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Poetry.

For the Times.

LINES ON A TRUE FRIEND.

Commend me to the Friend who comes
When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
The suffering of his own—
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng,
At pleasure's gay levee,
But comes to gild a sombre hour
And give his heart to me.
He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
And when the task is done,
He freely gives me all I ask,
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling brow,
When mine is touched with gloom,
But like the violets, seek to cheer
The midnight with perfume.
Commend me to that generous heart,
Which like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every changing sky—
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But, like the winter's ivy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.
Oh! such a friend—he is in truth,
Whatever his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on the sea. T.

POPLAR SPRING, *July 2nd*, 1856.

CONTASTS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

How beautiful is sunshine
That follows after rain!
How pleasant are the dreams of ease
When purchased by a pain?
How sweet when true love quarrels
To make it up again?

How merry is the streamlet
That hath a rock to leap:
How blessed is the daily toil
That brings refreshing sleep;
Then prythee, Love, a quarrel,
But neither long nor deep.

How dull would be the morning,
Had night not gone before!
How tame would be the summer days
Were't not for winter hoar!
And were life *all* plaasure,
Delight would be no more!

After the dark, the dawning,—
After the cool, the heat,—
After the rain, the buds of spring,—
After the sour, the sweet,—
And after all thy chiding,
Behold me at thy feet!

Miscellaneous.

STEPHEN BALL HUNG BY THE TORIES.

Staten Island was occupied as a British post during the greater portion of the war for Independence, and was an important position, as it afforded an easy access to the Jersey shores, whence foraging parties could draw supplies of provisions for the army, and furnished a safe retreat for those foraging parties when pursued by the American militia. Toward the close of the war, several circumstances combined to cause a scarcity of provisions in the British camp, among which the activity of various bands of militiamen in cutting off all parties of the enemy, unless they were in great force, was not the least in importance. Every means was adopted to overcome this difficulty, and an appeal to the cupidity of the inhabitants was made by the commanding officer on the Island, in which he stated that all persons, whatever their principles, who would bring provisions to the camp, should have permission to sell them, be paid the highest price, and should be always allowed to return unmolested. Such a proclamation was well calculated to effect the object, for it was well known that Congress could not pay for supplies to their armies, except in depreciated Continental money, and as there was no other market for them, farmers had but one alternative—either to sell them for British gold or for the worthless paper money of Congress. It is not surprising, therefore, that many whose patriotism was not doubted chose the former, and, whenever opportunity offered, slipped over to the Staten Island shore with their produce, for which they received a fair price in the hard coin of King George.

Among those who were deluded to this course, was a man be the name of Stephen Ball, who, having four quarters of beef to dispose of thought it better to get its equivalent in gold than in paper money. In pursuance of this object, he placed his beef on board of a boat, and carefully covering it from observation, so that his intent might not be suspected in case he should meet any one who knew him, he put off one night, and rowed through Newark Bay to "The Kills," which he crossed, and landed on Staten Island early in the morning of February 15, 1781. He found no difficulty in disposing of his beef but for fear that he might be observed in leaving the island, and his object suspected by some one of his friends, he determined to remain until the shades of night should screen his retreat, as it had his approach. Fatal determination!—The delay cost him his life. It so happened that while he was wandering about on the island he was met by a man named Cornelius Hetfield, one of those cold-blooded villians who have no regard for any of those principles which even govern the most barbarious warfare, but fought for plunder, and was governed only by the bloody instincts of his brutal nature. This man had command of a party of six renegades of a similar stamp, whose names were Job Hetfield, James Hetfield, sr., James Hetfield, jr., Elias Man, Samuel Man, and Job Smith. All of these were former residents of Elizabethtown, except Smith, who was from Bergen. The leader, Cornelius Hetfield, recognized Ball, and knowing his rebel proclivities, arrested him under pretence of his being a spy, notwithstanding his asservations that his object was a peaceful one. They stripped and searched him, and finding the money which he had received for his beef upon him, they quickly relieved him of it, and appropriated it among themselves, and then carried their prisoner before Gen. Patterson for trial as a spy.—This officer explained to them the object of Ball's visit to the camp, and directed them to let him go. This did not suit their purposes, as in that case they would have to restore him his money; and they made another effort to rid themselves of this incumbrance by taking him to General Skinner, who refused to try him by court-martial, and pretended to shudder at the idea of trying and executing a man who had brought them provisions. Foiled in this attempt, the determined refugees made up their minds to try him themselves, and a mock court-martial was instituted on the spot. The verdict may readily be imagined, and the sentence was that he should be "hung by the neck until he be dead!" In vain he pleaded the proclamation inviting visits such as his; in vain he begged that his case be heard by the proper authorities; his judges were inexorable, and he was told that he must prepare to die. They well knew that the course they were about to pursue would not be sanctioned by the British commandant, and to screen themselves from observation, they determined to take their prisoner to the opposite shore, where there could be none to interfere with their hellish object, and where they would be undisturbed in its consumation. For this purpose, they placed him on board of his own boat, and rowed across to the old Tide-Mill, on Bergent Point. They found a small persimmon tree near the beach, which answered for a gibbet, and beneath its branches they all gathered with their prisoner except one, who was left in charge of the boat. The unfortunate man looked in vain in the countenances of his executioners for the smallest sign of commiseration, but over the faces of all was spread an expression of hatred, or of perfect indifference to his fate. Finding that they were bent on putting him to death, and that there was no hope of their relenting in their deadly purpose he begged to be allowed time to prepare for the great change from life to eternity. But even this boon was denied him by his captors, who told him with an oath, that he had but ten minues to live. He was also told that if he wanted any one to pray for him, one of their number would officiate; and one of the impious wretches ventured to commence a prayer. The words choked his utterance, however, and he was obliged to give over the attempt, amid the brutal cheers and laughter of his associates. A barrel was procured, and, at the expiration of the allotted time, the wretches in whose hearts beat no responsive feeling of pity for their unfortunate victim, ordered him to mount thereupon. Even after he had done so, and one of their number had tied the hangman's knot under his ear, after throwing the other end of the rope over a limb of the tree, he entertained the hope that the Tories only intended to frighten him, for he could not entertain the thought that they would murder him so coolly and deliberately; but he was doomed to be mistaken. Just before he swung off, James Hetfield stepped forward, and drawing his knife from his belt, placed it in the hand of the prisoner, declaring that he should not go into the other world unarmed. The signal was now given, and while those who held the rope pulled the prisoner off his feet, the barrel was kicked away from under him, and Stephen Ball was launched into eternity.

After he had hung until they were satisfied that he was dead, the rope was cut, and the body fell into a shallow grave which they had dug at the foot of the tree. They then leaped into their boat and returned to the opposite shore. A day or two afterward, the father of the unfortunate man, hearing of the tragical death of his son, obtained a flag for the purpose of bringing off his corpse; but this privilege was denied him, and it was not until after the war that his body was disinterred and placed in the burrying-ground at Newark. When the British evacuated the island, upon the declaration of peace, most of the ruffians engaged in this diabolical act fled to Nova Scotia. Cornelius Hetfield returned to New Jersey in 1807, and was arrested for the crime. He was discharged by the Judge, (Pennington,) however, on the ground that the treaty of peace precluded the punishment of such acts.

BROILED QUAIL AND FANATICISM.

A LEGISLATIVE SHETCH.

Mr. Bailey is one of the most influential members in the Legislature. He speaks with great fluency and always to the point. Mr. Bailey is down on old fogy legislation of all kinds, and takes ground early and decisively against all measures which in any manner cut in upon the inheritance vouchsafed to us by the "great principles of Ninety-Eight." Mr. Bailey's influence combined with his great good nature and affable manner, make him much sought after by all kind of people. Among the strangers who called upon him, on Monday last, was a Mr. Monroe, from Stuben county.

"Mr. Bailey, I believe?"

"Yes, sir—take a seat."

"I have called on you, Mr. Bailey, for the purpose of obtaining your influence in defeating a bill which the fanatics of Steuben have just got up for the purpose of circumscribing our Sunday privileges."

"What is that?"

"They wish the Legislature to pass a bill authorizing the Board of supervisors to pass a law making it a penal offence to drive past a church during divine service, except in pursuit of a physician. We, the people, object to any such arrangement, and insist that such a law is at once tyrannous and unconstitutional."

"You are right, sir; it is tyranical and unconstitutional—as much so as that prohibitory law which Greely & Co., licked into shape in 1855."

"Such being your sentiments, I suppose we may count on your assistance in defeating the bill."

"Of course you can."

"How will the New York delegation go?"

"Right, of course. New Yorkers are down on all laws that smack of Massachusetts Puritanism."

"When can you see them and talk the matter over?"

"Any time. This evening, if necessary."

"Say to-morrow evening, and, for the sake of impressing the subject on their memories, invite them to Captain Knight's, to discuss broiled quail and woodcock."

"A good idea, but slightly expensive."

"Never mind the expense. Order up and I'll foot the bill. What will it be?"

"Not less than fifty, nor more than seventy-five dollars."

"Say seventy-five, and take the money out of that."

Here Mr. Monroe, "Agent for the Steuben County Anti-Fanatic Association," pulled out a hundred dollar bill on the bank of Troy. Mr. Bailey took it and handed Mr. Monroe two tens and a five in change. Mr. Monroe folded up the documents, shook hands with Mr. Bailey, and left. Before he took his departure, he informed Mr. B. that he had to go to Steuben by the three o'clock train, but would return again on Saturday morning without fail. A few hours after Mr. Monroe's departure, Mr. Bailey called on Captain Knight and ordered up quail and Heidseick for twelve.

"When do you wish them."

"To-morrow evening."

"They shall be ready at eight precisely."

Mr. Bailey said, "that will do," lighted a cigar, pulled on his right-hand glove and returned to his hotel. Tuesday evening found the supper, and so did a portion of the New York delegation.

Speeches were made by Messrs. Bailey and Anthon, while sentiments were thrown off by every body. The discussion of the quail continued till about eleven o'clock, when Mr. Riley made a move that the party adjourn *sine die*. The motion was put and carried. Mr. Bailey and the New York delegation left the parlor and entered the bar-room.

"What is your bill, Captain?"

"Sixty-eight dollars, sir."

"Take it out of that."

Here Mr. Bailey handed Captain Knight that hundred dollar bill. The Captain took the bill and handed him thirty-two dollars in change.

"Take a cigar, gentlemen?"

"Of course—torches for twelve."

The torches were produced. The twelve partook of torches, and then left for the purpose of walking off the effects of that "last bottle."

The next morning found Mr. Bailey in the House as usual. Among the letters he received was one from Mr. Monroe, of Steuben, urging him to watch "that cussed bill," should it be sprung upon the House during his absence. While Mr. Bailey was reading that letter, a messenger tapped him on the arm:

"A man wishes to see you in the lobby."

Mr. Bailey dropped the letter and went in pursuit of the gentleman.

"What do you wish, sir?"

"Change for that one hundred dollar bill you gave Capt. Knight last night—Hendrickson says its a counterfeit."

"Not possible."

"It isn't anything else."

"Tell the Captain I will call and adjust matters after the House adjourns."

The gentleman replied "very well, sir," and left. Mr. B. was of course as good as his word. He called upon the Captain, redeemed the bill, and commenced a series of inquiries in relation to the private history of "Mr. Monroe, of Steuben." On inquiring of the members, he was told that no such society as the "Steuben Anti-Fanatic Association" was in existence, neither was there any such law spoken of as the Sunday statute referred to by Mr. Monroe. Mr. Bailey scratched his ear and said in an under tone, "Sold by thunder." Mr. Bailey immediately repaired to the Police Office and entered a complaint. A warrant was issued for Mr. Monroe's arrest. It was handed to officer Whalen, who found the Secretary of the Steuben Anti-Fanatic Association in Utica. He brought him to town on Thursday. Mr. Monroe is now in jail. He will be tried for swindling at the next County Court. Mr. Monroe resides a short distance from Rochester, and has already served out two terms in the State Prison for swindling.—*Albany Police Tribune.*

And after all this, how true it is that a "good thing" depends very much upon time and place, and more than either on the man who says it, for its effect. When the lion roars, the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the lion condescends to laugh, the beasts must split their sides. Reputation for wit is worth as much at dinner as for wealth on 'Change. Selwyn's commonplaces were received with wild applause; but they would have fallen still-born from another. But Selwyn did rattle to some purpose betimes. It was proposed to raise a subscription for Fox, and one of his friends observing that it would require some delicacy, asked how Fox would take it. "Take it?" said Selwyn, "why, quarterly, to be sure."

And when a namesake of this same Fox was hung at Tyburn, Fox inquired of Selwyn if he attended the execution? "No," replied Selwyn, "I make it a point of never going to *rehearsals*."

But if any other than Selwyn had said these, and a score of other things, they would not have been written and reprinted at the end of a hundred years.

"Have you heard that story about number 288?" inquired the facetious Mr. C., addressing his fun-loving neighbor B.

"No, I have not," replied B., "let me have it."

"It is too gross," remarked C., hesitatingly.

"Oh, never mind, I can stand; let me have it by all means," eagerly exclaimed B.

"I tell you it is too gross."

"All the better, it will just suit me; I like such jokes; just shut the door there and let me hear it."

"Can't do that, for G. stands there listening to hear me sell you."

"Well, if you're going to sell me, I should like to know how you're going to do it.—Let's hear what your 288 is that's too gross."

"You have heard it twice already, replied C., with a grin. I tell you 288, being twice 144, is two groce."

ABSURDITIES.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.

To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church.

To keep your clerks on miserable salaries and wonder at their robbing you.

To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry at them because they lie for themselves.

Never punish a child for being a romp, but thank heaven who has given her health to be one. It is better than a distorted spine or hectic speech. Little girls ought to be great romps—better than paying doctor bills for them. Where is the gymnasium which should be attached to every school? That's coming, too, like other improvements.

An indolent friend, says the Louisiana *Courier*, inquires why, in writing, a dot may not pass for an "i" without further trouble. He is a relative of Jack Hole, whose signature was a letter J. and a hole punched in the paper with the pen. He admires the man who spells Tennessee thus—10 a c.

A jolly old darkey down South bought himself a new hat, and when it commenced raining he put it under his arm. When asked why he did not put it on his head, he replied: "De hat's mine; bought him wid my own money; head 'longs to massa; let him take keer he own property."

LADIES' MEASUREMENT.—We are curious to know how many feet in female arithmetic go to a mile; because we never met with a lady's foot yet, whose shoe (by her own testimony) was not, to say the least, "a mile too big for her."

Jinkits is a man who takes matters humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a "bustin' biler," Jinkits criend after him, "there you go my *es-steamed* friend."

There is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed.

TOOTH POWDERS.—*Quinine Tooth Powder.*—Precipitated chalk, 1 lb.; starch powder, half a pound; orris powder, half a pound; sulphate of quinine, 1 drachm.—After sifting, it is ready for sale.

Prepared Charcoal.—Fresh-made charcoal in fine powder, 7 lbs.; prepared chalk, 1 lb., orris root, 1 lb.; catechu, half a lb.; cassia bark, half a pound; myrrh, a quarter of a pound. Sift.

Homœopathic Chalk.—Precipitated chalk, 1 lb.; powder orris, 1 oz.; powder starch, 1 oz.

Cuttle Fish Powder.—Powdered cuttle fish, half a pound; precipitated chalk, 1 lb.; powdered orris, half a pound; otto of lemons, 1 oz.; otto of neroli, half a drachm.

Borax and Myrrh Powder.—Precipitated chalk, 1 lb.; borax powder, half a pound; myrrh powder, quarter of a pound; orris, quarter of a pound.—*Piesse's Art of Perfumery.*

The following tradition, concerning the vine, is to the point: When Adam planted the vine, and left it, Satan approached it and said: "Lovely plant! I will cherish thee;" and thereupon, taking three animals, a lamb, a lion and a hog, he slayed them at the root of the tree, and their blood has been imbibed by the tree to this day. Thus, if you take one goblet of wine, you are cheered by its influence, yet are mild and docile as the lamb; if you take two goblets, you become furious, and roar and bellow like a lion; and if you drink of the third goblet, your reason sinks, and like the hog, you wallow in the mire.

Never suffer yourself to be deterred by a false shame from doing any act whatever, however menial it may be, which you can entertain no reasonable doubt that you ought to do.

Political.

THE STATE CONVENTION OF OLD LINE WHIGS.

Agreeably to a call made several weeks since, and published in the papers of the State, the Old Line Whigs met in Convention in the city of Baltimore on the 10th instant.

The delegates from the several counties having been called, and their names registered, a committee consisting of one delegate from each county and city of Baltimore, for the purpose of nominating permanet officers for the Convention, was appointed.

The committee retired, and after a short absence returned and nominated the following permanent officers, who were duly elected: *President.*—Hon. DANIEL WEISEL, of Washington county. *Vice Presidents.*—Col. JAMES PIPER, of Carroll, and R. K. OWENS, of Talbot. *Secretaries.*—F. HARRISON, jr., of Baltimore county, and A. B. PATTERSON, of Baltimore city.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to prepare and report resolutions for the consideration of the Convention: Hon. Alexander Randall, of Anne Arundel; Dr. S. P. Smith, of Allegany; B. C. Stinecomb, of Baltimore county; Chas. C. Fulton, of Baltimore city; D. D. Pearce, of Cecil; John S. Jackson, of Dorchester; Samuel Peach, of Prince George's; J. K. Longwell, of Carroll; Wm. H. Thomas, of St. Mary's; George Eichelberger, of Frederick; N. W. S. Hays, of Harford; T. D. C. Ruth, of Kent; Jas. N. Goldsborough, of Talbot; David Zeller, of Washington.

The Convention adjourned until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Upon the re-assembling of the Convention, the committee on resolutions submitted the following resolutions, which were read by Hon. Alexander Randall, which were approved unanimously:

Whereas, The Whigs of Maryland, in General Convention assembled, believing that a crisis has arrived in the political affairs of the country which renders it the patriotic duty of every good citizen to use all proper exertions to check the progress of sectionalism and disunion, present to their political brethren, and to the national and conservative portion of all parties, in all sections of the Union, the annexed declaration of their principles and purposes:

1. That the Whigs of Maryland adhere to the principles of their party, in the maintenance of which they elected Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore, and having stood aloof from all participation in present party organizations, declare their intention to maintain their independent position until such time as they may deem an active reorganization advisable,—disavowing all political disabilities on account of religious creed, and the fullest enjoyment of the rights of conscience, neither abandoning any old, or adding any new principle, except such of a purely national character as the progress of the country may require.

2. That the Whigs of Maryland enter upon this Presidential struggle with the Constitution as their guide, and the preservation of the Union from the designs of sectional parties, as an object superior to all party affiliation, or the attainment of partizan purposes;—and cordially invite

"*Union for the sake of the Union,*"

in their effort to restore the country to that condition of internal harmony which prevailed between the North and the South when the present administration came into power.

3. That in Col. John C. Fremont, the candidate of the so-called Republican party, we recognize an adventurous and successful explorer, altogether without experience in governmental affairs, and totally unqualified for the proper performance of the duties of President; and consider the platform of the Convention which nominated him as promulgating doctrines anti-Republican, unconstitutional, and fanatical; calculated to foment discord, increase sectional agitation, and if sustained by the people, to lead to civil war and an ultimate dissolution of the Union—we, therefore, utterly repudiate both as unworthy the support of the National Whigs of Maryland.

4. That the platform of the Democratic party, of which James Buchanan has declared himself the embodiment, proclaims doctrines and purposes with regard to our foreign policy calculated to tarnish the national character by countenancing aggressive designs on friendly nations—designs which we regard as in total subversion of the general principles of right and justice which were so ably carried out by President Fillmore during an administration that was of the Washington standard—patriotic and conservative, and gained for him throughout the country the proud title of "Model President."

5. That as one of the participators in the Ostend Conference, which misrepresented the national character, and caused distrust and suspicion among the friends of republican institutions throughout the civilized world, we regard James Buchanan as a dangerous and unsafe man to be entrusted with the Executive power of the country.

6. That in the present position of the Democratic party and its candidates we see nothing that promises a termination of sectional agitation—nothing to restore peace and harmony to the country—but find that party, whilst opposing the fanatical sectionalism of the republican party, to hold a position of extreme partizan and sectional bias—the success of which may tend to prolong the present unhappy condition of affairs, and give room for renewed attacks on the integrity and permanancy of the Union.

7. That as Whigs, who delighted to honor Henry Clay whilst living, and revere his memory as one of the great good men of the nation—knowing him to have been honest, pure, patriotic, and devoted to the glory of our common country—we regard Jame Buchanan as the man who, above all others, knew the utter falsity of the caluminous charge of "bargain and corruption," and who, through partizan animosity, not only withheld his testimony but indirectly countenanced and promulgated the charge.

8. That we recognise Millard Fillmore as one from whose antecedents the country can expect, in full security, a truly national Administration—firm, moderate, and tranquil—an Administration equal and impartial to the North and the South, regardless of all sectional issues—faithful to the Constitution and the laws—a national man with national principles — whose conservative character and views are calculated to allay the sectional strife that now threatens the stability of the Union, by compromise, concession, and a purpose single to the welfare, the harmony and the prosperity of the whole country.

9. That, as citizens of one of the Southern and slaveholding States, anxious for the restoration of a kind and brotherly feeling between all sections of the Union, and the eradication of all sectional animosity and agitation, we call on our brethren of the North and of the South, of all parties, to pause—to allow time for the operation of that great American safeguard, calm and serious reflection—and to look to the future with minds free from sectional and partizan feeling, having only in view a determination to meet the approaching crisis as patriotic citizens, and not as sectional partizans, guided by passion, prejudice, and an unnatural animosity against those who should be regarded as brethren by all the ties of a united country and a common destiny.

10. That in the Hon. Millard Fillmore we recognize a consistent and conservative statesman, in whose whole political career and history there is nothing to fear from excessive partizanship, national mischief-making, or self-aggrandizement— but everything to expect that will tend to the national tranquility, and the honor and glory of our common country—and in the language of Henry Clay we commend his claims for election on the ground "*that he has administered the Executive Government with signal success and ability—he has been tried and found true, faithful, honest and conscientious.*"

11. That we deem it inexpedient to present a separate and independent candidate for the Presidency, and commend the foregoing resolutions to the consideration of our political brethren throughout the Union.

Several other resolutions were then offered upon incidental subjects; and, after discussion, were withdrawn or laid on the table.

On motion, the thanks of the Convention were tendered to the officers and the committees, and the papers throughout the State were requested to publish the proceedings.

Upon motion, the Convention adjourned.