account of the fascinations of Burr, or the pity which had seized him in his behalf, had betrayed their plans, now mounted his horse and rode rapidly to the house of Mr. Joseph Bates, Sr., at Nannahubba Bluff, to avoid the creeks in the main route to Fort Stoddard. He procured from that gentleman a canoe and a negro, dropping down the Tombigby, and arrived at Fort Stoddard just after day-break. The commandant was Edmund P. Gaines, then a young Lieutenant, now a distinguished Major General. Col. Perkins briefly acquainted that officer with the particulars of his last night's adventure, and of his suspicions which, although of slight foundation, had nevertheless impressed him with their solemn convictions of their truth. Placing himself at the head of a file of mounted soldiers, the Lieutenant immediately rode off with Perkins. On the rise of a hill, South of a branch, and near a wolf pen, two miles below Col. Hinson's, the Lieutenant suddenly encountered the person he was pursuing, riding in company with his travelling companion and sheriff Brightwell, when the following conversation took place:

Gaines.—I presume I have the honor of addressing Col. Burr.

Burr.—I am a traveller and stranger in the land, and I do not recognize your right to ask such a question.

Gaines.—I arrest you at the instance of the United States.

Burr.—By what authority do you arrest me, a traveller and a stranger in the highway, on my own private business.

Gaines.—I am an officer of the United States Army; I hold in my hand the Proclamation of the President, and Governor of the Mississippi Territory, directing your arrest.

Burr.—You are a young man, and may not be aware of the responsibility of arresting a traveller?

Gaines.—I am aware of my responsibility—I know my duty.

Col. Burr now entered into a brief argument to show that these proclamations should never have been issued, and in following their dictates the Lieutenant would be subjecting himself to much damage and blame. His manner was firm, his air majestic and his language impressive; but the firm young officer told him his mind was made up—he must accompany him to his quarters where he would be treated with all the respect due the ex-Vice President of the United States, so long as he made no attempt to escape. Without further remonstrance, Col. Burr became a prisoner, and separated from the two gentlemen riding with him. The party reached Fort Stoddard in the evening, and the prisoner was shown his apartment, where he took his dinner alone. Late in the night Col. Burr heard a groan in an adjoining room. He arose, opened the door, and approached the bedside of Mr. Geo. S. Gaines, who was suffering from sickness. Burr's manner was kind to him; he felt his pulse, offered his services, said he had travelled much and knew something of medicine. They entered into a sprightly conversation.—Burr asked questions about the country and the Choctaw Indians, among whom Mr. Gaines lived as United States factor. The next day, Burr being introduced to the wife of the commandant, a daughter of the late Judge Harry Toulmin, dined with the family, and enlivened the whole party with his wit, sprightliness and elegant discourse. In the evening he played chess with Mrs. Gaines, with whom he was often a frequent competitor in that interesting game. Of nights he sought the company of the invalid, who became exceedingly attached to Col. Burr. During their midnight conversations, often and often would the heart of Geo. S. Gaines grieve over the misfortunes of this great man. During the time they were together, Col. Burr, never once alluded to his arrest, his troubles or his future plans. From his early youth it had been his custom to conceal things in relation to himself, and he always endeavored to throw an air of mystery over his acts.

After Col. Burr had been safely conducted to Fort Stoddard, the indefatigable Perkins departed from Wakefield, and caused the arrest of Burr's travelling companion, who was a Major Ashley. Justices William H. Hargrave and John Celler placed him under a guard, from whom he fled in the night, and made his way rapidly to Tennessee, where he became engaged in taking testimony for Burr's trial at Richmond.—The distinguished prisoner had been confined at the Fort for about three weeks before Lieutenant Gaines completed his arrangements to convey him to Washington city. The difficulties were great. There were no roads, no carriages, no ferries, and few men could be found in the sparsely settled country who would undertake a journey so long and perilous over savage lands. Finally Col. Burr left the fort under guard, and proceeded in a government boat up the Alabama river and into the Tensaw lake, with Lieutenant Gaines, and stopped at the house of Mr. John Mills. Here some ladies wept upon seeing the low estate to which this great man was reduced, and one of them, Mrs. Jack Johnson, named her son Aaron Burr. He is still alive, and he is not the only boy named Aaron Burr in the Mississippi Territory. The ladies every where espoused his cause in the south-western New World. It is a prominent and noble trait in the female character, to admire a man of daring and generous impulses, and to pity and defend him in his adversities.

At the boat yard in the present county of Baldwin, State of Alabama, the crew disembarked, and here lived William and John Pierce, natives of New England, who had several years before established one of the first cotton gins in Alabama, and trading establishment.—Gaines gave the command of the guard intended to convey Burr to Washington city, to Col. Nicholas Perkins, a lawyer late from Tennessee. His men were Thomas Malone, formerly a clerk in the land office at Raleigh, N. C., and then the clerk of Washington county, Alabama, Henry B. Slade, of North Carolina, and two brothers McCormacks, from Kentucky—added to these were

two United States soldiers. They were all men whom Perkins selected and whom he could rely upon under all circumstances. He took these men aside and obtained from them the most solemn pledges, that upon the whole route to Washington city, they would not converse with Burr, or let him escape alive. Perkins knew how fascinating Burr was to his familiarity with his men—indeed he feared the same influence upon himself. His character for making strong impressions upon the human mind, and attaching men to him by association, was well known to the world. When Col. Burr fled from the Natchez settlement, he procured a disguised dress, and was still attired in it. His pantaloons were of coarse, copperas cloth, with roundabout of inferior drab. His hat, a flapping, wide brimmed beaver, had in times been white, but now gave evidence of having encountered much rough weather. Placed upon his fine horse, he bestowed him most elegantly and flashed his large dark eyes as though he were at the head of his New York Regiment. To use a common expression of the old settlers who saw him in Alabama, his "eyes were peculiar, they looked like stars." Each man of the expedition carried provision for himself and some for Col. Burr. They were all well mounted, with no arms except pistols in holsters, and two muskets, borne by the two soldiers. The party set out from the boat yard in the latter part of Feb. 1807. In a quarter of a mile of this place the dreadful massacre of Fort Mimms occurred six years afterwards. Pursuing the Indian path which led from the "Bigby settlement" to Fort Wilkinson on the distant Oconee, the guard travelled the first day about thirty miles. At night the only tent in company was pitched for the prisoner, who reposed himself upon blankets.

The lower part of Monroe county abounded with immense pine forests. Here the ex-Vice President lay the first night, by rousing fires, which threw a glare over the dismal woods, while his ears were saluted with the howl of hungry wolves! In the wilds of Alabama, in a small tent, reposed this august personage; having no one to converse with, surrounded by a guard; a prisoner of the United States, for whose liberties he had fought, whose government he had helped to form, exiled from New York, whose statues and institutions bore the impress of his great mind; deprived of death of his splendid wife, his only child then on the distant coast of Carolina; his professional pursuits abandoned and his fortune swept from him; the magnificent scheme of the conquest of Mexico uprooted and the fragments dispersed; slandered and hunted down from one end of the Union to the other—all these things were sufficient to weigh down an ordinary being and sink him to an untimely grave. Col. Burr, however, was no common man. In the morning he rose cheerfully and pursued his journey. Although guarded with vigilance, his few wants were gratified as far as they could be, and he was treated with respect and kindness. The trail being narrow, as are all Indian highways, Burr rode in the middle, having a part of the guard in front and the others behind him, all in single file. The route lay about eight miles south of the present city of Montgomery, then an Indian town called Encoubarte, meaning Red Ground.

In 1811 Gen. Wade Hampton cut out the Federal road along this trail, which was well known to early settlers as the only high way in South Alabama. The guard passed by the site of the present Mt. Meigs, and stopped at the house of "Old Milley," the former wife of a British soldier, who, with her husband in 1770, left the barracks at Savannah and came to the Creek nation. She had long been a resident of these wild woods, now in the county of Montgomery, her present husband, a colored man named Evans, was employed by Perkins to pilot the party over the dangerous creeks, the Cubatche and Calabee, which they had to swim. It was a perilous and fatiguing march; the rain descending for days in chilling torrents, and raising rivulets so high as to cause horsemen to swim at every point. Hundreds of Indians thronged the trail and the party could have been shot down, but the fearless Perkins bore on his distinguished prisoner amid the angry elements and human foes. In their route they slept in the woods, on reed and sward, and their belted and hobbled horses fed around. Col. Burr, was a splendid rider, and always on the alert. Although wet for hours and riding 40 miles a day, and sleeping on the ground upon a thin pallet, yet in the whole distance to Richmond, that impenetrable man was never heard to complain. At the Cataboochie was a crossing place owned by the Indians; our effects were carried over in canoes, and the horses swam a long side. In this manner they crossed

the Flint and Ochmulgee. At Fort Wilkinson on the Oconee, they entered the first ferry boat they had seen on all the route; and a few miles further, they were sheltered by the first civilized roof, a tavern keeper named Bevin. While waiting for breakfast, a man came along, asked where we came from. Being told from the Bigbee settlement. He immediately fell upon the fruitful theme of the traitor Aaron Burr; asking if he had been taken; was he not a very bad man, and was not every body afraid of him? Perkins and party were much annoyed but made no reply. Burr was setting in a corner by the fire with his head down; he now raised it and planting his fiery eye on Bevin, said, "I am Aaron Burr, what do you want with me?" Bevin struck with his appearance—the keenness of his look, and the solemnity and dignity of his manner, stood aghast and shook like a leaf uttering not another word while the guard remained.

When Perkins reached the line of S. Carolina, he watched Burr, more closely than ever. In this State lived Burr's son-in-law, Col. Joseph Alston, a man of talents, wealth and influence, and afterwards Governor of the State. On the frontier of Georgia he endeavored to convey the prisoner by roads, and to avoid the towns lest he should be rescued. The plan was attended with difficulty. They were lost often; the march impeded and the highway again resumed. Just before entering the town of Chester Court house, S. C. the party halted. Two men were placed before; two on each side, and two behind Burr, and in this manner they passed a tavern, where many persons were standing while music and dancing were heard in the house. Seeing the assembly of men so near him, Burr suddenly dismounted, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "I am Aaron Burr, under military arrest, and I claim the protection of the civil authorities." Perkins dismounted and ordered him to remount, Burr said "I WILL NOT!" Not wishing to shoot him, Perkins threw down his pistol, and being a man of prodigious strength, and the prisoner a small man, seized him by the waist and placed him in the saddle as though he were a child. Thomas Malone seized the reins of his horse, slipped them over his head, and led Burr rapidly on. The astonished citizens had seen a party enter with a prisoner, had heard him appeal to them for protection, had seen him forced on his horse again, and the party vanished before they had time to recover from their confusion—for when Burr dismounted, the guard generally cocked their pistols, and the people ran into the piazza to get out of danger. This feat proves that Perkins was well fitted for the difficult task which Gaines assigned him.

Burr was still to some extent popular in South Carolina, and any wavering or fear on the part of Perkins would have lost him his prisoner; but the celerity of his movements gave no time for the people to reflect before he was afar off. Here the guard halted; Col. Burr was in a high state of excitement; he was in tears. The kind hearted Malone also wept at seeing the low condition to which he was reduced. It was the first time any one had seen Aaron Burr unmannered. The bold attempt at escape, its failure, and the treatment he had received, produced these sudden emotions.

The guard was very much alarmed for fear Burr should be rescued in South Carolina. Malone and Henry advised the purchase of a carriage. The former took charge of the guard and proceeded on, while Perkins returned to the village and purchased a gig.—The next day Burr was placed in the vehicle, and was driven without further incident to Fredericksburgh, Va. Here despatches from President Jefferson required Perkins to convey his prisoner to Richmond. The guard took the stage and soon reached that place. The ladies in Richmond vied with each other in contributing to the comforts of Burr. Some sending fruit, others clothes, wine, etc. Perkins and his men went to Washington, were paid for their services, and returned to Alabama via Tennessee.

Col. Burr arrived at Richmond on the 26th March, 1807. For want of testimony he was not placed on trial for "treason" until the 22d of August. On the 1st of Sept. the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

Youthful Perseverance.

A lad about 18 years of age arrived in this city by the cars night before last. His story, though brief, is an interesting one, and exhibits a strength of close-clinging affection, which it is a pleasure to record. His mother and sister left Ireland about a year ago for America, and the boy then being a bound apprentice was not permitted to accompany them, although he desired to do so. Some eight months after their departure, the little fellow, without a

peny in his pocket, ran away from his master, walked to Dublin city, told his story to the captain of an American ship, and tearfully solicited his aid in taking him to his mother. The captain told him that the U. States was a very large country, and should he get there he might not find the object of his search; but the little "Japhet," was determined to "try," and finally got the captain's consent to take him across the ocean in the capacity of a second cook. The vessel arrived at New York, and the little fellow, all alone, searched the metropolis throughout—enquiring of the Irish families of the whereabouts of his mother, but to no purpose. During this search, which continued more than a week, the little fellow met his current expence by doing chores in the street, such as holding horses, &c.—for a lad of that kind could not be dishonest. Failing in New York, he worked his passage on a steamer to Albany, worked his way to Buffalo, thence to Saundusky, and on to Cincinnati—making a journey, in all, of about four thousand miles, in search of his mother! Upon his arrival here he immediately sought out the Irish residents, and, for the first time, heard of the object of his long and singular pilgrimage. He learned that his mother and sister had lived in Cincinnati, but about a month since had moved to Vanceburg, Ky. The little "Japhet," in the fulness of his joy was determined that an hour should not be lost, and went to Captain Grace, of the Brilliant, yesterday, and told his story. The captain took him on board, gave him some money, and provided him comfortably for the passage, and doubtless ere this, the little fellow is in the arms of the loved ones of his search. It is a fact not unworthy of record, that while on board the Brilliant, the boy was recognized by a gentleman who was passenger on the same vessel upon which he crossed the ocean, who fully corroborated his story.—Cin. Com.

IMPROVED FENCE.—The friend of improvement in everything, I deem it my especial duty to suggest to those who have lands to enclose, the propriety of making trial of a species of fence of which I have recently had a description, and which is said to be both cheap and efficient. The posts are made of common clay, struck in moulds of the desired size, and burnt in kilns, the same as bricks. These posts are perforated with holes of the size of a common pipe stem, and are either three or four in number, as required, and are made before burning, or in the mould. The posts are set in the soil, after receiving a coat of coal tar. Wires are then passed through the holes, from post to post, properly secured, and coated with coal tar or paint, to preserve the surface from atmospheric action and prevent rust.—This fence is cheap, looks well and is very durable.

I would say to those of my farming friends who have fence posts of oak, cedar, or other wood to set, that they should be thoroughly seasoned, and the low parts intended to be inserted in the soil, charred. A fire of shavings may be kindled, and the ends of the posts placed so as to be carbonized by its action, are easily prepared at the rate of twenty or more at a time. Charred posts last for a much greater length of time, in the same soil, than those which are not charred.—Ger. Tel.

A TEST QUESTION.—A few months since, as a number of gentlemen were grouped around a corner of one of the great thoroughfares of Lowell, the conversation turned on the question whether the Irish really are more witty than other people or not. The contest ran high for some time; and the parties being equal divided, it was agreed to test the point on the first Irishman, that appeared. No sooner said than done. As if he had been sent by special commission, around the corner came a son of Erin, apparently fresh from the bogs. "Good day, friend!" said one of the company.

"Good day! and the top of the morning to yer honer, inter the bargain!" replied Pat drawing up.

"I should like to ask you a question," pursued the other.

"True for you, an' isn't that same jest what I expected all the way till I cum fornist ye?"

"Listen, friend: for the question is a very important one. If the devil should be told he might have one of us, which would he first choose?"

"Why me, to be sure," responded Pat.

"Ay; and why so?"

"He knows he could get ether of you at any time!"

The club adjourned—sine die.

Go to thunder," is now reduced to "Take your departure to the abode of the reverberating echoes of heaven's artillery."