# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From Russell's Magazine.

### MY FATHER'S GHOST.

On a stormy March evening, in the year 17—, I found myself benighted upon a lonely road, which ran through one of the most sparcely settled districts of North-Eastern Virginia. The clouds, which had been lowering all the afternoon, gathered at twilight into tempestuous masses, which swept madly before an east wind, and soon overspread the entire heavens with one impenetrable veil of gloom.

The rain rushed down in torrents and so blinded was I by its force, that I literally could not see the head of my horse in whose sagacity and sure-footedness, however, I was ready implicitly to confide. The storm raged for three hours with uninterrupted fury, and I began to despair of finding shelter for the night, when a feeble glimmer on the left, proceeding apparently from the summit of a steep hill, apprized me of the vicinity of a human dwelling. At the same moment, my animal quickened his pace, and in a short time stood panting before the entrance of a house, which, in the imperfect light of a lantern that swung in the front passage, seemed to be of considerable size and pretension. I dismounted, and knocked loudly at the door. There was no answer. After a pause I knocked again. Still, no answer. Were the inmates dead, or had they, like myself, lost their way in the storm? For full five minutes I pounded the panels of the heavy oak door, shouting at intervals until I was quite hoarse and exhausted. At last there was a stir within. The stairway creaked under the footsteps of some person descending to the first story. The movements were slow and cautious, as of one who anticipated meeting a foe. In a moment or two they ceased altogether—everything was silent as before. I now grew impatient, and taking the butt of my riding whip, which was bound with iron, struck against the door furiously and without intermission. "Who are you?" said a quavering voice from the interior. "What do you want? go away—go away. I've nothing to give you—go a-w-a-y." Never before or since have I listened to tones which denoted such an abyss of abject terror. Here's some wretched miser, thought I, who fears an inroad upon his iron chest! I explained my position, and besought shelter and hospitality until morning. The bolts were slowly withdrawn, and to my amazement there stood before me a hale and stalwart man of about sixty, habited in a faded dressing gown, and slippers, but whose face, as revealed by the candle which he carried in his trembling hand, was as pale as the face of death.

"Sir," said he, with an evidently Herculean effort to recover his composure, "I beg your pardon—this is a wild neighborhood—burglaries are common—and—and—in short, I did not know I should have to deal with a gentleman. You're welcome, sir, walk in."

I followed my host, who, with a singular uncertain gait, (not the gait of an intoxicated man,) led me up one flight of stairs to an apartment which I presumed to be the drawing room. If so, it had evidently not been put to its legitimate uses for a long period. Heavy layers of dust rested on the chairs and ottomans, and the rich carpet upon which we walked, defaced rather by neglect than age, gave out a dry musky odor, excessively pungent and disagreeable. The mirrors, of which there were four of extraordinary size, were completely mil-dewed, and a huge chandelier depending from the ceiling, and enveloped by several thin wrappers of gauze, looked wholly dim and lustreless.

The ceiling itself was of most remarkable construction. It was concave, very lofty in the centre, and adorned in several parts with elaborate bas-reliefs by no means inartistically conceived. Two tall wax candles, in ponderous silver candlesticks, stood upon the mantle piece. Hastening to light one of these, my conductor happened to stumble. The lamp fell from his hand, and was instantly extinguished. This simple accident appeared to give him the most intense concern. I could hear his teeth chatter in the dark, and he fumbled so long about the floor attempting to regain the lamp, that I was forced to come to his assistance. I had a box of matches in my pocket, a few of which were dry, and with one of these I succeeded in illuminating the room. The face of my companion was even more ghastly than it had been before.

I tried to re-assure him by assuming a gay and frank manner.

"What a noble old mansion, sir, yours seems to be! I had not expected to find such an establishment in the back-woods."

The man mumbled something in reply, pulled the bell rope with violence, and then fell languidly back into a seat.

I followed his example, and for five minutes neither of us spoke. During this interval, I repeatedly observed that my companion's eyes were fixed upon me in a furtive, suspicious manner. He was dreadfully nervous and uneasy, shifting his position every moment, and looking from time to time keenly towards the door. At length, a brawny negro, his servant, I presumed, entered, and to his charge I was instantly committed. The master slunk rather than walked away, simply honoring me with a hasty bow as he left. My curiosity was aroused, and I addressed a few leading questions to the servant, who replied in a manner which led me to fancy that the fellow was idictic. I could absolutely extract but a single intelligible sentence from him, and that embodied the information that my horse had been carried to the stable and comfortably provided for.

I observed that, having ridden thirty miles in the course of the day, I was both hungry and weary, and that, therefore, supper and a bed would be immediately acceptable. The negro signified his comprehension of my wishes by a grunt, left the room with some alacrity, and returned in a short time bearing a waiter loaded with cold ham, and two decanters of wine.

I made a considerable meal, and was then shown into a snugly furnished chamber, enlivened with a roaring fire, and presenting an appearance of comfort, and even luxury.

Oppressed by fatigue as I was, it would naturally be supposed that sleep would have visited me unbidden. But no sooner had I thrown myself upon the bed than a strange restlessness took possession of every limb. The mattress on which I lay was soft and downy, and yet I could not have been more uneasy had I reclined upon a couch of thorns. Exhausted to the last degree, but unable to close my eyes for a moment, I tossed and tossed for hours, until I became aware by the burning heat of my hands and forehead, and a parched feeling in the throat, that I had contracted a raging fever. I was constitutionally liable to this disease, which never failed sooner or later to affect the brain, and I now knew by a ringing in my ears that I was about to be attacked by delirium. Gradually, my fancies grew fantastic. Unearthly faces grinned out from the embers. The flickering shadows on the wall leaped up towards me, waving what I imagined to be the tawny arms of savages, performing a furious war dance. Then, from amid this motley group, there rose a low wailing sound, which resembled the cry of some tortured victim, pleading for release and mercy. Now, with regard to the quickly-swaying savages and the *grotesquerie* of their wild movements, I entertained that half consciousness of illusion which seldom deserts us either in delirium or in dreams, but the wailing sounds I profundly felt to be *real*. The dancing became more rapid and reckless; the weird figures increased prodigiously in bulk and outline, until suddenly they seemed to dart towards the door, through which they disappeared, doubtless in chase of their victim, who, as I thought, was making a desperate effort to escape, nerding the air with shriek on shriek as he retreated. In a state of unbounded excitement, I sprang to my feet, and rushed madly after the shadows. A light was still burning dimly in the reception room, which, let me observe, was in immediate proximity to my chamber. I dashed up and down this apartment, crossing the floor at every possible angle, for the phantoms were all around me, and the victim still wailed more pitably than ever. I have said that at the very acme of my madness I *knew* the sounds of lamentation and terror to be real. Well, as I ran frantically about the room, I was arrested immediately beneath the muffled "brilliants" of the chandalier by a wonderful increase of distinctness in these sounds. Previously there had been no definite syllabification, but now I could catch the meaning of words, pronounced in a plaintive, beseeching manner, accompanied by deep groans, and the occurrence at intervals of what I took to be the blows of some dull and weighty instrument. Under the instinctive conviction that I was about to be brought in contact with what was actual and tangible, the delirium which possessed me became at once intensified and systematic. I determined to penetrate the mysteries by which I was surrounded, and especially to decipher the riddle of the blows and wailings, which grew louder and more painful every instant. Evidently, they issued from the room above me, and this room I now determined to find. Stealing cautiously into the corridor, I crept with a swift and quiet pace up the stairway, and speedily reached the door of the apartment whence the singular noise proceeded. I was now enabled to hear everything which passed within. There could be no doubt that a cruel and personal chastisement was being inflicted upon some one. Groans of deep anguish and hoarse petitions for pardon were interrupted only by the repeated and regular strokes.

Fever developed into frenzy as I listened. It was easy to persuade myself that nothing less than murder was about to be committed. *That*, of course, it was my duty as a man and a Christian to prevent. So I seized the handle of the door, which, to my surprise, yielded to the pressure, and quickly entered the room.

The spectacle which met my eye was certainly most strange and startling. Grovelling at the foot of a rough wooden image of the Virgin, lay the man whom I supposed to be the master of the house, gathered up into a heap, with a leathern thong held loosely in his right hand, and the blood flowing freely from his side and shoulders, which were perfectly bare. He was motionless, and I perceived upon approaching nearer that he had fainted away. A taper was burning on the table before him, in the blaze of which lay a mysterious looking scroll, marked at the top with a cross, wrought, I imagined, with red ink. No sooner had I perceived this scroll than all care for the condition of my host was superseded by a burning desire to possess myself of the contents of the paper. I snatched up the first page and glanced greedily over it. Incapable of reading consecutively, for I was dizzy and dim of sight, the document before me resolved itself somewhat into the following shape:

——, August 20th, 17—.

This is the confession of ——. I have done the ———. He is d——, and —— by the arbor in ——— ———, near the enclosure marked ——. It was all ——— ——— foot to foot ——, but his swo—— was sh——. I knew that ——. What —— say to Emi.——. Oh! God —— —— confess —— confess —— —— die ——,

Thus far had I deciphered the scroll, which was blotted, worn, and in parts almost illegible, when I heard a faint rustle behind me. My host had recovered, and was standing bolt upright by his chair. His figure was as rigid as the figure of a corpse. The muscles of the face were drawn down, and his eyes rested with a stony glare *not upon the scroll*, which I held in my right hand, but on the folds of a cambric handkerchief, saturated with *eau de cologne*, which I had mechanically bound around my forehead to soothe the raging headache of fever.

Into the substance of this handkerchief *the initials of my name were distinctly worked in black and blue thread*. The intensity of the man's gaze fettered me as with invisible chains. At length with a moan, not of pain or anger, but of deadly suspense, he bounded up to me, tore the handkerchief from my forehead, and staggered with it to the light. He held the initials in every possible position, repeating them to himself in a tone of abstracted inquiry. All at once his manner changed to an air of the wildest terror. Springing up like a madman, he waved me off with outstretched arms, shrieking out, "Have you come to torment me before the time? Fiend that you are, would you drag me to a lower hell than this? I will not go—no—no—I will not go! I defy you!" he shouted, apparently gaining courage from the very extremity of his despair. "I defy you," and then in a lower key he muttered idiotically some old latin exoreism, "*Conjuro te—scelestissima—iniquissima—atqa miserrima—conjuro te! conjuro te!!*"

In one of those fantastic changes of mood so common under the influence of delirium, I now grew heartily tired of the scene, about which I thought there was a vast deal of mummery, so, tossing the scroll, which I had all along retained, scornfully from me, I reeled back to my chamber. Towards morning I was visited by a deep, but unrefreshing slumber. It was late in the day when I awoke, rational, but greatly exhausted. My first impulse was to attribute the events of the night to disorder and excitement of brain. I knew from experience how startling and vivid a fever dream might be, but in the present instance a trivial circumstance demonstrated that I had not been moring altogether in a region of phantasy. The cambric handkerchief no longer enveloped my head, nor could I find it either beneath the bed clothes or in any quarter of the chamber. Now I was *absolutely certain* that I had, just after retiring, made use of the handkerchief for the purpose I have specified, and in confirmation of this there stood the uncorked bottle of cologne upon a chair within reach of the bedstead. My speculations were distributed by the unceremonious entrance of the negro who had served me on the evening before. He brought in an excellent breakfast, which he arranged on a side table of mahogany, presenting at the same time his master's compliments, with the hope that my fever had subsided! How, I asked, did his master know that I had suffered from fever? The fellow opened his eyes in the extremity of astonishment, informing me that I had been sleep-walking, and had come nigh murdering my host in the entry. The explanation satisfied me. I really then *had* committed certain extravagances, which were materially exaggerated by an inflamed imagination, After the necessary apologies, and thanks which I charged my attendant, (who, by the way, was *not* the stupid creature I had supposed him,) to convey to his master, I partook sparingly of the meat and bread before me, making up for this neglect of the substantials by copious draughts of coffee.

Somewhat refreshed, I sunk back upon my couch. By degrees a strange lethargy crept over me. The window curtains, stirred by a faint wind, and waving to and fro with a monotonous motion, stole upon my senses with the effect of low, regular and mournful music. Soon all consecutiveness of thought was lost, and I lapsed into a condition of absolute and rayless oblivion.

* * * * * * *

When next I woke to a sense of life, it was with a feeling of awful depression—a sensation of almost suicidal gloom. Darkness was all around me—thick, palpable darkness. The atmosphere was cold and damp, chilling me to the very soul. I attempted to move, but imagine my horror and dismay, when the dull clank of chains informed me that I had been bound hand and foot. My brain was dizzy and vacant, and the effort to penetrate the dreadful mystery of my situation, resulted into a second attack of delirium in which the darkness suddenly became luminous with blue and red meteors, and winged serpents flying towards me with tongues of flame. Then occurred another spell of total unconsciousness.

I was aroused at length by a slight sound above my head. Upon glancing upward I perceived a ray of light glimmering from the ceiling. It gradually increased until an aperture like that of a trap door was discernable, and in the midst of it a pale human face peering anxiously down into the dungeon. I recognised my host, and saw at the same moment that a rough wooden ladder communicated with the apartment above. My first foolish impulse was to call for aid and deliverance, but I instantly subdued it, and determined to resort to stratagem. I lay perfectly still, scarcely breathing. After the lapse of some minutes, the ladder commenced to creak, and I observed my host descending cautiously and pausing on every round.

Having reached the floor, he groped towards the place where, reclining at full length, I rested as one dead. He felt my limbs, which were rigid and clammy, and then ventured to stoop towards my face. With a quick, furious motion I threw my arms about his neck, and pulled him violently down beside me. I had expected a savage struggle, but the man seemed paralized with surprise and terror. I held him in the firm grasp of desperation.

"Villain, scoundrel! demon!" said I, tightening my fingers upon his throat, until his breathing changed into a short spasmodic hiss, "I have you now! Either release me this moment, without one second's delay, or, by the Eternal, I shall strangle you on the spot!" "Let me go!" he replied, "you are killing me—only let me go, and you are free!"

I bounded to my feet, still retaining a strong, though less painful grasp upon my jailor, threatening to brain him without the slightest ado, if he ventured to escape.

"Now, sir! release me!" The wretch took a small iron key from the pocket of his waistcoat, and unlocked the manacles with which I had been confined.

So soon as I felt myself at liberty, I seized my companion more fiercely than before, and, although he was a person of powerful frame, dragged him bodily up from the wine-vault, as I afterwards discovered my place of durance to be, and confronting him in the honest daylight which flashed cheerily upon me, sternly demanded an explanation of the treatment to which I had been subjected. The man's answer was strange enough.

"Is that your property?" he inquired, pulling a cambric hankerchief from his bosom, and extending it towards me.

"It is my property," I replied.

"And the initials—the initials! what do they signify? Your name, sir, for God's sake your name!"

"My name is La Roche—Augustus Edward La Roche!"

The effect of this announcement seemed to me miraculous. The tall, athletic man, to whom I had made so natural a communication, started back with an indescribable gesture of fear and loathing, and uttering one sharp shriek of anguish, fell at my feet, rigid—inanimate—*dead*.

The explanation of this mysterious narrative, which, let me assure the reader, *is not a fiction*, for I have it in my power to demonstrate the truth of every word of it, was revealed to me some days subsequent to the singular catastrophe which I have recorded. The explanation is briefly as follows:

Many years before the date of my story, a gentleman of French extraction owned the gloomy old mansion in which I accidentally sought shelter on the tempestuous March evening of 175—. The proprietor's father was a certain Monsieur Auguste La Roche, who had left his country upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

Burning with a sense of the tyranny from which he had escaped, M. La Roche, with a reckless desire to leave the despotisms of convention, and (so called) legitimate monarchy far behind him, penetrated into the back woods, and with the remains of a regal fortune, settled moodily down amid the solitude of a remote and savage wilderness. His family consisted of twin children, both of them boys, and the infant daughter of a dear friend, who had perished in the civil wars of that unhappy period.

Madame La Roche had died some months before her husband's departure from France. The young La Roches' grew up, tall, vigorous, and manly, well skilled in woodcraft, and with considerable general information derived from their father, who, himself, a scholar, faithfully grounded them in the "humanities," and whatever else was then considred necessary to the education of a gentleman.

Emily Montaign, the old man's ward, matured, as the years passed, into a maiden of exquisite beauty. Louis and his brother Augustus Edward La Roche both very naturally fell in love with her. In the course of time what had been a mere boyish fancy assumed the most passionate strength and earnestness. The brothers became deadly rivals, and the hatred which grew up between them, it was terrible to witness. As for the fair Emily, she could not conceal her preference for Augustus, and that the girl's love was sincere will at once be conceded when I mention that Louis, being by a few hours the senior, was looked upon as the heir of his father's estate. Upon the death of his parent which occurred about the period to which I now refer, Louis formally offered his hand to Emily Montaign, and was respectfully, but firmly, refused. He extorted from her a haughty confession of her attachment to Augustus, whose chamber he instantly sought, subjecting him to an unheard of indignity.

"Were you fifty times my brother," exclaimed the insulted party, snatching his rapier from the wall, "you should answer for this!—Come with me, sir, if you be a man!" And Augustus rushed out of the house like a maniac. Louis followed him more calmly, but with a deadly purpose in his soul. They met in an adjacent garden, and a ferocious conflict took place. At length, Augustus fell, pierced through the body, and apparently quite dead. Horrified by the crime he had committed, the survivor fled from the scene. He abandoned his home for months, and when with partially disordered reason, he ventured to return, it was only to find that Emily had disappeared, and that his "houss was left unto him desolate."

Led on by a resistless fascination he sought the garden in which the fatal conflict had occurred, and there the tender grass just sprouting upon the mound, he beheld a new-made grave, with a rude head stone of wood, bearing the familiar initials A. E. L., deeply carved, and colored, as he thought, with the dead man's blood. Thenceforth, Louis became a misanthrope. A more utterly wretched creature existed not upon the face of the earth. He renounced his father's faith, and espoused the strictest tenets of Romanism. In vain he sought to exorcise the fiend within him by fasts, vigils, and cruel bodily torture.

What, meanwhile, had become of Emily Montaign? Impelled by a presentment of evil, she sought the garden not long after the encounter, and there discovered her bleeding and senseless lover. Augustus, although desperately wounded, still retained some signs of life. She used certain simple restoratives, staunched his wounds as well as circumstances admitted, and after great difficulty succeeded in conveying him to a cottage which was near at hand.

There, she nursed him until he was convalescent, when they were privately married. A day or two after they left the neighborhood, south the nearest seaport, and, chiefly by the sale of the wife's jewels, obtained money sufficient to carry them to England. They settled in Liverpool, where Agustus, by great good fortune, obtained a mercantile position sufficiently profitable to yield a support to himself and his wife. Sometime in the autumn of 178—, I, Augustus Edward La Roche, the younger, was born. At my own request, I was educated as an engineer, and had just attained my majority when both my parents died. After vainly trying to obtain any lucrative employment, in my native land, I sailed for Virginia, and was engaged in a professional tour, when the events of this narrative occurred. I was strikingly like my father, and it cannot therefore be a matter of wonder that Louis La Roche should have taken me, his nephew, for the ghost (permitted to reassume its mortal body) of the brother, whom it was his firm belief that he had slain thirty years before.

Everything tended to strenghten his suspicions, and when at length I revealed my name to his urgent questioning, nothing could have been more natural than the catastrophe which ensued. Why I should have been dragged, and then incarcerated, I cannot divine. Who can account for the vagaries of a madman?

A few more points remain to be unridded. My father never wholly recovered from his wound. It left him with shattered nerves and a morbid dread of his brother, whom he now looked upon as a hardened villain capable of any atrocity. He determined to let him live in the awful conviction that he had murdered his nearest kinsman, and therefore he caused a mound to be erected, resembling the packed earth of a grave, headed by the wooden cross which I have described as bearing his initials.

It is not necessary that I should enter more minutely into my family history, or sperially refer to the sources whence these various startling facts have been derived, and whereby they were finally combined into a consistant record.

I would merely observe, in conclusion, that *I* am now the sole proprietor of my uncle's once gloomy mansion, and that if any of my readers would like further to satisfy themselves of the truth of this story, they have only to address a letter to me, care of Geo. Washington Skittleflint, Esq., box 8,963, P———h, P. O., and I shall be happy to give them all the additional information in my power.*

*We are indebted for the preceding story to the courteous attention of A. E. La Roche, a grandson of the gentleman who was mistaken for his father's ghost. Mr. L. is now residing in Portsmouth, Va.—*Russell's Magazine.*

### The Declaration of Independence.

Many popular impressions concerning "the Declaration of Independence," are derived from fourth of July orations and pictures, both of which are apt to mislead as does the picture of "the First Prayer in Congress." Nine out of ten suppose that some where about noon on the fourth of July, 1776, Congress passed the vote affiming the Colonies independent, and that the old bell-ringer in the steeple of the State House, received the intelligence of this event, was seized with a sudden enthusiasm to swing the old bell, to ring out the news to the people in such a loud joyous manner as put the quiet citizens of Philadelphia in a wonderful excitement. Then there was the signing of the Declaration, we have a picture of that too, which teaches us how the representatives of the Colonies vied with each other in putting their names to the immortal instrument, so that before night the famous parchment, the original paper, which now is seen in the Patent Office, was engrossed, and signed as we now have it!

A few facts gleaned from various sources will be interesting as rectifying these impressions about this famous transaction—this crisis in human affairs. On the 10th of June, 1776, Mr. Harrison, of Virginia, reported a resolution, part of which is said to have been a literal transcript of the instruction given by the Convention of Virginia to their Representatives in Congress, and which was moved on the 7th of June in Congress by Richard Henry Lee. Mr. Harrison's resolution embodying Mr. Lee's is in these words: "Resolved, That the consideration of the first resolution be postponed to Monday, the first day of July next; and in the meanwhile, that no time be lost, in case the Congress agree thereto, that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said first resolution, which is in these words: 'That these United States are, and of right ought to be free, and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.'"

This resolution was adopted.

On the 11th of June, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston, were appointed a committee to draft the Declaration. Richard Henry Lee, as the original mover of the resolution for declaring the Colonies independent, would have been named as chairman of the committee, but, unfortunately for himself, he received intelligence of sickness in his family, which made it necessary for him to be absent before that committee was appointed. Jefferson had the reputation of being a brilliant writer, and succeeded to the place of honor. The elder Adams, in his auto-biography, says that he saw and read the original draft of the declaration, and he speaks in terms of rapturous admiration of it: "I was delighted with its high tone, and the flights of oratory with which it abounded, especially that concerning negro slavery," &c. He further says of the Committee, intimating that Jefferson's paper had not been read by all the members. "We were all in haste. Congress was impatient, and the instrument was reported, as I believe, in Jefferson's handwriting.

On the 28th of June, the committee reported the original declaration, which was read for the first time in Congress. On the 1st of July, this declaration was again read and discussed in committee of the whole. It was carried in the committee by vote of the States; Pennsylvania and South Carolina voting against it. John Adams says, that in the discusion July 1st, Dickinson of Pennsylvania, opposed the declaration, "in a speech of great length. * * * He conducted the debate not only with great ingenuity and eloquence, but with equal politeness and candor, and was answered in the same spirit."

Dickinson, a brother of Gen. Philmon Dickinson, of New Jersey, an officer whom Washington frequently mentions with honor, was a strong debater and a sincere patriot, acknowledging the grievances complained of, but lacking that stern and heroic spirit that animated such men as Adams, Witherspoon and Lee. Hence he shrank from an open rupture with Great Britain, as certain to end not only in greater evils to the country, but to individuals prominent in the rebellion. In this feeling two other representatives from Pennsylvania shared. But of this more in another place.

Dickinson's speech produced a profound impression, and this is not to be wondered at when we consider the nature of the contest which it was the object of that speech to show. John Adams, one of the most fluent and powerful speakers, answered Dickinson, and it cannot be too much regretted that not a scrap of that speech remains, except perhaps the tradition out of which Mr. Webster made one of his most splendid paragraphs. It was on the 1st of July that the newly elected delegates from New Jersey, of whom Dr. Witherspoon was one, took their seats and voted a solid vote for the declaration.

The next day, July 2d, the paper was again read and subjected to a severe process, which sifted out some paragraphs. Some were thought too disrespectful towards the english *people*, some too hostile to the king personally and some were too condemnatory (indirectly) of the institution of slavery, During this eliminating process, Jefferson was greatly excited at times showing his chagrin; which state of mind Franklin greatly relieved by telling to Mr. Jefferson the criticism made on the sign which a hatter in Philadelphia had over his store. About one quarter, according to the elder Adams, or one-third, according to Jefferson, of the original paper, was stricken out, leaving the document as we now have it. The adoption of this paper was warmly debated through the second, third and fourth days of July, and towards the close of the latter day, the motion to adopt prevailed. It was then signed by nearly every member present, except Mr. Dickinson, who refused to sign. Willing and Humphreys, two delegates from Pennsylvania, purposely absented themselves to avoid signing. These three gentlemen were decapitated forthwith by the Convention of Pennsylvania, then in session, and men elected in their place who would sign. Of the other Pennsylvania delegates, Franklin, John Morton and James Wilson, signed the declaration at once, and Robert Morris, the remaining delegate was absent on public business and had permission to sign afterwards.

It is a fact worth knowing, that the delegates from New York were willing to sign, but waited for instructions from home, which they received and put their names to the declaration on the 15th of July.

Matthew Thornton did not take his seat in Congress until the 4th of November, and at that time he signed the declaration.

The original paper, as interlined and amended was given to the Secretary of Congress to be engrossed on parchment, and this engrossed copy, the one in the Patent Office, was again signed by most of the members on the second of August, and at different intervals afterwards by the rest. *Can any one tell whether the real original is yet in existence?*

These facts are gleamed principally from the Journals of Congress, Tucker's Life of Jefferson and the work of John Adams.

The passage on negro slavery, which was erased from Jefferson's original draft, is not published in books accessibly to the most. That passage is as follows: "He, the king, has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This practical warfare, the opprobrium of Infidel nations, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering these people on whom he has obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people with the crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another."

Tucker, in his life of Jefferson supplies this remarkable passage, together with all the changes made in the original draft of the declaration.

Gordon, in his history of the Revolution, says the reason why the *first* of July did not become Independence Day, was that "neither the colonies nor members being unanimous, it was postponed till the next day."

But when did the venerable bell; still preserved in Independence Hall, peal out the notes of liberty? Gordon has the following answer: "July 8th. This day, at 12 o'clock, the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed at the State House in Philadelphia, amidst the greatest acclamations. The same evening the equestrian statue of the king was laid prostrate on the ground. The lead of which it is made is to be run into bullets." —Bockaway.

[*New York Observer.*

### Marshal Marmont.

In the Memoirs of the Duke of Raguse, better known as Marshal Marmont—written by himself, is recited, the following interesting anecdote. It occurred in 1798; and illustrates Marmont's firmness and self-respect. An invasion of England was then meditated. Bonaparte, who then won his first Italian laurels, was named "Commander-in-Chief of the army of England." Marmont was attached to him as Aid-de Camp. Bonaparte wishing to have accurate information concerning the defensive preparations of the English, was turning over in his mind the means of procuring it. The story says:

"A. M. Gallois, a man of respectability and distinction, had a mission to England, for the purpose of exchanging prisoners. Before setting off, he came with M. Talleyrand to General Bonaparte's house, Rue de la Victoire. Suddenly the doors of the cabinet opened; the General called me, and no sooner did I find myself the fourth in this cabinet than he said to me, 'Marmont, M. Gallois is about to go to England with a commission to treat for the exchange of prisoners; you will accompany him; you will leave behind your uiform; you will pass as his secretary, and you will procure information of such and such a nature; you will make such and such observations, &c. And he detailed to me my instructions. I listened to him without interrupting him; but when he had finished, I answered, 'General, I refuse to go.' 'How! you refuse to go!' said he. 'Yes, General, I continued: 'you give me the commission of a spy, and it neither belongs to my duties nor accords with my tastes. M. Gallois fulfils a mission which is openly recognised; mine would lie beyond the sphere of honorable recognition. My departure with him would be known to all Paris, and it would be known in England that his pretended secretary is one of the principal officers of your staff—your confidential aid-de camp. Unprotected by the law of nations. I should be arrested, and either hanged or sent back with infamy. My life as a soldier belongs to you; but it is only as a soldier that I am bound to lose it. Send me with twenty five hussars to attack a fortress, I would go without murmuring, though certain of falling, because that is my profession. The present case is different! He was confounded by my answer, and dismissed me, saying, 'I shall find other officers more zealous and more docile.' This bold contest with a man so powerful, this decided answer in opposition to his wishes, made a great impression on M. Talleyrand, who was not acquainted with me then, and who has often spoken of it to me since. When M. Talleyrand and Gallois were gone, the General called me and said, 'What were you thinking of, to answer me in that way before strangers!' 'General,' I answered, 'I am aware of the pain my answer must have caused you, and of its apparent impropriety; but permit me to tell you, you had rendered it necessary; you had not hesitated to make an offensive proposition to me in their presence, and I could only wipe out the stain by also repelling it in their presence with indignation. If you had spoken to me of it *en tete-a-tete*; I should have discussed it with you in a manner accordant with the respect I bear you and the sentiments I owe to you.' He understood me, but for a long while after treated me with great coldness. Duroc, to whom I had narrated this scene said, 'I am thankful that it didn't happen to me, for I should never have dared to refuse him.' Sulkowsky, who witnessed the explanation, dreading lest the mission should devolve on him, hastened to prevent it by saying, 'General, not one of us would have accepted it.' Nothing more was said on the subject, and every one was saved from the obloquy."

Novel Bequest.—At a recent sitting of the *Senatus* of the University of London, the assembly was congratulated on a recent decision of one of the higher courts, by which the University became entitled to a bequest of $100,000, under the will of the late Mr. Thomas Brown, of Dublin, to found a hospital for the investigation and cure of diseases of quadrupeds and birds useful to man. Singular, and perhaps *outre* as this charitable legacy may be, we have no doubt but, indirectly, it will prove of great benefit to the community at large. When we consider how much we are dependent on the lower animals—as they are called—for food, clothing, and many of the comforts of life, who shall say that every improvement on their physical condition must not benefit the lords of the creation? In this locality, we are sorry to say that the condition of the quadrupedal slaves sadly needs the watchful care of the philanthopist and the legislator. We fear, however, that it will be some time ere this sanitary reform will obtain the attention it requires.

Regularly Sold.—The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal stated in a letter, a short time since, that a large party of Irish Catholics had attacked and demolished the walls of a Presbyterian Church in New York, in the presence of an immense crowd, attracted to the spot by the deed, and that no arrest were made, &c. A clergyman of Lawrence, Mass., wrote to the Mayor on the subject, and received a reply denying the truth of the statement. "Had any attempt of the kind been made," says his Honor, "I should have used every resource in my power to prevent such disgraceful proceedings, and to preserve the peace and protect the property of our citizens. The Church referred to was of course "The Old Brick Church," then in process of demolition, principally by "Irish Catholics."