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For the National Era.

LIFE ON PRAIRIE DE LA FLEUR.—No. 9.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHRISTMAS ON THE PRAIRIE.

There is one festival, almost universal among the nations peopling Europe, which the Puritans left or tried to leave behind them, when they pushed from the dock of Leyden. It was no matter for wonder that, persecuted as they had been by a church which they looked upon as a young ear sister of "her who sitteth upon her seven hills," they should have thrown away the shadow with the substance of its organization. With the creed and liturgy, they strove to bury all those harmless forms and festivals that had sprung up around them. They would pluck no flowers on the brest of a volcano threatening to blight and engulph their faith and fortunes. Better, had no "fiery stone" from the heart of that volcano been received "to cast" at brethren whose errors in judgment and practice were but the fruit of the same honest enthusiasm that had nerved them to tread a higher path.

"Christ's mass" was of course particularly obnoxious to these well-meaning, though stern, reformers of faith and conscience. "Heroes in heart and hand" indeed were they; let the few blemishes upon their strong, upright characters be blotted out by a tear from that charity which "hideth a multitude" of unwelcome memories!

It was not thus with all; there were many communities who clung to the associations of childhood in "old England," where the "yule log" had always been kindled upon the high-backed chimney, lighting up their young hearts with a new gladsome light. But the stanchest of the sect sought to supplant the holyday, with its "heathen usages," by the New England born, New England cherished festival—Thanksgiving Day.

In the little village of my childhood's home, Christmas was scarcely honored by a notice in passing; indeed, I had nearly graduated from the age of sugar candies before I learned to echo the note of "Merry Christmas!" Of late years, however, the "good old Christmas time" has striven to renew its sway; and the Yankee children of this generation pay a most delighted allegiance to "Santa Claus," prime minister of its important opening ceremonies.

But it is not of Christmas in Puritan land that I have promised you a sketch. Come, then, on the wing of imagination from the home of my fathers to my prairie home. Prairie de la Fleur scarcely speaks its own name now; the frost-flowers are all that are left to gem and fasten its snow-well. But the whistling winds have chosen it for their hall of revelry. Hark! how they rave and shriek along the aisles of the woodland—then hurst forth like unchained maniacs to fly over the unbroken race-course of miles on miles, howling to one's fearful fancy the death-dirge of some benighted, lost traveller.

You need not stand to be stiffened into a Niebe-like statue in their bitter breath. Hasten along with the cloud-shadows that sweep across this fitfully moon-lighted track—past the ghost-like windmill—fossing its gaunt, bare arms, and creaking ominously to the cold evening storm.

Far down that glen is the frame of a prospective house, looming up in the cloudiness of the night. It promises a deal of roomy comfort in time for its occupant, whoever they may be. Peeping through the chinks of its beams in the hearth-fire of a low log cabin, snugly ensconced in the hollow behind it. If offers you a shelter from the bleak blasts—and a merry greeting, too, for it is "the night before Christmas, and all through the house" laughter is loudly ringing.

On the corner of the cracked hearth-stone sits good Farmer Rathburn, puffing his pipe slowly, and looking into the coals as though he read a lesson of contentment in every one of their scarlet flaming faces. No dream-castle-builder he! he is thinking of his Alleghanian wheat-stacks and of the prospective "shingle palace" that is to grow out of their profits. His "hands" are clustered in the opposite corner, cracking rough jokes and hickory nuts together, and shaking the brown rafters with their uproarous merriment. The good-wife, like a quiet spirit, is stepping to and out, and all about, "righting up" matters and things, with a special eye to her Christmas cake, whose unshapen sweetness is basking warmly inside the chimney corner. Davie, her only child, sits on a log stool, "rectifying" his skates for the morrow, and whistling a low, puzzled accompaniment to the higher notes. He is a genuine pity of a boy, is Davie!

But there is a fair, serious face behind the frolicksome group. Jessie, the sweet Scotch daughter by adoption to the good couple, is whizzing her wool-wheel in the duskiest corner, dreaming her own undisturbed dreams. See how her dark eyes dilate as they fix on the point of her dizzy spindle, over which the even thread is hurrying tirelessly. If Jessie were spinning out the thread of her own destiny around that spindle, she could not watch it more eagerly and strictly, nor with a deeper flush of emotion heaved up from her heart ever and anon to her cheeks. Ah! Jessie's memories and fancies are annihilating time and space to-night!

Listen—the laughter on the hearth-stone has ceased. The men have suddenly fixed themselves in their various positions; one with his chair tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees, and his feet braced against the brolling end of the huge "back-log;" another crouched upon the hearth, his chin resting in his hands, and his elbows on his knees; but all their eyes were fixed upon Michael, a German with a face like a withered russet apple, surmounted where the stem should be by a red flannel cap. Michael is telling, or rather chanting, a story of Christmas Eve in the dear, blessed old Germany of his childhood. The mysterious evergreen tree that used to hear such precious fruit springs up in fancy before them, hung with lamps, and with the gifts of the Christ-child! Then the family gathering around it—grandfather, grandmother, parents and children—and Michael, growing garrulous in the reklindling warmth of his heart, forgets to translate his German soliloquy intelligibly.

Jessie hums her wheel slowly, and yet more slowly, to catch every anecdote strung along the thread of the story; and when he stops at last, a blinding tear falls from her still open eye to her hand, and a quivering sigh is pressed back by her suddenly-closed lips. Poor girl! she knows what gift her heart's hopes would hang on that Christmas-tree—what the boon of the Christ-child to her should be!

Nine o'clock! strikes the Yankee-horn clock on the slab shelf; and, rousing themselves to a subdued, half-thoughtful laughter, the workmen, one by one, clamber up the ladder into the loft, paying their good-night compliments in Welsh, German, and Scotch-Irish. The respective fires of the last-named nation, indeed—a sturdy, rose-faced lad—stops before our industrious little wheel-twirzer, and tries to whisper something its twirling will drown. Nothing daunted, he slips the woollen hand from its place in the groove, and watches, in a sort of roguish resentment, her efforts to recover it without speaking.

"Be awa' wi' ye, Andrew, ye ne'er-do-weel!" she exclaims, with half a frown, and a dignified shake of a hand not quite as white as a city damsel's, but quite as graceful in its gestures.

"Ye'll ne'er hearken to me, Jessie!" he pleads, in extenuation. "Ane o' yer country ane kins folk, I wold be nighear to my auld grandfa'!"

"Ye heet ken for why *no!*" returns Jessie, in a very low, but decided, tone, turning her face determinedly away, and taking up her broken roll to join.

"Mind ye no o' lang syne to-night?" persists the repulsed swain.

"D' ye think I'm in its honny hox trim, and the mane—and a' that?"

"I *do* mind mo o' lang syne, mayhap!" she exclaims, suddenly turning full upon him a face in which tender and resentful memories are strongly blended with rising tears.

Silence shut from her eyes through these conflicting feelings, and the poor old-fashioned companion; but he pleads on, though still more awkwardly.

"Ye'll no hear my say, Jessie? ye'll wear the willow for aye?"

"Nae, mon! I'll hide nae word to-night nor ne'er?" she answers, gathering up her womanly dignity, as she slips her work in a hast with a hardy vibration into its groove.

Andrew turns away ruefully to his dormitory, and he will think of her sorrow in bed.

"What a blow!" speaks the farmer, from his obair, as he shrinks forward from a cool draught of air. "Next Christmas Eve will find us in the no o' Kirkcaldy, a fortnight ones mair!"

"It mae will be ear home-like!" speaks Jessie, half-regretfully, glancing about and blushing.

Mrs. Rathburn has seated herself, with chopping-knife and tray in hand, and a countenance whose mood of half-vexation quite contrasts with its expression of satisfaction, half an hour before.

"Ah, Jessie, Jessie! what ailed you at the girl, Jessie," she answers, with a marked emphasis in tone and in the full of her knife upon the contents of her tray. "Now, I'm for one minute and comfort, and a whole roof over one's head. Young folks can afford to live on by-gones, but old folks must look out for their living!"

"Jessie is a bonny lass to change the old love for the new!" returns Jessie, a strange and expressiveness compressing her lips and kindling her soft cheek.

Snap! goes her thread for the first time; and Jessie hends to mend it with a feeling of relief in shielding her flushed face.

"Better an' you did, child!" replies the good woman, laconically; and the farmer shakes his grave gray head thoughtfully, as he stirs with a long poker the fading coals.

"Andrewris' in a hnff to-night!" pute in David, slyly, from his seat.

"Ye mu' look farther and fare worse, I tell yon!" exclaim her mother, more decidedly. "Andrew is a likely lad, and better to do than *some* I could speak on! You keep to a shadow—foolish girl!"

Jessie drops a tear down upon a plain gold ring—her betrothal ring—that was wedded to her finger just one short year ago this very evening.

"I'll ne'er be false to it!" she murmurs, low.

"I wish you may ever see him alive, the runagate!" addes the other, in a tone embodying some anxiety and more contempt; and Jessie bursts into tears.

"Don'e be harsh now, Sally!" says the farmer in a peace-promoting tone. "Jessie is a likely lassie, and there's time enough to her yet in life! Don't get up a free for Christmas Eve, anyhow! Jessie knows I'm her friend, and I'm her father!"

"Ye've sye been kind and gude to me syne I was my sin father's bairn!" she exclaims, choking down her sobs with composure, as she leans upon the arm of his chair; and he strokes her bowed head with his horny hand.

"Dear me!" he soliloquizes, breaking the silence of a few minutes. "It seems as I had like Dave here, Christmas was no more than any other week-day! and Popish enough would the fellow have been, if anybody had marked it out in his almanac, and chopped a chip the less for its coming!"

"What's the use?" asks Davie.

"It's the use of yer Christ's birth-time!" chimes in Jessie, reverentially.

"True, my girl, so they say—and it's not be so not as some of yer clergy opiniomate, why, there is no harm in judging it so, yonder. We must beg his blessing, and go to the rest he gives us. Put by your spinning and skates, my children; and, mayhap, we'll read the chapter out of Saint Luke!"

The simple prayer is said; Davie has scampered up the ladder after his predecessors; the old couple are snugly tucked in their bed; Jessie retires in ease; and Jessie sits down alone with the blazing coals. At first she hends her head into her checked-apron, and sits motionless on the hearth; then, drawing a long breath, she lifts a short sad murmurs, "Ane twelve month syne! but I mauna bide *thinking!!*"

With one long glance at her ring, she draws from her pocket a pair of worsted red and brown mittens, tastefully and secretly wrought for a Christmas present to Davie, whose blue sock hangs from the chimney piece, unprovided with Santa Claus; and she commences narrowing off the thumb.

She has a watcher from above. Davie is a longhended hoy, and he has a secret slumbering in that hend to-night, which circumstances will doubtless develop; at present it only peops out of his shrewd, twinkling hazel eye, which is bent to the chink in the floor beside his mat-hed.

"I'd give a sixpence to know what that Jessie is hawking! It ceds ne for Andrew; no, there he is snoring away in the loft corner, as stupidly as though she hadn't sent him up with a flea in his ear! It can't be for that scrape-grace of a Pierre, who has been better than her twice over, because he's beyond land and seas, and I hope he'll stay there! I wonder!" he adds, pulling a coloed square from his pocket, and eyeing it slyly and consequentially, and, holding it to the flickering ray from beneath, "New York,?" he reads the prescription curiously. "It can't be *he*, anyhow! or she wouldn't last. 'Tree of knowledge,' therefore he stitching and manouvering for my honorable and distinguished self. Hum! I'm a lucky dog, to be sure! Jessie's good, though, hang up her stocking, and give a fellow a chance to pay her back in her own coin," says he, tucking the letter under his holster. "Heigho! I'm tired of sewing, and sewing with her changing destiny, the-world kind of sight shall I have at a partridge to-morrow? Ugh!" as a fresh blast rattled against the window, and the snow-flakes drew down the crannies of the roof, he pulled his blanket over his shivering shoulders. "A time of it Santa Claus'll have, poking down *our* chimney, I'm sure! I hope he'll not wake the old ma' telling shout our ears! Not stirring yet down there! Well, well! I'll tuck in, and wake to the store of the morning—if I can!"

David turns over to his straw pillow, and falls asleep in three minutes' time.

Jessie, too, stops to listen to the hlast, and shudders involuntarily as the thought of her betrothal night—a clear, calm, star-lit, heaven-lit night—comes over her, and she feels as if the whole world had swept with her changing destiny. She fastens the last tapering thread of the gay mittens, holds them proudly up in the fire-light, and then hestens to fold and put away the little red apple, to be the gaping mouth of the overhanging stocking. She softly buries the few palo embers in an avalanche of ashes, and stoops a moment to muse over them.

"Forgotten! Nae, nae! it mauna be! it *cannae* be!" she whispers, fervently. "Bides he wi' the angels! Sure then he wud na leave me sae lancy—he wud be nigh me, this trysting night! cure he kens I would ne'er dread *his wraith!*" and she glanced around, half hopingly, half superstitiously. "I'll tak greet!" and she flashes off a large tear that has swelled up in defiance of her resolution. "I'll awa' to dream!"

"We will leave Jessie in those dreams to-night; seeking, as in his hlast, the spirit of her lost lover glens sing over again the song of "Peace on earth and good will to men!"

"Bad luck to all sluggards and sleepers!" exclaims David wrathfully, in the cool of the morning, as he shakes himself out of dream-land, and catches the flickering of the morning fire upon the frosted shingles over-head.

"Davie!" calls Jessie, from the foot of the ladder, "ye maun speed and rouse the men-folk. The cows ha' strayed on the prairie; the barn door is broken wi' the hoves; the fences hal, and the creatures ganged awa'!"

"Plague on the cows, for a pack of barbarous wild critters!" he calls, in reply. "Whatever in creation sent them straying over the prairie this bitter night?" he adds, *sotto voce*, as he draws on his blue hose. "All's up, now! Jessie stirring in that house as sure as I live! Well, she shall pay for this, by waiting my while now!"

"Davie!" calls his mother, as he swings down the ladder-rounds, and towards the door; "don't go to morrow fasting—drink of something warming. Here's a mug of coffee, lad!"

"Coffee be confounded!" he exclaims, impatiently, sticking one slipper into the fire, which Jessie as dexterously rescues with the giant tongs.

"Thank ye, Jessie!" he condescends to say, half in shame, taking a scorching roll from her hand; "you're a rare sis for a cross coot of a fellow like me!"

Will you peep out on the prairie, after your sumptuous breakfast, reader? The storm has flown howling back to its den, and left its amphitheatre to the brisk wind that always plays over the prairie, but with a light foot-prints, however, as well as its snow-cloak, behind it. Yonder, miles of fence lie prostrated, as at one single breath; and the wind-mill, with its long arms that has been linked in the overthrow, and the pastures are mingled into one, to-day. The windmill has been whirling all night without the help of its wings, and now it lies, helpless as a fallen oak, in morning light, as though its joints were stiff from their play with the storm. Yonder, is a barn lying on its side, and the sheep are scampering off, without a fold or a shepherd, to pastures unknown. There is Farmer L.'s house unroofed, surely! What will the poor children do for a Christmas covering to their heads? Ah! very little hatching in the prairie hangs out to them, and not one of them shall want the choicest bit of the Christmas-dinner, roasting or turkey-hot.

Here come the sleighs in merry jingle! Don't criticize them; their pattern is not from Yankee land, certainly; but if "the *beauty* of a sleigh-ride is *enjoyment*," then these, of all ones that I see, why then, none of you can boast more, even in the line of the *beautiful*, than these Christmas riders on their prairie land. Why, there goes a "jumper," darting over the soft snow like a bird across a cloud. It was framed by its owner last evening, from a couple of long hickory poles, curved in at the end, and held up by a few planks loosely put together; and if it fall apart in mid-prairie, so much the merrier for him, his wild companion, and wilder colt!

These people are not of "the aristocracy," even of this corner of America. They are among the lineal descendants of Adam, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows; they are plebeians, "in the sweat of their brow;" and who, if they take only one holyday from the labors of the year, will claim it from Christmas, in memory of the "cold country" across the wide ocean.

Have a care of the frost, friends! It claims toll of all who invade its domain to-day, and thick must be the shield that can successfully ward off its shafts! One morning a poor man was thus crossing this prairie on foot, in the lull after a fierce snow-storm, with a young boy; he failed at last, and, dropping down into the stagnation of death, sent on his young companion, to battle for life a little longer. The youth reached a house after an agonizing walk, but in the exhaustion of both his feet he paid the forfeit of the rash attempt, which had proved fatal to one—nearly so, to both.

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"Oh! sunny Jessie, sunny! I and Henry a corn dodger!" clamors one, as Jessie turns the article from the flat stone over the hot ashes.

"There! tak' it, and gang awa' wi' ye a! I sall be burnt cinders!" she adds, smiling.

The dinner is over, the fragments carefully gathered up by the same heedful hands that spread the luxurious board. The guests have weighed the children, with hums and oakes in hand, have sauntered into some neighbor's kitchen. Jessie's own irelea hands, too, have washed every china and glass and silver spoon to glossy whiteness, and set it into the old-fashioned crockery cabinet, opened only on state occasions—an heir-loom from generations gone by.

Jessie takes up her coarse blue knitting—for her husy fingers would ache if idle for a moment—and seats herself on the chintz-cushioned settee by the window, to muse and dream.

Davie stalks in presently, stacks his gun above the mantel-piece, then throws a brace of partridges at her feet, and himself down beside them.

"Ye're in luck, laddie," she observes, looking at the still feathers, whose changeable beauty is disfigured by blood-stains.

Backwoods children are trained by stern necessity to look upon the shedding of a wild bird's or beast's cold innocent blood, with other eyes than those whose daily meat is gained through the hands of a butcher, behind whose shambles they, of course, never cast a glance or thought. The pioneer invades the territory of bird and beast, and is forced to keep good his title for a time, by perpetual warfare with those who claim the right of possession. Suppose some day in clouds, to root up every blade of corn in his hardly-earned clearing; wolves steal into his sheep-fold; rabbits burrow and gnaw ruin in his bed of a garden patch; nameless birds of air steal away his precious little store of home-raised fruit. He has no adequate means of defence against the gun, and he often learns to use it too remorselessly.

"I shot them on the wing, Jessie!" he exclaims, with warmth; then suddenly lowering his tone—"I hope I didn't hurt the poor birds! I'm sure I'm better than these mittens—they heat buckskin hollow for keeping a fellow's fingers warm—that's a fact!"

"A secret! for why—for who?"

"Don't tease me, laddie! out wi' it, quick?"

"There, then," cried Davie, tossing the brown-lin, tuney parcel into her lap, "there's for whom! Say Santa Claus didn't give you nothing, for he brought that in his budget, only *I* was too confounded cross. But what ails you, Jessie?"

Jessie has drooped her head over the fabric, and grasped the letter spasmodically. *She* knows the handwriting too quickly and too well, though the superscription is a strange one!

"What's come to you, Jessie?" insists the half-frightened boy, as she still sits speechlessly motionless, her parted lips growing paler every moment. "I'll call mother down, that I will?" and he springs to the ladder.

"Nae, nae, hide a bit!" she whispers, by a violent effort, she compelling back suddenly to her cheeks and forehead, as she leans upon his shoulder. "It's—it's only—oh! thanks be to Heaven!" and she burst into tears, the too full heart's overcoming.

"Don't cry, Jessie! It ain't a black seal?" pleads David, who in his boyish logic can conceive of only one cause for tears. "Don't epoil your eyes before you come to read it?"

"Bless ye, boy, it's nae *that!* I kenned *he* was nae false. I kenned he was nae dead—I kenned he was alive!"—she pressed her hand to her throbbing side; "but my heart has been sair—sair weary o' waiting! Bide a while yet, laddie! I canna choose but *greet!*"

She leaned at last the huge red seal that fastene the packet—and lo! two gold dollars roll from their hiding-place beneath to the boy's feet. David's involuntary shout and caper bring the family all down and around them, to share the joyful news that her glowing cheek strives in vain to hide.

"Ah, Jessie! you needn't cover your face with the cheek curtain! Come, I know it's from Pierre, now; and by Yankee right of that geese have a right to know what's come to the chap!"

"Silence, David!" counsels his father, wisely.

"Jessie, girl, is it good news to you?"

Jessie lifts her tear-flushed face to him without speaking; but its silence is more expressive than words; and a smile breaks beamingly all over it, like the sunlight from under the fringes of a thunder-cloud, as she hides it on the shoulder of her aged father. "What's come to the chap?" he repeats, with a low, tender voice. "Is Pierre well?"

"Plague on the cows, for a pack of barbarous wild critters!" he calls, in reply. "Whatever in creation sent them straying over the prairie this bitter night?" he adds, *sotto voce*, as he draws on his blue hose. "All's up, now! Jessie stirring in that house as sure as I live! Well, she shall pay for this, by waiting my while now!"

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"Ah, Jessie! you needn't cover your face with the cheek curtain! Come, I know it's from Pierre, now; and by Yankee right of that geese have a right to know what's come to the chap?"

"Silence, David!" counsels his father, wisely.

"Jessie, girl, is it good news to you?"

Jessie lifts her tear-flushed face to him without speaking; but its silence is more expressive than words; and a smile breaks beamingly all over it, like the sunlight from under the fringes of a thunder-cloud, as she hides it on the shoulder of her aged father. "What's come to the chap?" he repeats, with a low, tender voice. "Is Pierre well?"

WASHINGTON.

"Plague on the cows, for a pack of barbarous wild critters!" he calls, in reply. "Whatever in creation sent them straying over the prairie this bitter night?" he adds, *sotto voce*, as he draws on his blue hose. "All's up, now! Jessie stirring in that house as sure as I live! Well, she shall pay for this, by waiting my while now!"

"Davie!" calls his mother, as he swings down the ladder-rounds, and towards the door; "don't go to morrow fasting—drink of something warming. Here's a mug of coffee, lad!"

"Coffee be confounded!" he exclaims, impatiently, sticking one slipper into the fire, which Jessie as dexterously rescues with the giant tongs.

"Thank ye, Jessie!" he condescends to say, half in shame, taking a scorching roll from her hand; "you're a rare sis for a cross coot of a fellow like me!"

Will you peep out on the prairie, after your sumptuous breakfast, reader? The storm has flown howling back to its den, and left its amphitheatre to the brisk wind that always plays over the prairie, but with a light foot-prints, however, as well as its snow-cloak, behind it. Yonder, miles of fence lie prostrated, as at one single breath; and the windmill, with its long arms that has been linked in the overthrow, and the pastures are mingled into one, to-day. The windmill has been whirling all night without the help of its wings, and now it lies, helpless as a fallen oak, in morning light, as though its joints were stiff from their play with the storm. Yonder, is a barn lying on its side, and the sheep are scampering off, without a fold or a shepherd, to pastures unknown. There is Farmer L.'s house unroofed, surely! What will the poor children do for a Christmas covering to their heads? Ah! very little hatching in the prairie hangs out to them, and not one of them shall want the choicest bit of the Christmas-dinner, roasting or turkey-hot.

Here come the sleighs in merry jingle! Don't criticize them; their pattern is not from Yankee land, certainly; but if "the *beauty* of a sleigh-ride is *enjoyment*," then these, of all ones that I see, why then, none of you can boast more, even in the line of the *beautiful*, than these Christmas riders on their prairie land. Why, there goes a "jumper," darting over the soft snow like a bird across a cloud. It was framed by its owner last evening, from a couple of long hickory poles, curved in at the end, and held up by a few planks loosely put together; and if it fall apart in mid-prairie, so much the merrier for him, his wild companion, and wilder colt!

These people are not of "the aristocracy," even of this corner of America. They are among the lineal descendants of Adam, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows; they are plebeians, "in the sweat of their brow;" and who, if they take only one holyday from the labors of the year, will claim it from Christmas, in memory of the "cold country" across the wide ocean.

Have a care of the frost, friends! It claims toll of all who invade its domain to-day, and thick must be the shield that can successfully ward off its shafts! One morning a poor man was thus crossing this prairie on foot, in the lull after a fierce snow-storm, with a young boy; he failed at last, and, dropping down into the stagnation of death, sent on his young companion, to battle for life a little longer. The youth reached a house after an agonizing walk, but in the exhaustion of both his feet he paid the forfeit of the rash attempt, which had proved fatal to one—nearly so, to both.

There is no service to-day in that speck of a church that you spy afar by the woodland. Presbyterians cannot quite follow their Episcopal brethren in the sacrifice of body and blood, when one por the other care for little hesides feasting and frolicking.

But the poor are over—save where the drunken shout of a few rough revellers from town rings through the frosty air. Alas! that "the poison which steals men's brains" should flow so freely and so widely upon Christmas Eve!

A merry dinner circle has Farmer Rathburn, with a little knot of old friends, and his neighbors from neighboring Dunciel yonder. Jessie has forgotten her dreams and her griefs in the excitement of responsibility for the perfection of her goose sance and plum-pudding.

"Bide a bit, Davie! Ye ma' be urgent, as she hungry children crowd around her, eadly to the discomposure of her operations.

"Oh! sunny Jessie, sunny! I and Henry a corn dodger!" clamors one, as Jessie turns the article from the flat stone over the hot ashes.

"There! tak' it, and gang awa' wi' ye a! I sall be burnt cinders!" she adds, smiling.

The dinner is over, the fragments carefully gathered up by the same heedful hands that spread the luxurious board. The guests have weighed the children, with hums and oakes in hand, have sauntered into some neighbor's kitchen. Jessie's own irelea hands, too, have washed every china and glass and silver spoon to glossy whiteness, and set it into the old-fashioned crockery cabinet, opened only on state occasions—an heir-loom from generations gone by.

Jessie takes up her coarse blue knitting—for her husy fingers would ache if idle for a moment—and seats herself on the chintz-cushioned settee by the window, to muse and dream.

Davie stalks in presently, stacks his gun above the mantel-piece, then throws a brace of partridges at her feet, and himself down beside them.

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 3, 1851.

☞ Subscribers will please remember, as their subscriptions run out, that the postage on the *Era*, after the 30th of June, will be about one-half what it is now. We hope they will bear in mind too that we rely upon them, and upon them alone, for keeping up and extending the circulation of the paper. Lest they may have forgotten, we republish the terms:

Terms—two dollars per annum, *always payable in advance.*

Every subscriber renewing his subscription, and sending us two NEW subscribers, shall have the three copies for five dollars. Clubs: five copies for eight dollars; ten copies for fifteen dollars.

"American Telegraph" is the title of a penny daily, lately commenced in this city by Connolly, Wimer, & McGill. It is a neatly printed, interesting paper, and Mr. Connolly is already very favorably known to the public, through his connection with the *Republic*, as local editor. The enterprise deserves well of our citizens, and bids fair to succeed.

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE MAN.

From March 7th, 1850, to March 31st, 1851, the most prominent, if not the most attractive object in the political world, has been Daniel Webster. During that period he has reached an eminence higher, if not more enviable, than was ever his lot before.

The 7th of March, 1850, witnessed his sudden, unexpected, total repudiation of the Ordinance of 1787 in its application to United States Territory—a policy to which by his position as a Massachusetts Whig, by his long course of opposition to the extension of Slavery, by his speeches, letters, and declarations innumerable, he had been solemnly, and, in the judgment of the Public, irrevocably committed. That act shocked his friends and amazed his enemies; filled one section of his country with joy; the other, with sorrow, shame, and indignation. Had not the death of General Taylor opened the way for a new Cabinet, the close of Mr. Webster's Senatorial term would have afforded the People of Massachusetts an opportunity to show their sense of his political apostacy, by permitting him to retire from public life. But, the accession of Mr. Fillmore prevented him from falling into their hands.

From that hour, slaveholders and their allies, without distinction of Party, determined that this signal act of treachery to Northern Principle should be rewarded with signal honors; it would never do to overlook the claims of a statesman who had risked so much in their behalf. Under the pressure of their influence, Mr. Fillmore was prevailed upon to interpose between him and his constituents, and to assign him the highest place in his Administration, if the future character of which, the appointment was an infallible indication.

From that day to this, by the contrivances of his friends and of himself, he has been constantly kept before the American People, and an act, which ought to have overwhelmed him with political odium, has been held up as an infinite claim to their admiration and confidence. Let us review some of these contrivances.

A circular letter, expressive of high approbation of his conduct, a sort of testimonial to character, is circulated by his zealous partisans for signatures, and when, by every appeal to good nature, to policy, to personal friendship, to old attachments, the requisite number of signatures has been obtained, their names are paraded in the newspapers to show how well the great statesman is sustained in his apostacy.

Next follow gratulatory letters from Doctors of Divinity, imposed upon in their secluded retreats by the notion that the Union was about to fall, when Daniel Webster with a noble daring stepped forward, put his Atlantean shoulders under the massive pile, which now only stands by his strength.

Greetings from Democratic veterans, trained champions of slavery, are next in order. Old Party animosities are forgotten in the gush of warm gratitude to this new Saviour of the Union.

Then come addresses and letters from Union meetings, daily chronicling the perils of the crisis, and the deeds of the man who has been willing to sacrifice himself in the effort to avert them.

To all these testimonials Mr. Webster returns prompt and patriotic answers, dwelling upon the Union and the Constitution, as if for the first time the People needed to be informed of the obligations of the one or the blessings of the other, and as if the first discoverer of both were Daniel Webster.

Quite opportunely, a mob of a few negroes in the city of Boston rescues by surprise from the custody of a deputy marshal, off his guard, an alleged fugitive from slavery. What a famous occasion for a display of the sublimest attributes of the Government—of its invincible determination to vindicate the Majesty of the Laws, of its noble heroism in behalf of the Union! A Proclamation, necessary preliminary to the use of the War Power, as lightning preludes the thunder, startles the country. The telegraphic wires are kept hot with the fervore of patriotic anxiety which quivers with the news, that the Secretary of State receives from and sends to his Boston commissioner alarm-messages. The clash of arms is heard, as the army is put in motion, and the rattling of chains tells that the navy is getting underweigh. With such dread preparations to catch a poor runaway, and punish the few negroes who, after taking him from a slavery deputy, went quietly about their business, who can doubt that the illustrious Secretary of State and his President are equal to all emergencies, and that the Union and the Constitution are safe in their custody?

But, the immortality gained on this famous occasion, is not enough. The *honor* and *humanity* of the Government have been beautifully illustrated by the untiring Zeal, with which the fugitive note from the Austrian Government gave him an opportunity to magnify the power and resources of our glorious Republic, and show off a considerable amount of Fourth of July "pluck" against Foreign Despots. No special necessity existed for the disclosure of the correspondence—it could answer no purpose, unless to tickle the national vanity and afford an opportunity to Mr. Webster's partisans for a little glorification; but it was called for by Senatorial resolution, and laid before the American People. The same contrivance brought out a correspondence concerning Kossuth and his compatriots in captivity.

And then follows an epistolary correspondence between the venerable schoolmaster and his venerable pupil, with due note of the substantial gratitude of the latter; and another correspondence, concerning a carriage, brace of horses and harness, which was handsomely acknowledged by the Secretary, with eloquent allusion to the Union and Constitution, elegantly garnished with classic quotation.

The latest effort at glorification is a dinner given to him at Annapolis, by the Constitutional Convention of Maryland, in session at that place. Whig and Democrat united to do him honor. The lion and the lamb lay down together, and a political millennium made its advent in Annapolis. The President, and Daniel Webster, and Henry Clay, and General Cass, and General Foote, were toasted and drunk by Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian. It was a Pentecost of good feeling, only, instead of speaking in many tongues, all were made to speak in one tongue, and that was burdened with the praises of Daniel Webster.

A change of opinion and position is not necessarily blameworthy or discreditable. The politician who abandons a wrong course for a right one, does well, and deserves the praise of a well-doer. It was the change from a right to a wrong position that brought down upon the head of Mr. Webster the reprobation of the best men generally of the North.

Nor do we blame the South for seeking to exalt him for his services. He is a mean client that defrauds his advocate. The upholders of Slavery are wise in honoring the politicians who venture something to favor its interests. And we feel disposed to pity, rather than denounce, the well-meaning gentlemen, not much versed in politics, who, put in terror by imaginary dangers to the Union, have offered up incense to Mr. Webster, as the saviour of the country in a dark and threatening hour. But there is large class of trading politicians who care nothing for Truth, Justice, or Mercy—who have no conceptions of National Well-Being, that do not connect themselves with pecuniary or other personal interests; and who hope to share in what they suppose the rising fortunes of Mr. Webster. To them he is largely indebted for these systematic efforts to keep him before the country. They would prepare the way for his elevation to the Presidency, perfectly indifferent as to the combinations of parties by which it might be effected, or as to what old issues it might become necessary to overhaul.

The example of Mr. Webster shows how *far* a statesman of high position and commanding talent may defy the public sentiment of his particular section of the Union, and yet retain place, power, and reputation. Had Mr. Webster maintained his original ground on the Territorial Question, scarcely a prominent man in his party would have dared to abandon the Wilmot Proviso. He changed, and whole battalions went over with him; the eloquent and learned men of distinguished politicians and ecclesiastics were at once enlisted in his defence; and his party caused, as such, to support the policy of Slavery Restriction by positive law. The time may come when this example of defection from the Right, may encourage the defection from the Wrong of some equally distinguished statesman in another quarter. Some Northern man of exalted position and talent, arriving at the conclusion that the highest welfare of the Republic demands the abolition of Slavery, and that this can be effected without serious detriment to the interests of any considerable class, may at some future time feel it his duty to announce openly his convictions, and rally around him the many citizens of the South, who now from prudence deplore the evils of Slavery, but from prudential considerations suppress their opinions.

For the National Era.

CHRISTMAS TO THE ORPHAN.

BY MISS PHŒBE CARRY.

When my morning's dream was broken
By the glad hell's happy chime,
Hard I childish voices shouting,
"'Twas merry Christmas time!" "
And along the street at noonday,
Where life heaved its restless tide,
Passing meet each other,
Smiling lip to lip replied.

And I walked among them, thinking,
While I kept my lonesome way,
They are happy, very happy,
Who have homes and friends to-day!
To my heart I kept repeating,
I am weary, I am lorn,
Not a soul to say to me, "God bless you!"
Since the bells rung in the morn.

So I woke within my bosom
Such a tempest of dark woe,
That my heart to-night is rocking
On its wild waves to and fro!
All the children, all the maidens,
All are happy that I see;
But life seem very dreary,
Had a sadder day for me!

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

"For ourselves, also, we confess, that with all her faults, yet kindred as she is to us in blood, in language, and in institutions, and united as we are more than any other two nations, by commerce, we should prefer the continuance of her political ascendency in Europe, to the accession of any other nation. She derives a large portion of her food from the West, and of the raw material for clothing the world, from the South; and her fall, while it would bring ruin on the whole fabric of our industrial prosperity, would cause a revolution in this country only less momentous than in her own."

Thus speaks the *Southern Press* of England, and we take pleasure in avowing our cordial concurrence in the sentiments it expresses. There are prejudiced and narrow-minded persons on both sides of the Atlantic, who would sow the seeds of discord and alienation between the United States and Great Britain; who would place them in the position of antagonists, with interests eternally in conflict, to such an extent that the growth of one must be regarded as perilous to the security of the other. These constitute but a small portion of the citizens in either country, but they make up in zeal and clamor what they lack in numbers.

England and the United States belong to the same sphere of civilization. The fact that they have one language in common, in which are embodied the imperishable records of their laws and institutions, their science and literature, their are prejudiced and narrow-minded persons on both sides of the Atlantic, who would sow the seeds of discord and alienation between the United States and Great Britain; who would place them in the position of antagonists, with interests eternally in conflict, to such an extent that the growth of one must be regarded as perilous to the security of the other. These constitute but a small portion of the citizens in either country, but they make up in zeal and clamor what they lack in numbers.

England and the United States belong to the same sphere of civilization. The fact that they have one language in common, in which are embodied the imperishable records of their laws and institutions, their science and literature, their arts and commerce, their battles for Freedom and triumphs over Despotism, is of itself a stronger bond of sympathy and relationship than can exist between either of them and any other nation. Talk as we may of the mixture of races in this country, exaggerate as we may certain peculiarities which distinguish the American from the Englishman, the truth remains that being belong to one family, are alike in essentials of character—in hardiness, adventure, tenacity of purpose, sincerity, earnestness, practical good sense, contempt of pretension and imposture, self-reliance, love of personal freedom, capacity for self-government and respect for order—alike in their ample provision for domestic comfort, their comparative indifference to the external world, their aptitude for colonization; alike in their religion, fundamental laws and institutions, and social usages.

Each branch of the family, to use a cant, but significant term, has a mission to accomplish, and is so located that it may reach its highest development without infringement on the sphere of the other. The mission of the Queen of Great Britain is now, and has long been, in the second ant; in the New World, the United States are mostly a rival. Together, they exert a controlling influence over the destinies of mankind. No other nation colonizes and civilizes so rapidly and so thoroughly as they do. This continent is the grand field of our operations; Australasia, the New Zealand, the Indian Archipelago, domain of our elder brother. The United States seek no interference in European or Oriental affairs; Great Britain seks only security for what she already possesses in America. There can be no conflict of ambition between them, if their respective Governments are controlled by ordinary good sense and moderation. And, if no conflict of ambition, much less of rivalry. Common interests bind them ever more closely than a common relationship. Each is the most important consumer and producer for the other. The stoppage of our production would ruin her, as the destruction of her industry would prostrate us.

With such ties between us, such grounds for mutual respect and affection, does it seem wise for "should prefer the continuance of her political ascendency in Europe to the accession of any other nation."

Nor do we entertain a doubt of her ability to maintain this ascendency. Divided as she is in territory, she is no more so than when she marshaled Europe against Napoleon, and conquered the Conqueror. The causes of her present state those signs of weakness which the *Southern Press* attempts to point out. She has doubled her population in the last fifty years, besides sending out vast streams of "emigration to all parts of the world. She has more than doubled her commerce, her wealth, and her resources. The social condition of the masses of her people is better than it was at the beginning of the present century. Statistics show that there is less pauperism, less crime, less ignorance, less proportionate taxation, less suffering, a higher standard of living among them, than there was then. As to the conflict of classes, its bitterness has been mitigated rather than aggravated, as monopolies one by one, have given way, and more and more of the people have been elevated to the enjoyment of political rights. What if her standing army at home has been reduced to fifty thousand men, while that of France has been augmented to four or five hundred thousand—at the first tap of an invader's drum, could we suppose France mad enough, with volcanic elements at work in her own bowels, to dream of a descent upon her ancient rival, every man on English soil would be transformed into a soldier, more formidable than the best drilled mercenary that breathes. It is a mistake to suppose that the martial virtues are best cultivated by the unwilling, sluggish performance of camp duty in times of peace. That nation will be found to be most dangerous in war, whose citizens in peace are left at liberty to develop their energies in fearful struggles with adversity, or in the daring pursuits of pleasure, while the products of their ever-working energies, instead of being wasted in useless war-armaments, go to the aggrandizement of national power, and the multiplication of national resources. The same causes which, as some suppose, have been operating unfavorably upon the warlike character of the nation, or rather, the courage and daring of the English people, have been in full operation in this country; but we all know with what eagerness, at the first signal of war, our peace-loving, peace-drilled people sprang at the throat of the Republic of Mexico, and that, too, in a war pronounced by more than one-half of them to be unjust and aggressive. The *Southern Press* has mistaken the character of the English People, their condition and resources. Never were they more powerful, more courageous, more capable of prolonged endurance, abler to inflict deadly blows, than they are now. Abroad and at home, their Government has shown itself equal to all emergencies. When, a year or two since its empire in the Indies was menaced by the warlike Sikhs, it unfailingly met the danger, and vindicated its supremacy! And at home, did it betray any signs of debility, when Rebellion lifted its front in Ireland, and Chartism threatened the throne in London? The wrongs of Ireland have always commanded our sympathy, and excited our indignation against her oppressor; and we have ever bid God-speed to the efforts of the masses in England to secure political rights; but bloody revolution in Great Britain is not the way to redress wrong, or establish right, any more than in this country; and we rejoiced when we saw with what irresistible might the Government crushed the spirit of insurrection, and upheld the cause of order.

The *Southern Press* exaggerates the dangers to be apprehended from France. That Republic is warlike, but she is not so stable in her domestic affairs, or so prosperous, that she can afford to provoke lightly such a Power as England. No Frenchman now dreams of the conquest of Great Britain, and the *Southern Press* pays but a poor compliment to the "poor, rural" population of France, when it supposes that the immense wealth of London must prove a provocative to its appetite for plunder. We were not aware that the robber-instinct was characteristic of the French people. The history of the late revolution, when the masses of Paris, indoctrinated as they were with the ideas of Socialism, had possession of what they call capital, commended to us pillars of wealth, and yet prohibited plunder under pain of death, scarcely gives countenance to the notion that the treasures of London are so inviting to the poor people of France, that they will seize the first opportunity to make a descent upon England for the sake of plunder!

There is nothing in the circumstances of the two Powers, nothing in their relations to each other, nothing in their relations to Europe generally, which threatens to embroil them. On the contrary, they belong to the same great system of Representative Government, and they are equally interested in maintaining political institutions, founded to a great extent in common upon the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty, against the aggressive designs of Russian and Austrian Despotism.

CORRESPONDENTS—ERROR CORRECTED.

Correspondents are not always as reasonable as they ought to be. Some of them deem their communications of so much importance that they are apt to get out of humor, if obliged to wait for their publication. We are disposed to be as obliging as possible, but our sheet is not gum-elastic. There are communications now on our table, and in our pigeon-holes, enough to fill the *Era* for a month to come to the exclusion of everything else. We cannot print them all at once, nor can we consent to crowd them upon our readers so rapidly, as to deprive them of that variety of entertainment which they have a right to look for. Some time ago, a correspondent who had furnished us some articles on a subject largely discussed in our columns, not seeing them in the paper as soon as he expected, sent us a note withdrawing his subscription. He is welcome to do so; his articles will be disposed of without the slightest reference to that fact. Another, impatient of waiting, publishes his communication in another paper. We regret that he had to publish it, but this will save us the necessity. The closing paragraph shows that the whole article was written under a misapprehension of our views. We copy it for the purpose of correcting it:

"Now, as an example of wrong and wicked neglect, I refer to the fact that last Session of Congress for the reclamation of fugitive slaves.

"I understand you (though of opinion that the law is unjust) to recommend passive obedience to it. Now I insist, that the Bible will never reverse its own judgment, no matter whose or is greed. For example, let us suppose that all the slaves in the United States escape, and evade the vigilance of their pursuers, but exactly the same number of free persons, including yourself, be seized and carried into Slavery. Would you wrong less due be any greater than if they had caught the identical slaves that escaped? And in that event, do you suppose you would still feel it your duty to practice and teach passive obedience to the law in question? If you would, you are up to the golden rule."

We have never taught passive obedience, or any other kind of obedience to laws requiring us to do wrong. Our position is just the reverse. We marvel how any one could have mistaken it, is: Peaceable non-conformity to such laws, conjoined with submission to their penalties. This is the duty of the citizen, unless circumstances justify a revolution.

VIRGINIA OPPOSED TO SECESSION.

The Legislature of Virginia has adopted, with great unanimity, (there being but two or three dissentients in either branch,) resolutions in favor of abiding by the Compromise measures of the last session, expressing kind feeling towards South Carolina, but pronouncing against secession, and announcing her purpose to send no delegates to the Southern Congress. The *Southern Press* denounces Virginia as being now the foremost of the "*submission* States."

ALLEGED IRREGULARITIES OF THE MAIL.

The following extracts from a letter written by a prominent postmaster at the West, in reply to a letter calling his attention to certain alleged post office irregularities, are worthy the consideration of our brethren of the press:

"Those editors who complain do not labor in the details of their offices. Many of them confide the wrapping and addressing of their papers to boys, and the packages are sent to the post office in wheelbarrows, baskets, and sacks, in irresponsible manner; so that the editors are unable to say whether all arrive at the office, or whether in time for the mail, or not. Subscribers may be neglected by omission or misdirection; and then, again, the directions, in many instances, are so badly written that we have much trouble to read them. Many of them place the direction to run over the edges of packages, and on the opposite side. This is a serious drawback in distributing. All these troubles have to be patiently submitted to"—*Republic.*

We are not disposed to be hard upon postmasters. They have their own troubles and vexations, and publishers, we doubt not, sometimes saddle upon them the consequences of their own faults. But, allowing due weight to what is said of "irresponsible manner," as the letter is full, not explain how it happened that a week or two since, we received from Indiana and Illinois, from day to day, considerable numbers of letters, dated about the middle of February, and which had been about a month on their way to Washington. Nor will it explain how it happened that for two or three weeks in succession, during the same period, the packages of the *Era* for several post offices in those States failed entirely of reaching us. We have no disposition to charge or imagine any kind had been made in our office, and no complaint of such irregularity had ever been made before.

Special Despatch to the Tribune.

WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, *March* 26.

John T. Bush of Buffalo has just been appointed by the President, Marshal of the Northern District of New York, vice Palmer V. Kellogg of Utica, removed.

Wm. H. Thompson, (ex Canal Superintendent, Collector of Customs at Rochester, vice Colonel Elias Pond, removed.

Col. —— Willard, Postmaster at Troy, vice Thomas Clowes, removed.

Morris E. Fuller, Postmaster at Rockton (Little Falls) vice Lee, removed.

Gerard Stout, Postmaster of John O. of *The Republic*) Surveyor General of Public Lands in Wisconsin, Iowa, &c., vice —— Booth, removed.

Your Sheriff Carnley, Sam. Strong, Jerome Fuller of the *Buffalo State Register*, and S. S. Jewett of the *Buffalo Commercial*, have been here.

H. E.

☞ We trust no one will hereafter question the Presidential fitness of Mr. Clay, from his willingness to make sacrifices (of old-fashioned Whigs) for its support. A few more such remarks as the following would obviate all necessity for future exertions and sufferings (from gout) on the part of the "Union Committee of Safety."

Of course, this demonstration is not to stop here, provided there be any more subjects for the guillotine. It would be an impeachment of the integrity or the efficiency of a Whig of '47, So'9, to leave him in office after this. So let the heads roll! The basket is ready!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The war then has seriously commenced. The Whig party is to be decimated, for the rebellion of some of its members against the Fugitive law. Good Whigs they may be in all other respects, but lacking faith in this pet measure of the Administration, they must be led to the slaughter.

This policy of proscription has been agreed upon by the Cabinet after due consultation.

Meantime, the Administration, to supply the loss of the numerous Whigs it must alienate by such a course, is invoking "the benefit of clergy." The numerous clerical homilies on "law and order," on the duty of catching runaway slaves, on the horrors of Disunion, are carefully collected, republished *ad infinitum*, piled up in Washington, and then sent out under the frank of some accommodating member of Congress, to all parts of the country, to be circulated for the regeneration of Public Sentiment. The servile teachings of the Deweys, the Duffields, and the Lords, are rolled upon us unitedly to the poison of Freesoilism.

THE LIBERTY PARTY PAPER, ONCE MORE.

In our entire editorial experience, we have never known ourselves so grossly, so recklessly misrepresented, as by the editor of the Liberty Party Paper.

It may be recollected that in April, 1848, an attempt was by him made to carry off a large number of slaves from the District, a deep and general excitement in this city against abolitionists and anti slavery men of every class, was the immediate result. Lawless persons, who had long been seeking an opportunity to mob the *Era*, thought the occasion favorable, and popular indignation was directed against our press. A few pretended to think that we encouraged the abduction of the slaves, and circulated such a rumor for effect. A large mob was raised, and for three days and nights it sought to destray our Press, and drive us from Washington. Without passing judgment on the transaction which had led to the excitement, we simply denied that we had taken any part in it, as we should have denied any false statement which had place in a false position, and one inconsistent with the declaration of principles and measures issued by us on coming to Washington. At no time did we compromise any of our principles, or concede one iota to the demands of the mob. We stood simply upon our rights, maintained them, and at last, after a three days' struggle, through the aid of the civil authorities we retained our position—a position we have held without disturbance ever since.

Now, read the version given by the Liberty Party Paper of this affair:

"The mob over which Dr. Bailey *triumphed* on the occasion alluded to, if we remember right, was occasioned by the attempt of Drayton and Sayre to give freedom to about eighty slaves, which came on board the Pearl in the Chesapeake. The mob, supposing the Doctor sympathized with Drayton and Sayre, and aided their attempt to land the slaves in Washington, came to mob him—and Doctor Bailey 'put down' that mob—but how did he put it down? If our memory is not altogether in fault, he made a speech to it on the door of his dwelling, and argued that he neither aided or approved of the conduct of Drayton and Sayre. That he held it to be wrong to assist slaves to escape from their bondage, and that he would do so himself if he thought of aiding slaves to escape from the District or elsewhere. That his paper always insisted that it was wrong to break the laws of slavery in that way—that it was not only illegal but immoral and dishonorable to do so—that he had always been obedient to the laws of slavery in the District—that the *Era* uttered no louder sound than the mobocrats, when the Whig and Free Soil papers, and many members of Congress. He regarded slavery as wrong, and would persuade the citizens to do it away—have not and shall not be obedient to it, so long as the law of slavery was the law of the District! *That*, was what poufified the mob, if we remember right."

You do *not* "remember right," nor did you take the pains to "remember right." Your statement is false, from beginning to end. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights, the mob was afoot. Wednesday night, it appointed a large committee to wait upon me, at my house, and demand from me the removal of my press—not any disclaimer, explanation, and disbowment, I refused peremptorily, and asserted my rights without qualification. Let the Liberty Party Paper turn to the *New York Tribune* published a few days after the transaction, and he will find an exact report of what passed between the committee and myself, prepared by Dr. Houston, Senate Reporter, who was present, and who knew, as well as I, that I had made no such pledge.

What took place on Thursday night, we reported ourselves. No friend was present to give any account of it—no enemy ever attempted to report it. We were the coolest man in the crowd, spoke without any haste, and recollected very distinctly what took place. Our account was brief, and here it is:

"In the evening, thousands collected about the office of the Era, but the array of the civil power was such as to look down all attempts at violence. Not even a stone was thrown. About ten o'clock, some one or two hundred men, under the leadership of a man called Captain Thomas, slipped away, unobserved by the police, and paid me a visit. They approached the office in a disorganized my appearance. I opened it, went out on the step, and they asked whether I was the editor of the Era? 'I am—what do you wish?' Captain Thomas, acting as spokesman, said that they were a company of Virginians and Marylanders—they were going to do things up in their own style—they wished to put my press into the canal, and give me a ducking in the Potomac. 'I will, I suppose you will hear me first,' I replied. There was a little tumult, but cries of 'hear him! hear him!' soon prevailed, and, though occasionally interrupted, I addressed them for ten or fifteen minutes. They became comparatively quiet, and at the close of my remarks Mr. Radcliffe jumped on the steps and proposed, in a divine lay, an appeal to them, moved an adjournment, put it to vote, and the crowd resolved to adjourn with but one dissenting voice. In ten minutes not a man was to be seen about my dwelling. The crowd gradually melted away from the office, and by twelve o'clock everything was quiet. Law had triumphed, the liberty of the Press had been recognized, the honor of the city was secured, order reigned."

This was the only report made of that night's speech. Now, where did the editor of the Liberty Party Paper get his version from? I pronounce it *false*. At no time, on no occasion, not for an instant, did I concede anything to the mob. I reasoned with them, expostulated with them on the inconsistency, absurdity, and lawlessness of their conduct, maintained the lawfulness of my own, asserted without stint the right of free discussion, and that I was defenceless, unarmed, one man against many, they could do with me what they pleased, but I had committed no crime, could make no concession, stood upon my rights as an American citizen.

What, sir, I again ask, is your authority for putting in my mouth that pulingy whining speech you pretend to remember? Come down into this District, and ask the men whom you regard as little better than fiends, but who have magnanimity enough to tell the truth of a man who dares maintain his rights, whether the editor of the *Era* has ever yielded anything to mobs.

For the National Era.

TO MARY.

WITH A PICTURE OF THE ANGELS BEARING SAINT CATHERINE TO HEAVEN.

They bear her up the midnight skies,
Wrapt in her last, most tranquil sleep,
Above the wild and wasting tempest,
The heeding crag, the dizzy steep—
Over the torrent's sounding rush,
Over the storms that vex the deep.

No wail of winds, no range of waves,
May break upon the martyr's rest—
No mortal dread, no wild alarm,
Can stir again her charmed breast,
Awhile journeying towards the peaceful shore,
The far, fair city of the blest.

Her guide, her guard, her sure support,
Those tender and celestial forms—
Their beauty makes earth seem a lonely way,
Their soft wings in their heaven-ward play
Beat down and still the angry storms.

Thus then, oh, painted friend! hast won
From earth by sorrow blest release—
Thus do the angels bear thee up,
Wrapt in thy trance of sweetest peace,
Above the weary wastes of life,
Its fearful toils, its sickness, and its strife:—
Already down the dim air fades
Our world, night-hung with mortal shades—
Soon heaven's far lights shall round thee play,
And the great stars pass along thy way.

Thy journey shall have end at last—
Thine angel-bearers lay thee down—
Oh, gently, softly lay thee down!
On a sublime mount, where shade and vast
A throne from everlasting stands,
Whereon One site in sovereignty,
Watching the ages in their flight—
O'erlooking the creation's wide sweep,
O'erlooking creation's awful sea,
A fathomless sea, that hath no shores—
Who now hath stilled its wild unrest,
Through countless worlds His life and light.

Yet not the thunders of His power,
And not His glory's utmost blaze,
Shall break thy sleep at that dread hour,
Thy sleep shall be as now it was.
But, as a father smiles above
His infant in its rosy rest,
With yearnings, till the answering love
Stirs in the tender, dreaming breast,
And, smiling softly out of sleep,
The child looks up into his eyes,
Yet meets fond gaze as fond and deep
With sought of wonder or surprise:

Thus, on thine eye-lids cold and still,
Brief seals upon thine angel sight,
A gentle breathing shall thou feel,
A warmth, a hushed, a low, a soft breath!
The white dry rest of perfect peace
The gracious Father bends above,
To give thy transport waking—
And wake thee with His smile of love.

In flushes warm, and raptorous sighs,
The new and deeper life shall come!
Thou'll lift thine unbewildered eyes,
Look upon Him, and know thy home.

In sincerest gratitude, I would acknowledge my indebtedness to the gentle subject of the above poem for one of the most beautiful and touching lessons ever taught to my heart. Most lovely, and richly endowed for gracing and enjoying life, my friend has been for twelve long years an invalid—yet suffering not alone with patience, but with sublime cheerfulness. Submissively folding her hands over her young heart, and pressing down its impatient throbbings, she has ever smiled in the face of the smiter. Her sick room is not a haunt of shadows and silence, but she makes it, to those who love her best, a beautiful and happy place—the vestibule of Heaven. G. G.

Philadelphia, March 28, 1851.

ALBANY STATE REGISTER.

This paper is the Administration organ at Albany, and the dexterity of the Servant man, in mode of waging political warfare is honorable to its employers, and must awaken the profound admiration of all honest men. It seems that it is in the habit of inserting articles abusing certain distinguished Whigs, for general circulation, and then, issuing another edition, with these articles omitted, for special circulation among the distinguished men thus assailed!

"On the 17th inst.," says the *New York Tribune*, "a long editorial appeared in the *State Register*, entitled 'Falsehoods of the Journal,' and indicating a determined hostility to the election of Gov. Fish as the United States Senator. It closes with the following paragraphs:

"It is indeed true that we have approved the course of Mr. Beekman on the United States Senator question. In doing so, we have acted on our own responsibility, and not on that of the President. On this subject we have spoken for ourselves, not for ourselves. The right to speak our sentiments, fearlessly and independently on all questions, we have not and shall never surrender.

"*This article* (not the above paragraph merely, but the whole of it) is OMITTED *from the copy of the Register sent to Gov. Fish as a subscriber!* not a hint of it was given in the mail copy. The space made by taking it out is filled with *old advertisements*, showing distinctly the object for which and the motive with which the suppression was made.

"Again on the 17th inst. (the day before the successful ballot) the Senate of Congress had a United States Senator, the Register contained the following:

"'LOOK OUT FOR SHOALS!

"'*For the Albany Daily State Register.*

"'The notorious Abolitionist, Gerrit Smith, is very active in efforts to procure the election of Hamilton Fish to the United States Senate. To this complexion has the matter come at last.

"'The proceedings in the Legislature on this day (Monday) will develope the plot and the result. Messrs. Stone and Stanton, noted Locofoco Abolitionists, are relied upon to pursue such a course, by their friends, as will enable them to give the form of an election to a Whig friend of a Whig National Administration! If such should be the case, who will doubt hereafter the wisdom and patriotism of the Democratic party in this state in not coming to Congress?' It is true he is a vetoman, but, as an editor, what has been his course? Claiming to be "the sole organ of the Democracy at the seat of Government," he has been a standing reproach to the Democracy of the North. He has proved himself to be one-sided, partial, bigoted, and uncompromising in the principles he professed to advocate. He has ridiculed, maligned, and abused without stint the true friends of Democracy throughout the land, and has not ceased to preach a crusade against the Wise Bureaus, the Bentons, the Wilmots, and every good and true man who dared to oppose the extension of slavery into Free Territory. He, in New York, has done worse than this. Like the personage mentioned in the New Testament, he has labored to seduce the disciples of Christ from the worship of a high mountain, and offered them all the kingdoms of slavery if they would fall down and worship. Instead of rebuking the Tempter, some of our politicians have bowed down before him and worshipped—witness the apostacy of such men as Webster, and Cass, and Dickinson, and Buchanan, and the Northern Democrats! It is therefore no claim upon the generosity of the North. What peculiar claim has he upon the generosity of the Democracy? While professing to be "sole organ of the Democracy at the seat of Government," he has been unremitting in his efforts to transfer their allegiance to a hybrid Union party. If the Democrat party should be swallowed up in an abortive effort to justify and sanctify the "Compromise measures" of the Abolitionists, and Democrats, by adopting all this, I would extend the mantle of charity as far as to acquit him of intentional errors; but what shadow of excuse can he urged in defence of his story, that he will lose money on the additional printing voted to him at the called session of the Senate, in the face of Mr. Rives's published declaration that he can do the work of 53 for the printing alone, and Mr. R.'s offer to do it for $1,000 for the privilege of doing this additional printing? What excuse can be offered for this transparent attempt at deception?

Law. If it require me to do a moral wrong, it requires what the Universe has no right to require—to commit an act of rebellion against the Supreme Lawgiver. I will not do that wrong, but will disobey the law, and *submit to the penalty.* Disobedience is demanded by my allegiance to Justice and Truth; *Submission*, by my respect for Peace and Order."

Again, in the issue of 7th November following, in another editorial, we wrote—

"*Peaceable Nonconformity* to a law on conscientious grounds, coupled with *submission to its penalties*, we understand. *That* is a duty which, at times, devolves on the citizen, ought to be faithfully discharged, and may, with entire respect for the law-making power, and consistently with a general recognition of its authority."

We defy any man to quote an expression of opinion, from any of our writings, in conflict with these declarations.

EX-SENATOR PHELPS.

"I hesitate not to say, in the most unequivocal manner, (and in this I have the concurrence of my colleague in the Senate, and I believe that of the entire delegation,) that the speech to which he referred to does not 'embody the deliberate sense of the people of Vermont.' I may add with truth, that it does not, in my opinion, embody the deliberate sentiments of the Legislative body of the State."—*Extract of a Letter from Senator Phelps to J. Sagar, of the Virginia House of Delegates, dated January* 18, 1851.

Those who have known the life and course of Mr. Phelps in Washington will attach little importance to any opinion of his touching the question of Slavery. He may have spoken the sentiments of Mr. Upham, but it is simply ridiculous for him to attempt to speak for Mr. Peck, Mr. Hebard, or for the Legislature of his State.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Buckingham has introduced in the Senate of Massachusetts, from the Joint Committee on the subject, a resolve, which, if we rightly think any officer or member of a volunteer company from aiding the United States Marshal in the arrest of fugitives from service, to render more stringent the laws against kidnapping, and to secure more effectually the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus* in cases where the persons in duress are claimed as slaves.

FROM HAYTI.

Letters from Port au Prince of the last of February mention that Mr. Walsh was still in the capital, upon his mission from the American Government in regard to the *recognition* of the Island. It is understood this bill intends to propose, either by persuading the Emperor to acknowledge the Independence of St. Domingo, or by inducing the Dominicans to return to the rule of the Empire. The opinion of leading men upon the Island is, however, that the Emperor would never consent to the former plan, nor would the Dominicans quietly give up their present independence. We do not learn whether the claims of certain merchants of this country for indemnity, of nearly a quarter of a century standing, are to be pressed by Mr. Walsh. The Haytiens consider that the interference of the United States in their internal affairs is uncalled for and *officious*.

We rather think it is. Our Government has never recognised the Haytiens as an independent People, or shown them ordinary courtesy; so that it is somewhat impertinent for it to attempt to play the part of peacemaker.

INDIANA CONVENTION.

The Constitutional Convention of the State of Indiana has concluded its business and adjourned. Amongst the provisions of the new Constitution which attract most attention are the following:

Prohibiting the future emmigration of blacks into the Republic, and the illegality of confiscation of their property and imprisonment. This, however, is to be submitted to a separate vote of the people.

The continuance of the State Bank, with branches liable for each other's circulation—the State not to be interested in the same. Also, for a Free Banking system, on the New York principle. Also, compelling Corporation Stockholders to be individually liable for the debts incurred to an amount equal to their stock therein, respectively, and stockholders in other corporations to be individually liable to such an extent as the Legislature may see fit to prescribe, as special cases are brought up, where the object sought is attainable by a general law.

Various Law Reforms are proposed, and the new Legislature is instructed to appoint Commissioners to simplify the Legal Practice of the State, abolish distinctions between Law and Equity, and lift the Legislature from the labor of codifying the Statute Law. Hereafter, also, all the Judges are to be chosen by the people; those of the Supreme Court by general ticket; the Circuit Judges by the several Circuits.

Much, business of a local character hitherto imposed on the Legislature is henceforth remitted to the County Courts.

The Convention recommend that the vote on the adoption of the new Constitution be taken on the second Monday in August next, but the Legislature has the power to fix a day for the time. If adopted, the Constitution will go in force on the first day of November, 1851.

William P. Mulchinock has in press a volume of Poems, which will be published next week by Strong, at 98 Nassau street, and the other booksellers in the city. The literary magazines of this country, within the last two years, have given their readers several of the poems of Mr. Mulchinock, which have been very favorably received.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The readers of Mr. Mulchinock's Stanzas to Workers, published in the last number of the *Era*, will be prepared to expect many good things in the new volume.

MR. RITCHIE AND HIS LOSSES.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Dear Sir: In your last paper, while speaking of the Bill for the relief of Mr. Ritchie, you say:

"If, on careful examination, it shall be ascertained by the next Congress that he has lost by his printing contract with this, and that he may be deprived of the apparent motives from which that contract was entered into, we trust that the loss may be made good, and that he may be allowed a fair profit on the work."

To this judgment, few would be disposed to object. But, if it be ascertained, that he has lost because Mr. Ritchie failed to show the amount of his losses, which prevented the passage of the bill for his relief. I would be the last one to oppress a broken-down old man. I would not even a *bonus* to him for his advocacy of the "Compromise measures." It is on this ground that I rejoice that the effort to place the Crown on Polk's brow, and to encircle his brow with a false halo, has proved abortive. Who is Mr. Ritchie, and what has he done, that I should stretch out a donation from Congress? It is true he is a vetoman, but, as an editor, what has been his course? Claiming to be "the sole organ of the Democracy at the seat of Government," he has been a standing reproach to the Democracy of the North. He has proved himself to be one-sided, partial, bigoted, and uncompromising in

But still, if Mr. Ritchie has lost by his contract, let him show the amount of his losses before he presumes to claim relief. The amount of his losses is the thing to be proved; and for him to ask Congress to "go it blind," and vote him eleemosynary aid without such proof, calls to mind the demands of the Spanish beggars, who imperiously condescend to solicit "relief" on horseback. The argument that money should be voted to Mr. Ritchie because Congress, in the time voted to Gales & Seaton, and to Mr. Rives, ought to have no weight. The circumstances which have justified liberality under a former system cannot be fairly urged under the contract system, so long as the contractor fails to show his losses. This cry of Mr. Ritchie being ruined, unless Congress intervenes for his relief, is in imitation of the tactics of the protectionists when they wish to obtain an increased tariff, and reminds one of the story of the Frenchwoman who became *ruined* so often that she concluded to make a business of it.

M.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.—The speech of Mr. Webster, at Annapolis, which we publish to-day, is characteristic of that great mind, which seems to be an inexhaustible reservoir of patriotism and eloquence. *Exchange paper.*

The hero-worshippers can never see a spot in the sun of their idolatry. Whatever Mr. Webster does or says, bears, in their eyes the superscription of divinity. Heaviness in him is granite strength, commonplace, uncommon sagacity, a trite allusion to holy things, proof conclusive of extraordinary piety.

Webster, at his speech at Annapolis, it fell dead, and has never had a resurrection. *That* which People read in the papers, was not spoken at Annapolis. So say good Union whigs who were there, and who were mortified at the dead failure of the great man.

FROM NEW MEXICO.

Kit Carson—Hatcher.

SANTA FE, *January*, 31 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

In my last letter I remarked that I had not seen a heavy shower of rain since last September. For some days past, however, the clouds have been occasionally marshalling their forces, giving indications that they meant ere long to make a demonstration of some kind, and to-night they are down upon us with a sensation much more cheering than startling.

The world renowned *Kit Carson* has been here for some days past. You would not suppose from a glance at the man that he was the hero of so many border exploits—the terror of the wild nomad, the far-famed Kit Carson. I was disappointed at first sight of the man, and so perhaps would any one he, who had heard merely of the character and exploits of the man, without having seen a minute description of his outline. It was only when I came closely to study the features, that I detected the real *Kit*. He was not dressed in the outlandish habiliments with which fancy, since the days of Boone, instinctively invests the hunter and the trapper, but in genteel American costume. How he dresses when domiciled in his own *rancheria* I do not know now, but perhaps shall soon know, as he intends visiting the Springs near. Carson is rather under the medium height, but his frame is exceedingly well knit, muscular, and symmetrically proportioned. His hair, a light auburn, and worn long, falls back from a forehead high, broad, and indicating more than a common share of intellect. The general contour of the face is not unhandsome, and yet not unpleasing. But that which at once arrests, and almost exclusively fixes your attention, is the eye; such an *eye!* gray, searching, *piercing*, as if with every glance he would reach the very well-springs of thought, and read your very silent imaginings. In the language of Byron,

"—the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught
From high, and lightened with electric thought."

Whether a better acquaintance will warrant the expectations excited by the outward appearance, I cannot yet tell.

But Kit is not altogether a *sui generis* in border exploits and notoriety. There is another man here at this time, who, though not world-renowned, is no less known and feared by all the nomadic tribes of savages, from the Colorado to the Arkansas. Not even the name of *Kit Carson*, I have been told, will sooner set the Indian camp in motion, and put them all on the *qui vive*, than the name of Hatcher. This man is a little taller, I think, than Kit, but more slenderly made; sandy hair; light, small, blue eyes, keen in their glance, slightly inclined to a squint, and occasionally dancing and flashing about, as if all the time looking out for a Navajoe, or an Apache. His gaze is quick and searching, but not steady and penetrating like that of Carson. His face and eyes are rather small than otherwise, and do not indicate as much intellectuality as Kit's. His movements are of the most mercurial kind, so that you are not long in making up your mind to the verdict, that if *caught*, it will not be *napping*. Such are the two men whose names carry more terror into the camp of the Navajoes, Apaches, Camanches, Chiios, and Rappahoes, than a whole regiment of armed infantry.

Word was received here last evening, that one of the hostile tribes, perhaps Apaches, had made an attack upon a settlement near Rent's Fort, and, in addition to a large amount of stock, had killed seven of several captives. It is but too evident that the Indians are becoming more and more emboldened every day. Our present fears are, that there is a grand scheme of combination and consolidation now afoot among the different savage tribes, looking to a general and systematic attack. News reached here a few days since, that a Grand Council of several different tribes has very recently been held in the Camanche country, on this side the Arkansas river. There were reported to have been six hundred lodges present, which would amount to several thousand Indians. Their movements for some time past have been suspicious, and the incursions are more and more to be only but, and most likely are, more feelers. Certainly, if that be the design, they feel greatly encouraged. What the end may be, time only can tell; but one, in reference to the Irish members of the House. Had he a strong party in the House on other questions, depend upon it, he would not spare the Catholics.

Mr. Locke King's Suffrage Bill (the one on which Government was so signally defeated) has been read the first time, and printed. It gives a county vote to all householders who pay a rent of £50 a year.

On Monday night, there was an able discussion of the navy estimates in the House. The estimates are for 39,000 men during next year. Mr. Hume proposed an amendment reducing the number to 30,000. The consequence was a long discussion, and the amendment was defeated, by 169 to 61. All save 14 of the Protectionist members were present, and voted against seriously talking of the burdens on land, &c. Why do they not unite with Hume in relieving land of its taxes, if they are in earnest? The fact is, that protection here is all humbug—and its advocates are dishonest men, politically speaking.

A great meeting of Catholics was held on Monday in Corn Exchange, Manchester, at which speeches were made in favor of religious freedom. The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, with ladies as well as gentlemen. Towards the close of the meeting a gentleman got upon the platform and wished to ask a question. After great confusion he was allowed. "Did the meeting approve of the persecution of the Jews carried on at this moment by the Pope of Rome?" It was really a knock-down question. The greatest uproar was the consequence, but not one dared to answer "no" to the question. Persecution in Rome does not justify persecution in London certainly, but no thorough religious reformer can have any sympathy with men who dared not answer so simple a question as that. However, they are no worse than the majority of religious men, for as yet the world is too selfish to heartily wish political and religious freedom *for all*. The cry is—"Freedom! Freedom!" but it means "Freedom *for us! for us!!*" Catholics and Protestants are both selfish.

On Tuesday night in the House of Commons the Ministry experienced another defeat! Lord Dunco moved that a bill be introduced, the effect of which is to form in the land revenues of the Crown. As matters are at present, the Crown lands are under the control of three commissioners, and the revenues arising from them are nearly eaten up by aristocratic keepers, rangers, &c., &c. The bill proposes to make the commissioners immediately responsible to Parliament for their conduct. The Ministry opposed the bill, but were defeated by *one* vote. The vote stood 139 to 119. This is the first defeat of the Ministry since the recent ministerial crisis.

Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, after a long delay, has at last laid before the House a batch of papers on the subject of the conduct of this Government during the Hungarian struggle. At the time, the Secretary gave out that his sympathies were with the poor Hungarians, and was consequently quite popular. But when the papers prove incontestably that his *acts*, whatever were his sympathies, were all on the side of despotism. One of his despatches to Austria, he speaks of the Hungarian rebellion as something which must be crushed at all hazards. These papers will not lessen Lord Viscount just at present, when he needs help very much. For a long time he has resisted their publication, but could do so no longer.

A large Parliamentary Reform Meeting was held at the London Tavern on Monday evening. W. J. Fox, M. P., delivered an able lecture.

Last evening, the anniversary of the German Revolution was celebrated at the Freemasons' Tavern, in London. A large number sat down to dinner, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. In the course of the evening the Italian hero Mazzini, entered the Hall, and made an eloquent speech. He was looking exceedingly well, and was in good spirits. He has just been on a journey upon the Continent has not disheartened him. There is a peculiar charm in Mazzini's eloquence, and, yet burning, enthusiasm which makes an impression upon the coldest heart. He is religiously sincere in all he does and says. The enthusiasm of the Germans during his speech seemed ludicrous to the cooler-blooded Englishmen present.

The news from the Continent is not important. In France, there has been quite a discussion in the Assembly of the Electoral Law. I should not be surprised if there should be a return to complete suffrage. The Parisian journals are busied in discussing the probabilities of the return of the Orleans and elder Bourbon families into France.

The Orleans family will shortly leave Claremont for Kensington, on the Continent, and intend being absent for the summer and autumn, while the World's Exhibition lasts. They seem to avoid publicity. The Count de Chambord, on the other hand, courts it, and will, it is expected, be present in London during the summer, where he will meet many of his supporters. England is a blessed land for these exiles. The Count de Chambord, Mazzini, and Ledru Rollin, at one time and in one town carry on their different plots—and all are safe. Mr. Michelet, Historical Professor in the College de France, has just resigned his post. His lectures of late have been so socialistic as to excite the attention of his Clerical opponents, who have unanimously passed a vote of censure upon him.

A great fire occurred at Berlin on the 10th instant, and the Upper Legislative Chamber was wholly consumed. The Assembly at first was laughed at the flames, and (the correspondent of the *Times* says) not ten men among them all could be found who were willing to hand water to put out the fire. This affords a proof of the unpopularity of the Upper House among the people. There is all over Germany an intense hatred, among the humbler classes, of the rulers of the land.

JULIAN.

THE EUROPEAN WORLD.

Switzerland ought to expel Mazzini and the co-laborers from her soil—Mazzini will probably come to the United States, where his ideas will meet with grand change—Sardinia's stand in answer to intimations like those Switzerland has received, is noble—Austria and Russia—She must, however, succumb to the fiat of Russia, Austria, and Prussia—Neither England nor France will sustain her against the great Northern Powers—The course of France in this matter correct—Good signs from France—Ireland against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—Russell pusillanimous—Proof that revolution cannot go backwards—Lord Palmerston's Papers—A "Papal aggression"—The People of England, not her Church, the great promoters of sound Christianity—Cheering sign—Is the practically Christian Government of the age.

NEW YORK, *March* 31, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The continental news by the arrival of last week (the Arctic) is of no startling import. Its most important feature tells of the protesting attitude of the Swiss Cantons when the threats of Russia to send forty thousand Austrians against them, by way of rooting out the Italian and other political refugees who have taken shelter there, I wrote you a week or two since of this threat, and of the preparations to carry it into effect. The Cantons (through their respective Governments) have given up all knowledge of the plots against the Governments of other Continental States, which Mazzini *et al.* are accused of seeking to carry out, and offer, themselves, to expel the Liberalists from their midst, without kind interference to that end from abroad. If they are quick about it, it is probable that the Absolutist will refrain from the threatened armed occupation of Switzerland, for the present considering of the European popular mind, and with their present stupendous reactory measures on hand, (which, for success, require quiet peoples everywhere until the new chains are completely forged,) it would be next to madness on their part to seek needless occasions for increasing the odium in which they are held everywhere. So the Swiss themselves, are saved their fate and prevented the brutal effects of Austrian armed occupation, will doubtless soon pack Mazzini and his compatriots off to England, from whence it is sincerely to be hoped that he may soon find his way over to the United States. In bold conception, energy, devoted patriotism, and iron will to carry out his resolves, he has but one equal among living Europeans—Kossuth; while as for the fervency of his Jeffersonian republicanism, and the brilliancy of his genius, he is without a rival, at least in that quarter of the world. His words are all thoughts, his sentences distinct and abstractive ideas. In common with almost all Liberalists in lands wherein the people have not been permitted to exercise the right of self-government, but are practical slaves to classes about them, his views of civil liberty are utopian in many particulars. In this country he will feel the blessings of Government without coming in contact with it, or, indeed, ever seeing its traces, except in our custom houses. A very short experience will teach him the truth of the fundamental axiom of our system—that Government is best when citizens least—which interferes as little as possible with the citizen's right to do as he pleases. The theory of the European Democrat (who models his views by the existing condition of things immediately around him) is, that it is the duty of Government to do everything for everybody—to provide food, or, in other words, remunerative labor for the poor—to educate the children of, &c. As in Europe, bad Governments have worked most of the evils which have so sorely afflicted its peoples, there is sound philosophy to some extent in demanding that they shall repair the damages. Here, however, the *laissez nous faire* theory has operated to such good purpose as to prove that the best Government is, practically, nothing and having nothing it do its share for the benefit of the human race, it is best to leave man as much as possible to his own resources, and to be guided, generally, by his own sense of right and wrong, under the restraint of the sentiment of his neighbors, rather than of swords and muskets. Hecker had not been in Illinois six months before he advised his friends to emigrate thither—Ledru Rollin of the Continent, that, as he and they had worked their traverse, they were destined forever to fall in the grand end of their labors, in increasing the liberties, prosperity, and happiness of the masses; that here, every one did pretty much as he pleased, and that all (in the aggregate) prospered, and were equally favored and protected by the laws. He renounced his communism with the social idea of the age, and proclaimed it to be the humbug of the century; citing America as she is, to prove the soundness of his views.*

A speck of war is hovering over Sardinia. The commander of the Austrian army, which, as I wrote you, was assembled a few weeks since to force her Government to be as reactory as her neighbors, has issued a proclamation to his employe's message, demanding, in the name of Austria, Russia, and Austria, the expulsion of the Italian emigrants, the suppression of the liberty of the press and of the tri-colored flag, and an immediate reconciliation with the Court of Rome. The Piedmontese Government refuses acquiescence in these demands, and, unlike Switzerland, seems disposed to depend on the people and Governments of France and England to ward off the threatened invasion. It is not to be doubted that she will ultimately be forced to yield all asked, as England and France do not entertain the least idea of embroiling themselves in the affairs of any others, in which their own direct and palpable interest is not immediately involved. No possible success of the combined conditions of things ministerial now existing in England can install a ministry which would move a finger to aid any struggling *people*. A prospect of more extended markets would certainly bring about indirect British aid for continental revolutionary movements, but none that might get a war on her hands. For the forty-five years' history of the diplomacy of the British Government, under Lord Brotherly Love,* burnt a church beaneas, forsooth, persons born abroad worshipped there, after the custom of their own fathers! And how long, too, since the liberal West, that child of all the world, plundered and then drove forth into the haunts of the savage and wild beasts a whole community of her own brothers, whose crime was, worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience? Such, I am sorry to write, is much of the Christianity of the age; at least of the nominally Christian part of the day—the Christianity of the newspapers. Not two months since, a sudden outburst of a Turkish mob at Alepp, ended in the massacre of some five hundred Christians; did the unbeliever Turkish Government in that case follow the example of the Christian Government of Illinois, in the case of the Mormons? Not! Its Christian subjects, at No. The Sultan, by his local prime minister, Memhed Pasha, shot 600 of the mob, condemned 200 to the galleys, and 100 more on that trial, restoring all the property of the persecuted which he could find, and *making up the balance of their loss*. The *sufferers* out of the slender purse of the Sublime Porte! Do, reader, in England, or Russia, or Prussia—aye, at our own country—and then at Turkey, and ask your conscience, where is Christianity? Practically speaking—Faith does not the Christian world stand in greater need of missionaries from Turkey, than the Sublime Porte of spiritual teaching from Christendom? But we live in a Christian age, in an age in which men have no time to correct their own faults, and to redress the wrongs suffered by those around them, but have time, and to spare, for all philanthropic schemes for the benefit of those for whose condition they are responsible to neither God nor man.

LIBERALIST.

OHIO ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Resolves pointedly condemning and demanding the repeal or modification of the Fugitive Slave Law, have passed both branches of the Ohio Legislature by decided votes, as follows:

IN SENATE, *March* 22, 1851.

"*Resolved, by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio*, That, while this General Assembly would urge the faithful observance of the oath of the people of this State, and of her sister States of the Union, as the most effectual mode of promoting their best interests, as well as a high duty they owe alike to themselves and their common country, we would earnestly recommend to Congress the necessity of so amending and modifying the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law, that while it secures a faithful compliance with all the obligations imposed by the Constitution of the United States, it will in no case permit the slender safeguard with a jealous care the rights of the freeman. And if said law, in the opinion of Congress, cannot be so amended as to give to persons claimed as fugitives from labor the benefit of every legal defence of their liberty, we then recommend the repeal of said law.

AYES—Messrs. *Alward*, Beesom, Bill, *Blackburn*, *Burns*, Eckley, *Ferguson*, *Foust*, Geiger, Hart, Horton, Lawrence, Linton, *Lewis*, *Payne*, *Van Buskirk*, Vinal, Walker, and Speaker—20.

NOES — Messrs. Barker, Broadwell, *Hatch*, Horton, *Kilbourn*, LYMAN, *Myers*, *Pardee*, RANDALL, and STEWART—8.

Whigs (in Roman) 12 Yeas, 3 Nays; Dem. (in *Italics*) 7 Yeas, 4 Nays; Free-Soilers (in SMALL CAPS) 2 Nays, [on the ground that the Resolve was not drawn in stronger terms.]

Resolved, That the law, commonly called the Fugitive Slave Law, being a law that makes *express* provision for the master's right to recapture and return his slave, ought to be repealed *here or elsewhere*; that provider for the appointment of swarms of petty officers to execute it, that gives the commissioner, before whom the claim set up in favor of the master, and pays the expenses, in any case, from the Public Treasury—ought never to have been enacted, evinces a disregard of our people, and ought therefore to be immediately repealed.

AYES—Messrs. *Alward*, Barker, *Burns*, Bill, Broadwell, Eckley, *Ferguson*, *Foust*, Horton, *Howard*, Lawrence, *Lewis*, *Myers*, *Pardee*, *Payne*, RANDALL, Schertzer, STUELIFF, Vinal, Walker, and Speaker—20.

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Second Resolve:

AYES—Messrs. Alexander, BRADLEY, Bundy, Cherington, Cochran, Cole, Condit, *Decker*, Eaton, Fairchild, Frazier, Grimes, Hayes, Johnson of Jefferson, *Johnson of Meigs*, Lecas, Lyons, Ryder, LYNCH, *Marsh*, Mayo, Morgan, McCal, *McKey*, *Okey*, PADDOCK, Pow, Pratt, Ramaze, Rayburn, *Schiff*, *Snook*, *Steedman*, Thomas of Preble, Tripp, WILLIAMSON, *Wilson* of Wood, *Zion*, and SPEAKER—50.

NOES—Messrs. *Colburn*, *Gilchrist*, *Iliff*, KENT, PLUMB, Pow, Thomas of Franklin, Van Voorhes, *Ward*, and *Wilson* of Wayne—10.

Second Resolve:

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NOES—Messrs. Alexander, *Bennett*, *Blackburn*, Burnett, *Burnett*, *Carr*, Dodds of Warren, Cook, *Davidson*, Dodds of Montgomery, *Fee*, Finch, Harlan, *Iliff*, Moore, Thomas of Franklin, *Ward*, *Wilson* of Wayne, *Yates*, and Zoll—21.

POSTAL RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA.—The negotiation which we mentioned a few days since, on foot between the Canadian Minister of Finance and the Postmaster General at Washington, has, it seems, been eminently successful. An arrangement has been made by which direct sealed bags will be made up for the chief places in Canada. As the postage is to be the same in each country, a letter not exceeding half-an-ounce will be charged five cents if it be prepaid, and ten if not, in United States, and five cents to any place in the United Province of Canada; the postage to be prepaid or not at the option of the sender of the letter. The postage on newspapers and pamphlets is to be prepaid to the lines, as heretofore.—*New York Exp. ex.*

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"Point out to me the man in Iowa who dares to utter the word *disunion*, and I pledge you that I, as a Government officer, will arrest that man for treason. [Loud and repeated cheering.] Sir, the Union must be preserved."—*Republic.*

That man has a proper idea, according to knowledge. We commend his case to the consideration of the great expounder of the Constitution.

MARRIAGE.

Married in New York city, on Monday, March 24th, by the Rev. R. S. S. Dickinson, S. R. BADEAU, of Cincinnati, to MISS ELSY OSBORNE, of the former place.

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

NEW YORK, *March* 31, 1851.

Flour steady at $4 44 a $4.50 for common to straight State brands, and $4.62½ a $4.75 for fancy; small sales of corn and meal at $3 a $3.06¼; rye flour $3 37.

Grain quiet—red wheat at 95 cents a $1; Genesee $1.12 a $1.14. Corn at 66 cents for yellow; oats 47 a 50 cents; rye 63 a 73 cents.

Provisions firm—pork at $13 a $13.12½ for old mess, and $13.75 for new; old prime $10.12½. Lard at 8¾ cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA, *March* 31, 1851.

Flour steady—common standard brands at $4.44; choice brands $4.75; extra $4.87 a $4.94. Corn meal $2.75. Rye flour $3.37; small sales. Grain is steady. Wheat at 95 cents to $1 for red, and $1.12 a $1.18 for white. Corn is steady at 59 a 60 cents for yellow, and 60 a 62 cents for white. Oats 40 a 42 cents. Rye 79 a 80 cents.

Provisions firm—old mess pork at $13; prime $10 25. Bacon—sides 8 a 8½; cents; hams 9 a 10 cents. Lard quiet at 8⅞ a 9¼ cents in barrels and kegs.

Wool in good demand—sales of 100,000 at 32 a 36 cents.

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Hogs.—Selling at $6.50 a $6.75 per 100 lbs.

Flour and Meal.—Howard street flour at $4.37½. Nothing doing in City Mills. Corn meal at $2.87 a $3. Rye flour, $4.

Grain and Seeds.—Wheat, red at 95 a 98 cents; white, 98 cents a $1 02 for common, and such as is suitable for family flour $1 12 a $1.44. Corn steady—yellow at 57 a 58 cents; white, 59 a 60 cents. Oats, 37 a 40 cents. Rye, 68 cents. Cloverseed steady—at $5 25 a $5.37 for prime quality.

Provisions.—Old mess pork at $12 87; new mess $14. Bacon—shoulders at 7 a 7½ cents; sides, 8½ a 8¾; cents. Lard, 8¼ a 8½ cents. Lard, in barrels, 8⅜ a 9 cents; kegs at 9¼ cents per pound.

CONTRIBUTION OF CHEMISTRY TO THE HEALING ART.

The fact that *AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL* is a chemical discovery may explain why the distinguished professors of that science (Silliman, Hitchcock, Webster, and Cleveland) have given their certificates in its favor. None could better judge of its merits than these eminent men, and their names would be a sufficient guarantee of its value, if experience had not already proven to the public that it is one of the most efficient remedies for affections of the throat and lungs ever before the market.—*Scientific Review.*

☞ *FOWLERS & WELLS, Phrenologists and Publishers*, Clinton Hall, 131 Nassau street, New York. Office of the *Water Cure and Phrenological Journals.*

Z. C. ROBBINS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, *Washington, D. C.*,

PREPARES the necessary Papers and prepares for application for patents, and transacts their business at the Patent Office. He can be consulted in relation to the validity of patents, and the infringement of patents, in all business letters must be post paid, and contain a suitable fee for advice and services, or the business will be neglected. It is the honor of referring to the following testimonial from the late Commissioner of Patents:

WASHINGTON, *November* 28, 1848.

To all whom it may concern:

During the time I have filled the office of Commissioner of Patents, and before I came into office, Mr. Z. C. Robbins, Esq., has followed the business of Patent Solicitor in this city, and has been in the habit of transacting all business in the line of his profession at the Patent Office.

I am well acquainted with Mr. Robbins personally, and believe him to be a man of integrity and ability, to whom persons may safely entrust their business.

I am pleased to have the opportunity to say that he is faithful to the interests of his clients, and has been, than any other agent, remarkable in the practice of his profession.

EDMUND BURKE.

April 3—1tcow

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

Now purifying the blood, and for the cure of Scrofula, Mercurial Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, shubborn Ulcers, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Brachitis, Salt Rheum, Consumption, Fever Sores, Pimple Pimples, Erysipelas, Loss of Appetite, Pimples, Biles, General Debility, &c.

THIS preparation has now borne the test of over fourteen years, during which time its reputation has been in public favor, during which time numerous imitations have sprung into existence, founding their claims to the confidence of the community on the fact of their resembling Sands in the extra parilla root, the great reputation and extended use of which shows the estimation in which the wonderful cures effected by the use of this preparation. While sarsaparilla root forms an important part of this preparation, it is also the same time compounded with other vegetable remedies of great power, and by a peculiar chemical combination and entire manner of its preparation that its remarkable success is the cause of numerous imitations. Other preparations imitate it in the style of putting up, and in the name and number of its ingredients, and here ends their resemblance to it. They are compelled as it is given to persons claimed as fugitives from labor the benefit of every legal defence of their liberty, we then recommend the repeal of said law.

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Hogs.—Selling at $6.50 a $6.75 per 100 lbs.

Flour and Meal.—Howard street at $4.37½. Nothing doing in City Mills. Corn meal at $2.87 a $3. Rye flour, $4.

Grain and Seeds.—Wheat, red at 95 a 98 cents; white, 98 cents a $1 02 for common, and such as is suitable for family flour $1 12 a $1.44. Corn steady—yellow at 57 a 58 cents; white, 59 a 60 cents. Oats, 37 a 40 cents. Rye, 68 cents. Cloverseed steady—at $5 25 a $5.37 for prime quality.

Provisions.—Old mess pork at $12 87; new mess $14. Bacon—shoulders at 7 a 7½ cents; sides, 8½ a 8¾; cents. Lard, 8¼ a 8½ cents. Lard, in barrels, 8⅜ a 9 cents; kegs at 9¼ cents per pound.

CONTRIBUTION OF CHEMISTRY TO THE HEALING ART.

The fact that *AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL* is a chemical discovery may explain why the distinguished professors of that science (Silliman, Hitchcock, Webster, and Cleveland) have given their certificates in its favor. None could better judge of its merits than these eminent men, and their names would be a sufficient guarantee of its value, if experience had not already proven to the public that it is one of the most efficient remedies for affections of the throat and lungs ever before the market.—*Scientific Review.*

Review.—Ten cents single copy; three dollars per dozen, or one dollar for the series. Each number contains 32 pages, beautifully printed and handsomely bound.

L. A. HINK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

March 13—6m

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH.

THIS new and attractive journal for Youth, edited by the Rev. Thomas Bonney, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to be the *Boston Agency for the National Era*, 3 Cornhill Place, by small, 50 cents a year; delivered in Boston, free postage, 75 cents.

GEORGE C. RICE,
3 Cornhill, Boston.

Nov. 25.

THE FREE PRESBYTERIAN.

THIS paper (under the editorial control of Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, Mass.) will be published in Boston, and commence the first half year of its existence on Wednesday, January 1st, 1851. The publication will hereafter extended to 32 thus far show that such a journal was needed by the religious community. The Free Presbyterian will hereafter appear in columns a still more full exponent of the principles and views of those who, in 1837, left the old School Church, and stand on the great moral questions which now agitate the world. The Free Presbyterian will steadily aim to present the religion of *the Lord Jesus Christ* in its purity, and, as it ought, with all true reform—social, moral, and legislative—and in uncompromising hostility to all that is wrong, and to lead in the lodging place in Church or State.

While it is the organ of the Synod of the *Free Presbyterian Church*, and will maintain the distinctive principles which separate it from other Presbyterian Churches in the country, *The Free Presbyterian* will not be a mere sectarian sheet, but will aim to be a family paper, with every other interesting intelligence, and will be conducted in the spirit of pure and the highest good of man.

Terms, two dollars per annum. Address

WILLIAM F. CLARK, Publisher,
Mercer, Mercer Co., Pa.

Nov. 25.

LOST,

ON Sunday afternoon, March 9th, a Gold Breastpin, set with pearls and a lock of hair in the centre, supposed to have been lost in the Capitol. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at this office March 13.

BENNETT'S NATIONAL SKY-LIGHT GALLERY,

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,

One door east of the Corcoran & Riggs's Drug Store,

EXHIBITION FREE.

TO meet the increasing patronage of this establishment, the Subscriber has recently made alterations, improvements, and fitted up in a style second to none in this country.

The Subscriber has also in his employ the best Daguerreotype operator, and I have therefore associated with me Mr. F. M. Bennett, of New York, which enable us to maintain the greatest popularity of any Gallery.

Some valuable additions to the so lection of specimens of the art, which I have received from the Gallery of *JENNY LIND*, taken from life; one of *AMIN BEY*, Turkish Minister, taken in Paris; Daguerreotypes from Rome, of Powers's statue of *JOHN C. CALHOUN*.

The subscriber is now in receipt of the specimens for exhibition at the World's Fair, to be held in London in May next, which will be ready in a few days, a part of which may be seen at this time.

Having a superior Sky-Light, and one of the best German Cameras, capable of taking portraits twelve inches in natural size, and twice the size of any in this city, together with a skillful and successful practice for the last twelve years, we feel confident in being able to furnish Daguerreotypes to those who may visit Washington, in the short time, excurses of impression, life like expression, grace and ease of position, cannot be surpassed.

By a new and improved process practiced at this establishment, we are enabled to take Daguerreotypes of groups of one second, enabling parents to supply themselves with perfect Daguerreotypes of their children at cost of all ages.

☞ Miniatures neatly set in lockets, breast pins, finger rings, and settings furnished, if desired.

Jan. 2. F. M. CORY.

HENRY MINER & CO.,

DEALERS IN CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, &c., Smith's-old street, between Baltimore and Pennsylvania, (P.A.), this is

THE NATIONAL ERA.

For the National Era.

CAN IDEAS WITH ANY PROPRIETY BE THE SUBJECT OF POLICE REGULATIONS?

I was last night in conversation with a very intelligent lawyer from Mississippi. We agreed that it was impossible to execute laws among a people whose public sentiment would not sustain these laws—that in a Government like ours, in which the people are the acknowledged source of power and of the laws, a practical nullification will always take place when,the general sense of a community is disregarded in legal enactments.

The disregard of the Fugitive Slave Law is the extreme North; and the disregard in the extreme South of the Post Office regulations with regard to the faithful delivery of letters and papers, and the violation of the constitutional provision for securing to the citizens of any one State the common privileges of citizenship of the several States, and of course securing to colored citizens of other States as many of the same immunities while journeying through Southern States which white citizens of the Northern States enjoy, were adduced in illustration of this position. ("The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States.")

But, said my friend, South Carolina and Louisiana are not guilty of any disregard of the Constitution of the United States in the enactment of laws for the imprisonment of the colored citizens of other States as a measure of self-defence. Self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and this measure is of the nature of a police regulation. We all know that the presence of free blacks and a slave population produces disorder, and renders property uncertain, and even endangers life; and, in thus treating the colored citizens of Northern States in the Southern ports, simply exercise the reserved privilege claimed by every people all the world over. Have you not a quarantine, and can you not restrain a small-pox infected from entering your city? Is not the ground that the lives of your own people would be endangered by his presence? Do you think that the plea of this patient, that he has equal citizenship in Vermont or Massachusetts, would avail him in his attempt to secure his liberty to go where he pleased as long as he should continue to be a source of danger to others?

Who would care what might be the provisions of his own State, or even of the United States? These provisions ought to be disregarded if their execution must have the effect to endanger the peace and the lives, of our own people. Now, how, said he, is the case altered when a free black men or a white Abolitionist comes among us? We know that the presence of such is dangerous, and it is perfectly competent for us to adopt such regulations as shall effectually exclude them, and it is competent to exclude them as a class. If the great majority of the citizens of Mississippi or South should prove troublesome and dangerous while traveling through our States, it would be perfectly right to exclude the whole of them, as much as it would be right to subject the whole of a ship's crew and passengers to quarantine, if suspicion had brought the seeds of a contagion within them, though not more than one in twenty might spread the infection. As the dangerous ones could not be distinguished from the safe, it would be right and necessary to confine them all. Indeed, and he, so far from there being any undue severity, or any injustice, in the statutes of the Southern States, I think they ought to be far more stringent, providing for the imprisonment of persons as well as all free negroes. The danger of the people is the justification, and I cannot see why the principle is not the same, whether the cause of danger be a disease of the body or the dissemination of incendiary or treasonable ideas.

And so, verily, have thought the advocates of *gunpowder* police laws. Take care! Take care!! Don't bring your fire here. Fire powder in my house; and if you don't keep away, I shall be blown to atoms!

You have no business with all this gunpowder; you must have stolen it, or your father for you, says the fire king. And if you have any right to it, you must take care of it, for fire I must have and will. Fire always has been and always will be; it is necessary everywhere and always, but powder can be dispensed with, and it is very doubtful whether it has been made any good in the world. It has killed more people than it has saved, and destroyed more property than it has ever made.

Ah, but, says the powder man, the powder is mine, and I'll do what I please with it. If lighting should strike it, or if it should take fire spontaneously, it will be a misfortune to Providence, and I cannot help it; but it is exceedingly worthy of my care, and will be guilty of downright murder. Let me put out your fire before it has done any mischief!

Nay, nay, but the fire is mine, replies the fire king, and it is all mine—it pervades the universe, and is an indispensable condition of life. I will should quench my own little fire, which so frightens you, Heaven and Earth are still full of the same principle, and a thoughtless boy with his match, or a careless spark from the iron on your shoe as you tread upon flint, may dissipate your powder into air, and yourself into eternity. And, moreover, I cannot dispense with fire, for by it come my meals and my comfort and my health; and also—but your powder endangers yourself, and it endangers me also. We are both liable to fall by the same accident, and, besides, those thick and high walls by which you have tried to preserve your powder are built at my expense quite as much as yours, while you have never been charged any part of the tax for my fire, and your powder-men have ever thought of putting it out or shutting it up. Come, now, a little water for gunpowder, to lessen its combustibility, and relieve yourself from all fear of my fire.

Ah, yes, says the powder-man, you would first persuade me to give you the flint of my fire-lock, and then you would force it from me altogether. I will neither be preserved by your water nor warmed by your fire—my powder I will keep, and live with it, or be blown up with it. Away with you and your fire! I will do, or you yourself shall be converted into powder finer and blacker than gunpowder. One word more, and I have done with you. Powder may be kept in the open air, but we be to the man that fails to keep his fire tightly shut up.

The fire king was frightened, and put out his fire to keep the peace, for the powder-man had still further threatened, that if the fire was kept burning, he would lay a train from the great magazine around the city, and fire the city and itself together. And, besides, the fire king contented himself with the reflection that fire is a universal and Heaven-born principle, and that the suppression of one little fire of his own had left all concence in the aggregate. Somebody else will kindle fire, or it will fall from heaven, and flow through the natural avenues of the earth, and still continue to be warmed and vivified thereby. It is wrong to give such a partial agent as gunpowder such a monopoly, and force the pervading principle of fire to be shut up in a way, but this cannot always be so, and I must consult my own safety and abide the will of Providence—for "Discretion is the better part of valor."

The powder-man laughed in his sleeve, and thought to himself, (for he was too sagacious to speak it, even in a colloquy,) I have gained my point. I have found that powder is an agent which multiplies and expands when let alone. I have gained a little longer delay, and perhaps my powder, with sufficient time, may gain weight enough by the antagonist to deter my fire altogether, or subject it to perpetual banishment. All fire kings and fire kinders shall be whipped and tarred, and we shall hear no more of that dangerous element, fire, for a long time.

The fire king, wearied with his debate and chagrined at his discomfiture, retired from observation, and slept; but he was wide awake, with the memory of his disgrace, to make a larger and more glaring flame, and with each effort and each succeeding deep he will gain increased strength, until (I predict) he shall burn every ounce of powder from the world.

The powder-man was pleased and proud, but dared not boast of his victory, lest pride should be too soon awakened. He was afraid to sleep, but guarded his powder with unceasing vigilance, lest some spark should make its flight that way. Indeed, he was afraid of his own opinions to police regulations as to guarantine fire. Why will you trust your gunpowder; for fire is free! Away with all partial institutions, with all monopolies, with all arbitrary laws, and let the free air blow, and sparkling through every social atmosphere. Everything which is not made fire-proof by the incorporation of the principles of liberty, fraternity, and truth, is not worthy of the millennial reign of justice, mercy, and truth.

Because the seeds of disease and those that carry them, whether by design or accident, may be justly kept in quarantine, shall the medicinal fire of ideas be shut out because this fire might be destructive of a social gangrene? Rather let this fire be kept in spite of health and disease.

What free thought with its sunlight shows to be filthy and mortified, let this be baptized in the fountain of discussion, whose waters are ever free, and where this shore no remaining life, let fire destroy or the sod of oblivion cover.

What is left will then be living, lovely, safe, and sacred; and the social edifice will impart that feeling of security and happiness which one feels in committing himself to sleep in a house whose materials will not burn, and whose aperture are proof against the thief, being guarded by the angel of Fidelity. THEODORE THOUGHTFUL.

St. Louis, March 11, 1851.

PUBLIC MEETINGS AT THE NORTH.

ERIE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

At a meeting held at McKean Corners, Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the 5th instant, after an able discussion of three evenings, for and against the Fugitive Slave Law, the following resolutions were adopted by a large majority, viz:

1. *Resolved*, That the law passed at the last session of Congress, relative to fugitives from labor, is at variance with Justice, Liberty, the Constitution of the United States, and with the Word of God.

2. *Resolved*, That we do deliberately and calmly, yet resolutely and firmly, declare it null and obligation on our part to obey the unchristian enactment of the aforesaid Fugitive Slave Law. Also, that, regardless of unjust human enactments, and unchristian decisions, we will do all we can, as Christians, to prevent the recapture of the fugitive, and to aid him in his efforts to escape from his wicked oppressors.

3. *Resolved*, That Millard Fillmore, in electing Daniel Webster to the office of Secretary of State, has outraged the spirit of Liberty in the free States, and, in violation of the well-defined principles of his party on the subject of freedom.

4. *Resolved*, That one of the Erie papers be requested to publish these resolutions, and we will do all we can, as Christians, to prevent the recapture of the fugitive, and to aid him in his efforts to escape from his wicked oppressors.

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LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO.

According to previous notice, a meeting was held by the citizens of Logan county, Ohio, to consider their duty in relation to the Fugitive Slave Law, in the church near Pickrelltown. Mr. H. Brown was called to the chair, and Charles O. Stanton, Esq., appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting was stated by the President, and Mr. C. Comstock, Dr. Holmes, J. S. Milligan, and Charles O. Stanton, were appointed a committee to draft resolutions for the consideration of the meeting. After a short absence, the following resolutions were reported:

[To save room, we omit the preamble and two of the resolutions.]

Resolved, That we are called upon to assert our rights, and our determination to maintain them.

Resolved, That we consider the Divine law as of supreme authority, and that no law which is opposed to God's law are not binding on a Christian Commonwealth.

Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law is at war with the law of God, the design of civil government, and is especially degrading to the state which is called a free People.

Resolved, That we will use all proper means for the immediate repeal of the infamous enactment.

Resolved, That those who framed, execute, or countenance the Fugitive Slave Law, are enemies to God, humanity, and the best interests of our country.

Resolved, That the editor of the *Logan Gazette*, in editorials referring to the Anti-Fugitive-Slave law, has evinced a Southern heart, has evinced a spirit of hatred to Liberty and Human Right, has falsified the proceedings of those meetings, and has shown a willingness to betray the cause of God and humanity for a *few pieces of silver!*

On motion, they were taken up *seriatim*, and unanimously adopted.

The meeting was large, and remarkably harmonious—only one *nay* being given to the adoption of the whole series of resolutions.

Able speeches were made on the resolutions, by Messrs. Holmes, Milligan, and Brown.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That the proceedings be published in the papers of this county, the *Ohio Standard*, *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, and *National Era*.

WEAVING IN IRON.

Strange as the idea may seem, it is no less strange than true, that the art of weaving iron would m-ke it appear impossible that it could be worked by any other agency than the forge, the anvil, and the hammer, is now, by the aid of new and powerful machinery, woven into fine and beautiful patterns, and the designs varied with almost the same facility as in the weaving of a carpet or a table cover. The specimens that we have seen excel in beauty and delicacy of wreathing that we have ever seen, and do not cost more than half the ordinary cost of even cast iron railing. The patterns for ornamenting houses and offices in New York are now fitted up with this railing in preference to any other heretofore or at present in use. The user of the invention, however, we are informed, is rolling in the most tasteful verandahs, window gratings, garden fences, &c., are made by it. The coal miners of Pennsylvania have found it to be all other modes for their screens. Charleston and New Orleans each have parks enclosed with it, and many of the rich Southerners have their flower conservatories enclosed in the same manner. In fact, wherever it has been introduced, it has come almost into unlimited favor. The peculiar advantage it possesses over all other kinds of railing is, that in its manufacture the wire is first woven round in the weaving process they are crossed in a manner that one binds the other, thus giving a mutual support to the whole, that many parts of Europe. Add to these and many other uses, Mr. Wickersham manufactures a bedstead of iron so constructed, that it can be taken to bring the day-time, and will require but few inches of room from the wall out, is bug proof, and easily swept aside. We think his store is worthy a visit to those who visit the city of New York.—*Albany Register.*

PLANK ROADS.

Among the many improvements in the means of communication which have been prosecuted in the last few years, plank roads are assuming a very important rank. A line of plank road, the Kingsford, of the Hudson river railroad, is of great interest, and should be well circulated throughout the country. It appears that the first plank road in Canada was laid down in 1836, and in New York in 1837; but it is only within the last four years that they have been much prosecuted. The following table shows the

PLANK ROADS IN OPERATION.

	Canada.	New York.
Number of roads -	-	19
Number of miles -	442	2,106
Average cost per mile -	$1,750	$1,823
Total cost -	- $773,500	$3,860,292

Very nearly four millions of dollars have been expended in New York upon these roads, and the resulting advantages are beyond all price. We have all been enbecribed for by individuals, and all pay handsome dividends. For instance, the Troy and Schenectady road to pay 10 per cent, semi-annual; the Utica and Burlington, 20 per cent; and we believe none in operation pay less than 10 per cent, and none of the stocks can be bought in the market.

The importance of plank roads in farming regions becomes self-evident, when it is stated that in the Mohawk road a two-horse team drew *six* tons of iron twelve miles, with ordinary ease, at six. Four and a half tons is an ordinary load, and a team will travel with it eight hours per day, four miles an hour, and back. Now, a farmer, in a heavy country, stated that the tolls paid amount themselves in the *labor of clearing horses.* In all localities where these roads are in operation land rises greatly in value. On the Salina road, farm land rose from $9 to $15 per acre. On the Syracuse road, the increase was $10 per acre. It will be observed that an amount of property equal to $4,000,000, bearing a high rate of interest, has been created, and that property has added in addition several millions to the value of the land through which it passes, and that the property is more saving from the old cost of transportation.

The as extensive and operation of these roads is but little known out of their localities, we append be statistics:

Name.	Opened.	Length, Cost per miles.	mile
Great Western, Albany -	1849	11	$2,955
Fonda and Caroga -	1849	18¼	1,856
Fulton'ville and Johnstown	1849	5	5,000
Rome and Utica -	1848	26½	1,713
Northern Road, Utica -	1848	22	1,800
Utica and Burlington -	1850	8	3,100
Rome and Western -	1849	11	1,500
Rome and Taberg -	1849	9	1,300
Rome and Madison -	1849	22	1250
Salina and Central -	1847	16	1,500
Syracuse and Oswego	1849	8	1,200
Syracuse and Bridgeport -	1849	12	1,400
Syracuse and Oswego	1849	32	1,300
Auburn and Liverpool	1849	11	1,400
Syracuse and Tully -	1848	25	1,100
Split Rock Head -	1850	1	1,500
Hannibal and Oswego -	1848	11	2,000
do. do. -	1849	6	1,500

Every section of the country should be laid with these roads as tributaries to the railroads. The progress at the West is very great already.

N. Y. Dry Goods Reporter.

OHIO.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution just framed and submitted to the people of Ohio for acceptance embraces sixteen articles, which are divided into one hundred and eighty-eight sections. Its most notable features are as follows:

1. *Bill of Rights.*—Freedom of Religion, Equality of Political Rights, Trial by Jury, guarantee of the Habeas Corpus, Freedom of Speech and of the Press, No Imprisonment for Debt, &c., &c., are abundantly assured in this article.

2. *Legislative Department.*—Senators and Representatives are to be chosen *biennially*, on the second Tuesday in October 1851, '53, &c., and to hold their stations for two years from the 1st day of January ensuing. They must be resident in their respective districts for one year next preceding their election. Officers of the United States or persons holding lucrative posts under the State Government are declared ineligible to a seat in either *hereafter* convicted of embezzlement. Two members may call the yeas and nays on any proposition, which shall be finally passed except by yeas and nay vote, and a majority of all the members chosen to each House in its favor. A vote of three fourths is required to suspend the rule in any instance—very still to be read three times on three separate days. No *extra compensation* shall be paid to any officer or contractor in any case, and no private claim bill can pass except by a vote of two-thirds of all the members chosen to each House. The Legislature can grant no divorce, nor create any new County containing less than four hundred square miles, unless the County divided shall contain 100,000 inhabitants, and in all cases any change of County lines must be submitted to and approved by a majority of the people of the County affected thereby. Regular sessions of the Legislature commence on the first Monday in January, 1852, '54, and so on.

3. *Executive.*—A Governor, Lieut. Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, and Attorney General, shall be chosen by the people for two years, and an Auditor for four years. These officers have all the ordinary powers, except that the Governor has no Veto. He may call special sessions of the Legislature, and may adjourn that body in case of disagreement between the two Houses. He has also the restrictions on the free choice of the people, save that the Governor shall hold no other office, State or Federal.

4. *Judiciary.*—A Supreme Court of five Judges, chosen by the people, a Court of Chancery, seven Common Pleas Judges, chosen by as many Districts, but serving in nine Districts; District Courts to be composed of the Supreme and two or more Common Pleas Judges; a Probate Court, consisting of a Judge of Probate in each County, elected by the people for three years; with "a competent number of Justices in each township," (pity it could not truly read "a number of competent justices?"—these form the Judicial force of the State. The Justices of the Peace hold for three and the Supreme Court Judges for five years, except that one Supreme Judge is to go out of office annually, the first five being classed by lot.

5. *Elective Franchise.*—Every free white male adult citizen is a voter. He must have resided in the State a year, but the term of residence by Colored Men is fixed by law, and is to be fixed by law. Elections uniformly by ballot. The Legislature may disfranchise for bribery, perjury or other infamous crime. United States soldiers acquire no residence by being stationed in the State. Idiots and insane persons may not vote.

6. *Education.*—The principal of all lands or funds granted to the State for educational purposes to remain forever undiminished; and the Legislature shall provide, by taxation or otherwise, for "a thorough and efficient system of Common Schools"—[be word *"free"* unfortunately omitted.]

7. *Public Institutions.*—Institutions for the Insane, Blind, Deaf and Dumb, shall always be supported by the State. The Legislature shall supervise and control them.

8. *Public Debt &c.*—No debt exceeding $750,000 shall hereafter be created, except in case of war or public danger. No loaning of State Credit or assumption of City or other Debts. The interest of the present Debt shall be punctually paid, and enough shall be set apart for the purpose, in addition thereto, $100,000 of the principal the first year, $100,000 the second, &c., until the whole be paid. The Board of Public Works shall consist of three members, one chosen for five years, and one annually thereafter, to hold for three years.

9. *Militia.*—All White Male Citizens between 18 and 45 to be enrolled in the Militia. Officers up to Major Generals to be chosen by those subject to Military duty.

10. *Town and County Officers.*—Township officers to be chosen annually on the first Monday in April; County, ditto on the second Tuesday in October, and for three years unless otherwise provided by law. No person eligible to Sheriff or County Treasurer more than four years in any six.

11. *Apportionment.*—The Senate is to consist of thirty-five Members and the House of one hundred, each to be apportioned every tenth year. The Senate District for the first ten years are to be as follows:

Districts that gave majorities for Taylor.

Districts.	Counties.	
3.	Montgomery, Preble	1
5.	Greene, Clinton, Fayette	1
6.	Ross, Highland	1
9.	Lawrence, Gallia, Vinton, Meigs	1
10.	* Brown, Adams, Pike	1
11.	Clark, Champaign, Madison	1
12.	Miami, Darke, Shelby	1
13.	Logan, Union, Hardin, Marion	1
14.	* Morgan, Washington -	1
15.	Muskingum, Perry -	1
30.	* Huron, Erie, Sandusky, Ottawa	1
	Total -	11

Districts that gave majorities for Van Buren.

Districts.	Counties.	
24.	Ashtabula, Lake, Geauga	1
25.	Cuyahoga	1
	Total -	2

Districts that gave majorities for Cass.

Districts.	Counties.	
1.	Hamilton	1
2.	Butler, Warren	1
4.	Clermont, Brown	1
7.	* Adams, Highland, Scioto, Jackson	1
8.	Athens, Hocking, Fairfield	1
16.	Delaware, Licking -	1
17.	Knox, Morrow -	1
18.	Coshocton, Tuscarawas	1
19.	Guernsey, Monroe -	1
20.	Belmont, Harrison -	1
21.	Jefferson, Columbiana	1
22.	Jefferson, Columbiana	1
23.	Trumbull, Mahoning -	1
26.	Portage, Summit	1
27.	Medina, Lorain	1
28.	Wayne, Holmes	1
29.	Ashland, Richland -	1
31.	Seneca, Crawford, Wyandot -	1
32.	Mercer, Auglaize, Allen, Van Wert, Paulding, Defiance, Williams-	1
33.	Hancock, Wood, Lucas, Fulton Henry, Putnam -	1
	Total -	22

* Very close.

The House is apportioned on the vicious "Floater" principle, the following counties being entitled to two Representatives each at all times: Franklin, Licking, Montgomery, Stark, (making 8.)

The following have one each at all times:

Adams, Allen, Athens, Auglaize, Carroll, Champaign, Clark, Clinton, Crawford, Darke, Delaware, Fairfield, Fayette, Gallia, Geauga, Greene, Hancock, Harrison, Hocking, Holmes, Lake, Lawrence, Logan, Madison, Marion, Meigs, Morrow, Perry, Pickaway, Pike, Preble, Sandusky, Scioto, Shelby, and Union—(35.)

The following choose one each at every election, and a second at the election of 1850:

Ashland, Coshocton, Highland, Huron, Lorain, Mahoning, Medina, Miami, Portage, Seneca, Summit, and Warren.

The following choose one at each election, and one additional at the election of 1855 and 1857:

Ashtabula, Brown, Butler, Clermont, Fairfield, Guernsey, Jefferson, Knox, Monroe, Morgan, Richland, Trumbull, Tuscarawas, and Washington.

The following choose one at each election, and two in 1851, '53, and '55:

Belmont, Hamilton, Ross, Wayne.

Muskingum chooses two at each election, and three in 1850.

Cuyahoga chooses two at each election, and one in 1850.

The following are classed to elect jointly, viz: Jackson, Vinton - 1

Lucas, Fulton - 1

Wyandot, Hardin - 1

Wood, Henry - 1

Mercer, Van Wert - 1

Paulding, Defience, Williams - 1

Putnam, Henry - 1

12. *Finance.*—No poll-tax shall ever be levied. Banks and Corporations shall be taxed as high as individuals according to their property.

13. *Corporations, Banks, &c.*—Cities and Villages shall be organized under general laws. No debt shall be contracted for purposes of Internal improvement. Compensation for the Right of Way must be made or tendered before possession can be assumed—the amount to be determined by a Jury.

Sec. 3. Dues from Corporations shall be secured by such individual liability of the stockholders and other means, as may be prescribed by law; but in all such cases each stockholder shall be liable, over and above the stock by him or her owned, and any amount unpaid thereon, to a further sum at least equal in amount to such stock.

Sec. 7. No Act of the General Assembly, authorizing associations with Banking powers, shall take effect until it shall be submitted to the people at the general election next succeeding the passage thereof, and be approved by a majority of all the electors voting at such election.

14. *Law Reform*—The next Legislature shall appoint three Commissioners, (after the manner of our Practice Commission,) who, under the general supervision of the Legislature, shall proceed to revise, reform, simplify, and abridge the practice, pleadings, forms, and proceedings of the Courts of Record of this State; and, as far as practicable and expedient, shall simplify the abolition of the distinct forms of action at law now in use, and for the administration of justice by a uniform mode of proceeding, without reference to any distinction between law and equity.

15. *Miscellaneous*—State printing must be given by contract to the lowest bidder. To be a voter or to hold any office, one must be a white man. No person though holding an office or having been concerned therein,(of)ty in a duel, will *disqualify.* Columbus shall be the seat of Government until the Legislature shall otherwise direct. The Secretary of Statistics may be established. Lotteries and the sale of Lottery Tickets are forever prohibited.

16. *Amendments.*—Three-fifths of each House may hereafter propose Amendments to this Constitution, to be approved or rejected (separately) at the next ensuing election, when the Vote of Convention may be called in the same manner. And in 1871, and every twenty years thereafter, the question of Convention or No Convention shall be submitted to a direct vote of the people.

All laws not inconsistent with this Constitution continue in force until altered. A Special Election is to be held to vote for or against this Constitution on the third Tuesday in June next. If it be adopted, it takes effect on the first of September ensuing. Its officers and other State officers, as well as Legislature, Judges, Clerks, &c., will be chosen at the regular Election ensuing—namely, on the second Tuesday in October next.

16. *Rum*—At the Constitutional election in June, every voter who chooses will vote "License to sell Intoxicating Liquors," or "No," as he shall prefer. The people's Temperance Convention shall stand as ceo. 9 of Art. XV of the New Constitution.

"No license to traffic in intoxicating liquors shall hereafter be granted by the Legislature or General Assembly may by law provide against evils, arising therefrom."

The Friends of Temperance will take care that the Noes largely preponderate on this question.

We have thus made a full and careful synopsis of the Constitution. Its adoption is likely, if it is grossly wrong in some points, especially the denial of the Right of Suffrage to the class most oppressed and in need of all the protection and support which the Right of Suffrage would secure them; and it is shamefully unjust and unrepublican in denying to political minorities in the larger Counties the chance of representation in the Legislature which a perfect Apportionment of the State into single Senate and Assembly Districts would incure them. Yet, on the whole, we do not see that rejecting the Constitution would right these wrongs, while it would crush some salutary provisions embodied in the instrument—Law Reform, Free Education, and an Elective Judiciary being among them. So, on the whole, we are inclined to advise its adoption.—*New York Tribune.*

From the Friend of Youth.

THE NEW SKATES: A TRUE STORY.

BY HELEN IRVING.

In a pleasant home, in one of the towns of New England, lived a little brother, named Frank and Fanny Russell. There was but a year and a half difference in their ages; and though Fanny was the elder, she did not appear so, for Frank was short and strong, and quite as tall as his younger sister. He was a brave, happy little fellow, with bright, waving auburn hair, pleasant hazel eyes, and plump, ruddy cheeks, and resembled Fanny very much, only that her face was smaller, and her eyes and hair of a darker shade.

They loved one another very dearly; and from the time when Fanny first saw her little brother stretch out his arm to her and call her in his baby language, she had been his nurse, a playfellow better than any other. When they were very little children, they would amuse themselves together all day; and at night, when they were laid to rest in their crib, Fanny had a sweet way of turning herself to sleep, and it was very pleasant for her mother to hear the little voice, and to know, when at last it became drowsy and ceased, that her darlings were quietly and happily asleep.

As they grew older, they were very fond of playing in the fields and gathering great bouquets of the sweet clover-blossom, or weaving chains of the long dandelion stems, and so going home decorated with necklaces and bracelets to their mother. Or they would go for nuts with their beautiful little spaniel Pero, who would shake his brown silky ears and bark gleefully, as if he enjoyed the sport quite as much as they. But these pleasant times many days, and they were obliged to play in the house, although Frank was a strong, active little boy, he was always very gentle with his sister's playthings, and never broke her dolls, or overturned her little tea-table. Sometimes, he grew tired of these things much quicker than Fanny, and was quite sure that swinging and tossing their balls and running in the garret was more pleasant; and sometimes Fanny thought so, too. But they were very happy in the winter evenings, when the lamps were lighted, and tea was over, and they sat around the table, reading over and over again the stories in the Sabbath-school library, listening while their mother told them of the days when she was a little child like them-selves; and it seemed to them that the hands of the clock moved very soon to bed-time, when they had to bid the bright, pleasant room good night.

At the time to which this story refers, Frank was about eight years old, and Fanny rather more than nine. It was a cold, dreary, winter weather, and every day before school-time, and after their lessons were over, they were out playing with the cold, white snow, or sliding on the ice, or coursing down the hill close by the house. Frank had a beautiful new sled, painted a bright, soft red color, with a narrow border of yellow and black around it, all varnished to shine very brightly, and in the centre was a beautiful large gold-colored letter "Fox." I suppose it was called Fox because it could run so fast—at least, it was quite the prettiest, swiftest sled to be found anywhere; and, oh, what fine times they had with it!

Fanny, with her cloak belted warmly round her waist, her little crimson shawl over her head, and her white mittens clinging snugly about her wrists, never felt too cold; and if you had seen Frank's cheeks glowing and his eyes shining with a scarf, you never would have asked if he were warm enough.

They would take "Fox" out from his resting-place in the back entry, and march off, quite proud of their treasure. When they reached the top of the hill, (which was very near, being part of their father's place,) and were ready for a start, Frank would get upon the front of the sled, and Fanny would sit close side to "steer," grasping the rope in his hands, then Fanny would kneel behind him, holding on by her arms around his neck, and down the hill they would fly like a bird. Once in a while it to be sure they got a fall into the snow before they reached the bottom, but that did not hurt them much, and they were soon all ready to start again.

Quite near the house—just on the other side of the garden—was a fine, large pond, where the boys used to skate, and where Fanny sometimes went to slide with her brother when there was no school. Frank felt as if he were quite a large boy this year; and when

Ah, when she saw the paleness come to her mother's cheek, and the tears to her eyes, as she flung her arms around them both, and thanked her Godwith a prayer that her dear boy's life was saved, then did Fanny know that but for her that kind, good little brother would have now been *drowned*, that never again should she have seen him alive! It was the first time that she had realized that any thing could separate them—that a time could ever come when she should not have her brother by her side, or hear his pleasant voice calling "Fanny!" to her from the brook down close to his, and sobbed very bitterly.

Then their mother told them of the good Father in Heaven who loved and cared for little children, and who was watching over them that day, and had spared their dear brother's life, and she told them they must never forget how good he had been to them.

There was nothing said about Frank's future skating that morning, for the father and mother were too much occupied with his escape to speak of much else; but at noon Mr. Russell told his son that it would not do for him to skate again until he was older. But Frank was very sorry, and he thought he allowed to go *sometimes*, when the pond was all frozen over, and their father could see that there were no bad places, that at last he said to his mother, "I think of it," and said it so pleasantly that Fanny felt as she had gained her point.

However, they went upon the pond but few times more that winter, for the ice was often broken, and Mr. Russell seldom thought it safe; but the next year, when Frank was a stronger and had grown more careful and could draw his sister on the sled, many frolics did they have with the new skates—Frank and Fanny and Fox.

TO THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

HAVING associated myself in business with Mr. *JOHN A. CRELLIN*, of the firm of *CRELLIN & PARKS*, Philadelphia, and tiling her of the pleasant times they could have together—how they could go out to the pond early, before the boys came, and take Fox, and he could draw her on it as fast as any horse.

At length New Year's morning came, and the children arose as soon as it was light, and stole softly down into the parlor to find out what Santa Claus had brought them. It was a very cold morning, and the fire had just been kindled in the edge, so that they could see pretty well. They looked around to see if there was anything to him about it, and Mr. Russell did not like to be teased, but contented himself with talking to Mr. Fox, and telling her of the pleasant times they could have together—how they could go out to the pond early, before the boys came, and take Fox, and he could draw her on it as fast as any horse.

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INFORMATION WANTED,

OF HENRY CLARK, a native of London, about three years since, in the employ of Messrs. Ogden & Ogden, in 1840 or 1841, and is probably still in that service. It is believed he is gambling at Cincinnati, or in the District of Columbia, some seven or eight years ago. Any number of his wife's family or other persons, who may know anything of him and of the reasons which induced him to leave the information with the Editor of this paper, will confer a great favor upon his distressed wife.

Amesbury, Mass., March 10, 1851. SARAH CLARK.

Mar. 20.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED.

I HAVE just received and offer for sale a lot of these seeds, which I believe to be in every way reliable.

They were gathered in Illinois, and sent to me by Mr. James Sanquier, of Union county, Indiana, who went out to Texas for the express purpose of procuring good seed for his own planting.

His knowledge of the hedging business, and personal interest in the matter, are a sufficient guarantee that every precaution has been used to select none but seeds of an hedge-plant of the genuine Osage orange kind, and to ensure their collection and preservation.

As I have no other seed on hand, purchasers can depend upon having their orders filled from this lot; and I shall be happy to receive orders, by mail or otherwise, to all who desire to test its quality.

Printed directions for cultivation accompany each parcel sold.

Northeast corner of Wells and Lower Market streets, Wheeling, Ohio.

March 13—9t. CAHILL TOLMAN.

COMMISSION "Merchant and Manufacturers' Agent" for the sale of every description of *PLAIN AND FANCY DRY GOODS*, 71 Liberty street, New York, will give to shipping goods promptly, at the lowest rates, a large part of the business of Philadelphia.

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Jan. 16—9m

HOOKER & HAWLEY,

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Sept. 12—1 JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.

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June 6. G. W. LIGHT & CO.

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Sept. 19—1y

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