

Spirit of the Age.

M.B. Samuel

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well recommend, none other need apply.
WOODSTOCK, MARCH 1, 1847. GEORGE FISHER.
285-1f

Poetry.

OH! IF THERE WERE NO PRINTERS, WHAT WOULD THE PEOPLE DO?
Air—"Fine Old English Gentleman!"
BY E. M. HEIST.

The Printers! Ho! I sing to them. I dedicate this lay
To those who ply the noble art, which, like the sun's
bright ray,
Gives light and happiness to all, and shine the
wide world through;
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would the people do?

The Politician, then, indeed, would be a sorry thing;
For there would be no daily sheet, election news
to bring,
And he would have to wait for it, perhaps a month
or two;
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would the people do?

The Senator and Member, too, might bid farewell
to fame,
Were not one found to print their thoughts—their
mighty deeds proclaim—
The speeches made for 'Buncombe,' they'd find
to be "no go."
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would our
wise men do?

The Poet and the Novelist might lay aside their
quill—
Give up their toil and study, and bid their brains
be still;
For who would read their manuscripts, or even
look them through?
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would our
authors do?

The Merchant every day, might get new styles,
and fresh supplies;
But were no papers to be found wherein to advertise,
He'd find his stock grew very large—his dollars
very few;
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would the
tradesmen do?

The Ladies too, God shield them well, and bless
each gentle heart—
How they would grieve, if to the world was lost
the Printer's art;
For there would come no magazines, each month
with fashions new;
Oh! if there were no Printers, what would the
dear ones do?

Then honor to the Printer!—to whom I give this
lay!
To those who ply the noble art, which, like the sun's
bright ray,
Gives light and happiness to all, and shines the
wide world through;
For, if there were no Printers, WHAT would the
people do?

From Howitt's Journal.
THE LOVER.
FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH VOSS,

The maiden with brown eyes and hair
Came o'er the dewy meadows;
The nightingales were singing clear,
Among the evening shadows.
I saw and heard her stepping free;
She passed like sunshine o'er the sea;
I saw she was the girl for me!

Her skirts were lifted from the dew!
Her bosom fitted tightly;
Her plaited hair, her apron blue,
The night breeze wafted lightly.
Her stockings white as white could be;
Said I, that maiden fair to see,
Is just the very girl for me!

The brindle cow her call obeyed,
Come all the meadows through;
And as she milked, said I, "Sweet maid,
God shield thee from all sorrow!"
She looked with eyes so bright and free;
Said I, she is the girl for me;
She shall my heart's beloved be!

Her eyes they seemed to answer 'yes,'
My heart with love was gushing;
And I contrived my lips to press
Upon her warm cheek, blushing—
That blushing cheek, so fresh to see!
Said I, this maiden, fair and free,
She is the very girl for me!

I helped her over hedge and stile,
With frothy milk pail laden;
And sang to scare the goblin vile
That might fright the maiden;
For now 'twas dark by bush and tree;
And said I, "Maiden dear to me,
Will thou my heart's beloved be?"

"Wherefore so late!" her mother cried,
In wrath her daughter viewing,
"Soft, gentle mother!" I replied,
"Thy daughter I've been wooing!
Give thy consent—then blessed are we!
Sweet mother, give consent, for she
Is willing my beloved to be!"

MARY HOWITT.

Miscellaneous.

The Man of Principle, and the Principle of Man.
From the Plaindealer.

Two gentlemen met in our streets the other day; both men of liberal education, both politicians, and attached to the federal party; both exemplary in their deportment, and Christians by profession; but one is an office holder, and the other is not. A conversation ensued.

Office holder—Well, John, the political campaign is opening with fine prospects for us. We shall thrash the locos awfully next election!

John—That is capital news; but how are we to do it?

Office holder—Why, with Gen. Taylor for our candidate, we can overwhelm them. As Judge Dayton said, we can sink their ship so deep that not a bubble will rise to tell the story of their wreck.

John—Well, I like the wrecking part of your prophecy very well; but I must confess I have some apprehensions that the rock will be as disastrous to us as to our opponents. What are the political opinions of Gen. Taylor?

Office holder—Oh! he's an out-and-out whig; goes all the whig measures entire; voted, or meant to vote for Clay at the last election; and is every inch with us.

John—Who tells you so.

Office holder—I saw it in at least a dozen whig papers.

John—Any authority given for it—or was it merely the opinion of the editors?

Office holder—The opinion of one or more of the editors, I believe; they had copied from each other pretty much.

John—That's no authority. Has any respectable man said, or written, that of his own knowledge, he knows Gen. Taylor to be a whig?

Office holder—Not that I know of.

John—Have any of his family authorized any one to say he is a whig?

Office holder—Not that I have heard.

John—To which party do his relations belong, so far as you have learned?

Office holder—It is said that his son-in-law, and his brother are democrats.

John—Did the General support Jackson for the Presidency?

Office holder—I understand he did.

John—Which of the whig principles has Gen. Taylor expressed himself favorable to, in any letter, speech, or conversation of his that you have ever read?

Office holder—Well, I can't say I have ever seen any expression of political principles from him.

John—Well, is that being a whig?

Office holder—(drolly.)—It was, you know, in 1840, "no principles for the public eye," was our motto.

John—Yes, but I got enough in 1840, and I thought you had too! Is not the general a large slaveholder, and a southern cotton planter; and do you expect he will go for a repeal of the odious British tariff of 1846, and for the Wilmot proviso, to which we are pledged?

Office holder—There's no use of talking tariff, John, when the farmers are getting the present prices for their grain; and as to slavery, I can't say a great deal about it, after all. You know Mr. Clay was a slaveholder, but he never struck at that.

John—No! you didn't, but a great many did; and Mr. Clay was beaten.

Office holder—Not on that ground, for Mr. Polk, who succeeded, was as much of a pro-slavery man as Mr. Clay.

John—Just so, Mr. Polk's party did not pretend to be otherwise. They expressly refused their sympathy to the anti-slavery cause; were honest, though blinded, they succeeded; while too many of the whig party professed one thing and practised another; made promises to the ear, and broke them to the hope; preached virtue and practised vice; in a word, were everything for office, and nothing for principle. Does Taylor hold this most villainous war to be unjust?

Office holder—I s'pose so.

John—Well, I s'pose he don't; for I believe the general to be a man of truth.—His correspondence with the war department, and his proclamation to the Mexicans, upon invading that country which his military prowess has crimsoned, made desolate, and filled with wailing, all show that he justified the war in its fullest extent. Indeed, if he did not, I should think him the veriest murderer in existence. For while I hold to the justness of defensive war, I deny that in an unjust war, any man so believing, can voluntarily become a human butcher and plead in defence the orders of his superiors in command. If that doctrine is true, then for six thousand Mexicans killed, but one man is responsible—I mean the President. I don't believe in that, and therefore I am glad to exculpate Gen. Taylor by supposing, as I certainly do, that he justifies the war on our part. But if he does this he is no whig.

Office holder—John, my dear fellow, you are over nice in these things, and you surprise me. You Presbyterians are a fighting sect, at least you have not entered any special protest against war in the general, while here are our Quaker friends, whose testimony against all resort to arms is as old as their sect, all going for the general with a perfect rush. Look at James, and Samuel, and Stacy, and Ralph, and William, all of the purest George Fox blood, and see how they scramble to be foremost in shouting for the general!

John—Aye, aye! what you say of these individuals is true; they have offices to hold on to, like yourself, and probably not much principle to let go from; but when the West Jersey Quakers vote for a slaveholder, a general, and the destroyer of men in a war believed to be unjust, I hope they will erect a monument at each of their meeting-houses to the memory of Andrew Jackson, and inscribe upon the pedestal a retraction of the loud censures they repeatedly pronounced upon him. If justice to the living requires the course you advocate, justice to the dead will everywhere commend my suggestion.

Office holder—Well, for my part I think it is a capital thing to punish the locos, by electing Taylor, a man made by the very war they created.

John—Good thing eh! to take poison yourself, if you can only thus get your enemies to drink it! But are you sure you can elect him? Whose votes will he get besides the whig?

Office holder—He'll get all the native vote, all the anti-rent vote, the Tyler vote, and the custom-house vote—pretty much all the office-holders in the country are going for him; and I saw only yesterday a loco paper in this State, edited by a custom-house man, who is out for him— Besides, the hurra-boys of the locos will go for him.

John—Excellent company! Natives, who burned the churches; anti-renters, who murdered their landlords; Rynder's of the customs, and the offal of the loco party! Well, if that ain't a dose for a week's stomach, I should like to learn what is! If I thought there was a drop of that indifferently complacency that tolerates the idea of an association with such materials in me, I would step into Chumar's, buy a double

dose of Epsom, and purge it out! I don't think I ever understood you before, neighbor! You "stoop to conquer!" I suppose. Good morning.

Letter of Senator Benton.
TO THE PEOPLE OF OREGON TERRITORY.

WASHINGTON CITY, March, 1847.

MY FRIENDS—for such I may call many of you from personal acquaintance, and all of you from my 30 years devotion to the interests of your country—I think it right to make this communication to you at the present moment, when the adjournment of congress, without passing the bill for your government and protection, seems to have left you in a state of abandonment by your mother country. But such is not the case. You are not abandoned! nor will you be denied protection for not agreeing to admit slavery. I, a man of the south, and a slaveholder, tell you this.

The house of representatives, as early as the middle of January, had passed a bill to give you a territorial government, and in that bill had sanctioned and legalized your provisional organic act, one of the clauses of which forever prohibits the existence of slavery in Oregon. An amendment from the Senate's committee, to which the bill was referred, proposed to abrogate that prohibition; and in the delays and vexations to which the amendment gave rise, the whole bill was laid upon the table and lost for the session.

This will be a great disappointment to you, and a real calamity; already five years without law, or legal institution for the protection of life, liberty and property! and now doomed to wait a year longer.— This is a strange and anomalous condition! almost incredible to contemplate, and most critical to endure! a colony of free men, 4000 miles from the metropolitan government, and without laws or government to preserve them! But do not be alarmed or desperate, you will not be outlawed for not admitting slavery.

Your fundamental act against that institution, copied from the ordinance of 1797—(the work of the great men of the south in the great day of the south, prohibiting slavery in a territory far less north than yours)—will not be abrogated! nor is that the intention of the prime mover of the amendment. Upon the record, the judiciary committee of the senate is the author of that amendment; but not so the fact! That committee is only midwife to it.

Its author is the same mind that generated the "fire brand resolutions," of which I send you a copy and of which the amendment is the legitimate derivation. Oregon is not the object. The most rabid propagandist of slavery cannot expect to plant it on the shores of the Pacific in the latitude of Wisconsin and the lake of the Woods. A home agitation for election and disunion purposes, is all that is intended by thrusting this fire brand question into your bill! and, at the next session, when it is thrust in again we will scourge it out, and pass your bill as it ought to be. I promise you this in the name of the south as well as of the north; and the event will not deceive me.

In the meantime the President will give you all the protection which-existing laws, and detachments of the army and navy, can enable him to extend to you; and until congress has time to act, your friends must rely upon you to continue to govern yourselves, as you have heretofore done, under the provisions of your own voluntary compact, and with the justice harmony and moderation which are due to your own character and to the honor of the American name.

I send you by Mr. Shively a copy of the bill of the late session, both as it passed the house of representative, and as proposed to be amended in the senate, with the senate's vote upon laying upon the table, and a copy of Mr. Calhoun's resolutions—(posterior in date to the amendment, but, nevertheless, farther to it)—also a copy of your own provisional organic act, as printed by order of the senate; all which will put you in possession of proceedings of congress for territorial government, and for the protection and security of your rights.

In conclusion I have to assure you that the same spirit which has made me the friend of Oregon for thirty years—which led me to denounce the joint occupation treaty the day it was made, and to oppose its renewal in 1823, and to oppose its re-rogation until it was terminated the spirit which led me to reveal the grand destiny of Oregon, in articles written in 1818, and to support every measure for her benefit since—that same spirit still animates me, and will continue to do so while I live; which I hope, will be long enough to see an emporium of Asiatic commerce at the mouth of your river and a stream of Asiatic trade pouring into the valley of the Mississippi through the channel of Oregon.

Your friend and fellow citizen,
THOMAS H. BENTON.

From the New Orleans Delta.

Parties in Mexico.

The serpent that has so long writhed beneath the talons of the Eagle of Anahuac, has at last risen against its foe, and coiling its numerous folds around his sturdy frame, hisses in triumph above the head of the prostrate king of birds.— The Republic for which Hidalgo and Morelos fought and died, totters even now like old Laocoon, under the heavy weight and agonizing embrace of the hydra Faction, whose many heads encircle its body and breathe a deadly poison into its inmost soul.

Never, in the history of mankind, did the fell spirit of party display its baleful power, its utter annihilation of all patriotism and national feeling, more conspicuously than in the strife and contention that now disgrace the capital of Mexico. During the siege of Jerusalem, by Vespasian and Titus, the erudite Josephus records that whilst the Holy City was besieged by the Romans, the populace within were divided into numerous contending factions, who, whenever the enemy without suspended the attack on the city, turned their arms against one another, and fought with even more ferocity than characterized their defence against a common and foreign enemy. But the Mexicans do not cease their domestic strife at the approach of their foe. The moment their General commenced his march against the invader's force, was selected as a fit occasion to light up the torch of civil dissension, and unchain the genius of discord upon the afflicted capital: whilst the valiant soldiers of the country were going forth to give battle in defence of their homes and firesides, the parties at the Capital were threatening and murdering one another, intent only on their factions and selfishness, and leaving the army of their defenders unprotected with even the means of subsistence. One of these parties, composing the wealth-and-property-holders of the country, refuses to mortgage its immense possessions to save the country from the occupation of a foreign and "heretical" enemy. Another party is equally desirous of shuffling the burden of this war off the shoulders of trade and commerce on to those of the church.— Another party prays for the long continuance of the war, as the best means of preserving its power and the profits of military disbursements and pillage, and of blinding the people to the atrocities which mark its government. These are the three great parties that at present afflict and divide the people or the leaders of the people of Mexico. Though deadly opposed to one another, they all unite on one common ground of bitter hatred to the Americans, and uncompromising hostility to any amicable arrangement of the difficulties between the two nations. But yet they are unwilling to make any sacrifices or concessions to one another, for the purpose of aiding in making even a decent defence against the invasion of their hated foe. The war is only used as one of their party cries—as a sort of tub thrown to the popular whale, to withdraw its attention from the ambitious designs of the factionists. And now each of these parties is compelled to keep up the cry, lest the others should take advantage of its apparent want of patriotism, and triumph over it. The church party can only save its property from confiscation, by going as far as any other party in cheap and easy demonstrations of hostility. The party of Gomez Farias would not exist a moment if it did not back its attack upon the treasury of the holy church, by the strong argument of the necessity of carrying on the war with the United States. Then there is the war party, composed of the ambitious and military portion of the people, who support the war as the best field for distinction, or rather for plunder. Should the church party display any lukewarmness on the subject of the war, the war party proper could combine with the radicals, and overthrow the hierarchy. So if the radicals were to relax their support of the war, the church would effect a similar union, with like results, with the war party.— Thus, from the necessity of sustaining themselves, all these parties are compelled to unite in the warm advocacy of the war with the "northern barbarians."

These are the three principal parties, that have stirred up the late revolution in the city of Mexico.

But there are other parties, which, though now weak, are visibly increasing in power and number, and must eventually triumph over the old divisions and factions. These parties are governed by patriotic motives and wise views. Among them are some of the most intelligent and virtuous citizens in Mexico. They are the advocates of peace, or if they have encouraged the war, it has only been to get rid of the military drones that afflict the country. But really they desire peace on any terms short of the extinction of their national existence. They are willing to indemnify the United States, to accept of the terms of the treaty proposed through Atocha, and to yield such portions of their country as they are unable to defend, provided they can once more have peace and friendly intercourse with their most profitable neighbor. There is another party, who go still farther, and think there is no safety for poor Mexico, but in her incorporation into our Union. They have experienced our irresistible power; they have witnessed our unparalleled progress and prosperity; they bow to our immense superiority in all the arts of civilization; they have seen happiness, peace and prosperity everywhere attending the gigantic strides of our republic; and they know that these are the "outward and visible signs of the inward and saving grace" of true, rational, and real liberty. And then recurring to the unnumbered evils—the rapid and premature decay—the moral, social, political and physical debasement, which have afflicted poor Mexico ever since, pursuing the shadow rather than the substance of liberty, she became the victim of ceaseless faction and eternal revolution, this afflicted people may well shrink back in horror from the contrast, and seek a safe asylum under our benign institutions. Of the extensive existence of this party there can be no doubt. Every account from Mexi-

co represents it to be on the increase, not only in numbers and influence, but also in the boldness and publicity of its advocacy of incorporation into the United States. No one can doubt but that the happiness of mankind would be greatly promoted, if this party could succeed in its high and patriotic purposes.

Death by Hunger.

The following thrilling description of death by hunger, is extracted from the speech made by S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, at the public meeting in that city, on the 4th inst., for the relief of the starving poor of Ireland:

"Oh! it is terrible, that in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, and in which there is a plenty for all, that men should die of starvation! In these days when improvements in agriculture and the mechanical arts have quadrupled the productiveness of labor; when it is manifest that the earth produces every year more than sufficient to feed and clothe all her thronging millions; it is a shame and a disgrace, that the word starvation has not long since become obsolete, or only retained to explain the dim legends of a barbarous age. You who have never been beyond the precincts of our favored country, you more especially who have always lived in the great valley of the Mississippi—the cornucopia of the world—who see each day poured into the lap of your city, food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a nation, can form but an imperfect idea of the horrors of famine; of the terror which strikes men's souls when they cry in vain for bread.— When a man dies of disease he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they cannot keep back the deadly messenger, can cover his face and conceal the horrors of his visage as he delivered his stern mandate.

In battle, in the fulness of his pride and strength, little cares the soldier whether the hissing bullet sings his last requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his dim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he has friends how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins.— Famine comes not up like a brave enemy, storming by a sudden onset the fortress that resists—Famine besieges. He draws his line around the doomed garrison; he cuts off all supplies; he never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter.— Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain the fearful warfare? Day by day the blood recedes; the flesh deserts, the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body.— Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow men, and glares upon them with the longings of a carnival, and it may be, dies blaspheming!"

Rank in the Army—Or, A Darkey's Dignity.—After a portion of the troops had landed on the beach near Vera Cruz, on the night of the 9th of March, a body of the enemy commenced a brisk fire of small arms into the encampment. Of course, all hands were on the qui vive, expecting the Mexicans would make some demonstration upon our lines during the night, and when the firing commenced, concluded there was about to be a general attack. The lines were soon formed, and not a word could be heard from the soldiery; but there was a negro who kept running from one little point of hill to another, apparently in a state of great excitement. He finally laid himself flat on his face, at full length, and commenced working himself into the soft sand with a good deal of energy. On being asked what he was about, he replied—

"I is 'fraid some ob dem 'ere copper ball will put a step to me drawin' my rashuns."

"Why, in the devil," asked the party speaking to him, "don't you get up and fight them?"

"No, sir-ee!" he said, "dat's my mossa' part ob de bizness; he done been to West-point, where dey makes fightin' people to larn dat, and you don't keteh dis nigger meddlin' he sef wid odder people's bizness. My massa does fightin' an' I waits on him, an' usses him. If he gets wounded, we gets promoteb'."

"You get promoteb'! What good will his promotion do you?" inquired the individual.

"Oh, Lor'! hab money! dat question is been settled long time ago in dese parts down here; a colored gemmen what waits on a kurnel always outranks one dat waits on a capten, an' de way we colored gemmen reg'ars makes dese volunteer niggers squas is a caution to white folks!"

(N. O. Delta.)

Another.—Last evening, a stout, bounding young woman was knocked down and run over by a horse and wagon, at the crossing of Hanover and Warren streets. The carriage passed over her neck and shoulders, when the bystanders, expecting to see her killed, were astonished to see her jump up and spring upon the pavement, exclaiming at the same time, "Dod rot your pictur, you didn't hurt me, old feller, anyhow!" The driver of the vehicle was very much frightened at the accident.— Trenton (N. J.) News Thursday.

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