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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 14, 1850.

LOWELL'S POEMS.

Poems by James Russell Lowell. Two volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850.

We regret that our Congress-crowded columns will not allow us to notice in a fitting manner this handsome collection of the poems of one of the strongest and manliest of our writers—a republican poet who dares to speak brave words for unpopular truth, and refuses to submit to the inquisitorial expurgation of book-selling caterers to prejudice and oppression. Since his first appearance in public, he has happily overcome a slight tendency to mysticism and metaphysics, and in his later poems he stands out clear and strong in the light of truth and simple nature. He is no longer afraid of the sharp outlines of reality; and so that his thought is fully and forcibly expressed, and his illustration appesite, he seems at times quite careless of the niceties of diction and metaphor. The stamp of the man is on all he does—he is always himself, and none other. He is yet a young man, and, in view of what he has already attained, we have a right to expect a good deal of his future. May he have strength and long life to do for freedom and humanity, and for the true and permanent glory of American literature, all that others less gifted, and subject to less favorable circumstances, have striven in vain to accomplish.

"The Present Crisis" is in our view the noblest poem in the collection. We have read it often, and never without being deeply moved by the magnificent flow of its thought-charged verses. One of the latest-written poems, "Kossuth," is worthy of its name.

"A race of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir,
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed
Who starry diadems obtain;
To dungeon, axe, and stake, succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophet sends.

Lord of the Magyars! though it be
The tyrant may re-link his chain,
Already strive the victory
As the just future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded; thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest worth;
A nation's duty thou hast done,
Giving a hero to our earth!

And he, let come what will of wo,
Has saved the land he strove to save;
No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave.

'I Kossuth am; oh Future, thou
That clear'st the just, and blott'st the vile,
O'er this small dust in reverence bow,
Remembering what I was erewhile.

I was the chosen trump wherethrough
Our God sent forth awakening breath;
Come chains, come death, the strain He blew
Sounds on, outliving chains and death!'"

We are glad to see the announcement of a new volume of poems by the author, to be published in the early part of the present season.

J. G. W.

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THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A STORY OF THE ISLAND ESTATE.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

XV.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY AT MONT CRYSTAL.

Fill the bright goblet! Spread the festive board!
Summon the gay, the youthful, and the fair!
Through the loud hall, in joyous concert poured,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of care!
But ask thou not if happiness be there—
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throe,
Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear;
Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know
No scene of mortal life, but teems with mortal woe.
Scott.

In Maryland and Virginia, from a religious sentiment, or from a superstitious observance, most persons choose to eat their Christmas dinner at *home.* Therefore, few invitations to dinner on Christmas day are accepted, unless it be in the case of the young married sons and daughters, who meet to dine at the house of the head of their family. For this reason, the party invited to spend the holydays at Mont Crystal did not assemble until the day after Christmas. Mont Crystal and its inmates were in great state to receive their guests. The gold-fringed curtains, hanging from the central arch that divided the two apartments as folding doors divide them now, were drawn up with golden cord and tassels into graceful festoons, thus throwing the two rooms into one magnificent saloon, glowing with its subdued crimson lights and shadows. Far down the gorgeous vista, and deep in the burning gloom of its extremity, was the recess of a large bay window, whose rich drapery of crimson velvet, fringed with gold, swept finely down on either side of a luxurious sofa placed below. Beneath this gorgeous canopy, and amid the piles of crimson satin cushions, reclined the beautiful form of Miss Armstrong, attended by her governess. Never was a greater contrast in beauty than that presented by these two young girls, as their figures were thrown out into beautiful relief by the crimson back-ground of their seat—both so charming, yet so unlike. Louise, reclining, with her fair, transparent complexion, with her mild blue eyes and pale gold wavy hair, with her fragile and drooping form arrayed in white muslin as soft and pliable as her gentle disposition; Britannia standing, with her fierce blue-black eyes, her glistening black tresses curling down her snowy forehead and carnation cheeks, with her stately figure, attired in a rich dark, green brocade, embroidered with a deep border of variegated flowers—a dress dignified as her own spirited temper. They were a beautiful contrast. Britannia was handsome—Louise, pretty. Brighty was elegant—Louise, graceful; Brighty was brilliant—Louise, gentle; Brighty, stately—Louise, graceful; Brighty was witty and satirical—Louise, benevolent and confiding; Brighty, audacious—Louise, timid; Brighty lived chiefly on her intellect—Louise on her affections; in a word, Brighty was fascinating—Louise, lovely.

Far up the other end of the saloon, and facing the main entrance, stood Mrs. Armstrong, her majestic form arrayed in the sweeping folds of a black velvet robe, her rich, abundant hair confined in a black bugle net. On her right hand, attending her and occasionally conversing with her, stood a young man in the black dress of a clergyman. He was of a delicate form; a thin but highly intellectual face, with his pale broad forehead softly shaded by fine, thin, silky black curls. His manners were gentle and courteous, and his voice soft and sweet. This was Willis Lindslay, the nephew of Mrs. Armstrong, and a student in the Theological College of ——. He had come down to spend his Christmas at Mont Crystal, and now stood with the lady to assist in receiving her guests. The visiters, as they in succession alighted from their carriages, were received by the porter, who, throwing open the hall door, passed them into the care of a servant stationed there to attend them to their respective rooms. Thence, after having arranged their toilet, they passed into the saloon at the entrance of which Mrs. Armstrong received each guest with the stately courtesy of a Virginian lady of the old school. First—as punctuality with a lady and hostess was a chivalric virtue of that old gentleman—came General Stuart-Gordon, with his erect military air. He advanced with a deep, slow, reverential bow, met by the lady's slight imperial bend, as she said, graciously—

"General Stuart-Gordon, you are most welcome to Mont Crystal."

"I am honored in becoming once more the guest of Mrs. Armstrong," replied the aged Chesterfield, with a second and deeper reverence, as he gallantly took the place on her left hand, after slightly *en passant* acknowledging the bow of the young clergyman.

"Mr. Stuart-Gordon, we are happy to receive you. My daughter, Miss Armstrong, will be pleased to see her old schoolmate. You will find her at the other end of the room," smiled the lady, as Louis Stuart-Gordon entered, and she gracefully passed him on. Louis immediately and gladly sought Louise. Next came old Major Somerville, with his venerable head thinly scattered over by a few silver hairs on the temples, with his form bowed and tottering with extreme old age, as he leaned on the arm of his granddaughter, the calm Susan. Mrs. Armstrong advanced to receive the patriarch with more than usual courtesy.

"Major Somerville, it affords me pleasure to see you at my house. The ladies of our family have long missed the good and wise counsels of their oldest neighbor, and best and most venerable friend! Miss Somerville, you are welcome; my daughter will know how to value the privilege of your society, having lost it so long. Mr. Lindslay, Miss Somerville is looking weary; do me the favor to give Major Somerville the support of your arm to a comfortable seat."

The old gentleman bowed low, with the reverential gallantry of the olden time; Susan slightly bent her head, and the veteran and the maiden passed on, conducted by Willis Lindslay.

"Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ha ha ha!" were the peals of laughter that, ringing out like silver bells from the hall, broke upon the decorous silence, startled the stately composure and shocked the august propriety of this ceremonious reception.

"Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ha ha ha!"

Every one in that superb room paused, looked towards the door, listened

"Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ha ha ha!"

Mrs. Armstrong drew herself up in awful majesty.

"Ha ha ha! ha ha ha-a-a-aw," rung out the musical laughter—approaching—screaming—shouting; and Gertrude Lion burst into the midst of them like a ball discharged from a cannon.

The effect of her *entree* was petrifying. Each member of the company was arrested in the attitude in which he or she happened to be standing or sitting.

While they stood transfixed—enchanted—I will describe this girl—this savage beauty, as she stood among the conventional circle assembled at Mont Crystal.

There she stood, nearly six feet in her gaiters, of so finely proportioned form that every attitude and gesture displayed the most charming grace, blended with the most enchanting originality. Back from a brow white as sculptured marble, flowed locks of glittering gold, rolling and flashing far down upon her blue riding habit with the freedom and strength of a lioness' mane; the large clear eyes of Saxon blue, blazing with an intolerable light impossible to darker orbs. There she stood, with the laugh arrested on her lips still scintillating from her eyes, as though it would explode, with one hand holding up her riding habit—with the other grasping her whip. There she stood, with the majesty of Juno and the freedom of Diana blended in one form of astonishing perfection; there she stood, caring as little for the startled hauteur of the august lady of Mont Crystal as Queen Vashti cared for the dignity of the inebriate king; there she stood silent *for one moment,* while they paused, spell-bound by her beauty and audacity. Then catching up the frozen white hand of the proud "ladie," she exclaimed—

"How do you do, Mrs. Armstrong?—ha ha ha! Excuse me, it is too good—Brutus wishing to learn Greek for love! Think of a lion in love—a lion put to school! Were you ever in love, Mrs. Armstrong? Were *you,* General Stuart-Gordon? How does it feel, I wonder? I fancy it is a sort of intoxication not unlike that produced by alcohol—certainly I know it makes people talk nonsense and run their heads against a post." And so rattling on, the savage girl sprang through the dignified circle, fled up the saloon, and caught and crushed Britannia in her strong arms before Mrs. Armstrong had chosen to relax the frozen rigidity of her stiff face and form. Her cold, steel eye followed the girl as she shot away, then, turning deliberately to her companion, she asked, in measured accents—

"Can you inform me, General Stuart-Gordon, why that young woman is permitted to go at large? By sanity, implied from her freedom from constraint, inflicting upon the neighborhood the necessity of recognising her?"

"The Lions are eccentric—startling—but Mrs Armstrong has self-possession and forbearance," was all the reply that the gallant General would attempt, and it was made with a grave bow. The "self-possession of Mrs. Armstrong" had received a thunder-shock, but it had maintained its perpendicularity; not so her temper, for when the next couple, which was our old schoolmaster and his adopted child, came forward, she merely received them with a cold bow, as she swept aside to let them pass. They were followed closely by Brutus Lion. Brutus Lion was "metamorphosed with a mistress," certainly. He wore a suit of new black cloth, and his straight, black elf-locks were combed out and pomatumed until they shone with a purple lustre. He was the last arrival. The guests had observed a punctuality in accordance with the honor due to, and exacted by, the haughty mistress of Mont Crystal. Immediately after the last arrival, the dinner-bell rang.

"Will General Stuart-Gordon lend me the support of his arm to the dining-room?" said Mrs. Armstrong, in the tone of one giving a command that conferred a high honor, as it *did.* The General acknowledged the honor by a stately and reverend bow, and, taking the tips of the lady's kid glove in his hands, led her reverently, at arm's length, across the hall to the dining room. There were no familiar locking of arms between a lady and gentleman in those stately days. The company followed in couples, and to the astute Mrs. Armstrong the order in which the company came to the dinner-table afforded a good clue by which to trace the mutual attractions of the young people. Finesse in concealing preferences until the last moment from the world was not in vogue among the young men and maidens of that day and neighborhood. Nearly all the young people of the same rank in that sparse neighborhood were collected in that saloon, therefore the state of their friendships might be guessed by their selections of partners. Mrs. Armstrong had taken her place at the head of the dinner-table, General Stuart-Gordon standing at her right hand. She watched covertly the entree of her guests. What was her mortification when Miss Armstrong entered, led by Willis Lindslay, the student—the poor cousin—the *beggar,* whose every attitude, gesture, tone of voice, and expression of countenance, involuntarily betrayed his devotion to her—what was her consternation when Louis Stuart-Gordon followed with Susan Somerville, his pale, intellectual countenance irradiated, bending down to hers, and listening to her words, as though he lived upon the light of her beautifully serene face, and the deep, sweet tones of her musical voice. Mrs. Armstrong saw no farther of her guests. The other couples might come as they listed, her mind was too absorbed in the study of this annoying *contretemps.* It was well that her servants were properly trained to their business, and that the service of the dinner-table went on with great propriety without her for a few moments while she recollected herself. It was well that Mrs. Armstrong, however inwardly discomposed, could never be surprised from her self-command.

When the last couple had taken their seats at the table, she sank majestically into her chair, and the dinner commenced. It was an almost interminable affair. I will not tire you with the three courses—the stately compliments of the gentlemen, the dignified reserve of the ladies—nor of the firm resolution formed by Mrs. Armstrong as she saw without seeming to see the poor cousin's worship of Louise—the devotion of Louis Stuart-Gordon to Susan Somerville. The most annoying thing to her was the thought that it was not possible, with any sort of propriety, to manœuvre and prevent the young people returning to the drawing-room in the precise order in which they left it, or even to prevent their *tete-a-tete* afterwards, until the hour for dancing arrived. Thus, when the company left the dining room for the saloon, she had the pain of seeing Willis carried off to a distant recess by the simple-minded Louise, who wished to show him a collection of rare shells and fossils, and Susan Somerville enticed away by Louis to look at a fine original Titian, representing a gorgeous autumn landscape. In another corner of the room, General Stuart-Gordon and Brutus Lion were standing before a sofa, upon which sat Britannia O'Riley, with Gertrude on her right hand and Zoe on her left. These five persons were engaged in a lively conversation as Mrs. Armstrong sailed majestically towards them, hoped that they were amusing themselves, and then blandly requested Miss O'Riley to say to her pupil that she was standing too near the window. Britannia understood, not only all that was *said* by the tongue, but all that was *meant* by the look. She withdrew herself from the circle, and sought Louise, at whose side she remained the rest of the evening. Mrs. Armstrong then turned from the sofa—General Stuart-Gordon offering his hand to attend her across the room. This was precisely what she wanted—to interrupt the *tete-a-tete* of Louise and Willis, and to obtain, without formally demanding it, a private conversation with General Stuart-Gordon, with the intention of calling his attention, in a diplomatic and dignified manner, to the fact, of which he seemed entirely unconscious, namely—the decided preference of his son and heir for the penniless Susan Somerville. Having suffered herself to be seated in a large arm chair, and having, with a gesture full of graceful *hauteur,* indicated her wish that the General should assume the seat on her left, bending graciously towards him, she said—

"I earnestly congratulate you, General Stuart-Gordon, upon the happy prospects your son"——

"Madam?"

"His choice does high honor to his intellect and heart."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Armstrong; I am not sure that I understand you."

"Miss Somerville is a young lady of great good sense and amiability."

"Really, my dear madam, you must pity and forgive my stupidity; I am utterly at a loss to comprehend the full bearing of the subject of your conversation."

"I speak, of course, of the approaching marriage of your son."

"Of my *son,* madam," repeated the old gentleman, with a deprecating slowness and softness, as though his manner implored pardon for the rudeness of his repetition.

"Of your son, Louis."

"The approaching marriage of Louis, did I understand you to say, madam?"

"Yes, General, I congratulate you upon the approaching marriage of your son, Louis."

"May I inquire with what lady his name has been associated, madam?"

"With the name of a young lady every way worthy Mr. Stuart-Gordon's regard—with one of the most ancient names in the country—with that of Miss Somerville. I had named her in the commencement of our conversation."

The General started with surprise, then rooted his eyes upon the carpet, then looked up, seeking Louis by a sweeping glance through the room.

"I had not dreamed of this!" he exclaimed, in a tone of deep regret, as his eyes fell upon Louis and Susan Somerville, in a close and apparently very interesting conversation upon that crimson-shaded sofa at the extremity of the saloon.

"Mrs. Armstrong!"

"General Stuart-Gordon!"

"Will you pardon me for inquiring your authority for speaking of the possible, or probable, union of my son with Miss Somerville? Do you merely suspect it from your observation of the parties, or have you heard it?"

"The report is common in the neighborhood, and the deportment of the young couple seems to confirm it."

"Madam, there is not one word of truth in this report of the marriage engagement *at all*—not one word, I assure you, upon my soul's honor," said the General, with great emphasis.

"Yet there seems to be a decided preference in that quarter," smiled the lady, with a successful assumption of good humor.

"No, madam! *no—no*—not so! a mere friendship, I assure you, mental affinity, &c. Miss Somerville is a year older than my son—looks upon him as a younger brother—Louis regards her in the light of an elder sister. No, madam, no! I think I am advised as to the preference of my son. I think I know what sweet flower, what delicate snow-drop, Louis Stuart-Gordon would fain place in his bosom. I know at what shrine the orisons of Louis Stuart-Gordon are offered," exclaimed the General with earnestness, and, rising, with a profound bow, he sauntered forward to arrest, or at least to make a third in the conversation of Louis and Susan. As he approached them, he looked covertly but keenly at each, and took note of the following facts, namely—that Louis was now conversing in a very free and disembarrassed manner upon general subjects, and that Susan, usually so calm, was looking down upon the geranium she held in her hand, and now visibly trembling in every nerve—her cheek, always so white and cool, was now warm and flushed—her eyes, ever so serenely clear and open, were now downcast, each gemmed with a tear-drop, quivering to its fall. "My son has won the heart of Susan Somerville, whether he wished to do so or not," was the comment of the old man, as he stood before them. Then, taking his seat on the opposite side of Miss Somerville, he began talking to her in a lively and complimentary vein, and so completely threw Louis out of the conversation in which he had been engaged. They had no word together the remainder of the evening. Thus Mrs. Armstrong had at last, in the face of all difficulties, discovered every incipient flirtation, and successfully manœuvred to arrest them.

By reason of the number of guests at Mont Crystal, General Stuart-Gordon and his son occupied separate beds in the same chamber. When they had retired to their room, General Stuart-Gordon commenced, in his fatherly and affectionate manner, to banter Louis upon the subject of his affection—not for Susan Somerville—he was determined to be blind, deaf, and dumb, upon that affair when with Louis, unless it should be forced upon his attention in a manner that should compel him to take cognizance of it—but upon the matter of his old childish affection for Louise Armstrong. This was with a view of discovering the true state of his heart; for General Stuart-Gordon by no means felt the assurance upon this subject *now,* that he had expressed when speaking upon it with Mrs. Armstrong.

"What is the matter, Louis, between you and Miss Armstrong? You did not speak the whole evening, I think."

"Father, Louise has been, by her mother, I think, frightened into avoiding me. Within the last few weeks, whenever I have chanced to meet and speak to her, at church, at the village, or elsewhere, she has exhibited such terror and distress, that I could not, and cannot, find it in my heart to persecute her with annoying civilities. I merely made my bow this evening, on first entering the room, and then I retired."

"Do you like Louise, Louis?"

"Our lives, from infancy up, have been knit together, father. My heartstrings are interlaced with hers. The withdrawal of Louise's heart tears mine."

"So you really do like Louise."

"*Like* her, father!" exclaimed the young man, in a tone of deep emotion.

"Yes, like her. Well, *I* like her too; like her every way. She is the very bride I should select for you, if I had that privilege. Therefore, marry her, and receive my blessing," said the old man, rubbing his hands.

"But, my father, Louise avoids me."

"Wouldn't give a cent for a girl that didn't."

"When I enter the room, she leaves it!"

"Follow her out."

"She hates me."

"Love her."

"She will certainly reject me."

"Then marry her. Nonsense, Louis, do not you know that every woman is an Atalanta, and flies only to excite the ardor of pursuit?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

THE ASSOCIATIONS OF WORKINGMEN.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Wrong rules the Earth, kind Mercy's deeds are few,
And Justice scarce a triumph yet hath won;
Behold, as ye pass by, there's one thing new
Beneath the sun!

Hear it, O Earth! grim Labor's toil-bent bands
Dare, though Sin curses loudly from its throne,
With brazen face look up! and with strong hands
Clutch back their own!

Firmly and justly, though the haughty scoff,
Though foes pursue, keep still the upward path—
Who labors should aye eat the fruits thereof—
Heed not their wrath.

Perchance our God hath made the mass of men
For something more than servants to the few;
The laborer bears His image! Ay, what then?
The doctrine may be True!

Too long Oppression's serpent tongue hath said,
"Thrive Speculation! crush the toiler's soul!"
And scheming paupers from the poor man's bread
Taken seven times toll!

Up, men! say, know ye not these schemers hold
Bolted and barred the doors to man's true life?
Wage thou, then, 'gainst their plots and power of gold
Unceasing strife!

In towering pride the poor they jeer and taunt,
And this their watchword, "Set them at each other!"
Hold! toiler, hold! strike not that son of want;
He is thy Brother!

Comes he from Erin? felt he Famine's tooth
In that wronged land whose tears have ever gushed?
Then see thou to it that no ass's hoof
Treads him in dust!

Comes he from "Fatherland," with hungry face,
And troop of little ones, homeless and poor?
[illegible] 'gainst that [illegible]
Shut not the door!

Or comes he from New England's rocky hills?
Proud son of Freedom!—hark! the sounding loom,
The merchant's leger, and the rich man's mills,
Speak the Serf's doom!

Come, wronged of Earth, from 'neath the iron rod,
Ye mangled of the Tyrant-ridden lands,
And with a Death Grip, in the name of God,
Let each join hands!

The Boston Tailors, and the men of Lynn,
By Union bringing out of darkness Light,
Have bruised e'en now one Hydra head of Sin—
Redeemed the Right!

This is the seed—great shall the harvest be,
And plenteous the brave reapers' rich awards,
When in Truth's autumn days the People free
Shall be Earth's Lords!

Want's trembling first-born shall no Herod kill;
Soon shall the hundreds countless millions be,
The babe a giant, and the mountain rill
Shall be the Sea!

Salem, Mass., December 25, 1849.

BERLIN LETTER.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PRUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

SECOND PART.

Chapter III.

The arming of the People and the Burgher Guard.

The great idea which presided over the formation of the Prussian army between the years 1807 and 1813 was, that it should be a people's army—the best protector of the newly gained liberties. The monarchy had, between 1815 and 1848, changed it into an instrument of its arbitrary power. The people had long mourned over the chasm thus made between themselves and the army, and their first demand after the Revolution was, that arms should be put into their hands.

On the morning of the 19th of March, after the retreat of the military, a large crowd gathered on Alexander Square. In it were hundreds of the sharpshooters, who had fought so gallantly through the whole combat. At eleven o'clock, it took its way toward the palace, crying "Arms for all the People!" The thousands, previously collected on the palace, square joined in the cry. The celebrated author, Gutzkow, and others, were deputed to convey to the Prime Minister the wishes of the people. It was on this occasion that Prince Lichnowsky, who fell, a few months later, at Frankfort, first attempted to play the part of a popular leader.

Dr. Stieber, a member of the deputation, who had spoken with the King personally, brought out the news, about twelve o'clock, that the King had consented to the arming of the people, and to the election of the officers by the different companies. This concession had been made in the presence of two of the new Ministers, Counts Arnim and Schwerin. The latter announced, shortly after, from the balcony of the palace, the names of the new Ministers, and the immediate execution of the promise to arm the *burghers.* In closing, he said that the popular (?) Police President, Minutoli, had consented to place himself at the head of the new Burgher Guard.

At one o'clock, the King appeared on the terrace of the palace, opposite the Lust Garden. He was accompanied by two citizens. Here he made a speech to the people, who had now collected in immense numbers. In this speech he used the following words: "I am convinced that the tranquillity of the city can be preserved by no persons better than by the citizens themselves."

Guns and other arms were immediately given from the neighboring arsenal to a certain number of the bourgeoisie and police officers. In the afternoon, between five and six o'clock, a division of the armed Burgher Guard, organized in haste, and consisting principally of persons in the employ of the Government, marched, with drums beating and colors flying, to the palace, to mount guard.

The command of the forces now to be organized as a Burgher Guard was given to Minutoli, the President of Police. It had been successively declined by the Generals Von Newman and Von Aschoff, in despite of all the solicitations of two of the King's adjutants. On the same day, Minutoli published a proclamation, signed by himself and six citizens, stating that the King had, at the request of the inhabitants of Berlin, agreed to the arming of the *bourgeoisie* and police officers, and added, that the law regulating the new organization should speedily appear.

Thus on the same day, the promise made by the King of a general arming of the people was changed into one for arming picked men among the bourgeoisie. Minutoli's promise that the organization should shortly be legalized, was never performed at all.

The design of the institution of a Burgher Guard was recognised by all. The *Vossisch Journal,* an ultra conservative paper, expressed it truly in the words, "Protection of the recently acquired liberties against the preponderance of the military force." But the enemies of the Revolution suffered only a day to elapse before they conceived the bold purpose of gradually changing the new Guard into an institution of police, and thus of destroying all its efficiency and disheartening its members.

This end was easily reached. The means were simple; nothing was necessary, except to fill the ranks of the new Guard with Government officials of every grade, to place it under the command of a leader devoted to the King, to gain the privates by personal kindness, and disgust them with the service by unusual fatigues. As early as the 20th of March, the Prime Minister sent a circular letter to the officials of every class, as well as to the known supporters and friends of the monarchy, exhorting them to enter into the ranks of the new Guard. Immediately afterwards, one might have seen great numbers of pursy privy counsellors panting along the streets, under the weight of heavy muskets. Even the notorious inquisitor, Kamptz, who had in his day sent hundreds of young men to the Prussian dungeons, for the crime of wearing the German cockade, was running from house to house, sporting a cockade as large as one's head. The large number of Government dependents, who had been converted to constitutional government only in the last twenty-four hours, were busy among the citizens. They strove to have the cry adopted, of "Under God, for King and Fatherland!" Minutoli, the Police President, enrolled as privates and officers in the guard his whole list of informers, constables, and spies. Nothing was left undone to gain those who mounted guard at the palace. The best refreshments were furnished them from the royal kitchen and cellar. The Artists' and Students' Companies were invited to veritable banquets in the apartments adjoining those assigned to them for their quarters. The King himself came among them to jest and chat with them, to chuck this one under the chin, and rally another gaily on his democracy.

The people seemed to be not at all aware of the treachery meditated against them. They trusted to the honor of the Government to fulfil all its promises, and believed that nothing more was to be done by themselves to preserve the acquisitions they had made. A member of the city council happening to say in a speech, on the 25th, "We are in the midst of a revolution," the words called forth the liveliest marks of the disapprobation of all present. The revolution was supposed to have been ended on the 19th.

The Reaction now thought it might venture to take another step in advance. Minutoli published a proclamation on the 25th, which placed the armed citizens under the immediate control of the police. This bold measure was the first victory of the Reaction. We have seen that it had begun to prepare for it on the last day of the Revolution.

Minutoli now began to plan the re-introduction of the soldiers. He engaged a few popular leaders, among them Urban, the horse-doctor, to second him. It was not thought prudent to bring back the Royal Guards, who were most odious to the people, but a few regiments of the line. It was to be done under the pretext of relieving the citizens of part of the onerous service of patrolling the city and mounting guard. A proclamation made on the 19th informed the public that a few soldiers were to be introduced for the above reason, but that no use would be made of them, except at the request of the Commander of the Burgher Guard and of the authorities of the city.

As soon as Minutoli had succeeded in bringing back the military, he resigned his office of commander, on the plea of its incompatibility with his duties as President of Police.

The civil magistrates of Berlin, as servile a body of men as the King could desire, now took the direction of the affairs of the Burgher Guard. On the 5th of April they called a meeting of the majors and captains, for the purpose of choosing another Commander from six candidates named by the Government. Of the six, five were utterly unfit in every way for the post. The sixth was General Aschoff, designated as early as the 19th of March, by the Court Camarilla, instead of Minutoli. He was of course elected, not by the general suffrage of the Guard, according to the promise of the King, but by a small number of higher officers. From the day of his election may be dated the unceasing false alarms, the repeated parades of the Burgher Guard on the most trifling occasions, all well calculated to disgust the men with the service. Various means were also employed to get up among the people an unfriendly feeling toward the Guard, or to cover it with ridicule.

The greatest blunder committed by the Revolutionists was in not arousing the whole people. This was in itself enough to ruin their cause. The King had lost none of his power. This lay idle for the moment, because all strength had fled from the arm that wielded it. No means of defence were provided against it while the people had the King at their feet. The people were, as they have always been, generous and confiding. The Reaction was left with its full organization; the Revolution was not organized at all, and the result could not be doubtful.

Chapter IV.

The King and the Camphausen Ministry.

The revolutionary movement in Prussia remained without organization, because the people had not been prepared for it. They had been surprised by it. They could not throw off at once their old habits of implicit reliance on the Government for the execution of everything required for the general weal. They had never learned to conduct their own affairs, nor had they been schooled to distrust by long political struggles. They had not learned by the experience of thirty years of political combats, as in Baden and Wurtemburg, that the system is everything, and the person of the ruler nothing. In Prussia, the King was considered, even after the Revolution, as the source of all power and law.

The general opinion among the people was, that the King had been badly advised, and that the Revolution had been necessary, to free him from his counsellors, and convince him of his errors. It was certain that he would now be true to the people and to the cause of liberty.

The vanquished party, the Bureaucracy and Aristocracy, repeated everywhere that the King had always favored popular liberty, and his present resolutions were in perfect harmony with his previous views. The concessions made were all of his own free will. The Revolution was nothing more than an unfortunate misunderstanding. There had been no need of it, for the royal grants were dated before it broke out. These views were expressed in several leading articles in the *Universal Prussian Journal,* and excited such a commotion among the people against Dr. Zinkeisen, the editor, that he inserted a notice, attributing the authorship directly to the Ministry itself. This notice cost him his place.

The March Revolution left the Prussian Government in a singular position. It had become constitutional, and there was no constitution; the ministry responsible, and there was no law to regulate its power, or tribunal to enforce the responsibility; and the King had lost, in theory, his absolute authority, while in reality he had been left as absolute as ever. It was from him all the promised reforms were to come. The old Conservative party considered him the only legal power; the Liberals as the keystone of the Governmental arch, and the necessary representative of the legislative power; while the Democrats addressed to him all their petitions, and expected from him alone the accomplishment of their wishes. Nobody spoke of the conquests of the Revolution, but only of "the grants and concessions of the royal grace." The Camphausen Ministry used the same language. On the 10th of May, it named the Prince of Prussia as the guaranty of the rights which the King intended to "confer" on the Assembly representing the people. The King was thought the author of the Revolution, and not the people.

The Camphausen ministry should have availed themselves of this doctrine to push the King forward towards the accomplishment of his own work, to make him continue to march vigorously on the road he had entered. The absolute King should have been used to destroy the absolute monarchy.

Unfortunately for the cause of liberty in Prussia and Germany, the Ministers did not see that this was their proper course, or if they did, they were misled by a mis-timed veneration for an old monarchy or by a sickly sympathy for the "fallen grandeur" of the monarch and his family.

This error of Mr. Camphausen and his colleagues is more unpardonable, because the King had thrown himself, in the desperation of the first moment, entirely into the arms of the Revolutionists. An apparently impassable chasm seemed to have been opened between his past and his present views. Like Paul, he had found his day of Damascus. His new faith was strong enough to remove mountains, if it had only lasted long enough. During the first part of the combat of the eighteenth, the King had retained his old views, his self-confidence, and even his wit. He jested with the members of the last deputation sent to him, with Bishop Neander at its head. He reviewed his loyal and brave troops, and sent them out to fight. But a great change came over him in the deathly anxiety of the midnight hours in which he wrote his proclamation to his "loved Berliners." His confidence then gave way. He thought of flying from his palace and from his capital. The loyal Bodelschwingh comforted him; the iron will of Count Arnim prevented the execution of the project of flight. That would risk, said he, the throne on the cast of a die. It was dangerous to remain, but it was more so to fly. The insurrection could finally be mastered in some way, if the King would remain. If he should go, the result could not be foreseen. The King decided to remain.

He now drank, draught after draught, the bitter cup of his humiliation. He quaffed it to the dregs. First came the awful array of the dead in the court of the palace; then the scene on the terrace, where he appeared, led by two citizens, and in a manner repeated after them the promise for the arming of the whole people; then the freeing of the imprisoned Poles, whose triumphal procession he was obliged to salute with repeated wavings of his military cap; and last of all, the interminable funeral procession of the heroes who fell in combating for freedom. The procession was several miles long, and the open hearses on which the bodies were placed were separated by intervals of a few hundred feet only. As each of these drew near, the King had to rise and stand with uncovered head at the balcony until it passed. His eyes were often seen to be streaming with tears. Perhaps he realized on this day that the people had accomplished the revolution, and not himself. He seems to have been at first sincere in his profession of a change of views and feelings. He had the wounded heroes of the barricades brought to the palace and nursed there; the Queen visited them daily. He walked out frequently among the people, and spoke with everybody; he seemed to appreciate correctly his former false friends, and dismissed some of them with hard words. He promised "a constitutional Government on the broadest principles;" he renounced his old and fondly cherished ideas of building up a "Christian State," and promised that the popular representation should not be marred by any preference to certain sects. He forbade the Prince of Prussia to go to Prussia, and directed the exile to repair to England. He said that Prussia should "rise into Germany," and compelled the army, against its will, to wear the German cockade. He declared to the murmuring Guards on parade at Potsdam, on the 25th, that he was free and well protected among the citizens of Berlin, and that all he had granted and done had been granted and done of his own free will, and because of his own convictions. He said that it was his "fixed resolution to surround himself with such councillors only as were responsible to the popular representation, and enjoyed its fullest confidence."

The ignorance in political affairs of the Prussians, the childish confidence and incapacity of the Revolutionary leaders, had left the King in the position of dictator until a popular Assembly could be convened. The Camphausen ministry did not know how to direct him. They could have confirmed the conquest of the Revolution if they had known how to use the first good resolutions of the King.

They not only made no use of them, but placed the King in such circumstances as to destroy them in a few days. They consented that he should go to Potsdam, and stay there, surrounded by all his old councillors and friends, by the exclusive Camarilla, which soon moulded the feeble King to their own purposes. The ministry saw him occasionally, and only for a few minutes, while the Reaction surrounded him the whole day. He was gradually persuaded that the new ideas were ruinous to the monarchy, prejudicial to the country, and cherished only by a portion of the rabble. This now change in the monarch was the lever which the Camarilla used to overthrow the constitutional edifice which Camphausen really wished to erect.

The Prime Minister recognised his error too late to apply the remedy. He confessed this, with melancholy forebodings for the future, in his celebrated speech of the 26th of June, before the National Assembly, when he cast a last glance over the events of his ministry.

He did not display the common sense of General Von Wrangel, who, when he was called a few months later to take the command of the troops at Berlin, and carry out the long-meditated plans of the Camarilla, made this significant remark to the Queen: "Only hold his Majesty the King tight for me, and I will take care of the rest." Camphausen should have become dictator in the name of the King. He did nothing, preferring to wait for the action of the National Assembly. The opportunity of action was thus let slip. The Revolution was defeated, even while it was rejoicing over its victory; and the Reaction, which patiently abided its time, and knew how to "hold the King tight," came out finally with flying colors. Its ability had turned defeat into victory.

W. B.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Boston, *January* 4, 1850.

Mr. Editor: The recent *constipation* of the money market is beginning slightly to relax, and people are getting to breathe again. The payments of bills incident to the opening of the new year, together with other causes of fluctuation, promise to relieve still more the congested circulation, and render the market still easier. The street rate of interest has been for some time 9 per cent., on good paper, and this is still the lowest quotation.

The various corporations are beginning to announce their dividends. The Boston and Worcester Railroad Company declares a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. The Boston and Maine Railroad Company announce a semi-annual dividend of 4 per cent. The Fitchburg Railroad Directors have likewise divided 5½ per cent. The Hamilton Manufacturing Corporation (Lowell) declare a 3 per cent. dividend. The Old Colony Railroad Directors have voted to make no dividend at this time, but to apply the balance and the income of about $47,000 to contingencies and future dividends.

The State Legislature assembled on Wednesday, when the oaths of office were severally administered; after which, the annual election sermon was preached in the Old South Church, by Rev. Edward Hitchcock, D. D., President of Amherst College. The text was *Psalms* xxx, 1. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The discourse was a creditable performance, and worthy of the distinguished author, though by no means one of his happiest efforts.

The literary lectures of the season have, thus far, been of a high character. On Wednesday evening, the lecture before the Mercantile Library Association was delivered by Wendell Phillips, Esq., upon "The Method of Reform." It was a rich literary treat, and though marred by the peculiar views of the lecturer on some points, it contained much to instruct and please the ardent lover of his race. At the Lowell Institute, Bishop Potter has delivered a course of twelve lectures on the Evidences of the Christian Religion. A new course has just been commenced, on the "Physical Forces, as illustrated in the Sunbeam," by Professor Lasell, of Williams College.

Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D., has resigned the pastoral charge of the Chauncey Place Church, after a ministry of upwards of thirty years, on account of the precarious state of his health. The trustees of the church have extended a call to Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H., to become the successor of Dr. Frothingham, upon a salary of $3,000. Rather a loud call, that.

Though a thousand rumors are afloat in reference to the Parkman affair, nothing new has been elicited, and the quidnuncs must be content to rest their souls in patience until the trial of Professor Webster, in May. Professor W. continues in apparent good health and spirits, spending much of his time in reading and writing. His friends express the strongest confidence in his innocence, and his ultimate acquittal.

The sleighing here, for four or five days past, can't be beat. The "Neck" is thronged with turnouts of every description, and horses of every color, from the sober, staid "old whitey," to the prancing, mouse-colored victim of caprice and shears. Verily it is a pretty sight, and a pleasant sound, to see the happy faces and hear the merry voices of a nice large load of "gals and boys," compactly stowed in their roomy sleigh, and gliding over the smooth, clean snow, the spirited steeds keeping time with their feet to the music of a hundred bells. It is a sight reviving to "human natur." Just step into Washington street, and you can see a string of such sights.

The weather overhead has been tolerably propitious, too, and although an occasional frown has gathered on Dame Nature's brow, she has been better than her word, and to-day again old Sol shines forth in all his glory.

G. F. B.

Baltimore, *January,* 1850.

The infatuation and blindness of public men is truly astonishing. Why can they not read the signs of the times? The Message of Governor Thomas, of this State, opens with a powerful and eloquent paragraph on recent events in Europe, containing this sentence: "Rational freedom, in its largest sense, is the inevitable destiny of man; and sooner or later, in the Providence of God, though its pathway be encumbered with the ruins of thrones and wreck of dynasties, that destiny must and will be fulfilled." True, O, Governor! not only of the people of Europe, but of all nations, including those of all colors and conditions in this country and on this vast continent. We Anti-Slavery men believe it all, as well your Excellency. Now, who would believe that the same hand wrote this?

"The time for reason and argument seems to have gone by, and the prosperity of this mighty Republic, with all the countless blessings which it is capable of imparting, must now rest upon the firm, united, temperate, but determined action of the Southern States; and, to this end, it is believed to be the duty of the representatives of the people of Maryland to reflect the sentiments of their constituents by the solemn declaration, in advance, of the unalterable determination of this State, in the event of the passage by Congress of the 'Wilmot Proviso,' or any similar scheme, to make common cause with the South, and to resist to the end the execution of a measure so palpably violative of her rights, and so pregnant with injustice, disgrace, and degradation."

This paragraph occurs near the close of the Message, and is merely a "sugar plum" for the South—that's all. Let anybody in this State try to push these sentiments of his Excellency to the extreme, and they will find what he is pleased to term "an impotent faction of wicked or deluded fanatics" does indeed possess "the garb of an enlarged philanthropy," and meets with intense sympathy in the hearts of thousands even in Maryland. Go on, Governor, and you will raise such a storm of moral and political "Agitation," as will purify the public atmosphere, and make our State what it is fast becoming—*free* from the "disgrace" of Negro Slavery.

Lamartine Americaine.

For the National Era.

"CHEAP POSTAGE."

Mr. Editor: Pray do what you can to arouse the country on the subject of Two Cent postage. Facts enough are before the people, demonstrating that two cent postage will be better in point of revenue than a higher rate, because it would, by revolutionizing the habits of the people, to say nothing of the many other advantages of cheap postage, greatly increase the number of letters. Why do not the representatives of the people see this, and seeing it, enact the law? Cheap Postage Associations are doing something to enlighten the people on the subject, but the Press is the great engine to accomplish the work. Let editors throughout the country take it up and discuss it, and Congress will not think to satisfy the people by five cent or even three cent postage. They will come at once to two cents. Nothing else will satisfy the people.

I was very sorry to see lately, in some of the New York papers, that the Association there, although in favor of two cents, had consented to "accept three and five cents;" but I learn, with great pleasure, that there was some mistake, and that the New York as well as the Boston Association stick to two cents. Let this be the watchword throughout the country, and let every friend of this great reform persevere until the object is attained. Let petitions to Congress be poured in without delay; let every man, woman, and child, do something in furtherance of the object.

Keep Trying.

CONGRESS.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

Wednesday, January 9, 1850.

SENATE.

The morning hour was, as usual, devoted to the reception of memorials and petitions, and to the reports of Committees.

Mr. Seward, on leave, introduced a bill to prohibit the farming out of offices. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee, and ordered to be printed. He said he would send to the Committee some papers, relating to the sale of an office.

The special order being postponed, the Senate then proceeded to the election of a Chaplain. On the fifth ballot, the vote stood—for Mr. Slicer, 30; for Mr. Butler, 30. The Vice President gave his casting vote in favor of Mr. Butler, whom he thereupon declared to be elected Chaplain.

[Mr. Butler is the pastor of an Episcopal church in this city.]

The special order was passed over, and the Senate went into Executive session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Four trials were made to elect a Clerk, without success. The House has now voted, in all, fourteen times. Mr. Campbell having been withdrawn, the vote on the eleventh trial was as follows:

Solomon Foote received	104
John W. Forney	106
M. St. Clair Clarke	3
C. W. Philleo	4
S. L. Gouverneur	1
B. B. French	1
[No choice.]	219

Mr. Booth voted, as usual, for Forney; Howe, Allen, Tuck, Giddings, and Root, for Foote; Durkee, Julian, Preston King, and Wilmot, for Philleo; Deberry and Caldwell of North Carolina, and Lewis of Pennsylvania, voted for Mathew St. Clair Clarke; and Mr. Hilliard for Mr. Gouverneur.

[Had these Whigs given their votes to Mr. Foote, he would have received 108, and the Free-Soilers, who had voted for Philleo, would in all probability have secured his election.]

On the 12th trial, Foote received 103 votes, Forney 105—Booth, Bingham, and Root, voting for French. On the 13th, Foote's vote was 103, Forney's 104—Bingham, Booth, Root, and Harlan of Indiana, voting for French. On the 14th, the whole vote was 217, of which Foote received 98, Forney 103, St. Clair Clarke 7, French 4, Philleo 4, Prindle 1—Bingham, Booth, Harlan, and Root, voting for French. Sundry motions were made at intervals for postponing, &c., but they were either declared out of order, or voted down. The House adjourned.

Thursday, January 10, 1850.

SENATE.

After the usual morning business, the time of the Senate was occupied with a debate on the motion to print the Vermont resolutions.

The Senate then proceeded to the unfinished business, being the resolutions from the General Assembly of the State of Vermont, which were presented on Wednesday last by Mr. Upham.

Mr. Chase. It was not my purpose, Mr. President, nor is it my purpose now, to go into any discussion upon this motion to print the resolutions from the State of Vermont. If I understand the general sentiments of Senators, there is a disposition to acquiesce in the motion to print, with very few dissenting voices. I rejoice, sir, for one, that the precedent set in the case of Vermont, some ten years ago, is now to be reversed, and that the memorials and resolutions of the States of this Confederacy are to be received and taken in the ordinary course, no matter what may be the subject of those memorials or resolutions.

I should be glad, sir, if I could state that there appeared to be a similar disposition in regard not merely to the memorials of sovereign States, but to the petitions of the sovereign People. But I understand, sir, that a practice prevails here—and I must be permitted to say that, in my judgment, it is a practice "more honored in the breach than in the observance"—when a petition from individuals is presented, to move the question of reception upon it, and to lay that question of reception upon the table. I trust, sir, that that practice will also be discontinued. For one, I accord entirely with the Senators from South Carolina, when they say that it is better, far better, for the people of this country, that they should understand distinctly what are the sentiments of the respective States, and not merely of the States, but of the people who make the States, which