SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.

VOL. XII. NO. 19.

Published weekly, on Thursday, by the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, at their office, No. 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. Friends of the AMERICAN Anti-Slavery Society, by Norris & brother, printers.

Selections.

We copied, it will be remembered, several weeks since, an article from the *London Advertiser*, in which, the writer said, that was done to the Anti-Slavery movement in this country, and to some of those to whom its management had been entrusted, certain unfounded charges were brought against Mr. Garrison alone. To a reply, by Mr. Garrison to this, the *Advertiser* has replied, reiterating the charges, and adverting the evidence of their truth to a speech made by him in London, in 1846. For the speech itself, which is re-published in the last *Liberator*, we have no room, but it is very probable that the report was imperfect, and that the editor of the *Advertiser*, Mr. Grant, trusting to that, rather than to his memory, has appended to his remarks expressions so hostile to Christianity, and not merely, as they were intended to be, expressions of contempt and loathing for the pro-slavery religion of this country, miscalled Christianity. Mr. Garrison's admirable reply to the last article of the *Advertiser* is below, and we copy it not for any personal interest that may attach to it merely, but as a very clear and forcible exposition of the principles of toleration on which the Anti-Slavery Cause is based, and by which those who now represent it, in this country, have been uniformly governed in all the conflicts with false brethren through which they have passed. Our wish is that the cause in that way may never be forgotten, and that its advocates may never forget to give that toleration to others which, in earlier days, they demanded for themselves.

IVIDELITY—DIVINE REVELATION.

To the Editor of the London Morning Advertiser.

DEAR SIR—Your replication of August 20th fills me with surprise. The conviction, that you are not animated by an unfriendly spirit, and that you take a deep interest in the Anti-Slavery Cause on this side of the Atlantic along prompts me again to refer to the charges which you have brought against me; charges which I have explicitly declared to be at variance with the truth, but which, notwithstanding my denial, you reiterate, with some additional counts.

Your first impeachment of my creed was in the following language:—'What we complain of and lament in Mr. Garrison is, that, in the advocacy of the holy enterprise in which he has embarked with his whole heart and soul, he should, *on so many occasions, gratuitously obtrude his peculiar views on religious subjects.* Why cannot he, *in his capacity of an Anti-Slavery advocate*, put his theological views in abeyance?

To this I pleaded NOT GUILTY. I went still further:—I declared:—'No man has been—no man could have been—more scrupulous than I have felt against mixing up extraneous matters with the Anti-Slavery movement.' My final affirmation was—'As for publicly introducing anything in a religious point of view, in my capacity as an Anti-Slavery advocate, *having always done so, I have nothing to offer in this respect.*'

On you, therefore, I throw the *onus probandi*. The *Morning Advertiser* of the 20th ultimo brings me your reply. How do you meet my clear and explicit denial?

First, by modifying your original complaint, that I should, '*on so many occasions*,' gratuitously obtrude my peculiar religious views. Now the form of your indictment is, that I 'took occasion to express our regret that he *sometimes* went out of his way, when in the Anti-Slavery platform, to advocate, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, to *enunciate* theological views *at variance with divine revelation*.'

The difference is that which exists between what is habitual and what is incidental. But the gravity of the charge is substantially the same. It implies not only a lack of sound discretion, but a deliberate violation of good faith, a sacrifice of personal integrity, a wanton attack upon the religious opinions of others, while professing to 'sustain the cause that bound as bound with them,' and advocating the union of men of every sect and party for the abolition of Slavery!

My dear sir, taking this view of my course, how can you bestow such warm encomiums upon me, even as an Abolitionist? If, on the Anti-Slavery platform, I—'on so many occasions,' or 'sometimes' 'gratuitously' got out of my way to obtrude my peculiar religious views, views 'at variance with divine revelation,' on an assembly convened to hear the cause of the slave vindicated, how can you place any confidence in my integrity, or cherish for me the slightest respect? For, surely, it is not an error of judgment to you Quakers. Gratuitously to do a censurable act, and to do it 'on so many occasions' as to compel 'many of the most earnest and sincere friends of the cause to withdraw themselves from the Anti-Slavery Cause,' is to evince a most dishonourable purpose, and a reckless and disorganizing spirit. Here let me be understood. I do not mean to say, that, in calling for the slave, I have never come into conflict with the religious opinions of any who have listened to me, or given a shock to their organ of veneration. This has been unavoidable—my 'gratuitously' but necessarily! *one* of the slave's asks. Nor do I mean to say, that, in illustrating my Anti-Slavery views, no critical eye has ever been able to detect a 'peculiarity' in my language. Every man utter his own method, and in his own style. This furnishes no just ground for 'complaint' or 'regret.' On the Anti-Slavery platform, if men of every variety of religious opinion are to be found, opposing only in the paramount claims of the slave to his immediate and unconditional emancipation, it is to be expected that they will speak in his cause as they would utter his own stubborn. Thus, a Trinitarian may affiliate to the Trinity—a Unitarian speak of the unity of God—a Calvinist enforce the guilt of slaveholders by the terrours of eternal damnation—a Universalist or Restorationist hint at the ultimate triumph of holiness over all iniquity—a Presbyterian speak reverently of the rights—a Quaker preach to the importance of being guided by the inward light—a Baptist indicate his belief in immersion as the true outward baptism—a believer in the holiness of the first day of the week refer to as the Christian Sabbath—an Infidel intimate his dissent from the popular religious sentiments of the day—a military man argue and illustrate in a military vein—a peace man show that he has no faith in the efficacy of carnal weapons—and so on to the end of the category; and no one has a right to raise an outcry, or run from the platform, on the ground that the cause in such manifestations are natural, incidental, with no proselyting intention, subordinate to the great object of redeeming the slave,—even though they are made on the Anti-Slavery platform,—what is truly baptized into the spirit of abolitionism, will enter his protest against them? That I have exceeded this limit intentionally or consciously I deny.

Most heartily, dear sir, do I adopt your catholic declaration:—'In a cause so great, so sacred, so diffusive, so dear to all the happiness here and hereafter, of millions of human beings as is deeply involved, we are prepared to merge all other considerations, and fault, for the time, as if we had no other mission on earth to fulfil. But what religious opinion, I ask you, or me, or any other occupant of the platform? To make no allusion, or do no act, religiously, which shall be regarded as heretical or erroneous by any of the company? The absurdity of such a conclusion is manifest. Is the Infidel to be insulted in withdrawing, because the Bible is read and referred to as the Word of God—a divine revelation? Is the Baptist to run away, because he hears the Infidel speak of the Bible of Nature as far more sure and reliable than any parchment? Is the Calvinist to lift his heel, because the Quaker calls the inward light above every outward standard of truth and duty? Is the Quaker to stand aloof, because the Presbyterian refers to the clerical order as divinely instituted? Is the Unitarian to desert, because he has heard the doctrine of the atonement, the trinity, or total depravity, assumed as true and vital, in the course of the Anti-Slavery discussions? If so, where is the possibility of general co-operation? If not, why—no more.' Why, then, am I singled out for censure or expostulation?

It is readily conceded by me, that great care should be taken to keep in abeyance, as far as is consistent with a free and manly spirit, religious peculiarities; but, I repeat it, unless these are offensively urged, and evidently with a design to make the Anti-Slavery platform a vehicle for promulgation, what, in my opinion, would be thrown, on clamour raised, no according to the peculiar theological bias of this world, they are unavoidable.

For myself, I am no partisan, no sectarian. The test of character and condition which Jesus has laid down, is to me all-sufficient:—By their FRUITS shall ye know them.' My adherence to the Anti-Slavery platform has been steadfast and firm. The man is not living who can truthfully declare that, in this great struggle for the overthrow of the most impious despotism, I have refused to stand by his side, because differing from his religious or political opinions. Many have fled from me, on this ground, and become personally malignant, and have resorted to the most dastardly expedients to destroy my usefulness in the cause of a perishing bondman. Their sectarianism has overmastered their humanity; the inalienable rights of man they regard as dust in the balance, in comparison with their cherished theological dogmas. Their sectarian hatred of me, as the condition of Anti-Slavery fellowship and co-operation, has been unequal, absurd, and tyrannical—nothing less than to have my hand and countenance of my own, on any subject but that of Slavery—has been, from differing from theirs! For themselves, individually, on this ground, Universalists, as Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, &c., &c., may claim the right (which I cordially concede) to promulgate their various views, and to make as many proselytes as possible. To me they concede no such liberty! If,—*representing no association, speaking as a mere atom of my accountability to God, apart from the Anti-Slavery platform,*—I venture to enunciate religious sentiments not in accordance with their creed, they immediately attempt to create all possible odium against me as an *Infidel, Deist, and actively incalculate the lying* declaration, that such sentiments have been uttered of what they invidiously term 'Garrisonian Abolitionism'! It was on this ground, and in this evil spirit, that the Sectarians withdrew from the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1840, and opposed to that Society is still continued; though the Constitution of the Society remains as it was originally adopted, and makes no other condition for membership than this—'that immediate emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master.' Thus, to have originated the scandal and hypocritical outcories 'against me as 'a Woman's Rights, Anti-Sabbath, No-Government man'—all for the express purpose of making me odious as an Abolitionist!

My aim has been, from the beginning, to direct and uphold a platform, on which all those 'who despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood,' might, 'safely, and 'sing the jubilee' in behalf of long-suffering, ever their views on other subjects. Strangely enough, my dear sir, you accuse me of having been reckless of such unanimity of action, on the ground that I sought to obtrude my heretical 'theological notions' on Anti-Slavery audiences, as to exhibit the cruelty and injustice of the slave system! And, what is still more strange, you seem to sustain your charge, by reference to a speech made by me at an Anti-Slavery meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in London, in 1846, in which you were not present!

Your charge is without the slightest qualification—'On that occasion, Mr. GARRISON did flercely assail those institutions which Christians of all denominations hold, by common consent, to be an essential part of Christianity.' I will impute to you nothing worse than a bad memory, and very erroneous impressions. You should be ready to produce our denying the accuracy of your statement. The burden of proof still rests on you. Am I to be condemned on your assertion? Am I to be silent, and suffer the delivery? That speech was reported, more or less copiously, for several journals. The only report—it was, I believe, the fullest—I can now refer to, was that which appeared in the Leeds Mercury of August 21, 1846. There is not a sentence or syllable in it to justify your allegation. *The special object of that speech was to expose the prevalent and consolidated classes in England.* If what you say of it is true, then I must have been unfortunate and bewildered to the last degree! Is it credible—supposing me to have been so fool and mad—that I should have seized the very first opportunity presented to address a public audience in the British metropolis for the purpose of denouncing institutions which constitute an essential part of Christianity,' and thus to defeat the very object of my mission to England? My dear sir, you are certainly labouring under a serious misapprehension, and doing me great injustice—Was I not addressing a Christian assembly? Would they have tolerated, with no expression of disgust and indignation, such language as you impute to me on that occasion? Yet, was there any indication of disapprobation? Were not my remarks repeatedly cheered by that Christian and religious auditory? If I did what you allege, why were you dumb at that meeting? The fraud, the outrage, the insult, to British intelligence and piety, demanded your rebuke. If no other would speak, an open and stern rebuke. Why were the religious journals silent about it?

I claim to be a Christian; why do you persist in representing me as an Infidel; I am a lover of Christian institutions; why do you accuse me of being reckless? I have engaged in no such seeking their overthrow! I have engaged in what form, I have promulgated no such doctrines; which I have advanced, I have an appeal to the Bible,—an appeal more frequently made than to all other books in the world besides: why do you insist that my religious views are not in harmony with divine revelation? It is a paramount regard for the triumph of the Anti-Slavery cause in America, or a perverted sectarian vision, that has led to my arrangement before the British public as a heretic?

The institutions that I assailed,—fiercely assailed, if you please—at the meeting alluded to, were exclusively slaveholding and Slavery sustaining institutions. Take the following extracts as a specimen:

It is said that the Abolitionists are assailing the American church; it is true. It is said that they are assailing the American church; it is true. It is true, assailing the American church, they are assailing the Government under which they live; it is true. It is said that they are assailing the American church, because they are assailing the Government under which they live; it is true. Why seeking the dissolution of the Union? Because, I will say this! *Because the church is the stronghold of the system; because the clergy are active supporters of the system; because the government was originally the system; because it gives its entire support to Slavery, because it constructed that system; because it is Slavery, so long as the slaveholder shall desire it.* * * We found the religious bodies heeding not the cries and groans of the slave. Now, we call upon the churches, *these bodies, or the cause.* * * Slavery cannot necessarily exist with, but in defiance of our republicanism. Never let the idea of Slavery not be found republicanism and Slavery. It also exists *despite of Christianity. I want no Christianity! I want Christianity with the institutions of Christianity.*—Christianity such as *Jesus practically exemplified.*—Christianity such as *Jesus practically exemplified*, is totally opposed to slaveholding, and to all other iniquity, and all manner of wrong. Such Christianity I want my countrymen.

Thus do I dispose of your first charge.

You next declare—'He ridiculed the institution of a Christian ministry, and called the institution of a Christian Sabbath; and in doing this, he employed phraseology which no christian could hear without a shudder." My dear sir, there is no mistake here—your statement is 'grievously at fault.' I should add a stronger designation, if I could, but I believe your injustice is unconscious. Nothing less, that injustice to none the less enormous. How you can have any respect for me, (and your encomiums have been liberally bestowed,) while behaving thus, is a problem I do not understand. I employed in this manner, I do not understand. I employed phraseology which no Christian could hear without a shudder!' I 'ridiculed the institution of a Christian ministry, and of a Christian Sabbath!' Monstrous accusations. To sustain them, you have yet to present the first particle of evidence. Many, yet to present the first particle of evidence. Many, at the meeting. On the platform sat Dr. OLLERY, Rev. H. NOEL, Rev. Mr. NELSON, of Belfast, Rev. H. NOEL, Hackney, Rev. Mr. NELSON, of Belfast, Rev. H. NOEL, Hackney, Rev. Mr. NELSON, of Belfast, Rev. H. NOEL, Hackney, Rev. Mr. NELSON, of Belfast, Rev. H. NOEL, Hackney, and others. Account for it as you can, they took no exception to what fell from my lips. How could they be thus recreants to their Lord and Master? Why were not my folly and baseness prompted? Why were not my folly and baseness prompted? THOMPSON, HENRY VINCENT, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, H. PARRY—to the entire audience; what is sober and rational? Recollections or impressions. I appeal to the various printed reports of my speech—to testify to the injustice of your accusation.

It is true, the Rev. J. H. HINTON, at an early stage of the proceeding, took occasion to express his lack of unity with the meeting; but this was before the delivery of my speech, and had reference only to committing himself to the pledge contained in the following resolution, which was offered by JAMES HUGHTON, Esq., of Dublin:

'That we extend the right hand of fellowship to WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, the unwearied and dauntless pioneer in the cause of universal emancipation; to the Christian, the Philanthropist, the unwearied advocate of the rights of humanity; and to FREDERICK DOUGLAS, the self-emancipated bondman, and eloquent asserter of the claims of his brethren; and we (shall) and do pledge ourselves to render all the aid in our power to their continuance, and their devoted coadjutors of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the prosecution of their holy purposes for the extinction of American Slavery.'

The resolution was adopted by acclamation—only four persons in the immense assembly dissenting—the Rev. Mr. HINTON, an American gentleman named COLLYER, (who said he had the care of six thousand slaves,) and two others, names unknown, probably COLLYER's companions.

You are equally unfortunate, equally unjust, in your assertion:—'One thing he said was, that the Christian church was the great hindrance, in the God of Christianity, how could I have made so revolting a declaration On a careful perusal of my speech reported in the Mercury, (a report which I never revised,) I can find no such expression, or anything upon which to base your charge. Surely, it is too obvious to be overlooked by the reporter, if it fell from my lips in the manner represented by you. That I may have said, in substance, that the Church in America, is declared to sanction the impious system of Slavery, by a power divine: that marriage institution and the sacrifices of all human rights—is my ideal of the devil, is not improbable: but that is not the language you say I have said. It may have evinced a lack of good taste, on my part; but strong contrasts are sometimes called for, even though we seem to shock the sensibilities of hearing. It was deemed in bad taste, doubtless, not to say libellous, when Isaiah abruptly addressed the Jewish rulers and people in the following:—Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom! Give ear to the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah!' With deference, I will plead in self-defence—If I have exceeded the bounds of Christian, the monstrous turpitude of the times has transported me.'

I now come to the subject of 'divine revelation.' You seem both to profess to be a believer, either by implication, inference, or direct admission. The method you take to show that I am not 'a believer in divine revelation' is equally curious and illogical.

(1) 'Mr. Garrison does not appear to reject revelation.' May I not respectfully ask, what right have you to catechise me as to my religious faith? I am a Christian, and I neither affirm nor deny anything pertaining to revelation; for the Anti-Slavery platform is not the arena on which to debate such a question. Beyond this, you are travelling out of the record. Is it not highly inconsistent, to make a leap from that platform, and insist on my giving you satisfactory answers to questions relating to my theological views and religious faith? Is it not to be guilty of as great a branch of decorum as it would be in an Anti-Slavery meeting to arraign a Presbyterian or Baptist for his religious creeds? 'Mr. Garrison, or any one else, has just as good a right to reject revelation as we have to receive it.' Certainly; what then is the inference? 'Yet, in his *zeal of controversy*,' you declare, 'is, that he should introduce his peculiar views on theological points—views at variance with divine revelation, on that *Anti-Slavery platform*.' You have yet to substantiate the accusation, and from it I cannot allow you to wander, in order to make a false issue. To your inquiry 'Is he revelation? Is revelation, not the mind and revelation of the mind and will of the Deity, why does he not say so?' I reply, that I, in the last of August 21, 1846. There is not a sentence or syllable in it to justify your allegation. *The special object of that speech was to expose the prevalent and consolidated classes in England.* If what you say of it is true, then I must have been unfortunate and bewildered to the last degree! Is it credible—supposing me to have been so fool and mad—that I should have seized the very first opportunity presented to address a public audience in the British metropolis for the purpose of denouncing institutions which constitute an essential part of Christianity,' and thus to defeat the very object of my mission to England? My dear sir, you are certainly labouring under a serious misapprehension, and doing me great injustice—Was I not addressing a Christian assembly? Would they have tolerated, with no expression of disgust and indignation, such language as you impute to me on that occasion? Yet, was there any indication of disapprobation? Were not my remarks repeatedly cheered by that Christian and religious auditory? If I did what you allege, why were you dumb at that meeting? The fraud, the outrage, the insult, to British intelligence and piety, demanded your rebuke. If no other would speak, an open and stern rebuke. Why were the religious journals silent about it?

I claim to be a Christian; why do you persist in representing me as an Infidel; I am a lover of Christian institutions; why do you accuse me of being reckless? I have engaged in no such seeking their overthrow! I have engaged in what form, I have promulgated no such doctrines; which I have advanced, I have an appeal to the Bible,—an appeal more frequently made than to all other books in the world besides: why do you insist that my religious views are not in harmony with divine revelation? It is a paramount regard for the triumph of the Anti-Slavery cause in America, or a perverted sectarian vision, that has led to my arrangement before the British public as a heretic?

(2) 'Mr. Garrison attends no place of Christian worship; and this, we hold, unless there be some peculiar circumstances in the case, to be prejudicial to the Christian profession, and to impeach the authority of the Scriptures!!! My dear sir, this is quite unworthy of a man of candour. What has my attendance or public worship to do with the question? Is it, in what ground do you presume to tell me how, when or where I shall engage in the worship of God? If you disclaim infallibility, how can you impute to me, which really determines nothing? I would also respectfully ask, and solicit a direct reply—

'What is it that the Bible reveals, and who shall authoritatively decide the point? Is Truth dependent upon the entire authenticity of any book? Are human duties, relations, responsibilities, to be ascertained by a reference to the Bible, or manuscripts—to ancient opinions, teachings, usages—or do they grow out of the nature of man, and pertain to the living present rather than to the dead past?

(4

and justice; that it is in harmony with all the Divine attributes, and that it must prevail.

Allow me to plead as my apology for entering at such length into the subject, that I have been for the last twelve years deeply interested in the efforts of the Abolitionists, have read their papers, studied the nature of the opposition they have to contend with, and spared no pains to become acquainted with them personally and by correspondence.

And if I am asked why I waste so many words on Mr. Tappan's Society, I reply that great mischief sometimes results from small causes, and I consider the unreal and inflated pretensions of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society as injurious to the abolition of American Slavery, since they deceive the unwary, divert their bounty, and—through the aid of the New Broad-street Society, in London, who are their willing and like-minded coadjutors—do their utmost to ignore the American Anti-Slavery Society, which has never resorted, in Exeter Hall, to conspirers, to underhand, calumnious, or disreputable means for the attainment of its objects.

Yours respectfully,
RICHARD D. WEBB.

176, Great Brunswick-street,
Dublin, Aug. 15th, 1851.

[*Bristol (Eng.) paper.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

**All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† Donations to the Treasury of THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1851.

THE NEW LAW OF TREASON.

THE state of the Law of Treason, in all countries and times, has ever been regarded as the most significant indication of the political condition of the people subjected to it. In despotic countries, anything is treason which the despot chooses to consider dangerous to his person or his authority. The first approaches to a government regulated by law are marked by a just jealousy in the direction of this crime, and by attempts to confine it within certain well-ascertained limits. In England, the Statute of Edward III., by which the crime of Treason was defined to mean the compassing and intending the king's death, and actually levying war against him, was one of the first bulwarks erected between the people and absolute power. The Statute of Mary, by which it was required that the crime must be proved by two witnesses to an overt act, was another impediment thrown in the way of the perversion of a law necessary for the safety of the State to the purposes of tyranny. To be sure, the ingenuity of the Crown lawyers contrived to enlarge the margin of these laws, and to bring within the Statute of Edward conspiracies to levy war, where no war was actually levied, and within that of Mary the sufficiency of two witnesses to two different overt acts; but these devices have always met with the reprobation of all lovers of true Constitutional liberty. These very evasions of the old law to suit particular cases which could not be otherwise reached, prove the vital importance, to the peace and personal security of the people, of having the law of Treason hedged in by lines of unmistakeable demarcation.

Whenever the Government of England has found itself in a troubled estate, one of its devices for delivrance has almost invariably been an attempt to use the law of Treason as an instrument of terror. And it has shown no particular scrupulousness about stretching the law to meet the emergency of the case. As when Algernon Sydney's papers on Government, found in his closet, were received as equivalent to one witness, so as to make up the tale of two, required by the Statute of Mary; as when Daniel Dammaree and others were condemned for treason at the time of the Sacheverel riots, in 1709, for pulling down and burning dissenting meeting houses; as when Lord George Gordon was tried for treason for [illegible] when Hardy, Thelwall, and Horne Tooke, were tried for Treason for a lawful agitation of the question of Parliamentary Reform. In these two last cases, the institution of the Trial by Jury saved the lives of the accused and the Constitution of England. And in the Sacheverel cases, the ministry did not dare to have the sentences carried into effect. But in all of them, the Ministry, for the time being, were honestly and sincerely scared. They did verily believe that they, at least, if not the Crown and Kingdom, were in imminent peril of their political lives. The blood of Russell and Sydney and the other Rye House Conspirators was necessary to crush the Exclusionists and to secure the regular succession of James II.; the Sacheverel rioters were to be crushed for the security of the Protestant Settlement. Lord North was obliged to make a strong demonstration against Lord George Gordon to satisfy the indignation which his inaction at the beginning of the riots had created; and the progress of the French Revolution, which had already culminated in the execution of the King, had driven the Tories of England into a state of frantic apprehension, and created what was known at the time as the English Reign of Terror.

Our own Government seems to be bent upon using the same means of carrying its own point. A Reign of Terror is about to be proclaimed here, also. The Law of Treason is to be twisted to serve its purposes, and men are to be construed out of their lives by legal quibbles and judicial chicanery, if the Powers that Be can but have their own way. Recognising the Catching of Slaves as the Chief End for which it is established, it, not illogically, argues that whatever tends to interfere with this main purpose of its existence must be aimed at its very life. They take its life that take the means whereby it lives. The just estimation of this design was given by Commissioner Curtis, of Boston, in the intimation that the Rescue of Shadrach was an Act of Treason! An act which, at the worst, was a Riot in the eye of the law, to be erected into Treason! And why? Because it was a forcible resistance of the laws of the United States! By a parity of reasoning, every sailor that knocks down a Marshal that has a warrant to arrest him, every negro who shall to a custom-house officer, should suffer the death of a traitor. The doctrine thus suggested by that miserable tool of tyranny has since been revived, and seems likely to be brought to the test in consequence of the Battle of Christiana. The first genuine battle of Freedom, by the way, that has yet been fought, with carnal weapons, on the soil of the Free States; those of the Revolution, however well intended, having proved, in the bitter end, to be merely the battles of Slavery.

Let us look, for a moment, at the state of facts on which this charge of treason is to rest. An officer of the United States, with a civil process, which gives him no authority to break open the doors of the humblest log-cabin in the country, attempted by his *posse*, attempt to make a forcible entry into a house of which certain citizens had lawful possession. After being duly warned that he would be resisted if he broke in the door (which was entirely a superfluous and gratuitous act on the part of those within), he still persisting in the illegal attempt, the parties lawfully in possession of the premises fire upon his party, and kill and wound sundry of them. This is putting the case in the most favourable light for the government. For if the Slaveholder made the attack on his own responsibility, the act would be clearly a case of justifiable homicide, even if he had not fired first, which circumstance makes the return fire of the negroes a most unequivocal act of self-defence. But if the Gornsches acted under the direction of the Deputy Marshal, still, as they were doing an act which he was not legally competent to do, they were none the less trespassers, and the assaulted party had the legal right to resist. We remember the case of a mate, left in charge of a ship at Charleston, S. C., who shot a constable coming to arrest him for debt, who was acquitted on this ground. We take it to be well established that a man has a legal right to hinder persons attempting to do his best and lawful business. The blows of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Vermont were exactly in this category. The great object of the movement is to find in the British American Provinces, including the West Indies, a secure asylum for the fugitives from Slavery in the Southern States, and of course for those who may hereafter escape; and to turn their attention to agricultural pursuits. For information we refer to the Convention on this subject had the effect of favourably disposing many who previously opposed extensive emigration to the Agricultural Union to the British West Indies. The revision of a Constitution for the Agricultural Union is with a view to emigration to the West Indies, and is the subject under consideration. It is proposed to raise the necessary capital in shares of 250 each, to be paid in ten annual instalments, the money to be deposited in the Bank of Upper Canada, subject to the order of the Executive Committee of the Association. Annual meetings to be held, consisting of the officers and members of the Society, each auxiliary society sending one representative. The Executive Committee to keep power to buy lands and farming utensils, and to establish farms throughout those Provinces and the British West Indies. It will also have full funds to such coloured emigrants as may be able to purchase. This is an outline of the draft Constitution submitted to the Convention, and referred to a committee for revision.

This movement is the result of the Fugitive Slave law; and the scheme adopted, while it provides security for the health of fugitives in the Northern States, opens the door to future escapes on a gigantic scale. The enemies of Liberty, in framing that law, defied, in a great measure on the degree of prudence and ability with which its affairs are managed. Once make its operations profitable, and it will eventually be incarried on to an extent of which few have now any conception.

Upon this 'Canadian Fœdus Agricultural Union' the *Washington Union* thus comments, in connection with the report that England, France and Spain are negotiating a treaty for the guaranty of Cuba with a provision that arrangements shall be made for the gradual Abolition of Slavery in that Island:

> Yet it may, however, another interesting movement, quite as inauspicious to the general tranquility of our country, and which is announced with as much enouement by *The Republic* as would be the failure of some speculation in the stocks. It is the late formation of the "*Canadian Fœdus Agricultural Union*," for the avowed purpose of assisting and promoting the runaway negroes from the Southern States of the Union. Speaking of this Union, *The Republic* says its purpose "is to afford facilities of escape and protection to the existence to negroes in the United States; and with this view it has been organized in *by delegations from New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Vermont.*"
>
> Combined with the determination of the members of the Holy Alliance in Europe to use Cuba to disseminate the power and influence of Abolitionism, this Canadian Union is well calculated to arouse the indignation of every real friend of our Republican institutions. If we have not the power to prevent this *alliance* from rivaling the claims of Europe in Cuba, we have certainly the right of protecting ourselves against this despotism within our borders. *If England can use Cuba to Abolitionize, we can certainly use Canada to prevent it. Will it not be our duty at once to inform her, on the ground that a Fugitive Negro flying to her borders from our jurisdiction shall be treated as property, and shall be surrendered up to the owner?* This, we are sure, would be the language, and the language, of a *Democratic President* in the presence of the Holy Alliance, when negotiating to make Cuba the victim of Abolition fanaticism and the ally of the same influence in the United States; and if the American people intend to maintain the principles of the early Republic, they will not be slow to manifest the spirit that will give such a response to this feeling as will remind the despots of Europe that this is still 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.'
>
> Thus the people of the 'land of the free and home of the brave' have the will to make their own country free to slave-hunters, and bravery enough to hunt down any poor negro running the gauntlet of the States for his freedom, nobody doubts. Nor do we need the assurance of the *Union* that he will is equally strong to extend the area of that hunting-ground into the Territory of Great Britain. And it would be rash to set limits to what the Democracy may conceive to be its duty. But it is not true always that where there is a will there is a way. Republican duty and republican will are one thing, and the duty and the will of a monarchy quite another thing. A democratic Executive may resolve that a Fugitive Negro escaping into Canada from service here shall be delivered up to him to whom such service, according to our national bond, is due; but her Majesty's Ministers, we rather think, will take time to consider the matter before they permit our national Ægis thus to be extended over her domains. Brag is a good dog, even at slave-catching, but he will never continue the chase over the Canadian line. "The despots of Europe," whatever they may be at home, will not be likely to take a new start in despotism on this continent at the bidding of any Democratic President, charm he never so wisely, or bluster he never so fiercely; the *Union* may be sure of that.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

A CONVENTION of the Episcopalians was held in this city, last week, whether ordinary or extraordinary we are not able to say, but the main business of which seemed to be to choose a Bishop in the place of the late incumbent, Onderdonk. As in this it succeeded, much to the satisfaction, doubtless, of all the brethren of that Church, others, not members, and a few who are, may conclude therefrom that perseverance, even among Episcopalians, meets, at length, with its reward, and that any good cause in that body shall finally triumph. The Church of the Messiah, and Dr. John Jay, therefore, need not despair. Though the following report of the Convention in relation to that Church is about the same thing that we have read for the last half dozen years, we may, next year, hear of better things, for does not a new man sit in the chair of Bishop Onderdonk?

Mr. John Jay moved that the Church of the Messiah (colored) be taken up for admission into the Convention along with the other churches applying for admission. In the case of other churches, said Mr. Jay, there was no difficulty, as their application was immediately received on presentation, and they were admitted with great satisfaction. This case, however, had been made an exception; but he trusted that the Convention would decide upon its application immediately, without raising any technical objections, and that the vote would be taken by orders.

Hon. John C. Spencer said, that as the application of this Church had not been regularly taken up each successive year, after it was first presented in 1846, it could not with propriety come before the Convention now except made in regular order. He desired to know if the certificate of this Church had been placed in the hands of the Committee.

Mr. Jay expressed his desire to have the report of the Committee on the Incorporation of Churches for Bishop to the Convention.

Mr. Haight read the report, and said he could find no mention in it of the application of the Church of the Messiah; but on looking over the document again, discovered that it had been before the Committee at that Convention.

Rev. Dr. Anthon hoped that this much-vexed question would be met at once—that it might be definitively acted upon.

Hon. J. C. Spencer was of the opinion that the report of the Committee to the Convention of 1846, in relation to the Church of the Messiah, died with the Convention. He suggested, however, that the certificate of incorporation should be handed to the proper Committee, that the certificate presented in 1846 might be allowed to come up regularly before the Convention.

Mr. Jay replied that he had no objection if the matter were decided upon at once, that the delegates applying for admission might take their seats before the election of a Bishop. He concluded by making a motion that the papers filed in, relative to the Church of the Messiah, be referred to the Committee on the Incorporation of Churches.

The motion was put without further discussion and carried.

—The Committee of the Incorporation of the Churches, we presume, intend to take a year to consider of the matter, as we do not find that they made any report at this Convention. If we do not hear from them next year, we may be sure that they will hear from Mr. Jay.

FATHER MATHEW.

An appeal, signed by enough of the wealthy and respectable men of this city to make it effective, has appeared in the daily papers, to ask of the public a donation of money to be presented to Father Mathew. It is backed by a long letter from a new advocate of the Temperance cause, the Hon. Henry Clay of Kentucky, who says he attaches, with great force, the claims of the distinguished Irishman to the regards of the people of this country. Some captious persons may affect to doubt that the great Kentuckian has any real interest in the subject of Temperance, and least of all, when his allusion to George Thompson in the United States Senate, last winter, is remembered, that he gives a hearty approval to the interference of Father Mathew in matters of a temporal and political character of our Domestic Institutions. But such ill-natured folks should recollect that, as the Grocers say, "there's odds in ginger." If George Thompson had forgotten his Anti-Slavery, quite other notice would have been taken in our Senate of a distinguished member of the British Parliament; and had Father Mathew remembered his a farewell of quite another sort would have awaited him on his arrival in Committee of another kind. Perhaps his Irish Anti-Slavery may follow the example of Mr. Thompson's constituents of the Tower Hamlets, and ask of the Irish Apostle some account of his absence. In such event, there will come shame to the one where there came triumph to the other.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASINATE THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.—A letter to the *Phila. North American* gives the following particulars of an attempt to assasinate Governor Johnston, of Pennsylvania:

> POTTSVILLE, Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1851.
>
> On Monday evening the Governor and his escort returned to this place from Tamaqua. Owing to the darkness of the night, and the fear of accidents, they were benighted on the road, and it was at 12 o'clock before they arrived at Mount Carbon.
>
> The Governor was met by a large party of miners, with their lamps burning, and escorted to his quarters, the Governor being on foot. As soon as they started from Mount Carbon they were attacked, in the most cowardly and villainous manner, with fire arms, stones and clubs. A pistol was fired by some person within a few feet of the Governor, the ball from which passed within four feet of his person, and within a few inches of the persons of Capt. Frank Pyle and Lieut. Jacob M. Lewis, who were on horses directly in front of the Governor. A rush was made for the villain who fired, but the darkness prevented his arrest. Shortly after, and when the procession had just reached the Sharp mountain, they were assaulted with clubs and stones thrown from the mountain, where a party of the villains were secreted. A number were struck; a large club passed over the Governor, and injured one of his escort mortally. Col. Wagner was struck on the head with a stone. One other person has a broken jaw from a stone thrown.
>
> Efforts are being made to have the outlaws arrested and brought to justice.

MORE SURRENDERS.—An old woman, who, the *Pennsylvania Freeman* says, was turned out of doors, some years ago, as useless by her master, was captured last week near Christiana, and remanded by a Commissioner in Philadelphia to her claimant. She was taken, the Freeman adds, that her capture might lead to that of her children. A Telegraphic Dispatch dated Harrisburg, Sept. 29, says:

> The four fugitives, John Stoneber, John Bell, Edward Michael, and Finton Mercer, charged by Michael Lentz, on suspicion, of having participated in the Christiana riots, were to-day brought before Judge Pearson, on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The Judge decided that the Magistrate committed a grave error in ordering of their issuing a commitment without evidence. The prisoners were, therefore discharged for want of evidence.
>
> Immediately after their discharge, Commissioner McAllister issued a fresh warrant against

his friends, and these such friends as even he is justly proud of. Amongst other places we visited was Leigh Wood, "one of the stately homes of England," a noble Manor, "unequalled by some of the finest pictures in mansion, ornamented, and from the lawn of a gentleman's domain we had a delightful view of the terrestial panorama we had left, and looks towards Wales and across the Severn.

You will be glad to know that the merits and claims of the Anti-Slavery cause were not forgotten in the hospitality of the present time. And if I do not greatly mistake him, George Thompson will bring the matter to an issue before the people as nobody but himself is qualified to do. He has the popular ear—he has a hold on with interest and admiration—he has just emerged from the thickest of the battle, and there is some chance that the English friends of the American cause and our organizationists will be obliged to crowders and our hole and corners in which they have been employed themselves less in promoting the Anti-Slavery cause than in obstructing the efforts and lights, whispers and insendoes, damaging the character, destroying the influence, and obstructing the labours of its true friends. I think E. Q. and D. Y. will have work on their hands in the coming three months, and will have to try another fall with those philanthropists who hail from New York and Boston as the list of officers of the American and Foreign So-

Yours, ever truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

Miscellaneous Items.

THE two following letters, written by Sons of the slave-hunter Gorsuch, who was shot at Christiana will be read with interest. That the writers should be in an exasperated state of feeling is, of course, no more than was to be expected, and it is enough to excuse for, if not palliate, the distorted and false statements of the first letter:

LETTER FROM THE ELDEST SON OF THE MURDERED GORSUCH, TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIANA TRAGEDY, BY ONE OF MR. GORSUCH'S SONS.

[From The Baltimore Sun.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having seen several notices and contradictory accounts of the tragic fate of my father, and the attendant circumstances, I have thought it best to perform the painful task of giving you some facts, in order that the truth, which may be relied upon.

Near three years ago, four negroes, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two, fled from my father's farm. It was the knowledge of my father that they had sold wheat, stolen from him, to a free negro. A warrant was got out for the arrest of the free negro, which, owing to the ear of his accomplices, they resolved (the same evening) to make good their escape. This was in November. During the winter it was reported that some men were suffering for food. A colored man was sent to find them, and assure them if they would return he would use his influence, nothing would be said to them about their theft. They were found, but did not return.

After having carefully provided the necessary vouchers and papers, attended by a deputy marshal and two constables from Philadelphia, my father, William, (Dodge Jesse,) his nephew, (Dr. Thos. T. G. Pearce,) Joshua Gorsuch, Nathan Nelson and Nicholas Hutchins, set out the first of last week for the scene of intended sir.

The plan was to arrest the fugitives on Wednesday morning, but this was frustrated by the non-appearance of the deputy marshal, who had the authority and the papers. Both the Philadelphia constables returned to the city, with the understanding that they were to come back at night with the papers, and to arrive in the morning. Meanwhile, the fugitives had not been having been deputed to act as marshal. The delinquent marshal made his appearance on Wednesday morning about nine o'clock, stating, as the cause for his failure, that he had been followed by a negro, whom he knew to be a spy. In endeavoring to elude his pursuit and prevent the discovery of his errand, by rapid driving, he broke his wagon, and was thus delayed; that they would attempt the arrest on Thursday morning, strengthened by the constables, whom they expected to return on Wednesday night—but these did not come.

Deputy Marshal Henry H. Kline, and the five gentlemen in company with my father, reached the house where the runaways were supposed to be lurking, early in the morning dawn. The house stands near the head of the Great Valley, in Lancaster county, about two miles from the village of Christiana. The house is about three-quarters of a mile broad, quite troughlike in shape, and bordered with wood. Across this valley runs a narrow, rough road, which, for 1250 yards from the southern border of the valley, and 100 yards from the line that crosses it, stands the house of the fugitive, surrounded with the larger part of the land, for twelve feet wide. As this party, at this early hour, were proceeding along the lane that crosses the valley, and near the house, one of the negroes who was recently sized as Nelson, came to the mouth of the short lane, and, upon seeing these men, ran towards the house, all the party in full chase. The negroes had made no escape. One man was stationed at each corner of the house, to guard the window. The house is two stories in height, and the negroes were all in it.

The Marshal and my father entered the house. Mr. Kline asked the owner of the house, (old Nelson) if he had the son him, and told him that if he would come down peaceably and go home with him, he would treat him as kindly as he can any man, and promised, as he said, would do no good, for he came with the proper officer and authority, and that he would not leave the premises without his property. Nelson came down the stairs and intending to proceed, one of the negroes struck them with a staff shod with sharp iron. My father then turned and went out of the door of the house, just as gun was fired at his head from one of the windows, but the aim was too high. The Marshal coming out just behind him, fired his pistol at the window. Again they went in, and starting to go up the steps, and he was now thrown down at them, which, however, passed harmlessly by them. In this fall, the Marshal, seeing was kept up between the negroes at the window and the young man outside, and between those at the head of the stairs and the two men in the house.

During this period the warrants were read three times, the law was explained, they were advised and entreated to give up the two slaves, and it was asserted that the arrests would be made even if blood must be shed. A muzzle had been run out of the window and had wounded Pearce in the head; he had attempted to shoot, but the cap only exploded. At last they gave the negroes a definite time to decide, and they were held, but before the time expired a white man rode up to the house in the lane. His presence inspired the blacks; they immediately fired a second time, and then confusion in their opposition. When the Marshal saw the man at the door, he went to him and called upon him in the name of the United States, to assist in arresting the fugitives, showing his warrant, reading his authority, and telling him the inevitable consequence of refusal. Another white man was also present during this conversation. The reply was, that he would not assist; and that they had better go home, for they could make no arrests there; he had heard enough.

Before, during, and after the conversation with this man, as the hare, negroes were arriving from every quarter, some on horseback, and others on foot, armed with guns, pistols, clubs, corn-cutters, &c. They seemed to be concerted all around upon the first of their arrival, but more of them were gathered in front of the place where the white man on horseback and the marshal were talking, engaged in loading their guns. At this close of the conference, the marshal called his party to retire, saying that he would not press the arrest further, and that he would hold this man responsible for the property. The men left, and proceeded the Young men left. My father was then near the house, his son Pearce and Joshua Gorsuch not far from him, still guarding the house to keep the negroes in.

I feel as the marshal and the two young men left, the Quaker, on the horse, said something to the negroes he had assembled near him, when they set up a most hideous yell, and rushed towards the house, the negroes in the lane as the same time rushing from the house in like savages, met the advancing gang around my father. There were four men, all armed with pistols, it is true, but they were in a most dangerous and unfortunate situation, surrounded by a most barbarous, half-drunk, half-sober, howling demons. As soon as these two gangs met in the narrow lane, the attack was made upon the gentlemen, the pistols were fired, one behind, striking father on the head, which caused him to fall forward on his knees, when he was shot several times, and not over the head and shoulders.

When the young men near him saw him fall, Dickinson and Johnson ran to him and discharged their pistols into the crowd that was murdering him. Pearce having lost his cap, was shot from by the negroes who advanced from the barn. At Dickinson was shooting immediately near his father, his revolver was knocked out of his hand by a club striking him upon the arm, near the wrist. Then a negro shot him in the right side and wrist, lodging more than seven, lacerated in him. The negroes were whooping and yelling with savage glee over their victims, and the son, nephew and cousin wanted to save their lives. They all escaped from this larger lane, the scene of the awful conflict, into the wood, on either side. Dickinson, staggering under the stunning effects of his wounds, blood gushing from his nose and mouth, and streaming from his arm and side, took the southern end of the lane, and, in a distance of a hundred yards reached the edge of the wood, falling down by a large stump, exhausted. Some of the fiends followed, and would have killed him, but some of the fiends fellow old negro, who had been in the affray, threw himself over his body, and called upon them for God's sake to assist him, for he would soon die anyhow.

Dr. Pearce and John Gorsuch took to the other end of the lane, leading to the woods, on the other side of the valley, which were more than half a mile distant. A band of negroes, shouting and shooting every jump, pursued them. Pearce, in his flight he overtook the himself and his pursuers, to which course he saw from the salvation of his life. At the distance of half a mile leading in, asked two ladies, who were in a dwelling, and persons whom he had never seen, who were then the only They expressed fear lest the negroes, who had followed him home, and kill them for concealing him. He told them he would not expose them to danger then, and turned to go out, when they consented to conceal him. Pursuers came to the house and asked if he was not there. They could not find that some one had gone past, and they kept on to the woods, which they searched until late at night, to find Dr. Pearce and John Gorsuch.

John Gorsuch, who had received a violent blow on the head when he fell, was found by the marshal and taken to a place of safety.

Dickinson had not lie long before some gentlemen came and carefully removed him to a place of safety, where he now lies, and where I now write. Every attention that skill and experience, and kind and charity exercise, is bestowed upon him. At first it was thought he could not live until night; but, through the care of my physicians, and the vigorous efforts of nature, he has been gradually mending ever since, and now we have strong hopes of his recovery. Dr. Pearce was conducted to the house where Dickinson is, about four or five days after the affair, in the afternoon. Johns escaped that evening, to York, where his friends took good care of him. He is now out of danger, and doing well.

It may be gratifying to some to know that the property of this bloody affair. A negro of Philadelphia—the same that followed the marshal on the first night—found his property, in the hands of the negroes, and, he thinks, he recognized the lame, and other circumstances connected with my father's plan, and gave intelligence to the neighborhood. He has, since, made threats and negroes to some spread the news, and thus was brought together the rescue of the negroes for miles around. We have the man who informed the marshal of the house, and fled the Marshal. We have also quite a number of the negroes who took active part in the affair, but not all of them. The law will now be fully tested, I suppose.

I have written this by the advice of friends, and am glad the painful task is performed.

J. S. GORSUCH.

Christiana, Sept. 17, 1851.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN NEGRO OUTRAGE—REV. MR. JOHNSTON, HOW GOVERNOR JOHNSTON, OF PENNSYLVANIA, DOES HIS DUTY.

[From the Baltimore Sun, Sept. 20.]

The following letter from the Rev. Mr. Gorsuch to Gov. Johnston, in which he replies to the letter of the Governor, has been handed us for publication:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1851

HON. WM. F. JOHNSTON, Governor of Pennsylvania.

The undersigned, a son of the late Edward Gorsuch, the victim of abolitionist enthusiasm and high-handed rebellion, is constrained by a sense of duty to impose upon him as that to which he now addresses himself.

He writes to you, sir, with no vindictive feelings, but with the sincerity of a Christian, and with every one to know that he thinks the lack of official promptness on your part has resulted in the escape, hitherto, of the slaves, and some of the rebellious ringleaders. Had, rather, it would have tended in some degree to relieve the anxiety of the family and friends of the deceased to have known that the Chief Magistrate of the State, in which my father was committed had acted as promptly and efficiently as the circumstances demanded.

I know you have been pained within a few yards of where the body of my father lay, the afternoon of the same day on which he was murdered, by the rebellious at the door of the house. Some of the passengers went in to look at the ghastly spectacle. But, sir, you did not. Deputy Marshal Kline, who was accompanying you, is, I have been most interested, showed the least concern.—And this is not to be wondered at. It would seem as if that this gentleman was more rejoicing at his first the first fruits of your official and personal hostility to the rendition of fugitive slaves. Did we not well know that you are a man of unexceptionable character, I, for one, would be tempted to think, that the rebellion of the negroes was secretly encouraged by you, in a manner strictly legal, some weeks before the affair, and that, fearful of your success, inactivity. But we know your course. We had watched it with pain, and we did not expect anything of the kind to come from you, in the extraordinary crisis.

Allow me to call your attention to a fact which, perhaps, you will find interesting. Mr. Gorsuch, my father was searching, were to be free at the age of twenty-eight. They were detected in selling stolen wheat to a free negro, and, to escape the law, they resolved to make good their escape. The free negro was sized as Nelson, come to the mouth of the short lane, and, upon seeing these men, ran towards the house, all the party in full chase. The negroes had made no escape. One man was stationed at each corner of the house, to guard the window. The house is two stories in height, and the negroes were all in it.

The Marshal and my father entered the house. Mr. Kline asked the owner of the house, (old Nelson) if he had the son him, and told him that if he would come down peaceably and go home with him, he would treat him as kindly as he can any man, and promised, as he said, would do no good, for he came with the proper officer and authority, and that he would not leave the premises without his property. Nelson came down the stairs and intending to proceed, one of the negroes struck them with a staff shod with sharp iron. My father then turned and went out of the door of the house, just as gun was fired at his head from one of the windows, but the aim was too high. The Marshal coming out just behind him, fired his pistol at the window. Again they went in, and starting to go up the steps, and he was now thrown down at them, which, however, passed harmlessly by them. In this fall, the Marshal, seeing was kept up between the negroes at the window and the young men outside, and between those at the head of the stairs and the two men in the house.

During this period the warrants were read three times, the law was explained, they were advised and entreated to give up the two slaves, and it was asserted that the arrests would be made even if blood must be shed. A muzzle had been run out of the window and had wounded Pearce in the head; he had attempted to shoot, but the cap only exploded. At last they gave the negroes a definite time to decide, and they were held, but before the time expired a white man rode up to the house in the lane. His presence inspired the blacks; they immediately fired a second time, and then confusion in their opposition. When the Marshal saw the man at the door, he went to him and called upon him in the name of the United States, to assist in arresting the fugitives, showing his warrant, reading his authority, and telling him the inevitable consequence of refusal. Another white man was also present during this conversation. The reply was, that he would not assist; and that they had better go home, for they could make no arrests there; he had heard enough.

Before, during, and after the conversation with this man, as the hare, negroes were arriving from every quarter, some on horseback, and others on foot, armed with guns, pistols, clubs, corn-cutters, &c. They seemed to be concerted all around upon the first of their arrival, but more of them were gathered in front of the place where the white man on horseback and the marshal were talking, engaged in loading their guns. At the close of the conference, the marshal called his party to retire, saying that he would not press the arrest further, and that he would hold this man responsible for the property. The men left, and proceeded the Young men left. My father was then near the house, his son Pearce and Joshua Gorsuch not far from him, still guarding the house to keep the negroes in.

I feel as the marshal and the two young men left, the Quaker, on the horse, said something to the negroes he had assembled near him, when they set up a most hideous yell, and rushed towards the house, the negroes in the lane as the same time rushing from the house in like savages, met the advancing gang around my father. There were four men, all armed with pistols, it is true, but they were in a most dangerous and unfortunate situation, surrounded by a most barbarous, half-drunk, half-sober, howling demons. As soon as these two gangs met in the narrow lane, the attack was made upon the gentlemen behind hand, by a negro behind striking father on the head, which caused him to fall forward on his knees, when he was shot several times, and not over the head and shoulders.

When the young men near him saw him fall, Dickinson and Johnson ran to him and discharged their pistols into the crowd that was murdering him. Pearce having lost his cap, was shot from by the negroes who advanced from the barn. At Dickinson was shooting immediately near his father, his revolver was knocked out of his hand by a club striking him upon the arm, near the wrist. Then a negro shot him in the right side and wrist, lodging more than seven, lacerated in him. The negroes were whooping and yelling with savage glee over their victims, and the son, nephew and cousin wanted to save their lives. They all escaped from this larger lane, the scene of the awful conflict, into the wood, on either side. Dickinson, staggering under the stunning effects of his wounds, blood gushing from his nose and mouth, and streaming from his arm and side, took the southern end of the lane, and, in a distance of a hundred yards reached the edge of the wood, falling down by a large stump, exhausted. Some of the fiends followed, and would have killed him, but some of the fiends fellow old negro, who had been in the affray, threw himself over his body, and called upon them for God's sake to assist him, for he would soon die anyhow.

Dr. Pearce and John Gorsuch took to the other end of the lane, leading to the woods, on the other side of the valley, which were more than half a mile distant. A band of negroes, shouting and shooting every jump, pursued them. Pearce, in his flight he overtook the himself and his pursuers, to which course he saw from the salvation of his life. At the distance of half a mile leading in, asked two ladies, who were in a dwelling, persons whom he had never seen, who were then the only They expressed fear lest the negroes, who had followed him home, and kill them for concealing him. He told them he would not expose them to danger then, and turned to go out, when they consented to conceal him. Pursuers came to the house and asked if he was not there. They could not find that some one had gone past, and they kept on to the woods, which they searched until late at night, to find Dr. Pearce and John Gorsuch.

John Gorsuch, who had received a violent blow on the head when he fell, was found by the marshal and taken to a place of safety.

Dickinson had not lie long before some gentlemen come and carefully removed him to a place of safety, where he now lies, and where I now write. Every attention that skill and experience, and kind and charity exercise, is bestowed upon him. At first it was thought he could not live until night; but, through the care of my physicians, and the vigorous efforts of nature, he has been gradually mending ever since, and now we have strong hopes of his recovery. Dr. Pearce was conducted to the house where Dickinson is, about four or five days after the affair, in the afternoon. Johns escaped that evening, to York, where his friends took good care of him. He is now out of danger, and doing well.

It may be gratifying to some to know that the property of this bloody affair. A negro of Philadelphia—the same that followed the marshal on the first night—found his property, in the hands of the negroes, and, he thinks, he recognized the lame, and other circumstances connected with my father's plan, and gave intelligence to the neighborhood. He has, since, made threats and negroes to some spread the news, and thus was brought together the rescue of the negroes for miles around. We have the man who informed the marshal of the house, and fled the Marshal. We have also quite a number of the negroes who took active part in the affair, but not all of them. The law will now be fully tested, I suppose.

I have written this by the advice of friends, and am glad the painful task is performed.

J. S. GORSUCH.

Christiana, Sept. 17, 1851.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN NEGRO OUTRAGE—REV. MR. GORSUCH'S SON.

[From the Baltimore Sun, Sept. 20.]

The following letter from the Rev. Mr. Gorsuch to Gov. Johnston, in which he replies to the letter of the Governor, has been handed us for publication:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1851

HON. WM. F. JOHNSTON, Governor of Pennsylvania.

The undersigned, a son of the late Edward Gorsuch, the victim of abolitionist enthusiasm and high-handed rebellion, is constrained by a sense of duty to impose upon him as that to which he now addresses himself.

He writes to you, sir, with no vindictive feelings, but with the sincerity of a Christian, and with every one to know that he thinks the lack of official promptness on your part has resulted in the escape, hitherto, of the slaves, and some of the rebellious ringleaders. Had, rather, it would have tended in some degree to relieve the anxiety of the family and friends of the deceased to have known that the Chief Magistrate of the State, in which my father was committed had acted as promptly and efficiently as the circumstances demanded.

I know you have been pained within a few yards of where the body of my father lay, the afternoon of the same day on which he was murdered, by the rebellious at the door of the house. Some of the passengers went in to look at the ghastly spectacle. But, sir, you did not. Deputy Marshal Kline, who was accompanying you, is, I have been most interested, showed the least concern.—And this is not to be wondered at. It would seem as if that this gentleman was more rejoicing at his first the first fruits of your official and personal hostility to the rendition of fugitive slaves. Did we not well know that you are a man of unexceptionable character, I, for one, would be tempted to think, that the rebellion of the negroes was secretly encouraged by you, in a manner strictly legal, some weeks before the affair, and that, fearful of your success, inactivity. But we know your course. We had watched it with pain, and we did not expect anything of the kind to come from you in the extraordinary crisis.

Allow me to call your attention to a fact which, perhaps, you will find interesting. Mr. Gorsuch, my father was searching, were to be free at the age of twenty-eight. They were detected in selling stolen wheat to a free negro, and, to escape the law, they resolved to make good their escape. The free negro was sized as Nelson, come to the mouth of the short lane, and, upon seeing these men, ran towards the house, all the party in full chase. The negroes had made no escape. One man was stationed at each corner of the house, to guard the window. The house is two stories in height, and the negroes were all in it.

The Marshal and my father entered the house. Mr. Kline asked the owner of the house, (old Nelson) if he had the son him, and told him that if he would come down peaceably and go home with him, he would treat him as kindly as he can any man, and promised, as he said, would do no good, for he came with the proper officer and authority, and that he would not leave the premises without his property. Nelson came down the stairs and intending to proceed, one of the negroes struck them with a staff shod with sharp iron. My father then turned and went out of the door of the house, just as gun was fired at his head from one of the windows, but the aim was too high. The Marshal coming out just behind him, fired his pistol at the window. Again they went in, and starting to go up the steps, and he was now thrown down at them, which, however, passed harmlessly by them. In this fall, the Marshal, seeing was kept up between the negroes at the window and the young men outside, and between those at the head of the stairs and the two men in the house.

During this period the warrants were read three times, the law was explained, they were advised and entreated to give up the two slaves, and it was asserted that the arrests would be made even if blood must be shed. A muzzle had been run out of the window and had wounded Pearce in the head; he had attempted to shoot, but the cap only exploded. At last they gave the negroes a definite time to decide, and they were held, but before the time expired a white man rode up to the house in the lane. His presence inspired the blacks; they immediately fired a second time, and then confusion in their opposition. When the Marshal saw the man at the door, he went to him and called upon him in the name of the United States, to assist in arresting the fugitives, showing his warrant, reading his authority, and telling him the inevitable consequence of refusal. Another white man was also present during this conversation. The reply was, that he would not assist; and that they had better go home, for they could make no arrests there; he had heard enough.

Before, during, and after the conversation with this man, as the hare, negroes were arriving from every quarter, some on horseback, and others on foot, armed with guns, pistols, clubs, corn-cutters, &c. They seemed to be concerted all around upon the first of their arrival, but more of them were gathered in front of the place where the white man on horseback and the marshal were talking, engaged in loading their guns. At the close of the conference, the marshal called his party to retire, saying that he would not press the arrest further, and that he would hold this man responsible for the property. The men left, and proceeded the Young men left. My father was then near the house, his son Pearce and Joshua Gorsuch not far from him, still guarding the house to keep the negroes in.

I feel as the marshal and the two young men left, the Quaker, on the horse, said something to the negroes he had assembled near him, when they set up a most hideous yell, and rushed towards the house, the negroes in the lane as the same time rushing from the house in like savages, met the advancing gang around my father. There were four men, all armed with pistols, it is true, but they were in a most dangerous and unfortunate situation, surrounded by a most barbarous, half-drunk, half-sober, howling demons. As soon as these two gangs met in the narrow lane, the attack was made upon the gentlemen behind hand, by a negro behind striking father on the head, which caused him to fall forward on his knees, when he was shot several times, and not over the head and shoulders.

When the young men near him saw him fall, Dickinson and Johnson ran to him and discharged their pistols into the crowd that was murdering him. Pearce having lost his cap, was shot from by the negroes who advanced from the barn. At Dickinson was shooting immediately near his father, his revolver was knocked out of his hand by a club striking him upon the arm, near the wrist. Then a negro shot him in the right side and wrist, lodging more than seven, lacerated in him. The negroes were whooping and yelling with savage glee over their victims, and the son, nephew and cousin wanted to save their lives. They all escaped from this larger lane, the scene of the awful conflict, into the wood, on either side. Dickinson, staggering under the stunning effects of his wounds, blood gushing from his nose and mouth, and streaming from his arm and side, took the southern end of the lane, and, in a distance of a hundred

only if they had not fired guns, but even if present at the time; and two white persons were charged with aiding and abetting that murder. They were charged upon rebellion against the laws of the United States, as being in open rebellion against the Government, in defying the process of the United States officer and laws of Congress. He read the act of Congress of April, 1793 as to treason, and also stated, that by order of Congress, the officers, and also other magistrates of the several States, are authorized to exercise jurisdiction as prescribed on primary proceedings, in cases of crimes against the laws of the United States.

Henry H. Kline being sworn, produced his commission as Deputy United States Marshal, dated March 25th, 1851, and signed by President Millard, and Sept. 1851, issued by Commissioner Ingraham, of Philadelphia, for the arrest of George Hammond, Joshua Hammond, Nelson Ford, and Noah Parker, alias Noah Day. I started from Philadelphia to the supposed scene of outrage, on Tuesday, Sept. 14. Edward Gorsuch, attended by his officers against Nelson Ford, Noah Parker, and others, to follow in the cars. On Thursday morning, while before breakfast, I, our party, proceeded to seven persons, arrived at the Gap, where the fugitives were supposed to be housed. At the first house we came to we found a colored man, Mr. Gorsuch, accompanied by two white persons, who, I presumed, as there were no officers, to be attached, and our force was so small, I did not, at the time, venture to go near to him, or, no negro spied us, and ran to give the alarm. Our party proceeded to the house of Nelson Ford, and found the house at his door, the party of negroes was no place, and was ordered to them to come down. I told them who I was, and what I came for, and that I was searching for Edward Gorsuch, whom he recognized, and bade them come down. As they did not, I attempted to ascend the steps, when I was met by a most furious assault from a negro with what they threw at me, and we had to retire. While we were thus engaged in the affair, the alarm had commenced firing at us, and I let down my revolver. We read the warrants repeatedly aloud, so they could be heard by the assembled crowd of negroes, and, as we did so, a negro spied us, and ran to give the alarm. Our party proceeded to the house of Noah Parker, alias Noah Day. The party of negroes was no place, and was ordered to them to come down. I told them who I was, and what I came for, and that I was searching for Edward Gorsuch, whom he recognized, and bade them come down. As they did not, I attempted to ascend the steps, when I was met by a most furious assault from a negro with what they threw at me, and we had to retire. While we were thus engaged in the affair, the alarm had commenced firing at us, and I let down my revolver. We read the warrants repeatedly aloud, so they could be heard by the assembled crowd of negroes, and, as we did so, a negro spied us, and ran to give the alarm. Our party proceeded to the house of Jesse Green

MADAME GOETZENBERGER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.

I wish you had all been at old Frau Goetzenberger's last Christmas Eve! But as you were not, and as you know nothing about it, it will be best for me to do so to tell you exactly how it was, who was there, and what came of it.

Old Frau Goetzenberger lived, or rather lives—but we will speak of it in the past tense—she lived, I say, in an old University town in the south of Germany; a very old-fashioned town it was, with all sorts of old memories and associations connected with it. The University, with its tall, red roof, looked as dark and ancient as the church, which had a tall, red roof to correspond; and the church looked quite as old as the gray lime-stone rocks which stood up like huge, frowning walls, round the little town.

Not far from the University stood a large, clumsy, dismal-looking stone building, like a great, gloomy town-hall; the lower front windows, which looked upon the street, were all guarded with strong iron work, composed of upright bars, with iron scrolls among them, which gave it very much the appearance of a prison. In the centre of this building was a wide, round-arched gateway, in the projecting keystone of which grinned a stone face. The face protruded its tongue from its leering mouth, its nose was curled up, and its eyes were cast in unusual length. It was upon the whole, as ugly a face as you would wish to see, and it seemed to grin down upon every body who approached the gateway. So wide was this gateway that a coach-and-four might have driven into it; and, on either hand, soon after you entered, you came to a wide, open staircase, with iron balustrades, which led up to the dwellings of many families—of a dozen at least—who inhabited this great, old house, most of them, being professors or students belonging to the University.

Between this old house and the University lay a large garden, full of trees and walks, and with a fountain, which fell into a great stone basin, in the middle of a grass plat, which was not, I am sorry to say, by any means neatly kept, for two or three milk-women cut the grass with sickles for their cows. This garden, to a certain extent, was public; that is, was common to about a dozen different houses opening into it, and which were all connected more or less, by people connected with the University, who had these, as it were, a privileged private access either to the University library, or to ordinary lectures and classes. Hence it was that the houses opening into this *Universitäts Garten*, as it was called, brought a higher rent than any others, and the people residing in them were looked upon as the *élite*; it was, in fact, the Belgravia of the town.

On the principal floor of that great, old house, with the grinning face over the door, lived the most celebrated professor in the whole University—the Herr Von Hoffman, Professor of Roman Law; a very learned man, whose fame extended over all Germany. So great, indeed, was he, that the King, not many years before, had presented him with a patent of nobility, and hence it was that he had Von before his name. He was, in fact, the Herr Baron Von Hoffman; but he preferred being called simply the Herr Professor, because he had more pleasure in being a great teacher than in being a Baron. He was not, however, an old man; he was only a little turned forty, and this was his first year at the famous old University, whose I introduce him to your knowledge.

He was a very quiet, domestic man, was this Professor Von Hoffman, and he was nothing in that world which he wished so much for as a sweet-tempered, good little wife, and a dear, happy family of pretty children. When he was only twenty, and a student at the old University of Greifswald, his domestic wishes were all the same. But he was a very poor man in those days; nevertheless, he made up his mind to marry as soon as he was able to maintain a wife and family; and more than that, to marry no one else than the pretty Ida the youngest daughter of old Professor Schmidt, under whom he had studied Roman law, and the sweet-tempered and pretty Ida had promised to be his wife whenever he should be ready to offer her a home. Unfortunately did not fall out as either the student Eberhard or his fair Ida hoped. Old Professor Schmidt would not consent to part with his daughter Ida, who was his favourite. He was, unfortunately, a very sour-tempered, obstinate old gentleman; he said that Eberhard was too poor to marry, and could not afford to have a wife. In this way year after year went on; Ida's sister Marie married, and went away to her husband's home, and her mother, the old Professor's wife, died, and then Eberhard was nobody left to look after him but poor Ida, and, what was worst of all, the old gentleman's temper grew still more and more tyrannical, because he now suffered so much from rheumatism and toothache.

There did not now seem to be the least chance in the world that Ida could ever leave her father. Eberhard had been away two years, and he was growing very impatient. He had risen from *point direct*, with all my salary to the Professor of Roman Law in the University of Tubingen. He now considerably authority to maintain that dear little wife that was only wanted to complete his happiness; so he wrote to Ida, saying that she must consent to marry him at once, and that he would make all sort of agreeable, the old gentleman, her father, should live with them. Ida was delighted with the proposal; not so the old Professor. For what was he to do without Ida? No, he had no intention of leaving it! He had not many years to live, and he was not going to be turn up in the prime of his life, and he would be the death of him. No! No! he should stop at Greifswald, and Ida might leave him, if she liked; but he would never give his blessing to an undutiful child!

It was very hard both on Ida and her lover. They waited yet awhile longer; but Tubingen was a very full place, and all the pleasant places were soon taken, excepting Eberhard. So at last he wrote to Ida, saying that if she could not marry him he must look out for another wife. He quite expected that Ida would have determined Ida, by one means or another, to obtain her father's consent; but, instead of that, Ida, who was the most generous-hearted and most self-forgetting creature in the world, could not again anger and distress her old father by urging her wishes; and, as she knew what a loving, domestic heart was Eberhard's, and that without self-sacrifice he could not be happy, she wrote, in reply, that, though it broke her heart, she must give him up, for that to learn her old father's temper in his present state was impossible. She returned to him, therefore, the betrothal ring which she had faithfully worn so many years, and, with an agonised heart and many tears, of which she said nothing, sent off her letter.

The Professor received the ring, and read the letter with the deepest grief, disappointment, and some little anger. He believed that Ida loved him; there was nothing in comparison with what he had felt for her. He returned to her the ring which he too had worn with equal fidelity, with a long letter of which, instead of comforting, only added to her misery. For several weeks he felt very unhappy and desolate; but all his acquaintance, and his acquaintance thought it their duty to be doubly kind to him. What sisters, and nieces, and cousins, all beautiful young ladies, were invited to tea-parties, suppers and little tea parties which were got up expressly for the occasion! and at length it appeared to him that the beautiful Carolina, only daughter of the rich Obersor or Colonel Hoffman, would probably fill the place in his heart left vacant by the loss of his Ida. Caroline, or Lina as she was called, was reckoned a great match; for she was not only wealthy—many orders at his button hole, but was possessed of a handsome estate and house in the Saxon Switzerland, which, having been left to the Colonel by his wife, would pass direct to his daughter on his death, with the simple condition of her husband taking the name of Hoffman. A very good match was this for the Professor, who, though he was growing very great reputation for learning, had nothing but his head to make money by, and his good heart to make a wife happy with, and these he did and always rank as high in value as gold and silver, houses and lands.

The Professor married the beautiful Lina, and not long afterwards her father died, her brother came into possession of the fine house and estate in the Saxon Switzerland, and assumed the excellent name of Hoffman, honourably dropping his own plebeian family name of Gran, and by which he had been betrothed to Ida Schmidt. The first event that occurred to him was the birth of a little daughter, who was called after her mother Lina, and soon afterwards he received from his sovereign that patent of nobility which I have mentioned, and which was bestowed upon the Professor in consideration of his learning, and henceforth he was the Herr Baron Von Hoffman.

But wonderful as was the Professor's outward prosperity, his domestic happiness was not to be of very long continuance. Four years after his marriage, his wife died, leaving him no other child than his little Lina, then about three years old. Very desolate was now the Professor's heart and home. As time went on, and the acuteness of the grief caused by the death of his wife a little wore off, he thought about equally of Ida, his first love, and Lina, his child's mother. People wondered that he did not marry again. With his reputation, his title, and his fine estate in the Saxon Switzerland, he might marry any lady in the land. I believe he knew that very well, but, as I said before, he thought a great deal about poor Ida and her hard life with the cross old gentleman, and he thought so much, indeed, that five years after his wife's death, when his little Lina was eight years old, he set off during the University Easter holidays on a journey to the north, taking Greifswald in his way. He did not tell a single soul that he did so, but I mention it to you in confidence.

Well, the first thing he did when he arrived at Greifswald was to inquire after old Professor Schmidt and his daughter Ida. He inquired of a poor old woman who was knitting by the side of a wood, while a white goat, fastened to her apron string, by a long chain, was feeding, and browsing, among the cows, which were likewise grazing, within bounds.

"Of Herr Professor Schmidt ask you!" said the old woman; "he's been dead and buried these six years!"

"And Fraulein Ida?"

"No; she's not here. She was an angel! What daughter she was! I never thought her duty hard; and yet it is unknown what she had to bear, and yet I know, for I was sick-nurse in that family for years. Ah, Fraulein Ida! she would have made any man happy; she was such an angel; many's the good chance for herself that she sacrificed to her father! Ah, sir, I never knew Fraulein Ida, then?" asked the old woman.

The Professor made a sort of sound which she understood to mean no, therefore she went on: "There was never such an angel she was! She was cruelly used, sir, by a student; but he's a learned professor now, they tell me; one Eberhard Grom."

"Oh, may be, may be!" thought he; "can all the world become of him, for he studied in Greifswald!"

Again the Professor made that peculiar sound which passed for a negative, and the old woman went on: "No; I dare say you don't; but no good could come to him, that's certain. He's married, however, and he was betrothed to Fraulein Ida for several years. I never shall forget her reading of his marriage to her father, for she always read the newspapers to him, and he would listen to them with the deafness of a fainting fit when she read that, and if it had not been for me, who had just come in to tell the Herr Professor that his brain-bath was ready, she would have fallen on the stove. Poor Fraulein Ida! and when her friends said to her, as many did at first, how heartless was that Eberhard Grom, to leave her, she used to say, with the tears in her eyes, 'Don't blame him. I don't blame him myself. It is a good thing if he does not marry me! I shall be happier if I see that he has the way she talked. But she's gone from Greifswald now," continued the old woman. "When the Herr Professor died, he left her nothing but his books and papers, and it was very worth money; and soon after his death, Mrs. Bernhard, the eldest daughter, died also; she had been a widow some years, but she died, and left a little child, a beautiful little girl, to Fraulein Ida's care, with a small legacy, which brings her in a little income, and after that Fraulein Ida had one little companion more to live with an old aunt of the late Herr Bernhard, but where nobody knows. They did live at Cassel for a time, but they are gone since, I hear; but go where she will, there's blessing will light on her, sooner or later; of that I am sure."

"Perhaps," said the Herr Professor Von Hoffman, in a voice which was so low, he thought, that the woman, not knowing him, supposed to be natural to him; "perhaps she may be married by this time."

The old woman seemed astonished at this.

"Married!" repeated she; "married by this time!" and, in her impatience, she gave the poor little goat such a violent jerk, by its chain, that, in kicking the tuft of yellow ragwort at which it was smelling was some forbidden fruit, it set up a sharp bleat and gave a great leap so far in a contrary direction, that the poor woman was pulled in her turn. "Married by this time!" repeated she once more. "You gentlemen know nothing about women! Fraulein Ida Schmidt will never marry any man but Eberhard Grom, because she can never love another as she loved him; and it may please God to make him worthy of her! Ah, sir, as the Bible says, all things are possible with God!"

"Amen!" said the Professor, strangely affected.

The old woman went after her goat, which had given every ragwort within its reach, and the pretty path which led deep into the wood, and which, in those far-distant days which the old woman had spoken of, resulted, he and his beloved Ida had often trod together.

CHAPTER II.

THE tidings which the Professor had thus obtained left him in no state of mind to call on any of his old *friends in Greifswald*. He continued his journey into the north, even as far as Upsala, where, in the library of the University, he added still more to his amazing amount of learning, and then returned to Tubingen, where he delivered his lectures as formerly.

The next thing that happened to him was, that he was appointed by government to take the Law Professor's chair in that still more famous University where he first found Hilter's renowned early years in the year, and took up, as I told you, his quarters in the principal suite of rooms in that gloomy old house with the grinning face over the door, and the face over the gateway. His spare hours he spent in arranging and catalouging his immense library, and in preparing his mind for delivering his famous course of lectures, which very soon brought such an access of students to the University, that, with the troubles people and the middle classes at large, were lived principally by accommodating students, as well as by all the young ladies who were thus provided with so many more agreeable partners at the public and private balls, he became considered quite a benefactor to the town, and, consequently very popular with every one.

There was something, however, peculiar in the Professor; everybody agreed in this; finding it, nevertheless, not difficult to be accounted for, because he was so very unlike all the learned men are said to be common people; they had a right to be odd, and even disagreeable, if they chose. But disagreeable Professor Von Hoffman was not; he was only very quiet, and had an air of sadness in his face, which, if it was not a number of letters he wrote to all parts of Germany, to ascertain, if he could, whether she had taken herself with the angelic Ida Schmidt, or to where this old Madame Bernhard lived who was aunt to the child's father. But he could obtain no satisfaction. Now and then, he fancied he was upon the right track, and then he came to a wall farther, and he took many long journeys for this purpose, it always ended in disappointment.

This was a great grief to him. He lived in a stream of hope and disappointment, basied over the endless arrangement of his books, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, as he crossed the great University garden to his lectures. On summer afternoons the garden was full of people, who turned out from the surrounding houses. Ladies sat with their knitting on the seats under the vicinity of the trees; children played about, and the milk-women cut the grass for their cows. Everybody knew the Herr Professor Hoffman, and took notice of him, by "That is the way," said they, "with all these learned men; their eyes are turned inwards."

Now, it was one of the Professor's rules, not of life for little Lina Von Hoffman, if she had no more cheerful person with her than her father, as he appeared to the world but I assure you her life was by no means without its pleasures. In an orphan she was with her father, and then came out something of the joy and affection which lived in his heart, and, with the little Lina, was growing into what a glorious and noble human being was her father, and to him she opened all her little heart. She showed him her dolls and their dresses, and her many additional stitches she had done in her Berlin-wool work; but not a word did she say to him about her mother, or about her aunt Ida Schmidt. Poor mer, she had begun to work for him. Oh, no; not a word of them; they were a great secret in her heart, and were to remain so until they should be brought forth by the wonderful Christ-child at Christmas, who, she knew, from old experience, would then bring something very charming for her. Of these things, and of her little pleasures, most of all she spoke of her little friend Sanchen, who lived at the end of the garden, in such pretty rooms, with her old grandmother Goetzenberger, who was quite blind, yet such a cheerful old lady, and with aunt Ida who was just like an angel. Lina now knew what angels must be like; they must be Sanchen's aunt Ida, if she had only wings. She wore such beautiful light silks; and she had such lovely hands, and such a beautiful face. Oh, there never was any lady that smiled as she did!

It was wonderful what pleasure our good Professor felt in hearing his darling Lina thus talking of her friends. There was an unspeakable charm to him in that sweet name of Ida. If it had not been for the old lady, and even aunt Ida, as he believed, being called Goetzenberger, he might, perhaps, have taken it into his head that this might be his own long-lost Ida. But he never did; and when little Lina saw him walking from his afternoon lectures across the garden, she used to say, "There's my aunt Ida!" he never even gave himself the trouble to look at her, but catching up the child in his arms carried her to the house with him. Aunt Ida, on all such occasions, only a distance; there was something about him which painfully reminded her of an old long-lost lover, and for that very reason she purposely avoided meeting him. She did not wish to walk over the grave, as it were, of those buried feelings, on the death-like repose of which alone depended her very existence.

Little Lina went very often to Frau Goetzenberger's. She found it much more cheerful there than at her own home. Her father's rooms were all filled with dark, old books, piles of which lay on the floor, and over which she was sure to tumble if she did not take great care. Sanchen's home was full of books, such a smell of tobacco-smoke; for, like all learned Germans, he was a great smoker. "If I had a wife," said he to himself, "I should rarely smoke; but it is now my only amusement." So the rooms were full of a smoke-cloud, which circled about her father's head, and curled up into all the dark corners of his room, and hung upon the shelves, and which filled the curtains and even her father's hair with a beverdying smell of tobacco. Very different were Frau Goetzenberger's rooms. All was light and cheerful there, and a fresh delicious odour seemed to pervade everything. The floor of the sitting room was so clean that it was quite a pleasure to walk upon; the very beautiful carpet of needle-work, deeply fringed, was laid before each of the two sofas. On one of these sofas sat always aunt Ida and little Lina, in a rich black satin and large gray shawl. To look at her, nobody would have supposed her to be blind, for there was nothing unsightly or strange in the appearance of her eyes, and she did not seem more than if they were stones. She appeared to be, and was really, very cheerful; had learned to go about the rooms and the garden, and distinguish between herself and other people being that she walked very slowly, feeling her way from point to point, and standing at a little distance from the table, covered velvet. She was always employed in knitting, and this prevented time from seeming long to her.

Ida, as little Lina often told her father, was like a queen, as she sat on her sofa, so pale she was so young and beautiful, but because she looked so pure and good. Aunt Ida, indeed, was no longer young; she was considerably above forty, but, if it had not been for her countenance, to thoughtful observers, looking at it at some former time she had known great sorrow, and had gone through a great conflict, and that was peace of resignation and faith in God. Her joy lay in the fulfilment of her duty, and this now was no longer painful. She sometimes thought that her prospects of happiness, though they could not gladden her sight, still she said their influence was felt. Everything was elegant and pure. Beautiful flowers in pots stood in the windows, and, when Lina came in a glass vase stood over on the table, among cheerful spirited books, from which Ida read at least half the time. Lina little imagined how tender pieces of music to her; and this the blind lady loved best of all, for Ida played divinely.

Lina often told her father about Ida's playing, and at length one evening Barbet, their maid, accompanied her home, with a request from aunt Ida that the Professor would permit his little daughter to take a little musical lesson with Sanchen, which would be such a pleasure to every one. The Professor could not object; he returned a message by Barbet which was gratifactory to all parties.

"The Herr Professor Von Hoffman, was much honoured by the interest which the Fraulein Ida Goetzenberger had for Fraulein Sanchen's progress in music, and that he should feel infinitely obliged if she would condescend to instruct her with her niece; and that the Herr Professor hoped before long to return the same kind attention he received in her, Fraulein Goetzenberger for the kindness they had so long shown to his little daughter." Barbet was very clever at delivering long messages; she did not, therefore, omit or vary one word.

Ida smiled. "My name is not Goetzenberger," said she. "Did you not know that?" From that time little Lina took her lessons with Sanchen, and thus the best understanding grew up between the two families, the heads of which had never as yet spoken to each other. The little girl was much more at Frau Goetzenberger's than at her own home, and thus the Professor found his room more desolate than ever. "Ah, Lina!" he would say, when she came in, "she is much happier with our cheerful neighbours than she can be with me." He sighed and thought of that fair Ida who was buried, still, but not dead, and blew tremendous puffs of smoke out of his long-handsomely-painted pipe.

CHAPTER III.

It was now the autumn *Ferien*, and a letter came to the Professor which took him at once from home. It seemed that he had found in Konigsberg a Madame Bernhard and a Fraulein Ida Schmidt who were living together. They seemed to answer the description of the persons he was in search of, more especially as Fraulein Ida was said to be very fair from a northern university town. Off, therefore, set our good Professor, once more fondly hoping that she whom he had so long sought for was at last found. He set off at night, when his little Lina, who had spent the day at the good neighbours, was in bed, and kissing her in her sleep, and leaving a note for Fraulein Ida Grom, he set off on his journey before she woke. The note, which little Lina presented next morning, was addressed, as the Professor believed correctly, to Fraulein Goetzenberger, and it stated that the Professor Von Hoffman was suddenly called from home on business of great importance, and begged Fraulein Goetzenberger to take the attentions of Fraulein Ida Goetzenberger during his absence. Again aunt Ida smiled, and remarked that her name was not Goetzenberger, adding, however, that it was only of little consequence, and she would take charge of little Lina with a right good will. The Professor had written his note in great haste, and it was such as a nervous person would write who never was seen; but there was, for all that, a something in the handwriting which made our dear Ida sigh as it again and again, she read it, thinking about it that reminds me of a handwriting, that very dear to me many years ago," sighed she to herself, "but all learned men, to a certain degree, write alike, and I dare say he is very good."

Little Lina was as welcome as day-light. "It is such an excellent thing," Ida said, "for Sanchen to have a companion of her own age; and, dear little Lina is a very loveable child; there is a something about her which has taken strange hold of my heart;" and so saying, she sealed up the note from her work box and read it through, when, "There is nothing more to puzzle out in it. I can hardly tell why she did so, yet it is a fact nevertheless.

"I am no longer young, and I am very," said little Lina, throwing her arms round aunt Ida's neck; "I wish you were my mamma, I love you so dearly!"

"Poor Ida! poor Ida!" said the old lady, thinking that is called up, and the words of the child, stirred her heart very strangely. She clasped the little one to her right breast, and felt that she came to a fresh fountain of love within her. Hitherto, she had only had the child's love, and she had given her all, as little Sanchen did, and they should be two sisters.

The poor Professor had a fruitless journey, and all that long, long, day, Ida and Lina, and Sanchen, night and day to find, once more, a disappointment. The Fraulein Ida Schmidt was, he found, older than Ida Grom, and was married and had children; and it was a mistake altogether, and a sad disappointment to the poor Professor, who immediately leaving Konigsberg made another long journey to Carlsbad, where he determined to spend the autumn *Ferien*. In the meantime, all was as happy as could be at the house of Frau Goetzenberger. The children's lessons were perfect delightful; they played together the sweetest little duets; they sang with aunt Ida, and they danced while she played. They wore, at the same time, the prettiest little dresses, and, when they called each other sister, and they lived as if the relationship had been real.

The poor Professor had greatly before the Professor returned, and during the long evenings Frau Goetzenberger many a time spoke of her Christmas tree, and of the marvellous things which the Christ-child would lay beneath it. Little Lina had finished the slippers for her papa, and Sanchen was working him a cover for his quiet oil-skin tobacco-bag, while Lina threaded beads to make a little purse for her, for the beautiful purse which aunt Ida had begun to knit for him. She had at once before, many years ago, "knitted a purse for her father's student Eberhard, of whom she retained such tender, yet painful recollections. The note which the Professor Von Hoffman had sent her about his little Lina must indeed have had a strange effect upon her, for it was the sight of that very note which had determined her to make just such another purse for him. She was now therefore knitting, and little Lina threaded the beads, and Sanchen worked the tobacco-bag.

When the children were gone to bed, the purse was put aside, and so was Frau Goetzenberger's usual knitting, and out came two beautiful pieces of wool knitting, which were destined in the end to become two pretty little jackets of sky-blue, with white borders, as Christmas presents from Frau Goetzenberger to the two little girls. Ida helped her therefore at night; she did all the cutting out, and Frau Goetzenberger work on both with rapidity and accuracy.

The Professor returned just in time for the commencement of the winter session, or *Semester*, as it is called. The number of students was now much greater than ever, and the Professor, who had been studying hard at Carlsbad, in order to add new matter to his lectures, was considerably more than dearly busy. He had not even time to call on his good neighbours to thank them for the care they had taken of his Ida, and he thought he was greatly injured during his absence. He sent, however, once more a verbal message by his old servant, Gretchen, to thank them, and to say that as early as possible he would call.

Lina, who found her home very dull in comparison with her little friend Sanchen's, was but seldom with her father, and, when she was, as I before, would be, until Christmas, so very much occupied. Little Sanchen sometimes went home with Lina, but the grave looks of the Professor seemed frightened her; besides, having lived all her life with ladies, she had not been used to tobacco-smoke, which she greatly disliked; therefore Lina, in order that she might enjoy her society, spent most of her evenings still at Frau Goetzenberger's. The two ladies, Frau Goetzenberger and Fraulein Ida, were so enough for her companions to be quite sure that no slight was intended them, although Professor Von Hoffman did not call. They were by no means exacting, and they thought that he had enough to do, and was reputed to be so learned and so celebrated a man, whose time was more valuable than gold, when he had sent them a polite message of thanks, by Gretchen.

CHAPTER IV.

At length Christmas was at hand, when the Professor's labours were remitted for a time, and, when learned as he was, he knew that it was his duty, as well as everybody else's to have a Christmas tree, and make a present to every one, rich or poor, whom he either loved or respected, or to whom he was under an obligation of gratitude. All these things, learned men, he knew, he took into consideration. If, thought he to himself, I had found my Ida Schmidt at Konigsberg, I should have laid out a hundred dollars, at the least, in Christmas presents for her, and, alas! such good luck was not for me. The hundred florins, as far as she is concerned, still remains in my purse. I must, however, make those good ladies, Frau and Fraulein Goetzenberger, a handsome present, because they have been so good to Lina. Poor dear, little Lina! what a blessing it would have been for her had Ida been her mother! but it is no use lamenting. The day after to morrow is Christmas eve; there is therefore no time to lose. I must have a Christmas tree for Lina; and, as I have no child and fond beneath it not only a present for herself, but also for her kind friends and I will take her in myself to present them. I have a long neglected to call on them to return them my thanks." If they saw me to stop and eat a little salad and sausage that night, and to drink good wishes to them in a glass of wine, "I will do so! Ida will be much better than stopping here by myself.

With these thoughts, out came the professor's purse and he counted over the money which that which he was finishing at that very moment for him. He looked at the purse and sighed. Why did he sigh, for it was by no means an empty purse? He thought to himself, as he looked at it, "This purse is many years old. I have kept it carefully, and never used it until I set out on that luckless journey to Konigsberg, for I always felt that it would be a great proof to her by the purse, which I had treasured so long, how much I had valued her gift!" and again the professor heaved a sigh.

But sighing would not buy either his Christmas tree or the presents for his Lina's friends. He bethought himself, and soon decided that he would purchase splendid furs for the ladies. This was always acceptable.

For Fraulein Ida he would buy crimine, and for the old lady silk. The Professor was the best thing money could buy, and to the children he would be as good a benefactor as if he were a fairy godfather. If there ever was a good man, he was, as he took out of his purse. I cannot tell you how much money he put into it: and, throwing round him his large furcollared black cloak, and putting on his over-shoes, he set off into the town, where he made such astonishing purchases as put every shop-keeper into good humour for a week. He bought also an enormous Christmas cake, with a green garden, with sugar sweetmeats innumerable, and all were received safely into the house by ten o'clock, which, in that old-fashioned place, was late for her.

On the morning before Christmas Day, Frau Goetzenberger sent over her old servant Barbet with her compliments, and she begged that the Herr Baron Von Hoffman would do her the honour to bring in little Lina at 5 o'clock to see her Christmas tree, and afterwards to eat a little salad and sausage, and to drink a glass of wine with the ladies of her house.

The Professor hesitated to reply, "He was intending," he said, "to have a Christmas tree at home for his little Lina, and to invite the ladies to see it in his rooms, but that he could not think of bringing them out at night." He therefore returned his compliments by Barbet, and begged that Frau Goetzenberger would do him the honour to bring a Christmas tree for half an hour; and still further, would she permit her little grand-niece Sanchen to come over and see what good Christ-child had left for her, and her which he would have the pleasure of accompanying the two children to Frau Goetzenberger's and would feel much obliged in partaking of supper with her and Fraulein Ida.

Again Barbet crossed the garden to assure the Herr Professor that nothing could be more satisfactory than his arrangement.

Very busy was the good Professor all that morning in his library, the door of which was locked, so that little Lina had to knock and wait, ere he would peeped in. He had a deal to be about his Christmas tree, and often and often did he wish that he had not some aid in arranging it, and, if it had, he managed it all by himself! I really cannot say; however, at half-past four o'clock, little Sanchen was brought over in a new pale silk frock, with black satin shoes on and little black silk and black hat her lovely flaxen hair plaited like a crown round her head, and conducted into the Professor's sitting-room, which looked very dark, for the blue blaze, and one lamp, with a blue shade over it. Here, however, she was rapturously received by Lina, likewise dressed in a new pink silk frock and little black satin slippers on, and little black silk mits, and with her dark hair plaited just like Sanchen's.

The next moment a little bell was heard to ring, which the children knew was a signal, and, as they ran to the door between the library and sitting-room opened, and there was a sight for them! Such a blaze of light! such glittering! such a Christmas tree! such beautiful things—dolls, work-boxes, and cakes, and sugar-birds, and dogs, and milk-maids, and Tyrolean shepherds, lambs, of ermine and sable! But these could not be either for Lina or Sanchen.

"No," the Professor said, his countenance beaming with joy, (Sanchen was no longer afraid of him,) as he stood in the doorway, "these are for two little people I have found in Konigsberg, they are very good, and sweetest little duets; they sang with aunt Ida, and they danced while she played." They were, at the same time, dressed in the prettiest little dresses, and they called each other sister, and they lived as if the relationship had been real.

The poor Professor had a fruitless journey, and all that long, long, day, Ida and Lina, and Sanchen night and day to find, once more, a disappointment. The Fraulein Ida Schmidt was, he found, older than Ida Grom, and was married and had children; and it was a mistake altogether, and a sad disappointment to the poor Professor, who immediately leaving Konigsberg made another long journey to Carlsbad, where he determined to spend the autumn *Ferien*. In the meantime, all was as happy as could be at the house of Frau Goetzenberger. The children's lessons were perfect delightful; they played together the sweetest little duets; they sang with aunt Ida, and they danced while she played. They wore, at the same time, dressed in the prettiest little dresses, and they called each other sister, and they lived as if the relationship had been real.

The poor Professor had greatly before the Professor returned, and during the long evenings Frau Goetzenberger many a time spoke of her Christmas tree, and of the marvellous things which the Christ-child would lay beneath it. Little Lina had finished the slippers for her papa, and Sanchen was working him a cover for his quiet oil-skin tobacco-bag, while Lina threaded beads to make a little purse for him, for the beautiful purse which aunt Ida had begun to knit for him. She had at once before, many years ago, "knitted a purse for her father's student Eberhard, of whom she retained such tender, yet painful recollections. The note which the Professor Von Hoffman had sent her about his little Lina must indeed have had a strange effect upon her, for it was the sight of that very note which had determined her to make just such another purse for him. She was now therefore knitting, and little Lina threaded the beads, and Sanchen worked the tobacco-bag.

When the children were gone to bed, the purse was put aside, and so was Frau Goetzenberger's usual knitting, and out came two beautiful pieces of wool knitting, which were destined in the end to become two pretty little jackets of sky-blue, with white borders, as Christmas presents from Frau Goetzenberger to the two little girls. Ida helped her therefore at night; she did all the cutting out, and Frau Goetzenberger work on both with rapidity and accuracy.

The Professor returned just in time for the commencement of the winter session, or *Semester*, as it is called. The number of students was now much greater than ever, and the Professor, who had been studying hard at Carlsbad, in order to add new matter to his lectures, was considerably more than dearly busy. He had not even time to call on his good neighbours to thank them for the care they had taken of his Ida, and he thought he was greatly injured during his absence. He sent, however, once more a verbal message by his old servant, Gretchen, to thank them, and to say that as early as possible he would call.

Lina, who found her home very dull in comparison with her little friend Sanchen's, was but seldom with her father, and, as I before, would be, until Christmas, so very much occupied. Little Sanchen sometimes went home with Lina, but the grave looks of the Professor seemed frightened her; besides, having lived all her life with ladies, she had not been used to tobacco-smoke, which she greatly disliked; therefore Lina, in order that she might enjoy her society, spent most of her evenings still at Frau Goetzenberger's. The two ladies, Frau Goetzenberger and Fraulein Ida, were so enough for her companions to be quite sure that no slight was intended them, although Professor Von Hoffman did not call. They were by no means exacting, and they thought that he had enough to do, and was reputed to be so learned and so celebrated a man, whose time was more valuable than gold, when he had sent them a polite message of thanks, by Gretchen.

CHAPTER IV.

At length Christmas was at hand, when the Professor's labours were remitted for a time, and, when learned as he was, he knew that it was his duty, as well as everybody else's to have a Christmas tree, and make a present to every one, rich or poor, whom he either loved or respected, or to whom he was under an obligation of gratitude. All these things, learned men, he knew, he took into consideration. If, thought he to himself, I had found my Ida Schmidt at Konigsberg, I should have laid out a hundred florins, at the least, in Christmas presents for her, and, alas! such good luck was not for me. The hundred florins, as far as she is concerned, still remains in my purse. I must, however, make those good ladies, Frau and Fraulein Goetzenberger, a handsome present, because they have been so good to Lina. Poor dear, little Lina! what a blessing it would have been for her had Ida been her mother! but it is no use lamenting. The day after to morrow is Christmas eve; there is therefore no time to lose. I must have a Christmas tree for Lina; and, as I have no child and fond beneath it not only a present for herself, but also for her kind friends and I will take her in myself to present them. I have a long neglected to call on them to return them my thanks." If they saw me to stop and eat a little salad and sausage that night, and to drink good wishes to them in a glass of wine, "I will do so! Ida will be much better than stopping here by myself.

With these thoughts, out came the professor's purse and he counted over the money which that which he was finishing at that very moment for him. He looked at the purse and sighed. Why did he sigh, for it was by no means an empty purse? He thought to himself, as he looked at it, "This purse is many years old. I have kept it carefully, and never used it until I set out on that luckless journey to Konigsberg, for I always felt that it would be a great proof to her by the purse, which I had treasured so long, how much I had valued her gift!" and again the professor heaved a sigh.

But sighing would not buy either his Christmas tree or the presents for his Lina's friends. He bethought himself, and soon decided that he would purchase splendid furs for the ladies. This was always acceptable.

For Fraulein Ida he would buy crimine, and for the old lady silk. The Professor was the best thing money could buy, and to the children he would be as good a benefactor as if he were a fairy godfather. If there ever was a good man, he was, as he took out of his purse. I cannot tell you how much money he put into it: and, throwing round him his large furcollared black cloak, and putting on his over-shoes, he set off into the town, where he made such astonishing purchases as put every shop-keeper into good humour for a week. He bought also an enormous Christmas cake, with a green garden, with sugar sweetmeats innumerable, and all were received safely into the house by ten o'clock, which, in that old-fashioned place, was late for her.

On the morning before Christmas Day, Frau Goetzenberger sent over her old servant Barbet with her compliments, and she begged that the Herr Baron Von Hoffman would do her the honour to bring in little Lina at 5 o'clock to see her Christmas tree, and afterwards to eat a little salad and sausage, and to drink a glass of wine with the ladies of her house.

The Professor hesitated to reply, "He was intending," he said, "to have a Christmas tree at home for his little Lina, and to invite the ladies to see it in his rooms, but that he could not think of bringing them out at night." He therefore returned his compliments by Barbet, and begged that Frau Goetzenberger would do him the honour to bring a Christmas tree for half an hour; and still further, would she permit her little grand-niece Sanchen to come over and see what good Christ-child had left for her, and her which he would have the pleasure of accompanying the two children to Frau Goetzenberger's and would feel much obliged in partaking of supper with her and Fraulein Ida.

Again Barbet crossed the garden to assure the Herr Professor that nothing could be more satisfactory than his arrangement.

Very busy was the good Professor all that morning in his library, the door of which was locked, so that little Lina had to knock and wait, ere he would peeped in. He had a deal to be about his Christmas tree, and often and often did he wish that he had not some aid in arranging it, and, if it had, he managed it all by himself! I really cannot say; however, at half-past four o'clock, little Sanchen was brought over in a new pale silk frock, with black satin shoes on and little black silk and black hat her lovely flaxen hair plaited like a crown round her head, and conducted into the Professor's sitting-room, which looked very dark, for the blue blaze, and one lamp, with a blue shade over it. Here, however, she was rapturously received by Lina, likewise dressed in a new pink silk frock and little black satin slippers on, and little black silk mits, and with her dark hair plaited just like Sanchen's.

The next moment a little bell was heard to ring, which the children knew was a signal, and, as they ran to the door between the library and sitting-room opened, and there was a sight for them! Such a blaze of light! such glittering! such a Christmas tree! such beautiful things—dolls, work-boxes, and cakes, and sugar-birds, and dogs, and milk-maids, and Tyrolean shepherds, lambs, of ermine and sable! But these could not be either for Lina or Sanchen.

"No," the Professor said, his countenance beaming with joy, (Sanchen was no longer afraid of him,) as he stood in the doorway, "these are for two little people I found in Konigsberg, they are very good, and sweetest little duets; they sang with aunt Ida, and they danced while she played." They wore, at the same time, dressed in the prettiest little dresses, and they called each other sister, and they lived as if the relationship had been real.

The poor Professor had a fruitless journey, and all that long, long, day, Ida and Lina, and Sanchen night and day to find, once more, a disappointment. The Fraulein Ida Schmidt was, he found, older than Ida Grom, and was married and had children; and it was a mistake altogether, and a sad disappointment to the poor Professor, who immediately leaving Konigsberg made another long journey to Carlsbad, where he determined to spend the autumn *Ferien*. In the meantime, all was as happy as could be at the house of Frau Goetzenberger. The children's lessons were perfect delightful; they played together the sweetest little duets; they sang with aunt Ida, and they danced while she played. They wore, at the same time, dressed in the prettiest little dresses, and they called each other sister, and they lived as if the relationship had been real.

The poor Professor had greatly before the Professor returned, and during the long evenings Frau Goetzenberger many a time spoke of her Christmas tree, and of the marvellous things which the Christ-child would lay beneath it. Little Lina had finished the slippers for her papa, and Sanchen was working him a cover for his quiet oil-skin tobacco-bag, while Lina threaded beads to make a little purse for him, for the beautiful purse which aunt Ida had begun to knit for him. She had at once before, many years ago, "knitted a purse for her father's student Eberhard, of whom she retained such tender, yet painful recollections. The note which the Professor Von Hoffman had sent her about his little Lina must indeed have had a strange effect upon her, for it was the sight of that very note which had determined her to make just such another purse for him. She was now therefore knitting, and little Lina threaded the beads, and Sanchen worked the tobacco-bag.

When the children were gone to bed, the purse was put aside, and so was Frau Goetzenberger's usual knitting, and out came two beautiful pieces of wool knitting, which were destined in the end to become two pretty little jackets of sky-blue, with white borders, as Christmas presents from Frau Goetzenberger to the two little girls. Ida helped her therefore at night; she did all the cutting out, and Frau Goetzenberger work on both with rapidity and accuracy.

The Professor returned just in time for the commencement of the winter session, or *Semester*, as it is called. The number of students was now much greater than ever, and the Professor, who had been studying hard at Carlsbad, in order to add new matter to his lectures, was considerably more than dearly busy. He had not even time to call on his good neighbours to thank them for the care they had taken of his Ida, and he thought he was greatly injured during his absence. He sent, however, once more a verbal message by his old servant, Gretchen, to thank them, and to say that as early as possible he would call.

Lina, who found her home very dull in comparison with her little friend Sanchen's, was but seldom with her father, and, as I before, would be, until Christmas, so very much occupied. Little Sanchen sometimes went home with Lina, but the