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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, AUGUST 27, 1849.

For the National Era.

SKETCHES OF MODERN REFORMS AND REFORMERS, GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

NEW SERIES.

The Literature of Freedom—French Literature and Louis Philippe—The liberal Literature of England—Poetry—Southey and Coleridge—Wordsworth—Burns—Rogers—Montgomery—Moore—Campbell—Herbert—Byron—Shelley—Keats—Hunt—Pringle—Nicoll—Peter—Barton—Hood—Proctor—Elliott—Horne—Mary Howitt—Mackay.

The Literature of France prostrated the throne of Louis Philippe, and erected the Republic of Lamartine. The follies of the cowardly Louis, the errors of his vacillating ministers, the barricades of the *sans culottes* mobs, the bayonets of the recusant guards, were inefficient to have overthrown the monarchy, had not the literature of France been gradually but efficiently preparing the national mind for the great change. During the preceding thirty years, a taste for philosophical speculation had raised up a school of bold thinkers who had employed their rarest powers in eulogizing the rights of man, in depicting his wrongs, in displaying the merits of the masses, in painting the crimes of the Government, and in demonstrating that the throne and its institutions stood between the laboring poor and their social regeneration. Poets, essayists, novelists, dramatists, and orators, brought the artillery of eloquence, the lighter and more insinuating weapons of romance, and the glittering and keen rifle of wit and satire, to bear against the acknowledged abuses in the administration of affairs, and especially the factitious institutions of the State, which sat heavily upon the middle and lower orders of society. As the crisis drew nearer, the liberal portion of the political press stimulated the popular discontent—the *cafés* and clubs were thronged with the advocates of equality—the theatre and the opera gratified the public taste by adapting their amusements to its appetite for social change—the ballad-singers chanted the blessings of freedom and fraternity at the street corners, in bad verse and harsh melody—the Parisian circles of fashion, nowhere more brilliant, nowhere more influential, relished abroad through a thousand avenues the popular sentiment, imparting to it the charms of beauty, the grace of scholarship, and the dignity of station. These influences had been silently and steadily at work all over France, and especially in Paris, the national heart of this susceptible people, for years before the mere accident of the suppression of a Reform Banquet became, in the natural order of events, the occasion of that explosion which electrified and will yet emancipate Europe. But, though the streams of public feeling had so long poured into one channel, whose currents tended towards one result—the undermining of existing institutions—Louis Philippe was blinded to his destiny, and boasted of his power to crush the rising mass, only a few hours before the tri-colored flag, bearing the talismanic motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," was displayed from the Hôtel de Ville, while he stood on the very spot where the blood of Louis XVI was poured out, begging aims of his guards, to convey him an exile out of Republican France.

Thus the Literature of France prostrated the throne of Louis Philippe, and erected the Republic of Lamartine. The Literature of England can do more to change its institutions, than the clubs of Chartists or the pikes of Repealers. In the last number, it was promised that some notice should be taken in this, of the aid which English literature had rendered to the cause of Progress and Reform during the past fifty or eighty years. We can barely enter upon the borders of this broad and luxuriant field.

In the times of the Commonwealth, when the mind of England was at its zenith, Milton was the centre of a constellation of intellects that exemplified in their writings the value of his own saying—"Give me the liberty to know and to argue freely, above all other liberties." After his sun set, liberty without licentiousness hid behind a cloud, which was not fully cleared away till the storm of the American and French revolutions. While the literature of England depended for sustenance on the patronage of the great, it was marked, with occasional exceptions, by the brand of servility; and so long as authors looked for remuneration to the munificence of the lord or lady to whom they dedicated their works, they laid their choicest gifts at the footstool of power and title. As education became diffused, enlarging the circle of readers, writers began to look to the public for patronage, and adapted their works to the popular taste. As the publishers and booksellers became the agents, the middle-men, between the author and the reader. Long after this change, however, it was hazardous for a writer to lift his pen against existing institutions in Church and State; and he who run a tilt against these, were he able to make sale of his works, might deem himself fortunate if he escaped a prosecution for libel or sedition. Hardly one of the great reformers, or discoverers, or deposited his feet in the stocks. Even so late as the beginning of this century, the instances were not a few where writers, who doubted the divinity of the royal Guelphs, and questioned whether all the religion in the kingdom emanated from Lambeth Palace, were fined, cropped, branded, and shipped beyond seas. The impulse given to European intellect by the French Revolution, was not confined to statesmen and warriors. It stimulated thought in all classes. As in politics, so in letters, fetters fell from men's minds, and reason, imagination, and utterance, were emancipated. The Fox school of politicians encouraged the growth of a literature in England favorable to freedom. It immediately started up, rank and luxuriant; and though bearing every variety of fruit that could delight the eye, or regale the appetite, or poison the taste, the decided preponderance of the product has been congenial to rational liberty, healthy morals, and sound learning.

Since this modern "revival of letters," the *Poets* of England have furnished their quota of friends of Progress and Reform.

Among the strange theories concerning the regeneration of mankind, to which the great French convulsion gave birth, was a day-dream of Southey, Coleridge, and Lloyd, three graceless young geniuses, then sojourning at Bristol. Having vainly endeavored to make England a republic, by writing a drama on the Fall of Robespierre, delivering a course of lectures on the French Revolution, and publishing two or three seditious pamphlets, they proposed to leave the kingdom in disgust, bury themselves in the aboriginal forests on the banks of the Susquehanna, and there erect a "Pantisocracy," in which property should be held in common, every man be a legislator, and a model democracy be wrought out, that should consummate the happiness of its founders, while its riches influence would all the ills of European institutions. Unfortunately for the human race, the three poets happened just then to fall in with and fall in love with Miss Tompling young Eves of Eden, the Misses Fricker, one an actress, one a mantua-maker, and one a school-ie chor; and, giving up their scheme of regenerating the world, they married married, with Benedick, that it was better to people it, and so all got married. Thus ended *their* "Much Ado about Nothing."

Lloyd soon tired into obscurity, Southey atoned for his Sueque hanna sins by spending a long life in hostility to civil and religious freedom, and Coleridge lived and died a hopeless slave of liberty and reform. Wordsworth early became acquainted with Southey and Coleridge, participated in their French enthusiasm, and, like them, his first poetic inspirations were in the cause of his earliest productions he proposes to invoke the restorative aid of the Royal Humane Society in behalf of crowned heads, as follows:

"Oh give, great God, to Freedom's wrongs the ear
Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
Give them to know (let every creature child of dust
Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tide shall stay,'
Accept its offered lesson) how far off
From their abodes, hearts strong as rise no more!"

Through life long poetry has produced the greatest of the "Lake Poets" by never ceased a note that could tell against the liberties of humanity.

About this time Burne appeared, "whistling at his plough," and teaching the world that

"Rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

He, too, caught some of his inspiration from France. By force of his genius, the Scotch peasant opened his lips to the "Rights of Man" contemporary poets, carrying with him the sympathies of the class from which he was proud to have sprung. He lived to see the ploughmen to round a period in a Reform speech. I have seen a meeting of Scotch Chartists go wild with enthusiasm under the inspiration of one of his songs. The same year that Burns appeared, the author, Rogers sent his first volume of poems to press, of whom Lord Brougham, in his Sketch of Grattan, says "He is the last of the elegiac poets whom this country has produced, as well as one of its finest prose-writers; who to this unstable fame adds the more imperishable renown of being also one of the most unremitting friends of civil and religious liberty who have appeared in any age."

In 1794, James Montgomery, a name honorably associated with the cause of humanity, published in the *Sheffield Iris*, a newspaper edited by him, a ballad on the overthrow of the Bastile, which the Pitt Government pounced upon as a seditious libel. He was prosecuted, convicted, amerced in a fine, and imprisoned three months in York Castle. The next year the Government again prosecuted this unlucky poet for an analogous offence, upon which he was again fined and shut up six months at York. These persecutions did not quench his zeal for human freedom; and despite a most offensive critique of his first volume of poems in the Edinburgh Review, he published another in 1807, celebrating the abolition of the slave trade, and the spirit which called for vigor of expression and richness of coloring. These, and numerous subsequent publications of kindred character, have given Montgomery an enduring place in the affections of the friends of civil and religious freedom.

At a later period, two poets appeared, who have exerted a more extensive influence upon the mind, not of Britain only, but of every land where the English language is spoken—Moore and Campbell. The political tendency of their writings (and it has been considerable) is on the side of freedom. Moore's father was of the proscribed sect of Irish Catholics, who, in the language of the son, "hailed the first dawning rumors of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand." We have heard it stated that Moore sat on the chairman's knee at a celebration in honor of the Revolution, when the toast was drunk, with three times three: "May the breezes of France on our Irish oak long wave!" The poet has lived to see the foliage of the oak grow more sere and yellow, though another breeze from France has swept its branches. He has still an ear, and when mixing in the brilliant revelries of London society, the idol of a devoted band of worshippers, he never ceased to love his native island. His "Irish Melodies" have inspired a strange sympathy in many climes for his blighted country, while they have taught Irishmen, in whatever corner of the earth they wander, to say—

"I wept thee all that I wish the—great, glorious, and free—
First flower of the earth and first gem of s'e eas—
Thought half thy days in misery, and half in repose,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?"

Campbell's poetic offerings to the cause of Polish liberty are in the school books of two continents, and have fired the patriotism of two generations of youthful orators at that great European felony, the partition of Poland, when

"Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime."

The heroic struggle for Grecian independence animated the classic soul of Campbell, and he took an notive part in rousing European sentiment in her behalf. And down to the last moment of his brilliant life he was ready to give his cordial support to the cause of liberty and humanity in every part of the world.

William Herbert, a scion of the ancient houses of Pembroke and Percy, is still more illustrious as a scholar of rare and varied attainments, and as the author of "Attila," which the Edinburgh Review has pronounced the most Miltonic poem since Paradise Lost. Some of his poetic effusions were offered at the shrine of freedom; and while a member of Parliament, he cooperated with Wilberforce in the abolition of the Slave Trade; and after withdrawing from politics, and taking holy orders, and reaching stations of dignity in the Church of England, he gave his powerful influence to liberal measures, advocating Catholic Emancipation and the Reform bill.

The wayward genius of Byron, though it uttered much that was dark and misanthropic, devoted nothing hostile to political liberty, but on the contrary, something in its favor. On the few occasions that he alluded to the Slave Trade, he advocated the liberal cause, once vindicating in manly tones the character and life of Major Cartwright, the father of Parliamentary Reform. The wayward genius of Byron, though it utered much that was dark and misanthropic, devoted nothing hostile to political liberty, but on the contrary, something in its favor. On the few occasions that he alluded to the Slave Trade, he advocated the liberal cause, once vindicating in manly tones the character and life of Major Cartwright, the father of Parliamentary Reform. The sunshine of his genius, gave his powerful influence to liberal measures, advocating Catholic Emancipation and the Reform bill.

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they are not to be allowed, voluntarily, to separate, except for Scriptural causes.

Other interesting facts could be adduced, but it is not deemed necessary for my present purpose.

The spirit of *missions* is in the churches. The importance and duty of affording religious instruction to the black population is acknowledged and deeply felt by the mass of Christians. Many at the South are beginning to ask themselves if they have the moral nerve to withstand the two-fifths of their number the revealed will of God. And, if the fanaticism of the North will allow this leaven to work, we may, in a few years, see its happy effects.

Let Christians of every name and section unite in permitting and promoting the redemption of the negroes by the mild influence of the Gospel.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, AUGUST 30, 1849.

☞ The reader's attention is directed to the advertisement, in another column, of "Simmons' Oak Hall, Boston," a large, cheap, and popular clothing establishment.

KENTUCKY—EMANCIPATION.

The *Louisville Journal* expresses the opinion, that Emancipation will never be agitated in Kentucky again, so decided has been the defeat of the scheme in the recent elections. The wish is doubtless father to the thought. The editor lets out the secret of his opposition to the agitation in the remark: "Its influence has been injuriously felt even in the Congressional elections. One or two Whig candidates were defeated and one nearly beaten by the imputation of their being friendly to the Emancipation movement." Now, had the leaders of the Whig party in a body unanimously espoused the cause, and taken as much pains to point out to the masses their true interests, as they have done to clear their skirts of the charge of Abolitionism, the result might have been different. At any rate, the Whigs of that State are destined to still greater mortifications, unless they rally upon the platform of freedom. The fact is undeniable, and we honor them for it, that the Whigs of Kentucky are far more liberal to the Emancipationists than the so-called Democrats; and doubtless the great body of the Emancipationists are Whigs. But it is a great mistake to suppose that these good and true men will continue to coöperate with a party which ceases to extend to them a free toleration. There is such a thing as the formation of a third party, which may serve to bring both the old parties to reason.

Politicians are the last men in the world to form a basis of action. It is bold which truth has upon the human mind. In every age, the advocates of reform in Religion and Government have been treated with contempt and derision by those who affect worldly wisdom; yet the cause of reformation has never receded. The progress of truth may be slow, but it is certain. The advocates of error, of wrong, or of mere expediency, can only hold out faithful to their cause while it is their interest to do so; but the champions of truth and justice are impelled by a sense of duty, which is paramount to all selfish considerations, though frequently seconded by them. The advocates of slavery are of two kinds. First, the body of slaveholders, who are actuated by self-interest and the prejudices of education. Of course, these men cannot feel it a *moral duty* to *hold* their fellow-men in bondage, any more than they feel bound to own so many horses and cattle. Interest and prejudice, sustained by public opinion, may beget a quiet state of conscience as to slavery, even in a mind otherwise rightly constituted, but that is all; and it is apparent that the right to hold slaves will at once be surrendered when they are found to be unprofitable, or when it is ascertained that more would be gained than lost by an abandonment of the property. Another class of the advocates of slavery is composed of the demagogues, who use it merely as an engine of political agitation in order to foist themselves into office. They will, as a matter of course, abandon the cause when it becomes unpopular, and will be the loudest in its denunciation.

On the other hand, the enemies of slavery have a cause to maintain founded in eternal principles of right and justice—a cause which has its sympathies of all Christendom on its side. It is a cause which is destined to grow stronger in the hearts of men, and to appeal more strongly to human sympathies, while Religion and Civilization continue to make progress in subduing barbarism. It is surprising that intelligent men, who have attended to the progress of liberal opinions, can advance the idea, at this stage of the discussion, that the agitation of the slavery question will cease before the the extinction of slavery. It may be that the excitement on the subject of slavery among the Northern people may have caused a temporary silence upon it among Southern men, but the cause will be amply compensated for the momentary check, by the deeper and nobler feeling of right and duty which is now brought to bear upon the question. The moral atmosphere of the Northern States and of Europe has been purified and extended to every corner of the civilized world. It has begun to pervade the slaveholding States, and will continue to invigorate the friends of freedom and to awaken new friends to the cause in hearts now cold or indifferent.

We presume that very few anticipated success to the Emancipationists in the late elections. No great principle was ever triumphant at the moment of its promulgation. Years of discussion and agitation are required to bring a people to adopt radical measures of reform. Much has been achieved in the organization of an Emancipation party which has enlisted in its ranks the best and bravest spirits in Kentucky—the wisest heads and the most generous hearts. The friends of the cause have no reason for desponding, but every reason for gratulation. Some four years ago, it was regarded as a piece of daring in Cassius M. Clay to establish an Emancipation paper in Lexington; and three years ago Kentucky was disgraced by a mob which tore down his press. What a change has been wrought in the minds of Kentuckians in three short years! Not only one but scores of papers advocate Emancipation in every part of the State. Henry Clay himself is its champion, supported by his brother Senator, Underwood, and judges, lawyers, divines, and politicians, by the dozen.

We entertain not a moment apprehension that the cause of Emancipation will be abandoned in Kentucky. Its friends will be constantly incited to action by a holy principle of duty, by patriotism, and by the sympathies of freemen in every part of the land—in Missouri, in Maryland, in Virginia, in North Carolina, and in Tennessee, no less than in the free States. In each of the States enumerated, an Emancipation party is springing up. The anotherd fires of freedom have begun to glow and kindle. The clouds of prejudice and ignorance which for generations have hung over them. Already the press has begun to speak out in each of these States, except, perhaps, North Carolina, and it is well known that a large body of men in the western and middle counties of that State are friends of emancipation. Five years ago, the silence of the grave reigned over the whole South upon the subject of slavery, but such is far from being the case at the present day. It new engrosses more of the thoughts and conversation of the people than all other subjects of a public nature, and is in fact the pivot of political parties. The Bank, the Tariff, the Sub-Treasury, have become either obsolete ideas, or questions of secondary importance. The Wilmot Proviso, the Missouri Compromise, the Nicholson Letter, are now the watchwords of parties. Truth has nothing to fear from the controversy. It is error and wrong which instinctively shrink from scrutiny, and would gladly hide themselves from the gaze of reason.

Untoward events occasionally happen, which throw a damper upon the hopes and aspirations of the friends of freedom; but the temporary check in the current is always followed by redoubled volume and strength when the barrier is removed. The cause of freedom is onward, and ever onward—its progress, like that of the heavenly bodies, may be imperceptible, but it is no less certain. In the last five years, it has rarely happened that the cause has seemed to go forward so rapidly as to show progress in the space of a few months, often it has seemed to recede; and yet the changes in public opinion on that question are not less striking than the similar revolutions which have taken place in Europe. We have no doubt the next five years will be even more eventful as regards slavery. The census will change the aspect of the question—the North will be greatly strengthened, by the increase of people and States, and the South comparatively weakened. Four British Provinces may become American States; and such a change may take place in the views and feelings of the Northern slave States as to throw their weight in the anti-slavery scale. Politicians, whose aspirations look not beyond an ephemeral party triumph, may turn pale at the thought of the awful minority in which the Kentucky Emancipationists now find themselves, but the true man, who loves the cause more than himself, is animated and encouraged by the noble stand which was taken by so many noble spirits against the glare of slavery. They may suffer defeat again and again, but eventual success is certain, when the authors will be covered with glory, and their country crowned with enduring blessings.

SLAVERY DISCUSSION IN VIRGINIA.

The *Loudoun* (Va) *Washingtonian* of the 10th instant contains an article of much interest, from S. M. Janney, a member of the Society of Friends, on the subject of Slavery. It is a reply to an address of the *Rev.* William A. Smith, President of Randolph Macon College, Virginia, who is endeavoring to engraft the principles of John C. Calhoun into the Creed of the Methodist Church South, in place of those of John Wesley. Mr. Janney effectually exposes the sophistries of this reverend demagogue, and appropriately quotes the authority of Mr. Wesley as an offset to that of Mr. Smith. We can respect the prejudices of a planter, whose standard of morality is the barbarous "code of honor" rather than the Gospel; but the cold-hearted priest who, with an air of sanctity, and with eyes uplifted to Heaven, can apologize for and defend Slavery and the Slave Trade, is beyond the pale of our charity.

Mr. Smith has been traversing the Southern country, making speeches on the subject of Slavery, and is eagerly listened to by thousands. He attends camp-meetings and other religious assemblies, not for inculcating the doctrines of meekness, charity, and brotherly love, but for the sake of instilling into the minds of the people the Golden Rule of the Saviour—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them"—it is no such holy mission as this which the reverend gentleman has undertaken. It is his vocation to teach men that the strong have the sanction of Heaven in trampling on the weak and helpless, and to assure the latter that the greatest of virtues is passive obedience.

Although the Southern Methodists have considered their connection with their Northern brethren, on account of Slavery, we are not prepared to believe that they will in a body sanction the new creed set forth by the Rev. Mr. Smith. We know that many of them will not; for, in doing so, they must abandon, not only their religion, but their republicanism. We are persuaded that Mr. Smith, like Mr. Calhoun, openly attacks the principles of the Declaration of Independence—ridicules the idea that all men are born free and equal—and repeats the wretched cavilling of Calhoun, by way of refuting the common charter of our liberties. We are glad that these sophists have had the temerity to attack the Declaration of Independence. If anything can awaken the masses of Southern men to a proper sense of their rights, this insidious assault upon the stronghold of their liberties will.

If *all men* are not born free and equal, it becomes an important question for the poor to ask themselves, *who are?* What sort of features, what sort of hair, eyes, how much strength of body and mind, and, above all, how much *property*, entitles the new-born infant to the privilege of freedom? Calhoun and his Reverend disciple, Mr. Smith, assert with an air of triumph, in reply to the Declaration of Independence, that men are not created or born! Oh marvellous ingenuity! Shades of Jefferson and Franklin, of Washington and Adams, of Hancock and Henry, your fame is blasted! How could ye have asserted that men were created free and equal? when men are not created or born free, but children are born, and grow up to be men? Ye simple generation, ye have built the citadel of our liberties on a foundation of sand!

The Calhoun school of philosophers assert, with equal boldness and originality of genius, that even children are not born free and equal; but the cause will be amply compensated for this momentary check, by the deeper and nobler feeling of right and duty which is now brought to bear upon the question. The moral atmosphere of the Northern States and of Europe has been purified and extended to every corner of the civilized world. It has begun to pervade the slaveholding States, and will continue to invigorate the friends of freedom and to awaken new friends to the cause in hearts now cold or indifferent.

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ponder on these things. Calhoun and the pious Mr. Smith are endeavoring to sap the foundations of their liberties. They scoff at and ridicule the Declaration of Independence, and impiously appeal to the Bible for authority to deprive their fellow-men of their rights.

It is true that Paul commended those of his disciples who were either slaves or hired servants, to be obedient to their masters; because to resist would produce war and bloodshed, hatred and strife. Christianity teaches humility and submission to injuries; if smitten on the right cheek, we are commanded to turn the other. Yet, who ever dreamed that the Saviour intended to justify the first unmanly blow? Who supposes that he intended to sanctify the injustice and wrong, by preaching obedience? Is it not blasphemy to put such a construction on his words? He came to preach "deliverance to the captive, and to set at liberty those that are bruised;" and because he also preaches peace and forgiveness of injuries, it is a base and criminal distortion of his words of wisdom and love, to make Him the justifier of the wrong doer.

In the same spirit of peace, Paul commands servants to be obedient to their masters; and no right-minded man would attempt to quote him in justification of the wrong which they are exhorted to submit to. When Onesimus came to him, he detained him for some days, and then sent him back to Philemon, with an exhortation that he should rather regard him as his brother than as his servant. Does this look like countenancing Slavery? Does it not clearly imply that the relation of Slavery is inconsistent with brotherhood, and with Christianity?

Slavery in that age was universal, and was generally regarded as a substitute for the yet more barbarous practice of putting to death the captives taken in war. While war was considered the normal state of man, it was humanity to seek to put an end to Slavery. It was a slight evil in comparison with the cause which produced it, and calculated, perhaps, to mitigate the greater evil. The Saviour, therefore, directed his efforts to the removal of the source of evil—the ambition and strife and hatred and malice in the human heart, which produce desolating wars, and end in the extermination or enslavement of the conquered.

But this excuse for Slavery no longer exists in Christendom. Prisoners of war are no longer sacrificed on the altars of the conquerors. We no longer dread the inroads of a Tamerlene or a Genghis Khan, who may pile their pyramids of human heads among us, or sell us into slavery. Slavery is therefore no longer a mitigation of these barbarities. On the contrary, the fact is well established that it has been the source of continual wars among the nations of Africa. They go to war in order to obtain prisoners, to sell into slavery. Yet this is the fiendish traffic which the *Rev.* Mr. Smith has the hardihood to defend.

But if the Scriptural argument for Slavery is good, it cannot be confined to the enslavement of white men as of black. Let the poor whites of the South ponder on this fact in mind. Onesimus was not a negro; Paul's servant-disciples among the Ephesians were not negroes; they were white men, as white as himself. If, therefore, Brother Smith and Calhoun contend for the lawfulness of enslaving white men in Asia, the disciples, possibly the relatives of the Apostles, you should take care they are not forging chains for yourselves and your children.

TENNESSEE POLITICS.

We are happy to perceive that the spirit of Dixonism is tapering down to a point, in the noble State of Tennessee—indeed, it is in many respects, in spite of the blot of slavery.

During the Congressional canvass, politicians, particularly of the Democratic stamp, made the usual appeals to the prejudices of the slaveholding class, by talking about "the rights of the South," and some bold threats were made by the *Nashville Union* of abandoning commercial intercourse with the North, in case of the passage of the Wilmot Proviso. It turns out, however, that these brave words were used in a Pickwickian sense. Nothing more was meant than that it would become the patriots of the South, in the dire contingency apprehended, to enter into voluntary agreements to abstain from commercial intercourse with the Free States. Governor Brown, the Whig candidate for reelection, it seems, qualified his opposition to the proviso in the first instance, with the condition that it was to be voluntary; and the Democratic organ, not to be behind him, protests that its friends had never dreamed of any other scheme.

So, after all, the South will not dissolve the Union. The passage of the Proviso may peril the trade in wooden nutmegs, but nothing worse is to be apprehended. We are glad to perceive that a better tone of feeling is gaining possession of the Southern mind, and that the seeds of Disunion, sown by the Southern Address, have failed to take root in the rich soil of Tennessee. Mr. Ewing, the member elect from the Nashville district, a Democrat, says that "if the question of the constitutionality of the Wilmot Proviso was *res integra*, and now to be decided merely on the ground of constitutional law, I should be on one side, opinion that there was no such power in the instrument; but, as contemporaneous and long-continued construction of a constitutional provision always exercises great weight in the final decision of the matter, and as *the history of our Government* would show the *recognition* of this principle in all its various departments, and during *every period* of its existence, it was too *late* in his day for Southern statesmen to place such reliance in a contest to be waged, mainly, on the ground of its unconstitutionality, and *more especially* after the recent message of Mr. Polk, on his approval of the Oregon bill, and the argument of Mr. Bell, at Murfreesborough." This passage shows a manly frankness, which is unusual with Southern Democrats, when discussing the slavery question; and we congratulate the Tennessee Democrats on their choice of a Representative who possesses too much sense and discrimination "to go it blind" for "Southern rights." Mr. Ewing is, doubtless, devoted to the "peculiar institution," but he is not an unreasoning madman, who would destroy the Union if it should stand in the way of the extension and perpetuation of Slavery.

No people have less reason to be in love with slavery than those of Tennessee. The sun shines upon no fairer land. Providence has given no richer heritage to the sons of men—and yet Tennessee is far behind her younger sister, Ohio, whose natural advantages are not a whit superior. Ohio has, at this day, at least double the population and wealth possessed by Tennessee, though the latter was settled a dozen or fifteen years earlier. Tennessees are beginning to ponder upon these facts, and to inquire into their causes. We have observed with much pleasure that some of the newspapers of that State have so far thrown off the shackles of intolerant prejudice, as to admit discussions into their columns upon the expediency of emancipation. We are always happy to witness such evidences of free thought in the South. Those who publicly assert the rights of man, and the true interests of society, in the midst of slavery, have a title to moral heroism and self-sacrifice which no man in the free States, at the present day, can earn for himself. There is no finer field for the display of all the great qualities which dignify human nature, than is presented in the Southern States to those who choose to expose the cause of emancipation. Genius, courage, fortitude, and self-devotion, will all be brought into requisition in the approaching contest between freedom and slavery. That contest must come—it approaches—it is near at hand. It remains to be seen whether the South possesses that true spirit of chivalry which prompts the hero to peril his life and fortune for the good of his country and of mankind. There is more honor and magnanimity, and greatness of soul, in one such man, than the whole catalogue of duellists presents. But the mission is not for the faint-hearted, the short-sighted, or the time-serving spirit. It is not a cause in which the demagogue will embark, because popular prejudices and passions must be withstood, as well as the interests of the governing class. The occasion calls for great-souled men to stand forth in the defence of right, and of the public good.

For the National Era.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM S. THAYER.

Juan Ponce de Leon, Governor of Hispaniola, having been deceived by the representations of the Indians into the belief that a fountain existed somewhere on the American continent, possessing the first unmanned youth, who happened thus to bathe in its waters, went in the year 1512, at the head of an army, in search of it; but after having suffered much from the hostility of the natives and the difficulties of the country which he traversed, and to which he gave its present name of Florida, was obliged to return without finding the object of his pursuit.

Don Juan Ponce had grown old, and silvered was his hair,
His sturdy spirit bent at last beneath the chains of care;
His step was tottering, and the form to which his soul did cling
Was wasting 'neath the shadow of the dread Death's sable wing.

Yet still with youthful restlessness his burning soul aspired,
And with renewing strength awake his passions' long pent fires;
Still years his eager heart to hail that golden time again,
When he with love and happiness roamed hand in hand in Spain.

He longed for his native castle, high on Leon's craggy hills,
Where he like an eaglet nestled, scorns from manhood's ills;
For the smiles of Andalusia, through whose wide and flowery plain
The Guadalquivir rushes like a revoller to the main.

High swelled his pride to think, when a knightly cavalier,
How the stoutest knight had yielded to his all-subduing spear;
How the banner of the infidel had rung beneath his sword,
At the siege of old Granada, peopled by a race abhorred.

And though around his wrinkled brow the wreaths of honor curled,
And the rumor of his mighty deeds had thrilled the western world,
Yet was his soul unsated, *as the ocean on the beach*
Moans for the inland quiet that its waves can never reach.

He sought for that blest fountain, bedomed in the land of flowers,
Lying 'neath the gates of sunset, and fraught with marvellous powers,
Whose gush of healthful waters his time-chilled blood could warm,
Could flush his wasted cheek again, and nerve his withered arm.

And he and his stanch cavaliers with steady footsteps pass
Over flower-starred savannas and perilous morass;
Where the alligator steeps by the still lagoon,
And the fierce eye of the rattlesnake gives back the glance of noon.

With heavy, toilsome tramp they march by groves of oak and pine,
Standing scoundrels like Sybils waiting for the breath divine;
And they halt where the tall magnolia throws its shadow on the ground,
While its snowy swaying branches roll a tide of odors round.

In eager silence on they pressed, and with them unbroken came
Towards where the sinking sun had set the western hills a flame;
They fell like dead leaves in the sun, and their hearts did quake with fear,
When they saw the dusky Indians, grim and wrathful, cloud their rear.

Still no fountain welled before them, and nothing met their eyes,
Save the wild bird's golden pinnnage flashing torch-like in the skies;
Or the hungry prairie wolf seeking hungrily their steeds,
Or the wood-crane piping shrilly from among the quivering reeds.

Fell the stoutest by the wayside, under Famine's deadly grip,
And voiceless prayers strove vainly to escape the parching lip.
Then Juan took the missal, and laid his spear aside,
To hold before the dying the Saviour crucified.

He moistened the lips of the thirsty, and the hungry once fed,
He soothed the pain of the dying with the words that the Lord had said;
And, ha! while he labored strenuously, he felt in his inmost soul
The fountain of youth out-gushing from its dried-up caverns start.

Oh ye who seek youth's myrtl fount, give over your useless toil,
Yet is springing like a crystal flower, from out the heart's warm soil.

Earnest, toiling love is never without youth its gladsome
Like the golden-tressed Madonna, bearing Jesus at her breast.

Northampton, Mass., August 10, 1849.

THE BARRETT CASE.

"The *National Era*, the Abolition organ at Washington, has devoted a long editorial to what it terms the 'foul wrong inflicted on this young citizen of Ohio.'

"With the unblushing advocate of such doctrines as that paper habitually contains, we cannot sympathize in any expression of regret that is no common ground of moral obligation on which we could meet—our views of right, duty, and honesty being as opposite to his as light to darkness."—*Cincinnati (O.) Gazette.*

If the editor of the *Telegraph* is chargeable with discourtesy in using the term "unblushing," it is not because there is any misrepresentation in the case. We have no occasion to blush for our cause. What is it? Is it not the cause of humanity, of freedom, and of Christianity? Is it not the cause which God has placed on our side, which declares all men to be free and equal? And should we blush, at the capital of the United States, for maintaining this doctrine? We maintain that Slavery is the greatest of moral evils, pregnant of ills to the body politic, but we have never justified insurrection, or palliated the conduct of those who would provoke it. In the conduct of Southern and Northern correspondents, however, there is not a particle of proof that they have meditated anything so truly diabolical as would be the incitement of slaves to insurrection. So far from it, the contrary appears. The whole plot, it would seem, has been developed by the industry of the Committee of Vigilance, and all South Carolina is thrown into spasms by the discovery of the existence of a third party in her State. The fact discovered is, not that the Abolitionists have been "tampering" with the slaves, but that Free-Soilers have been "tampering" with the poor whites and non-slaveholders. This, however, is a grave offence for the latitude of South Carolina, and poor Barrett may thank his starre if he escapes with twelve months' imprisonment, and a thousand dollars fine. Even at the expiration of that period, it is to be hoped that the more humane and benevolent part of the community will take care to have him spirited away at night, and thus save him from falling into the hands of that august tribunal, the Committee of Vigilance.

It is for condemning such barbarism as this that the *Telegraph* places us beyond the pale of South Carolina civilization; and declares that "there is no common ground of moral obligation on which we could meet—our views of right, duty, and honesty, being as opposite to his as light to darkness." We hope that the editor has not imbibed his sentiments from the hero of Milton's grand epic, and adopted as his motto, "Evil, be thou my good." He will not deny that our standard of moral obligation is the standard of Christendom, and that our idea of right, duty, and honesty, is the same as that which lies at the heads of the English common law, the American Declaration of Independence, and the New Testament. That standard recognizes in every man, without regard to color, an absolute right to himself, and to the fruits of his own labors. Washington recognized this standard, not only in repeated letters and conversations, but in the liberation of his slaves. Jefferson recognized it in the immortal phrase, "the inalienable rights of man," and Madison and Henry, and all the great men of Virginia, in the olden time, were no less decided in their hostility to the institution. The free States, the wisest and best men of the slave States, all Europe, recognise our standard of right and duty. Such fellowship is some compensation for the forfeiture of the esteem of the cannibals of South Carolina. They have constructed for themselves a metaphysical system which dethrones Justice, and sets up Might in its stead. Unfortunately for the system, the god of their idolatry is no better than a demagogue, and finding Justice in the majority, is stealing over to the other side, leaving Wrong where it should be, in the company of Weakness.

SLAVERY EXCITEMENT.

The *Leesburg* (Loudoun, Va) *Washingtonian* states that much excitement has been produced in Loudoun county, by the publishing for sale of a series of articles, by Mr. S. M. Janney, in review of the Rev. W. A. Smith's in behalf of slavery. The great Whig and quarterly court, on the 13th instant, indicted Mr. Janney for publishing such an article.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

The article of Mr. Janney which provoked this "excitement" is referred to in another place. It is written with mildness, and in the spirit of Christian charity. The grand jury pay a poor compliment to the redoubtable Mr. Smith, when they attempt to silence his antagonist by putting a gag into his mouth. But they have doubtless acted out Mr. Smith's principles, which inculcate violence and intolerance.

Truth uses the weapons of argument and fact—Error is a bully, and draws the sword or the Bowie knife. Intolerance is the companion of Error—never of Truth. The Jews crucified the Saviour—he forgave them.

We learn, since the above was in type, that the Commonwealth's attorney has given it as his opinion that the indictment against Mr. Janney cannot be sustained. Certainly not. Thomas Ritchie and John Hampden Pleasants, in 1832, gave utterance to similar sentiments in the *Enquirer* and *Whig* newspapers; and many of the most distinguished men in Virginia were arrayed on the same side—among them, Governor McDowell. Unless the grand jury have an appeal from the court of Judge Lynch, their indictment will be thrown out.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The Whigs of Carroll county, Md., recently held a meeting at the court house, for the purpose of nominating a ticket for the House of Delegates of that State. It seems that the absorbing question before the people is the propriety of amending the Constitution of the State, and that the candidates were selected chiefly in reference to that object. The following resolutions were adopted, which, to say the least, are ambiguous, considering that they were the work of a Whig meeting:

"MR. EDITOR then read and submitted the subjoined preamble and resolutions, prefacing the same with some conclusive arguments, citations from some of the most learned and eminent members of the bench and bar in defence of the same, accompanied with some appropriate remarks as to the duty of the Whigs of Carroll, which elicited the attention of the meeting for some half hour, and, upon being put to vote, carried unanimously.

Whereas the Whigs of Carroll county, agreeable to the call of the Democratic Committee, have assembled in Mass Convention for the purpose of nominating candidates for the House of Delegates at the ensuing election: and

Whereas, the large portion of the people of Maryland have taken a deep interest in the subject of altering their Constitution so as to adapt it to the advance of the age, it being considered by many as well as it is in the privilege of this Convention to give a free, frank, and open expression of its views in regard to this subject: Therefore,

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Convention that a compact entered into in the form of our present Constitution, defined in its limits and conditions, can alone be altered by the same power that created it.

Resolved, That the subtlety and special pleading whereby anti-reformers attempt to conceal and hide from the plain understanding and judgment of the people in the formation of all Constitutions, denying them their rights *constitutionally*, and virtually attempting to palm off the aristocratic and exploded doctrine of the power of a minority to control a majority, thereby preventing, as heretofore, changes in our organic law the most wholesome and important, should be with the decided disapprobation of this Convention.

Resolved, That it is the deliberate sense of this Convention that the Legislature has the power to call a Convention to revise or make a new Constitution, without any infringement of any article or any portion of our present Constitution, subject, however, to the approval of the people themselves, and by their expressed wishes.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the Whig party of Maryland to come out openly and share the good old Whig doctrine of free expression of sentiments, and to condemn the muzzling process of public journals, and to disavow, above all, in the most pointed and unmistakable manner, to all individuals, as members of the Legislature, in refusing to the people of Maryland an expression of sentiment on any question that they may desire.

Resolved, That the Whig party, the great principle of the Whig party, that all men are equal in their rights, and that no one man, or any set of men, should be entitled to more political power than their neighbors as American citizens, but that Republican Government, like the dews of Heaven, should dispense its blessings equally alike to all freemen.

Resolved, That, while we are Whigs, and these sentiments as Whigs, we mutually pledge ourselves to each other to sustain no man for office in the State, unless he is sound on the Whig and in the foregoing Republican Whig sentiments."

The Northern tier of counties, including Baltimore, would be great gainers by a change of the basis of representation. The latter, which now has but five members of the lower House, would have sixteen, under a fair apportionment. Washington, Allegany, and some other counties on the tier of Pennsylvania, would profit proportionably by the change. On the other hand, Prince George's, and other large slaveholding counties, which had more population sixty years ago than at present, would lose in equal degree.

THE FREE SOIL CONVENTION at Rome issued an address to the people of Georgia, which we postpone until our next. It is a well-written document, and perspicuously sets forth the impediments to union with the Hunkers. The single fact that the latter have not learned to stand straight in the presence of the slaveholder, is sufficient for us. The Albany Argus and Senator Dickinson, two years ago, admitted the power in Congress to exclude slavery from the Territories, but now contend that the Proviso was premature; when the Territory should be annexed, they pledged themselves that they would be ready to put the Proviso into a Territorial Bill. Now, that they can no longer make use of the "premature" pretext, they boldly abandon the Anti-Slavery ground, and insist that the question will not be raised for years to come. We think that the cause of freedom has little to gain by the accession of such men as the leading Hunkers. As to the masses, their sentiments are against slavery, and we cannot believe that they will much longer suffer their party attachments to frustrate the full and fair expression of them.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard begins an article with "our colored fellow-citizens." This reminds us of a company wending their way toward a certain village A traveller, whose curiosity was excited by the numbers going in the same direction, inquired what was to be done, that so many had turned out, when he was quitely informed by a female in company—"There is a couple of *gentlemen* to be hung to-day, and we is going to the hanging."

Asheville (N. C) Messenger.

Did the editor of the Asheville Messenger never hear a minister of the Gospel from the pulpit of his village, address the colored people as "brethren?"—and, if brethren, why not fellow-citizens?

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The Planter's Banner, a newspaper of Louisiana, of a late date, copies, with approbation, an extract from the address of Mr. Morrison to Congress, in which appears the following:

"A blot—and still will he blot, in spite
Of all that grave apologies can write."

Montreal Herald.

For the National Era.

OUR ELLIE.

BY MISS MARIE CAREY.

Tread softly in this hallowed ground,
Break not the silent slumber's sleep
Beneath this little yellow mound
Our darling Ellie lies asleep.

Two years ago, when just the same
The summer walked upon the hills,
From brighter realms than this he came,
To lesson, with his smiles, our ills.

Like one angel from his birth,
He never knew the taint of sin;
So the last hour he lived on earth
Was sweet as summer days had been.

As calm and fainter burned the flame
Of life a mother could not keep,
Murmuring with trembling lips her name,
Our bright Ellie fell asleep.

Then here, so slumber on sleep,
We hid him in the cold, cold clay,
And with him to the grave went down
That mother's breaking heart of woe!

Yet, mourner, in thy dark despair,
O, weep not *hopelessly* for him;
Though the twilight shadows fall on thy hair
Long in the darkness shall grow dim!

The blessed promise of his word
To souls like thine did Jesus give,
And in the kingdom of our Lord,
Such children as our Ellie live!

STRENGTH OF THE FREE SOIL PARTY IN CONGRESS.

The *Boston Republican* has the following article upon a subject of much interest at the present moment. We have seen speculations in the Whig and Democratic presses, which set down several of the members here, oblomed as Free-Soilers, as belonging to one or the other of the old organizations. We trust, however, that whatever be their party attachments, they will all be equally true to the cause of freedom. As a separate organization, the Free-Soilers can effect much by holding the balance of power between the old parties, which constantly tend to relapse into hopeless Hunkerism. For this reason, we trust that the *Republican's* calculations are correct.

BOSTON, *August* 15, 1849.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Will you please favor your readers with a complete list of the Free Soil members of Congress, from the Congress, 1848-'49, in full. The present interest on the subject of Congressional elections will, I think, make this favor very acceptable to your readers.

TRUE BLUE.

In compliance with the request of our correspondent, we give a list of the members chosen to the next Congress by the Free-Soilers:

Amos Tuck, N. H.	John W. Howe, Penn.
James Wilson, N. H.	Joshua R. Giddings, O.
Charles Allen, Mass.	Julius P. Garfield, O.
Horace Mann, Mass.	Joseph M. Root, O.
C. F. Cleveland, Ct.	John Crowell, O.
Alexander Ct.	William H. Hunter, O.
Lorenzo P. Waldo, Ct.	George W. Julian, Ind.
Preston King, N. Y.	William Sprague, Mich.
David Wilmot, Penn.	Charles Durkee, Wis.

We claim these members as Free-Soilers, because they were nominated and elected by Free Soil votes: not one of them would have been elected without their support. We have much confidence in the firmness of the members elected by the votes of the Free Democrats, although the pressure that will be brought to bear uponsome of them will be great, and will require much firmness to withstand. Many of them are men of great talents, and sagacity, and with the light which now illuminates their pathway, will hardly be either seduced by the blandishments of the party leaders, or by the denunciations of politicians, from the path of duty.

Mr. Tuck was originally a Democrat. When John P. Hale took his stand against the "Texas iniquity," he early and courageously came out in his support. Elected to Congress by the united votes of the Independent Democrats, Liberty Men, and Whigs, he has ever been true to his colors. He gave Mr. Van Buren his support at the last election. His firmness has been tested. General Wilson, as all know, has ever been a champion of the Whig party in the Old Bay State. In the House of Representatives of that State, in '46, he solemnly pledged himself "never to vote for any man in favor of the extension of slavery." The Independent Democrats and Liberty Men generously come to his aid—sent him to Congress—where he advocated, with distinguished ability, the Wilmot Proviso. He would not support General Taylor, and did not vote for him. He owes his election entirely to the generous confidence and support of the Free Democracy of his district. Of Charles Allen it is unnecessary to speak here in Massachusetts. His ability, sagacity, firmness, and devotion to principle, cannot and will not be questioned. Of Horace Mann, the old Whig, and Horace Mann, although he did not vote last year for Mr. Van Buren. He did not advocate or vote for General Taylor. His course upon the slavery question meets the cordial approbation of the Free Democracy of his district. He was unanimated by them for reelection, accepted it, and owes no thanks to the Whig party for his success. General Booth, of Connecticut, was an original Democrat, but last year came out in favor of Mr. Van Buren and against the extension of slavery. He is a new man, was a Whig originally, and he was elected by the efforts of the Free-Soilers of his district, who had the fullest assurance that he would support their principles. Mr. Spragne, of Michigan, was originally a Whig, and received the votes of the Whigs of his district, notwithstanding his avowed sentiments in favor of Free Democracy. He owes his election solely to their votes. Of Mr. Durkee, of Wisconsin, it is only necessary to say, that he is an able and eloquent man, and member of the Liberty party, and a tried guard of the Free Democracy. Mr. Julian, who has just been elected over Mr. Parker, the Whig candidate, is a Free Soil Democrat, of fine ability, and who boasted on the stump that "he started when Garrison did as an abolitionist," was a Whig. He repudiated the Philadelphia swindle, went to Buffalo, and voted for Free Soil principles and Mr. Van Buren. He was nominated by the Free Democracy, and supported by the "old line Democrats."

Of Joshua R. Giddings, it is not necessary to say that his past life is the surest guarantee that in victory or defeat he will be true to principle and duty. He has had his share of the obloquy and reproach, for ten years he has been faithful among the faithless, will now be faithful when surrounded by so many true and trusty associates. Joseph M. Root is a much younger man than Mr. Giddings, and less known to the country. He was elected as a Whig four years ago—was one of the immortal fourteen that voted against the war. Some of the Whig leaders in his district attempted to prevent his renomination. He had intended to decline a reelection, but he would not be put down—he just told the Whig leaders that "by their leave, he would go back to Washington." The people of his district gallantly sustained him, and he was elected by an increased majority. When General Taylor was nominated, he refused to support him, and came out a Free Democrat. As a debater he has but few equals, and for courage and fidelity he is unsurpassed. Mr. Crowell was a member of the last Congress—refused to support General Taylor, and was elected by the Free Democracy. He owes his election to the very little—the Free Democracy of his district gave him a cordial support, and secured his election. Mr. Campbell is a bold, eloquent, and powerful speaker, and his friends will ever remember his speech at the Worcester Convention, last year. In the Philadelphia Convention, he was bold and eloquent in the denunciation of the swindle by which Taylor was forced upon the party. He was elected by the Free Democracy, with the aid of the Whigs, who had too much satisfaction in the defeat of their leaders that "by their leave, he would go back to Washington."

The people of his district gallantly sustained him, and he was elected by an increased majority. When General Taylor was nominated, he refused to support him, and came out a Free Democrat. As a debater he has but few equals, and for cour

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ERA.

BERLIN, July 31, 1849.

To the Editor of the National Era:

If the reader will glance at the column of "News by the Steamer," he will find little to employ the pen of a foreign correspondent. The statements in relation to the war in Hungary are conflicting, and the rest of Europe has remained almost stationary for the last week. One item of news, however, interested greatly the quiet inhabitants of Berlin, last Saturday morning. The official paper of His Majesty announced that, in consequence of "the great heat in the city of Berlinese," he had determined to call the state of siege. Great rejoicing among the people, and great shaking of hands among the patriots. And here let me say, that the Germans spend no small portion of their time in shaking hands. If you come to Berlin, expect to be well shaken at least twenty times a day. The ceremony takes place on coming in, on going out, and on meeting, even if it be in the street. The frequency of it must be attributed to the simple and friendly character of the people; they feel so hospitably toward a stranger, that they must shake him incessantly. The French custom is quite different. The bow, the smile, and the compliment, express the Frenchman's pleasure at seeing you; and he parts with you in the same charming manner. He never takes your hand, unless he means to swear eolemnly an eternal friendship. The vivacity of the Frenchman always puts me in mind of a bottle of champagne, a good humor, while the naturally affectionate manner of the German embarrasses him with the idea that if his new acquaintance is not the most simple-hearted creature in the world, he is certainly a most successful hypocrite. A little experience has taught me to adopt the more favorable conclusion.

As I was saying, there was great joy in the Prussian capital last Saturday. Crowds of citizens with their wives and daughters thronged the beautiful walks of the *Thier-Garden* to felicitate each other, and testify their pleasure at the long-expected change from the government of the sabre to one of law. This Garden is one of the finest in Europe. The name "garden" may convey an erroneous idea to some of my readers. They may imagine that the larger portion of the place is under cultivation. But it is not so. Instead of the fragrance of flower beds, laid out in the most symmetrical manner of a mathematical gardener. This is erroneous. The celebrated public gardens of Europe are groves, more or less symmetrically planted, and varied with lakes, fountains, and flowers. Beautiful marble statues of the gods and goddesses of heathen antiquity, or of Kings and Queens, who will soon become equally fabulous, relieve the monotony of the green trees, or are reflected from the tranquil surface of sheets of water. Of these last, one or two swans are held to be the necessary accompaniment. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the favorite resort of the Berliners. The eye cannot perceive the end of the long avenues, bordered with flowers, and crossing each other in every direction. Brilliant equipages dash by in the roads reserved for carriages, and the foot-walks are, at this season, always thronged with well-dressed people, and ring with the laughter of merry children. The garden is several miles in circumference, but is so near the business part of the city, that a short sound, the shadows of the trees fall on the Brandenburger gate.

This is the great gate at the western extremity of the principal street of Berlin, which is called "*Under-the-Linders*," because a space of thirty feet in its centre is a promenade shaded by a double row of linders or limes. On this street, which is not more than a quarter of a mile long, running from the Brandenburg gate to the principal branch of the Spree river, one may see all the principal public buildings, and the principal hotels of the place. The best point of view may be had from the bridge which crosses the smaller branch of the Spree. This river, which is small originally through Berlin, seems made for its narrowness by its depth. It divides in the city, forming a wedge-shaped island, and large enough for the square called the *Pleasure Garden*, which is bounded by the Spree, the Palace, the Dome Church, and the Museum. The Palace is an immense square building of dark-grey stone, and of the modern style in its architecture.

The other public buildings of Berlin, as well as ninety-nine hundredths of the houses, are built of a yellow sandstone, which looks like a yellow cement. This uniformity is not deranged by the effects of smoke, for of that there is little in Berlin even in winter. You may well suppose so, when I tell you that the price of a cord of good wood is generally about thirty dollars, and sometimes as high as forty. As one stands on the bridge I have spoken of, and looks down the Spree, I suppose, on the Dome, are on the left, the Opera House, the Palaces of the late King, of the present Prince of Prussia, and of the Governor of Berlin, the King's Library, the Palace of the Royal University, the Arsenal, the Academy of Music, the Artists' Academy, and two fine churches, are to the right. These buildings are most of them of a single but very elegant order of architecture. A drawn sword in his right hand, and his left foot on a cannon. The position and expression of the statue are rather animated, but the excellence of the workmanship is admirable. The Americans does not fail to remark that the inscriptions on all the public buildings, and on the pedestals of the statues, attribute its honor and its greatness to the King. It is a Frederic who erected the Opera-House "to Apollo and the Muses," the Museum to the Arts, the University to Letters, and the statues of the generals of his faithful and worthy subjects. It is a Frederic who puts up the bridges, lays out the gardens for the amusement of his subjects, and opens all the streets of his city. One of the inscriptions, as we stood looking at the spacious Arsenal, "Your King is very generous, to give you all these statues and buildings. He asks only "Yes; but he always gets the money from us first."

After having seen the public buildings and the *Thier-garten*, there is little of great interest to a stranger in the mere exterior of Berlin. There are half a dozen other gardens, more or less public, attached to the hotels of the different ministers. The one pertaining to the palace of "Prince Albyn" is always open. Since the Revolution, it is very easy to penetrate into the elegant gardens of the numerous princes of the royal family. These delicious retreats, with the fine houses in Berlin of a family much more pleasant, but call for no particular remark, as they offer only the same variety of statues, bowers, avenues, flowers, and fountains. As all of them have been purchased and laid out at the expense of the public treasury, the day will probably come when the tax-payers will reclaim their property, and eject the present tenants.

The streets of Berlin are very wide, well paved, and kept in admirable order. In the wetest weather, you need have no fear of your shoes, your boots, or of being covered with mud by your Jehu of a coachman. The Germans wash and scrub everything, even their streets. The Dutch are models in cleanliness, but they, of not being able to drain them very well, the city standing on a level plain.

If you want to get a view of Berlin from a high point, the best place, in fact the only one, except ordering a section to jet you mount to the steeple-top of his church, or ascending in a balloon, is to take an omnibus for Charlottenburg, which stands on a hill, about a hundred feet high, the highest in all Northern Germany, except a spur of the Harz Mountains, and the scene of the battle of Waterloo, in commemoration of the several victories of the Prussians over Napoleon. Statues representing the genius of the different victories stand on the top of the dome in niches. Below are inscribed the name and date of the victory. The whole is in solid iron, and looks at a distance like the graceful Gothic towers of some huge cathedral. The ascent is a little steep which lead to the pedestal of the column, a fine view may be had of Berlin, and the flat country in the vicinity. The view is very fine, nothing can be more beautiful. Elegant country seats with their turreted tops half concealed by the foliage, and green fields, alternate with the hundred dwellings of the rich, and the public gardens. One does not see in this scene miserable huts, like those which shelter a great portion of Victoria Hill, and the Hill of Hope in Lynn, and railroads may be traced by the clouds of white smoke which escape from the locomotive. That of the highways is always marked in Prussia by rows of trees. What an admirable custom! I make this exclamation as a traveller who has often felt, on a pedestrian excursion, how pleasant it is to tread on a cool, shady path, and to repose, from time to time, under the groves which dip their branches into the cool fountains by the roadsides in Prussia and in France. Just below the hill is a most delicious summer retreat, generally occupied by a few of the nobility and the representatives of foreign courts. The American Minister, Mr. Hannegan, and the Secretary of Legation, Mr. Fay, have taken it for the fatigues of their arduous official duties. The last named gentleman has certainly been ill-treated by our Government, during his stay here of twelve years. He has had several eminent gentlemen sent him as Ministers who knew not a word of German, and were, of course, as inexpable of transacting business as the Indian Chiefs. Fortunately, however, there has been no business to transact, so that matters have passed on very well, so far as the interests of our country are concerned. But, in the meanwhile, Mr. Fay has got his minister through the German grammar, and can launch him into a parlor without fear of his preserving a silence more impressive than eloquent. Without a removal, and a new minister, and the work is all to do over again. Mr. Fay shows laudable perseverance in his Penelope labors, and is, besides, entitled to great respect for his knowledge of European affairs. This is unfortunately of no practical use to our Government, as we have no political relations with Prussia, and as we have not yet entered fully into the theory of commercial treaties for the regulation of commercial relations. Do you ask me why the United States Government has not yet established relations with continental Europe, which can do nothing, except by encroaching on the business of our special agents and consuls? The answer is simple: In fifty or twenty years, the United States will be so powerful that it will assume the right to be heard in the regulation of the affairs of Europe, and to interfere by force of arms, if necessary. Then it will need ministers in Europe; and the best way to have them is to commence now their education. If you are not satisfied with this reason, you are hard to please, and may find another for yourself, *if you can.*

But this digression has made me forget that we were surveying Berlin and its neighborhood from the Kreuzberg column. If you are fatigued with the prospect, we will follow the custom of the Berliners, go into the neighboring pleasure garden of Tivoli, and call for a cup of coffee. Tivoli is the most fashionable of the numerous coffee-houses near Berlin. Enter toward sunset, and you will see hundreds of persons of both sexes sipping coffee or taking ices, at tables in the shade of the trees or the portices of the building, or on the tops of the buildings themselves. A fine band of music plays from the balcony, and perhaps some group trip it merrily in a dance on the green sward. This pleasant scene may be viewed at the same hour at fifty other similar resorts, but I suppose the company is not perfectly respectable. You may see there whole families, the white cravat of the Protestant minister is not wanting, and, if you insist on having the sanction of the nobility, I will show you some of them. Last Saturday, several members of the royal family were at Tivoli, on the occasion of a concert given by the Prince of Prussia. He was expected back from Stettin, where he has had the honor of capturing the whole republican garrison of the place. I need not tell you that the Germans are eminently musical. Concerts of concerts in Berlin are numberless. But those in the open air seem to be most successful. They commence toward sunset, and continue till the company disperses. The placards of these concerts are daily found at corners of the streets. One may select for the evening: visit a trumpet, or a flute, or a vocal or an instrumental concert. The music of the very highest order are given of courses within doors, or in some of the beautiful gardens with which the city abounds. The day considered the best for them is the one which is most nearly like our Sunday in America. Yes, spite of the vast majority of Protestants here, (in a population of more than 300,000, there are only 15,000 Catholics,) the Sabbath is the popular day for amusements of all kinds. The opera house and theatres are open, as well as the numerous concert and coffee houses. The vocal music in the Cathedral, last week, a vocal concert at the Academy, given by a blind lady. Several hundred singers took part. They were the pupils of the institution, and did great credit to their instructors. The concert was in perfection. The choirs at the principal churches are generally composed in great part of young boys, whose musical education commences in many cases to have been begun before they learned to speak plainly. The choir of the King's chapel is one of this kind, and is one of the Sunday amusements of the citizens of Berlin. The singing in all the churches commences about an hour before the sermon, and continues until the clergyman takes his pulpit. During this time, the public collects in the aisles, the pews being all well locked, and accessible only by means of a passkey given to those who contribute a certain sum for the support of the church. Five minutes before the sermon, the sexton passes round to open the pew doors, and then commences a rush for the good places which would be shocking in France, and which might be considered without injury to the reputation of the Berliners for good breeding.

Since I have been led to mention churches, why should I not tell your impartial readers, that the Catholic churches here present nothing to offend the taste of the most fastidious. The French Catholic churches are full of pictures, of statues, of tinsel and paint, of every color over with the light original costume of our first parents, of little holy candles burning before altars of wrought silver, of gilded crosses, of silver, of saints; of stained windows, presenting hundreds of curious pictures to the attentive observer. A favorite subject in these pictures is the last judgment—the imagination of the painter seeming to revel in the task of portraying the devils who bear away the souls to the infernal regions, which are represented in full operation. None of these things will be found in the Catholic churches. The large church near the opera house has a simple and tasteful interior, the whole being in the shape of an immense cross. The ornaments of the altar are as plain as those in the Protestant churches, and the music the same. The body of the church is well filled with pews. The only pictures are those of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the Saints, and one of the Virgin Mary, and one of the Transfiguration. There are as many in the most fashionable Protestant church.

The amusements of the people in public assemblies differs in scarcely anything from that of Americans. The dress is the same—there is the same expression of good common sense and intelligence. The Germans are generally a little more grave than the Yankees, and, I suppose, more sober. I should not be surprised to see a Sunday school in the Dome, or in the Cathedral, or in

THE NATIONAL ERA.

For the National Era

MILDNESS.

She spoke in tones
So gentle, that the wrathful spirit was
Subdued, and softened to the tender as a sense
Of fear, lest it should crush so fair, so sweet
An earthly flower.
The birds of heaven were charmed to lay her voice,
So gentle did it flow, and lightly fall.

BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

For the National Era

SUMNER'S ADDRESS ON PEACE.

EXPENSIVENESS OF PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

"I cannot," says Mr. Sumner, in his Peace Address, "close this exposition of the War System without a brief endeavor to display the inordinate expenditure by which it is sustained. And here figures appear to lose their functions. They seem to pass into romance. The sums so many and enormous sums which are consumed in this unparalleled waste. Our own experience, measured by the common measures of human life, does not allow us adequately to conceive these sums. Like the periods of geological time, or the distances of the fixed stars, they baffle the imagination. Look, for instance, at the cost of this System to the United States. Without making any allowance for the loss sustained by the withdrawal of active men from productive industry, we shall find that, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution down to 1848, there has been paid directly from the National Treasury—

For the Army and fortifications,	$366,713,269
For the Navy and its operations,	209,994,428
	576,707,687

This amount of itself is immense. But this is not all. Regarding the militia as a part of the War System, we must add to the modest estimate for its cost during this period, which, according to the calculations of an able and accurate economist, may be reckoned at $100,000,000, the whole presents an inconceivable sum total of *more than two thousand millions* of dollars, which have been dedicated by our Government to the support of the War System of Europe, more than ten times as much, as was set apart by the Government, during the same period, to all other purposes whatsoever!

"Look, now, at the Commerce of the United States. I do not intend to speak of the War Debts, under whose accumulated weight these States are now pressed to the earth. These are the twenty-five hundred millions of debt, referred to by the existing War System—the establishment of the present. According to recent calculations, its annual cost is not less than a hundred millions of dollars. Endeavor for a moment to grapple with this sum by a comparison with other interests.

"It is larger than the entire profit of all the commerce and manufactures