

Star & Republican Banner.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

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THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

THE TEAR.

A MOTHER, in her grief, was kneeling,
By death's pale victim's side;
Her eyes were raised in fervent feeling,
To her Almighty guide:
And one lone tear, her sorrow spoke,
While not a sob the silence broke.
Oh! there is eloquence where sadness!
Is not in clamor breathed,
Like where the soul is hushed in gladness,
And peace around hath wreathed
Her quiet with the single tear,
Which doth in glistening woe appear.
A lovely girl alone was bending
O'er the couch of pale disease,
One silent tear, a prayer was sending
To Him who can the soul release
From all its pain, from all its grief,
And give the hopeless one relief.
She loved the boy—herself a treasure,
The jewels of her soul she gave,
To him who held them virtue's pleasure,
And trusted in their pow'r to save.
Oh! how that pearly tear did seem,
To wrap his senses in a dream.
The soldier, while his war-tale telling,
Forgets himself, and sheds a tear,
And 'tis a drop, from manhood welling—
A precious tear, to Friendship dear.
Not often is that war-worn cheek
Bedew'd with such a token meek.
If when the heart bowed down and lonely,
Has not a tongue its woes to speak:
The tearlet, in its silence only,
The sternest soul would quickly seek.
There is a thing above our fears—
It is the language of our tears!

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE BALTIMORE MONUMENT.

ELLEN PEIRCY:

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEARSON.

"Say no more, Isabel, I entreat you; I would not hear you plead in vain, but my resolution is unalterable; I must and will return to our dear native land. Who that witnessed, as I did, the agony of spirit with which you bade farewell to your home and friends, and saw your tears and pale cheek for long months after our arrival here; who that knew how fondly you have ever spoken of that far-off shore, would expect to hear you thus remonstrate against a return thither? But women are inconsistent creatures, and always ready to oppose their husbands, even if the thing proposed is according to their most sanguine wishes."
"Ah, my Edward, how little do you know of the heart that has been so long open to your inspection, bare and undivided in your sight. When we left our country, I came from home. My father and mother, my brothers and only sister remained in the dear mansion in which I had dwelt with them ever since my birth. We had grown up altogether, like scions from the same root, and together in our love we had beautified our native spot. We had planted and nursed the tree, the shrub, and the fair flower together, and the clustering vines that intertwined over our favorite bower seemed to bind together still more closely the young hearts that so often congregated beneath them. That I felt my separation from that endeared home and all my kindred, and even in your loved society mourned my exile from my childhood loves, is most true. Here I was a stranger in a strange land. So different in all respects from the country we had left, subjected to so many and so great privations and inconveniences, truly I did often think, with feelings of deep regret, of the comforts I had left behind.
But now, Edward, I have no home in that land. My father and mother are both, I trust, in the home of eternal peace; my brothers are scattered over the wide world, and that one dear sister is, like myself, far away from her once loved spot. Why should I now wish to return thither? The sight of that deserted spot would open in my heart afresh, wounds that time has healed, and make present and real all the changes that distance has half made fictions to me. I should then be alone in my household home, a stranger in my own country, and strange to the companions of my childhood. Oh no, no, I cannot return thither. My home is now here, where I have so long dwelt with you, and where we have experienced both sorrow and joy. This spot we have cultivated and beautified, and called it home, and it long has been home to me. And our children, Edward, to this land is truly home. Reared amidst its wild beauties, they love it with nature's enthusiasm. Ellen's patriot blood will never leave his native land, and our Henry recognizes no tie to our mother country, and burns to see those colonies free from her oppression!"
"Silence, Isabel! I can hear you speak in any strain but that. 'Ellen's patriot husband!' A proud fierce rebel. He has turned Henry's head with his cursed sophistries. 'The oppressions of our mother country!' Isabel, let me hear you speak in this strain no more. Who made you and these mad boys judges over king and parliament? I am ready, as every English-blooded man should be, to bow with implicit submission; and since the standard of rebellion is reared in these lands of barbarism, and the friends of loyalty and order proscribed and persecuted, I will show on which side of the Atlantic my heart is. Let your preparations be speedily made, we sail with the first vessel!" and Mr. Peirce walked with an air of true English importance and decision from the house, while his gentle Isabel sunk upon a sofa in a burst of tortured feeling. Long and bitterly did she weep, for her heart was full; and whenever she sought to dry her eyes, some long-loved vision met her humid ray, and tears gushed forth afresh. She rose and knelt, and pressed her hand over her aching eyes; but her mind was too much disturbed, she could not pray, and she wept on till startled by the voice of her almost worshipped daughter.

"For Heaven's sake, mother, what is the matter? Speak, dear mother, what is the meaning of this?"
"It was soon told, and Ellen clung, half frantic, to her mother's bosom, and sobbed out the anguish of an agonized spirit."

But what avail the tears of a woman when her lord is a baughty and imperious man? Great is the sacrifice he requires of her, even the surrender of her nature's sympathies, the suppression of her genuine emotions, the prostration of all her hopes, wishes, and inclinations, at the foot of his despotic pleasure. And although she dispute him not, if a sigh or a tear speak reluctance, he will huggly rebuke her that her feelings are rebellious, and hold himself aggrieved that her will is under so poor vassalage to his, when he would not turn from the most trifling pursuit to gratify her dearest wishes.
Peirce was a man of this spirit, and his wife—no wonder she abhorred tyranny in a Government, suffered too severely by the despotic lord of her own heart; for she truly loved her husband, and when he would have persuaded Ellen to leave her rebel husband and go with them to England, her very soul shuddered—not merely that he should endeavor to divide those whom God and the laws of his country had joined together, but that he who had known the constancy of the mother, should judge so lightly of the daughter's heart. Ellen shrank aghast. It was agony to take a last farewell of the parents who had cherished her so fondly; but a separation from her first, her only love, was not to be thought of, and fervently did she thank her Heavenly Father that her Dudley was not a man of her parent's obstinacy and austerity.

Swiftly and bitterly passed the hours till the time of separation arrived; and then that parting was a bitter one. Henry, as he felt his mother's bosom throbbing against his own, whispered, "I will go with you."
"No, never," she answered; "stay and console Ellen—stay and retain the home of my happiness which is now bequeathed to you and her. Farewell, my noble boy; let me hear honorably of you."
Peirce's stout heart swelled almost to bursting as he grasped the hand of his beloved boy and thought how soon it might be bathed in the best blood of old England. And as his sweet Ellen clung around his neck he almost resolved to stay and share the fate of the rebel colonies. Poor Isabel—her heart was wholly broken. She resigned herself to a hopeless grief. Her children were all the world to her, and to be thus torn from them, it was more than her spirit could endure. Ellen clung to her bosom—neither could articulate the farewell that was bursting her bosom. At length the mother sunk under her feelings, and Ellen was borne half frantic from the beach.

The Peircys arrived safe in England, and Ellen, when her first sorrow had subsided, clung yet more fondly to the beloved one, who, with her brother, was all now left to her. She had no other relations on the broad continent. She was a female of no common character; for she possessed at once the utmost tenderness of the feminine heart, and the judgment, decision, and magnanimity of the man of experience. Her patriotism, though still, was deep and firm; for it was founded upon observation, reflection; and a thorough conviction of the righteousness of the cause it embraced.
Thus it was with the patriot fathers of the American colonies. No wonder they loved their country. America is not like other countries, in which the hand of man has obliterated the impress of nature in her own wild grandeur; and although she has left on other shores many magnificently carved columns strowed upon the bare ground, as mementoes of former grandeur, do they not speak, with tremendous utterance, the vanity of man and his imaginations—the weakness of the mightiest works of the mightiest monarchs? Not so in America, where the everlasting mountains, the cliffs coeval with time, the rivers and the tall forests, remain the same from the beginning, and every object speaks not the littleness of man, but the greatness of God. No wonder those who have looked immediately to Him for the blessings that made their fields verdant and their grain abundant, and who have reaped, and gathered, and eaten with the consciousness of receiving His favor, should be able to confide their cause to Him at all times. It was with such a confidence that the raw colonies took up arms against their veteran oppressors. It was in the strength of this confidence that they fought, endured, and overcame. Henry Peirce and Dudley Carlton were among the foremost in their confidence, their zeal, and its accompanying action.

Ellen's spirits were supported by the excitement consequent upon the hurry and confusion of the times, when every man felt and boasted himself a host, and arms were bristling in the streets, and drums beating enlivening marches, and every woman making up her soldier-husband's knapsack, with eyes that seemed to scorn a tear, though haply her heart was dropping blood; but when all was ready, and her husband and brother only awaiting the summons to march, then came the hour of bitter trial. She sat between them clasping a hand of each. Perverted did she recommend each to the care of the other—humbly did she commend both to the protection of their God. And now the roll of the drum calls away. She clasped her hands wildly around her husband and clung to his bosom. His heart swelled painfully beneath her pressure; yet, with words of cheer he loosened her hold, and as she sunk upon the sofa, hurried as if the closing door shut light and joy from his heart forever.

Ellen arose, but they were gone! The echo of martial steps died away; the sound of the quick march grew fainter, till all was silence and solitude. And now she felt her desolation; so utterly alone all day she sat gazing towards the distant hills over which their line of march led, as if she expected to see and recognize her loved ones there. She retired early and supperless to seek the oblivion of sleep. In vain; she wept and tossed upon her restless pillow, and the visions of blood and slaughter

that chased her short slumbers were fearful things. She arose and knelt by her bedside, and fervent were the aspirations of her spirit. She resigned her dear ones to the overruling hand of Omnipotence. Her spirit became, in a measure, calm, and she laid herself down and slept for a few hours sweetly. Yet day after day passed, and her loneliness only increased; nor is it wonderful—bereft at once of parents, brother, and husband.
She soon learned that the young soldiers had joined the volunteers under Col. Ethan Allen, destined to attack Ticonderoga, and her desolation seemed to increase with the distance of her heart's treasures. She was then a prey to all the agonies of suspense—that most cruel of all tormentors, which whispers ceaselessly death and ill, and knaws and wrings the heart strings till the soul is weary of its life. Day after day she watched and listened while every step at her door made her ear tingle, and every passenger in the street made her cry out as if she saw the messenger of fate. Her friends and neighbors were all, like herself, anxious and weary; and if they met, the sad and wet eyed greeting belied the confidence of success which their trembling lips uttered.

At length a straggling party of the enemy, in the rage of a wanton love of mischief, plundered and set fire to the little defenceless town, the only inhabitants of which were the white-headed old man, the pleading female and the innocent child; and these were turned homeless and defenceless upon the wide world. This calamity, by diverting her sorrows and turning her cares into a selfish channel, seemed to relieve her mind. She and the hapless companions of her calamity found an indifferent shelter in some poor deserted houses, and some charitable people of neighboring towns supplied them, for the time being, with food and comfortable clothing.
Those days have been called "days that tried men's souls"; they were so; and truly they tried women's hearts. The parting, the suspense, the loneliness, the fear, the privation! How many a gentle hand in those days grasped the rude implements of husbandry! Many a mother struggled against want, with her family of babes, toiling by day and by night, suffering cold and hunger, and comparative nakedness, while her heart was aching for the absent husband and father, whose privations and toils she fancied greater than her own, and whose exposure to danger and death lay like a serpent ever in her path. Yet the love of country, the hope of seeing it free, the confidence that the Almighty would support the cause of justice were a light that burnt brightly in her darkest hour—a support on which she leaned in her greatest weariness.

Poor Ellen needed the Divine support at this crisis, and she felt how good a thing it is to be able, in the greatest human weakness, to rely upon Omnipotence. It was late autumn—cold, stormy and dreary. Her habitation was poor, her furniture was indifferent, as were her food and clothing.—She who had been accustomed to sumptuousness and delicacy, was now obliged to earn her bread by her own labor. At length she became a mother, and a few days after came intelligence that her brother had fallen before St. Johns, which had, on the 3d of November, surrendered to the gallant Montgomery.
The spirit of war is a strange spirit, and the rejoicing for victory came strangely to the ear of the bereaved! Ellen shrank from the glad faces and joyous tones of the women who were her fellows in suffering, and while they congratulated each other on the day of glory to their country, she thought but of the night of death to her brother.—Fallen in the morning of life, in the fresh bloom of manhood, while the blossoms of love were fresh in his bosom, and the buds of the laurel bright on his brow. She thought of his anguish as he lay mangled and dying on the bare ground, with none to raise his head from its cold, hard pillow, or bring a little water to allay the agony of the death thirst; and she thought how sacred a thing the victory should be that cost so dear a price. A few short months previous she could have joined the public rejoicings, nor once have thought what mockery such things are to the mourners of the fallen.—How unseemly the parade, the illumination, the fire works, the glad shout of triumph are, to the eyes that weep the loved ones that will greet them no more—to the ear on which the foot-fall and voice of its treasure will never more vibrate. How cruel is the song of exultation to the soul whose joys are fled forever—to the widow who weeps in agony over her fatherless children; who has lost, not only the being to whom her fresh young heart was given; to whom her affections, with all their blissful memories, have clung for years; whose name has been a rallying point; for all the fond energies of her nature, till, without him, the brightest earthly paradise would be an empty void—but she has now no hand to look to for aid in the support of her little ones, who cry for bread when she has none to bestow! O, war! war! thou art, indeed, a devouring monster! Thy thirst for blood is insatiate, and thine ear never weary of groans and sighs, while the mangled wrecks of humanity, the flaming dwelling, and the trampled blood sod are sights of joy to thine eyes! And what is the trump of victory but the knell of the bloody dead, the announcement of woe to the living, to the aged, desolate parents—the widow, the orphan, the weeping sister and the young and gentle maiden whose heart is mangled with her lover and cold in his grave, who must weep in secret, and sink beneath the blight of affliction to an early grave.

Ellen felt the full force of these things, yet she thanked an Almighty Preserver, with trembling heart, that her husband was yet spared, and though still exposed to danger, his term of service would soon be fulfilled, and he would then return. O, how her heart bounded as she anticipated the meeting; and there was a new string added to the thrilling chords of her heart's affections! Her babe! that name so dear, so tender, so stirring to the tenderest sympathies of nature. O, how she longed to speak it to her husband, to hear him say—my child! and see him clasp his boy with a father's fond emotions. There is something in parental love so holy, so powerful, so lasting that it seems impossible that it should die with the mortal body. How can death have dominion over the strongest, purest passion of the soul, that emotion which seems a part of its external essence, living and triumphant in every bosom, holding away over the spirit of the most obdurate savage, reconciling the most miserable to a life of pain, toil, and suffering; for what will the mother cheerfully suffer for her child? What will she not endure rather than be separated from it? Paternity is the pride and

joy of the young, the support, the crown, the consolation of the aged.
Ellen's heart throbbed proudly as she clasped her child against it; but if he was indisposed she trembled lest he should die before his father had looked upon him. Oh, the workings of a mother's heart!

At last, towards the close of the long, uncomfortable, anxious winter, as she sat beside the cradle of her boy, busily employed in making clothing for the army, at which business many women supported themselves and families, the silence of the late evening hour was broken by a footstep, and a knock at the door made her heart bound tumultuously. She turned a glance of wild hope towards the door as she made the applicant enter. It was her husband! She sprang into his arms; she clung frantically to him; she wept in the fulness of her soul; for her emotions could find no other utterance. He trembled as he strained her to his breast. It was a moment of pure happiness to be treasured in the spirit's memories forever. At length Ellen loosed her hold, and presented to the father his first born child, the joyous, beautiful, innocent. He clasped it tenderly, and as he pressed its little cheek to his lips the big tears fell on its face. He looked at the almost empty rooms and sighed deeply. "Oh, Ellen!" he said, "is this our only home! and even this not our own! and these few poor articles of furniture all our property? Curse on the souls of the mad crew who plundered and burnt our own happy home!"
"Oh no, Dudley, do not curse them; it was war," said Ellen; and she turned pale as she marked the bitter expression of her husband's haggard countenance. He was lean and pale, and his clothes were poor and much worn, and now, for the first time, the thought struck her that his return could not restore all the comforts and affluence she once enjoyed with him. He was worn, and weary, and destitute; and she seemed low-spirited. She exerted herself, roused her fire, set before him a warm and comfortable supper, conversed cheerfully, merely mentioning her sorrows and sufferings, and exultating on the mercies of Heaven and the benevolence of friends which had enabled her to subsist comfortably.

Dudley said but little, and when, after supper, he retired to bed, she knelt, and with streaming tears, entreated the God of mercy to pour consolation on his evidently drooping spirit, and still to support them and graciously remember their necessities. She poured out her soul with weeping to her Almighty friend, for she saw that her husband was not as he used to be in their days of affluence and peace, and she felt more than ever the need of Divine assistance. But her present supplication brought not at this time its accustomed answer of consolation. A heavy, boiling sorrow seemed to press down her spirit. She rose and stood by her husband's bedside. His sleep was disturbed and uneasy, and she fancied that the ferocious scenes through which he had recently passed had stamped themselves near upon his features, and she wept as if she had lost him forever. But there came a beam of consolation—it was only fatigue and the destitute circumstances in which he had found her that had overcome his weakened and excited spirit.—he would be himself again when a few days of rest and affectionate care had restored him. She passed the rest of the night in preparing him a clean and comfortable change of apparel, and only lay down as the day dawned to snatch an hour's slumber. She arose, recruited her fire, and set breakfast in the best possible style upon the table, and as soon as she found that he was awake, addressed him with cheerful affection, presented his clean clothing, and desired him to rise and partake of their wholesome fare. He arose, but not cheerfully—he surveyed his homely habiliments with an air of scorn, and sat down at the table with a discontented countenance. She endeavored to cheer him, and to engage him in conversation, exhibited, with all a mother's pride, the infantile beauty and activity of his child.

"What do you call the boy?" he inquired.
"I thought if you approved it," she answered, "to name him after my brother, Henry Peirce."
"Oh, Henry!" cried Carlton, "I would to God we had died together!"
"Is it possible you can speak so, my husband?" cried Ellen. "O think of your wife and child!—Would you have us wholly desolate?"
"You are already desolate," he answered. "What can I do for you? We are destitute of every thing, and I have no means of procuring even bread. I had rather sleep in the grave than live to witness your poverty and degradation."
"Degradation!" said Ellen; "we need not be degraded. We can labor; and labor is no reproach to Americans. I have been sustained in your absence, and surely, if we do our best, we can trust our heavenly Father for all else."
Carlton made no reply, but sighed deeply again and again. Ellen's heart swelled painfully within her bosom; but she checked its heavy throbs and kept up the semblance of content.

"Ellen!" said Carlton, at length, "have you no pride or feeling, that you bend thus to poverty?"
"It is my pride, Dudley, to suit myself under any circumstances. It is a false dignity that depends upon pecuniary circumstances. The truly noble man or woman is independent of fortune—like serene and tranquil in her smile or frown. I have always thought that the person who was greatly elevated or depressed by changing circumstances, possessed a weak or little mind. Can the food we eat, or the habiliments we wear, have any effect upon our immortal spirits? Are they not always the same—possessed of the same treasures of knowledge, benevolence, and love, in prosperity or adversity? Do I not feel at my heart, my heart's centre that Dudley Carlton is the same in those humble weeds, that he was in the most elegant attire? Oh yes! the same, and even dearer to me than ever!" and she clasped his hand to her lips as she spoke.
He pressed her to his bosom. "I will endeavor to be the same," he said hurriedly, and rising, left the room.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]
A WIFE'S POINTS.—A wife should have nine qualifications which begin with the letter P, viz: Prettiness, Precision, Prudence, Penetration, Perseverance, Piety, Patience, Politeness and Portion. That which should be first of all and most of all in consideration is now-a-days last of all; and that which should be last of all in consideration, which is portion, is now become first of all, most of all, and with some all in all.

VARIETY.

FROM THE LUTHERAN OBSERVER.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Now sing, O muse, in mournful strain
Another sad event of time,
Send forth thy plaintive voice again
And tell the tale in tuneful rhyme.
I had a friend, a faithful friend,
With whom my soul did much commune,
And oft in ties which might be bound
We tasted friendship's precious boon.
Six months ago I saw him last,
And gave to him the parting hand,
But little thought that we had passed
Our final hours in mercy's land.
It's true, our bosoms heaved with sighs,
Our tongues were mutely locked in tears;
But never did the thought arise
That death thus soon would end our years.
But ah! how soon our hopes are gone!
How short and few our days below!
How swift resistless death can come
And give our lives the mortal blow.
Dear friend! I could not see thee more,
Among the living in the land,
My troubled breast is wounded sore
That I no more could press thy hand.
Upon this verdant spot I weep
Where I am told thy dust is laid,
But can not o'er the distance sweep
Which ruthless death between us made.
Farewell, beloved friend farewell!
Thy happy soul has gone on high,
And oh! could some fair spirit tell
What joys thou hast beyond the sky!
But I am still a pilgrim here,
Forsaken in a world of woe,
My soul harassed with frequent fear,
Which in such soil must always grow.
But yet there is a pleasing hope
Which sweetly woos my troubled breast;
Although in toil my way I grope,
I'll soon with thee enjoy sweet rest.
Now then I'll cease my tears to shed
On this, the cold and silent grave;
For soon, I hope where thou hast fled,
My soul in seas of bliss to lave.
Take then this tribute of my love,
Which here at eve I lonely pay;
I must awhile below yet rove
But can not make a long delay.

A SNAKE STORY.—We were informed the other day, from a respectable source, that a rattlesnake was killed near Myer's Furnace on Clarion river, Venango county, measuring thirty-five feet in length and nearly the thickness of a common flour barrel, and had two feet of rattles. What a whizzing it must have made in the brush.
A friend at our elbow observes that this is not quite as large as a Black snake lately seen on the Erie extension of the Pennsylvania canal, which wrapped itself three times around one of the shanties and carried it off; but fortunately no person in it.—But, *Rep.*

MISTAKES.—The mistakes of Layman are like the errors of a pocket-watch; but when a Clergyman errs, it is like the town clock going wrong—it misleads a multitude!

REVERSED.—The papers have so long amused themselves with notices of tall men, that bipeds of that class are pretty much used up. Next comes the short ones. We have heard of a man so short that he could not reach high enough to button his own jacket.

Mr. Sterling of York, Pa. who stated that he had been robbed of \$18,000, we learn from the *Miners' Journal*, has been arrested at Reading, Pa. charged with swindling.

From the *New York Express*.
Maj. Downing to his Fellow Citizens.

Attention all creation!—eyes right!—face front!—Maj. Downing, just returned from foreign parts, addresses you on "great and weighty matters." The "big guns" of Biddle, Hamilton, Adams, Tallmadge, and others, having been discharged, it is now of high importance to know what the illustrious Major has to say.

The Major promises in his next to take up the subject of the currency, and to go to work in earnest to do his best toward putting things in order again. In one of his conversations the other day, it is reported that he said there was but one honest political party in this or any other country, and that he would in good time demonstrate this. *Nous verrons*, the Major now can parleyous French we dare say, having returned from his travels in foreign parts.

MARINE PAVILION, ROCKAWAY, L. I.
Aug. 15, 1837, in sight of the wreck of the *Two Polities*.
To the People of the U. States of North America in GENERAL, and to the great Democratic Family in PARTICULAR.
FELLOW-CITIZENS:—You have all by this time heard tell of my return to my native land, after an absence now of over two years this grass, and how high I came resting my bones along with the "Two Polities" on this beach, and all mainly owing to a notion that Capt. Jumper took, that he was more knowin than other folks about his latitude and longitude and soundings, and to wind up all, was willing, right or wrong, "to take the responsibility." Well, the long and short of the matter is, the "Two Polities" went ashore, and there she lies now, right off and on the house I am now in, and as I am in pretty good keepin here, I mean to stick by and wait for the high tides of September next, and see if there is any hopes of getting this vessel off. I don't intend to quit so long as two sticks of timber of this vessel hangs together. I know she is worth savin, and if we can't save all, we can save part, jest enuff to preserve the

model, for there ain't sich another crew afloat or on shore in all this created world. In the natural course of things, I supposed that, seem it's now more than two years since I wrote my last letter from France to my old friend Mr. Dwight, that I ought to tell what I have been about; but this would be a long story—too long to be good for nothing, and I have no time now to fight it if I once begun it—I'll leave that till I get through more important matters. I did not intend writing any thing till the "Two Polities" was off and safe afloat again; but seeing that all the great folks are at work writing private letters for publication, I thought it was high time to begin, and in doing so, as the Globe says of my old friend the General's letter, "dash it off in the broad bold hand of the venerable chief, without the slightest care of punctuating or correcting, &c."

When I left home the last time, on my way to France, to aid in keeping things right there, I sat down at the stern of the "Two Polities," and kept my eye on my native hills till the top of the highest one was lost in a fog cloud that hung over it. I then began to feel considerably wamblered and could not help thinkin of the time when I was a boy, and when the great platter of Ingin dumplings stood smoking on the table, and the family taking chairs all round it, and jest then my good old mother calling out, "you Jonny, my son, them plucky cattle are in the corn-field again—run, my boy, and turn 'em out," and away I'd scud, and whilst running, I would keep thinkin of them dumplings, what changes might take place among 'em afore I got back again, and, in fact, whether there would be any left at all by the time I got back.—And jest so it was this time; there were my native hills, all smoking in the distance, jest like a row of hot dumplings, and I going off to keep an eye on them Frenchmen; what changes, thinks I, will take place among them hills afore I git back to them!

I don't want to underrate dumplings, for I lived on 'em nigh half my life, but I must say, if any man who wants to know how much dearer to him is his native hill than any thing else in all creation, let him stand on the stern of a vessel going away from 'em at the rate of ten miles an hour, and see 'em go down out of sight in a fog bank, and if he don't then feel considerably streaked, depend on't he haint got a country worth returning to. In such a time a man knows how to feel for his country—his hull country, and nothing but his country. Talk to him then about party politics, and see how small, and mean, and contemptible all the little nasty dirty differences of party squabbles appear.—Whig, Tory, Bank, Anti-Bank, Hard Currency, Paper Currency, Loco Foco, Aristocracy, Democracy, Jackson, Benton, Van Buren, Kiddle, Nigger, Anti-Nigger, Monopoly, Anti-Monopoly, Tammany and Anti-Tammany, and Uncle Joshua—all becomes mixed up like a ball of ravelins of old stockings, and aint worth no more, and this brings us all to the only point worth thinking about; and as I have not time to dress up a long story, I appeal to EVERY NATIVE BORN AMERICAN CITIZEN, (the only class I care to talk to jest now,) to think with me—and if I am not right, let them tell me where and how I am wrong.—I have now seen all countries except China and the Sandwich Islands and a small part of Russia—and I can say that I have seen no country and no people that can hold a candle to us—and all that is wanting on our part is to feel and to act—and that is for every man who has got the *rate grit* in him to unshackle himself from the nasty party prejudices—and look to the good of his country, as he would to his own good and that of his family and children.

In some countries where I have been, the will or wish of one man is the law of the land—when he whistles, he says let no dog bark. Is it to be so with us? Are we an independent and free people, and yet to be whistled into the traces and fancies of any man or set of men? I for one won't—I'll see any man or set of men, or any other man—in Kamscentka first. Well, what is the puzzle now before us? We are all at odds and ends. PARTY—that selfish deceitful monster has been at work, and twisted us into a snarl, and it is our business to untwist it—wind off the best part of it for our own use, and throw the rest to the devil where it came from—along with those who wickedly strive to draw lines between the people and set one class up agin another, just to serve their own party purposes.

It would be a useless task for me to attempt to go into all the causes, why and wherefore, to show how we got into the scrape we are now in—it is enuff to know we are in a scrape, and I don't know a shorter way to explain it, than to say, that if a farmer wants to see his farm well tilled he won't take a watchmaker to till it—if a hat-maker, or a shoe-maker, or a nail-maker, or a carpenter, or a mason, or any kind of manufacturer, wants good workmen to assist him, he won't employ persons that don't know any thing about the trade. A ship-builder won't employ a hatter or mason to aid him in building a ship, and wiser wags. Some folks can kill Ingin and some manage finances—every man to his trade, there is a trade and calling for every man—but if in the course of party management a tinker says he can cut a coat better than a tailor, it would not be strange if some of us had a tin kettle tied to the tail of our coat flaps—and so it is in matters of more importance. But what *grit* agin the *grit* with me, is to see some folks who have been put into high offices by us "the people," and paid by us out of our earnings twenty-five thousand dollars a year—about seven dollars a day, besides house rent and other clipplings—turn out and tell us—these men