

Ode to the Nullies.

We hear, of late, of a Southern state,
Whose bristles stand upright, sir,
And to oppose both friends and foes,
Are ready for a fight, sir,

Calhoun's the man who formed the plan
To make a southern ride, sir;
McDuff and Hayne, for sake of gain,
Take passage by his side, sir.

They prick up James, to blow the flames,
He blows with all his might, sir,
To put in form, that which had none,
He claims a perfect right, sir.

To hear him boast, by way of toast,
One's ready to believe, sir,
There is no man, but him that can
Our liberties retrieve, sir.

There brethren gaze, and look amazed,
And wonder what they do, sir;
While they, anew, their course pursue,
And swear their doctrine's true, sir.

When men like these, live at their ease,
And quirl their tails like hogs, sir,
It is but right, they should have a fight;
'Twill clear their eyes of fog, sir,

LYRO JUNIOR.

Guilford, Nov. 1832.

From the New Monthly Magazine
STANZAS.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut tree
In infancy we played;
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been friends together,
We have laughed at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen gloom thy brow:
We have been gay together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together,
We have wept with bitter tears,
O'er the grass green graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there,
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Oh! what shall part us now?

THE THREE PAINTERS.

First, Fancy seized the brush, and well
Her magic hues she blent,
As beautiful as if Heaven's bow
Its own bright hues had lent:
But ere her brush was laid aside
Each lovely scene had fled;
And not a trace remained to show
The tints her hand had spread.

Next, Feeling, from the heart's rich store,
Her varied hues supplied;
And never sunset clouds could wear
More deep and gorgeous dyes;
These will not fade."—E'en while she
spoke
Her own rude touch effaced
All that with so much anxious skill
The pencil's art had traced.

Then Memory came—with dark, cold tints,
And pencil rude she drew

The scenes of many a vanished joy,

Which once the sad heart knew;

I looked, in hope her dreary sketch

Like Fancy's scenes would fade;

I hoped in vain—faileless her tints,

She only paints in shade.

A Scene in the Revolution.

AN EXTRACT.

Night had fallen, and the troops assembled at Castleton were enjoying a short repose, after the day's fatigues, when a stranger who had been stopped as he attempted to pass the guard, was at his peremptory demand, conducted by a sentinel to Head Quarters. Ethan Allen was seated at the head of a table, around which sat several other officers, when the stranger, a young man of a proud and martial deportment, his blue military cloak thrown gracefully over his shoulder, entered the room.

"Swaggerer and martinet!" muttered Allen as the stranger approached:—then addressing the subject of his remark: "Well sir, you see Ethan Allen. Quick, who? what?"

"I am not used to be interrogated in that style or tone," answered the stranger, drawing himself up haughtily.

"Ho!" roared Ethan Allen, distending the circle of his large eyes to a most ludicrous circumference; "well sir, to amplify, according to the book, who are you, and what do you want?"

"My name, sir, is Arnold."

"Not unlikely, and in the name of the Witch of Endor, who is Arnold?"

"I am known to some of your officers," said Arnold.

"I know the gentleman," observed Blagden; "tis Captain Arnold of the Connecticut volunteers." "It may be so," said Allen; "will Captain Arnold of the Connecticut volunteers signify his pleasure?" "By this commission you will be taught that I am now colonel Arnold, sir; and by this," producing another paper, "that I am authorized and ordered by the committee of safety of Massachusetts, to raise a force of four hundred men, and attack Ticonderoga."

The astonishment of Allen was fearful. "Massachusetts! colonel!" he repeated. "By the horn of Jericho! Ticonderoga—you raise men—soul of Samuel! where are they, hey?"

"You have, I thank you, raised them to

my hands," replied Arnold with his customary confidence. The ample chest of Allen, heaved with an earthquake of passion.

"To your hands?" he cried, "yours! By the crack of God's field piece, your impudence is amusing. And who then," he added, cocking fiercely his little three-cornered hat, "who then am I?"

"Captain Allen," answered the stranger with a condescending air, "of whose service colonel Arnold will be proud to avail himself."

"Good—better and better—excellent," said Allen in a smothered tone. "By the Lord of hosts, there's mettle in this matiné. Hand me your papers, young man, and be seated."

Arnold took a chair, while Allen hastily glanced over the papers, and then with a smile of peculiar meaning said—

"You are appointed a colonel by a committee, whose power I shall not question. Now here's a council of war—are you not gentlemen? whose power you must not question, sir. You appoint me, do you not gentlemen? a colonel also."

"Certainly, 'tis your right," they all cried.

"Well then, our grade it seems is the same now: as to rank, happening to have the power, I settle it in my own favor, which if any one dispute, I'll send his soul to hellfire in the priming of a rifle, and this same," putting forth his gigantic arm, "shall be the beetle of mortality; ay, ay," he added, "in spite of twenty such muckrel-whanglers as that young man. Psha! lad alive! leave fingering the pommel of your sword, the thing is settled by authority, and as a philosopher and soldier—not doubting that you are each—you must submit. There's stuff in you fit for use, though not over malleable, and by Judas and the rest—no allusion sir—you shall have place and employment. Come gentlemen, 'tis time to set forward. Is there any report from the party detached to the head of the lake?"

"This moment a messenger has arrived. Skeensborough is taken and Skeen himself secured," replied an officer at the door.

"Hurra!" shouted Allen, "the would be royal governor of Ticonderoga is ours—no more delay.—To horse in the name of God, and away."

"But sir—" said Arnold.

"Buts wont do sir—I've said it, old Ethan whom they call the outlaw, who laughs at the lightning, outscolds thunder, and defies the devil and governor Tryon. Old Allen, who studied divinity in his youth, and became a soldier by passion, who knows but little of the world of spirits, but trusts he will be treated in the other world, as a gentleman of his merit ought to be. Come, hurra for the Green Mountains, and forward to old Ti!"—Hereupon the council broke up, Arnold yielding with a tolerable good grace, to an arrangement he could not better, and in a short time the whole body of troops was in brisk motion.

It was almost day, when the American force arrived, silent and unseen, on the bank of the lake, opposite Ticonderoga. Their horses were secured in the neighborhood, and, while some of the men were collecting the few boats scattered along the shore, the rest were dispersed in picturesque groups upon the bank. It was a scene of awful stillness. The lake reposed dark and unruffled by a single breeze; the moon was absent from the Heavens, and the eye could with difficulty trace on the western horizon the dimly defined outline of the most prominent and elevated parts of the fortress, now an object of such intense interest.

"Ay," said Ethan Allen in a suppressed voice, "there she is, the Brimstone of Babylon; there's old Ti, whom I long to have a grapple with, as a lover with his mistress. How soundly the Jezebel sleeps on the brink of perdition; little dreaming, who are about to beat up her quarters. But it's the same to her, French, English, or Yankees. To do the old girl justice however, she did hold that Abercrombie at arms length, as Putnam the wolf hunter has told me, who was in the frolic, when that hair-brained boy, lord Howe, the king's bastard, with many other brave fellows, legitimate and otherwise, left his body in the outworks. But then again, Amherst had her for the asking, without penny or price. Well boys, we may have a tussle for't, but I conclude we're ready; so embark in the name of the Pillars of fire and of smoke; act like men, men of the Hampshire grants, and never bring a red blush on the Green Mountains."

An advanced guard of eighty-three men, as many as the boats could contain, now proceeded to embark.

"Halt there, friend," whispered Allen to Arnold, as the latter was attempting to pass him, "not before the commodore, colonel;" and he enforced his suggestion with no very gentle constriction of the arm, in fact with the grasp of a turniquet or vice.

"No man of God's moulding before Ethan;" and he stepped on board, followed by Arnold, Standish and others of the most eager. Motionless as statues and almost as breathless, they glided over the still lake, the dull sound of the muffled oar scarcely reaching to the stem or stern of the boat, and not a ripple following its silent dip or its feathered skim, over the undisturbed surface of the water.

It was when the east first became dappled by the dawn, that the party landed on the hostile shore near their slumbering foes. The boats were immediately sent back for the rear guard under Seth Warner, while the advance was drawn up in triple rank, and Ethan Allen, whose huge dimensions, the occasion seemed to swell to gigantic size, harangued the brave band—"Fellow soldiers," said he, "you have long been the terror of arbitrary power, in the person of the petty despot Tryon. Your fame has gone abroad, as appears from the honor this day, conferred on you and me by the general assembly of Connecticut. You are now in a few minutes, to prove yourselves worthy of

your reputation for valor, or abandon your pretensions for ever! I am ordered to take possession of the fortress before you, and propose to lead you at once through the gate. It is a desperate attempt, and none but the bravest of men will undertake it; on those who are not brave I do not urge it; you, who volunteer to follow me, poise your firelocks."

There was not one of the band who did not throw his piece to the poise. "To the right, face," said Allen, and placing himself in front of the centre file, marched his column in double quick time, directly to the gate. It is a desperate attempt, and none but the bravest of men will undertake it; on those who are not brave I do not urge it; you, who volunteer to follow me, poise your firelocks."

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"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental congress," thundered Allen, "nay, no parleying," he added, observing the commandant about to speak, "surrender or death." The ill-fated De la Place, with the sword literally suspended over his head, gave orders for his men to parade without arms, as he had surrendered the fort.

It was in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775, that this most important fortress, with all its formidable and extensive equipment and warlike stores, was yielded to the gallantry of a few boys of the Green Mountains.

The sun rose in unusual splendor, as if smiling on the achievement. On the same day Crown Point surrendered to the brave and indefatigable Seth Warner, who had been detached with a party of the reserve, and immediately after, Arnold surprised and captured a vessel of war at the lower extremity of Champlain, and thus the entire command of the lakes rested with the Americans.

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A young lady of respectability residing in Race street, above Eighth being obliged to leave home on Saturday evening last on an errand in Fourth street, with no other protection than that offered by a favourite house-dog, of the largest size that ran frolicking at a short distance from her, while passing Franklin Square was met by a young fellow, who insultingly addressed her and (not knowing there was another puppy, so near at hand) proceeded to put his arm round her neck, and kiss her. The faithful animal, seeing his young mistress so rudely assailed, leapt from the gutter upon the back of the fellow and fastened upon his coat! When the lady had succeeded in suppressing her laughter at the poor fellow's astonishment and ludicrous appearance, she called her guard to her, and the chap took to his heels, with the loss of one skirt!

Saturday Courier.

The Boston Atlas of Friday week has the following,—"By an act of the Legislature of the State, passed March 19th 1832, all persons are exempted from imprisonment for sums less than ten dollars. A lawyer in the town of Medway, named Warren Lovering, had two demands of five dollars each against a man in that town which were left with him for collection by different individuals. With a view to enable him to proceed summarily in the case he endorsed one of the notes over to the other, brought his action against the debtor for ten dollars, and threw him into jail. The debtor becoming acquainted with the unlawful means used to effect his imprisonment, immediately commenced a suit against Lovering and at the late session of the Court in Norfolk County obtained, a verdict of four hundred and fifty dollars damages."

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Quid pro Quo.—A very orthodox di-

vine near the sea coast took upon him-

self to enter every house in his vicinity,

and examine them from the cellar to the garret, to ascertain if all was sweet

and clean.—Amongst others, he ventur-

ed into one belonging to a smuggler,

during his absence. The wife was

afraid to refuse admittance, and as for-

tunately there were no run goods at

the time in the house, he was permit-

ted to poke his nose into every corner.

"Really pretty well my good woman,"

said the clerical gentleman after a most

deliberate examination; "a little paint

here, a little whitewash in the garrets,

and the yard better swept, and on the

whole it does you much credit." So

saying, he departed. The smuggler

returned, and was duly informed of this

inquisitorial visit. "This will never

do," observed he; "if he comes again

he may spy a deal more than I wish,

so I'll put a stop to it." The following

morning the smuggler called at the par-

sonage; the door was opened by a maid

servant; he brushed by her and ascend-

ing the staircase, walked into the bed

room of the clergyman's lady. The

maid, horror struck and alarmed at

such sacrilege, ran in haste to her

master informing him of what had oc-

curred, and expressing her opinion that

the man had come to rob the house.

The Rev. gentleman who was rather