NORTH CAROLINA ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT

The Case of the Rev. Daniel Worth.

SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

From Our Own Reporter.

ASHBORO, Randolph Co., N. C., April 7, 1860.

The tranquil temper of North Carolina is not often disturbed. It is a State of few emotions—morally a comatose State. It might be not unfairly called a sort of enlarged sequestered spot among the neighboring commonwealths—fifty thousand square miles of stagnation; a secluded hermitage on an extensive scale, accommodating a recluse population of about a million, mostly innocent of the outer world and its vivacities. Unused for a long period to strong excitements, and recognizing no necessity for departure from its extended term of severe inactivity, North Carolina has hesitated even to join in the violent political agitations which, for the past few years, she alone of all her Southern sisterhood has failed to fully share.

Within five or six months, however, North Carolina has struggled into motion. The cause is that which is above all others powerful in Southern regions—the evidence of Anti-Slavery inroads among the people. All else failing, this has roused at last the dormant spirit. The voice of North Carolina is heard in the land. Proofs of energy and vigor, in one direction at least, arise. The discovery of Abolition vipers insidiously gnawing the very bosom of the State is followed by determined efforts at their extermination. The suspected are menaced, held in terror, or driven off. A process of rigid investigation begins. Where sentiments of opposition to the prevailing creed are distinctly detected, the law is let loose upon the offenders. And in every way, so far as this one point is concerned, the placidity of North Carolina has given place to an overflow of indignation which is expected to settle the question very speedily, and to remove at once all difficulties in the way of the peaceful progress of the Southern system.

The principal excitements are in the very center of the State—in the Counties of Davidson, Randolph, Guilford, and others adjacent—where the operations of laborers in the Anti-Slavery cause have been most freely and effectively carried on. There is in these counties a considerable Quaker population, of whom the great majority, if not nearly all, earnestly favor the promulgation of the most liberal ideas upon the subject, and who continually aid, as far as they are able to without peril to themselves, the development of the largest Anti-Slavery principles. These movements are, for the most part, secretly pursued, the dangerous consequences of disclosure restraining any general open and undisguised action. At this time there is hardly any limit to the persecutions which the mildest advocate of free doctrines must look for. But, notwithstanding this, the work does go on, quietly, but with a certain steady success which those most nearly interested find no reason to complain of. And this is now understood by the people generally. "There are "as mad abolitionists," said a tavern orator, a few nights ago, in the village of High Point, "in this "county, and within a mile of us, as any in Massa-"chusetts. There are a few respectable Quakers here, "who, though their queer religion lets them have no "nigger property, never seek to interfere with what "we know to be right, and what they knew to be no "concern of theirs. But the mass are degenerate "Quakers, Hickory Quakers we call them, with all "the viciousness of their set, and everything else that's "bad, and they are the men who are going to have "our throats cut, if we don't step in and get ahead of "them." The readiness with which this opinion was agreed to, showed that it was only the expression of the universal conviction; and the numerous dissertations on throat-cutting, in all its aspects, and variously applied, which immediately began, were certainly not of a nature to carry comfort to the soul of any drab-suited gentleman that might have overheard them.

Although the Anti-Slavery movements are mainly conducted with great caution, yet there are a few earnest workers who, more daring, and less disposed to calculate consequences, adopt a course quite in defiance of universal prejudices. Foremost among these is the Rev. Daniel Worth, a Methodist minister, a man distinguished no less for his unyielding courage than for the zeal with which he has for the last twenty years given his strength and eloquence to the cause of negro emancipation. Although always avoiding communication with slaves themselves, believing that not by their agency, but by that of the whites, the end he looks for must be accomplished, he has not failed to put forward his sentiments boldly and without concealments, whenever he has judged that good might result therefrom. It appears from the statements of his antagonists here, that the "worthier members" of his family—he is himself a native of North Carolina—gave themselves over to deep grief on account of the errors of his ways; and some time ago, as a punishment for his persistence in wrong, formally repudiated him, and renounced all ties of relationship with him. It does not appear, however, that this cessation of consanguinity brought Mr. Worth a single step nearer to repentance, but that, on the contrary, he plunged rather more deeply than before into the Anti-Slavery abyss. The result, inevitable under the circumstances, was that some two months ago he, as well as several others similarly engaged, was arrested and thrown into jail, on the general charge of exciting discontent in the slave population, and seeking to create insurrection.

The particular occasion of Mr. Worth's arrest was the disposal by him of a number of copies of H. R. Helper's "Impending Crisis," a work which, although written by a North Carolinian, and approved by North Carolinians, has been judged improper for North Carolinians to read. After having been detected circulating this work in various towns, Mr. Worth was seized at Greensboro, in his native county, and confined in jail, to await judicial treatment. Indictments were also found against him in other places, so that he was warned to look forward to a long series of trials. One of these, of which I shall presently speak, took place last week in the Court-House at this town. The others are yet impending.

Of the books circulated by Mr. Worth, the greater portion was recovered and publicly burned; it being a wise custom of this, in common with other Southern States, to thus compel attention and invite consideration to obnoxious publications, instead of quietly disposing of them in some less obtrusive manner. Ten copies which had been left in charge of a citizen of High Point, were delivered up, and thus destroyed in the most prominent part of the village. The proceeding was described to me the other day with that richness of vituperative illustration and fecundity of invective which I find Southerners know so well how to employ when discussing the all-absorbing topic. I could hardly understand how the mere recollection of a burning pile of ten moderate-sized books should light such a blaze of imagination as was displayed before me. A particular point held up to admiration was, that the fires were kindled just in view of the principal female seminary of High Point. The beneficial effects of such a scene upon the young feminine mind were vividly rehearsed, and allusions to the probable responsive glow in the hearts of the seminary maidens warmly put forth. I could not help wondering if the same happy results were to be expected from a singular scene which I had the day before witnessed upon the very porch of this same seminary;—singular to Northern eyes, and, I should trust, not too frequently observed in such a place, even at the South. A scene, too, every detail of which was animated by the same spirit which counseled the burning of the Helper books, and which, like that, was a natural operation of the ruling system.

It was a slave sale. The preceptor of the Seminary had died, and his estate was now offered at public auction. There were twenty-three negro slaves, and a few other bits of stock—some horses and cows. The piazza of the seminary was selected as the most advantageous place for the exhibition and disposition of the property. There the negroes were stationed. The saleesman's stand was elevated at a central point. In the numerous windows of the building clustered the young receivers of education, intent and eager. The crowd of visitors was large. There were speculators from different States, and one dealer from Mississippi, who seemed specially interested in the proceedings. The sale proceeded much as all slave sales do. There was the brisk auctioneer, ever ready to chirp his cheerful jest, and with astonishing rapidity of utterance, invoking the most minute examination of the physical qualities of his stock, male and female. On the part of the slaves there was at first the usual stolid air, then the anxious doubting gaze, the watchful scrutiny of each contending buyer, the alternate hopes and fears, the trembling lip and the humid eye, as the destiny of separation from the best loved became too certain, and last, the unmurmuring resignation which only their lives of well-trained servitude could have brought. All these things were, perhaps, good to be seen by the ladies in training at the High Point Seminary. But what of the brutal, drunken trader, who, defying all restraints of decency, lavished his course caresses on the shrinking slave girls, and so betrayed the baseness of his nature that even his fellow-dealers, though never undertaking to check his excesses, yet felt a shame they did not hesitate to avow? Could that have been a worthy sight to greet their young eyes, and to rest in their young remembrances?

The Helper books were burned, and as the term of court drew near, Daniel Worth was removed from Greensboro to the Randolph County jail, in this town. The excitement in the vicinity was very great. The officers of the court were urged to bring along the trial with all possible speed. The counsel for the defense declared that he was left no peace, during the earlier cases, so constant and importunate were the inquiries.

The trial took place on Friday of last week. The court-room was closely filled with crowds of spectators. Mr. Worth appeared soon after 10 o'clock. He is a man of imposing and dignified presence. He must have passed sixty-five years, and yet his frame is full of vigor, and the firmness of his bearing is untouched by time. His great hight, six feet and four inches, adds vastly to the impressiveness of his mien. His manner was perfectly calm, and his countenance was quite untroubled.

A good deal of time—upward of two hours—was occupied in impannelling a jury. Of about fifty who were examined, almost all had formed and expressed opinions as to the guilt of the accused—opinions very slightly varying, it may be presumed. Of the twelve who were at last selected, four were slaveholders and eight non-slaveholders. The indictment, which was very long, covering twenty pages, was largely occupied with citations from Helper's book, and as such ought to have been regarded as an incendiary document of very dangerous character. Mr. Scott, one of the prosecuting attorneys, succeeded while reading it in moving the crowd of spectators to many mute demonstrations of indignation toward the prisoner. In his opening address, he invoked the usual rhetorical resources on such occasions, launching liberal supplies of vehement denunciation, and reveling in the wildest extravagance of oratory. Deluges of blood, massacred bodies generally, but particularly of wives and children, badly-cut throats and burning buildings were wrought together into a picture of very gory hue. Mr. Scott did it all well, and having done it, the Government proceeded to call its witnesses, eight or ten in number. The taking of the evidence was quickly accomplished. Four copies of "The Impending Crisis" were produced, which, it was proved, Mr. Worth had sold to different parties, who appeared. One of these testified that, on learning of Worth's arrest, he had buried his copy somewhere, whence it had been exhumed for use on the trial. Another declared he had hidden his in a hollow log in the woods. Another, named Sluder, assisted by his wife, deposed that he witnessed a sale of Helper's book by Mr. Worth to a man named Yates, and that, at the time, Worth had counseled Yates to be "careful whom he "permitted to see it, as there was enough contained in "it to whip a man's back, if people were mean enough "to do so." Testimony was offered to prove the utterance of verbal incendiary declarations, at other times than at the sales of the books; but was objected to by the counsel for the defense, and ruled out. The case was then argued at great length, on behalf of Mr. Worth, by Mr. Ralph Gorrell, who, beside denying the application of the statute to a book like this of Helper's, earnestly remonstrated against laws which punished actions like those of which his client was accused, saying that such laws were written in blood; by Messrs. Settle and McLean for the prosecution; and finally, by Mr. Morehead for the defendant. The Judge's charge was then delivered. He overruled a point made by the defense, that as the statute referred only to pamphlets and papers, it could not rightly cover the book in question, that being a bound volume, by deciding that, although the letter of the act was not met, yet the Jury must be guided by its meaning. He also instructed the Jury that they must conclude for themselves whether the tendency of the book was such as is forbidden by the statute, and whether it was circulated by Worth with the desire to produce discontent and dissatisfaction with their condition among free negroes and slaves. But, in respect of this, he held that it was not necessary that the Jury should be assured that the book had been read by or recited to a free negro or slave, or that any such knew anything of any part of its contents. The Judge's charge was finished at midnight, and the Jury immediately retired. At 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, they returned with a verdict of guilty. The Judge stated that he could exercise his discretion as to inflicting the whole or only a part of the punishment prescribed (imprisonment and public whipping), and sentenced the prisoner to confinement for twelve months—the shortest period mentioned in the statute. In taking this course, however, the Judge acted in direct opposition to the opinions and prejudices of the people. The defendant's counsel appealed to the Supreme Court on several points.

Mr. Worth is also indicted in another bill in this (Randolph) County, charging him with uttering words of the most aggravated degree of incendiarism. This charge he emphatically denies, and says cannot be proved.

Before the commencement of Mr. Worth's trial, it is understood, his counsel made great exertions to effect a compromise, and stay proceedings, offering the condition that the accused should leave the State, with a pledge never to return, but the prosecuting officer refused to enter into any such arrangement.

The counsel for the defense had originally intended to make use of an interesting and remarkable pamphlet, published in 1830, at Greensboro, entitled "An Address "to the People of North Carolina on the Evils of "Slavery. By the Friends of Liberty and Equality." This work, printed thirty years ago, in the same town in which Daniel Worth was arrested, and in which he is shortly to receive one of the several trials which await him, is an energetic and uncompromising onslaught upon Slavery, as earnest in denunciation and as complete in its exposition of the vices of the system as any similar essay which has since appeared. Thirty years ago, it was circulated in North Carolina, and no person was subjected to inconvenience on account of its publication or its distribution—a fact which now seems to be forgotten, since I have everywhere heard the conviction most confidently expressed, that if Daniel Worth, or any other man, had ventured, half a century back, to issue, or even to bear in his possession, a work of the Helper order, no jury would have been called to pronounce upon his guilt, and no legal judge to proclaim his sentence; but that his immediate death would have followed his detection. Thus the people of North Carolina, at least many of them, cherish the singular belief that their State progresses from year to year; an error of judgment that could hardly occur in any other part of the country.

This "Address" was not, for some reason, brought to notice in the trial, although its effect in proving that a most radical Anti-Slavery publication, written, as Helper's book was, by a North Carolinian, had been long since circulated without interference of the authorities against either writer or circulator, ought to have aided in Worth's defense. I found, on general inquiry, that the existence of this pamphlet was almost unknown; and when its object and arguments were intimated, they were met by the assurance that the writer must have been some obscure and ill-informed fanatic, whose treachery to the principles of the commonwealth was not a matter worthy to be seriously considered. But unhappily for the strength of this position, the author—whose name does not appear on the title-page—was Benjamin Swaim, a Carolinian of the highest social and legal position. He was the author of "Swaim's Justice," a standard work of legal authority in North Carolina, which is even now advertised throughout the State. I saw in the Raleigh papers of last week notices in which were the most profuse commendations of the book, and also of its writer, whose wisdom and learning are attested by a number of very respectable gentlemen from various parts of the Union. If I remember aright, the estimable name of Edward Everett was among these. Now, thus fortified as to character, and recommended as an author deserving of particular consideration, Benjamin Swaim ought surely to have the privilege of free diffusion of his well-considered views upon a subject of so much importance as this he so carefully treated. And this he had, thirty years ago, when he lived; but now, it seems, his memory would be blackened with the stain of incendiarism, and his fame tainted with the worst of Southern disgraces—Abolitionism. It was with a sort of prophetic foresight that in the opening of this pamphlet he admonished his fellow-citizens to "work while it is day, for the night cometh when no "man can work."

The result of Worth's trial, notwithstanding his condemnation to twelve months of imprisonment, and the certainty of future sentences equally if not more severe is not wholly satisfactory to the people at large. I hear very many expressions of discontent that he was not publicly whipped, as well as incarcerated, as he might have been—or, according to the popular view, *ought* to have been—under the statute. But the hope that some less lenient Judge in another county may impose this more degrading penalty, sustains them in their disappointment.

The night before last, while I was writing a few private incendiary lines at a table in the hotel office here, an argumentative party gathered around, watching with curiosity the process of the Northern gentleman wielding his pen. Presently a conversation arose, intended to produce an impression of some sort upon the stranger. There were three or four prominent debaters, and quite a chorus of less important bystanders, whose occasional emphatic corroborations intensified a good deal the declarations of the elders.

FIRST SPEAKER—We keep a good watch for Abolitionists down here. They can't operate without we know all about it. Not much.

SECOND SPEAKER—And we gen'ly know them when we see them, wherever they come from.

THIRD SPEAKER—They can't harm us here. Niggers is faithful, and runs from an Abolitionist like poison.

CHORUS OF BYSTANDERS—Oh, yes; niggers is faithful.

IMPRUDENT VOICE FROM A CORNER—Niggers is afraid to be anything else. [Glances of disapprobation at the volunteer of this bit of testimony.]

FIRST SPEAKER—We can put Abolitionists in jail, and we can stripe them.

SECOND SPEAKER—Why didn't we stripe old Worth?

IMPRUDENT VOICE AGAIN—He's *such* an old man. [Indignant glances, discouraging the Imprudent Voice from further manifestations.]

THIRD SPEAKER—We shall stripe Worth before we are through with him.

FIRST SPEAKER—Serve him right, too.

CHORUS OF BYSTANDERS—Oh, yes; serve him right. Better hang him.

At this point comes up the inevitable assurance—the Alpha and Omega of Pro-Slavery argument—that "niggers is happy." After a few variations on this flexible theme, to the effect that "niggers always loves "their owners, at least North Carolina niggers," and that "no persuasions could bring niggers to injure their "masters," the debate is dropped, and the assemblage dissolves.

The next evening, at High Point, only twenty miles distant, a hotel piazza coterie discussed "niggers" in a more natural and less cautious manner. The spread of Abolitionism among the "Hickory Quakers" was deeply lamented, and the possible consequences considered with some appearance of anxiety. The Mississippi Slave dealer, who had purchased five pieces of valuable property at the above mentioned sale, and had remained longer at High Point than he had intended, on account, as he freely declared, of the attractions of a light-hued slave-girl, ("whiter than himself," he said quite truthfully) a waitress at the tavern, was ready to believe the earnest asseveration of a North Carolina dealer, that the danger of Anti-Slavery influences was very great. "The niggers are always ready to do "mischief," said the Carolinian. "If I should walk into that house opposite, and find ten niggers, I could in half an hour so work upon them as to make them go over to that school (pointing to the seminary), and cut as many throats as they could find." This opinion, startling as it appeared, was quite readily subscribed to by the listeners, who all agreed that "niggers was just *that* ready to be induced to do anything that was wrong."

The High Point discussion gradually became more interesting. The question whether Slavery is or is not profitable in the State of North Carolina arose, and, rather singularly, was decided in the negative, so far as the central and western parts of the State were concerned. There was a unanimity of opinion on this subject quite surprising, inasmuch as stern determinations to permit no interference whatever with Slavery had only a short time before been expressed. But it was freely admitted that the profits of slave labor are peculiarly doubtful in North Carolina, and the rather high prices paid in the recent sale consequently occasioned some astonishment.

This brought up the subject of amalgamation, which was in various ways severely reprehended. It was all wrong, said a leader in the debate, to rear mulattoes and the like. For his part, he would be glad if he could see the white and black races wholly distinct and separate. This looked like a marvel of humanity, until the reason came, which was that the mixed breeds were "no good"; they were weak and sickly, and beside being unequal to hard work, gave themselves more airs than the pure-blooded negroes. And, moreover, their offspring always, in each succeeding generation, grew feebler and feebler.

It occurred to me that there might be other causes, perhaps not less important than this, for regretting the evils which follow the free mingling of the races, the perpetual practice of which is acknowledged at the South. And one of these is so well illustrated by the sad and tragic story of an event which happened not long ago in a neighbor State of North Carolina, that as it has never been put before the world, it may no inaptly be here narrated.

The case is well enough known in Savannah, Georgia, where it occurred, and is fresh in the recollection of hundreds.

A wealthy merchant, named McA——, occupying the first social station, and a recognized leader of that mysterious section of the community known as the "upper circles," following a custom not sufficiently uncommon to make it a matter of remarkable moment, retained within his house, among his wife and his legitimate children, a handsome female slave, who, in the fulfilment of her duties, brought him many children. Among these were two girls of much beauty, for whom he had a particular affection. They shared, in a good degree, the privileges of his other and acknowledged children, somewhat to the distaste of certain neighbors, who objected that the girls presumed upon and took advantage of the slight and unimportant circumstance of their paternity. Overlooking the necessity for making early provision for these daughters, Mr. McA—— delayed establishing their freedom until it was too late. The law of Georgia forbids a slave owner to emancipate his property when dying, and it was only upon his death-bed that Mr. McA—— gave the needed thought to the welfare of these two of his daughters. Calling his son and heir, he reminded him of the affection he had always felt for them, and conjured him to provide for and to protect them after his death; and the wished-for promise was readily given.

Not many years later, the son discovered himself to be, from some cause, in pressing want of money. Money he had not—at least, not sufficient—and yet money he must have. Only one way seemed open to him. It was, perhaps, rather a hard case; but then, it was even harder for him to need money. Finally, he decided, and announced to his father's slave daughters that their value to him was more apparent than ever, in another form than themselves. To this cruelty they did not passively submit, as it would undoubtedly have been becoming in them to do; but, "presuming upon their relationship," implored the young McA—— to heed the dying injunction of their father, and to spare them the common fate of all who bear the shames of servitude. But there was the money that must be procured. So young McA—— bravely shook off all qualms, and, by coining his sisters' flesh and blood, restored in part the wasting substance of his fortune. The girls were young, and very pretty, and quite unused to toil. But, young and pretty, it is not likely they were bought for purposes of toil.

Clearly, the custom of mingling the blood of the two races has some errors.

By the continuation of the tavern conversation at High Point, I gained some other facts of interest. I learned that Helper, whose native town is not far from that place, could never hope to visit his early home again; that, as it was known that the mere fact of his having written "The Impending Crisis" constituted no punishable offense according to the laws of the State, it would then be necessary, in the possible case of his ever reappearing in that region, to remedy this defect, and apply, by means of mobbing, the penalty which could not otherwise be enforced. I heard, too, the legend of a wise and a foolish Quaker, the latter a Hickory of the most obnoxious growth, who had ruined himself by spending his money in foolish schemes for the liberation of slaves and their after comfort, and whose great house at High Point, after his death, had been sold to supply the needs of his widow: the former, his son, "a fine young fellow, who would be glad to "own all the niggers in North Carolina," and who had been heard to revile his father's memory with great spirit, as the only manner he had of expressing his feelings on the subject of the great wrong that had been done him.

So runs the popular sentiment of all North Carolina, in the consideration of the Slavery question. Apart from it, there seems no deficiency of generous impulse, and abundant evidence of noble feeling. But at the point of Slavery discussion these ceases. The senses of the community forsake them. The negro gets into their heads, and they declaim and harangue in wildest excess of bitter acrimony. On these occasions only is there much appearance of rough vigor among the people. Their common mood is that of placid languor. Whatever real energies the people may possess seem ever to be lying dormant. With a surpassingly beautiful climate, and a soil of great fruitfulness, suited to almost every variety of productions, North Carolina has only some five millions of acres of the thirty-two millions of the State, improved and cultivated. Massachusetts, with its rocky soil and rude climate has, of its less than five millions of acres, over two millions in cultivation. Enterprise and Slavery do not march together.

The tendency to inactive indolence is everywhere to be noticed. Even the most youthful of the community are not free from it. Juvenile sports are conducted upon the most languid principles. I had, the other day, a charming experience with a "representative child" of Carolina. He was a stable-boy, and was deputed to drive me, in an open and imperfectly constructed wagon, from Lexington to High Point, a distance of about twenty miles. He was almost eleven years old, and given to abrupt speech, warmly spiced with impromptu profanities. His face was not strictly clean, but, while betraying slight trace of watery purification, beamed with a certain dignity; and, although his trowsers were torn, they disclosed a knee that was not framed to crook in pregnant hinges. The lad was chary of his confidence, and, concerning me, evidently cherished a suspicion of something Northern. I sought at first to win his regard, but he steadily repelled all such advances.

The road from Lexington to High Point is intricate. We had passed over about a mile of it, when the small boy startled me by demanding if I were acquainted with the way. I assured him I was not; and, indeed, it was not exactly the reasonable thing for him to expect it of me, since I was then traversing it the first time. "No more am I," said he, with calm indifference. I suggested, then, that there might be difficulties in getting at the right direction. "Oh, well," he said, "you can inquire, I suppose;" I admitted the truth of that, and he seemed to look upon that matter as settled.

Presently he laid the reins upon my knee, intimating that he was tired, and that I had better undertake the driving for a while. Of course it was impossible to deny him the privilege of being tired, that being the natural and lasting prerogative of the white North Carolinian. As I yielded to his wish, he remarked, "Now, if I fall out, you must wake me up," and straightway coiled himself in the straw upon the wagon floor and went to sleep. Under these circumstances, it was impossible for me to do anything else but lose the way, which I accordingly did, and succeeded in accomplishing two or three miles in a wrong course before meeting any human thing from whom to gain information. My small boy roused himself about this time, demanded an explanation, and took it exceedingly ill that I should so have blundered. His principal objection to my deviation was that hunger began to assail him, and his chances of dinner were deferred by at least an hour. But soon he sought again somniferous consolation.

The harness breaking shortly after in some mysterious spot, the technical name of which I am not conscious of, I aroused my young driver, and mentioned the circumstance. It caused him no disturbance whatever. "Here's a long hill," he said, "and you'd bet-"ter get out and fix it before we begin to go up." There seemed to be reason in this; so I did get out, and "fixed" as I best knew how, which was not very well, I imagine, as my driver's countenance indicated dissatisfaction. But when, at the end of the hill, my repairs became undone, and the harness once more refused its office, his dissatisfaction deepened into scornful displeasure, which did not depart until he went to sleep again.

Having completed his slumbers in the course of an hour, he awoke, not clear as to temper, and began to proffer unpleasant observations. "If you whip him on the rump," said he of the horse, whose name was Buchanan, by reason probably of his age, his slowness, and the great uncertainty of his movements, "he will kick up." I declared that nothing was further from my intention than to whip that noble animal on the rump; at which my counselor became silent, though apparently not more than half convinced.

Next came a powerful hint that, if Buck was driven too fast, he was sure to have the bots. I called attention to the fact that Buck was not driven fast, and could not, by any possible method known to the human race, be driven fast. He then protested that it made very little difference whether he was driven fast or not, he was still prone to bots on most occasions; and that, to the best of his belief, bots were very sure to intervene between the place where we were and High Point. I hoped not, but asked what course, in case of bots, it would be proper to pursue. My juvenile answered that there was nothing particular to be done excepting molasses and milk, and, as he hadn't any molasses and milk about him, Buck would probably die without delay. This was by no means a cheerful prospect, but Young Carolina appeared not much afflicted by it after all, and in the course of ten minutes laid himself away for another sleep.

He slept until we reached High Point, and was then with some difficulty persuaded to attend to the necessities of old Buck, who had not shown the slightest disposition to die, or to have the bots, or to do anything at all in the slightest degree exciting. My small boy afterward dined with me, and was good enough to approve of the food. In paying for the meal shortly after, I noticed that in view of his position, only half-price was demanded for him. I thought this quite a mistaken notion, and that the principle might properly, under the circumstances, have been reversed.

After dining, my small boy strolled through the town, tasted briefly of its excitements, and then, reharnessing his steed, rode leisurely away without bidding me the farewell for which I looked.

This weighed rather heavily upon my spirits, until late in the afternoon, by a stray copy of a New-York paper, I learned the result of the Connecticut election. I wish to state that there were demonstrations of rejoicing over the Republican victory, in the interior of the State of North Carolina. I went out a little way into the country, and discharged three shots from one of Allen's patent revolvers, a minute article, warranted to produce a noise equal to the cracking of a Southern whip. I then returned, with a conviction of duty performed.

The other trials of Mr. Worth are to begin in about three weeks. They can, it is to be presumed, hardly fail to result in his conviction, and it is the opinion of lawyers that he will, with great difficulty, escape the punishment of whipping, which, as well as imprisonment, is imposed by the statute, if, indeed, he escape it at all. It is doubtful whether the judge will, in all the cases, assume the responsibility of omitting that portion of the sentence. The trials are looked forward to with exceeding interest, both by the masses, eager for his disgrace, and by the friends of the cause the prisoner represents, who are here stronger in numbers than in any other part of the State.

PERSONAL.

—Naisru'd-din Shah, the lately deceased monarch of Persia, was born in 1831, and was consequently in his 29th year at his death. He was the eldest son of Muhammad Shah, the eldest son of Abbas Mirza, so well known for his partiality to the English, a Prince of the greatest promise, whose death was truly the heaviest disaster his country has for the last half century experienced. Nasiru'd-din was reputed to be the best shot and best rider in his dominions; and, beside being in the flower of his age, was of so vigorous a constitution that the length of his reign might well have been expected to equal that of his great grandfather, Fath Ali Shah. Nasiru'd-din ascended the throne on the 4th of September, 1848; and it will be remembered that a few years back he was near perishing by the hand of an assassin, having been badly wounded by a fanatic of the Babi sect. He leaves a son about eight years old, who, we presume, will be his successor. It is most unfortunate for Persia, thus to be placed under a minor, at a time when great reforms were in progress, and when a Shah of most determined will, and with great natural abilities, was bent on developing the resources of the country, and on introducing European civilization.

—The Commissioners appointed by the Government of Netherlands India to compile a Dutch and Javanese dictionary have a long job on their hands. They have been at work 17 years, and have finished only the first five letters of the Javanese alphabet—*lo, no, tjo, ro, ko.*

—The experience of two prize-fighters in England the other day is not encouraging for the great conflict between Sayers and Heenan. It seems that a fight was to take place on March 20, the combatants being Bull, who has only fought twice in the prize ring, and Smith, a noted pugilist of Portsmouth. The pugilists and their backers started from London in company with a large party of friends, and went to a sequestered spot on the Essex coast, where, at ten minutes before 10 o'clock, the cap was thrown into the ring, and the pugilists commenced operations. At this moment there was seen in the distance a policeman, rushing with all his might to the scene of action, followed by a large body of the force. The pugilists, frightened by this apparition, took to the boats, which were in readiness for them, and were making off across the water to the Kentish coast, when they found they were followed by a fast-sailing skiff belonging to the Thames Police, containing a body of the Kent and Essex forces, so that on whichever side the pugilists and their friends landed, rout would be sure to follow. After pulling about the river for more than an hour, the pugilistic parties came to the conclusion that no chance was open to them, and they returned to London, in the hope that "they who fight and run away may live to fight another day."

—The trustees have been appointed for a new Great Exhibition in London in 1861. They are Earl Granville, the Marquis of Chandos, the Right Hon. Thomas Baring, and C. W. Dilke, esq. Of course Prince Albert is the active head and manager of the undertaking, and his name will bring together the guarantee fund and the sinews of war. It is said that this will be a very different affair from the Exhibition of 1851, and aim at much wider and more practical results.

—The Venetians have strange ways of expressing their dislike of the Austrians, and the latter are sometimes driven to very ridiculous acts in self-defence. The other day, among the pigeons which generally congregate in the Place of St. Mark, one came with a large tricolor cockade tied round its neck. Immediately the grave occurrence was reported to the police, and submitted to the judgment of Governor Bissengen, who pronounced capital sentence on the pigeon, and, as an extraordinary measure, a reward first of $2, and afterward, for expedition's sake, of $4, was offered for the arrest of the delinquent. It was now two o'clock, the hour when the pigeons are fed from a window in the piazza, and the culprit was not yet caught. Then several soldiers were ordered to help the man who feeds the birds in this undertaking; accordingly all descriptions of soldiers might be seen busied in displaying on the window the most tempting morsels. But he, with wicked obstinacy, let the *shirri* take all this trouble, remaining perched on a neighboring building. They were obliged to make a regular siege and take him by hunger, when he was pitilessly executed.

—Mr. Spurgeon has declined an invitation from the Congregational Union to participate in its anniversary exercises in May. He writes to Dr. Thompson that it is quite impossible for him to leave home at present for America, and adds: "I have been nearly seven years without a rest, and am hoping this year to make a little journey upon the Continent. I must then come home again, and, if God shall help me, stick to it for another seven years."

—*The Boston Journal* says: "The friends of Frank B. Sanborn are about to present his sister—as a token of their respect for her bravery—one of the latest style of Colt's revolvers. It will bear an engraved representation of the old Pine Tree flag, and the inscription, '*Sic itur ad astra!*'"

—On Monday, a man and woman were arraigned in the Criminal Court at Boston, on a charge of adultery. The man pleaded not guilty, and the woman responded: "In the sight of my God and my conscience I am *not* guilty, but in the sight of the law I *am* guilty." The counsel for the woman stated that she was laboring under a delusion induced by Spiritualism; a plea of not guilty was entered, and the case was set down for trial.

—It is said that at the last Sunday morning offertory, at the church of the Advent in Boston, the amount received was *Twenty-five thousand four hundred dollars. The Transcript* is responsible for this statement.

—A man named Gerard Ackroyd has been strangely imposing on the credulity of the people of Halifax, England, near which place he was born. He says that in the month of August, 1851, as he was walking in the street of Cabotsville, Mass., (having then resided in America for five years) he was seized by two men, named Wheeler and Churchill, and was by them conveyed to the Custom-House, placed in chains, and conveyed by rail to Charleston, where he was stripped of all his clothing, knocked down by an officer named Mayhew, who made use of some dreadful threats toward him. He was compelled to work in the slave gang, in the execution of Government works, for the long period of seven years, when he was allowed to come away. He adds that, by this hard service and cruel treatment, his constitution was broken down, and seven years of the best part of his life have been cruelly sacrificed. This man must be crazy, or else he is a great romancer.

—A man who was traveling along a road near New-Haven, saw a hand organ at the bottom of a steep bank. It had clearly been thrown there, but whether a suicide, a murder, or a minor defalcation had been committed, could not be discovered.

—On Sunday night Mr. James E. Lines, residing in Wallingford, Conn., was robbed of $465 in money, and of a watch valued at $130. The money was in the pocket of his trowsers, and the watch hung at the head of the bed. On rising in the morning Mr. Lines missed both. The trowsers he afterward found in the yard, thoroughly soaked with rain, but with no money in them. The watch could not be found. The thief entered by a window.

—Wm. Smith, an English weaver, residing in Philadelphia, has for a long time been dissipated, and has employed himself chiefly in smashing his looms and threatening to kill his wife. On Sunday night he went home near midnight, put a pistol to the neck of the woman, and fired, the ball passing into her mouth; then he tried to shoot himself, but failed, because his skull was so thick that the bullet glanced off. Though badly hurt, the wife will probably recover, and live to endure more abuse from her husband.

—The Cleveland Institute took fire on Saturday, and was partially destroyed. While the flames were raging violently, a young lady was found to be in the burning wing; she was enthusiastically engaged in saving furniture, after the manner of people at conflagrations, by throwing all frangible articles from the window, and landing feather beds with tender care down the stairs. A man ran up through the smoke to save this zealous worker, but she refused to go till the property was saved, and ended the controversy by striking her would-be preserver in the face, and bolting the door upon him. She was now in really imminent danger, and a Sheriff and his deputy rushed after her. She refused to let them come near her, and pursued her mission by throwing a looking-glass and some china from the window. Finally, by absolute force, she was removed. A local paper calls this bravery.

—A young man in Lawrence, Mass., went to a coal furnace in his residence, and opened the door. The gas, which, by a disarrangement of the dampers, had accumulated, burst forth, took fire from a lamp he held in his hand, upset him, burned him badly, and blew the lamp through the side of a glass pickle jar.

—Two school girls, residing in Jefferson County, Mo., were obliged to pass through some burning woods. The clothes of one of them caught fire, and before aid could be rendered the little one was burned to death.

—Dr. Sumner Stebbins, for some time the editor of *The Marshall Statesman*, has recently retired from that position, intending to return to his old residence in Chester County, Pa. Previous to his departure, a number of his friends gave him a complimentary supper, at which good speeches were made, and a Republican Club formed.

—Messrs. Reilly and Speed propose to construct a line of telegraph from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Puget Sound, within two years, without any other aid from the Government than the right of way.

—Mr. Sauvagost has presensed to the Louvre five pieces of crockery known as "Pièces de Service de Henri II." These productions are supposed to be the work of Ascanio, the favorite pupil of Benvenuto Cellini, and belong to the best period of the Renaissance; only 30 specimens are known to exist—the Louvre had two, the Hotel Cluny one, and the Sevres one, and a fragment. The value of the five pieces now presented to the State may be guessed from the fact that in March, 1859, at the sale of M. Rattin's collection, one cup and three small salt-cellars fetched 38,228 francs, and Baron Rothschild gave 20,000 francs for a small ewer.

—*The Washington* (Ga.) *Independent* learns that a man by the name of Wood, who was taken up at Abbeville, S. C., last Fall, for using unpalatable language to Slavery men, and who received the sentence of thirty-nine lashes at the recent Spring Term of the Court at that place, suffered the penalty of the law in the public square on the 24th ult. The punishment was inflicted by Sheriff Moore with seven switches. He was then immediately placed on the cars and sent out of town.

—Mr. William E. Mayhew, an esteemed citizen of Baltimore, died in that city on Tuesday, aged seventy-five years. He was the President of the Farmers' and Planters' Bank for many years.

—A man named H. Weed recently died in Sandwich, N. H. It is said that on his deathbed he confessed that he was one of the murderers of Parker, who was so mysteriously slain sixteen years ago at Manchester, N. H.; but as a small army of dying men have been reported as saying the same thing, the truth of the alleged confession may be doubted.

—The Rev. H. D. Northrop, now in England, who has accepted a call to become the pastor of the Park Congregational Church in Brooklyn, seems to be very successful in his evangelical labors in Great Britain. *The Christian Cabinet* speaks of him as "this eminently popular minister of the Gospel; young in years, vigorous in intellect, clear in spiritual things, apt to teach, quick to learn, and willing to be led in whatever may be for the glory of God. Mr. Northrop has been denominated the Spurgeon of America." *The Edinburgh Witness* speaks of one of his sermons as a "plain, earnest, most impressive, and thoroughly evangelical discourse. Mr. Northrop is only about 24 years of age, and of an intellectual cast of countenance; and, if he cultivates his talents, he has a noble field before him. Several of the London journals have compared him as a public speaker to Mr. Spurgeon; but it would be more correct to say that his manner of delivery resembles that of Mr. Gough, as the London divine has little or none of the action and gesture which mark both Mr. Gough and Mr. Northrop. His voice also, although powerful, is less sonorous than that of Mr. Spurgeon."

—Garibaldi appears to maintain unabated his popularity in Italy, and his birthday, March 19, was celebrated in Rome by a *Te Deum*, intoned in a church by a party of students. As Garibaldi is a native of Nice, and as Nice is now a French city, it is remarked that probably he will represent that city in the French Corps. It will be a curious instance of the vicissitudes of life to see the defender of Rome, the exile of the marshes of Ravenna, the candle dealer of Staten Island, and the hero of the late Italian war, a member of the Imperial Government of France.

—A special dispatch to *The Cincinnati Gazette* of April 6, says that the annual conference of the new organization of the Mormons has been in session in Amboy. Many of the high priests and officials were present, including young Joe Smith, who was inducted into the office of President of the high priests. This organization is very sanguine that they can induce young "Joe" to assume the Presidency and Seership. This result will superseds the necessity of a conference to depose Brigham Young, as the Presidency of young Smith is acknowledged, even in Utah. Such a conference had been proposed. Much bitterness of feeling is manifested against Brigham Young and his party in Utah. Throughout the proceedings, and in the course of private conversation, Young and his counselors were denounced as having separated themselves from the church, and the people in Utah are to be preached to, in order to convince them that they have "given heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." Polygamy, as a doctrine, was severely criticised, its practice