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Single copy, one year	$2.00
Three copies, one year	5.00
Five copies, one year	8.00
Ten copies, one year	15.00
Single copy, six months	1.00
Ten copies, six months	8.00

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G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. XIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1859. No. 665.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

MY HERONE.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

CHAPTER III.

I shall not dwell upon this period of Lizzie's history, nor seek to develop her unfortunate one-sidedness. Those of us who have seen a woman like her in love, can understand it; it would be vain to attempt to explain, or even to show how vindictive, her condition to others. She was to come out of it, purged and purified, and that is enough for us to know.

Happily for her, the *rapport* of her soul with Oscar's was at first sufficiently close and confidential. He wrote often, and fondly, and he was among her friends. He studied law with her own legal agent, he boarded with some of her acquaintances, and he visited where she was known. It would have been easy for her to have gone to the city, and to have been near him; but, much as she longed to do so, there was an invincible something that held her back. We must not think she was afraid to trust him, or wished to watch him. And now that she was his *fiancée*, it would be improper for her any longer to play the part of elder sister. No; she would wait patiently; and so she did, hugging his letters to her bosom, and dreaming of him each night.

Poor Lizzie! the end was not far off. Only *she* could have met it as she did.

The year was near its close. He was studying most assiduously, he wrote, and would soon pass his examinations. Was that the reason she had not heard from him during this past fortnight? Yet, at college he had never failed to write regularly, no matter how busy he might be. Perhaps, thought, and her mental condition disposed her to attach a wondrous significance to everything like a sign or portent. Was there not something gradually coming between them—some subtle veil, that, fine as it was, seemed to mark a concealment, to foretum a reserve? She thought she could detect it in his more recent letters; she felt, in pain, what agony, the fancy gave her! In this spirit she had written him a letter—the third one unanswered—full of a gentle yet touching tone of reproof—and with the letter unfolded in her desk, had gone to bed, and cried herself to sleep. Now, at breakfast, she had met her brother, who, attending the lectureings of Mrs. Prynn, only waiting the return of Tom, who was gone to the post office. He has come, but no letters, only one for her, and that from Oscar, who is ready to sink down in despair; but perhaps Mr. — may have some news for her, from Oscar.

"Stop, Tom: run down to the stage office, and engage a seat for me to the city, in the two o'clock line. Quick! and come back soon. Mrs. Prynn, have my clothes been packed?"

"Yes, Lizzie; but what is the matter?"

"Oscar is very ill, and has nobody to nurse him. Think of it! ill with the small-pox, and no one will go near him but the doctor and an old negro!"

She burst into wild tears for a moment, but dried them in haste, before Mrs. Prynn had left. It was surprising what a stern look our Lizzie wore that day, as she made her preparations for departure. Poor old Tom, the negro, who had danced most assiduous attendance upon her, said Mrs. Prynn did not dare to pity her, in words, much as she desired to do so. Only once, she quietly asked permission to go with Lizzie, pleading the fact that she had had the disease, and knew a great deal about nursing; but Lizzie curtly told her there was no need, and she must remain at home to take care of the house.

At two o'clock, off, and at breakfast time the next morning Lizzie slighted in the city, at the door of Oscar's boarding-house.

A man of forty years, gray and serious, opened the door, and looked inquiringly towards her.

"Oscar!" she gasped, and could say no more.

"You must not see him—you will contract the disease."

She pushed past him without a word, and entered the house. He went after her, led her into the parlor, placed her in a seat, and raised the blinds. "Why do you want to see Oscar. Is you his sister?"

"I come to nurse him."

"In good time," said the man, with some sarcasm, "since every one has left the house, and Aunt Chloe and your humble servant, who sin his physician, Dr. Larsh, at your service. Who are you?"

"—his sister. Where is he? I must see him."

"One moment. His sister? Your name is not Linda, then?"

"No, Lizzie," said she, impatiently. "Will you show me to his room?"

"You shall see him. You are not afraid of the disease, then?"

"He is my brother."

"Wait here, and compose yourself. You are a brave little Lizzie, Miss Lizzie—but you must prepare to be terribly shocked."

"I am ready, I tell you."

"Come with me, then," said he, offering his arm.

Poor Lizzie! In a darkened room, fanned and soothed by a wrinkled old negro woman, lay what little remained of the Oscar she loved—brown, swollen, blind, and raving in the maddest delirium. Yet she did not shrink. The Doctor eyed her closely, and saw that she grew a little pale—nothing more.

"He will not die?" she whispered.

"The crisis comes to-night," was the response.

She laid off her bonnet and shawl, passed her hand once across her hair to smooth it, and approached the bed. As she did so, Aunt Chloe made room for her, silently and as without question. Lizzie bent over and kissed the lips of the sick man. Had she not heard his voice, there was nothing to convince her that this was Oscar. Yes—his watch ticked over the mantel from a case she had made for him.

"Lizzie!" shrieked he, beating his sore and swollen hands about feebly, "Lizzie!"

"I am here, Oscar," said she, kissing him again.

"Not Lizzie," shrieked he, yet more loudly, "not Lizzie, but Linda. Kiss me, Linda. You are in Abraham's bosom—kiss me, I need to be comforted."

She kissed him again. "Oh, Linda. Lizzie is good, very good, like the angels; but — I love you!"

"Strange that his words should affect you more than the sight of him," said Dr. Larsh, going near her. "You must not faint. I forbid that. And I am going to send you away from here. I thought you were his sister?"

His words were half sad, half bitter.

Lizzie, pale as death, thunder-smitten, was yet too proud to let her head under the Doctor's taunts. She looked at him for a moment quietly, and then said:

"Why torture me with more than there is need? Is not *this* enough?" pointing to the bed. "Now at least I doubly his sister."

"Pardon me," cried the Doctor, seizing her hand, "I am sorry I spoke so rudely to one who nurse him with me. I can save his face, too, I think, Miss Lizzie."—

"Save his *life*," said she, with emphasis.

"Ah," said he, with a little humor, "that may be *your* sole concern, but I do not think he would forgive me for letting escape any chance to save his beauty also—*that* is proof," added he, as the sick man again called upon Linda.

Morning went by, noon, afternoon, evening—night came, and still Lizzie, Oscar—Linda—knew not Aunt Chloe watched by the sick man's bed. At last, the Doctor, who had been peering with keen eyes into the face of a dog he had poisoned, seized Lizzie's hand, and placed it gently upon the pustule-ridden brow—

"Your touch is more delicate than mine—does it feel cool?"

"Moist? Yes! Tell me—is he?—"

"Yes—saved. Keep your hand there still—you can pray after a while," said he—"it does him good, you see, though he does take you for somebody who is unworthy to unlatch your shoes."

Murmuring, tossing less and less by degrees, the sick man soon became quiet, and sank away into a deep sleep, without any remnant of fever. An hour more, and the Doctor took Lizzie by the arm—

"Come," said he, "it's all right now, and you must take some rest. Aunt Chloe is the old woman—and you must remain while he is here," whispered she.

Aunt Chloe came bustling into the room with her best make of beef-tea. "Come here, Aunt Chloe," said Lizzie, holding out her hand. "The Doctor has been telling me what a faithful nurse you have been, and that it is none of your fault I am to be afflicted; and you and I know, Aunt Chloe, that it could not have been, if God willed it not—wasn't it?"

Dr. Larsh agreed with the old woman's "You'm an angel, you is."

"Ask him up, now, Doctor, please?"

"Not yet awhile." Aunt Chloe bent her knees at the bedside, completely unmanned, and weeping aloud:

"Oh Lizzie, this for me—all this for me! Wretch that I am, why did I not die first?"

"Because there is a work for you to do, Oscar, my brother," said she, pleasantly, and placing her hand upon his head. "All this for you—you brother, and much more would not be enough. I do not see you—will you let me touch you?" added she, gently, as he shrank from her touch as one gone, but the face is soft, and the eyes are blue as ever—are they not, Doctor?"

"*Sub pondere cresco*," murmured Dr. Larsh, thinking of quite another character than the subject of her question, "and go you down stairs, Malmsteds, for you are getting pale." After he left the room, the Doctor took the pipes from Aunt Chloe's hand, and began to feed his patient, who did not show much appetite, and sighed once or twice, very heavily.

"Confound it all!" growled the Doctor. "What is the matter? Have you burned your fingers with the soup?"

He looked a harsh and strident laugh.

"I wish," said he, "I wish you would let *me* kiss you. I am not afraid to soil my lips upon your cheek." And the Doctor muttered the rest of the sentence, uninteligibly, between his clinched teeth. Lizzie sighed again, for *she* had kissed Oscar—and yet she had not had the disease. "I'm more loathsome to look at than he had been?"

"Perhaps he did not wish to—"

"Do not be grovelling, Larsh—"don't be foolish—you can't make out a case for him, and you will only drive me into positively ungentlemanly conduct in your presence, if you proceed." Silence, unbroken, for a while. Did you stood in your own light very much when you sent that school girl home with a flea in her ear?"

"I did very wrong; but that can be remedied," said she, gently. "Will you explain how I stood in my own light?"

"Why, you see, she is a hard harsh, bitter way, "how! why you naight have had me. *I* am no fool!"

She cast her hand towards him, she made him place his in it, and said, oh, so earnestly:

"My friend, my dear friend, because I have made such a grave mistake is no reason you should do so! Will you, Doctor?"

He said, in a changed tone, after he had grasped her hand for a minute: "God bless you, Lizzie—I forgive you. But Linda had no pity then; she was wounded too deeply."

"Yes, his betrothed. He is my brother simply by courtesy?" Did he never tell you this?"

"No, he never told me that," repeated the girl's voice, and she dropped her veil down again over her face. Lizzie saw how her hand trembled.

"I am glad you are here to take care of Mr. Malmsteds," added the visiter, in a low, far off, tremulous tone. "I came to see how he was, hearing that he was not properly cared for, because he is an honored friend of mine." She paused, turned towards the door, and then, with a quick step, came close up to Lizzie. "Spare me," she murmured. "You will be happy with him; spare me!" and, ere Lizzie could say a word, she was gone. As the front door closed heavily, Lizzie, who stood fixed in the centre of the floor, as she had been left, heard a step hurried and turning, and Dr. Larsh, pale, yet with a stern look of the Doctor in his face, and a harsh, ringing sneer: "I have taken the liberty of playing eaves-dropper, madam; and this gave you have just taken part in must be accepted, I suppose, as a fair specimen of that great, unbounded, universal charity, which I have so often heard the enthusiastic young fool up-stairs claim for you."

Lizzie looked at him fiercely. "Man," said she, "you do not know of what you are speaking. Your anatomy reaches no deeper than the body. I am thirty years old, sir. Will your medicines be able to supply me with a new heart?"

His look changed into one of tender sympathy. "I also know a little of shipwreck, Lizzie—but I was more reasonable than you—I did not lay scorn upon the one who deserved it. Let him go his ways, he is unworthy of you—but do not tear that child's heart—she sails in the same craft with you—be not cruel."

"'Tis false! She lies! He is true. Do I not know him? Have I not held his head *here*, and seen his soul? Tell me not. She lies."

"Poor Lizzie, I know how hard it is to accuse him of wilful trifling with the feelings of any one; but would a modest woman have come here as Linda has, if he had loved her?"

"Who would not love him, Dr. Larsh? Hush—I will not hear you—you shall not rob me of my life!" and, turning away, she went up-stairs, by the stairs, into her chamber.

On the second day, when he awoke and turned, calling feebly for water, she was by, and spoke to him, laying her soft hand upon his forehead.

"Who is it?" asked he, trying to catch her hand.

"It is I, Oscar—your sister—your Lizzie."

He groaned, "my God, my God!" and turned his face to the wall, refusing to speak with her. That night, Lizzie, in her chamber, fell, shivering, and, when the Doctor came next morning, he only said:

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parently insensible. But, though none suspected it, she heard all that was said, even in the lowest whisper, around her, and what she did hear was not very consolatory. The physicians pronounced that there was scarcely a shadow of hope, that life was all but extinct, and that, if the composing draught which they were going to administer did not induce some quiet sleep, she would never see the light of another day. My mother, looking upon her lovely little garden, was thrown wide open, and the invalid's couch was moved almost close to it, that the cool evening breeze might play upon her burning brow. The medical men, and most of the friends left the apartment, and only the sick-nurse and one near relative remained to watch through the night. The invalid had been by they placed themselves so as not to be seen by her, and the little night-lamp was hidden behind a high screen.

The invalid tried to close her eyes, but could not; they remained fixed upon a young magnolia tree near the window, the branches of which, laden with those beautiful flowers that—a pale yellow in the morning, take a bright amber tint at noonday, and become of a rich brown color towards the evening—were swaying in the breeze. As she half unconsciously gazed at this tree, she became sensible that a figure was gradually intervening between her and it. At first, this figure could be seen but a mere shadow; but it assumed more and more of form, and she perceived, to her terror, the head and face of an old Indian squaw, wrapped, as it were, in a dark cloud. The head was like a discolored skull, and yet some scanty gray hair streamed from it. The withered features were stern; but intense will and passion seemed to keen and commanding; while the wrinkled mouth, without uttering a sound, slowly formed the single word, "Come!"

"Tis Death—terrific Death!" gasped the poor sufferer, as she shrank from the skeleton fingers that seemed advancing to seize her in their grasp. At that moment, she observed a light breaking above the head of the dreadful figure, and a beautiful face, with the smile of a cherub, slowly ascending, till half was clothed in a robe of radiance, was visible above the gloomy form of Death. Gracefully it extended a hand, which seemed almost transparent, and gently beckoned to the invalid.

She felt fainter and fainter, but had yet power to collect her thoughts, and, raising her wasted hands, she prayed for her spirit to ascend to the Throne of Grace. Some lines of a hymn which she had learned when a child came to her memory, and she sighed with the deepest earnestness, though in a voice which would have been inaudible to mortal ears:

"I come, I come, at thy command—
I give my spirit to thy hand:
Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before thy throne in the dust,
But through my Saviour's blood alone
I hope to enter thy heaven."

Her heart ceased to beat; her dim eyes closed; she heard, she saw, she felt nothing more. How long she may have remained in this state, she knew not, but we will let her tell the rest herself:

"After a time, I seemed to feel a gentle breeze playing around me, but I saw nothing; all was dark and oppressive, and I could perceive a strange sensation, as if I were walking, yet treading upon nothing. I appeared to be gently ascended through a sea of ethereal aromas. At length, I perceived a faint silvery light, as if shining through a gauze veil; it became clearer and clearer, until, as it were, blinded by the brilliancy, I was compelled to close my eyes. I then seemed, by some unaccountable compulsion, to stand still; a soft wind seemed to blow upon my face, and opening my eyes again, I was amazed at the view that met them. I stood on a sort of platform of verdure, studded with innumerable flowers, of shapes and colors such as I had never seen before. In front of me were groups of unknown trees, whose gently-waving branches sparkled like diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and whence low, sweet music issued; above me was a kind of rosy canopy of clouds. All was full of calm, delicious repose.

"'Where am I?' burst involuntarily from my lips, and my voice seemed strange to myself. In less than a moment I fancied that I heard an echo from the wonderful grove, on the outskirts of which I was standing, without seeming to crush the most minute flowret beneath my feet. I looked keenly into the depths of the grove, and, after a short pause, my voice seemed to reveal itself to me. At first it was dim and uncertain, but gradually it became more distinct, and I felt a sort of thrill in uttering me. The form seemed wrapped in a vail, the hues of which were like the fading tints of a beautiful sunset, and I thought I shuddered, and I felt that I had seen them before. Could it be—yes, it was—it was one over whose grave I had knelt, long, long ago, and had mourned—the brother whose death had been my greatest earthly grief!

"I stretched out my arms in silence for a second, and then, in a tone of the deepest accents of angelic sweetness and love, I murmured:

"'But you died!'

"'Yes, I died yonder; but I live again here,' he replied.

"'And I—how came I here?'

"'You were translated to this abode when your spirit left your earthly tenement.'

"'But the judgment-seat—the awful judgment-seat of God! Oh, when shall I be called to repeat my tale!'

"'In His good time,' replied the spirit. 'That fear not, sister of another world; the last words that you breathed on earth, and they were felt in your heart, were those of your trust in Him who is mighty to save. None ever truly prayed to him for grace in vain. Abide in peace and love. Thy Redeemer lives! Look to his sublime presence, whether that shall be what those of earth call noon, or not until that great day when the trumpet of heaven shall resound throughout infinity, and worlds upon worlds shall catch the awful sound.'

"'And is this beautiful place allotted only to you and me?' I asked, with some hesitation.

"'No,' he answered; 'this is one of the many mansions mentioned in the holy scriptures, and it is filled with beings; but they move noiselessly about, and your eyes are not yet accustomed to the splendor of this light, so as to perceive them. They will soon, however, become as one of themselves.'

"I observed that shades, like those of twilight, were gradually stealing over the place, and, in surprise, if there were days and nights there.

"'Not days and nights as they are known on earth,' was the reply, 'but we have variations of light, and shade, and temperature, and as they are named in the world you have left, are beginning to be visible in the remote distance of space. Yonder, the universe is filled with beings, some of the highest order of intelligence, inconceivable to the bounded mind of man.

"'It is strange,' I said, 'that I feel no thirst, or pain, or weakness, and yet I have been suffering terribly from all of these.'

"'Such are the sensations, I am now to inhabit, until it shall please the Creator to call you from it, these earthly infirmities are unknown. There are angels like the blessed inhabitants of the heaven of the skies, not permitted to enjoy a more spiritual organization than the denizens of earth. We have entered into the promised land.'

"'But the guilty, and the lost of the earth, where are they?' I asked.

"'Hush!' he replied, while a look of grave rebuke passed over his noble countenance. 'In this serene abode we are forbidden even to think of guilt, or to name the guilty. Lucifer, that fallen star, with his angels, rebelled in a war no more with sin and sorrow; and for those souls who have yielded to the temptations of the Evil One, we have but to leave them to the Omnipotent. Our part is to have faith in the boundless goodness of Him who created all.'

"The light was becoming less dazzling, and my eyes could better perceive the strange sort of atmosphere around me. I followed my beloved guide, and we entered the enchanting grove. I felt as if I could have danced in rapture of the resplendent leaves I heard a sound like 'Welcome, welcome!' while at a little distance I heard a sweet, delightful music, that seemed by turns to swell and to die away. Figures now seemed to be floating about, hither and thither, amidst the leafy glades that I began to discover through each form of the radiant wreaths of flowers that seemed gracefully to wander from one magnificent tree to another. I remarked that the trees seemed to glide, or to dance nearer; yet there was no place to hurt even my unaccustomed eye. Nothing that I beheld approximated to gloom or darkness; a kind of subdued brightness appeared to be the characteristic of all around.

"'And death?' I asked. 'Is death known here?'

"'Those who have been allowed to enter this bright sphere have done this work. It can only destroy the garb of flesh with which the immortal spirit is clothed in yonder world, whence you have just escaped, and in other worlds, over which sin and darkness also brood. Here, we are purified and prepared for the holy realms where the great Creator reveals his glory to the accepted spirits who are permitted to join the angelic hosts in that everlasting abode. But come,' he added, 'let me lead you where there is more repose for you, and that you may take your place in yonder gorgeous temple, "not made with hands," where we meet to offer our united hymns of thanksgiving to Him in whose sight we have our being.'

"He signed to me to follow him, and my steps glided after his, without effort or trouble, and we reached what appeared to be a spot close to a remarkably beautiful cascade, whose transparent waters, leaping from one ledge of crystal, solid as a rock, to another, like the rays of a prism, seemed to form a bridge of light in a liquid state. On either side of the waterfall, grew large bell-shaped flowers of rich colors, which, as they waved their lovely petals with the glancing water, and occasionally dipped them sportively in, shed a charming fragrance around.

"The materials of which the grotto was composed looked like sapphires and burnished gold; in the interior, there floated around a sort of light, like hazy, which, like a fine, partially obscured the splendor of the recess. Before entering it, I beheld what seemed a cupola in form, but enveloped, as it were, in clouds of crimson and gold. I pointed to it.

"'That is the dome of the temple,' said my guide. 'It is hallowed by the presence of the Omnipotent when we are assembled in worship, though that holy presence is invisible to us. When you hear a solemn chant commence, and music swelling from all these waving branches and flowers, sister of another world, come gladly forth!'

"He was gone, and, left alone, I sank down in a reclining attitude, on the verge of the fairy fountain, and soon a feeling of delicious repose stole over me. The past—the scenes and beings of the world I had left—faded from my mind; all was serenity around, and the scene seemed to partake of that deep quietness, until forgetfulness of everything came over them.

"I have no idea how long I continued in this state, but at last I awoke softly from my 'weird repose'—to what? To find the beautiful spirit of my brother waiting to conduct me to the sublime temple, whose lofty dome was covered with a gorgeous canopy of clouds! Alas! alas! my soul had descended again to earth, and as my eyes unclosed, I saw the light through the unclosed casement, the clear, blue, far-off skies, with some still glittering stars here and there, and the rosy streaks of rosy hue, announcing that morning was about to dawn upon the material world. I was still living, then—I had not passed through 'the dark valley!' To that distinct plane—by those scenes of enchantment—I had only been transported in a soothing dream!

"Sighed, and the sweet delusion was too speedily dispelled, for attendants and friends came around me; they told me I was better, I was saved, and that years of life might yet be given me! Alas! I knew my doom with sorrow and repining. Why was the freed spirit recalled? Why was I sent back to a world of pain and suffering? I was one of the dead spirit, who had so lately been my blessed companion, sounded again in my ear with his words of faith; and, feebly lifting my clasped hands, I was enabled to exclaim:

"'Father! thy will be done!'"

The Standing Army of the United States.—The Secretary of War, in his finance with law, made an abstract of the returns of the militia of the several States. The aggregate is as follows:

Maine	73,562	Louisiana	30,732
N. Hampshire	33,584	Mississippi	35,083
Vermont	25,855	Tennessee	71,252
Massachusetts	150,676	Kentucky	98,203
Rhode Island	17,015	Ohio	176,455
Connecticut	91,439	Michigan	93,063
New York	350,009	Indiana	53,913
New Jersey	81,284	Illinois	108,235
Pennsylvania	160,000	Wisconsin	51,321
Delaware	9,229	Iowa	-
Maryland	40,884	Missouri	118,035
Virginia	150,000	Arkansas	36,054
N. Carolina	73,448	Texas	19,766
S. Carolina	36,072	California	307,730
Georgia	85,290	Minnesota	9,003
Florida	12,122	Utah Ter.	2,821
Alabama	76,667	Dist. of Col.	8,201

These figures show a total of 2,765,726, of which there are 2,600,000 infantry, 65,000 cavalry, 12,000 artillery, and 34,000 riflemen.

A Slaver Hoax.—The Providence correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says:

"The amusement afforded by the papers a week ago, to the effect that a Rhode Island vessel had landed a cargo of slaves in Florida, has proved to be a hoax, and the contract between Captain Wickham and the Cuban and African coast, for the delivery of negroes, is a fabrication. Some one has searched the custom-house reports of Newport, and discovered that, in 1804, the year in which South Carolina opened the slave trade, there is an entry of the brig Favorite, Captain Wickham, and her clearance for the Cape de Verde Islands. Furthermore, the family of Wickham in this State have since become extinct, and of those who followed the sea, all have long been dead, except the Revolution. These facts seem to prove that this expedition is not of modern date; and that the man who was then engaged in the slave trade, it must have occurred at least fifty years ago."

A Virginia Camp Meeting.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says that a camp meeting was held near Fairfax county, Va., and that immediately after the camp broke up, twenty-seven negroes were sold on the ground to some Southern traders! Another paragraph in the letter is worth preserving. Mark! One of the men was on his knees, engaged in prayer, when the trader who had purchased his shoulder was seized by the man behind him, and handcuffed him. What a scene on a Methodist camp ground! To what depths are we sinking! Shade of Wesley, pity us! God of mercy, forbid that the Cape de Verde Islands, with whom he had effected a policy of insurance:

"In the list of printed questions in the Company's blank, I find the one like this: 'Ashes—how kept?' The Pike county people, who had burnt out, and, after the fire, discovered this question in his policy, and, resolving to make a good thing of his property, he wrote underneath something in this wise: 'Dear Sir: I was burned out on the ——— day of ———, and, according to your rules, I have kept the ashes. They are in barrels—what shall I do with them?'"—*Peoria Union.*

The Paris Press.—In the editorial correspondence of the "*Courrier des Etats Unis*," we see that a new daily political journal, called *L'Opinion Nationale*, has been published in Paris on the 1st inst. by Ad. Guerout, late of the *Presse*. Mr. Masserne thinks that this journal, which will be conducted by Mr. Ulbach, is filled with good successes, through the known talents of its editor, and because the new political epoch in France requires a totally independent organ. We hope this piece of news will turn out to be true.

Slavery in Missouri.—Fifty slaves arrived at St. Louis last Friday, from the interior of Missouri, bound south. It is stated that upwards of four hundred have passed the orange sort of atmosphere around me. I followed my beloved guide, and we entered the enchanting grove. I felt as if I could have danced in rapture of the resplendent leaves I heard a sound like 'Welcome, welcome!' while at a little distance I heard a sweet, delightful music, that seemed by turns to swell and to die away. Figures now seemed to be floating about, hither and thither, amidst the leafy glades that I began to discover through each form of the radiant wreaths of flowers that seemed gracefully to wander from one magnificent tree to another. I remarked that the trees seemed to glide, or to dance nearer; yet there was no place to hurt even my unaccustomed eye. Nothing that I beheld approximated to gloom or darkness; a kind of subdued brightness appeared to be the characteristic of all around.

"'And death?' I asked. 'Is death known here?'

"'Those who have been allowed to enter this bright sphere have done this work. It can

To Advertisers.—Business men will find it greatly to their advantage to advertise in the Era.

Messrs. Pettingill & Co., S. S. Niles, and Joy, Coe, & Co., are our authorized advertising agents for Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

The following gentlemen are accredited agents for the *Era*: G. W. Light, Boston, Mass.; J. A. Innis, Salem, Mass.; Thomas Wheeler, Cincinnati, Ohio; L. T. Park, Mount Union, Ohio; Joseph Hughes, Philadelphia, Pa.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1859.

☞ All letters for the *National Era* must be addressed to Mrs. M. L. Bailey, *National Era, Washington, D. C.*

APOSTACY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The true source of the power and long-continued triumphs of the Democratic party in this country is to be found in its adherence, through all its mutations and changes of Administration, to the idea of equal rights. This is the one thread that has been wrought into the texture of every Democratic Administration till now, and upon which, like the counters upon a billiard wire, has been strung the various measures of public policy which have marked the Administrations. In the free States, the party has there made this idea the foundation of all their appeals to the masses for support; whenever it has been run upon any special measure that bore heavily upon a particular locality, its supporters could always be rallied, on the ground that the party was at least the party of equal rights; a genuine Democratic party in the South.

This idea should never be lost sight of in our assaults upon that party, and never forgotten in considering the method to strengthen and enlarge the foundations of the Republican party. It should be among the first and greatest of our aims to expose the late great tergiversation and treachery of the Democratic organization on this fundamental point. The criminality and folly of its leaders have delivered that organization over to the support of the opposite doctrines. Instead of the party being the champion of God-given rights, it now takes the low ground of denying the existence of any such rights, and holds to the old doctrine of tyrants and oppressors, that some men were born to be servants, and some to be masters. It has abandoned the purity and simplicity of a lofty and inspiring idea, looking to human elevation and improvement, and gone to browsing among the chaff and stubble of past ages, chattering about distinctions between the inferiority of this and the superiority of that, and undertaking to learnedly apportion the precise amount of liberty that each is entitled to. From a party of clear and simple principles, looking to the good of all mankind, it has set itself to work to argue that some men ought to suffer, ought to be oppressed, ought to be trodden under foot, and of necessity that certain others ought to be the agents in this work. Of course, it takes care to hold that the members of the Democratic party in this grand role are to hold the place of the oppressors.

Such is the attitude of the Democratic organization in this country to-day. Just as soon as its Northern masses learn the real darkness shall have the facts of the case driven home upon their understandings, they will instinctively recoil from this shocking creed. But as yet they have not all unleamed their old lessons. As yet, they run in the old grooves. As yet, they live upon the souvenirs of the past.

This great apostacy cannot be too persistently exposed. It is the proper work of the Republicans, in season and out of season, in nook and corner, as well as from the press and the stump, from Legislature and Congress, to expose it. Let it be proclaimed everywhere, that the Democratic party no longer even professes to be the party of equal rights. It is no longer the party that advocates the cause of freedom and humanity. It is no longer the party that bases itself, even in theory, upon sentiments of human fraternity, or advocates equal and universal justice for all mankind. It has become the mere tool in the hands of humanity mongers and slave-drivers, who work in iron hearts and human rights in scales where the almighty dollar is the standard. The exposure of its treachery and falsehood is the duty of every friend of his race.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

The Douglas organ in this city, the *States*, is zealously doing the re-election of the present Clerk of the House of Representatives. That paper has the following prediction, in which "the wish is father to the thought:"

"Constituted as the coming Congress will be, politically, speculation amounts to nothing, and it will be a miracle if it escapes a certainty that Conservatism must triumph over Republicanism in the organization.

"The duties devolving upon the Clerk are also considerable; there must be the adroitness of parliamentary tactics, and accuracy, displayed by Col. Allen, by the assistance of Col. John T. Carter, his assistant, to make the office will be a considerable element of strength to Col. Allen.

"Members of Congress, whilst fully enlisted for the success of their several political friends, do not wish to embarrass their Speakership, or impede the business of the Republic. Hence, the wish of the Republican voters, and against the strenuous opposition of the Administration or Southern wing of the party, would still fall short some eighteen or twenty of a majority. But they will have in vain, if they hope that the stern and incorruptible Anti-Lecompton Democrats, except those of Illinois, and perhaps one other, will join with them. Equally fallacious is their expectation that the Southern Americans, who have been habitually maligned by them, will now come forward to keep them in the enjoyment of the spoils.

The Opposition will treat Mr. Allen to a very different sort of fare to that.

We understand that the Spoils Democracy count upon at least six Republican votes to aid them in organizing the House. They may as well give up all such vain and illusory hopes. No member calling himself a Republican will dishonor himself, and betray the noble cause to which he owes his elevation, by giving such a vote.

Georgia against Douglas.—Warren Aiken, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia, declares in a letter that he will not support Douglas for President, even if he is nominated at Charleston; and Col. A. M. Speer, Democratic candidate for Congress in the third Congressional district in Georgia, declares on the stump that he "would not vote for Douglas if nominated by a thousand Charleston Conventions." These candidates for popular favor reflect public sentiment. Toombs and Stephens are not up for office just now.

☞ The interesting article upon Chess, on the first page of the *Era*, is from the pen of a man of color, and would do high honor to the learning and taste of any Pro-Slavery writer, North or South. We commend it to the *Day Book*.

For the National Era.

LINES FOR A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

The Persian to his altars bore
Sweet blossoms fresh with morning dew,
And wafted the fair incense-cloud
With beauty borrowed from the true;

Around Parnassus's flowery shrine
Their name of grace the maidens wound,
And wove the wreath with tuneful lays
Wherewith the victors' brows were crowned;

And we to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessing of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

With manhood's strength and maiden's grace,
To lead our Christian holiday
The beauty of the Persian dance,
The vigor of the Grecian play;

To see our Father's hand once more
Review our ripe harvest-fields, and store
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit and flower and golden corn.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with barns and granaries and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told;

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among the garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of precious things,
Her forehead gay with autumn leaves!

Oh, favors old, yet ever new!
Oh, blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overrunn our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to reward our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to day?
Who secures his native fruit and blossom?
Or sighs for something rare and gay
Beside the bountiful board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's work
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold!

And by these altars, wreathed with flowers
And yielding their ripe fruits again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

J. G. W.

MR. DOUGLAS AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

Mr. Douglas has taken some pains to proclaim his hostility to the slave trade; but it is a singular fact that nearly every newspaper and politician in the Gulf States favorably to him as a Presidential candidate is also favorable to the revival of the slave trade. The late Minister to Mexico, Mr. Forsyth, is the editor of the Mobile *Register*, and a warm advocate of Judge Douglas.

The Mobile *Register* says:

"We are in favor of the slave trade as a means of spreading the institution of Slavery over new Territories as far and as fast as possible, as well as to remove from the Federal statute Book the most unjustifiable portion of Slavery itself, which our prohibitory laws pronounce against it. We do 'deprecate all Southern revision upon Slavery issues, seeing that the South were united upon such issues, allies enough would be found at the North to carry out their wishes.'"

This is a singular position for a Douglas man to take; and what renders the matter still more singular is the fact that we find the paragraph in the Washington *States*, the central organ of Mr. Douglas, unaccompanied with note or comment.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, another friend of Mr. Douglas, has avowed himself in favor of repealing the prohibitory slave trade laws, as the general feeling among Mr. Douglas's Southern supporters. Is it not strange that the advocates of the slave trade, Messrs. Forsyth and Stephens, should select Mr. Douglas, a professed opponent of that trade, as their first choice for President? Yet, these Southerners are well acquainted with the Illinois Senator, and are not leaping in the dark. They know that his theory of popular sovereignty, when carried out, will require the repeal of the Federal laws against the slave trade, in order that each independent State may determine for itself what shall be the extent of its "domestic institutions." They are aware that Mr. Douglas, in his Magazine manifesto, has stated and argued at great length that a leading cause of the Revolution was the claim on the part of the Colonies of the right to admit or exclude slaves from Africa; and when the King of England persisted in refusing his sanction to Colonial laws for the prohibition of the slave trade, the Colonies rebelled, and set up an independent Government. Mr. Douglas labors this point at great length. Then, would it not be singular if he, as President, should pursue the arbitrary intervention policy of the English Kings, which he so severely censures in his essay? Can he, with any show of reason, claim that the Federal Government a right to interfere with the domestic affairs of States, when the weak and dependent Colonies of England are honored by him for their resistance to such interference?

With Republicans, who claim for Freedom what they will not concede to Slavery, we need not argue the inconsistency, nor the Chesapeake parallel. We denounce, with Mr. Douglas, the Kings of England for compelling the Colonies to receive African slaves against their consent; but if the Colonies had desired the slaves, and the mother country had refused to tolerate the detestable traffic, we should have honored the latter for the exercise of her restraining power. But Mr. Douglas has stated and argued that in such preference is to be given to Freedom over Slavery. He admits that Slavery is as good as Freedom, and entitled to the same protection under the Constitution. This proposition he has stated a thousand times. His Southern supporters may therefore hold him to a literal and consistent application of his doctrine; and they may with reason demand of him the same non-intervention with the States, in the matter of the slave trade, which he denounces the sovereigns of England for not practicing towards the same communities, when they stood in the inferior position of Colonies.

We cannot doubt, that in the event of Mr. Douglas's election to the Presidency, he will act on this non-intervention policy with respect to the slave trade. It will be in harmony with his policy during the last ten years. He repealed the Missouri restriction on Slavery in the Territories under circumstances precisely similar to those which surround the slave-trade question. He had declared the Missouri compromise a compact between the North and the South, scarcely less sacred than the Constitution itself. He has declared the clause in the Constitution which empowers Congress to prohibit the slave trade as "one of its compromises." He afterwards repealed the Missouri Compromise in obedience to his then newly-discovered principles of "popular sovereignty" and "non-intervention with the affairs of the States and Territories." He professed not to be in favor of the extension of Slavery into the new Territories, as he now professes to be opposed to the revival of the slave trade; but, as in the first instance, when he repealed the Missouri restriction, his only object was "to leave the people of the Territories perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions in their own way," so in the latter, when as President he shall recommend the repeal of the laws which prohibit and punish the slave trade as piracy, he will not be moved by considerations favorable to the slave trade, oh no! but simply and solely by his reverence for the constitutional rights of the States to regulate a matter purely local, in their own way.

Can it be that Messrs. Stephens, Toombs, and Forsyth, understand that this will be the policy of Mr. Douglas, and hence their choice as the candidate of the party for President?

Since writing the above, we have met with the following strong confirmation of the views above advanced. The article below is from the *Mobile Register*, edited by Mr. Forsyth. It will be seen that, like ourselves, he argues that Mr. Douglas cannot consistently oppose the repeal of the laws against the slave trade. His whole theory of "popular sovereignty" requires the continuance of those laws upon the statute book:

"*One of our Reasons.*—The New Orleans *Delta*, in paying us a handsome compliment on our advocacy of Mr. Douglas's claims for the nomination for the Presidency, takes occasion to express some surprise at our course, considering (it says) Mr. Douglas's avowed opposition to our favorite measure, the reopening of the slave trade. We have always deprecated making this question a political or party issue, at least for the present, and we therefore have discussed it, and shall continue to discuss it, as a question of economical policy and commercial legislation. We can inform our friend of the *Delta* that *Mr. Douglas's opposition to the important subject is one of the reasons of our warm support of Mr. Douglas.* While such extreme Abolitionists as Hamlin and Wade grow vehemently eloquent on the immorality of the slave trade, and vie with Abolitionists in denouncing the proclamation against it, *Judge Douglas has never uttered one word against it*; he chooses the shadow, but the sun That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to reward our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to day?
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THE REVIEW.

An Address to the People of North Carolina, on the Evils of Slavery. By the Friends of Liberty and Humanity. William Swain, Printer, Greensborough, North Carolina.

The above is the title of a pamphlet of sixty-eight pages, which has just been republished in New York, as nearly as possible resembling the original. We have rarely met with an essay of the kind in which we have taken so much interest.

It was prepared and published by the "Board of Managers of the Manumission Society of North Carolina, in General Association." The interesting fact that such a Society existed in North Carolina thirty years ago, will be new to many; and their publication on the soil of the State, of an elaborate address setting forth the evils of Slavery in all their enormity, is an event in the history of the State which is worthy a place in its annals.

This pamphlet was evidently written by a sincere Christian, and sets forth, in plain, strong language, the terrible moral and social evils of Slavery. We rarely meet with an essay which deals with the subject with less reserve, or exposes the radical evils and abuses of Slavery with a stern reality. Yet, without any exaggeration, the writer avoids the common error of repelling those whom he would convince and reclaim from their error. He (or rather, we should say, they, since it is the Manumission Society which speaks) addresses North Carolinians as fellow-citizens and brothers; and while the only remedy they propose is their abstinence, they are called upon by their allegiance to God and to justice, to apply the remedy.

The writer undertakes to show that—

1. Our slave system is radically evil.
2. It is founded in injustice and cruelty.
3. It is a fruitful source of pride, idleness, and luxury.
4. Its evil effects are set forth.
5. It is contrary to the plain and simple maxims of the Christian Revelation, or religion of Christ."

These propositions are argued at length, not, indeed, with the artistic skill of practiced authorship, but a great amount of homely and irrefutable truth is spread out, in a style rarely met with a pamphlet so well calculated to do good in the South. It treats Slavery from the high conscientious and philanthropic point of view. It urges emancipation almost exclusively on these high moral grounds, and barely alludes to the economical and political evils of the system.

In order to remove Slavery, the Address recommends—

1. That no more slaves be admitted into the State.
2. That a law be enacted for facilitating individual emancipation, provided the liberated slave be removed from the State.
3. Also, by authorizing slaves to make contracts with their masters, by which they may purchase their own freedom.
4. The Board recommend the passage of laws for imposing restraints upon the master in his treatment of slaves.
5. A law providing for their instruction, at least so far as to enable them to read the Bible.
6. A law providing that all children, after a certain period, should be free at a certain age; and after the passage of the act, no negroes to be removed from the State, in such a way as to lose the benefit of said act.

This Address has been widely circulated in the South. As a memento of a past generation, it has a claim upon the curiosity and attention which no recent publication can have; while the evident spirit of Christian philanthropy in which it is conceived will commend it to the respectful consideration of all sincere lovers of truth. We have seen no Abolition or Anti-Slavery principles in the South, and especially in North Carolina, could not do better than to send their funds to Mr. Lewis Tappan, 48 Beekman street, New York, by whom the Address has been republished. The circulation of the Address, we presume, will be gratuitous, and we distribute for ourselves and Mr. T. any of the sinister motives which prompt newspaper puffs, terminating, as this does, with an appeal for money.

Sunday Morning Thoughts: or God's Truths in Plain Words. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart, author of Truth is Everything, Daily Thoughts for a Child.

Sunday Morning Thoughts. By the same author. New York: Sheldon & Co., 15 Nassau street. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

Many of the religious books written for children are, to say the least, of doubtful utility, and Christian parents will do well to see to it that, under the specious disguise of religious instruction, they are not fostering in their children a taste for romance, and a love of fiction. These little books by Mrs. Geldart seem to us more above the average of such productions. Sunday lessons, illustrated by Bible and other stories, they have a simple, natural, healthy tone. The author is an English lady, and the book was first printed in England. In a simple preface, addressed to children, she says, "These 'Sunday Thoughts' are sent to you by an English homes, with many loving wishes and earnest prayers, that the day which God has blessed may be to you the best and happiest in the week."

If her books help to do this, she will earn blessings from many children upon whom, on the Sabbath day, she laid "heavy burdens, grievous to be borne."

Emilie, the Peacemaker. By the same author. Published and for sale as above.

This book has a practical purpose which is sometimes lost sight of in kindred works. The law of kindness is the law of love. And here it is beautifully illustrated. The little Edith is a lively, healthy child, with warm impulses, good and bad, and the conflict between them is really interesting. Emilie herself has but one fault. She is too perfect. She is never cross, or weary, or selfish, or out of patience, and loves everybody, and makes everybody love her; all of which, considering she was only a woman, is rather hard to believe. To be sure, she was a governess, which office is said to be a good nursery for Christian graces; but we have seen the best specimens of that class, and no such model character was among them. So we are incredulous. But the book, with this fault, is a good one—better than most of its kind.

We have received from Taylor & Maury *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for October. "The Virginians" is more than usually interesting, and gives a vivid picture of Virginia life. Among the contributors of articles to its pages are the following: "The Water of El Arbain" is written by Mrs. G. P. Marsh; "A Visit to the Guajiquero Indians," by Mr. J. G. Squier; "Audubon's Hymn in the American Forests," by Mr. William Ross Wallace; "Behind the Cloud," by Mrs. Alice B. Haven; "Country Life," by Rev. Dr. Osgood; "The Lovers' Quarrel," by D. R. Castleton; "Two Men and a Woman," by John Esten Cooke; "Too Much of a Good Thing," by Edward H. Stone. In addition to these, there are articles by Miss Jane M. Fuller, Dr. A. H. Guernsey, Mr. Charles Nordhoff, and Mr. Frank B. Norton.

Blackwood's Magazine for September is issued. The following articles are of special value: "Voluntary and Involuntary Actions;" second article on "Fleets and Navies;" "Journal of a Cruise on the Tanganyika Lake, Central Africa;" "The Election Petitions—Who does the Bribery?" and "Foreign Affairs—The Disarmament," are the political articles, written in a keen and piquant style.

THE DESPOTISM OF PARTY.

A Western editor makes the following frank confession of his slavish submission to party:

"Whenever the Democratic party, through the medium of a properly constituted convention, shall adopt any measure as its future policy, the *Examiner* will then be bound to recognise that as the policy of the party; but previously to any such conventional action in reference to certain questions now agitating the public mind, it holds itself at liberty to make views as we may see fit, and express such views, as it may think proper."

The editor of this paper claims to be a free man, and, we presume, would have the world think him honest and independent; yet he is ready to surrender his conscience, and fight like a Turk against them, "whenever the Democratic party, through the medium of a properly constituted Convention," shall overrule him!

THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

We publish in another column a succinct statement, from the Philadelphia *Press*, of the difficulty which has sprung up on our Northwestern frontier, with our English neighbors. It is said that the Administration will insist upon the right of the United States to the islands in dispute. The following statement by the well-known Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, too, is believed to be semi-official. The people of the North will sustain the President in vindicating the rights of the country:

"The failure of Sir William Gore Ouseley to fulfil his promises and those of his Government in respect to the joint occupancy of San Juan, to give effect to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, *is a source of deep disappointment to the State Department*, and may be ground for consideration in connection with the San Juan affair on the Pacific. When Great Britain not only refuses compliance with her solemn treaty stipulation not to hold, occupy, or fortify any portion of Central America, but, instead, rather advances her pretensions there, it may well be said that we should not yield possession of the island, whose title is *prima facie, if not by the President* as rightfully with us. The ground taken by the State Department is, that the 49th parallel, or the line of the 49th degree of north latitude, by mutual agreement between us and Great Britain in 1846, but as the legitimate extension of the line cut off the southern extremity of Vancouver's Island, and gave it, in a sort, in a spirit of liberality, defected it southwardly so as to give the entire island to England. *It is held at the State Department* that the island was given to the Government, and it was certainly the public understanding at the time. That the 'channel' lying up to Vancouver was meant to assume not only from the causes *of* deflecting the line, but from the fact that of the important channel for navigation of one sort or another that would of course exist in so broad a channel as that, as the Gulf of Georgia, the channel of Haro, at the date of the negotiation of the treaty, was the only one well known to the English, or, one of inferior character to the east of it has been used, by reason of the gold 'discoveries near it. It may also be urged that the fragments of land on Admiralty Inlet and the islands in the Gulf of Georgia naturally attach to the main land, and not to the island of Vancouver. In all the remarks that Mr. Buchanan, who was responsible for the treaty of 1846, since that it was negotiated upon terms '*advised*' by the Senate, which were, that the line of the treaty of Utrecht, offered by Mr. Robert Peel, should be the basis of arrangement."

The statement of Ion, that the President is not responsible for the treaty of 1846, is not borne out by the history of the transaction. It is well known that President Polk, after declaring that the right of the United States "to the whole of Oregon was clear and unquestionable," shrunk from the responsibility of that position, and asked the advice of the Senate. Mr. Buchanan as Secretary of State, was his chief adviser, and doubtless advised him to the wise responsibility upon the Senate. It remains to be seen whether the President will now stand up for the rights of the country, or again back out, and yield the lion's share to England. We confess that the tergiversation of the venerable Secretary Cass, in regard to the rights of naturalized citizens, gives an indifferent guaranty of firmness in the management of the present controversy.

MR. DOUGLAS IN THE SOUTH.

The friends of Mr. Douglas are making great efforts to resuscitate his Southern popularity, but to little purpose. As an evidence of public sentiment of the South, we may mention the fact that the Washington *Constitution*, the organ of the President, and the Richmond *Enquirer*, the time-honored organ of the Virginia Democracy and of Gov. Wise, the Raleigh *Standard*, the organ of the North Carolina Democracy, the Charleston *Mercury*, the organ of South Carolina Democracy, and the Nashville *Union*, the organ of the Tennessee Democracy, are all opposed to Mr. Douglas. The

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A HIGH AND DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, the great organ of the Southern Democracy, pays the following high and just compliment to its "Northern Allies:" The editor of the *Enquirer* is a good limner. He says:

"Look at some of the instances at the North, where the Democracy have so long remained a minority. They are powerless to secure popular election to public offices. Their leaders have ceased to be responsible to the public opinion of the communities in which they reside. Wholly unaccustomed to defend or advance political measures before popular assemblages, they cut from the grand theatre of political conquest and self-reliant exertion, their political career has been reduced to a mere finessing to secure offices by Federal Executive appointment.

"The business of President making constitutes their main political stock in trade. Unable to achieve anything towards the election of a Presidential candidate, their entire exertions are confined to securing claims upon the favor of some Presidential aspirant by assisting him to procure a nomination. They thus become mere trading politicians—bartering secure tricks for Federal offices—and, like all mere mercenaries when disappointed in the *quid pro quo*, they soon join the ranks of the enemy. Thus it is that, in many instances, small Democratic minorities at the North so rapidly become beautifully less, until the Democratic party of a whole community dwindles down to a mere coterie, which, on the election of a Democratic President, from being a nuisance in its immediate neighborhood, sufficient to answer all its political wants in the way of public jobs rnd public offices. It then becomes the *interest* and the *policy* of the little band of principal managers to *keep the party in the hole in a minority, and in the smallest possible minority.* These mea are not unfrequently heralded through the newspapers as a 'forlorn hope'—a band of devoted patriots, standing firmly opposed to overwhelming odds, enduring unmerited privation and defying popularity in an unselfish devotion to political principle. Lucky dogs! They laugh in their sleeves, and pocket Federal money and work Federal honors in a proportion altogether unattainable by Democratic majorities. Quietly, coisily, 'harmoniously,' they get on together, until some fraction of the faction discovers that another fraction is continually assuming all the choice bits of Federal patronage for its own separate enjoyment. Then comes snarling and reviling and fierce contention—and the consequence is, finally, that the two factions select different Presidential aspirants, each with the hope of defeating the other from all share in the spoils. Prominent Southern Democrats, who were present at Cincinnati, state that they were referred to constantly as umpires to settle squabbles of this sort, where each of the contestants did not hesitate to avow that a share of the spoils was all he was seeking, both discovering at last that they were only entitling each others' threats, and each finally pledging his party to 'equitable' arrangement which would secure him half the pudding, since he could not get the whole."

From the Washington States.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

"The publication of the Government advertisements having been withdrawn from the *National Intelligencer*, we deem it proper, nevertheless, to continue to insert them, although it be gratuitously, for the information of our subscribers, and especially those of them who are interested in Government contracts, as they have been accustomed, during many years, to find them in the columns of the paper. We accordingly send the blank advertisements, with instructions officially within a few days; but in doing so think it proper, to obviate misconception, to accompany the publication with this brief note of explanation."—*Editors.*

The above is from the *National Intelligencer* of this morning, but our opposite neighbor does not give the reasons *why* the "Government advertisements" have been withdrawn from it. We will make the explanation. It was done by one of the most infamous *misconstructions* of law ever put into practice.

The law regulating the publication of the Government advertisements reads as follows:

"That in all cases where proposals for any contract or contracts to be made by any of the *Executive Departments or Bureaus*, and in all cases where notices of any description issuing from the same are now required by law to be advertised, the same shall be published in *two newspapers* in the city of Washington having the LARGEST PERMANENT SUBSCRIPTION."

In the face of this law, a law so plain that any schoolboy can understand its true meaning, the Attorney General of the United States, at the commencement of the present Administration, made a decision which placed a construction upon this law that gave the Government advertisements to the two papers in the city of Washington publishing the largest aggregate number of papers per week, instead of the *two papers having the largest permanent subscription*," as the law specifies.

By this decision, every daily subscriber to a paper is counted as *six permanent subscribers*—not as one, as the law requires.

To show the absurdity of this construction, and how it operates—a paper having 2,000 permanent daily subscribers and 1,000 weekly is, under Judge Black's construction of the law, entitled to the advertisements over a journal having 23,000 permanent weekly subscribers and 1,000 daily, as the former would count in the aggregate per week 14,000, while the latter would only count 29,000. Judge Black made a previous decision, requiring the weekly advertisements (the Government advertisements are nearly all weekly) to be inserted in the weekly editions of such papers as published them.

Here is his decision, made at the request of the Secretary of War, on the 21st of July, 1857:

"I am clear, that in order to ascertain which paper has the largest *permanent subscription*, you must count all the subscribers, and not confine yourself merely to the readers of the daily edition.

"A daily, weekly, and tri-weekly newspaper, printed in the same office, and under the same name, are not different papers, but different editions of the same paper. The words of the law, literally construed, require *that all the subscribers to the different editions to be counted.*

"There are many advertisements which ought to be read as widely as possible throughout the whole country.

"The daily paper has but little circulation outside of the city. It is upon the *weekly* and *tri-weekly* alone that you can rely for giving information to country readers.

"But it is said that no advertisements are published in the weekly and tri-weekly papers, and that when one of the Departments orders an advertisement to be issued weekly, it is merely printed once a week in the daily edition. If this be true, it requires some attention. *The object of the law is not carried out in this way.*

"When you advertise for proposals to furnish supplies for the army, you mean not only to let the city of Washington know that a contract will be made, but that you desire to invite competition from every part of the Union. This purpose is *not answered by a weekly advertisement in a daily paper.*

"If it be said that the Washington papers are used for the sole purpose of giving information to their readers here, and that the advertisements are published elsewhere for the benefit of other readers, then you ought not to publish a weekly or tri-weekly advertisement in a Washington paper at all. * * *

"*I do not doubt that the law requires them weekly in the weekly edition, tri-weekly in the tri-weekly edition, and daily in the daily edition.*"

In the face of this decision, Judge Black makes a subsequent construction of the law, by which every single permanent subscriber to a daily paper is counted as *six six hundred*, and the journal which has a weekly circulation of 23,000 permanent subscribers, and which could give the Government advertisements a circulation among 23,000 readers, is ruled out, and the advertisements given to a journal having *only* 1,000 weekly circulation. We have been deprived of the Government advertisements for a considerable period, through the construction put upon the law by Judge Black, and have only secured the advertisements now under that construction—counting our 4,000 permanent daily subscribers at 24,000.

We have protested against the injustice of this matter to the President, as well as to members of his Cabinet, and our friends have protested in our behalf; yet, all the satisfaction we ever got was, that if a different construction was placed upon the law, the advertisements would go to the *National Era* newspaper.

We are pleased to observe that the *Intelligencer* has concluded to publish the Government advertisements. We believe that it has the largest number of permanent subscribers of any paper in the city, and that it is legally entitled to the Government advertisements, and will be paid for their insertion by the next Congress.

We endeavored to get the subject up before the last Congress, but could accomplish nothing. We will join with the *Intelligencer* to have the matter remedied at the next session.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Mr. Helper, the author of the "Impending Crisis," publishes various interesting extracts from Southern correspondents. Among them we find the following from a Wesleyan Methodist minister in North Carolina:

"Returning from the west part of my circuit yesterday, I found your letter of the 12th inst., to which I hasten the reply. You are at perfect liberty to use my correspondence in any way you may judge best, as I am already committed at every place where I speak to the most open hostility to the system of human bondage. I have denounced it at every point, and especially its clerical supporters and apologists, with whatever of language and emphasis I could command. They deem me more plain, more caustic, than either of my predecessors, Crooks or McBride. If no danger results from my speech here, none need be apprehended from the publication of my letters. The Boston Tract letter, reprinted in the unwelling, servile, little *Day Book*, which you sent me, went the rounds of the North Carolina press. From it sprang much angry, excited discussion, and one challenge for a duel. This was given by the editor of the Fayetteville *Carolinian* to the editor of the Wilmington *Watchman*. Considerable ink was shed, but no blood. Continued reference was made to me in these newspaper missiles, as 'the reverend writer of the Boston Tract letter,' or as 'the reverend gentleman supposed to be the author of the Boston Tract letter;' and, though every one knew to whom these references pointed, I am not certain that my name has been once given in a Carolina paper."

The following extracts are from several letters, received at various times, from this same gentleman, who, as will be observed, gives a brief but interesting outline of his location and personal history:

"I am a minister in charge of Guilford Circuit of Wesleyan Methodists, North Carolina. I think you have some knowledge of our denomination. I am a native of Guilford county, but have resided some thirty-five years in the West. Last fall I returned to North Carolina, to remain and preach at least a year. I boldly preach Anti-Slavery from my pulpit. Various threats of violence have been made against me; but I have the cheering satisfaction of informing you that thus far, in the performance of my duty, I have sustained no personal injury. Both myself and wife have numerous relations in Guilford and adjoining counties, which, joined to my age and Southern birth, has operated much in my favor. * * *

"I think the 'Impending Crisis' should be extensively circulated in this poor old Slavery-cursed Southern land. It is willing to take the responsibility of putting it in circulation to the extent of my travel. It is highly probable that a North Carolina court might deem the book incendiary, but I am willing to risk the result. The facts in the book contains should be generally known. * * *

"I have disposed of the fifty copies of the 'Impending Crisis' which I brought with me from the city last fall, and want more; please send me three additional copies. * * * Our success in spreading the principles of Freedom has been beyond my most sanguine expectations. * * * I am particularly surprised that no excitement has followed the distribution of the book. Formerly, McBride, my predecessor here in the ministry, was prosecuted and convicted for vending a single sheet to prove Slavery inconsistent with the ten commandments, and now I have not offered quietly to scatter broadcast the 'Impending Crisis' over this whole community! And the onslaught I make from the pulpit on Slavery is said to be far more severe than the words of my predecessor; yet slaveholders generally, seem to feel the justice of the blow. * * * I first began to vend the work privately, but soon, throwing off all concealment, I did it as publicly as a Yankee peddler would sell in his cart. * * * If a prosecution were instituted against me, I would read in my defence before a jury every syllable of the book, making necessary comments. * * * The gentleman to whom I referred some time since, who resides in Greensboro', well known in that place as an Anti-Slavery man, said, in remark was this: 'When the first copies of the 'Crisis' reached Greensboro', such was the anxiety to learn its contents that the citizens would sell in their shops for some days for twenty, on Sunday afternoons, and one would read, and the others would listen, and so deep was the interest to hear, that,' he continued, facetiously, 'I feared it would soon supplant the Bible!'"

KENTUCKY TO BE FREE.

A correspondent of the *Mississippian*, writing from Kentucky, is quite discouraged in his efforts to agitate in favor of the slave trade:

"HARDSBURG, KY., *Sept. 1, 1859.*

"EDITOR MISSISSIPPIAN: I hope you will excuse me for asking a short space for the expression of a few thoughts, which I deem both of interest and importance to the people of our own State.

"I knew that the African slave trade was a question in which most of the South had taken an exciting interest, and I made it a point to find out, from gentlemen in different parts of this State, their opinions in regard to it. All agree in opposing the 'Mission' idea, generally, and Kentucky will, in Congress, vote as a unit against the repeal of the 'Piracy' act. These men argue that the importation of Africans into the South would retard Kentucky's natural tendency to prosperity—to the time when she shall become a free State, by causing the demand in the South and West for slaves in this market to cease. They say Kentucky is a slave-producing State, and that the new States obtain a large proportion of their supply, and this forms no inconsiderable part of her 'money-making policy.' There seems to be an idea that Kentucky would be by far more prosperous if she was a free State. The whole thing, in small compass, is just this: the reopening of the slave trade would forever lull to sleep their fond hopes for the gradual emancipation of Slavery in Kentucky, and ruin the prospect of getting rid of them by a process be able to Southerners."

MR. GREELEY ON POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

In a letter to the editor of the San Francisco *Times*, Mr. Greeley says:

"A word, now, as to popular sovereignty in the Territories:

"I hold that each Territory, when duly organized by Congress, may enact any laws for its own government not inconsistent with the inalienable rights pertaining to mankind only. I protest against the assumption that the vote of A and B can fasten on C that destitution of all civil rights known as Slavery, even if C be allowed to vote himself on the question—still less, where he is not allowed any voice in the premises. I deny that Joseph's brethren had any right to sell him into Egyptian bondage, even though they were ten to one; and I hold that the buyers derived no right or valid title from the transaction. In other words, I hold to popular sovereignty in the Territories only so far as it is exercised in accordance with the dictates of Eternal Justice, of inalienable right; and I repudiate it when and so far as it legalize or fortify polygamy, adultery, Slavery, or any other species of robbery or wrong.

"Such is the political creed which commends the Republican party of the Union to my affection and support. I find it clearly published in the Philadelphia Republican National Platform—but which I have not seen distinctly set forth in the reviews of any State Convention held this year in California, or commended in the addresses to the people of any set of candidates. Individuals among them may have proclaimed the old, true faith; but, so far as I can judge from the newspaper reports of their addresses, and several the Anti-Lecompton Democratic ticket in proclaiming their devotion to what is currently designated 'popular sovereignty.'

"Such being the facts, I do not perceive the necessity of California persisting in the support of two rival State tickets in opposition to that of the Lecompton Democracy. If I, a Republican of the old school, adhering to the faith of Jefferson and Washington, and insist on the Congressional prohibition of Slavery, could vote—as I did most heartily vote—to return John B. Haskin, an Anti-Lecompton Democrat, I cannot see why my friends in California, standing on the platform of your late State Nominating Convention, should hesitate to support Joseph C. McKibbin. Unless party organizations are of more account than fundamental principles, I cannot see why Mr. McKibbin should lose one Republican vote."

JEFFERSON DEMOCRACY.

Said Jefferson, in a letter to John Adams, in 1804:

"The opinion which gives to the Judges *the right to decide what laws are constitutional, and what not*, not only for themselves, in their own sphere of action, *but for the legislature and executive also*, in their spheres, would make *the judiciary a despotic branch.*"

In 1820, Mr. Jefferson said:

"You seem to consider the Judges as the *ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions*—a very dangerous doctrine, indeed, and one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy. * * * The Constitution has created no such single tribunal, knowing that, to whatever hands confided, with the corruption of time, its members would BECOME DESPOTS."

Judge Story, in his Commentaries on the Constitution, says:

"In measures exclusively of a *political, legislative*, or executive character, it is plain, that as the *supreme* authority as to these questions belongs to the legislative and executive departments, they must decide for themselves, and where."

Jefferson repudiated the decision of the Supreme Court when they declared the alien and sedition laws constitutional, and Jackson told the same bench, when they declared the United States Bank constitutional:

"Its authority must not be permitted to control Congress or the Executive; for their (the Judges') opinion has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of any other citizens of the Judges."

THE BUCHANAN DEMOCRATIC CRY.—The Constitution, according to the decision of the highest tribunal known to this Government, SECURES TO EVERY CITIZEN THE RIGHT OF TAKING AND HOLDING HIS SLAVES WANT OF THE UNITED STATES. This is the cry, and it we believe the people of the Northern States are willing to abide. Honor, truth, plighted faith, and every other sacred principle known and acknowledged by individuals and communities, demand it.

What is the inevitable deduction which flows from this statement of facts? THE CURSE OF SLAVERY, IF IT BE A CURSE—THE BLESSING OF SLAVERY, IF IT BE A BLESSING—MUST BE ALIKE ENDURED OR ENJOYED BY THE PEOPLE OF A TERRITORY, DURING THE EXISTENCE OF THE TERRITORIAL CORPORATION OR ORGANIZATION.—*Washington Constitution.*

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE NORTHWESTERN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

It was well understood, in adjusting the Oregon boundary, that the basis of settlement was to be the forty-ninth degree of latitude; and, indeed, a treaty stipulation to that effect existed at the time; for, after our citizens had been repeatedly assured that our ship title was "clear and unquestionable to 54° 40', they submitted, with an ill grace, to the surrender of the large district lying between 54° 40' on the north, and 49° on the south. It was discovered, however, that if the line agreed upon was run out straight, it would cut off the southern end of Vancouver's Island, which had always been in the possession of Great Britain, and it was therefore agreed that the forty-ninth parallel should only be the boundary line between the two nations as far west as the "middle of the main channel in the Straits of Fuca, between Vancouver and the Rosario Strait; then the boundary should follow that channel far enough south to exclude Vancouver, and thence should run due west to the ocean. This arrangement was supposed to be so explicit, at the time the treaty was made, that only one interpretation could be given to it; but it has since been ascertained that there are *two* channels between Vancouver and the main shore, viz: the Canal de Haro and the Rosario Straits. If, as our Government maintains, the treaty should be construed to refer to the Canal de Haro channel, the islands of San Juan or Bellevue, Orcas, Lopez, and others, which lie between the main shore and Vancouver, belong to the United States. If, on the other hand, the treaty is to be construed according to the British interpretation, to refer to the Rosario Straits channel, which lies nearest the shore of Oregon, the islands belong to Great Britain. It is in fact, true that the two channels above mentioned exist, the Americans contend that the Canal de Haro is clearly the deepest, best, and most direct, and therefore necessarily the one referred to as the "main channel" in the treaty. On the other hand, the British allege that the islands in dispute have always been regarded as appendages to Vancouver's Island; that they are as undoubtedly a part of British dominions as Vaucouver itself; and that, therefore, the channel referred to in the treaty is the Rosario Straits.

Since the large emigration to the Pacific river gold mines, the population of Oregon and Vancouver, the islands in dispute have become quite valuable, and hence the present difficulty. San Juan contains sixty-five square miles of territory, which is very fertile. It is, besides, very favorably situated for commercial position, and by the natural advantages it possesses for a commanding military station. It also contains a large number of American settlers.

The American and British Governments have both persisted in peaceable claims to the islands in dispute since their attention has been called to the existence of the two channels; but the settlement of the question at issue has been postponed. San Juan, nominally, forms part of Washington Territory, and H. R. Crosbie, Esq., has acted as resident magistrate under the Territorial laws of the United States, and Mr. Lyndon has also acted for about three years as a United States revenue officer upon the island. Several years ago, the civil authorities of Whatcom county levied taxes on property on San Juan, and an armed force accompanied the sheriff to seize property belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and sold them to liquidate unpaid taxes which he claimed. That company now demands from our Government $15,000 for the sheep thus illegally sold.

Many outrages have recently been committed upon the American residents of San Juan by the Indians of the surrounding region; and shortly after General Harney, Commander-in-Chief of the Military forces of the United States Army, visited it in July last, preparatory to making a permanent military location upon it, they dispatched to him a petition to station a force sufficient to protect the island for their protection. Shortly before their petition reached him, he had ordered Captain Pickett, with his company of sixty-six men, rank and file, to establish a military post at San Juan. This officer arrived on the island, accordingly, and in an order significantly dated "Military Post, San Juan Island, *Washington Territory*, July 27, 1859," he requested the inhabitants to promptly report all incursions of hostile Indians, and at the same time he declared:

"*This being United States territory*, no laws, *other than those of the United States*, nor courts, except such as are held by virtue of and laws, will be recognized or *allowed* on this island."

This peremptory assumption of the law of the British authorities. Douglas, the Governor of Vancouver Island, solemnly protested against the acts of Captain Pickett, and transmitted a message to the Colonial Legislature on the subject, in which he complained that the conduct of the American officer was "discourteous," "unwarrantable," and "contrary to the usages of civilized nations," inasmuch as the only proper course to be pursued, while the conflicting claims to the islands were undujusted, was for neither nation to exercise "exclusive sovereignty over them." He also ordered several British war vessels, with detachments of troops on board, to San Juan, "to protect the lives and property of British subjects," these officers being first impressed with the importance of avoiding "every course which may unnecessarily involve the suspension of the amicable relations subsisting between Great Britain and the United States;" yet "instructed and prepared to assert the rights, and to maintain the honor and dignity" of Great Britain, etc. It is stated that amicable personal intercourse has ensued between the officers of the two nations, and that a verbal agreement has been made, that a joint occupation of the island of the island shall be maintained, until further instructions are received from the American and British Governments.

The recent excitement will probably hasten the final settlement of the disputed Territorial question, by the increased importance it has bestowed upon it; but, from the present aspect of affairs, we trust there is little danger that the belligerent feelings which at one time were excited, will produce a collision between the citizens or military or naval forces of the two countries.

NORTH CAROLINA.

That the Anti-Slavery party in North Carolina held the balance of power in the probable, if not evident, by the late election of the Opposition candidate for Governor of that State, Mr. Gilmer. The greatest number of the party unfriendly to Slavery in North Carolina consist of the Quakers, who are rather numerous in some of the counties, the Wesleyan Methodists, and that class of religionists who call themselves Christians. Two preachers of the persuasion of Wesleyan Methodists, Crooks and McBride, are perhaps not may remember, were obliged to leave the State for bearing their testimony against Slavery. Alluding to this, in speaking of the election of Mr. Gilmer, a letter addressed to a gentleman in this city, from his native county, says:

"But the moral effects of these proceedings (the expulsion of Crooks and McBride) were felt in a way not exactly looked for by the radical slavites. For quite a number of our best citizens, who had always before voted with their votes, and thus plainly manifested their disapprobation, and it was not until Mr. Gilmer gave his Anti-Lecompton vote in Congress that our people could be induced to forgive him for the part he took in the business, then he went only as a moderator. In my section of the county, Jamestown and High Point election precincts, the effect was very strongly marked. At Jamestown, in 1857, Gilmer received 108 votes, and in the competitor 101. This year, Gilmer received 229, and Williams 65 votes. At High Point, Gilmer received 108 votes in 1857, and in 1859, 209; Williams, 51 each year. Gilmer's re-election by such a decided majority shows conclusively that all the Southern people are not radical slavites, and that branding a man with Abolitionism has lost its talismanic effect. Let us take heart and hope for better times."

We have before as a return of the votes of Guilford county, hoth at the late election of Governor and the previous one in 1857. In 1857 the vote for Williams, the Democratic candidate, was 1,969; and the vote in that county 460; the vote for Gilmer, 1,563; at the recent election of 1859 it stood, for Williams, 468; and for Gilmer, 2,047.

In Guilford county, the Quakers, Wesleyan Methodists, and Christians, form a considerable part of the population. It was in Guilford, also, that the system of common schools was introduced at an early period, and the people at large are better educated than in the majority of the other counties. The plan was introduced in North Carolina by degrees; a law was passed allowing the counties to accept or reject it at their pleasure, and at first it was adopted only by somewhat less than a third of all the counties in the State.

We have before us a North Carolina paper, the Greensboro' *Patriot*, in which appears an article defending the Quakers of the State, particularly those of Guilford county, against the attacks of Senator Bragg, of that State, who has been denouncing them in his public speeches. The Quakers, it seems, have offended the friends of Slavery beyond forgiveness, by giving the majority to an Anti-Lecompton candidate for Governor.—*Evening Post.*

From the Fayetteville Observer.

MANUFACTURING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Having occasion to go to Virginia recently, I passed through Leaksville, and soon came to what is called the Leaksville Factory, belonging to Gov. J. M. Morehead.

Being attracted by the magnitude and number of buildings, I stopped a few hours to look round. Here was a large stone building, the cotton factory, constructed in the most substantial manner, and of the most durable materials. It is situated at the mouth of a magnificent canal, leading from Smith's river, and operated by the largest and finest water wheel I ever have ever seen. Near by are the oil mills, flour mills, and saw mill, all operated by the water of the same canal, which appears to have a fall of at least 25 feet, and at a slight expense could be made to propel millions of dollars worth of machinery.

After surveying this immense water power and canal, capable of being made to control the entire current of Smith's river, I looked around upon the hills that just rise towards the manufacturing establishments, to see the neat and substantial dwellings—some brick and others frame—where the hundreds of laborers and their families live, who earn honest and respectable support from the industry they exercised. The store-house and factory appear to have been built some years, and all the establishments and plans show that intelligent enterprise and capital have contributed much here for the benefit of the country, when such improvements were in their infancy in North Carolina. Seeing such results from the sagacity and enterprise of an individual when there was no precedent for such undertakings of North Carolina, I was naturally led to reflect, what this portion of the State might become, with its rich lands, abounding in iron and coal, and its immense water power, with the advantages of a railroad? Its population would be very stimington neighbors, and hence the people of that portion of North Carolina must be denied the benefits and blessings resulting from such an improvement. In reflecting upon what I have witnessed and heard, I regretted that this no man in the State of North Carolina has been more identified with her material interests than J. M. Morehead. He has been, and probably is now, interested in the farming, manufacturing, mechanical, mercantile, and educational pursuits of the people of the State. He knows their wants and interests perhaps better than any other man. He has done more to give impulse and direction to the material improvement system than any man in the State. The North Carolina railroad would never have been constructed, had he not taken hold of it and brought his potent influence to raise the means and put the work forward, almost to completion. Within six months or less, he would have had the road completed. But here low party malignity had to do its dirty work. It forced him to resign that position, which he had filled with such credit to himself, that it might reap the rewards due to another. It was an act of black ingratitude, and some of its perpetrators are now reaping its better fruits.

He did more to build the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad than any man in the State. Although he was not the President, he subscribed the money, and did the work, and today, I am told, owns more stock in the road, than all other individuals and corporations taken together. Yet he has never even been tendered a Director's place in the company. This is base ingratitude, and places the Company in no enviable light, although I do not suppose that Gov. Morehead wants any position on the road.

MEMPHIS.—The receipts of cotton at Memphis the last year were 325,480 bales, an increase of 52,449 on last year. The value of the crop is estimated at $18,000,000. The total business of this flourishing city is believed to have amounted to $40,000,000 during the past year, an increase of 33 per cent. on that of the year previous.

Railroads have done it. Ten years ago, Memphis had no railroad, and the *town* of Memphis had but a population of five or six thousand. Now, the city of Memphis has a population of about thirty thousand, and the present year $3,000,000 worth of buildings will have been erected. It was at first a hard struggle for Memphis to build a single railroad; but she was after what was Tennessee to build a second much more easily; and now she is able to build them wherever she pleases—*and she keeps on building them!*—*Montgomery Mail.*

A negro woman in the service of Mr. Jacob Coles, of Danville, Va., died a few days ago at the advanced age of 110 years. Her former master, Mr. Coles, was a member of the Continental Congress, and she attended the family to New York in the capacity of waiting-maid, where she often saw General Washington and other celebrities of the Revolution. She had in her possession at the time of her death a ring given her by the wife of Gen. Greene.

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

1828.—Jackson		650,943
	Adams	511,475
Aggregate vote		1,162,418
Jackson over Adams		139,468
1832.—Jackson		707,217
	Clay	328,561
	Wirt	254,720
Aggregate vote		1,290,498
Jackson over Clay and Wirt		123,936
1836.—Van Buren		764,895
	Harrison—White—Webster	738,128
Aggregate vote		1,503,023
Van Buren over all		26,767
1840.—Harrison		1,274,777
	Van Buren	1,128,708
	Birney	7,500
Aggregate vote		2,410,985
Harrison over Van Buren		146,069
Over all		138,569
1844.—Polk		1,335,436
	Clay	1,297,115
	Birney	62,229
Aggregate vote		2,694,770
Polk over Clay		38,321
Clay and Birney over Polk		23,908
1848.—Taylor		1,371,955
	Cass	1,222,217
	Van Buren	291,858
Aggregate vote		2,886,030
Taylor over Cass		149,738
Cass and Van Buren over Taylor		142,120
1852.—Pierce		1,555,955
	Scott	1,342,585
	Hale	155,624
Aggregate vote		3,054,164
Pierce over Scott		213,370
Over Scott and Hale		57,746
1856.—Buchanan		1,817,394
	Fremont	1,337,857
	Fillmore	866,808
Aggregate vote		4,022,059
Buchanan over Fremont		387,271

THE COURSE OF EMIGRATION.

The number of persons who emigrated from the United Kingdom since 1847 would be incredible, if we had not the facts authenticated by the published statement of the British Emigration Commissioners from their Ninth Annual General Report, we learn, that between the 1st of January, 1847, and 31st of December, 1854, the vast number of 2,444,802 left Great Britain and Ireland. But, since the latter year, there has been a marked falling off. From 1855 onwards, in 1855, the number was 176,807, against the annual average of 305,600 during the preceding seven years; while in 1856 it had fallen 176,354—a diminution accounted for by the demand for soldiers during the Crimean war. At the termination of the war, we accordingly find the number for the year 1857 running up to 212,857; but, in 1858, the number fell off to 113,372, and there was a further falling of a still further falling off this year. Altogether, since 1847 to the end of last year, the whole emigration amounts to 3,125,000. As a matter of course, the vast majority of these emigrants have gone to the United States—in 1851, as much as three-fourths were from that country. The United States and Australia have received the great proportion of this extraordinary exodus. Of those who left last year, 59,174 came to these States, 39,295 went to Australia, while only 9,309 went to Canada.

It is a noticeable fact in connection with this subject, that last year 18,841 went home from the United States, 4,300 from Australia, 1,000 from Australia and New Zealand. The Commissioner's report contains one fact, which reflects much credit upon the Irish character—namely, the amount of money sent home by those who have settled among us, to enable their relatives to emigrate. The sum sent last year amounts to the very high figure of £2,287,432, while the enormous sum of £46,095,920 was remitted during the period above mentioned.

For the present year, we cannot speak as yet, beyond the monthly returns issued by the Government, and these are confined to Liverpool. They exhibit an improvement for the month of August, as compared with July. Thus, for August, the number has been 6,714. Of this number, 2,235 were English, 471 Scotch, and 3,451 Irish. Of the foreign countries, there were only 244—chiefly Germans. In the month of July, the number was 5,916—1,414 being English, 323 Scotch, 3,899 Irish, and 280 foreigners.

It is noticed by a London paper, as a very remarkable feature, that there is a very great decrease in the number of Irish sailing from Irish ports. In the month of July, it stood at only 500, while the English and Scotch have increased to 1,000. Of course, this falling off must be attributed to those absorbed by the railroad from Galway, in addition to the fact that the home prosperity naturally tends to check emigration. For the United States, the emigration has been greater last month than for many previous months. Notwithstanding this, the emigration from Ireland will never, in all probability, reach anything like the figures of former years; although it is not unlikely that from England and Scotland there may be a considerable augmentation, owing to the best incoming to the population and the limited resources of the country to absorb the labor market.—*N. Y. Express.*

The *Baltimore Christian Advocate*, one of the leading organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says:

"The *Boston Pilot* openly advocates the election of Judge Douglas as the Romanist candidate for the Presidecy. We have no right and no wish to take a part in the ordinary political questions of the country. But if there is to be a religious issue made up, the religious press will not be silent. The friends of Judge Douglas must see to the matter. If he is to be the Popish candidate, he must be the anti-Protestant candidate; and the issue must be fairly decided. We do not believe that he has authorized such a use of his name. But as it has been so used, in all fairness, we suggest attention to the subject. We have had a long game of running with the hare, but he found that he could not run with the hounds. In the present coalition between Popery with politics adverse to republicanism, we must, as Americans and Protestants, be decidedly opposed to Popish governments." We have, as editors, no party preferences; indeed, as individuals, now, we are entirely undetermined; but, as conductors of a Protestant press, we have a direct hostility to Popish Governments."

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The *Sentinel*, a paper published at Mounderville, Marshall county, Va., has been suspected of Free-Soil tendencies; and in order to relieve itself from suspicion, its editor says:

"We do not like negroes, free or bond, and would rejoice to hear of every one being exported to Africa, or settled in a colony somewhere by themselves. The South is becoming so 'mixed up,' that a man cannot feel safe any more in marrying there, for fear his wife will prove to have black blood in her veins. Negroes are so fully kept in their 'sphere,' by Northern white men, that, as a rule, persons can always find out negro blood by tradition, and it is comparatively easy to marry dark-complected women there, without danger of 'amalgamation,' so very common in the South. If that is Free-Soilism, 'make the most of it.'"

The Rev. Theodore Parker writes from Neufchatel, August 23, that his health is improving, but his cough continues, and his voice is good for nothing. He says: "Prof. Desor has a fine wood lot, and I work in it with a bill-hook and light hatchet, pruning the trees and cutting down bushes; and sometimes I take an axe and cut down a tree twelve or fourteen inches in diameter. I do not overwork, and have a good appetite."

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