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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 30, 1850.

For the National Era.

MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL.

Dr. Singletary is dead!

Well, what of it? All who live die sooner or later, and pray, who was Dr. Singletary, that his loss should claim particular attention?

Why, in the first place, Dr. Singletary, as a man, born to our common inheritance of joy and sorrow, earthly interests and heavenward aspirations, our brother in sin and suffering, wisdom and folly, love and pride, and vanity, has a claim upon the universal sympathy. Besides, whatever the living man may have been, death has now invested him with its great solemnity. He is with the immortals. For him the great curtain has been lifted. The weaknesses, the follies, and repulsive mental and personal idiosyncrasies, which may have kept him without the sphere of our respect and sympathy, have now fallen off, and he stands radiant with the transfiguration of eternity, God's child, our recognised and acknowledged brother.

Dr. Singletary is dead. He was an old man, and seldom, of latter years, ventured beyond the precincts of his neighborhood. He was a single man, and his departure has broken no circle of family affection. He was little known to the public, and is now little missed. The village newspaper simply appended to its announcement of his disease the customary *post mortem* compliment, "A greatly respected, old gentleman!" and in the annual catalogue of his *Alma Mater*, an asterisk has been added to his name, over which purchases some gray-haired survivor of his class may breathe a sigh as he calls up the image of the fresh-faced, bright-eyed boy, who, aspiring, hopeful, vigorous, started with him on the journey of life. He was rather for himself than for its unconscious awakener.

But a few years have passed since he left us, yet already well nigh all the outward manifestations, landmarks, and memorials of the living man have passed away or been removed. His house, with its broad, mossy roof sloping down on one side almost to the rose-bushes and lilacs, and its comfortable little porch in front, where he used to sit of a pleasant summer afternoon, has passed into new hands, and has been sadly disfigured by a glaring coat of white paint, and, in the place of the good Doctor's name, hardly legible on the corner board, may now be seen in staring letters of black and gold, "VALENTINE ORSON STURBS, M. D., Indian Doctor and Dealer in Roots and Herbs." The good Doctor's old horse, as well known as its owner to every man, woman, and child in the village, has fallen into the new-comers hands, who (being prepared to make the most of him, from the fact that he commenced the practice of the healing art in the stable, rising from thence to the parlor) has rubbed him into comparative sleekness, cleaned his mane and tail of the accumulated bure of many autumns, and made quite a gay nag of him. The wagon, too, in which at least two generations of boys and girls have rolled in noisy hilarity, whenever they encountered it on their way to school, has been so smartly painted and varnished, that if its former owner could look down from the hill where he lies, he would scarcely know his once familiar vehicle, as it whirls glittering along the main road to the village. For the rest, all things go on as usual—the miller grinds, the blacksmith strikes and shoes, the cobbler stitches and tailor stitch and seed, old men sit in the autumn sun, old gossips stir tea and scandal, revival meetings alternate with apple-bees and huskings—toil, pleasure, family jars, petty neighborhood quarrels, courtship and marriage—all which makes up the daily life of a country village, continue as before. The little chasm which his death has made in the hearts of the people where he lived and labored seems already closed, and there is little or no more grave in the burying ground—that is all.

Let nobody infer from what I have said that the good man died unlamented, for, indeed, it was a sad day with his neighbors, when the news, long expected, ran at last from house to house, and from workshop to workshop, "*Dr. Singletary is dead!*" He had not an enemy left among them; in one way or another he had been the friend and benefactor of all. Some owed to his skill their recovery from sickness, others remembered how he had watched with anxious solicitude by the bedside of their dying relatives, soothing them, when all human aid was vain, with the sweet consolations of that Christian hope which alone pierces the quiet shadow of the grave, and shows the safe stepping-stones above the dark waters. The old missed a cheerful companion and friend who had trodden life's path without wounding their pride by an offensive display of his superiority, and who, while making a jest of his own trials and infirmities, could still listen with real sympathy to the querulous and importunate complaints of others. For one day at least, even the sunny faces of childhood were marked with unwonted thoughtfulness; the shadow of the common bereavement fell over the play-ground and nursery. The little girl remembered, with tears, how her broken-limbed doll had taxed the surgical ingenuity of her genial old friend, and the boy showed sorrowfully to his playmates the top which the good Doctor had given him. If there were few, among the many who stood beside his grave, capable of rightly measuring and appreciating the high intellectual and spiritual nature which formed the background of his simple social life, all could feel that no common loss had been sustained, and that the kindly and generous spirit which had passed away from them had not lived to himself alone.

As you follow the windings of one of the loveliest rivers of New England, a few miles above the sea-mart, at its mouth, you can see on a hill, whose grassy slope is checkered with the graceful foliage of the locust, and whose top stands relieved against a still higher elevation, dark with oaks and walnuts, the white stones of the burying-place. It is a quiet spot; but without gloom, as befits "God's Acre." Below is the village, with its sloops and fishing boats at the wharves, and its crescent of white houses mirrored in the water. Eastward is the misty line of the great sea. Blue peaks of distant mountains roughen the horizon of the North. Westward the broad, clear river winds away into a maze of jutting bluffs and picturesque wooded headlands. The tall, white stone on the westerly slope of the hill bears the name of "Nicholas Singletary, M. D.," and marks the spot which he selected many years before his death. When I visited it last spring, the air about it was fragrant with the bloom of sweet-briar and blackberry, and the balsamic aroma of the sweet fern, birds were singing in the birch trees by the wall, and two little, brown-looked, merry-faced girls were making wreaths of the dandelions and grasses which grew upon the old man's grave. The sun was setting behind the western river-bluffs, flooding the valley with soft light, glorifying every object, and fusing all into harmony and beauty. I saw and felt nothing to depress or sadden me. I could have joined in the laugh of the children; the light whistle of a young dreamer, driving merrily homeward, did not jar upon my ear. For from the transfigured landscape, and from the singing birds, and from sportive childhood, and from blossoming sweet-briar, and from the grassy mound before me, I heard the whisper of one word only, and that word was PEACE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

THE VOLUNTEER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
Blazing with noble zeal, a generous heritage
Which I can take unalloyed to the stars,
When the great Father calls his children home,
And in the midst of this Elysian dream,
Lo, Gold—one demon fiend! she! she! the creed
Of the false land!"—*Bulwer.*

"And now for the fortune
That hangeth above;
And to be merry in haste
My dream of love!"
Barry Cornwall.

"And so, Margaret, you will not promise to use your influence toward obtaining this appointment for me?"

"Ah, Herbert, do not urge me! I cannot do this thing consistently with my own sense of duty; and I am amazed and shocked that you should so far forget your often avowed principles as to desire to engage in this most unrighteous war—a war without one just cause, or one noble object—but waged against an unoffending people, in the rapacity of conquest, and for the extension and perpetuation of human slavery. You surely are not hoping thus to win true glory?"

"But I am ambitious of *distinction*, which I *must* have and which I can gain in no other way that I can see."

"And why this sudden thirst for distinction? This intense ambition is certainly a new development of your character, and it troubles me more than I can tell. Why is it that you desire a great name more than you did before?"

"If you cannot guess, if you must be told, dear Margaret, it is that I may stand on an equality with you. Now, you wealth and position humiliate me."

"Does my *love* humiliate you, Herbert?"

"No, dearest."

"And, yet, is it not of infinitely greater worth? All the wealth and honors of the world could not buy it."

"I know that, Margaret; but, before the world, I cannot be lifted up even by your dear arms to a position I have not earned. I cannot consent to receive everything, where I would give all. I forgot my manly pride in the one absorbing sense of my love, when I sued for your hand; but it has since made itself remembered; and you have felt, without understanding it, in what you have called my 'strange moods.' Your noble love is to me the crown of life, yet I can never wear it in peace, until the world shall acknowledge my right to it.

"Now, as I have said, your influence with your uncle may gain for me the command of a volunteer company. I have a bold heart and a strong arm, and, in a short time, I am confident I can gain distinction as a soldier."

"And lose my esteem, Herbert, I never can consent to this; and I tell you frankly, that what little influence I possess I shall use *against* this mad enterprise of yours. Forgive me if I pain you, dearest; but out of the very love I bear you I must oppose you in this. I speak only of love, though I might speak of rights and claims too strong, too solemn, to be lightly set aside."

"Then I must bid you good morning, and try my fortune elsewhere?"

It was in the elegant parlor of a handsome house in one of the upper eastern cities, that the above conversation took place, between a pair of betrothed lovers, on a morning in the year 1846.

Margaret Neale was an orphan, and the heiress to great wealth. She was the ward of an uncle, with whom she resided. Herbert Moore was a poor, obscure boy when he first fell under the notice of the father of Margaret, who employed him in various capacities, gave him a fine mercantile education, and, a short time previous to his own death, placed him in the post of confidential clerk. In this situation, which was continued to him after the death of his patron, Herbert was able to support himself well, and to assist his widowed mother, who had but a small income of her own. He was a young man of fine intellect, of a warm and generous heart, but of a quick, passionate temper, and, as we have seen, of an excessive and morbid pride. His native independence was not subdued, but rather augmented, by the great obligations under which he had been placed by the kindness of Mr. Neale; and when, after the death of his benefactor, he was thrown much into the society of the beautiful heiress, it was "against his very will and wish transgressing," that he loved her and told her of his love. And this he never would have revealed, had he not read, in the involuntary blush, the downcast eyes, and the low, trembling voice of Margaret, the sweet secret of her own gentle soul. After the avowal had been made, and the first raptures of the accepted lover were past, Herbert Moore began bitterly to reflect on the light in which he might be viewed as the betrothed of Miss Neale—he, the penniless protegé, almost the creature of her father. He feared being thought a mercenary, poor-spirited schemer, who had made use of extraordinary opportunities of access to the lovely young heiress to gain her affection and her fortune, giving nothing which the world would deem an adequate return. These thoughts fretted and stung the proud heart of the sensitive young man, until he almost looked upon himself as an upstart and an adventurer.

Had Herbert Moore regarded the matter in a just light, he would have seen that his best vindication and assurance lay in the well-understood character of Margaret Neale. The parents of our heroine were Scotch, of the true old Covenanter stock, and from them she inherited some strong and peculiar characteristics. Though a sweet and loving woman, she possessed a vigorous mind, a clear judgment, and a hearty independence—traits and powers which, of themselves, raised her far above the suspicion of being blinded by a romantic passion, or duped into the acceptance of an unworthy love. Such was the high estimation in which she was held by all who knew her, that any man whom she might have honored by the bestowal upon him of her hand and fortune, would, from that circumstance alone, have been deemed worthy of all respect.

I trust that my reader will not think altogether ill of Herbert Moore, that he did not thus understand the character and position of his affianced bride. To him she had all defied love and clinging tenderness, and he did not perceive that her nature was to others more boldly defined—that in society she was strong, impressive, decidedly, though delightfully, individual. Herbert's very gratitude to his former patron seemed to impress upon him the unworthiness of taking advantage of his position in the family, to win the hand and with it the immense fortune of the heiress. He must not be harshly censured for his fault—a fault which sprung from a generous root, and one with which few young men, like him, handsome and penniless, can be charged.

From long brooding over the subject of his relations towards Margaret Neale, there came upon Herbert Moore a burning desire to make for himself a name, which, even in the eyes of the world, might balance the fortune of his bride. Yet how was this to be accomplished? Though possessed of various talents, Herbert Moore was fully aware that he had no positive genius for any department of science or art. He was not a brilliant scholar, though educated and well read. He was not a poet, though truly poetical. He was not an artist, though of fine artistic tastes. Nor was he a musician, though he sung pleasantly at evening parties.

Just at this perplexing period, there was great excitement throughout the country upon the Mexican war. Our hero's native State raised a regiment of volunteers, and his native city was called upon for a company. To the command of this company young Moore aspired, though in heart he utterly condemned the objects and conduct of the war. Mr. Neale, the uncle and guardian of Margaret, was a man of fortune and great influence in his city and State, and, with his countenance, Moore had no doubt of his appointment. But this "aid and comfort" the old gentleman, at his niece's request, declined giving to his young friend; gently softening his refusal, however, by the kindest professions and advice, and by saying that the house of Neale & Co. could not spare their head clerk.

After a few weeks, during which Moore was still bent upon his warlike purpose, having some hope from other quarters, the appointment was given to the son of an old soldier, a young man of decided military propensities. The consequence was, that Moore, in a sudden fit of passion and mortification, enlisted as a private in the company he had wished to command.

Margaret Neale, with whom of late he had had but brief and constrained interviews, was informed of this piece of madness by her pastor, old Mr. McDonald, who had been as a father to Herbert and herself since their childhood. Margaret was quite overwhelmed by the sad news, and sent the good minister to her lover, to persuade him, even yet, to abandon his wild undertaking. When Mr. McDonald returned the next morning, he shook his head sadly, as he placed in Margaret's hand the following letter:

"MY DEAR MARGARET: If I may yet once more call you thus—once more, and for the last time, I shall so presume.

"I have failed in the appointment which I desired; failed partly, if not entirely, through your adverse influence; and, in my first disappointment and chagrin, I have taken a rash step, but I will abide the issue, and submit to the penalty. I return you your troth—too high an honor, too priceless a treasure, to be possessed by a poor volunteer—an adventurer—a soldier in the ranks. My own must remain with you forever. Though I go from you under a cloud, though you turn from me with coldness, despise and forget me, I am still yours—yours in life and in death; and the thought of no other love shall ever visit this sad heart, than that which for a brief season uplifted it to heaven.

"My poor mother! Need I commend her to your care and affection? I dare not ask you to be to her as a daughter, for the sake of our past love; but for her own dear sake, and remembering your forgiving tenderness, I dare even ask this of you.

"I leave my mother in the enjoyment of, I trust, a comfortable income from her own little property and mine; so her care will only be for me, her unworthy son.

"And now, farewell! I have no strength with which to part with you otherwise than thus, even should you condescend to grant me an interview. If I ever return, it will be with the hard-earned honors which may make me even your peer, in the world's sight. If I return not, then you may know that in a soldier's obscure and crowded grave, under a foreign soil, there moulders away a heart which to its latest throb held you dearer than its life-blood.

"Think as kindly of me as you can, for, oh! Margaret! if I have erred in this step, it is from my love, which, though so proud and impetuous, is all as tender and devoted. If I have brought sorrow to your heart, forgive! for, believe me, the sharpest grief, the sternest agony, is mine.

"May God be with you!

"HERBERT MOORE."

To the above letter, Margaret Neale returned this reply:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: In a very few words I must give you my sorrowful farewell. My soul is too much shaken and my heart too cruelly torn with contending emotions for clear thought or calm speech.

"I take back the plighted troth you return to me—for you no longer seem the man to whom so lately I joyfully and trustingly gave my love and my faith.

"You are mistaken. Not from your *love* you do this wrong, but from your *pride*—your hard, unlovely pride—and dearer to you than my esteem and affection is your own fierce and fiery independence. For the triumph of your haughty will, and from a poor fear of the mean suspicions of the world, you have been willing to lay a crushing sorrow on a heart which has loved you only too well. God forgive you, Herbert! God forgive you.

"Your mother, for her own sake, shall be dear to me, and also for the sake of our lost love.

"I bid you a last adieu! If you return from war and conquest, you will doubtless come as the renowned hero, to others—as the stranger, to me. At the last, I must speak the truth at my heart, and say, that in my eyes, as in the eyes of all lovers of justice and freedom throughout the world, all the honors gained by the actors in this most unholy war against a sister Republic will be so many disgraces. Oh, believe me! laurels won on such battle-fields may never light the brow with true glory, but only darken it with curses.

"But I know that it is vain to talk thus to you at this late hour. The path you have chosen you will resolutely pursue. Herbert, I do not yet repent me of my opposition to your first project. I did what I thought right—God will care for the result.

"With a prayer to Heaven for your preservation through the fearful dangers which you must encounter—a fervent pleading which is the deepest cry of my heart—I bid you farewell!

"MARGARET NEALE."

It was on a chilly and cloudy morning that the embarkation of the —— regiment of volunteers took place from the wharf of the city of ——. Sad and touching beyond description were some of the scenes which then passed on the river-banks, and on the thickly thronged boats. There a gallant officer gently unwound the arms of his fainting wife, and put her from the heaving breast whereon she would lean no more; and here a bold young soldier strove, with a quivering lip, to release himself from the clinging embraces of his little brothers, and wrung the hand of his old father for the last time.

Herbert Moore had parted from his mother at her humble little home, but many of his friends accompanied him to the boat, and bade him farewell with much show of feeling. Just before the vessel put off, a close carriage drove down to the wharf, and the venerable Mr. McDonald came on board to take his misguided young friend by the hand, and bid him farewell. This affected Herbert more than anything, and when he parted from the kind old man, his voice faltered and his eyes filled with tears. When Mr. McDonald returned to the carriage, he found the silken curtain withdrawn from the window, and, leaning back against the cushions, sobbing convulsively, was the dear child of his heart, Margaret Neale. The good pastor laid his hand tenderly upon her, but said nothing. They drove a little way down the river, and then paused—for, with a burst of martial music, and with banners flying, the boats started. On the foremost, clad in the light-blue uniform of the common soldier, and with his blanket wrapped about him, stood, leaning against the pilot-house, a sprightly young man, scarcely beyond boyhood, with a face singularly handsome, but saddened and gloomy. Little did he see of the glory and the triumph—little did his sad heart answer to the shouts of the victorious troops when they poured into the Plaza Grande, and the star-spangled banner was hoisted over the National Palace. To the hospital he was again consigned, to wear away week after week in lonely suffering and privation, such as he had never known before. And this was his share of the glory and the spoils—the long-promised "revels in the halls of the Montezumas!"

From this sickness Moore never wholly recovered while in Mexico; and so miserable was he in body, and so often wandering in mind, that he had no distinct recollection of how he returned to the city of New Orleans, on his way home, with the remnant of his regiment. There they were detained some time, by illness, and waiting to receive their wretched pay, but finally dismembered and disbanded, amid enthusiastic cheering of a motley crowd of citizens—Frenchmen, Jews, sailors, flatboatmen, and negroes. Perchance a fair Creole shuddered as she looked at them, and thought of their deeds of blood and sacrilege, and crossed herself like a devout Catholic—or a dark-brown Spaniard scowled at them from beneath his high sombrero, and curved them between his shut teeth. But all the most respectable citizens, all true American patriots, (as patriots go) flocked to honor the bold fighters, maimed, and sick, and ill-clad, as they were—and all doubtless felt, as their distinguished guest, the great American statesman, had felt, when with a youthful ardor warming his chilled veins, and the old lion *crouchant* in his nature thoroughly roused, he declared that he himself "would like to kill a Mexican."

Just before the steamer left the Cresent City, the friends of a gallant young officer came on board, to present him with an elegant sword, as a tribute to his bravery. When the chief citizen closed his flattering speech, and stepped forward to present the shining blade, lo! the hero had no sword-arm with which to wield it! But he grasped it in his left hand, and waved it over his head, while his sunken eye gleamed, and a hot flush kindled in his sallow cheek, and a deafening shout went up from the admiring crowd.

Four days after this proud, animating scene, that young officer lay in his coffin, his one arm lying across his breast, and that sword—oh! splendid mockery!—glittering at his side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

MORNING.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Morning!—'tis the glorious morning!
Fling the curtain folds aside,
Toss aback the heavy shutter,
Ope the casement wide.

Ha! the air is keen and icy,
Scattering gems with every breeze,
Where the stunted, rejoicing sunlight
Gilds the frosted trees.

Scores of active human beings
Press the busy streets along,
While I linger by my casement,
Ere I join the throng.

All are rising—all are stirring—
Each with firm or loitering tread;
All—except the Sick and Helpless,
And the silent Dead!

Here, a crowd of Tradesmen, hastening
To the busy mart or stand;
There, a swarm of Idlers lounging,
Curses in the hand.

Yonder goes a group of maidens—
Merry, laughing girls—with eyes,
Some as black as midnight, others
Bluer than the skies.

Close behind them skulks a being—
Squalid, meager, hunger-pinched—
'Neath whose wan the starkest, stontest
Spirit would have flinched!

Woes of Poverty and Hardship—
Woes of Hunger, Pain, and Cold—
Woes whose only cure is Silver—
Only healer, Gold.

Night brings sweet, forgetful slumber;
Hunger wakens with the Morn;
Oh! a deal of heart sick trouble
Day has to bear!

Ay, the weary Poor—"God help them!"—
What to *them* is Morning's bloom,
When it only shows them faces
Sharpening for the tomb!—

Human faces, loved and cherished—
Beings, partners of their blood—
Wife and children, wailing, pining,
All for want of food!

How their very bones are starting
Where the flesh has shrunk away!
How their hungry eyes are growing
Wilder every day!

How they gather round the embers
Kindled to the last, faint glow,
While the *hope within* grows dimmer
As the flame gets low!

"Ah,!" they cry, "ar' is it were Summer,
Pain and Want we might endure;
But in Winter-time 'tis wretched,
Wretched to be poor!"

Oh! how strange a thing, and dreadful,
Though this great, wide Earth,
Stored with plenty, none should suffer
Such a constant dearth!

God in Heaven has not ordained it;
Man on Earth has willed it so,
Eager for the wealth whose purchase
Is a brother's woe.

Oh! ye Rich, who grind the faces
Of the Weary, Poor, and Old,
Coining human flesh and sinews,
In your thirst for gold—

Who has given you right to squander
Strength and vigor not your own?
Whence your claim to thrive and fatten
On a poor man's groan?

Labor is the poor man's "birthright;"
But for aye must it be sold
For a paltry "mess of pottage,"
When its worth is gold?

Out upon your sordid meanness!
Out upon your coward birth!
Sure, than you, more craven beings
Never walked God's Earth!

But the saints of Morn have vanished
'Neath the gaudish light of Day,
And the busy crowd has melted
With the first away;

Still I linger by my casement,
Drinking in the stirring breeze;
Oh! that all, like me, were happy!—
All, like me, at ease!

Sighing thus, I shut my casement,
Turn me to my open door—
Sadder, yet a wiser, better
Being than before.

For the National Era.

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HICKORY HALL: OR THE OUTCAST.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

"I can hear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire,
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal ice,
Be tossed aloft through tracks of endless void,
But cannot live in shame."—*Joanna Baillie.*

PART IV.—Conclusion.

THE HAG.

"A fearful sign stands in thy house of life,
An enemy; a fiend turns once behind
The radiance of thy planet: oh, be warned!"
Coleridge.

The carriage drew up before the door of Hickory Hall, the steps were let down, the door opened, and Wolfgang, alighting, handed out Regina, and, leading her up the stone steps, presented her to Mr. Wallraven, who received her with stately and affectionate courtesy. We all followed in turn, and were welcomed in the most cordial manner.

Mr. Wallraven conducted Regina into the house. I followed, with Miss Wallraven upon my arm. Constant and Wolfgang paused behind an instant, and, I turned to look after them, I saw old John at the end of the portico, and saw Wolfgang step quickly up to him, and heard him inquire, rapidly, under his breath—

"*Is she safe?*"

And the low reply—

"All secure there, sir."

"That is well! I shall remember your care for us, John."

The old man bowed in silence, and Wolfgang immediately stepped after us. This little interlude had not occupied ten seconds.

We entered the Hall, and were each immediately shown to our separate room. Old John took me into a different chamber from that which I had occupied before, telling me, with a slight smile, that my former sleeping apartment had been prepared for Mrs. Wallraven, as it was the most comfortable one in the house. He then went and ordered up my baggage, and in the course of half an hour, with the help of John, I had refreshed myself with a bath, a shave, and a change of dress. I then went down into the old oak hall, which had been furbished up in honor of the bride's arrival—that is, the oak floor and panelled wall had been rubbed, waxed, and polished, until they shone with a mirror-like lustre, and the fireplace had been filled with cedar branches, while on the mantelpiece and on the window-sills were placed vases filled with white lilies, Regina's favorite flowers.

I found in the drawing-room, with Mr. Wallraven and Constant, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport and two young ladies, their cousins—all of whom had come over to Hickory Hall to meet our bridal party.

In a few minutes, Wolfgang and Regina entered, and it was evident that her dazzling loveliness and stately grace, her whole high, pure style of beauty and of bearing, made what is called a great "sensation," though on a small scale—namely, the small party met there to welcome her. Soon after the introductions were over, dinner was announced. Well! this dinner was like most other Virginia country wedding-dinners—more abundance than elegance, and more hospitality than ostentation. Soon after an early tea, the Davenport party took leave, previously inviting the Wallravens and myself to dine at the parsonage the third day from that—an invitation which Wolfgang accepted in the name of the whole family. When they were gone, we returned from the portico, where we had been standing to see them off, and reëntered the hall.

It was a pleasant place in a summer evening twilight. There were many windows, commanding various sublime and beautiful views, and soft, warm, pleasant airs, and the sweet, vague musical sounds came through them. I noticed Wolfgang and Regina seated at one of the end windows, enjoying the delicious hour, without conversation, or only conversing by seeking each other's eyes, or by an occasional low tone.

When the full harvest moon arose, Mr. Wallraven invited us all to come out and walk, and view the scenery by moonlight. With the same stateliness of an old school gentleman, he gave his arm to Regina, and led the way. Each member of the family vied with each other in assiduous yet delicate attentions to our bride. We spent an hour very pleasantly in strolling through the beautiful and moonlit vale, and then returned to the drawing-room, where refreshments were ordered.

While we were standing around a centre-table in gay conversation, (never before had I seen any member of the family so cheerful as *all* were this evening,) old John appeared at the door with an anxious expression upon his time-worn face. Mr. Wallraven arose in haste and went out to him. Constantia turned pale, and Wolfgang glared at the intruder with starting eyes and a scowling brow. I saw that some misfortune had occurred or was about to occur to the Wallravens cleared the door behind him while talking with the old man; while Wolfgang, as if lost to the sense of other presence, continued to strain his gaze after them. In a moment, Mr. Wallraven put his head in the door, and beckoned Wolfgang. He started up and shot from the room, without a word of excuse or apology, banging the door to after him. Constant and myself were left alone with the two young ladies. Regina looked in surprise from the brother to the sister, and then, with her habitual self-possession and politeness, lowered the blaze of the solar lamp so as to throw a soft light upon the table, and, taking up an engraving, made some critical remark upon its merits, submitting it to Constantia's judgment. But Constantia was pale, trembling, and *distrait*, and gave some reply wide of the mark. Constant, however, with a deferential "Permit me, madam," took, and, with Regina, examined the picture. Constant was pale and stern, and seemed to have mastered the betrayal of a strong emotion. They criticised the picture, which was "The Writing on the Wall." Regina, Constant, and myself, might have passed a tolerable hour, had it not been been for Miss Wallraven's increasing and extreme distress. She looked like a second Cassandra, and wood stare and shudder, pale and glare, as though in momentary expectation of some appalling sight. Her anxiety became so intense that apparently she could endure it no longer, but touched the bell, and, at the entrance of a servant, ordered chamber lights, and, turning to Regina, said—

"Mrs. Wallraven! the clock is on the stroke of twelve, and you have had a fatiguing day. I am ready to show you your chamber."

Regina arose, and, slightly bowing her "Good night," left the room, followed by Constantia. I soon after arose and retired to my own, which was on the same floor with that of Regina.

I know not what presentiment suddenly overcrept my mind, but, oppressed with a vague and terrible anxiety, I sought to rest in vain. Finally I returned to the drawing-room. Constant was gone. It was now empty. The room was so large that the light upon the centre-table barely served to make darkness visible, except in its immediate vicinity. I put up the light of the lamp, and walked up and down the floor, restlessly expecting, but without connecting that feeling with my unaccountable gloom, the return of Mr. Wallraven and Wolfgang. I know not how long I might have been walking there, when the door swung quietly open, and Regina reëntered the room, her hair in disorder, and a dressing-gown hastily thrown on. I turned wonderingly to meet her. I saw then that her face was blue-pale, and that she trembled with a nervousness I had never seen her betray before.

"My dear sister! What is the matter?" asked I, leading her to an easy chair, into which she immediately sank.

"I do not know! Perhaps a dream! Perhaps something real. I slept in the room adjoining attended by Miss Wallraven only, and no dressing maid. Miss Wallraven assisted me to disrobe; but every few minutes, with a corrugated brow and strained eyes, she paused to listen to the wind. Finally she concluded her task, and when I was in bed she drew the curtains, and was about to leave me. Suddenly she turned back and advised me to bolt the door behind her, and then left the room. I did not get up to bolt the door, because I should have had to get up a second time to open it, but I fell asleep, wondering what terror might be on the point of death, or what other trouble had called the Messrs. Wallraven so abruptly from the house. Well! I had no sooner fallen into a deep sleep, than I awakened with the shock of a galvanic battery, just in time to see the most diabolical looking old hag that ever nightmare created stooping over me, and fixing her glared eyes with a grin of hellish malignity that seemed to freeze all the blood in my veins. I started violently forward, and she vanished. I was instantly behind in a cold sweat, and I thought that it might be a dream, and resolutely composed myself to sleep again—only to be startled out of my sleep again by another and more violent electric shock, and to see again the same eyes of demoniac malice fixed gazing into mine, to make another instinctive bound, and see the terrible night-hunter vanish as before. I was paralyzed with terror, or, or think of sleep. I hastily threw on my dressing-gown, slipped my feet into slippers, and came down here to await the gentlemen. I have heard of nightmare, but this was the first time I ever was attacked with it, and it was very natural that my excited imagination should then create the illusion of the old hag. Or, after your telling me of what you saw or fancied you saw in that chamber the first night you slept there—There! I feel truly humiliated at these tremors, which I cannot control—Hark! Fearful! *there she is now!*"

This last sentence was spoken in a tone of discovery and announcement, as one might use upon finding a long-lost relative, or, perhaps, to an ugly old woman. I turned and saw, standing within the door in the full light of a candle she held above her head, the hag of *my* night-vision. She was the most loathsome specimen of humanity I had ever seen, as she stood there some seconds, examining us with the same leer of insult and malignity that formed the most disgusting feature in her disgusting self. She was very tall, though half bent—her original form of skeleton-like leanness—her haggard and ghastly face, dark, spotted, and begrimed with dirt—her grey hair, matted and knotted to excessively filthy, as to defy description, reached in torn and fringe-like shreds only a little below her knees, exposing bare legs and feet, deformed, encrusted, and begrimed—while from the whole abhorred heap came the most offensive effluvia. There she stood, chuckling with a fiendish leer, as the very loathing she excited, by inspiring the extreme of disgust with the extreme of hatred. Regina was no longer terrified, but had walked off to the far end of the saloon, to escape the sight and smell of the frightful creature.

"What do you want?" I asked, retreating as she advanced.

"Hik-hik-hik-hik!" she answered, with her shrieked laugh, passing on, and going towards Regina.

"Leave the room!" said I, intercepting her.

She did not heed me, but went on.

I thought that she was mad, and to save put her out, but the intolerable nauseau of her near neighborhood kept me at bay.

"Will you leave the room?" again I asked.

"Yes, when I have kissed my pretty neice," she replied, nodding her head at me with a demon grin.

I stepped quickly up to Regina, with the intention of leading her from the room and from the revolting presence of what I now supposed to be some gibbering and malign lunatic.

I drew Regina's arm within my own, and we were coming down the length of the room, my sister, with an expression of unutterable disgust pronounced in her countenance, giving her beautiful features. We passed to one side, in order to avoid meeting the hag; but she knew our purpose, crossed the room, and intercepted us.

"Out of our way! Off with yourself instantly!" exclaimed I, angrily.

"Yes! when I have kissed my pretty niece!"

"Be gone!" said I, turning off to the other side.

"Yes! I will, when I kiss my pretty niece!" she persisted.

I did not wish to hurt the poor creature. I *could* not have brought myself to touch the filthy creature. I took up a parasol that lay upon the table, and, placing one end of it against her shoulder her gently off. She left, and, retreating, planted herself within the doorway. I came on with my weapon, half laughing at the Quixotic figure I cut, charging against a poor old woman with a parasol, and placed the end of it, as before, against her chest, saying—

"Come! Be good! Let us pass! That's a good soul!"

But suddenly she raised her talon hand, clutched my weapon, threw it behind her, and, elevating the streaming tallow candle with the other, glared upon Regina my sister, my charge full of curiosity, hatred, and expected triumph. My sister drew her arm from mine, and retreated.

"Hik-hik-hik! my pretty niece; you are very fair and proud! but I can make your pride yield before a fall, and a haughty temper before destruction?"

"Off with yourself this moment!" said I, losing patience, "I will not be tempted to contaminate myself, and put you out!"

"I dare you to touch me!" she said.

"I shall certainly do so if you do not move in one minute!"

"Yes! in a minute, but let me kiss my fair, pretty niece first!"

"You are mad! Your niece is probably in one of the quarters. That lady is Mrs. Wallraven!"

"I know it! My nephew Wolfgang's wife?"

I said, with a strange agony; nevertheless, an icy pang shot through my heart.

"Who are you?" said I.

"Nell! Old Nell! Yellow Nell! Slave Nell! Hugh Mortimer's housekeeper! Wolfgang Wallraven's own aunt—his mother's own sister! Regina Wallraven's near relative! Yes! fair lady! proud as fair! you are the wife of a mulatto and a slave!"

I turned to look on Regina! to behold a body petrified as it were to stone!—from whence the light of reason had fled instantly and forever!

"Come! let me embrace my niece!" and, laughing hideously, she advanced towards my sister.

Regina turned, stepped haughtily upon a footstool, thence upon a chair, finally upon the centre table, and seated herself upon a pile of books with an air of conscious majesty and dominion.

"Order out the guards! To parley with the traitors! To the rack! to the rack with the beldame! Ourself will preside at the question!"

I hurled away the hag, and went to my sister.

"Regina! my sister!"

"My Lord Chancellor, let his Grace of Grayeyes be immediately arrested upon our own charge of high treason!"

"Regina! my dear sister!"

"Let there be no delay! Summon the council! Our life and crown is no longer safe! Traitors lurk in our very bosom! Treason sits side by side in the very shadow of our throne! Already one of the ladies of our bed-chamber—our beloved Regina Fairfield—lies dead before us! The shaft that pierced her heart was aimed at our own sacred person!"

"My God! My God!"

"To the rack! to the rack! with the beldame assassin! Strain every limb and nerve and sinew to cracking, until she confess herself the tool of the traitor Gray-eyes!"

"Regina!"

"To the rack! to the rack with the hag! We will ourself preside at the question!"

"Regina!"

"Order out the guards! Summon the council! Arrest his Grace of Gray-eyes! To prison! to prison with the traitor!" she exclaimed, rising in a tone of thrilling and terrible power, and dilating, her eye blazing with the fire of insanity, her unbound golden locks rolling in fallen glory to her waist, her left hand folding her gish dressing-gown about her form, though it was the ermined purple, her right hand extended in a gesture of high command—a moment—and then lowered with the low-toned whisper to the door, as she said—"Lo! where the traitor Duke obtrudes himself into our very presence!"

I turned to see at a glance Wolfgang Wallraven enter the room, and the hag shake her clenched fists at him, saying—

"Now is my hatred glutted! Now is my revenge complete. Look to your fair wife!"

Wolfgang's lightning glance caught the whole state of affairs instantly. Rage, grief, and despair, stormed in his face. With the bound of an unchained demon he sprang upon the hag, and, with his hands around her throat, bore her down to the floor, placed his knee upon her chest, and silently strangled her before I recovered the horror of the sight. Rising, he spurned the corpse with his foot, and turned towards us. His typhoon of anger had subsided; despair, sorrow, tenderness, were all to be seen now, as he approached Regina.

"Off, traitor!" she shouted, seizing from the table an antique dagger, that lay there as an article of rare *vertû*.

He drew near her.

"Off, I say!" she screamed, unsheathing and brandishing the dagger. "You come to death!"

"I know it," said Wolfgang.

"Off, traitor! you desecrate our very shrine! Nay, then, it shall become your scaffold!" exclaimed she, furiously, shaking the dagger.

"Let me die so!" he said, and stepped upon the foot-stool, thence upon the table, and threw his arms around her. With a savage cry she raised the weapon; the blade gleamed in the lamp-light an instant, and the next was buried deep in the breast of the wretched man, who, without a groan, fell backwards, and rolled upon the floor. In the extreme frenzy of mania, Regina bounded from the table, brandishing the crimsoned dagger. I threw myself suddenly upon her, cast my arms about her, but her struggles were so violent, and her maniac strength so great, that she must have escaped me, had not her screams brought the whole household from their beds and into the room. The scene of amazement, horror, anguish, and despair, that ensued now, defies all description. In the stormy chaos, I saw old Mr. Wallraven sitting on the floor, with the form of the fast-dying Wolfgang drawn into his arms and pillowed upon his chest. I saw Constantia, half dressed, with her black hair streaming, kneeling by his side, wringing her hands. I saw two or three negroes raising the dead body of the beldame. I saw all this while, with the assistance of Constant Wallraven, I was disarming and securing the maniac.

"Father! she was mad, father! Do not let her be molested; do not desert her. Protect her, father," faintly murmured the dying man.

"Unhappy boy! unhappy boy! tell me one thing: You did not deceive her! You told her your position!"

"Father, *no!* I had not the courage! I thought to have got her to France, where—oh, God! I die!—where she would never have known—where it would have been no bar to society, if known."

"Oh, wretched Wolfgang! I cannot reproach you now! This deception has cost you your life!"

"And *her*, her reason, father! I die by her hand! It is just! it is just! it is just! Oh! bring me near her! Let me see her again! Lay me at her feet! Let me die there! I am sorry I killed the old woman! Poor old wretch!"

"Oh! Wolfgang! be sorry that you so terribly deceived that unhappy young lady!"

"What good? for I know I would do it again. Yes! yes! I have been happy for a brief season! To be so happy again, I would again betray her! even knowing now, as I did not know then, in what sorrow it would end! For, oh! I loved her so—I loved her so—that, for the brief possession of her stolen love, I would endure death and hell! Father! *she* must not die! She must recover! Nay, she will, when she knows her evil genius, her mortal foe, who loved her unto death, is dead! Take me to her! Lay me at her feet! Let me die there, looking upon her!"

Regina was now lying on the sofa, exhausted by her frantic struggles. Old Mr. Wallraven beckoned Constant, and between them Wolfgang was lifted, brought near the sofa, and laid upon the carpet, with his head supported as before upon his father's arms. He looked up at her, but she did not open her eyes to look upon him. He feebly raised his hand and took hers. At the touch, she opened her eyes, and as soon as they fell upon him, with a frenzied cry of anguish and despair, and the spring of a wild beast in her limbs, she bounded to her feet, foaming at the mouth, and went into the most violent paroxysm of madness. Constant Wallraven and myself seized and tried to hold her; but it took all our united strength, and while she was struggling, plunging, and screaming in our arms, Wolfgang raised himself upon his elbow, gave one long agonized look upon the wreck, groaned, "oh! I *am* sorry now!" fell back and died!

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

ALBANY, *December* 20, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era:

You must not be discouraged about New York politics, notwithstanding the numerous Union meetings. You must recollect that on the eve of the overthrow of Charles the First, the primate (I think) of England told him that the realm never was as free from dissent as at that time. The day of settlement for Webster, Clay, Cass, & Co., and the Rev. primates of the church who back them, is not far distant. They will one day learn that there is a people as well as a God.

BERLIN, O. *December* 18, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Having been a reader of the *Era* for a short time past, I am more than ever convinced of the corruption that pervades the two great political parties of our country; and as the agency by which their iniquitous schemes are brought to bear upon the public is *the press*, I deem it no less than an indispensable duty, obligatory on every citizen that would be true to his country, to exert himself to the utmost to counteract the influence by them exerted, which can have none other than a direct tendency to sap the very foundation of our Government, to take from us our constitutional rights, and to defeat the very object for which we, as a nation, were united to perpetuate. And how is this to be done? Why, in the same way—*through the press*.

I would to God that every candid, thinking, sober citizen of our country could have read the undressed manœuverings of Congress for the three last months of its session, as developed by the *National Era*. I think, sir, there could be many active agents at this time for that invaluable document. This is the most efficient organ in our nation to lead her citizens to claim and obtain their constitutional rights.* It should be introduced into every State, city, town, and family, as it is the only organ of which I have any knowledge that it is what it claims to be—*National.*

* We don't make such a claim.—*Ed. Era.*

BAKERSTOWN, (PA.,) *December* 17, 1850.

DR. BAILEY: If you had an agent in our place, I am sure a considerable number of the *Era* would be taken more than at present. There are, indeed, many localities, in which your paper would circulate more extensively, and its usefulness be increased, if you would and could adopt the following plan:

Select some known Anti-Slavery friend in any given neighborhood, and authorize him to take subscriptions for your paper; and if he could raise ten subscribers, and forward you $15, you would be satisfied.

There is scarce a village or neighborhood, but in it ten subscribers could be found. Our farmers generally are not accustomed to write letters; but if there was some one who would receive the money for you, it would be a great inducement to subscription. And if by name requested, there are enough of men in many places who would act without making any charge. If the person acting could not raise ten, say he could raise seven or eight; let the paper go at the same rate as for ten, when no charge is made for agency.

In the region in which I reside, there is at present a more extensive, fixed, and determined opposition to Slavery than at any former period. President Fillmore, his Cabinet, and official organs, have driven, are driving, and will, by their course, drive from the ranks of Whigery many of the true Northern Anti-Slavery Whigs.

The Fugitive Slave law cannot and will not, this session, be much molested; but I hope some of our Free-Soilers will introduce a bill for its repeal.

PERILOUS VOYAGE OF THE STEAMER OHIO.

The steamship *Ohio*, under the command of Lieut. Schenck of the United States Navy, for whose safety serious apprehensions were beginning to be felt, arrived at Norfolk on Thursday, and the steamer from that place yesterday landed most of the passengers at Baltimore, among whom were the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, Brantz Mayer, Esq., General Benjamin C. Howard, and Hon. A. G. Penn of Louisiana, successor in the House of Representatives to the late Mr. Harmanson. The whole number of passengers on board was between three and four hundred.

The *Ohio* has had an eventful and perilous voyage. She was bound for New York, and, when about to leave Havana on the 18th instant, the first evolution of her engines blew out the head of one of her cylinders. This accident detained her in the harbor until the 19th, when she departed with the perfect use of only one engine.

The Ohio in the storm which she encountered below Cape Hatteras came near being sunk. Her single engine became disabled, and she lay wallowing in the trough of the sea at the mercy of the elements. The passengers owe their salvation to the good Providence of God. At such a season, Lieut. Schenck ought never to have ventured to sea with the use of but one engine.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 2, 1851.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We are indebted to Mr. Benton for a copy of his admirable speech on introducing his bill in the Senate for the construction of a great National Highway to the Pacific. We intend to lay it before our readers ere long.

MANY HIGHLY INTERESTING COMMUNICATIONS will soon appear.

NEW PUBLICATIONS will be noticed next week.

PROCEEDINGS OF PUBLIC MEETINGS.—We have on hand a great number of reports of proceedings of Public Meetings at the North in regard to the Fugitive act. We shall do what we can, by abridging them, to insert them all in our next number.

RENEWALS.—We shall issue a large edition of this number, so that subscribers, if they send or renew promptly, can have complete files. Recollect the *terms*—

Two dollars per annum, *invariably in advance.* Each 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.

FREE PRESBYTERIAN.—See advertisement of this paper, (of which we have already spoken,) in another column. Its editors are strong men.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, AND BOSTON, this week and last, have been unfortunately too late for the paper, in consequence of our having anticipated the usual date of publication, one day. It will not be so hereafter.

HICKORY HALL.—We have all of this on hand, but could not spare enough room for it all this week. It will be completed in about two columns in our next.

THE AUTHOR OF MARGARET SMITH'S DIARY, known to our readers as our Corresponding Editor, Mr. Whittier, commences this week a series which everybody will be apt to read.

THE VOLUNTEER, by Grace Greenwood, on our first page, is a powerful sermon against war, in her own style.

EUROPEAN WORLD.—A new series of papers under this title, by our very able New York correspondent, will be commenced in our next number.

ONE DAY IN ADVANCE.—For the purpose of enabling our folders and packers to enjoy Christmas and New Year's, we put our paper to press last week and this week one day earlier than usual.

OUR FIFTH VOLUME.

In entering on our fifth volume, we must return our heartfelt thanks to our friends, through whose devoted zeal the *Era* has been so widely circulated and well established. We commence the fifth volume with a larger list than we have had since the paper was started, and with more cordial expressions of confidence and approbation from its numerous patrons than we have ever received before.

Judging from the tone of our business correspondence, there is a great increase of anti-slavery sentiment throughout the country. Almost every one of our letters abounds in fervent denunciation of the Fugitive act of the last session and its authors.

A correspondent in Wisconsin, sending us a list of twenty-four new subscribers, whom, with the assistance a friend, he had obtained in the course of a few hours, says—

"The People in this section are beginning to wake up, and are anxious to know how the principles of liberty progress, and how their servants at Washington conduct themselves. Should Congress pass one more act like the odious Fugitive bill, instead of sending you a score of subscribers, we should be able to send you a hundred. We shall probably soon be able to forward you another list, as many more are anxious to send for your paper, but are not now in funds."

We confess we feel proud at having so many warm-hearted friends all over the country. We take the following extracts at random from a few of the business letters under our eye:

"I am a laboring man, continually shifting from place to place, and cannot take the paper without difficulty. Still, I do as well, if not better, than if I subscribed. I make it a point to have the *Era* to read. Wherever I am, I try to raise clubs of subscribers by giving them the benefit of the commission, and also something myself. In this way I manage it so as to help you, and have the paper read."

This man is a fair specimen of Free Labor Institutions. We have another illustration of the working of these institutions. On seventy-five letters received by us at one mail, all but three containing remittances for new and old subscribers, the larger proportion forwarded by voluntary agents, we had to pay only one dollar and ten cents postage! Our subscribers understand all about postage; and they all go for 2 cents uniform rate, and *prepayment*.

Another of our friends, (a postmaster.) acting as a voluntary agent, to prevent two subscribers from being cut off, renewed their subscriptions, let them have the benefit of the commission, and advanced the pay for both, agreeing to wait till they could repay him. This, we learn from our letters, is a common thing among the friends of the paper. We accept such acts, as evidences of deep devotion to the Cause of Freedom, of which the *Era* is an humble advocate.

Other friends have sent on and procured full lists of subscribers at their respective post offices, with the numbers at which their subscriptions expire, and then gone to work, not only to renew them all, but to add new subscriptions, inducing all to pay up to the close of 4th the volume, and also for the new volume, so that their terms might always end with the close of the year.

A friend in Massachusetts says:

"Last week I took a horse and carriage and called on the subscribers to the *National Era* living in different parts of my parish, to obtain a renewal of their subscriptions. Though I found them inclined to do without the paper, on the ground of economy, yet I found they liked it very much, and I succeeded in persuading them to subscribe another year, and have obtained an additional subscriber. If it had not been for this little exertion of mine, our list would have fallen through. So much for personal effort. I mention it, not to exalt my own services, but to give you a hint about the way subscription lists are kept up and increased."

We are under great obligation to this friend, and to the many who have acted in a similar way We hope some such friend may be found at every post office where subscribers are apt to delay or neglect the renewing of their subscriptions. Not one of our list would we part with willingly. We like old friends.

To postmasters generally we are greatly indebted for friendly offices, which we shall be willing to reciprocate to the extent of our ability.

Accompanying our Business Letters, we have received very many excellent communications for publication. If they do not appear immediately, their authors must not be disappointed. At this season, the amount of our correspondence is so great, and the demands upon our time are so exacting, that we cannot find leisure to arrange all our materials for publication. We shall, at the earliest moment possible, lay before our readers the best thoughts of our many correspondents.

A word more. Subscribers, in renewing their papers, occasionally avail themselves of the opportunity to express their views of our editorial course, now and then criticizing some points in it with friendly freedom. This is right. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. All hints and suggestions are received in the spirit in which they are tendered, and we frankly admit that we have not unfrequently profited by them.

With these few personal references, we bid our friends a happy New Year, joining with them in the prayer, that the time may speedily come when this salutation may be made without mockery to every inhabitant throughout the land.

THE LOWELL AMERICAN, (Mass.,) in the course of some complimentary remarks on reviewing newspapers, says—

"The *National Era*, published at Washington, has an established reputation as a dignified anti-slavery paper; the only paper at the seat of Government which is not completely in the hands of the advocates of slavery. Its literary character is high, and it is unquestionably exerting a good influence, particularly at the South. We should speak *more warmly, perhaps, in its favor, if its superior pretensions and facilities for getting itself into circulation, did not push it forward to the injury of other Free Soil papers, whose place among the Northern people it cannot supply.*"

The *Lowell American* is a very spirited and faithful Free Soil newspaper, with a clear view of the bearings of the Free Soil movement, and an excellent taste in supplying its Literary Miscellany. We are sorry that it finds the *Era* in the way of any Free Soil journal. It is mistaken in supposing we set up any "superior pretensions." The locality of the *Era* certainly invests it with an interest which it would not otherwise possess; but we have never said or done anything intended to bring it in conflict in any way with the local newspapers. We have always recognised the vital importance of the local press, never dreamed of being able to supply its place, and have shown every disposition to reciprocate with friendly offices, by noticing its anniversaries whenever the matter has been brought to our attention.

Whigs, Democrats, and Pro-Slavery men, have their advocates and exponents in the capital of the nation; and, since the *Era* has been established here as the representative in some degree of the anti-slavery men of the country, we have endeavored to make it a paper that would at least do them no discredit. We do not see why there should be any more conflict between its interests and those of the local Free Soil Press, than between the interests of the Washington organs, and the local Whig and Democratic press.

THE VERMONT LAW.

The Washington *Union* does not attempt to show that our exposition of this law is unfair or incorrect, but it seems to think it ridiculous that any editor, especially an anti-slavery editor, should presume to entertain opinions of the Constitution, differing from those of the authors and supporters of the Fugitive act of the last session. The editor has a wonderful reverence for authority, when he imagines its weight to be on his side of the question, but no one is more ready to question its claims, when it is against him. Now, he appears to believe that the Supreme Court of the United States is an infallible Tribunal, before whose decisions all must bow in prompt, unquestioning submission.

We have great respect for the laws of Congress, and for judicial decisions; but we regard them neither as infallible nor irreversible. A law is binding until repealed, and the decisions of the Supreme Court are law in the particular case decided—but the humblest American citizen may question the wisdom of the law and seek its repeal, as he may deny the soundness of the decision and seek its reversal. Granville Sharpe did not succeed in procuring a final opinion against the possibility of slavery existing in England, until several opinions to the contrary had first been pronounced by the highest courts of the realm. Members of Congress in this country are sworn to support the Constitution; and this Constitution and the laws passed in pursuance thereof, not the decisions of the Supreme Court, are declared to be the Supreme Law of the Land. Every member is bound by what *he* believes to be the obligations imposed by the Constitution, not by what any court has affirmed them to be. He will vote in accordance with his belief, and, if there be a majority concurring with him, their acts will be law, creating certain rights or imposing certain obligations. Its validity may be questioned before the Supreme Court, and its decision may be adverse, but, we repeat, that decision is final only in the particular case decided. Other cases may be made under the law, for the purpose of obtaining a reversal of the decision, and Congress, if it choose, in the exercise of its independent right, as the Law Making Power, may enact another law, embracing the same principle which the court has pronounced invalid. The decision of the Court is final in the particular case decided, binding upon the parties to it, is to be enforced by the executive officers of the United States, and constitutes an authoritative precedent; but it is not *the Constitution* or a part of the Constitution: it does not limit the power of Congress, or deprive the constituency of the right to think, speak, and vote against it, with a view to induce renewed action by Congress in favor of what the Court has pronounced against.

If we understand anything, this is the Democratic platform; to claim supremacy, final and universal, for the Supreme Court, is of the essence of Federalism.

It is now evident that the *Union*, and the journals which have been declaiming against the Vermont law, had never understood it.

The first three sections, we said, provided for more effectually securing the writ of *habeas corpus*. We should like to see the editor audacious enough to question the right to make such a provision. If the Fugitive law denies or impairs the *habeas corpus*, everybody knows that to that extent it is null and void; and, if it does neither, then the sections of the Vermont law, more effectually securing the writ, are not in conflict with it. About this part of the law, therefore, there can be no ground for discussion.

In relation to the closing sections, which provide a mode of trial for fugitive cases, there is room for a difference of opinion—and here we do not attempt to dogmatize. We said Vermont, as a sovereign State, had the right to judge of her duties under the Constitution—that, in the exercise of her independent judgment, she decided that the right to make provision for fulfilling the stipulation of the Constitution relating to fugitives, belonged to the States, and not to Congress, and thereupon proceeded to make the requisite provision—that the form of trial she had prescribed was not repugnant to the stipulation, and was the very form Mr. Webster had proposed that Congress should prescribe—that, while there could be no question as to the constitutionality of this, there might be a question in regard to her right to legislate in the premises—but that, for our part, here, as in other cases of questionable power, we inclined to the side of State sovereignty. In other words, we took the Democratic side, and our "Democratic" neighbor of the *Union* took the Federal side.

We were not aware that there was anything novel in all this, or that we were guilty of presumption in suggesting our opinion, especially as there was high authority to sustain us. Since then, the following paragraph has caught our eye. It is from an editorial in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, one of the leading Democratic papers of the West, and, we need not add, as Hunkerish as the *Union* itself:

"Our own opinion is, that the General Government of the United States *has nothing whatever to do with enforcing that agreement*, [the constitutional clause relating to fugitives from service] *It is a matter left entirely with the States.* * * * We do not think the General Government has *any right* to send its officers into the States to carry out what good faith requires the States *alone* to do."

But there is much higher authority in favor of the Vermont view of State rights under the Constitution. DANIEL WEBSTER, now an oracle with the *Union*, in his famous speech in the Senate, delivered with great emphasis the following opinion:

"I have always thought that the Constitution addresses itself to the Legislatures of the States themselves, or to the States themselves. It says that those persons escaping to other States shall be delivered up, and I confess I have always been of the opinion that it was an injunction upon the States themselves. When it is said that a person escaping into another State, and becoming therefore within the jurisdiction of that State, shall be delivered up, it seems to me the import of the passage is, that the State itself, in obedience to the Constitution, shall cause him to be delivered up. That is my judgment. I have always entertained it, and I entertain it now."

The claim of Vermont, then, to legislate upon this subject, is sustained by the deliberate judgment of Mr. Webster, always entertained, and now entertained. The difference between her and Mr. Webster is, that he, as a lawmaker, bows implicitly to the Supreme Court, in opposition to his own judgment, while Vermont, acting in accordance with her judgment, is willing to give the Court an opportunity to reconsider and reverse its decision.

We now commit the editor of the *Union* to his new teacher, Daniel Webster. "The new era in constitutional law" which it says is "established" by the *National Era*, must be credited to its new oracle, the Great Expounder.

SPEECH OF THE HON. WM. B. SHEPARD.

Delivered in the North Carolina Legislature, Nov. 27, 1850.

We have been somewhat interested in a speech delivered by Mr. Shepard in the Senate of North Carolina in support of his resolutions on the Slavery Question.

He thinks the time has arrived when every thinking man ought to examine the subject of Slavery in all its bearings; and we fully concur with him. We can conceive of no greater absurdity than the deliberate attempt of politicians to arrest the discussion of such a question.

Mr. Shepard does not regard the slaves as possessing any substantive existence—they are merely adjective to their masters. "The destruction of this property in our midst," he says, "will involve in one mass of ruin and insolvency both States and communities; both those who own slaves and those who own only lands; both those who live by their own labor, and those who live by the labor of others." And this he thinks too apparent to require argument. So far from this, we hold that no argument can make it even appear reasonable. If by "the destruction of this property," he meant the annihilation of the slaves, constituting the laboring population of the State, what he says is true enough. Destroy the Labor of any community, and bankruptcy follows as a necessary consequence. But, he does not mean this. By the destruction of this property, he understands the substitution of voluntary for involuntary service, of wages labor or labor by contract, for unpaid, coerced labor. This might cause temporary embarrassment in the State, and unless the Legislature should make an equitable appropriation, bankrupt those whose sole property consisted in slaves. But, no other classes would be injured. On the contrary, the owners of land would be benefited by the rise in the price of real estate; and those who live by their own labor, by the increase in the respectability and wages of labor. The abolition of slavery would not diminish the amount of labor in the State, but it would augment its capacity, and stimulate its productiveness.

Mr. Shepard is wonder-struck at the apathy of the People of North Carolina in relation to the perils that beset slave-property. "One would suppose that they were the most apathetic or philosophic race on earth." The fair inference from this complaint is, that the good people of North Carolina, despite Nashville Conventions and Buncombe oratory, see none of these threatening clouds in the distance which their politicians inform them will ere long burst in ruin over their heads. We hope they will preserve their equanimity.

Mr. Shepard attributes their indifference to the fact that they are generally an agricultural, and therefore unexcitable population, and to the misrepresentations of the *National Intelligencer* and *Washington Union*, papers that are constantly crying peace! peace! when there is no peace. These journals he charges with concealing the true state of things at the North, and the attacks threatened from that quarter upon the institutions of the South. We must vindicate our neighbors against such an imputation. The *National Intelligencer* is quite prompt enough to notice hostile movements against slavery, and the *Union* is so overly zealous that it is continually racking the nerves of the South with the cry of Fire! Fire! if it see but the smoke of a chimney, or the blaze of a shaving. In the most trifling movement at the North, it discerns a startling portent; and its editorials are always in an agony of apprehension or expectancy. An Abolition lecturer cannot open his mouth, but you hear the echo of his voice in the *Union;* and there is no rumor, however wild, of hostile designs on the part of anti-slavery men, which is not invested with an air of probability in its columns. We commend the *Washington Union* to the agitators of the South, as worthy of their most liberal patronage.

Mr. Shepard refreshes our memory concerning certain resolutions of North Carolina, passed two years ago, a good while before the passage of the compromise measures of the last session of Congress. Among them was one declaring that the passage of any act by Congress abolishing slavery *or the slave trade* in the District of Columbia, would be an act "not only of gross injustice and wrong, but the exercise of power contrary to the true meaning and spirit of the Constitution." Another affirmed the willingness of the People of North Carolina to support the Missouri Compromise Line. Mr. Shepard calls attention to the fact that "the late compromise" was passed in "entire contempt and disregard of the resolutions" of the Legislature. Certainly it was passed in disregard of the two resolutions we have noticed—but what of that? Was it not also passed in "entire contempt and disregard" of the resolves of fifteen other State Legislatures in favor of the Wilmot Proviso?

Southern politicians at times inadvertently make admissions which effectually expose the futility of their complaints against the North and Federal Government. For example, Mr. Shepard says—

"The Southern people now are too comfortable and prosperous to resist the action of the Federal Government with any other weapon than resolutions and mass meetings, which have ceased to attract any attention. When the action of the Federal Government begins *to bear openly upon their prosperity*, when it is visible to the dullest capacity, they may then rise in their might, but it will be like the rising of Samson after he had been shorn of his strength, in his hours of dalliance; they may pull down the temple of Liberty, but they will not be able to preserve or strengthen it."

The Southern People are comfortable and prosperous, and the Federal Government has not yet begun to bear openly on their prosperity. What, then, are you driving at, Mr. Shepard? "I was well, and wanted to be better, and took physic and died." Samson yet glories in his strong locks—the Philistines are not yet upon him; but Mr Shepard is anxious to prevail on him to attempt some deed of mischief, if it be nothing more than fastening firebrands to foxes' tails.

Mr. Shepard clings with fond tenacity to the Missouri Compromise line, and really seems to imagine that it may yet be run to the Pacific, California to the contrary notwithstanding. "I contend," he says, "moreover, that this is the only way to settle this great question, without bringing inconceivable evils on the country, evils of untold magnitude, which no legislation can remedy." We must make up our minds, then, to submit with a good grace, for the Missouri Compromise line is among the things that were—and there it will stay.

Mr. Shepard, like many others of his class, deals liberally in random assertions. "The slave property of the South," he remarks, "is worth, upon a moderate estimate, one thousand millions of dollars; is the source of two-thirds of the wealth of the whole Union." Wonderful to hear! More than two thirds of the wealth of the Union, according to official statistics, is in the free States. The slaves of the South are worth to the State just what they will produce, and nothing more; but everybody knows that the free labor of the North is incalculably more productive. Mr. Shepard is evidently under the impression that as slave-labor staples contribute more than half of all our exports abroad, therefore the South must be so much richer than the North—overlooking entirely the immense export of the North to the South. Does he not know that the hay crop alone of the North is almost as valuable as the entire cotton crop of the South?

Mr. Shepard follows this presentation of the wealth of the South with a complaint against the Federal Government, that it "denies all obligation to protect it (slavery) from its numerous enemies." What protection does the Federal Government owe to Slavery? Do we call upon it to protect the institutions of the North—its manufacturing and mining establishments, its common schools, its banking institutions? We have been trained to believe that the institutions of a State are of State concern—dependent for existence and protection upon State power. Is Mr. Shepard anxious to take Slavery out of this category, and place it within the control of the Federal Government? He is manifestly laboring under a strange hallucination—for, in view of his allegation that the Federal Government denies all obligation to protect Slavery, and grudgingly passed a bill making provision for the catching of fugitives, he exclaims, "I do not believe there is a Government on earth, no, not the Autocrat of the Russias, which would treat so large and important a portion of its subjects with such harsh and cruel injustice." All this, because it is sought to leave Slavery to the care of the States in which it exists—a policy which the South has heretofore insisted upon!

Mr. Shepard must be hard run to make out a catalogue of grievances.

Mr. Shepard assumes that it is the settled policy of the majority of Congress to permit no more slave territory to be added to the Union. We wish we could rest assured of this; but, should the great Union party for the protection of Slavery succeed in obtaining the control of the Government, a very different policy would be pursued.

Mr. Shepard shows how the confinement of Slavery to its present limits must work the overthrow of the system, and insists that the policy of the Federal Government should be directed to leaving open a way for its expansion. In other words, he demands legislative interposition, with a view to the extension and consequent perpetuation of Slavery!

More in our next.

POSTAGE REFORM.

Mr. Venable of North Carolina, in the course of some remarks in the House on Cheap Postage, expressed many just sentiments:

"There is no reason," said he, "that the Post Office should be a self-supporting institution. On a former occasion I said that there was equal reason why the army should support itself by plunder, or the navy by piracy. I repeat the remark. The gallant navy protects our merchant marine, which covers every sea with its canvass, and our army, legitimately employed, protects our people from foreign invasion, whilst the Post Office establishment, with its facilities of communication, bears home to the family of the sailor and soldier the news of his well-being. Whilst the cruises of the one and the marches of the other are often recorded in blood, and present the annals of devastation, the messages of the other unite hearts that are distant, and cherish the holiest sensibilities of our nature. Go to the sequestered mountain gorge, and enter the cabin which is seen in some solitary cave; mark the tear of joy which falls upon the letter held by a female hand, who deciphers by torch-light its badly-written lines, and you will witness the outpourings of a mother's heart who learns that a long-lost son, escaped from the perils of land and sea, hastens to her embrace. She will thank Heaven for the paternal care of that Government which, in this instance, at least, has, like the dew of Heaven, refreshed as well the humble valley as the aspiring mountain top. Sir, no man in this House will dare to refuse mail facilities because the expenses exceed the revenue in sparsely-settled districts. I should like to see the man so daring as to make this distinction between the rich and the poor. I should, however, be more astonished at his folly than filled with admiration at his boldness. The people have a right to these means of communication, and Government dare not deny it to them. As soon would I vote against the provision of a regiment to protect a frontier settlement because the expense would exceed the value of the property protected, as to deny the facilities of a mail to new or sparsely-settled community."

If the navy could be made a self-sustaining institution, it ought to be. If any other branch of the Public Service could be made to pay its own way, it should be. The Post Office Department has generally sustained itself, and therefore we expect that it shall continue to do so; but there is no reason for requiring it to sustain itself except its ability to do it.

Because it has paid its own expenses, many politicians have come to think that it is less a Governmental concern than other Departments directly dependent upon the Treasury; that it is in fact of no importance except to those who use it, especially to the trading community. Taking even this narrow view of the establishment, we should be led to a very different conclusion from that entertained by them. For who does not use the Post Office? To whom are mail facilities unimportant? They are as essential to the happiness of the humble homestead on the seaboard, whose children are seeking bread through the prairies or forests of the West, as to the interests of the wealthy firm that depends for its prosperity upon remittances from its distant customers. There is no one worthy of the name of an American citizen who does not find the Post Office necessary to his comfort or interest. It is a branch of the Public Service more beneficial to the People, perhaps, than any other. Well may the question, then, be repeated—why should it be regarded as undeserving the support of appropriations from the General Treasury? Why be required to sustain itself, unless it can be made to do so without the slightest abridgement of its benefits?

But, another all-important view of this subject seems to be entirely overlooked. How could this Union be held together, how could the States be made acquainted with each other, how could the concerns of political parties be safely managed, how could there be the necessary diffusion of political intelligence, how could we remain one people, how could the authority of the Federal Government be maintained, but for the regular, universal transmission of letters, newspapers, and public documents, throughout the States? So long as private enterprise is prohibited from the establishment of mail facilities, the Post Office Department of the Government is absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of these great ends—all of them national and vital. And yet a Department on which rest the existence and well-being of the Union, must be a self-sustaining concern! We must not appropriate a farthing for its support, even when necessary, while we lay out without grudging half a million of dollars to fit out a single ship of the line to cruise, where no battles are to be fought, no dangers encountered, no interests protected, no blessings conferred. That is a noble outlay, worthy of a Democratic Republic; but to expend a few hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of extending necessary communication and intelligence among the masses of the People, at the very moment we are forbidding Private Enterprise to supply our own lack of service, is an enormity not to be tolerated! The Post Office must sustain itself!

We proceed on the assumption that the reform so much desired by the People would impose some charge on the Treasury Department. This might be so for a time, but not long. And, be it remembered, there is a surplus already to the credit of the Department of near a million of dollars, which would go far towards making up the deficit that might follow a reduction of rates for two or three years.

That two cents, uniform rate, on letters weighing not more than half an ounce, and prepaid in all cases, would yield a sufficient revenue, it seems to us no one, who understands the practical working of low freights, low fares, and low tariffs, who knows the wants and capacities of the American People, and who has observed the progress and effects of the successive steps in Postage Reform, both in Great Britain and this country, can for a moment be in doubt. The cost of transportation is less in England, but there is a wider diffusion of intelligence in this country, a more scattered population, and millions more of voters, interested in obtaining and circulating political information—so that there are much more materials and demands for correspondence in the United States than in England. Reduce Postage to the same point, and the amount of letters passing annually through the American mails will soon far exceed that passing through the English, and the consequent revenue will be greater.

POPE NIGHT.

"Lay up the fagots neat and trim;
Pile 'em up higher,
Set 'em a fire!
The Pope roasts us, and we'll roast him!"
[*Old Song*

The recent attempt of the Romish Church to reëstablish its hierarchy in Great Britain, with the new Cardinal, Dr. Wiseman, at its head, seems to have revived an old popular custom, a grim piece of Protestant sport, which, since the days of Sir George Gordon and the "No Popery" mob, had very generally fallen into disuse. On the 5th of the 11th month of this present year, all England was traversed by processions, and lighted up with bonfires, in commemoration of the detection of the "gunpowder plot" of Guy Fawkes and the Papists, in 1605. Popes, Bishops, and Cardinals, in straw and pasteboard, were paraded through the streets, and burned amid the shouts of the populace, a great portion of whom would have doubtless been quite as ready to do the same pleasant little office for Henry of Exeter, or his Grace of Canterbury, if they could have carted about and burned in effigy a Protestant hierarchy as safely as a Catholic one.

In this country—where every sect takes its own way, undisturbed by legal restrictions—each ecclesiastical tub balancing itself, as it best may, on its own bottom—and where Bishops Catholic, and Bishops Episcopal, and Bishops Methodist, and Bishops Mormon, jostle each other in our thoroughfares, it is not to be expected that we should trouble ourselves with the matter at issue between the rival hierarchies on the other side of the water. It is a very pretty quarrel, however, and good must come out of it, as it cannot fail to attract popular attention to the shallowness of the spiritual pretensions of both parties, and lead to the conclusion that a hierarchy of any sort has very little in common with the fishermen and tent makers of the New Testament.

Pope Night—the anniversary of the discovery of the Papal incendiary, Guy Fawkes, booted and spurred, ready to touch fire to his powder train under the Parliament House—was celebrated by the early settlers of New England, and doubtless afforded a good deal of relief to the younger plants of grace in the Puritan vineyard. In those solemn old days, the recurrence of the Powder Plot anniversary, with its processions, hideous images of the Pope and Guy Fawkes, its liberal potations of strong waters, and its blazing bonfires reddening the wild November hills, must have been looked forward to with no slight degree of pleasure. For one night at least, the cramped and smothered fun and mischief of the younger generation were permitted to revel in the wild extravagance of a Roman Saturnalia, or the Christmas holydays of a slave-plantation. Bigotry—frowning upon the May Pole, with its flower-wreaths and sportive revellers, and counting the steps of the dancers as so many steps towards perdition—recognised in the grim face of Guy Fawkes's anniversary something of its own lineaments, smiled complacently upon the riotous young actors, and opened its close purse to furnish tar barrels to roast the Pope, and strong water to moisten the throats of his noisy judges and executioners.

Up to the time of the Revolution, the Powder Plot was duly commemorated throughout New England. At that period, the celebration of it was discountenanced, and in many places prohibited, on the ground that it was insulting to our Catholic allies from France. In Coffin's History of Newbury, it is stated that, in 1774, the town authorities of Newburyport ordered, "that no effigies be carried about or exhibited only in the day time." The last public celebration in that town was in the following year. Long before the close of the last century, the exhibitions of Pope Night had entirely ceased throughout the country, with, as far as we can learn, a solitary exception. The stranger who chanced to be travelling on the road between Newburyport and Haverhill, on the night of the 5th of November, of this present year, might have fancied that an invasion was threatened from the sea, or that an insurrection was going on inland. For, from all the high hills in Salisbury and Amesbury, tall fires were blazing redly against the dull, dark autumnal sky, surrounded by groups of young men and boys, busily engaged in urging them with fresh fuel into intenser activity. To feed these bonfires, everything combustible which could be begged or stolen from the neighboring villages, farm-houses, and fences, had been put in requisition. Old tar-tubs, purloined from the shipbuilders of the river side, and flour and lard barrels from the village traders, had been stored away for days, and perhaps weeks, in the woods or in the rain-gullies of the hills, in preparation for Pope Night. From the earliest settlement of the two towns, the night of the Powder Plot has been thus celebrated, with unbroken regularity, down to the present time. The event which it once commemorated is probably now unknown to most of the juvenile actors. The symbol lives on from generation to generation after the significance is lost; and we have seen the children of our Catholic neighbors as busy as their Protestant playmates in collecting, by "hook or by crook," the materials for Pope Night bonfires. We remember, on one occasion, walking out with a gifted and learned Catholic friend to witness the fine effect of the illumination on the hills, and his hearty appreciation of its picturesque and wild beauty—the busy groupe in the strong relief of the fires, and the play and corruscation of the changeful lights on the bare, brown hills, naked trees, and autumn clouds.

In addition to the bonfires on the hills, there was formerly a procession in the streets, bearing grotesque images of the Pope, his Cardinals, and friars; and behind them Satan himself, a monster with huge ox-horns on his head, and a long tail, brandishing his pitchfork, and goading them onward. The Pope was generally furnished with a moveable head, which could be turned round, thrown back, or made to bow, like that of a China-ware mandarin. An aged inhabitant of the neighborhood has furnished us with some fragments of the songs sung on such occasions, probably the same which our British ancestors trolled forth around their bonfires two centuries ago:

"The fifth of November,
As you well remember,
Was gunpowder treason and plot;
And where is the reason
That gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot?"

"When James the First the sceptre swayed,
This hellish powder plot was laid;
They placed the powder down below,
All for old England's overthrow;
Lucky the man, and happy the day,
That caught Guy Fawkes in the middle of his play!"

"Hark! our bell goes jink, jink, jink;
Pray madam, pray sir, give us something to drink;
Pray madam, pray sir, if you'll something give,
We'll burn the dog, and not let him live.
We'll burn the dog without his head,
And then you'll say the dog is dead."

"Look here, from Rome
The Pope has come,
That fiery serpent dire;
Here's the Pope that we have got,
The old promoter of the plot—
We'll stick a pitchfork in his back,
And throw him in the fire!"

There is a slight smack of a Smithfield roasting about these lines, such as regaled the senses of the Virgin Queen, or "Bloody Mary," which entirely reconciles us to their disuse at the present time. It should be the fervent prayer of all good men, that the evil spirit of religious hatred and intolerance, which on the one hand prompted the Gunpowder plot, and which on the other has ever since made it the occasion of reproach and persecution of an entire sect professing Christians, may be no longer perpetuated. In the matter of exclusiveness and intolerance, none of the older sects can safely reproach each other; and it becomes all to hope and labor for the coming of that day, when the hymns of Cowper and the confessions of Augustine, the humane philosophy of Channing and the devout meditations of à-Kempis, the simple essays of Woolman and the glowing periods of Bossuet, shall be regarded as the offspring of one spirit and one faith—lights of a common altar, and precious stones in the temple of the one universal church. J. G. W.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PATHWAYS AND ABIDING PLACES OF OUR LORD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Pennsylvania avenue, Washington.

The Rev. Dr. Wainwright, the author of this very beautiful work, does not pretend to furnish anything new concerning Palestine. He visited its consecrated places with feelings of faith and reverence, and his book is the product of a mind keenly alive to natural scenery, and imbued with a fervent piety. His style of description is [illegible] and impressive, and his comments are pertinent and instructive. The work is got up in the highest style of art, and is illustrated by eighteen beautiful engravings, picturing the "Pathways and Abiding Places of our Lord."

It is a rare gift book for the holydays.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW; A Discourse delivered in the Congregational Church in West Bridgewater, Massachusetts, by J. G. Forman, Minister of the Congregation.

This is one of the ablest and boldest of the many pulpit protests against the unrighteous Slave bill. The infamous enactment is held up in the light of common humanity and Christian revelation, with the blackness of the pit clinging about it. In the author's view, the law demands of the citizen far more than the Constitution itself requires, and of the Christian, that which is expressly forbidden by Divine authority; and that both are thereby absolved from the duty of its active support, and at liberty to choose its penalties rather than incur the criminal responsibility of its execution. J. G. W.

A BUNDLE OF MYRRH

Is the quaint title of a Sermon preached on Thanksgiving Day, at Newbury, Massachusetts, by Leonard Withington, D. D. The author's leading idea is, that in forming a platform or creed for a sect or party, the difficulty has been that the materials have not been harmonious and wisely selected, so as to comprehend all those eternal and needed varieties which can alone for any great length of time command the faith and inspire the conduct of mankind. To use his own words, the platform of religious and political parties should be "'A Bundle of Myrrh,' a composition where all ingredients harmonize; such as, securing the conscience, commands the assent of mankind; such as enforces the laws of man by immortal sanctions, producing no war between reason and feeling, between truth and beauty, between the citizen and the Christian, between the conscience and the heart." After giving a variety of pertinent illustrations from the history of sects, parties, and schools of philosophy, he comes down to the actual condition of things in Massachusetts; and addressing his own congregation, who are nearly all members of the Whig party, he tells them that he has no doubt the result of the election has disappointed them, but that for his part he feels quite resigned. He is sorry for their disaster, and his sorrow is deep, for it goes to first causes. He then goes on to tell his hearers that a party whose newspapers and political leaders maintain that no man has a right to exercise his conscience in respect to human laws, that peace is to be purchased by injustice, and trade promoted by irreligion, deserves to be defeated, and takes the very best measures to insure defeat.

In his comments on the Fugitive Slave bill there is a paragraph which deserves the candid consideration of the People of the South. "If," says he, "Southern gentlemen did but know it, the Fugitive bill is the worst thing for their cause which could possibly be invented. It keeps their system constantly before our minds, it keeps us in constant irritation; it presents a spectacle which is always reminding us of the deformity of our own participation in it. We are called upon to join in robbery, and not share a particle of the spoil. We are called upon to be disinterested villains. This constant spectacle will do more to alienate the two portions of our country than anything which can be imagined. We cannot alter our feelings. We cannot abolish our humanity. We cannot annihilate conscience, and turn our hearts into iron."

This is not the language of fanaticism: it is the sober and well-weighed sentiment of one who stands in the first rank of the orthodox clergy of New England, as a consistent Christian, scholar, and man of genius. J. G. W.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The last number of Graham's Magazine contains articles from two of our most valued correspondents, whose merit deserves something more than a passing notice. We allude to the "Ballad of Jessie Carroll," by Alice Carey, and "The Child Christ," by Grace Greenwood. The former has the rich tone and coloring and heart-reaching pathos and tenderness of the fine old ballads of the early days of English literature. The latter, suggested by a painting by C. G. Thompson, is remarkable for its simple earnestness and repressed passion—enthusiasm awakened by an exquisite work of art, overawed and solemnized by the religious sentiment. The great lesson of human duty which gives such intensity to the closing lines of this poem was never more needed than at the present time.

J. G. W.

CONGRESS.

Before and during the holydays, Congress makes it a point to transact no business. It has been thirty days in session, during which each member has received $240; but it may be said to have done nothing at all.

Last Thursday it met, chiefly for the purpose of adjourning over till Monday. The only noticeable thing done in the Senate was, the adoption of the following resolution, moved by General Cass:

Resolved, That the President be requested, if not incompatible with the public interest, to communicate to the Senate copies of any correspondence, if any has taken place, between the Department of State and the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, respecting the appointment or proceedings of the agent sent out to examine and report upon the condition and prospects of the Hungarian people during their recent struggle for independence.

In the House a bill was passed for changing the venue from the District of Columbia to Maryland, in the Kosciusco case.

Monday, an amendment to the bounty land bill was passed, making warrants transferable. After this week, we may expect the Members to go to work.

NOT THE RIGHT MAN.

Adam Gibson, the colored man who was arrested in this city as a fugitive slave, and sent to the State of Maryland under the decision of the United States Commissioner, Mr. Ingraham, turns out to have been the wrong man. He was taken by the officers in charge of him to Elkton, on Sunday, and Mr. William Knight, of Cecil county, his reputed owner, sent for.

As soon as Mr. Knight saw the prisoner, he said "That is not my slave; I know this man, Adam—he was formerly a slave in this neighborhood; how he obtained his liberty, I do not know; he is not mine." Mr. Knight offered the

ficers every opportunity to restore the colored an to his family and friends.

Gibson returned to Philadelphia yesterday vening. Warrants have already been issued for he arrest of Alberti and the other men engaged n his capture.

It appears that, at the time Adam Gibson was rrested, Emery Rice, the alleged fugitive slave, the roperty of Mr. Knight, was in conversation with Gibson, his friend, and was standing within a few eet of him. Alberti and his party mistook the ns for the other, and hence the unfortunate hase which the case presents.—*North American.*

Mistook! We hope the officers of justice may ot mistake somebody else for them.

SLAVE CASES.

There is no lack of disposition among slaveholders to try the efficiency of the Fugitive act. We commend to the attention of the reader the account on our fourth page of the case of Adam Gibson, claimed as a slave in Philadelphia, sworn to be such by witnesses one of whom had been formerly arrested on the charge of kidnapping, refused necessary delay for the purpose of procuring evidence by Edward D. Ingraham, United States Commissioner, in the most summary manner consigned to slavery by the same Commissioner, from which he was saved only by the honesty of Mr. Knight, in whose name he had been arrested, who, seeing him in Elkton, Maryland, whither he had been taken, declared that he was not his slave. Gibson was of course returned to Philadelphia, where before the honest tribunal of Commissioner Ingraham he may again be sworn to be the property of somebody, not quite so conscientious as Mr. Knight.

The Servile Press is impudent enough to quote this case as a favorable illustration of the working of the law, pointing triumphantly to the conduct of Knight in returning the alleged fugitive; as if the Personal Freedom of a man should be left to the fluctuating honesty of his neighbors, instead of being protected by law. The conduct of Ingraham was shameful, disgraceful even to an office whose chief function is that of slave-catching.

The *Philadelphia Sun*, a Compromise paper, says—

"It will tend more to strengthen fanaticism, and to exasperate the conscientious Abolitionists, than any means that could have possibly been devised. If we are to have such decisions under the Fugitive Slave law, and its repeal is to be the signal of the dissolution of the Union, we may as well make up our minds to the terrible alternative. If the provisions of the law authorize the surrender of the supposed fugitive slave, upon such meager and conflicting evidence, when the proof of his freedom was stronger than of his being a slave, when the claim to the fugitive is at every point doubtful, such a summary decision as given by Commissioner Ingraham must tend to weaken the confidence of the people of the free States in the policy and propriety of the bill."

The *New York Evening Post* adds—

"The mischief done by Ingraham's decision has happily gone no further than the unjust violence committed in the man's arrest, and an unjust imprisonment for a few days. The supposed owner, being a little particular about the identity of his negro, declined taking a substitute. The case shows, however, what we are to expect from those gentry, who, in the capacity of *Commissioners*, are clothed with authority to decide on our liberties."

Another Fugitive case is exciting a good deal of interest in New York city. A colored man named Henry Long was arrested on the 23d, charged with having escaped from slavery in 1847, from his master, John J. Smith of Russell county, Va. He was taken before the Commissioner, Messrs. Jay, Field, and White, appearing for Long, and W. W. Parker for the alleged owner.

On the examination before the Commissioner, Parker testified that he lived in Richmond, Virginia, where he practiced medicine; that Long, the fugitive, was the property of Mr. Smith, of Russell county, to whose brother witness's sister is married.

I have known Henry, continued the witness, for the last five years. Mr. Smith sent him to Richmond to me to hire him out, and I did so. Let him out for a year to work in a store; he escaped. Mr. Lebby of Richmond afterwards met him in New York. I was in Russell county in 1846, and saw Henry there, and received him afterwards at Richmond, as I told Mr. S. I would, to hire him out. He was spoken of as being a very good servant.

On the cross-examination by Mr. Whitehead, he testified as follows:

Q. How do you know Henry was a slave?

A. I have seen him at Mr. Smith's house, and I agreed to hire him out.

Q. Did you ever see the title deed or authority by which Mr. Smith held this man as a slave?

A. No, sir, I have not.

Q. Have you any other means of knowing that this man is a slave, than seeing him with Mr. Smith, and your hiring him out?

A. I have not, except that I have heard my sister speak of him as being a very useful servant, and the property of Dr. Smith.

Q. Are not some of the black servants in Virginia, freemen?

A. Certainly. I have heard Mr. Smith speak of him as his servant; the servants and slaves both are engaged in the same kind of work, in Virginia, and black free persons, as well as slaves, are sometimes called servants. Beyond what I have seen, and what I have heard from Dr. Smith and my sister, I have no knowledge of his being a slave. Dr. Smith has sent Henry three hundred and fifty miles to me, for the purpose of hiring him out. I have never been employed in a similar mission before; nor would I do so for any other man, or under any other circumstances, but from the fact of his having escaped when in my charge. I have no desire for it. I came to the North on this business, and I expect that my expenses will be paid.

A postponement was requested by Long's counsel, for the purpose of procuring witnesses, and resisted by Parker. The Commissioner, having received Mr. Whitehead's affidavit of the necessity of postponement, granted an adjournment till ten o'clock on Tuesday.

Tuesday the examination of witnesses was resumed.

The Commissioner decided that, by the law of evidence, the conversation of the fugitive could not be received in the case. The chief witness relied upon by the counsel for the claimant, Dr. Parker, who testified as follows:

"I received his pay myself, and forwarded it to Mr. Smith; my authority to do so was both verbal and by letter; Henry knew that I received it. He continued at the hotel one year, and, I believe, conducted himself well. He knew that I was the agent of Mr. Smith, and looked upon me, in Richmond, as his master. He knew that I had authority to dispose of him. I attended him when sick, and sat up with him one night. About Christmas, 1847, I left the city for a while previous, having made an engagement for him as waiter at the City Hotel; but on coming back, I found that he had gone to the hotel, but left, after being there a day or two, and was walking about, doing nothing. I censured him for disobeying my orders, and wrote to his master about it. His master replied—[objected to.] I found great difficulty in getting him a situation. Henry was hard to please, and was anxious to hire himself, as his master had formerly permitted him to do. I expostulated with him, and received a letter—[objected to] After some time, I saw an advertisement of Haskins & Libby, wanting a man, and rode down to their store at what is called Rockets, a little below Richmond, where the vessels come in. They are merchants, connected with steamboats and vessels. They agreed to hire him; he had hired himself about in the mean time, and never made any return to me, although I told him to do so. He hired himself out, during the time, for nine days, at my request, to wait upon a sick man, and I received the pay, which was nine dollars, being a dollar a day. He hired himself to the Madison House, and also to another hotel, for which he made no return. He went to Haskins & Libby's about February, 1848, and remained there till about Christmas, when he left. I advertised and made effort to find him, but could not. I was not specially authorized to advertise for him, but had authority to act as agent in regard to him.

A writ of *habeas corpus*, granted in general term of the State Supreme Court, returnable at ten o'clock this morning, was handed to the Commissioner by Mr. Whitehead.

Mr. Western took objections to this proceeding, on the ground that the act makes it imperative upon the Commissioner, on the proof being satisfactory, to issue the certificate to the owner of the slave.

Reference was here made by Mr. Jay to the opinion of Mr. Crittenden, that the law does not do away with the writ of *habeas corpus*.

The Commissioner determined on obeying the writ, and adjourned the case till 12 o'clock to-day.

THURSDAY.—The case was resumed at twelve o'clock, morning, pursuant to adjournment.

Mr. Jay asked for an adjournment of the case, as he objected to further proceedings, on the ground that, as a writ of habeas corpus had been recognised by the Commissioner, the matter probably would come before the Supreme Court for adjudication.

Mr. Western said that he had been at the Supreme Court, for the purpose of protesting against its action in this matter, and that he there found that they did not issue a writ of habeas corpus, to take the case out of the hands of the Commissioner, but that the writ was issued without a due knowledge of the matter.

Mr. Western contended that it was the duty of the Commissioner to proceed in this case without delay under the law. He had, he said, no power over the person of the man, which allowed him to obey a writ of habeas corpus. He demanded the possession of Henry under due process of the act. The matter could now be conclusively settled, as he had witnesses in court who knew the man from his youth to the present time.

Mr. Jay replied. He said that the case was delayed for the purpose of testing the law. He alluded to the adjournment of a similar case in Philadelphia by Judge Grier of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Jay contended that this law should be adjudicated upon by the Supreme Court, and it was for this purpose that he had obtained a writ of habeas corpus from that court, in full bench. He referred to cases of but late occurrence, in which free colored persons were reduced to slavery, and particularly instanced that of the slave who was taken from Philadelphia but a few days ago.

The Commissioner decided that he would obey the writ of *habeas corpus*, but that this did not stay the proceedings in the case, which should be continued. He would therefore, he said, hear further evidence that might be produced on either side.

Mr. Jay said that Mr. White, his associate, had left the court, under the impression that the case would be adjourned. He said also, as the Commissioner refused to grant an adjournment, that he was compelled to state, in open court, that he had received a promise from him, in private, that he would adjourn the matter till to-morrow.

The Commissioner said he had been misunderstood by the counsel.

Mr. Jay expressed his willingness to make an affidavit of the correctness of his statements.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—Friday the 27th. The Commissioner returned a reply in answer to the writ of *habeas corpus* issued for the body of Henry Long, that he had not possession of the man. The writ was served on the United States Marshal, in whose custody Long is at present, and who, in obedience with its commands, conveyed the alleged fugitive to the Superior Court, before a full bench.

Pending the execution of the writ, Mr. White rose to say, that as the case had been previously closed for the claimant, the counsel had no right to present further testimony.

The Commissioner said that the counsel for claimant had no right to produce further testimony, and that he should now hear the evidence on the part of the fugitive.

Mr. Jay here read an affidavit from Long, in which he swore that he was a free man, and offered to produce testimony in proof.

Mr. Western objected to the reading of the affidavit, as opposed to the provisions of the act.

To this Mr. Jay replied, that he desired to base a motion on this affidavit, asking the Commissioner to issue subpœnas for the several witnesses mentioned in it.

Mr. White contended, that as the presumption in this State is that Long is a freeman till he is proved a slave, his affidavit must be received, and the witnesses subpœnaed.

The Commissioner here made a brief review of the whole proceedings in the case, and summed up by saying, that as the counsel for claimant had refused, after the examination of Dr. Parker, to produce further testimony, he was now compelled to issue subpœnas for the fugitive.

The Commissioner then proceeded to make out the subpœnas, after which he adjourned the case till half past 2 o'clock. Up to the hour of 1 o'clock, at which time our reporter left the court, no action had been taken on the writ of *habeas corpus*, though the Marshal, Mr. Tallmadge, had decided on entertaining it.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—Friday the 27th. Shortly after one o'clock, yesterday, the Marshal, accompanied by Long and several of the police, appeared in the Superior Court before Judge Campbell, in accordance with the writ of *habeas corpus*.

Against this proceeding Mr. Western entered his protest, arguing that the Superior Court had no jurisdiction in the matter, and that it properly came under the action of the Commissioner.

Mr. White contended that the return did not show Mr. Hall to be a United States Commissioner, nor is a Commissioner a Court or Judge of exclusive jurisdiction to bar a *habeas corpus*.

The Court was of the opinion that a United States Commissioner, for the duties defined by the law, has due cognizance of the case.

Mr. White replied that Mr. Hall was not a United States Commissioner, under the law of 1850, he being Deputy Clerk of the Circuit Court, and by an old rule of the Court, the assistant, appointed by the clerk also, is to act as Commissioner, but the law requires that the Commissioners shall be appointed by the Court.

A motion was then made by Mr. White, for the discharge of Long, or that he be placed under the immediate custody of the Superior Court.

A certificate from Mr. Gardner was here handed into the Court, to the effect that Mr. Hall is a United States Commissioner.

Mr. White objected to this certificate, and said that it only showed that Mr. Hall had been appointed by the clerk of the United States District Court, which he contended was not a regular legal appointment.

The Court finally decided to leave the man in the possession of the United States Marshal, and adjourned to one o'clock to-day.

The several parties returned after the adjournment to the office of the Commissioner, where testimony was heard in behalf of the fugitive.

The first witness examined was John Butler, a colored man, who testified as follows:

Reside at No. 17 Centre street; born in this city, at No. 225 Forsyth street; knows Henry Long, who is present; I first saw him on the day I was engaged as coachman to Mr. Nicholas Stuyvesant; I met him driving a carriage in Broadway; met him every fine day when I drove out; I went to Mr. Stuyvesant in June; saw Henry at a ball at Manger, near Grand street, in February; he was then introduced to me as Mr. Long; I had always bowed to him as I met him; I remained with Mr. Stuyvesant till the February succeeding that, and next February will be two years since I left Mr. Stuyvesant; [it was stated, on behalf of claimant, that Long left Richmond two years ago. He drove carriage from a stable in Mercer street, between Bleecker and Houston; he afterwards went to waiting; previous to going to Mr. Stuyvesant, I drove carriage for Dr. Kypras, corner Ninth street; I have recently worked in the flour store of Allen & Whittlesey, and sometimes drove the cart; saw Henry last Saturday.

Here the examination was closed for the day, and the Court adjourned till ten o'clock this morning.

Elizabeth Dixon, a colored woman, was sworn. She testified as follows: I live 129 Elizabeth street; I was born in New York; I am twenty-two years old; I know Henry Long; I knew him in November, 1847; I have known him since that time; I have not seen him very often, since he left my house, in 1848; I did not see him oftener than three times since then. It was in the winter of 1848 that he left; In February, I think it was; I was in the habit of seeing him daily, while he was at my house, from November, of 1847, to February, of 1848; he boarded with me during that time; I am positive that I knew him in November, '47; I know so, from the fact that there was sickness in my family, my husband was sick six weeks; I then lived at 70 Spring street.

Mr. Fowler was my landlord; my landlord kept a shoe store. While Henry Long was with me, he worked down town part of the time, and part of the time he was waiter. After February, 1848, I did not know what became of him. The witness was confident that Henry Long was the man who boarded with her. My husband works along shore.

Cross-examined.—I can write; I have no memorandum in writing from Long; I have house-rent receipts for the year during which he boarded with me. Mrs Stanebury knows that he boarded with me; she lives at 70 Spring street; I never saw Long before he came to my house first; I don't know where he came from; I can't tell whether he is a Southern man or not. [A question as to whether Long spoke of the South while with witness, was ruled out by the Commissioner.]

I never knew him to drive a carriage; he was a part of the time a waiter at some hotel for some months; the rest of the time he was working along shore; after he left me, he went to Mrs. Stanebury's, who lived in Mulberry street; I saw him three times after he left me—once in my house, once in the church, and once in the street; I don't know how he has been employed since he left my house; I was never in Florida; I was married in 1846, on the 27th of April.

Mr. Stansbury was next sworn. I live at No. 70 Spring street; in January, 1848, I lived at 240 Mulberry street; I know Elizabeth Dixon; she lived, in January, 1848, in Elizabeth street; I knew her when she lived in Spring street; I live in the same room now that she moved out of; I knew Long; I first saw him in Mrs. Dixon's house in Elizabeth street; he boarded with me; I can write; I saw that paper, [a paper that was shown to witness by Mr. White.]

The paper was a memorandum of the time at which Long came to the house of witness. The following is a copy:

"NEW YORK, *January* 24, 1848.

"Henry Long contracted to pay Mrs. Stanley one dollar and a quarter a week for board."

Mr. Western objected to the paper, as it was a merely collateral paper, and was not valid; it was simply a memorandum made by witness.

Witness in answer.—"I gave the paper to Henry after I wrote it, immediately; he came to my house to board in January, 1848; I knew him in 1847 at Mrs. Dixon's house; he was boarding there; I don't remember having any conversation with Mrs. Dixon about me; I am not mistaken as to the time he came to board with me; he boarded with me nearly two months."

For the National Era.

DIRGE OF THE TOILER.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on, toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
Toiling in the morning light,
Toiling 'neath noon's sultry heat,
Toiling when the skies are bright,
Or dark with snow and sleet.

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on, toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
O that man's ruthless hand ne'er had
Sown God's bright field with tares,
And made the many reapers sad,
Reaping want and carking cares!

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
Stern Justice is hemmed in by Sin,
The False o'ercomes the True,
The lives of many spent to win
The luxuries of the few.

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on, toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
Anxious care a constant guest—
Care for daily bread;
Humbly waiting Pride's behest,
That our children may be fed.

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on, toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
Toiling 'neath Wrong's ghastly light,
Till the mental eye is bleared,
And Avarice, with its deadly blight,
Both heart and soul hath seared.

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on, toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
Yet comes at times the spirit's light,
Flashing dark walls between,
And showing what, amid the night,
Unchained we might have been.

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on, toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
Want-driven through a dark world, we,
Immortal and blood-bought,
Are rushing to Eternity,
Without an hour for thought!

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on, toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
Life, a weariness and curse,
At best is but a span;
When past, may God be unto us
More merciful than man.

Toiling on, toiling on
Forever and forever;
Toiling on, toiling on,
Rest and comfort never:
Toiling on, a scant fed slave,
Until the shroud is made,
And low within the narrow grave
The weary head is laid.

Lynn, December 1, 1850.

HAYTI—SCHEMES IN REGARD TO IT.

"But the champions of Slavery are hard at work, and have been for years, to perpetuate the discord in Hayti, and with it the weakness of her people. Secret emissaries from our own Government, (not sent by the present nor by the late Cabinet,) have been busy in Dominica fomenting strife and defeating reconciliation with Hayti. Schemes for the conquest and subjugation of Hayti by gangs of Southwestern crusaders, eager to uprear on her soil the black banner of spoliation and Slavery, have been openly displayed in our Satanic journals. Even the notice taken of Haytian affairs in the late Presidential Message was (unconsciously) dictated by a spirit unfriendly to Hayti. Even when she was a Republic, and in danger of resubjugation by a European Power, no word of cheer was addressed to her by our Government. Even her independence has never been formally acknowledged by the United States, though a fact as undoubted as sunshine. All this is in direct, persistent, contumacious defiance of the vaunted first principle of our Government, that a Government in fact is a Government of right, and that we are precluded from inquiring into its legitimacy. From the date of her independence to this day, we have treated Hayti unworthily, unjustly. Why?"—*New York Tribune.*

We are glad that the schemes of our Pro-Slavery Spoliators in regard to Hayti begin to attract some attention. It is many years since we have been endeavoring from time to time to arouse the People to their true nature and scope. Ever since the successful resistance of the Blacks to the attempt to reënslave them, their island has been an affliction to those interested in upholding Slavery. Their conduct was a dangerous precedent; their condition, as an independent nation, a bad example.

Our commerce with them was profitable, and might, by ordinary attention on the part of the Government, have been vastly augmented; but it concerned chiefly the products of free labor—provisions, breadstuffs, and manufactures—and so, it was neglected by one Administration after another, each stubbornly refusing to acknowledge their independence, or appoint any consul, to protect our interests, or entertain any intercourse with their authorities. The natural result was, discrimination against our commerce, which has gradually fallen off, while that with England and France has increased.

Not satisfied with this demonstration of unfriendly feeling towards that Republic, libellous attacks upon its character, and exaggerated accounts of the ruin of the island, have abounded in the Servile Press of the Eastern cities, particularly New York, designed to cherish a feeling of contempt and hatred for an unfortunate people, and prepare the way for their restoration to the beatitudes of Slavery, by the intervention of American colonization. The feuds between the Blacks, who constituted the vast majority of the population and held the greater portion of the island, and the Mulattoes of Spanish mixture, who inhabited the eastern part, were fostered by influences emanating from this country; and wonderful accounts were circulated of the *white* Republic of Dominica; of its gallant resistance to the aggressions of the Blacks; of the danger of its being exterminated, and the whole island being reduced to savageism, unless our Government interposed—and much more of the same kind of stuff.

Mr. Calhoun had something to do with a secret mission to Hayti, whose results have never transpired; and since then, under the late Administration, Mr. Green, son of the General Duff Green who figured in the Texan business, was sent out, *ostensibly* to attend to commercial matters in the island; but what his other business was, doth not yet appear. His mission, whatever it was, has received the sanction of the present Administration, which seems not indisposed to play the part of adviser or mediator in the dissensions of that unhappy island. Very grateful must this proffer seem from a Government that has taken pains to manifest a uniform hostility to the people upon whom it would obtrude its advice.

The land pirates, spoliators, and propagandists, would be glad to go still further with friendly offices—colonize the eastern part of the island, and form an alliance offensive and defensive with that "White Republic," which looms so grandly in the columns of *Bennett's Herald.* They would mediate, too, (like the wolf between the dog and the lamb,) devouring in succession both parties.

The maxims of non-intervention with the affairs of foreign nations, so solemnly rehearsed by Mr. Fillmore in his late annual message, apply with force to our intercourse with Hayti. Let us leave her to settle her own quarrels, and seek her improvement by paying her ordinary respect, and cultivating with her a profitable commerce. This policy may not subserve the schemes of wholesale Plunderers and Propagandists, but it will save our reputation, promote our interests, and do good to Hayti.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

LONDON, *December* 6, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The great Popish agitation, if it has accomplished no other good, has at least given employment to the caricaturists. For weeks the windows of the book and print shops have been full of caricatures of Cardinal Wiseman, the Pope, the English Bishops and clergy. London is by no means Paris in this respect, but some of the pictures in the shops are worthy of Cruikshank's genius. Some represent the Pope's bull by a real bull, with fierce eyes and long horns and a forked tail, just arrived from the channel, (which he has leaped,) and (in the print) he has met Old John with a parcel of dogs ready to do him battle when his courage fails him, and he is about to leap back across the channel again. Others represent "James of London," and "Henry of Exeter," and the rest of the State-Church bishops, down upon their knees fighting with Wiseman and the Catholic priests for Church property, which lies upon the ground between them. In a majority of them, the Catholics and State-Church men are on a par with each other, while John Bull, looking on, only seems desirous that they shall devour each other!

Cardinal Wiseman has appointed a Grand Jubilee, to last a fortnight, for the Catholics, as a time of rejoicing over the establishment of a hierarchy in England; and the only perceptible effect of the agitation is that the Catholics are milder in their letters and address, and more loyal to the Queen. There is certainly a slight lull in the agitation itself; it had reached its height a fortnight ago, and it must gradually go down. I doubt if State-Churchism has gained anything by it, for the people have been, while denouncing the Papists, fully alive to the fact that many of the clerical agitators have been thinking of their pockets instead of "the insult to the Queen."

The reception of George Thompson, M. P., in America has excited a good deal of surprise in England, as well as pain. His position here, as a man of great abilities, and as a true friend of freedom, is high, and the attempts which have been made by some American journals to blacken his character and belittle his standing in society have excited considerable feeling and disgust. The London journals which have always opposed reform advise him to return to the more civilized land, "which he has been wont to contrast unfavorably with America," and learn to prize its institutions better than he has done before. Such is the reception which the friends of freedom here—I might almost say friends of Republicanism—meet with in the new world; and who can wonder if the English nation gets to dislike the Republicanism of the United States? Mr. Thompson may be an imprudent man at times, but his sincere honesty no one can doubt, and he deserves a gentlemanly reception at the hands of the American people, if for no other reason than that he has for years battled in Europe for the cause of the people against nobles and bishops.

The Government has recently pensioned, out of the Literary Fund, a Mr. James Bailey, whom the world never heard of before. The conduct of the Government in respect to the pensions, awarded from a fund created solely for the benefit of literary persons, has for years been shameful. There was a time when blind Frances Brown, the sweet poetess among the highlands, was allowed a paltry £20 a year, while at the same time a lady who never made any pretensions to authorship, but was a descendant, through a guilty amour, of an English noble, was receiving a pension of £1,000 a year out of this fund! It was at first supposed that *Philip* James Bailey, the author of "Festus," was the lucky individual receiving the new pension, but it turns out to be otherwise. The poet gets nothing, while one of his name, who never wrote anything to make his name familiar to the world, reaps the wages of literary toil.

I spoke in my last letter of Mrs. Gaskell, the authoress of "Mary Barton." A new tale is advertised by Chapman & Hale from her pen, entitled "The Moorland Cottage."

A book of personal adventures during the Hungarian war, by Baroness Von Beck, has recently been issued by Bently, and has excited great attention. It is one of the most fascinating books that has been published here for a long time. The Baroness acted as a messenger and spy for Kossuth, and her adventures were, many of them, of thrilling interest.

The American Minister spent last Sunday at the seat of Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Drummond at Cudland, in Hampshire. He was accompanied by his wife and son.

The commercial world has for a few days been in a state of surprise at the accomplishment of a great feat by an American ship. The "Oriental," an American vessel, left New York on the 15th of May last for China. She remained there 21 days, and, though encountering monsoon winds in the China seas, and bad weather during the latter part of her voyage, she arrived here on the 3d instant, making the whole voyage from New York, via China, to London, in a few days more than six months.

This is a specimen of the fruits of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and the *Times* is out with its thunder, trying to arouse the nation to an instant competition with "its gigantic and unshackled neighbor across the ocean."

I mentioned in my last letter that M. Scoelcher, a member of the French Assembly, had given notice that he should interpellate the Minister of the Marine in reference to the imprisonment of colored sailors on board French ships in the Southern ports of the United States. On Thursday last he made his interpellations. He spoke vigorously—perhaps with considerable heat—on the injustice of the American Government in thus coolly breaking her treaties with France. It was useless for the Government of the United States to pretend that it had no control over the matter—the Constitution of the nation did not allow individual States to make laws which should interfere with national treaties. If the Americans persisted in imprisoning Frenchmen with a skin of a certain color, he thought it would be right to retaliate, and throw into jail every American with red hair who should venture into France!

Admiral Desfosses, the Minister of the Marine, admitted the truth of what M. Scoelcher had said, yet could propose nothing. On the whole, his speech was a conciliatory one towards the American Government.

General Lahitte, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, made an able speech, in which he gave in his adhesion to all that M. Scoelcher had remarked on the subject. He closed by expressing his disgust of "such barbarous and savage legislation," and the order of the day was called for and taken up.

This is probably the end of the matter. Nothing will be done. Still, it is not a little galling to Americans in Europe to have the Government of America held up in such a manner to the gaze of the world.

M. Guizot has recently had an interview with Louis Napoleon at *Elysée Bourbon*, and the politicians are speculating upon it. A new edition of his "Life of Washington" has just appeared, and he takes occasion in a new-written preface to apologize for the liberal and almost democratic sentiments uttered in the book. It was written, he says, when Louis Philippe was King of France, and Republicanism was as yet untried. The real interpretation of his preface is, that he does not want a French Republic, and will not have one if he can help it, and that he is very sorry, now that he has become a bigoted Monarchist, that he ever was so foolish as to utter the sentiments which are written in his life of the founder of the great American Republic. It is sad to see a man apologize for what he should glory in, and that which will, years hence, rescue his name from odium, if not oblivion.

M. de Remusat has submitted a State paper to the Assembly, on the question of granting credit for the formation of an army of 40,000 men, to act as an army of observation on the banks of the Rhine. It is an able document, and advocates perfect neutrality on the part of the French Government.

During the past week, M. Von Monteuffel on the part of Prussia, and Prince Loraezenburg on the part of Austria, have had a meeting for the amicable adjustment of questions in dispute between the two countries, at Olmutz, and were successful in coming to an understanding with each other. The Austrian Cabinet has signified its willingness to adhere to the agreements of the two Ministers, and news had reached here, declaring that the Prussian Cabinet had come to the same decision, and war was thought out of the question; but telegraphic despatches of later date inform us that the Prussian Cabinet has been the scene of excitement and political squabbles, and, that two or three times, M. Von Monteuffel, who has declared for peace, has been outvoted. Baron Ladenburg, one of the Ministers who opposed him, has resigned, and the prospects are that M. Von Monteuffel will carry the day.

The lower House of Parliament has, however, assumed a hostile attitude, and declared against the Olmutz arrangements, and the equipment of the army proceeds with renewed energy. Horses for the service are bought at the highest prices, and things look more warlike. Still, for months it has been like this—one day promising war, and the next peace. The exchange has been in a constant state of fluctuation in consequence.

The Hesse Cassel question is likely to be settled in an unlooked-for manner. The Elector proposes to come back to his people, and make some compromises with them. The Frankfort Assembly has approved of the plan. The fact is, he has become tired of exile from his territories, and sees that to allow Prussia and Austria to make a battle-field of them, would be ruin for him and his people. There is little doubt that if his minister, the hateful Hassenplug, was out of the way, he would not hesitate to make liberal concessions to the Hessians, so that he could once more be reinstated in power and wealth.

If he carries out his present intentions, and closes the dispute by a liberal policy, he will win for himself the hearty affection of his people and the plaudits of the civilized world.

JULIAN.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, *November* 15, 1850.

To the Editor of the National Era:

DEAR SIR: Since last I wrote you, the destroying angel has been busy in our midst and around us, and has swept from the face of the earth some of the brightest and the best. The dreadful and dreaded cholera, which many fondly supposed would never visit our healthful shores, has made its appearance, and spread in some portions of our State with a degree of malignity almost unparalleled. In San Francisco, where it first made its appearance, it has not been so severe as in other portions. The greatest number of cases yet reported here were on Sunday last, when, out of twenty-nine cases, twenty resulted in death. Yesterday, but eighteen cases and eight deaths were reported, and it is hoped that the disease is gradually disappearing. As yet, it is principally confined to the portion of the community, which among us is a large one, who are nearly homeless and houseless, and who often lack the common necessaries of life. These, when taken sick, have been hurried off to a building appropriated for a cholera hospital, where they have died, generally, without attention, or a friend to stand over their bedside, to whom they might breathe a dying remembrance to the loved ones far away.

In Sacramento city the disease has spread to an alarming extent, causing some days, in a population of eight thousand, a hundred deaths. A general panic pervaded the whole community. Gaming houses and hotels were closed, and two weeks after the first appearance of the cholera there, the population had diminished to about two thousand; the remainder having scattered in all directions. Upon the Sacramento river a great mortality has prevailed among the Indians, whole tribes of them having been swept off. In various portions of the mining region a few cases have occurred, but not in sufficient number to create any manifest alarm, and the mines are now considered as the safest and healthiest part of California.

Hon. John McDougall, Lieutenant Governor of our State, has been prostrated for several days with the cholera, but is now out of danger, and fast recovering. May God in his mercy grant that the terrible scourge may be abated ere the rainy season commences, for, should it continue to spread through that time, no one can give an idea of the awful ravages it will make.

The people of California, since the arrival of the last steamer, have been very busily employed in discussing the character and merits of the various bills that have been introduced into Congress for our benefit. And, first and foremost, the bill creating ports of entry has received the most attention amongst us. When it was first understood that Benicia had been made a port of entry, and Sacramento and Stockton only ports of delivery, the indignation was great and general. But the next news, which did justice to the two last-named ports, subdued the tons, and we now regard the erection of Benicia to such an honor as a very good joke. It is amusing to read in the home papers the funny articles and amusing reports in relation to a little place that we have always regarded as a mere village—a place where the steamboats, in their course between the great cities of San Francisco and Sacramento, stop to take in or discharge some straggling passenger. It would seem that it has lately been discovered that the great commercial emporium of the Pacific had been located in the wrong place, that its entrance and its magnificent harbor, formerly considered the finest in the world, is filled with "sunken rocks and dangerous shoals," which render almost certain the destruction of any vessel whose commander had the temerity to enter it. Something, it seems, was to be done. The commercial interests of the world were not to be jeoparded. Ships were not to be wrecked on "sunken rocks," or run on "dangerous shoals," any longer. A remedy was finally discovered: San Francisco must be moved to Benicia! and the ships which swarm our harbor and line our docks were all to be safely removed out of harm's way, and anchored snugly in the Straits of Karguinez. Now, the fact of the matter is simply this: Benicia, with its "magnificent location," its "safe and splendid harbor," its "great commercial facilities," is nothing more or less than a little town, of a few hundred inhabitants, very prettily located on some barren hills thirty-five miles above San Francisco. Its harbor is good, and so are a thousand others in the world; but where its commercial facilities, so superior to those of San Francisco, are, it is hard to discover. There is no back-country to support it; no passing through it to go to the great mining region; no coming to it from the mines to purchase supplies. Why, there are single houses in Sacramento or San Francisco who do more business in one day than all Benicia does in a week. In spite of the representations of Government officers, and others largely interested in the success of the scheme, I am forced to say that the "port of entry," Benicia, is a magnificent humbug. We are not seriously alarmed here, however, and do not think that we shall all remove up to the "port" till the rainy season is over.

The bill of next importance is the "gold bill" of Senator Fremont. I am sorry that Mr. Fremont, whose first movements in Congress promised to raise him to the highest state of popularity in California, should have concocted a bill so utterly impracticable and productive of evil as this bill. The gold mines of California must be handled with great delicacy. In the three years which they have been wrought, they have come to be regarded as the common property of those who choose to labor in them, and the laborers still desire to be untaxed. There is one provision of the bill that renders it entirely impracticable; and that is, the space allotted to each claimant. Men will never invest large amounts of capital in working the placers of California, unless they can have ample room upon which to expend their capital and labor. Let the mines of California be free as the air we breathe, and the expenditure, enterprise, and capital, will exhibit results here which if fettered by law they never can.

The land bill of Col. Fremont meets with pretty general approbation, although there are found amongst us croakers who are opposed to the donation of land to the early settlers of California. This project is, however, but just. It will be recollected that at the time of the treaty of peace a large portion of the inhabitants of California were the regiment of volunteers who came from New York with Col. Stevenson. These men were induced to come to California by promises, considered to have been authorized, made to them of grants of land. Many of those men are here now. They deserve a donation of land, and will be the principal recipients of the benefits of this bill, should it pass, which I hope it may do.

The amendment to the civil and diplomatic bill, returning to California the so-called "civil fund," which consisted of revenues which up to the time of the treaty were unjustly collected in our Territory, meets with general approbation. Our young State, which has risen up Minerva-like, and has thus far paid for her own armor, deserves to receive at the hands of the General Government some return for the injustice which has been done her, and at least a partial equivalent for the expenses which she would have caused the Treasury at Washington, had she passed through the Territorial form.

One great evil in the establishment of general laws for our new State needs most carefully to be guarded against; and that is, the foisting upon us of a band of hungry office-holders, who, like the locusts of the East, shall eat out our substance. The gold bill and the bill creating so unnecessarily six collection districts will do this. Already we have amongst us scores of men who are waiting and hoping for Government pap; and the probability is that at Washington you have hundreds, if not thousands, waiting for an opportunity to pounce down upon California. From these, "Good Lord deliver us."

The news from the gold mines is cheering. Three men, who leave in the steamer to-day, have just returned from the Yuba river with the sum of $80,000 in clean gold, the result of three weeks' labor. This to be sure is an extraordinary instance, but generally the miners are doing well, new and rich diggings having been discovered in various portions of the mines.

We have been having beautiful weather in San Francisco for several weeks past, the rainy season appearing to be delayed. We shall soon have it upon us, however, and our city fathers are planking the streets, and making preparations to render us as comfortable as possible through this dreaded time.

The "squatter" trials are about commencing at Benicia, a change of venue having been granted at Sacramento. Great interest is felt in the result of these trials, and, as a general thing, I believe that the sympathies of the people of California are with the squatters. In the county where the riots took place, Dr. Charles Robinson, the squatter-leader has been elected by a fair majority to the Assembly of this State. There is a deep latent feeling among the people of this State, of a manifest injustice in the claims of individuals to immense tracts of land in California, where they have come to settle. The trials will prove interesting, and, if the accused are not acquitted, I presume their punishment will be a mere nominal one. Our State laws will probably be so altered at the ensuing session of the Legislature, as to allow the whole question of Suter's title to be fairly tested in our highest courts.

The Indians in some of the upper counties appear determined to wage war with vigor. The Indians are collected in large bodies and scattered in parties over the whole country between the South Fork of the American river, and the Forks of the Macosumnes, and several severe actions have been had with them by the organized militia of El Dorado county. In one of these, Lieut. Col. McKinney was mortally wounded, and several white men killed. The Indians, it is now positively ascertained, are headed by white men, as one of them was killed in a skirmish at Johnson's Rancho, on Bear river. What the object of these men can be, I cannot imagine, unless it be robbery, as the idea of a conquest of the mining region by the Indians is too ridiculously absurd to be for a moment entertained.

The steamer Tennessee leaves this afternoon, crowded with passengers.

Yours, BUFFUM.

APPOINTMENTS.

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

J. M. Jones of San Jose, California, to be District Judge of the United States for the Southern District of California.

J. L. Pettigru of South Carolina to be Attorney of the United States for the District of South Carolina.

Hugh O'Neal of Indiana to be Attorney of the United States for the District of Indiana.

Mr. Calhoun of Georgia has been appointed Governor of New Mexico, and Mr. Smith, late Territorial Delegate from that country, Secretary.

Mr. Calhoun, we presume, concurs with the slaveholders of Georgia generally, in believing that the Mexican laws abolishing slavery in the Territory have been abrogated.

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THE FREE PRESBYTERIAN.

THIS paper (under the editorial control of Rev. Joseph Gordon, Rev. John Rankin, corresponding editor,) will complete the first half year of its existence on Wednesday, January 1st, 1851. The substantial favors extended to it thus far show that such a journal was needed by the religious community. It will be the study of the editor to make its columns a still more full exponent of the principles and views of those who desire the church to take high and holy ground 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 (as it is) in harmony with all true reform—social, moral, and legislative—and in uncompromising hostility to all that is wrong, whether it find its lodging place in Church or State.

While it is professedly the organ of the *Free Presbyterian Church*, and will maintain the distinctive principles which separate it from other branches of the Presbyterian family, *The Free Presbyterian* will not be a mere sectarian sheet, but will most heartily co operate with every other instrumentality calculated to promote the glory of God and the highest good of man.

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Saturday	November	30	Saturday	December	21
Saturday	December	14	1851.		
Saturday	December	28	Saturday	January	4
1851.			Saturday	January	18
Wednesday	January	8	Saturday	February	1
Wednesday	January	22	Saturday	February	15
Wednesday	February	5	Saturday	March	1
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PROSPECTUS OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

VOLUME V.—1851.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

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

THE NATIONAL ERA is an Anti-Slavery, Political, and Literary Newspaper.

A brief summary of the principles and measures we are prepared at all proper times to maintain, will serve to show the character and course of the *Era*.

We hold—

That Slavery is repugnant to Natural Right, the Law of Christianity, the Spirit of the Age, and the essential nature of our Republican Institutions:

That Emancipation, without compulsory expatriation, is a high duty, demanded alike by Justice and Expediency:

That there is but one safe and effectual mode of abolishing Slavery; and that is by law, to be enacted by the States in which it exists:

That Slavery can have no lawful being in Territory under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States:

That Congress is bound to exclude it from all Territory now belonging or that may hereafter belong to the United States:

That the American Union, as the bond of Peace, the organ of one Language and one Civilization, the medium of Free Trade, among the numerous States and Territories stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores of this Continent; as the Refuge of suffering millions from the Old World, and a Safeguard against its Ambition and Intrigue, is of priceless value to the Cause of Human Progress; and that there is enough intelligence and virtue in its members to extinguish Slavery, the single cause that disturbs its harmonies, impairs its energies, alloys its benefits, and threatens its stability:

That the Federal Constitution ought to be so amended as to place the election of President in the hands of the People, directly, and to limit his term of office to four years, making him thereafter ineligible; and to be still further amended so as to give to the People of the several States the election of their United States Senators, changing the term of office from six to four years:

That the Post Office Department ought to be separated from the Chief Executive, the Postmaster General and all the local Postmasters being elective by the People, and the power of removal for just and sufficient cause lodged in the hands of the Postmaster General:

That postage on all newspapers, of a certain size, for all distances, should be one cent; on all letters, under half an ounce, for all distances, two cents prepaid; that the franking privilege should be abolished; and negotiations be instituted for the purpose of securing free exchanges within reasonable limits, between the newspapers of Europe and the United States, and a reduction to the lowest point possible in the postage on letters passing between foreign countries and our own:

That the public lands should be held as a trust for the benefit of the People of the United States, to be granted in limited quantities to actual settlers who are landless:

That the homestead ought to be exempt from sale or execution for debt:

That restrictions on commerce among the several States, and between all nations, ought to be removed:

That Congress ought to make due appropriations for improvements demanded by the interests of commerce with foreign nations, or among the States, provided they be not purely local in their benefits, and be not proper subjects for State or individual enterprise.

In maintaining our views, we shall fearlessly use the rights, while we respect the courtesies, of Free Discussion, conceding to those who may differ from us, what we claim for ourselves, the credit of honest motives.

Such reports of the proceedings of Congress will be given as will convey a correct idea not only of its action, but of its spirit and policy.

The FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE of the *Era* is at least equal in value and interest to that of any Journal in the country.

The LITERARY MISCELLANY of the *Era* is amply provided for. JOHN G. WHITTIER, the Poet, will continue Corresponding Editor. By an arrangement with that popular writer, GRACE GREENWOOD, her services have been secured for the *Era exclusively*, beginning on the first of January next. Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, the American Novelist, who first became known to the public through the columns of our paper, has engaged to furnish a story for our new volume.

Among other contributors we may name Dr. WILLIAM ELDER, the Hon. HENRY B. STANTON, MARTHA RUSSELL, MARY IRVING, ALICE and PHŒBE CAREY, and Mrs. H. B. STOWE—names familiar and attractive.

Having thus made ample arrangements for the General Departments of the Paper, we shall devote ourselves more particularly to Anti-Slavery and Political Discussions, taking care to keep our readers advised of all important reform movements and current events.

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All communications, on business of the *Era* or for publication, should be addressed to

GAMALIEL BAILEY.

P. S. The volume always begins on the first of January.

WASHINGTON D. C., *November* 28, 1850.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

CONTENTS OF No. 346.—Price, twelve and a half cents.

Commencing a New Year and a New Volume.

1. Augustus Neander.—*British Quarterly Review.*
2. The Urban Devastator.—*Spectator.*
3. Battle of Hohenlinden.—*J. T. Headley.*
4. Life and Maxims of La Rochefoucauld.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*
5. Maurice Tierney, Chapters 17 and 18.—*Dublin University Magazine.*
6. English Critics on American Songs.—*People's Journal.*
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8. Diplomacy; Nicaragua.—*London Times.*
9. Prussia's True policy.—*Daily News.*
10. The German Quarrels.—*Examiner.*
11. Cost of Arming Europe.—*London Times.*
12. Union of the Austrian Empire.—*Ib.*
13. India.—*Spectator.*
14. Brazil.—*Ib.*

With Poetry and Notices of New Books.

WASHINGTON, *December* 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science, which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

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It was necessary, also, to have more assistance in the operating department; and I have therefore associated with me Mr. F. M. Cory, from New York, which will enable me to maintain the present popularity of this Gallery.

Some valuable additions to the collection of specimens have been recently made, among which we will mention that of *JENNY LIND*, taken from life; one of *AMIN BEY*, Turkish Envoy; and one, from a Daguerreotype taken in Rome, of Powers's statue of *JOHN C. CALHOUN.*

The collection of the United States Senate intended for exhibition at the World's Fair, to be held in London in May next, will be complete in a few days, a part of which may be seen at this time.

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THE subscriber would call the attention of printers to the greatly reduced prices of the present list. They now offer—

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Bourgeois	37	Pearl	108
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Determined to spare no expense in making their establishment as perfect as possible, they have recently got up a complete set of the justly celebrated *Scotch-cut Letter* from Diamond to English, to which they particularly invite attention.

Having lately made numerous additions to their stock of *Fancy Types, Borders, Ornaments, &c.*, their assortment is now unrivalled in the United States; and their improved methods of casting, and of preparing metal, enable them to furnish orders in a manner to insure satisfaction.

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J. K. McILWAIN & SON, *Philadelphia No. 3 Bank street*, importers and dealers in Fringes, Gimps, and Buttons, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Purse Twist, Combs, Steel Beads, Spool Cotton, Tapes, Needles, Pins, Bobbins, &c. &c. &c. Jan. 2.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE BLACK LAW ILLUSTRATED.

WASHINGTON, *December* 25, 1850.

To our Constituents:

In the midst of the rejoicings of this day, which commemorates the advent of him who was sent to "bind up the broken-hearted; *to proclaim liberty to the captives*; and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;" and while the ministers of religion are preaching from the text, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears," the United States mail brings the following account of the seizing, fettering, and consigning to bondage, of a free citizen of the country, a husband and a father.

All the *forms* of an atrocious "law" were observed; the prisoner had his "summary" trial; and, to add to the "deep damnation of his taking off," that trial took place in INDEPENDENCE HALL, in Philadelphia, on the very spot where the immortal words, fresh from the pen of Jefferson, that "all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, *liberty*, and the pursuit of happiness;" were proclaimed to the world as the platform of universal man, and the basis of his eternal right to resist oppression.

Were we to address you under other circumstances, upon the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law, we should venture to press upon your attention argument, expostulation, entreaty, in every form of words fitted to arouse freemen to a lively sense of duty, and to its prompt, unceasing, self-sacrificing *performance*. We should make no apology for warning you against influences, everywhere diffused, like pestilential air—from the press, the lecture-room, and, alas! even from the *pulpit*—poisoning the life of liberty, and infusing into the religion of the country the spirit of infidelity to all law, except the law of avarice, lust, cruelty, and oppression. But we forbear, at this time, all appeals to your understanding or to your hearts. The sum of all argument, all expostulation, all entreaty, is briefly presented in the facts we lay before you. If you have become familiar with them already, through other sources of information, we ask you to examine them once more, to ponder upon them, and then to determine what action duty to country, to humanity, and to God, demands of you and of us.

Need we add, that this brief address proceeds from a few Free Soil Representatives in Congress? We transmit to you from the Capitol no false alarms for the safety of the Union; we warn you that the liberties of the People are in peril. We exhibit to you the machinery of despotism in the performance of its appointed work. It is for the People to determine how long this accursed engine shall crush the heart of down-trodden humanity, before itself shall be broken in pieces by the resistless might of freemen.

From the New York Tribune.

KIDNAPPING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Human Liberty under the Fugitive Slave Law.

CASE OF GIBSON.

A friend in Philadelphia has procured for us the following authentic account (mainly as reported for the *Ledger*) of the recent case of atrocious Kidnapping under the shelter of the Fugitive Slave Law. Adam Gibson, the alleged (and falsely *proved*) Fugitive Slave, was seized last Saturday, taken before Edward J. Ingraham, United States Commissioner, and forthwith adjudged a slave and hurried off into slavery. But he happened to fall into the hands of an honest and conscientious man, who knew at a glance that he was not the person he was sworn to be, and refused to receive him as such. That *might* happen in another case, and then it might not. Just consider the facts:

The prisoner was arrested while standing at the corner of Second and Lombard streets, by three men—George H. Alberti, William McKinley, and Robert Smith — who thrust him into a carriage, telling him that he was charged with stealing. The carriage was driven toward the State House, and when it arrived there the prisoner was carried up stairs. Soon after, counsel for the prisoner, who had been sent for, arrived, and demanded of Mr. Alberti his warrant. Mr. Alberti had none, and the prisoner's counsel advised him that he was at liberty to go; but he, not seeming to understand the plot of which he was the victim, declared that he was charged with stealing—that he was an innocent man, and had a right to be regularly cleared. Mr. Alberti then seized and handcuffed him, and he was taken into the jury room, where he was detained in custody until Mr. Ingraham arrived.

A young man, about twenty years of age, was brought before the U.S. Commissioner, by George F. Alberti, who claimed him, by virtue of a power of attorney, as a fugitive from labor, the property of William S. Knight, of Cecil county, Maryland.

W. E. Lehman, Esq., appeared for the claimant; W. S. Pierce and T. B. Hanbest, Esqs., appeared for the respondent.

Mr. Pierce said that the respondent had been only arrested an hour and a half before, and that until then he had been confined in a room by himself, and had not heard the charge against him. That consequently his counsel had neither time to make themselves acquainted with the claimant's case, nor to prepare the defence. That there were persons residing at a distance, some in New Jersey, and some in Wilmington, Delaware, who would be important witnesses in his behalf. He therefore hoped that the Commissioner would grant a continuance, as Judge Grier had done in the case of Garner.

Mr. Lehman said—He hoped there would be no continuance. The law had contemplated a summary hearing. He asked the Commissioner to deliver this property to its owner, to execute the law, and to save the Union.

Commissioner Ingraham said—The hearing is to be a summary one; let it proceed.

George T. Price, sworn.—I have seen that power of attorney before, and that is my signature; George W. Spence was present when I signed it; he resides in Maryland; George F. Alberti was likewise present; I knew William S. Knight in Cecil county, Maryland; my store and place of business is No. 42 Bank street; W. S. gave his power of attorney to Alberti. (Mr. Lehman read the power of attorney.)

James S. Price, sworn.—I know W. S. Knight; he lives in Cecil county, Maryland; I knew his property in negroes; I knew Emery Rice; the way I knew him, I kept a little store on the main road in Cecil county; he passed my store with Mr. Knight's spring horse; I resided at Chester Creek; I traded there with a horse and wagon; I traded in market some seven miles from old Chester; my children worked in a factory; I have followed selling oysters latterly; I live now at No. 15 Vernon street; I have lived there three years; Mr. Knight is a tall man, he is taller than I; I suppose he is thirty odd years old; he lives in Cecil county, three or four miles below Fredericktown; I was born there; I have known Mr. Knight fifteen or twenty years; I expect Knight was born there; I have known this Emery Rice some four years; I did not know him until I moved back to Cecil county, and all the knowledge I have of his being a slave was seeing him pass my house with Mr. Knight's spring horse; it might have been two months since I conversed with Mr. Knight; I can't recollect the time that he ran away; I think he ran away about 1840—I moved in 1845; I can't say how many slaves Mr. Knight had; I never worked with this Emery Rice; he was not there at the time I worked there; I worked with Mr. Knight in 1833; he had but one man and some children; he had ran away before 1833; I can't say how old Emery Rice was when he run away; he was a man grown, and looked to be 21 or 22 years old; I can't say how long I knew him; I knew him in 1828 or 1838; I worked for Knight again in 1833; he was a man grown then; I knew Rice in 1838; I meant to say in 1843; I meant to say he had run away in 1843; Knight had other slaves in his employment in 1838.

Question.—By Mr. Pierce.—Do you know that Rice was a slave?

Answer.—I know that he worked for Mr. Knight, and I heard it said that he was a slave.

Q.—The Commissioner.—When a colored man is engaged at work for a slaveholder in Maryland, the presumption is that he is a slave.

Q.—By Mr. Hanbest.—Are not many free colored persons employed at service in the State of Maryland by slaveholders?

A.—At harvest time.

Q.—At no other times?

A.—Sometimes in cutting wood.

Q.—In no other way?

A.—I can't say that there are not colored persons employed who are not slaves.

Mr. Hanbest here asked whether this question was to be decided by the laws of Maryland or by him?

Mr. Ingraham said it was to be decided by the laws of Maryland.

Mr. Hanbest asked Mr. Ingraham whether his construction of the word summary was immediately; whether it did not imply a reasonable time for a man to consult with his counsel, get his witnesses, and make his defence.

Commissioner Ingraham.—I have put my own construction upon it.

Examination Continued.—Q.—By Mr. Hanbest.—Knew that he run away from Mr. Knight, a year before I worked for Mr. Knight; I used to trade to Wilmington, Delaware, with peaches; I fix 1838 as the time; I would not stop a slave either running or walking away from his master; I continued to know Rice from 1838 to 1841; I built the house in which my store was kept in 1840; I don't recollect seeing him after the spring of 1840; he had two or three runaways; he had one named John, who ran away; Knight was not then a married man, but was married before I came away.

A.—By David Paul Brown, Esq.—I have lived in the city four or five years; I have not been engaged in this business of kidnapping.

Q.—Are you not bound over to the Court of Quarter Sessions, on a charge of kidnapping?

A.—I decline answering that question.

Q.—(Repeated.)

A.—That has not been proved; but I have been bound over. I have seen the boy (Rice) since 1841 in the Second-street Market; I knew nothing of this arrest till a few minutes before 12 o'clock. I saw Thomas Price this morning. I knew of no arrangement to make the arrest. I have seen the power of attorney to Alberti; I told Alberti that I knew the boy Rice; I have no interest in this case; Alberti came after me; I did not tell Alberti where I was to be found; I told Alberti that I was bound over for kidnapping.

Q.—How do you know prisoner to be Rice?

A.—Why, I know him.

Q.—How?

A.—How do I know you, Mr. Brown?

Q.—(Repeated.)

A.—By his familiar looks.

Q.—Is there no mark on him, or have you conversed with and heard his voice, to enable you to say that he is Rice?

A.—There is no mark, nor have I spoken to him since he was arrested, and there is nothing in his figure by which I can judge.

George T. Price, recalled.—I know Mr. Knight; I lived near Mr. Knight; I knew he had a slave named Emery Price; I knew he escaped; I don't know that this is the boy; I live No. 56½ Gaskill street; I am a relation of the previous witness; I am his bail in the case where he is bound over for kidnapping negroes. I have written to Knight about his slaves; I have never written to him about this boy particularly; I have written to him.

Q.—Had you any interview with Mr. Alberti previously to this arrest?

A.—I had several interviews with Mr. Alberti; he was pointed out to me three years ago; I have lived here since 1838; my business brought Alberti and me together.

Q.—What was that business?

A.—That is my business.

Q.—(Repeated.)

The Commissioner.—You need not answer that question unless it has some connection with this case.

Mr. Brown.—It is the Commissioner's duty to decide whether it has any connection with this case.

Mr. Commissioner Ingraham.—The witness is to decide whether it has any connection with this case.

The witness declined answering the question.

Q.—Is any of the correspondence between yourself and Mr. Knight in your possession?

A.—No, sir. Mr. Knight asked me to witness this power of attorney; it was at Congress Hall.

Q.—How many other persons were present?

A.—About half a dozen.

Q.—Who were they?

A.—Mr. Spencer, a man named Davis, and Owen Pennington.

Q.—Nobody else?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Was not Alberti there?

A.—Yes. Mr. Knight sent for me. I can't say who came for me. I don't know this boy.

Mr. Hanbest renewed the application for a postponement. On Mr. Brown's suggestion, the colored boy was sworn. He was asked if he knew the nature of an oath by Mr. Lehman. He answered:

Yes, and that it was to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. He said that if he had time he could produce several witnesses, whose names were Henry Gibson, Julia Simmons, Rebecca Simmons, Samuel Anderson, Mr. Mason, some seven miles in New Jersey, Mr. Burroughs in New Jersey, and several others, whom he named, some of whom were in Wilmington, Delaware.

Mr. Hanbest said—The decision of this question is vitally important to the public as well as to the boy. This is the first case under the law before a Commissioner, and the public should know whether this law clothes the Commissioner with power to deliver to a claimant a party who has been arrested on a false pretence, without granting him reasonable time to consult his counsel, to collect his witnesses, and to prepare his defence. Whether a free colored man, who has come from the State of New Jersey on an errand of business, and who has been arrested on the charge of stealing chickens, and dragged before a Commissioner, can under its provisions be sent on his way to a slave State, and thus be thrown into a prison, out of which no writ of *habeas corpus*, no judicial act whatever, can take him. If such be the construction of the word summary, no free colored man in Pennsylvania is safe. No free colored man is out of the power of G. F. Alberti and his accomplice Price.

Mr. Commissioner asked how long a continuance was wanted?

Mr. Brown said only an hour.

The Commissioner then said that he had already been there three hours; and that, before he came, the man had been kept in the adjoining room for more than an hour.

Mr. Pierce stated that the boy had been told that he had been arrested for chicken stealing, and that he had not known, until he had been brought before the Commissioner, that he had been arrested as a fugitive; and then the first opportunity was permitted him for consulting with his counsel. That the Commissioner has refused to grant him a continuance for a short time for that purpose, but had directed the examination to proceed instantly, and that the colored man had been surrounded by strangers, and could not send for his friends.

The prisoner here said that he had sent.

The Commissioner at this point directed a messenger to bring him a certificate. This occasioned some delay.

Samuel Anderson, one of the witnesses, residing in Philadelphia, who had been named by the boy, was now brought into Court and sworn:

I know this boy; his name is Adam Gibson; I have known him all my life-time; he lived in Cecil county, Maryland; when I first knew him, he lived with Robert Robinson; he after that lived with Parson Davis; we lived six miles apart; the water divided us; I never heard Parson Davis say that he was his property; I heard his mother say he belonged to Parson Davis; I never knew him to live with Mr. Knight; in 1843 he lived in Kent county, Maryland, and lived with Parson Davis; I know of no relationship between Knight and Davis; I understood that he was set free by his master, at his death; I know of one boy Knight had, called Emery, that carried a spring horse about; I am certain that this is not Emery that lived with Mr. Knight; Emery was rather taller, not quite so stout built, and was much older than this boy; I was born in 1823; I knew Mr. Knight's boy Emery some thirteen years ago; I know they called him Emery Rice; he is now about 23 years of age.

Cross-Examined.—He first lived with Robert Robinson; he then lived after that with Parson Davis, and afterward with Dr. Davis; his name was Adam Gibson; in Cecil county, Maryland, I lived with John B. Schell; I knew Emery going about with Mr. Knight's spring horse; this boy never went about with a spring horse; I came to Philadelphia in a steamboat.

Q.—Were you a slave, and who was your master?

A.—I never had a master.

Mr. Bushell lived about six miles from Knight's house; the water divided us; I believe he continued to live with Dr. Davis; his name was Adam; he lived in Kent county, Md.; I never knew him called by any other name.

[Here Mr. Brown read a copy of the will of Dr. Henry Davis, freeing, at his death, all his slaves, upon condition that they would go to Africa, this Adam being one of them. The will was certified by the Register of that county.]

Daniel Wilkins, who had been found in the crowd, sworn.—I live in Fettersville, State of New Jersey; I knew the father and mother of this boy some twenty years ago; this boy was then a small child; I did not know his name; his mother's name was Charity; she lived with Parson Davis, in Kent county, Maryland; I left there some twenty years ago; I returned to pay a visit in 1845; I saw this boy Adam Gibson there then; that was the first knowledge I had of Parson Davis's death; I can't say how long he had been dead before that, as he had died since I left; this boy's mother was free then, and this boy was living then; he had no master then; I never knew Mr. Knight nor his slave Emery when I was down there; his mother and he were living on Mill farm, Sassafras Neck; it did not belong to Moses Cannon; I don't know who owns it now.

Cross Examined.—I left there when I was about 22 years old; I was a slave, and belonged to Mr. Stevens; I bought my time of my master, and he set me free.

Mr. Price addressed the Commissioner in behalf of the defence. He spoke of the character of the evidence and the circumstances under which the respondent's counsel found themselves in a judicial hearing, involving liberty or slavery; they had been refused the delay of one hour to procure witnesses, and for what reason? Had the respondent been grossly negligent of an opportunity to communicate with his friends, he might still reasonably have expected to obtain a postponement of one hour; but he had not been so. He had hardly an opportunity of speaking to his counsel. Although he had readily given the name of several witnesses who resided in New Jersey; and although the testimony, that by accident was within his command, was sufficient, if not to break down the claimant's case, at least to raise some doubts as to its validity, one hour is denied him. But the evidence of the claimant cannot satisfy the Commissioner that this is the boy Emery. The witness, (Price,) who pretended to identify him, the man who is under bail to answer the charge of kidnapping, cannot point to any mark upon him, any peculiarity, and he does not even know that Rice was the slave of Knight. His business has been to carry vegetables and fruit from Pennsylvania into the highly agricultural District of Cecil county, Maryland; a very improbable story; and your honor well knows that this is the ostensible business of the men who carry in their dearborn wagon, chained and covered up, free colored people who have been kidnapped. Why has not Knight come forward and offered here a will or deed; or why has he not produced witnesses whose characters entitle them to be believed? The only claimant before your honor is G. F. Alberti, a professional slave-catcher. We have produced the evidence of two respectable colored men, who testify that they know this man to be the slave of Dr. Davis, and their evidence is corroborated by the will, read to you, which they never saw.

Mr. Brown followed Mr. Pierce in a speech of great eloquence.

Mr. Lehman followed Mr. Brown. He said that he hoped that the Commissioner would discharge the boy if he had any doubt of his identity; that he had been retained in the street, and that before he came there he had known nothing of the circumstances of the case; that he had come there simply to discharge a professional duty; and that the claimants had taken the proper course in bringing their testimony before the Commissioner, and thus giving the respondent advantages which he would not have had, had the affidavit of witnesses been used instead.

Mr. Ingraham said that he had no doubt of the identity of the prisoner with the slave Emery Rice, and that all other proceedings must be before the Courts of Maryland, whither he would send him.

The prisoner has a wife and two children, who have not seen him since he left home on Saturday morning.

The prisoner was placed into the custody of twenty-five officers under Police Marshal Keyser, and taken to the dépôt, Eleventh and Market streets. A large crowd of all colors followed, but made no attempt to rescue him. The prisoner was accompanied by Marshal Keyser and several officers to Grey's Ferry, and at this place the prisoner was placed into the keeping of Lieutenante Neff, Corson, and Pickering, to be taken to Cecil county, Maryland.

TO FARMERS AND TEACHERS.

We invite the special attention of Farmers and Teachers to a series of articles on *Agricultural Geology*, commenced in this number of the *Era*. They are so simple, direct, elementary, and practical, as to meet the wants of farmers in their present desire for the science of their art. If generally read in schools, they must in some cases change the worst scholars into the best, by converting surplus *boy power*, now shown in lawlessness, into efforts for practical science.

AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY.—No. 1.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

No class of the community have an equal interest in geology with farmers. No science is so interesting to farmers as geology, in connection with chemistry. The two sciences cannot be separated, and justice done to either. While the elements of our globe, especially of soils, require chemical tests to determine their character, these very elements are absolutely essential for experiments to determine the fundamental principles of chemistry. Oxygen, the most powerful chemical agent in creation, is also the most abundant material in rocks and soils. The one as an element, the other as an agent, are alike essential to each other, and both indispensable, as at the foundation of all agricultural science.

A knowledge of each is as feasible as it is important—entirely within the comprehension of a child six years old. Each is a science of facts more than of abstract reasoning—of facts, too, equally instructive and delightful to every young mind.

Take an example: The child has placed before him two glass tumblers—the one containing quartz, the other lime, or sand and chalk. The name of each is of course as readily learnt as the name of iron, lead, gold, tree, horse, or any other object in nature or art. Into each tumbler is poured some sulphuric or muriatic acid. In the tumbler of lime the pupil observes an action—in that of quartz no action. He is told this action is called effervescence. He hence learns to recognise lime and quartz, and the more certainly from the recollection that the one effervesces with acids, and the other does not.

Here is an example of geology and chemistry, alike useful to the farmer and interesting to the farmer's child, or any child. The same simplicity and direct fundamental instruction run through the whole of both of these exceedingly practical sciences.

I may hereafter point out a few of the leading principles of these two sciences; their connection with each other; their essential importance to all classes, and, most of all, farmers; their exceeding fitness for the early instruction of children, and the entire feasibility of having them among the "first lessons" taught in each of the eighty thousand American schools.

No. 2.

Oxus is the Greek word for *acid*: ginomai, in Greek, means *make*; hence the literal meaning of oxygen is *acid maker*. Combined with sulphur it forms sulphuric acid; with nitrogen, nitric acid; with carbon, carbonic acid, &c. Respiration, combustion, and fermentation, are the three principal operations producing the combinations of oxygen and carbon; the results, carbonic acid.

Acids combine readily with metals, earths, and alkalies—as iron, lime, and potash. By chemists these combinations are called salts, designated by the termination *ate*. Sulphuric acid, combining with various bases, produces sulphates; nitric, nitrates; carbonic, carbonates. Sulphate of lime is gypsum, or plaster of Paris; sulphate of iron, copperas; of soda, glauber salts; of magnesia, Epsom salts. The carbonate of lime is common limestone, marbles, chalk, and many beautiful crystals. Carbonates of iron, copper, and lead, are ores of those metals.

About a century ago, water was found to be composed of oxygen and hydrogen, and common air of oxygen and nitrogen. About half a century since, oxygen was found by Sir Humphrey Davy to be an element of rocks, of course of soils, as it was of the alkalies, potash, and soda. The other elements in earths and alkalies, combined with oxygen, were found, by the same great chemist, to be metals very peculiar in character.

It hence appears that oxygen is an element in air, earth, and water, existing abundantly in solid, liquid, and aerial forms. In the whole it constitutes nearly half of our globe. It is, of course, the most abundant element in the material world. It is also the most important agent in producing changes in matter essential to human existence. It is very appropriately called *vital air*, as neither animal life nor any life can exist without it. It is no less essential to combustion than to life. It also acts with great energy upon metals and other solid substances. In this action it produces three very large and very important classes of bodies—oxydes, acids, and salts. Iron rust is the oxyde of iron; the dross of lead, oxyde of lead; burnt lime, the oxyde of calcium; pure potash, the oxyde of potassium; pure soda, the oxyde of sodium, silex, or flint, the oxyde of silicium. The combination of one part oxygen and four of nitrogen constitutes the atmosphere; three parts oxygen and one nitrogen form nitric acid, aquafortis. Combined with other substances, it forms numerous acids. Saltpetre is the nitrate of potash. The large quantity of oxygen it receives from the nitric acid fits it for a material in gunpowder—giving to that powerful agent its principal power.

A plate, tumbler, and scrap of paper, with a little water, will enable any teacher or parent to perform an experiment on oxygen equally simple, instructive, and interesting. In a deep plate pour some water. On the water place a scrap of thick paper, piece of cork, or other light substance; on that another piece of paper or cotton, moistened with oil. On lighting the paper or cotton, place over it a large empty tumbler. The combustion continues for a few seconds, and when it is extinguished the water occupies about one-fifth of the space in the tumbler, showing the necessity of oxygen for combustion, and that it constitutes about one-fifth of the air we breathe. What man, woman, or child, would not like to be familiarly acquainted with an element so abundant and agent so active as oxygen, especially when such an acquaintance is equally simple, useful, and delightful?

No. 3.

Rocks are the oxydes of metals. Silex, the most abundant ingredient in rocks, mountains, and soils, is the oxyde of silicium. This oxyde constitutes nearly one-half of the solid matter of our globe. It is the principal element of quartz, in all its varieties, which are exceedingly numerous, and some of them very beautiful. Quartz is the only mineral found everywhere. Sand is pulverized quartz. Pebbles are fragments of quartz, rounded by attrition. Gunflint is quartz, breaking with a conchoidal (shell-like) fracture. Jasper is red quartz, with a fine compact texture. Amethyst is purple quartz, frequently found in six-sided crystals, which is the common shape of quartz crystals in its different varieties. Agate is clouded quartz, in numerous varieties, some of which are much used for watch-seals, finger-rings, breast-pins, and other ornaments. Carnelian is quartz of a fine texture and of a yellowish red color. Chalcedony, bloodstone, catseye, and many other gems, are varieties of quartz.

Most, perhaps all, the gems used in the breast-plate of Aaron, the high priest, were quartz of different textures, colors, and hues. The precious stones presented by the Queen of Sheba to the King of Israel were probably quartz. The stones mentioned in the Book of Revelations as forming the streets of the New Jerusalem, with all the gems referred to, were but varieties of the stones used for paving our streets, and of the earth moved by the plough and the hoe of the farmer, and of the dirt carted for filling our docks.

The coloring matter giving most of the beautiful hues to gems, and an endless variety of colors to quartz, is the oxyde of iron. The oxyde of silicium and the oxyde of iron are hence united in this same most abundant mineral in the world.

Next to quartz, feldspar, or clay formed by the decomposition of feldspar, is the most abundant element of soils. This, too, is composed of several oxydes of metals in chemical combination. Feldspar is also very extensively united with quartz in the formation of rocks, not by chemical combination, but mechanical mixture. The feldspar and the quartz can be separated by the hammer. Not so with the oxygen and silicium, forming silex. Chemical agency alone can separate chemical combinations. Such combinations in rocks, soils, and other mineral bodies, are exceedingly numerous, complicated, and delicate. The most common stone that meets the eye in any part of the world is composed of two oxydes. The oxygen and the metals are each united by chemical affinity, and then the two oxydes are again combined by the same agency to form a "*common stone*," evidently worthy of more respect than it *commonly* receives.

An experiment: Pour upon a little pearlash in a tumbler some strong vinegar. An effervescence will follow, producing carbonic acid. A burning candle immersed will be extinguished, showing that carbonic acid is fatal to combustion. It is equally so to life.

RIPLEY, BROWN COUNTY, OHIO,
December 18, 1850.

DR. BAILEY: Brother H. S. Fullerton, in his second number on Secession, has made the following statement respecting my argument, to prove that Christ did not religiously fellowship Pharisees and Sadducees:

"If I understand Brother Rankin, he maintained that our Lord did not commune with the Jewish Church, because he ate the Passover with his disciples alone."

Please publish my argument under his statement, that the public may judge of the fairness of his representation of my argument. Yours,

JOHN RANKIN.

"1st. It is said, that to leave a Church because corrupt, is against the example of Christ, who remained in the Jewish Church, while it was more corrupt than any of our Protestant Churches. That the Jewish Church was thus corrupt is admitted; and more, that it equalled, in corruption, even the Catholic Church. The Sadducees were profane infidels, and the Pharisees devoured widows' houses, and, for a pretence, made long prayers. In moral pollution they resembled the inside of a sepulchre. And they crowned all by murdering the Lord of Glory. They so acted as involved them in the guilt of all the blood of the righteous shed from the foundation of the world. That Christ remained in the Church is admitted. But that he acknowledged the Sadducees and Pharisees as brethren, or communed with them, or associated with them as religious persons, is not true. It is true that he worshipped and taught in the same temple in which they performed their ceremonies, but that he received any religious ordinances at their hands, or that he so acted with them as to imply an acknowledgment of them as religious persons, is not true. He declared that they had made the house of God a den of thieves. The Temple was the place where all the people of God were obliged to perform certain religious rites. The fact, then, that Christ worshipped and taught in the Temple is no more evidence that he communed with Sadducees and Pharisees, than the fact that we baptize and administer the Lord's Supper in churches, and Socinians and Universalists perform similar ceremonies in churches, proves that we commune with them.

"While it is true that all had the general name of Jews, as we have that of Christians, they, as well as we, were divided into different sects, that did not fellowship each other. If Christ fellowshipped religiously Sadducees and Pharisees, both of which were sons of Belial, with what propriety could Paul ask, 'What concord hath Christ with Belial?' Christ declared that publicans and harlots should enter into the kingdom of God before the Scribes and Pharisees. And he said to his disciples—'Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Did Christ fellowship religiously those to whom he said, 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' That Christ did not leave the Church is true, but he no more fellowshipped Sadducees and Pharisees, than we do Socinians, Universalists, or Catholics. These have their Christian ceremonies in the temple of God as well as we, but we do not fellowship with them, neither did Christ fellowship the wicked Jews in their religious ceremonies. When we cease to fellowship a slaveholding body, we do not withdraw from the Church. To withdraw from the Church is to reject her Divine charter, and abandon her ordinances

"If it be said that Christ communed with Judas, who was a thief, I admit it; but then Judas was secretly, and not openly, a thief, and the Saviour treated him according to his external character and profession, and not according to what Omniscience saw in him. Christ did not commune with him as a thief, but as one who appeared to be, and professed to be, a true disciple. The last Passover the Saviour observed, not with Sadducees and Pharisees, but with his own disciples. While then it is admitted that the Saviour did remain in the Church up to the hour of his death, and that he did worship in the Temple, as the Divine law required, there is no evidence that he ever did religiously fellowship Sadducees and Pharisees as brethren. It was impossible that there could be such fellowship between him and them, when he called them hypocrites, serpents, and a generation of vipers. Such communion would blend together perfect holiness and the most consummate wickedness. To urge the example of the Saviour as holding such communion, is to sanction communion with the worst classes of men on earth, and to abolish all distinction between the church and the world. It would more than justify communion with Socinians and Universalists. They do not devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers. It would condemn separation from the Church of Rome, and drive us back to all the abomination of Popery. It is palpably against the sacred injunction, 'Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins.' Such an argument, therefore, cannot be true."

For the National Era.

OBITUARY.

Our beloved friend ISAAC LLOYD, a respectable merchant of Philadelphia, and a valuable elder in the Society of Friends, died in the faith and hope and perfect peace of the Gospel on Twelfth month 2d, 1850, about 5½ o'clock, A. M., in the 72d year of his age.

In noticing this dispensation, it is impossible to give, in the brief limits which it is designed to observe, a full outline of his character, or a complete account of the closing scenes of his useful life. Yet it is believed to be due to survivors to record some of the last expressions of one who was eminently a just man, who, whilst diffident of himself, remarkably laid aside the fear of man in the service of his Creator, and who, renouncing all reliance upon righteousness of his own, and reposing in confiding faith upon his Saviour's bosom, could gratefully rejoice when finishing his course that he had "fought the good fight and kept the faith."

Our dear friend, although of slender health, was able to give vigorous attention to his domestic and religious duties, until within a few weeks of his decease. It is not to be doubted that his exercises for the church, accompanied often with secret sorrow and sighing, augmented his disease, which was an affection of the heart; yet even these painful conflicts were attended, in review of his individual course, with the peace which passeth understanding.

Throughout his whole sickness, even to the last, his mental faculties were preserved clear and unclouded, and he was, through all his sufferings, patient, calm, and sweet, not a murmur escaping his lips. His physician was called to him on the first of Eleventh month, and his symptoms were seen to be of the most critical nature. Our beloved friend early expressed, to different members of his family, his belief that he should not recover, and his entire willingness to go, "if," said he, "it should please God to take me." He was very frequently engaged in prayer, and memorable expressions and counsel fell from his lips, which, although they will probably be confined to those for whom they were intended, afford the most consoling evidence that he was looking forward with the joy of a Christian believer to the end of his earthly race.

A monthly meeting occurring during his illness, he asked a question about its proceedings in a case which had caused him much concern, and said, in reference to it, "Oh! what *true peace* the performance of our duty brings! It is a great comfort to me, now on this sick bed, that I have done my duty in that case. * * * I have no hardness towards any one. * * * I may sometimes have spoken too warmly, but I can appeal to the Searcher of Hearts for the integrity of my motives. It is a great satisfaction to me, that, with my little ability, I have always endeavored to keep our excellent discipline inviolate."

On Fifth day, the 28th of Eleventh month, he observed to his physicians that "the scene was nearly closed" The next day, his pain and oppression being very great, he repeatedly ejaculated, "Oh, merciful Father, oh, gracious God, *if it be thy will*, release me from this suffering!" On First day (the last of his life) being asked by one of his children if he had any directions to leave for their future guidance, "It is remarkable to myself," he said, "that I should feel so entirely relieved of all care of every kind—of my business, of my family, and of the church. I have done what I could." Here again he expressed that it was "a great satisfaction to him on this bed that he had always stood against any infringement of our excellent discipline." Thus giving, in the peculiarly honest hour of approaching death, his solemn seal to the sentiments which he had maintained in life.

Being asked how he felt in mind, he said, "I am a poor creature—I have sometimes been left to myself during my sickness, but I have endeavored while in health to follow my Saviour day by day, and have known what it was to have intimate communion with him." On being reminded how it had been with David in this respect, he said that it comforted him to think of that—he was glad to be reminded of it.

To the query, from one of his family, whether he was willing to leave them, he responded, "Yes, *quite willing*," adding, with difficulty, after a few heavy breathings, "READY." "There is nothing in my way—there is nothing in my way."

Being greatly comforted with the presence of the beloved members of his family, he would notice the absence of the missing, even during spasms of acutest agony. On First day night, after sufferings which it was distressing to witness, he was favored with an abatement of pain, and slept. On awaking, he said, "Is it not remarkable that I should have fallen asleep, after so much suffering?" Soon after, extending his hand to his wife, he faintly exclaimed, "I am very much exhausted," and, with his hand in hers, with perfect exemption from pain, he quietly, peacefully, imperceptibly ceased to breathe, and fell asleep in Jesus on Second day morning about half-past five o'clock.

At his funeral, which was large and a season of great solemnity, many hearts responded to the application of the text, which was impressively revived beside the grave, "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him, I will set him on high because he hath known my name."

Large is the blank and deep the bereavement occasioned by his removal; yet it is believed that a blessing is intended to the church, in the call thereby extended to those upon whom the support of the cause and of the testimony devolves, to work while it is called to-day, and to follow him as he followed Christ.

SERIES FOR 1851.

A NEW VOLUME AND NEW TYPE.

THE SATURDAY VISITER,

EDITED BY

MRS. JANE G. SWISSHELM.

THIS paper will commence the fourth year of its existence on Saturday, the 18th of January next. It has already passed the most sanguine hopes of its youth, and behaved so well, it is to have a new dress for a birthday present. The new volume will be commenced on new type, large enough to be easily read, and yet presenting a much larger amount of matter than we now give in the same space

The Saturday Visiter is principally literary and miscellaneous, but independent of everybody, except women and the "dear people," whose interests are especially advocated, and wishes particularly consulted. It will labor, not to change, but to elevate and enlarge the sphere of action of the wives, mothers, and sisters of mankind. The literary department, for the coming year, will be enriched by original tales and sketches, from the pens of writers of acknowledged ability, and the selections shall be from the highest sources within our reach. The important movements and events of the times will receive attention, and the news carefully gleaned and chronicled Domestic and foreign correspondence, agricultural matters, market reports, &c., will have their places.

TERMS.

For one copy, $2; for two copies, $3; four copies, $5; eight copies, $10; fifteen copies, $15—always in advance. Subscribe now.

Agents wanted wherever our circulation may be extended. Any postmaster or other person sending a club of eight subscribers or more, will be entitled to one copy gratis.

Address (postpaid) J. G. & W. SWISSHELM,
Dec. 19—3t 89 Third street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADAMS HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

REGULATIONS.

GENTLEMEN are requested to enter their names upon the Register, at the Office, immediately upon their arrival.

Gentlemen taking rooms will be charged from the time their names are entered, and no deduction will be made for absence, unless notice is given at the Office

Gentlemen are requested on leaving their rooms, to lock the doors, and deposite the keys at the Office.

Gentlemen who desire washing done are requested to inform the clerk, stating the time they wish the same returned.

Private parlors and fires, with all meals and lunches sent to rooms, will be subject to an extra charge.

Guests inviting friends to the table will please give notice at the Office before eating them.

Gentlemen are requested not to smoke in any of the halls or apartments above the Office.

Regular boarders will be presented with their bills monthly. No deduction will be made for absence less than one week; and it is expected that notice will be given of the same, at the time, to the clerk.

Our patrons will confer a favor by giving notice of any inattention or disorder in the establishment.

The Adams House is to be conducted upon the principles of Temperance, and all habits of drinking, gaming, or of otherwise immoral character, are prohibited upon the premises.

Social worship, in which all are invited to participate, will be attended every evening in the drawing room, at a quarter past nine, the hour indicated by the ringing of the gong.

Dec. 12—oly DANIEL CHAMBERLIN.

LAW OFFICE, COLUMBUS, O.

WILLIAM B. JARVIS, Jun., *Attorney and Counsellor at Law*, Columbus, Ohio. Office in Platt's new building, State street, opposite south door of State House.

Business connected with the profession, of all kinds, punctually attended to Jan. 28.

J. H. HAVENS, BROTHER, & CO.,

Inventors and Manufacturers of the Ethiopian and Fire-Proof Paint, Wilmington, Clinton Co., Ohio.

W. MYERS,

No. 319 Main street, near Eighth, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sole Agent for the United States, to whom all orders must be addressed.

THE superiority of this Paint over all other, for carriage, house, and ship painting, will be seen in its rapid sale. It is not over four months since this paint has been introduced into market, and our agent has been able to order one hundred tons. This paint is ground in oil and put up ready for use, from the finest black, down to any shade to suit the fancy.

Also, inventors and manufacturers of *Tanners' Blacking*. This article is so universally approbated by all who have used it, that it scarcely needs commendation. But, to give confidence to those who may not have tried it, we would say that Z. C. Ryon, foreman to A. M. Taylor & Co., Columbia street, Cincinnati, has authorized us to use his name as a recommendation to tanners in general. To all who know Mr. Z. C. Ryon, this would be sufficient; but all tanners in the city and country, who have used it, have granted us this privilege. If it were necessary, we could fill a newspaper with testimonials; but, where all who use are pleased, we deem it uncalled for.

The Tanners' Blacking is put up in kegs containing six gallons, ready for use, and will be sent to any point on the canal, railroad, or river, at 50 cents per gallon.

All orders should be addressed, post paid, to
HAVENS & CARROL,
Wilmington, Clinton county, Ohio, or
J. H. HAVENS, Cincinnati.

Also, inventors and manufacturers of a *Water-Proof Blacking for Oil Cloth*, that will reduce the cost 50 per cent., and will soon be in market. Nov. 28—tf

JUST PUBLISHED,

REPLY to Remarks of Rev. Moses Stuart on Hon. John Jay, and an Examination of his Scriptural Exercises contained in his recent pamphlet entitled "Conscience and the Constitution" By William Jay. An octavo pamphlet in a neat cover. Price 6 cents For sale by
Aug. 1. WM. HARNED, 61 John street, N. York.

LARD OIL.

IMPROVED LARD OIL.—Lard Oil of the finest quality equal to sperm for combustion, also for machinery and woollens, being manufactured without acids, can always be purchased and shipped in strong barrels, prepared expressly to prevent leakage. Orders received and executed for the Lake, Atlantic, and Southern cities, also for the West Indies and Canadas. Apply to
THOMAS EMERY, Lard Oil Manufacturer,
Jan. 20. 33 Water street, near Walnut, Cincinnati, O.

BENNETT'S DAGUERREAN GALLERY,

Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington City, one door west of Gilman's Drug Store.

THE citizens of Washington and strangers visiting the city are respectfully informed that the subscriber has just opened a gallery as above, which he has fitted up in elegant style, with all the latest improvements, including

AN EXTENSIVE SKYLIGHT,

and is now prepared to take pictures of all sizes, single or in groups, which his long experience and great success embolden him to say will be pronounced by competent judges fully equal to any specimens of the phonographic art ever produced in the United States.

Cabinet-pictures, measuring eleven by fourteen inches. taken at short notice; also, crayon and enamelled Daguerreotypes.

Pictures taken equally well in cloudy as in fair weather.

Perfect satisfaction warranted in all cases.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine specimens. N. S. BENNETT.

Jan. 31—ly

NEWSPAPER AGENCIES.

V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent. is agent for the *National Era*, and authorized to take Advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Boston, 8 Congress street; New York, Tribune Building; Philadelphia, northwest corner of Third and Chestnut streets; Baltimore, southwest corner of North and Fayette streets.

☞ S. M. PETTENGILL, Newspaper Advertising, Subscription, and Collecting Agent, No. 10 State street, Boston, (Journal Building,) is also agent for the *National Era*.

LIGHT'S LITERARY AGENCY,

No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

ESTABLISHED to aid the circulation of all *USEFUL PUBLICATIONS* issued in the United States Orders for Books or Periodicals executed promptly, and at the most reasonable rates.

THE NATIONAL ERA comes from Washington to this Agency by Express, and is delivered by carriers in any part of the city proper, at $2.75 a year, *free of postage*; single copies 6 1-4 cents Price, by mail, $2.

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH, a new and attractive monthly journal for Youth, edited by Mrs BAILEY, and published at Washington, also comes by Express to this Agency. Price, delivered in Boston, *free of postage*, 75 cents a year; by mail, 50 cents.

June 6. G. W. LIGHT & CO.

GUNDRY'S CINCINNATI MERCANTILE COLLEGE,

Apollo or Museum Building, northwest corner of Sixth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE attention of the Public is respectfully called to the course of studies prescribed at this institution, for the purpose of qualifying *Young Men* in a thorough practical manner for the duties of the counting house and for business pursuits generally.

The design of the institution is to impart such information as will make practical men and scientific accountants for any and every department of business.

The prominent subject of study is, *Double-Entry Book-Keeping*; or, in other words, the science of accounts, in its adaptation to every variety of transactions that can possibly arise in the operations of Trade, whether wholesale, retail, commission, banking, manufacturing, jobbing, or any other form of business.

In order to qualify those who enter this institution in a superior manner for the responsible duties of commercial life, lectures on commercial law are given in connection with the science of book keeping. Lectures on the general laws of trade, as contained in the best treatises on banking and political economy, have also been lately introduced with great advantage and success.

Students are (in addition) made familiar with general mercantile forms and phraseology, or what may be termed the literature of commerce, including commercial letters of all descriptions.

It will be the assiduous endeavor of the Principal to make those who attend this institution good practical penmen—a *sine qua non* to those wishing to enter the arena of trade.

A complete course of calculations is included in the exercises.

Terms for the full course - - - - $40 00

☞ Instruction is given individually; thus gentlemen can enter at any time.

☞ The institution being chartered, students on graduating receive a diploma, signed by a board of mercantile and legal gentlemen.

☞ The time requisite to complete the course averages from six to twelve weeks.

The undersigned has at much labor and expense collected a library of standard works, both American and foreign, on the above subjects, as well as obtained such practical information from real business as is deemed important or useful, and has also been enabled, from long experience as a teacher, to greatly improve and simplify the mode of imparting this kind of instruction. He thus flatters himself that those who patronize this institution from the inducements held out, will have their expectations more than realized.

Sept. 19—3m JOHN GUNDRY, Principal.

LIBERTY ALMANAC FOR 1851.

THE *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* have just published another stereotyped Almanac, for the coming year, with special reference to the great question of Slavery at the present time, and in the expectation that the friends of the cause throughout the country will co-operate in diffusing extensively the valuable statistical and reading matter it contains. Considering the expense at which the Almanac has been prepared, the low price at which it is sold, and the increased facilities for forwarding it, by express or otherwise, from New York, over the whole of the Northern States, it is confidently expected that the circulation this year will greatly exceed that of any previous year. So much useful matter cannot well be circulated at less expense.

The Almanac is handsomely printed, on finer paper than usual, with well-executed wood engravings, prepared expressly for it, illustrating the escape of Henry *Box* Brown, a scene at Washington, and the kneeling Slave Mother Besides the *Calendar*, which is equal in all respects to that of the American Tract Society's Almanac for 1851, and the Eclipses, Cycles, &c., &c., the Almanac contains a variety of interesting and valuable reading and statistical articles of an anti-slavery character, selected and original. The prices will be as follows:

For one thousand copies - - - -	$20 00
For one hundred copies - - - -	2 50
For one dozen copies - - - -	40
For a single copy - - - -	05

The friends of the cause are earnestly invited to co-operate in giving a wide circulation to the Almanac, and to send their orders at an early day for a liberal supply. It is suggested that they make arrangements with merchants in their neighborhood, before visiting New York, to have a few hundred Almanacs packed with their goods. In this way the cost of transportation will be very small. If no such opportunity offers, the owners of expresses are now more reasonable in their charges than heretofore. This mode of conveyance is better than the post office, as *every Almanac* sent by mail, whatever the distance, costs two and a half cents.

A Catalogue of most of the Publications for sale at the Depository is annexed, from which selections can be made; and books and pamphlets can be sent with the Almanacs, without much, if any, additional expense

Orders, *enclosing payment*, in bank notes or post office stamps, may be addressed to
WILLIAM HARNED, *Agent*,
Aug. 8—6t No. 61 John street, New York City.

N. B. Editors friendly to the cause of freedom are respectfully requested to give the above an insertion, as the object in publishing the Almanac is not to make money, but to diffuse useful information.

DAVID TORRENCE, NOTARY PUBLIC,

Xenia, Ohio,

WILL take acknowledgments, depositions, affidavits, and protestations, in town or country; is agent for the *National Era*, the *Union Mutual Life Insurance Company*, the *American Live Stock Insurance Company*; and will attend to the collection of claims generally; also, to selling, leasing, and renting real estate.

☞ Office—Galloway's Buildings, up stairs—corner room. Sept. 19—ly

JOHN W. NORTH,

ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, and General Land Agent, Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota Territory.
Oct. 11.—y

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS AND THE FARMER'S GUIDE.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

NO. 54 GOLD STREET, NEW YORK,

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which, they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the

"Farmer's Guide to Scientific and Practical Agriculture,"

By Henry Stephens, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "*Book of the Farm*," &c., &c., assisted by John P. Norton, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1,400 pages, with eighteen or twenty splendid steel engravings, and more than six hundred engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of ploughing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short, the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

The work is being published in semi-monthly numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or $5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two

The British Periodicals republished are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review—Conservative;
The Edinburgh Review—Whig;
The North British Review—Free Church;
The Westminster Review—Liberal; and
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine—Tory.

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their *literary* character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. *Blackwood*, still under the masterly guidance of *Christopher North*, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is at this time unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer,) "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, *after it has been issued by Messrs. Scott & Co.*, so that subscribers to the reprint of that magazine may always rely upon having the *earliest* reading of these fascinating tales.

TERMS.

For any one of the four Reviews,	$3.00	per annum.
For any two of the Reviews,	5.00	do.
For any three of the Reviews,	7.00	do.
For all four of the Reviews,	8.00	do.
For Blackwood's Magazine,	3.00	do.
For Blackwood and three Reviews,	9.00	do.
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	10.00	do.

For Farmer's Guide, (complete in 22 numbers,) $5.

Payments to be made in all cases in advance.

CLUBBING.

A discount of *twenty five per cent.* from the above prices will be allowed to clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for $9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for $30, and so on.

Orders from clubs must be sent *direct to the publishers*, as no discount from these prices can be allowed to agents.

Money current in the States where issued will be received at par.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed, postpaid or franked, to the publishers,
LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
Dec. 19. 79 Fulton st., New York, entrance 54 Gold st

☞ Subscriptions received in Washington by Taylor & Maury, Franck Taylor, and W. Adam, Booksellers.

GRAHAM IN 1851.

GRAHAM has completed the most extensive arrangements to give still higher character and value to his Magazine for the coming volume.

G. P. R. James, the celebrated Novelist, has been engaged to give a series of splendid romances.

George D. Prentice, the Poet of the West, will write *exclusively* a poem for every number.

Grace Greenwood is engaged to give a series of her beautiful stories.

J. M Legare, of South Carolina, will contribute a brilliant set of papers for 1851.

Miss Fennimore Cooper, the author of Rural Hours, is also engaged, with *Whipple* and *Longfellow, Bryant* and *Lowell*.

T. B. Read, the Artist and Poet, is now at Dusseldorff. on his way to Italy to furnish from the Galleries a superb set of drawings. Artists from America have been sent to London and Paris, and a splendid set of highly finished drawings by the renowned DAVIN of Paris are to be furnished for Graham's incomparable Ladies' Department, which will excel anything that has ever been produced in Paris, England, or the United States. The first appears in the December number.

All this foretells a year of splendor in this Magazine for 1851—and, as ever, Graham's readers will be astonished Graham also abolishes the system of *canvassing* agents, and constitutes every Postmaster and Editor Agents. *Now is the time to form Clubs, as the December number closes the volume.*

TERMS.

Single copies, $3.

PRICE OF CLUBS FOR 1851.—All orders for Graham's Magazine, commencing with 1851, will be supplied at the following rates: Single subscribers, $3; two copies, $5; five copies, $10; and ten copies for $20, and an extra copy to the person sending the club of ten subscribers. These terms will not be departed from by any of the three dollar magazines. All orders addressed to
GEORGE R. GRAHAM,
Oct. 17—6t 134 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

LARD FOR OIL.

LARD WANTED.—Cash paid for corn, mast, and slop-fed Lard. Apply to
THOMAS EMERY, Lard Oil Manufacturer,
Jan. 20. 33 Water street, near Walnut, Cincinnati, O.

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH—Vol. II, 1851.

A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER.

MRS. MARGARET L. BAILEY, EDITOR.

The Friend of Youth will be issued on the first of every month, in quarto form, 8 pages, on fine paper, in neat, new type, and with tasteful embellishments.

Our object is to make the paper an attractive companion for Youth. While we please, we shall also aim to form their tastes. In addition to agreeable Stories, Lessons on Natural History, Descriptions of Natural Scenery, Sketches of Travel, and Notices of New Books for children, we shall converse with them, in language adapted to their comprehension, about the important events of the present era. We know this is not usually done in such publications, but we think we do not mistake the taste or capacity of young people, when we suppose them to feel some interest in the world they live in, beyond the nursery, the school-room, and the play-ground. It shall also be our care to interest them on all great subjects connected with the well-being of mankind. Freedom, Peace, and Temperance, shall receive our earnest advocacy. Teaching our readers to sympathize with the oppressed, and weep with the suffering, we hope to awaken in them a generous abhorrence of all wrong, and an earnest love and reverence for all that is just and pure; and, while thus inculcating the lessons of love to man, we cannot forget the supreme obligations due to the great Father and Benefactor of all.

To secure variety of entertainment, we have engaged, as regular contributors to our columns, several well-known and distinguished writers, peculiarly qualified to minister to the wants of Youth.

The first number of the 2d volume will be issued on the first of November, ensuing.

The terms are—fifty cents a year for a single copy; five copies for two dollars; or, every person forwarding us four names, with two dollars, shall be entitled to one copy gratis.

It is desirable that the names of subscribers be sent in with as little delay as possible. All communications must be addressed to—

MRS. M. L. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

Washington, D. C., October 15, 1850.

P. S. Postmasters are entitled to ten cents on every new subscriber they may forward—a small compensation for their trouble, but as large as the price of our paper will admit. We are always indebted to their courtesy, and hope to be laid under still greater obligations. M. L. B.

Terms.— Single subscribers, 50 cents; five copies, $2; ten copies, $3.50; fifteen copies, $5.

PROGRESS PAMPHLETS.

There is a fount about to stream,
There is a light about to beam,
There is a warmth about to flow,
There is a flower about to blow,
There is a midnight blackness changing
Into gray:
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe—
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play:
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

L. A. HINE will soon issue the first of a series of original Pamphlets, numbering from one to fifteen, more or less, containing thirty-two octavo pages, stereotyped, printed in the best style, and bound in durable covers. These pamphlets will be entitled as follows:

1. The Laborer	6. The Democrat	11. The Scholar
2. The Landlord	7. The Aristocrat	12. The Citizen
3. The Tenant	8. The Usurer	13. The Legislator
4. The Employer	9. The Debtor	14. The State
5. The Servant	10. The Teacher	15. The Neighborhood

Mr. Hine has no pecuniary means to publish anything, and he looks to his friends for aid in this enterprise. He asks no contribution, but hopes that those who believe he is able to produce such pamphlets as the age and the welfare of the race demand, will secure a sufficient number of subscribers to pay the expense.

The price of the pamphlets will be ten cents each, or twelve copies for a dollar.

It is desirable that lists of subscribers be forwarded in advance, *for they will constitute the capital of the enterprise.* Payments can be made on the receipt of each number. Almost any zealous friend of man can obtain twelve subscribers.

The first number will be issued in November. Direct to
L. A. HINE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

JAMES BIRNEY AND CHARLES C. PEIRCE,

Cincinnati.

BIRNEY & PEIRCE, *Attorneys at Law and Notaries Public.*

JAMES BIRNEY, commissioned to take depositions, acknowledgment of deeds, and to administer oaths and affirmations, by appointment of the Governors of

Alabama	Connecticut	Delaware
Illinois	Indiana	Iowa
Kentucky	Louisiana	Michigan
Missouri	Mississippi	Maine
New York	New Hampshire	North Carolina
Pennsylvania	Rhode Island	South Carolina
Tennessee	Vermont	Wisconsin.
Texas	Maryland	

Special attention given to collections and to the taking of depositions.

Office, No. 114 Main street. July 25.

BOARDING.

MRS. EMILY H. STOCKTON, No. 161 Chestnut street between Fourth and Fifth streets, Philadelphia.
Oct. 25—tf

CALIFORNIA.

For through passage to California, via Chagres, on the 1st, 11th, 13th, 26th, and 28th of every month, tickets and selected berths can be secured in advance on the most favorable terms at the Agency Office of the United States Mail Steamship Company, 179 Broadway, New York.

New arrangement Circulars distributed gratis. All who are going to California will find it to their interest to send for one. Address, postage paid
ARNOLD BUFFUM & CO.

For the satisfaction of those to whom we are personally unknown, we refer to the following members of Congress:

Hon. John Otis, Maine.	Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Pa
James Meacham, Vt.	S. P Chase, Ohio.
John P. Hale, N. H.	Nath'l Albertson, Ia.
Horace Mann, Mass.	Wm. Sprague, Mich.
Loren P. Waldo, Conn.	John Wentworth, Ill.
Wm. H. Seward, N. Y.	Chs. Durkee, Wis.

Hon. Thomas Corwin *Secretary U. S. Treasury*.
Oct. 10—11t

WATSON & RENWICK, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

AGENTS *for procuring Patents in the United States and foreign countries.*

They prepare Specifications and Drawings of new inventions, and transact all business connected with their profession.

They will revise and attend to the reconsideration of those applications which have been rejected by the Commissioner of Patents, either on account of a defective specification and drawing, or the presentation of an improper claim.

Persons residing at a distance may procure all necessary information respecting the patentability of their inventions, may have their applications for patents made in proper form, and may obtain patents, without incurring the expense of a personal attendance at Washington, by writing to the subscribers.

Models can be safely sent to us by the Expresses.

Rough sketches and descriptions can be sent by mail.

Letters must be post paid.

Office on F street, opposite the Patent Office.
P. H. WATSON.
July 18. E. S. RENWICK.

PARKEVILLE HYDROPATHIC INSTITUTE.

AT a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Parkeville Hydropathic Institute, held Fifth month 15th, 1850, Joseph A. Weder, M. D., was unanimously elected *Resident Physician*, in the place of Dr. Dexter, resigned.

Having made various improvements, this Institute is now prepared to receive an additional number of patients; and from Dr. Weder's well-known skill and *practical experience* in Europe, (acquired under Vincenz Preissnitz, the founder of the Hydropathic system,) and for several years past *in this country*, and particularly in the city of Philadelphia, (where he has had many patients,) the Managers believe the afflicted will find him an able and an attentive physician.

The domestic department being under the charge of a Steward and Matron, will enable the Doctor to devote to the patients whatever time may be necessary.

Application for admission to be made to
SAMUEL WEBB, *Secretary*.

Office No. 58 South Fourth street, residence No. 16 Logan square, Philadelphia.

General Description of the Parkeville Hydropathic Institute.

The main building is three stories high, standing back from the street about one hundred feet, with a semicircular grass plot in front, and contains thirty to forty rooms. The grounds around the house are tastefully laid out with walks and planted with trees, shrubs, &c. On the left of the entrance to these grounds is a cottage containing four rooms, used by male patients as a bathing house, with every convenience for "packing," bathing, &c.; on the right of the entrance, about two hundred feet distant, stands a similar cottage, used by the ladies for similar purposes.

In the rear of the Institute, at the distance of one hundred feet, are three other cottages, some eighty feet apart. One of these is the laundry, with a hydrant at the door; the other two are occupied by the servants.

The hydrant water is introduced into these cottages as well as into the main building, and all the waste water carried off by drains under ground.

THE WATER WORKS

Consist of a circular stone building, standing on the brow of a hill, surmounted by a large cedar reservoir containing five hundred barrels, brought from a never-failing spring of pure cold water in the side of the hill, by "a hydraulic ram," a self-acting machine of cast iron, that is kept constantly going, night and day, by the descent of the water from the spring. The surplus water is carried from the reservoir to a fountain in the water works yard surrounded by weeping willows. In the first story of the water works is a circular room, containing the douche bath, which is a stream falling from a height of about thirty feet, and can be varied in size from half an inch to an inch and a half in diameter Adjoining the douche room is a dressing room, with marble tables, &c.; the *rising douche* (for the cure of piles, &c.) is one of the most complete contrivances of the kind, being entirely under the control of the patient using the same.

There are many other appliances, which can be better understood by a personal examination. May 30.

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