THE NATIONAL ERA.

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

VOL. V.—NO. 52. | WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1851. | WHOLE NO. 260.

THE NATIONAL ERA IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SEVENTH STREET, OPPOSITE ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

TERMS.

Two dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines inserted three times for one dollar; every subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents.

All communications to the Era, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

BUELL & BLANCHARD, PRINTERS,
Sixth street, a few doors south of Pennsylvania avenue.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

BE PATIENT.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAPTER II.

There is a pleasant manufacturing village, not many miles from the old mansion that was Anne K.'s home. A miniature river, the merry S——, tumbles musically among the rocks, that seem to have been flung into its channel by some "old man of the mountains," till it finally cleaves the ledge, and bounding over a crescent precipice of solid granite, almost loses itself among the boulders and mossy islets beneath. The banks below are two steep, solid masses of ragged rock, over whose edges nod scrub oaks and whortleberry bushes. At this day, you would be dazzled by the glare of high, red walls above them; for the manufacturing interest has planted its foot firmly there, and the rude water-wheels of a utilitarian age whiz and whirl in the very arms of the beautiful crescent cascade. But forty years ago, before Art had discovered the spot, Nature was there alone. To be sure, there was a little "settlement"—a village, if a tavern, store, and post-office, might be allowed their customary pre-[illegible] village. But the few houses beside were scattered so widely about, [illegible] enterprise, that it scarcely seemed roused from the simplicity of its primitive woods.

It was November—the month that opens most brilliantly on the New England hills, but, long ere departing, rends its robe of richness asunder, and scatters its myriad fragments to the northeastern winds. The hectic of the forest had already given place to the decay it too surely boded. Softly the Indian summer had whispered to the few, lingering, dying flowers the hope of a glad waking beneath a brighter sky, and flown to his prairie-nook in the sheltered "West."

It was the dismal afternoon of a stormy day; cloud-caps, heavy with mist, hung gloomily on every hill-top, and the shifting winds, moaning and whooping through the valley gorges, drove battalions of watery spectres hither and thither at their will. Damp, chill, and cheerless, the night was coming on, hard on the steps of noon-day. A ruder blast than usual dashed the honeysuckle vine against the small, square window of the dingy little post office on the hill-side, and startled the bald-headed postmaster from puzzling over the last month's register. He looked up, peered out and about, and then thrust his stump of a quill behind his right ear to muse.

"I hope she won't come to-day," he began, half to himself, half to his help-meet, who sat in the lightest corner of the office, turning a monotonous flax-wheel with her busy foot. "I hope she won't come through all this driving storm for nothing."

"What's that? Who?" asked his wife, but half comprehending.

"Who but Major K.'s Anne—she that has come every living day to this counter, for two months, as reg'lar as the mail-bag. It's all the same to her, it seems, rain or shine; and I'm afraid it'll be all the same for many a day, more's the pity!"

"Heaven help the poor, young thing," replied his wife; "it's some trouble that's wearing upon her heart like, ye may be sure, John. Bless ye, *she* come driving through the storm to-day, and she so pale and ailing! Ye needn't keep a looking."

"Hush, you! it's her own self," whispered the old man, deprecatingly, as a hoof-fall struck on his ear; and in a moment a bay pony, with its rider, dashed down past the little window, its drenched mane dripping to the grass.

"Too bad," the good man exclaimed, starting from his high stool—"I'll meet her at the door, poor thing, that she needn't 'light in all this mud."

But before he could hobble half-way to the door, it was thrown open, and a burst of cold storm-drops ushered in Anne K. Was it she, with cheeks so pale and sunken from their summer beauty, with those large, unnaturally lustrous eyes, each of which, in that moment, seemed in itself a whole world of souls! Truly, a strange spell had shaken her in its grasp!

She stood one instant upon the sill, clenching her gathered-up riding-dress more nervously in her gloveless hand, as if she would ask, by look rather than by voice, the question that had cost her so much agony. The long filaments of her soaked plume swung forward as she bent her head, brushing her colorless forehead and cheek. She nerved herself tremulously to the effort—her heart told her that it was a *last* effort!

"Any letter for me to-day?"

The words were spoken with forced, husky calmness. The postmaster turned his head to one side, avoiding the glance that shot a pang of pity through his heart, and answered with involuntarily assumed indifference—

"No!"

He had said it more than fifty times, with those great eyes looking into his, growing larger and wilder at each denial; and he did not like to say it again. His wife saw a quick spasm convulse the girl's lips and eye, as she suddenly pressed her hand against her heart.

"Are ye ill, Miss K——?" she exclaimed, rising. "Sit ye down, do. Let me bring ye some'at warming. It's sorry getting out this weather, 'specially for such a weakly body. I wonder yer folks didn't send. Come in, do."

Annie was herself again, at the last word of this harangue.

"No," she replied, clearly, and, without another word, turned to go.

When she first used to come in the later summer days, the lame postmaster had been accustomed to limp to the door-step, and take the rein of her pony, while the old lady came out with a "cricket," as she called it, to assist her in mounting. Anne would smile abstractedly, but graciously, sometimes stopping to exchange a few words with the kind man, or, suffering the good woman to insert a sprig of evergreen, or of tansy, over the ears of her pony, whom she characterized as "the darlingest grown-up colt that ever ye see!" Latterly, she had refused the foot-stool, and spurned the offered head-gear, much to the dame's chagrin; but she had suffered the post-man still to act the part of groom. To-night, however, she caught the wet rein in her own hands, and sprang into the saddle unassisted.

"Take care, Miss!" vociferated the old man from the doorway, where his few gray locks were whistling in the blast; for the pony, startled by the suddenness of the shock, himself sprang back, and nearly cut the acquaintance of his mistress. She smiled a proud, bitter smile, and, dropping her wet plume over her forehead again, she drew up the bridle-reins quickly, and dashed on down the hill.

"I declare!" soliloquized the postmaster, gazing through the mist after her, "right t'other way from home. I do believe the gal's crazy."

"Man alive!" shouted his wife, above the roaring of the gusts, "ye're catching yer death o' rheumatiz out there, let alone the beating in of the rain on the floor I just mopped. Come away, there."

"Well, I wonder!" added her obedient spouse, hobbling back to his three-legged stool of office.

Anne galloped down the hill, face to face with the tempest. Oh, there was a wilder storm within her surging breast! The black clouds sunk over her like a pall, and the mist-goblins shrieked and raved about her, shutting her in from human sight. Once she dropped the reins to the neck of her horse, and, clasping her cold hands, pressed them against her seared eye-balls, as though to bar out some terrible sight.

"Oblivion or *death*!" she groaned, vehemently.

But oblivion never yet came at the cry of the despairing. Then she grew stronger, as it seemed, for she threw back her tangled hair, tossed back her crushed hat, and laid bare her forehead to the pelting of the storm. She laughed a low, shuddering laugh, as the icy drops trickled upon her fever-hot eyes.

Anne had placed a mortal on the shrine of her Maker—the creature on the throne of the Creator. Not content to give the unselfish, unutterable love of a woman's heart, she had poured on the altar of her idol that "sacred oil" of worship and adoration that is not with impunity withheld from Heaven. She had concentrated the universe into one point—and where was her universe now? Where was her idol-shrine?

"The store" of the country for miles around, with its much be-chalked sign of "fish, flannel, flour, dry goods, groceries," and a dozen other indispensabilities, stood just on the rocky bank, fronting the crescent fall, whose foam-wreaths now dashed against its back wall. It was kept by an elder brother of Anne. The bay pony, by force of habit, slackened his pace before the plank platform. Anne looked about her in momentary bewilderment; then suddenly checking him, she threw herself from his back, and dropped the bridle to the ground.

The little building shook with the strife of clouds and river mists, that seemed rushing to close combat beneath its foundations, when Anne stepped over the threshold. It was dusk within, unlighted for want of customers. Anne's brother started forward from his desk, in surprise, at the sound of a step, and brushed against his sister before she was aware of his [illegible]

"What *are* you about, Anne?" exclaimed he, catching her roughly by the arm. [illegible] I believe you are beside yourself! Drenched and dripping—a sight to behold! and you were half dead before! What, in the name of the four elements, sent you out on such a night?"

"I came," answered Anne, confusedly, and rather incoherently, "I came—the children wanted some gingerbread, and I"——

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her brother, thoroughly provoked at her rashness and heedlessness. "This is all of a piece with your woman-caprices. Go home immediately, and tell mother that I will carry you to the Insane Retreat, to keep you out of your coffin, if she does not bolt you into your room, out of the reach of fire and water! There, there, go! don't wait to catch your death cold! As if I could not bring that foolish gingerbread! Childish! there! go!"

How little we know *where* our harsh words are falling, when they drop bitterly from our lips! Ah! there *are* wounds that cannot be healed in time—nor yet in eternity!

Would he not speak one kind, brotherly word to that anguished sister? If he had looked into her haggard, despairing face, perhaps he would not have turned away so abruptly as he did after this tirade, and hidden himself again behind the high front of his counting-desk, assured by the patter of the pony's feet upon the pebbles, that he had taken the homeward road.

Home the faithful pony went, after waiting his time for his rider; but Anne did not go with him. She only shrunk back into the shade, until all was still again. Then she glided, like a guilty thing, noiselessly through a long, dark passage, to the back door of the shop. She lifted its latch carefully, and went out into the gathering night.

Wild warfare was beneath her! Billows of mist rolled and swayed hither and thither in the abyss, and where they parted for a moment, the inky waters appeared, lashing the trembling rocks with mad turbulence.

There was no eye but the eye of Omnipresence, to look upon the passion-blinded girl, and to that she looked not up. Where was her guardian angel, to whisper, "Wait, wait! be patient!" It was the hour of darkness, and of fierce fiends, who fanned the storm in her soul, so faintly emblemed by the elemental raging without. That soul sent up its agonized cry for forgetfulness, for rest, for peace! "Death is an eternal sleep," her mother had taught her. Alas! that a mother's words should ever come between the young heart and Heaven!

An hour went by. Anne's brother buttoned his storm-proof overcoat around him, locked his store, and leading his horse from a near stable, took his way homeward. He was met at the door by his sister and mother, who faced the storm-blast with countenances of consternation.

"Anne! where is Anne, Charles?" exclaimed Mrs. K.

"Anne! foolish girl! I sent her home an hour ago!"

"No! she is not here! Her pony came! Oh, my child! where is *she*?"

"Why did you let the girl go out this terrible day?" asked the alarmed brother.

"I never knew it! Charles, go, be quick! Oh, if her father was here!"

Charles K. seized a lantern, and rushed out. That night, over all the thunder of the storm, arose the swell of human voices, the shouts of neighbors and friends, who went forth fearlessly to seek the lost one.

Morning came. The wind had sobbed its strength away, and crouched, moaning in the depths of the wood, or sighed under the wizard pines. The clouds drifted slowly eastward, muffling up the sun, but all was still.

They had sought everywhere else; and at last, with strange, fearfully-whispered misgivings, they searched among the rocks of the swollen river. Up from that foam-canopied bed they lifted her, with the long, loosened locks clinging about her pulseless heart, and the inky plume weeping upon her forehead. But they could not awaken her from that night's long sleep!

They carried her—yet it was not *her* they carried—to the home on which her eyes were never to open. There, in the stately, subdued agony of prided affection crushed, the stricken band of parents, brothers, and sisters, received the burden. I have stood on a rock in the midst of that river, and looked down on the couch where the despairing girl sought her rest. It was a hard pillow for so fair a head and so young a heart—one, too, that had loved so much!

I looked up, and all was beautiful. The water nymphs chased each other down the precipice, laughing musically as their white robes melted into the blue billows at my feet. Above, the sun lay cushioned on a dreaming cloud, floating in the blue of a June heaven. What contrasts has earth upon the self-same spot!

The news of the suicide flew, as ill news always flies, through the little hamlet. Confusion and consternation seized every heart and household, and a thousand vague surmises, half brightened into realities, flitted from one to another. Only the old postmaster shook his head, after the first petrifying shock, with a mystifying air, and silently reseating himself on his high stool, leaned his head upon his wrinkled hand. Even his good, garrulous wife could gain no more from him.

"I think's likely," she said, after the group of gossippers had dispersed, "she's been going crazy this long while. It ain't in natur for a sensible body to ride so like wild-fire; and I've always thought mighty queer of her coming here so, day upon day! Oh! don't tell me she wasn't out of her head!"

The postmaster turned his head nervously at the sound of a horse's hoofs. It was only the post boy, who had come over early with the mail-bag. The good man sighed, turned out his small packet of letters, and slowly unbound it. "I shall not have to say 'No' to *her* again to-day, poor thing!" thought he.

"What's the matter, John?" cried his wife, a minute after, as he dropped the bundle with a smothered cry, almost of horror. "Mercy on us, man! ye're as white as if ye'd seen a ghost!"

"There!" he pointed to a letter below him, "look *there*!"

"What is it? I don't see nothing—I've lost my spec's."

"It's *her* name!" answered the old man, taking up the letter tremulously.

"You don't say so, John!" cried his wife, lifting both hands above her head.

"It's ship-marked, and journey-worn," he added, scrutinizing it as closely as the haze over his old eyes would allow. "It's had a long way to come, and——too late! *too late*!" he exclaimed solemnly, laying it reverently by.

"Too late!" The burden of destiny had been thrown wilfully off, and no joy or sorrow of earth could sink into the cold heart of her who had borne its. Oh! if she had been patient but a little longer!

That travel-stained letter told its story only to the unsympathising hearts of the proud household, and was a lip ever opened to reveal it. It dropped into the great receptacle of family reserve, and was lost to the world's curiosity. It was as well; what mattered it to any heart but *her's*, that it could not warm into wild beating?

Her relatives rejected even the common kind offices of country neighbors, seeming to scorn all communion in sorrow, until the day of the funeral.

It was a grand show—that funeral—so old ladies, who were young then, have told me. Heavy, aristocratical carriages from distant towns and cities, draped in black, wound along the narrow hill-roads. The country about turned out its entire population, old and young. The coffin was borne slowly along, while young girls of her own age, dressed in white, with long shoulder-scarfs of black, held the pall on either side, showering it with tears of pity.

She lies in a lovely spot on one of the hills she loved, away from the common throng, as in life, and [illegible] hundred. I went there at noon-tide once. The green mound of the [illegible] was [illegible] save on one side, where a small, crystal pond mirrored the twilight sky. Not a breeze dimpled it then, and the frogs' chant came shrill through the stirless air, blended now and then with the wail of the whippoorwill far beyond. Young fir trees, larches, and willows, kept guard over the costly monuments of the dead that had been honored in life. I turned from taller monument steeples, and mused long over the white but time-worn slab that bore this simple inscription:

"To the Memory of ANNE K——, Æ. 17."

Oh! passionate heart, "*be patient*" with the Providence that "worketh all things well!"

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

THIRTY-SECOND CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Mr. Jones, of Iowa, presented certain resolutions, which were adopted by the Legislature of that State, on 13th of January, 1850, in relation to the Compromise. On presenting the resolutions, he was gratified to state that he and his colleague were the only Senators from any of the free States who were not instructed to vote for the Wilmot Proviso, and its kindred abolition doctrines.

Mr. Borland, from the Committee on Printing, offered a resolution authorizing the Joint Committee on Printing to contract with Donaldson & Armstrong for printing the census returns. Laid over.

The engrossed bill to establish a branch of the Mint of the United States in California was read the third time and passed.

Mr. Shields called up his resolution of welcome to Kossuth, which was read:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair to wait upon Louis Kossuth, Governor of Hungary, and introduce him to the Senate.

Objection being made to the wording of it, Mr. S. amended it by adding the words, "on his arrival in the capital."

Mr. Walker, of Wisconsin, expressed his views as favorable to the doctrine of non-intervention. He feared that he had long desired to see our neutral policy abandoned or overthrown, and denied what is so often asserted, that either Washington or any of the founders of the Republic ever recommended that the neutral *policy* of our early days should become an established *principle*, to govern the conduct of the country in the days of its maturity and power. He said:

Sir, peace is beautiful and holy when it can be justly and honorably maintained; but war, with all its tragedy and blood, is less to be dreaded than dishonorable or "ignoble peace"—peace at the expense of peace, justice, liberty, and the rights of man. In the case supposed, even war on our part against intervention would be sacred to the cause of peace. It would be necessary in order to conquer conflict, establish peace, and defend the right. Without our interposition, there would not be peace, but wrongful war; and we, too, a party to the wrong by acquiescence. As a friend and advocate of peace, as well as of national morality and national law, I would recommend war in such an extremity, when merely moral means had proved unavailing. Nor would I delay or wait for the co-operation of England—though I am not one of those who would decline it. An alliance for such an occasion would not conflict with the policy or advice of Washington. He never condemned alliances temporary and for the occasion. He only declared that "it is our policy to steer clear of *permanent* alliances." He did not even recommend that this "*policy*" should be permanent and perpetual; but for such time only as would serve you "to gain time to your country to settle and mature its institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it the command of its own fortunes."

Mr. Badger objected to the title of "Governor of Hungary" in the resolution; which words were afterwards stricken out.

The resolution was adopted by the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Atchison, Bradbury, Brodhead, Cass, Chase, Clarke, Davis, Dodge of Wisconsin, Dodge of Iowa, Douglas, Felch, Fish, Foote of Mississippi, Foote of Vermont, Geyer, Gwin, Hamlin, Houston, James, Jones of Iowa, Miller, Norris, Seward, Shields, Smith, Stockton, Sumner, Wade, Walker, and Whitcomb—30.

NAYS—Messrs. Bayard, Borland, Butler, Clemens, Dawson, Hunter, Jones of Tennessee, King, Mason, Morton, Pratt, Sebastian, Spruance, Underwood, and Upham—15.

The resolution was adopted as amended, as follows:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the Chair, to wait upon Louis Kossuth, on his arrival at the capital, and introduce him to the Senate.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the special order, being the resolution declaring the measures of adjustment to be a definitive settlement of the questions growing out of domestic slavery.

Mr. Rhett resumed and finished the speech which he commenced yesterday.

Mr. Mason obtained the floor, and the Senate adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17.

Messages were received from the President, containing an extended correspondence in regard to the case of John S. Thrasher—and the affair of the Prometheus, or the alleged outrage on the American flag. The Secretary of State, Mr. Webster, has despatched a special messenger with a letter to our Minister at Madrid, instructing him to do all in his power to obtain the release of all the unfortunate and unhappy men doomed to exile and captivity by the Government of Cuba, for their concern in the attacks under Lopez.

From the message of the President of the United States in regard to the firing of the English armed vessel upon the Prometheus, it is stated that instructions had been sent to our Minister in London, and that Commodore Parker was also directed to proceed to the Mosquito shore, to protect our commerce. We extract the following passage from the letter of the Secretary of the Navy to Commodore Parker:

"Whatever may have been the merits of the question between the captain of the Prometheus and the authorities of Nicaragua, the United States acknowledge no right in the Government or vessels of Great Britain, to exercise any police and supervision over American merchant vessels, in Nicaragua or elsewhere out of the British dominions. On the contrary, the first article of the convention between the United States and her Britannic Majesty, relative to Nicaragua, signed April 19, 1850, of which a copy is also enclosed, expressly excludes each of the contracting parties from assuming or exercising any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America.

"The officer of her Britannic Majesty on that station is to be informed of these views, and the local authorities of the port are to be assured that the United States will not justify the non-payment of any lawful and proper port duties on the part of their merchant vessels, and that they desire the most friendly relations with the Government of Central America, and will faithfully maintain on their part the stipulations of the treaty already referred to." * *

Mr. Brodhead presented a petition from citizens of Pennsylvania, praying the restoration of the punishment of flogging in the navy.

Mr. Stockton said that he was surprised that a petition with such an object could receive so many signatures in Philadelphia. He recognised the right of petition, but he could not approve of this petition. He desired to present his views on this subject; and, if it was in order, he would move to lay the petition on the table. He would call it up on next Tuesday.

The motion to lay on the table was agreed [illegible]

[illegible] petition [illegible] Messrs. W[illegible] P. G. Washington [illegible] and others, setting forth estimates, &c., of a plan to supply Washington city and Georgetown with water from the falls of the Potomac river. Referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia.

Mr. Walker submitted the following resolutions, which lie over:

Whereas the signs of the times are portentous of an approaching struggle in Europe between the republican masses for constitutional Governments on the one side, and the advocates of monarchy for absolute Governments on the other; and whereas it pressingly behooves the representatives of the American People of the united sovereign States of America to seriously consider, and betimes to inquire into the relations of the Government and country to this struggle, and their duty, in view of it, to themselves, to foreign nations, and the international law: Therefore,

Be it resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into and report upon the expediency of an open declaration by Congress, to foreign nations and the world, that the United States hold strictly to the policy and principle that each individual nation, State, or Power, possesses for itself the exclusive right and sole power to take care and dispose of its own internal concerns, without and exempt from the intervention and interference of any foreign Government, State, Confederacy, Alliance, or Power whatsoever, and that any such intervention or interference, by or on the part of any foreign Government, State Confederacy, Alliance, or Power, constitutes an infraction of the law of nations, authorizing and justifying the interposition of any or all other Governments, Confederacies, or Powers, at their discretion, to prevent such intervention, and to repair such infraction of the law of nations.

Resolved, further, That the same committee be instructed to inquire also into the expediency of requesting the President of the United States to cause negotiations to be opened with all other constitutional Governments, with a view and to the end of obtaining their co-operation with the United States in the declaration aforesaid, and the policy and principle thereof, and in the observance, defence, and maintenance of the law of nations in this respect.

COMPROMISE MEASURES.

Some interesting debate, in which Messrs. Mason, Brodhead, Rhett, Hale, Foote, Stockton, and Butler, participated. In the course of this debate Mr. Foote declared himself willing to see California divided in a constitutional manner; and Mr. Hale repeatedly pronounced the Supreme Court of the United States to be the citadel of slavery.

We shall notice this debate in another column.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16.

The Speaker announced that the following gentlemen had been appointed the Committee on the Rules, by a resolution of the House: George W. Jones, of Tennessee; Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Joseph R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania; John L. Robinson, of Indiana; Edward Stanly, of North Carolina; Origen S. Seymour, of Connecticut; George G. King, of Rhode Island; Edson B. Olds, of Ohio; and Daniel Wallace of South Carolina.

Mr. Moore, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution granting pay and mileage to John F. Darby, of St. Louis district, who has been prevented by indisposition from taking his seat in the House.

Mr. Doty, by unanimous consent, introduced a bill, of which previous notice had been given, granting the right of way and making a donation of land to the State of Wisconsin, in aid of the construction of the Central Railroad; which was read a first and second time by its title, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. McCorkle, by unanimous consent, introduced a bill, of which previous notice had been given, to provide for the survey of public lands in the State of California, and for granting donations and other purposes; which was read a first and second time by its title, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Abercrombie, by unanimous consent, introduced a bill, of which previous notice had been given, granting the right of way and making a donation of land to the State of Alabama, in aid of the construction of the Girard railroad which was read a first and second time by its title, and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

A message was received from the Senate, accompanied by the bill which had passed that body to establish a branch of the Mint of the United States in California.

A joint resolution was offered by Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, authorizing the architect of the Capitol to continue in employment the laborers and mechanics employed in building the new wings, which excited considerable discussion, and the resolution was referred to the Committee of the Whole in the state of the Union. After which, the House adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17.

The House disagreed to a motion by Mr. Walsh, to consider the resolution to continue the employment of the workmen on the Capitol.

Mr. Weightman, Delegate from New Mexico, offered the following resolution, which lies over:

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House of Representatives be directed to cause, as soon as practicable, to be translated into the Spanish language the President's Message and reports of heads of Departments, and to have printed in said language five thousand copies thereof, for distribution among the Mexicans in the territory acquired by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Mr. Tuck introduced a bill on the subject of French spoliations, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Browne offered a resolution to give 160 acres of land to each of the Hungarians who have come to this country. Lies over.

On motion of Mr. Bowie, it was

Resolved, That the Committee for the District of Columbia inquire into the expediency and practicability of preventing the issue and circulation of small notes, under the denomination of five dollars, in the District of Columbia; and that the committee report by bill or otherwise.

Mr. Stanton, of Kentucky, made a report from the Committee on Printing, which was agreed to, providing for the binding of the Congressional documents, as heretofore, providing the work be done for twelve and a half cents per volume.

Mr. Clingman moved that Governor Louis Kossuth, of Hungary, be admitted to the Hall of the House under the 17th rule. This resolution lies over.

A RESOLUTION OF WELCOME TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Congress, in the name and behalf of the people of the United States, give to Louis Kossuth a cordial welcome to the Capital and the country; and that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to him by the President of the United States.

LINN BOYD,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
WILLIAM R. KING,
President of the Senate pro tempore.
Approved, December 15, 1851.
MILLARD FILLMORE.

For the National Era.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.]

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:
OR,
LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Week after week glided away in the St. [illegible] back to their usual flow, where that little bark had gone down. For how imperiously, how coolly, in disregard of all one's feeling, does the hard, cold, uninteresting course of daily realities move on! Still must we eat, and drink, and sleep, and wake again—still bargain, buy, sell, ask and answer questions—pursue, in short, a thousand shadows, though all interest in them be over; the cold mechanical habit of living remaining after all vital interest in it has fled.

All the interests and hopes of St. Clare's life had unconsciously wound themselves around this child. It was for Eva that he had managed his property; it was for Eva that he had planned the disposal of his time; and to do this and that for Eva—to buy, improve, alter, and arrange, or dispose something for her, had been so long his habit, that now she was gone, there seemed nothing to be thought of, and nothing to be done.

True, there was another life—a life which, once believed in, stands as a solemn, significant figure before the otherwise unmeaning cypress of time, changing them to orders of mysterious, untold value. St. Clare knew this well, and often in many a weary hour he heard that slender childish voice calling him to the skies, and saw that little hand pointing to him the way of life; but a heavy lethargy of sorrow lay on him—he could not arise. He had one of those natures which could better and more clearly conceive of religious things from its own perceptions and instincts, than many a matter of fact and practical Christian. The gift to appreciate and the sense to feel the finer shades and relations of moral things, often seems an attribute of those whose whole life shows a careless disregard of them. Hence Moore, Byron, Goethe, often speak words more wisely descriptive of the true religious sentiment than another man whose whole life is governed by it. In such minds, disregard of religion is a more fearful treason—a more deadly sin.

St. Clare had never pretended to govern himself by any religious obligation, and a certain fineness of nature gave him such an instinctive view of the extent of the requirements of Christianity, that he shrank by anticipation from what he felt would be the exactions of his own conscience, if he once did resolve to assume them. For so inconsistent is human nature, especially in the ideal, that not to undertake a thing at all, seems better than to undertake and come short.

Still St. Clare was in many respects another man. He read his little Eva's Bible seriously and honestly, he thought more soberly and practically of his relations to his servants—enough to make him extremely dissatisfied with both his past and present course; and one thing he did soon after his return to New Orleans, and that was to commence the legal steps necessary to Tom's emancipation, which was to be perfected as soon as he could get through the necessary formalities. Meantime he attached himself to Tom more and more every day. In all the wide world, there was nothing that seemed to remind him so much of Eva; and he would insist on keeping him constantly about him; and fastidious and unapproachable as he was with regard to his deeper feelings, he almost thought aloud to Tom. Nor would any one have wondered at it, who had seen the expression of affection and devotion with which Tom continually followed his young master.

"Well, Tom," said St. Clare, the day after he had commenced the legal formalities for his enfranchisement, "I'm going to make a free man of you—so have your trunk packed, and get ready to set out for Kentuck."

The sudden light of joy that shone in Tom's face as he raised his hands to heaven, his emphatic "Bless the Lord," rather discomposed St. Clare; he did not like it that Tom should be so ready to leave him.

"You haven't had such very bad times here, that you need be in such a rapture, Tom," he said, drily.

"No, no, mass'r! taint that—it's bein a *free man*! That's what I'm joyin for."

"Why, Tom, don't you think, for your own part, you've been better off than to be free?"

"*No, indeed*, mass'r St. Clare," said Tom, with a flash of energy. "No, indeed!"

"Why, Tom, you couldn't possibly have earned, by your work, such clothes and such living as I have given you."

"Knows all that, mass'r St. Clare; mass'r's been too good; but, mass'r, I'd rather have poor clothes, poor house, poor everything, and have 'em *mine*, than have the best, and have 'em any man's else—I had *so*, mass'r; I think it's natur, mass'r."

"I suppose so, Tom, and you'll be going off and leaving me in a month or so," he added, rather discontentedly. "Though why you shouldn't, no mortal knows," he said, in a gayer tone; and getting up, he began to walk the floor.

"Not while mass'r is in trouble," said Tom. "I'll stay with mass'r as long as he wants me—so as I can be any use."

"Not while I'm in trouble, Tom?" said St. Clare, looking sadly out of the window. . . . "And when will my trouble be over?"

"When mass'r St. Clare's a Christian," said Tom.

"And you really mean to stay by till that day comes," said St. Clare, half smiling, as he turned from the window, and laid his hand on Tom's shoulder. "Ah, Tom, you soft, silly boy! I won't keep you till that day; go home to your wife and children, and give my love to all."

"I's faith to believe that day will come," said Tom, earnestly, and with tears in his eyes; "the Lord has a work for mass'r."

"A work, hey?" said St. Clare; "well, now, Tom, give me your views on what sort of a work it is; let's hear."

"Why, even a poor fellow like me has a work from the Lord; and mass'r St. Clare, that has larnin, and riches, and friends—how much he might do for the Lord!"

"Tom, you seem to think the Lord needs a great deal done for him," said St. Clare, smiling.

"We does for the Lord when we does for his critturs," said Tom.

"Good theology, Tom; better than Dr. B. preaches, I dare swear," said St. Clare.

The conversation was here interrupted by the announcement of some visiters.

Marie St. Clare felt the loss of Eva as deeply as she could feel anything, and as she was a woman that has a great faculty of making everybody unhappy when she was, her immediate attendants had still stronger reason to regret the loss of their young mistress, whose winning ways and gentle intercessions had so often been a shield to them from the tyrannical and selfish exactions of her mother. Poor old Mammy, in particular, whose heart, severed from all natural domestic ties, had consoled itself with this one beautiful being, was almost heart-broken. She cried day and night, and was from excess of sorrow less skillful and alert in her ministrations on her mistress than usual, which drew down a constant storm of invectives on her defenceless head.

Miss Ophelia felt the loss, but in her good and honest heart it bore fruit unto everlasting life. She was more softened, more gentle, and though equally assiduous in every duty, it was with a chastened and quiet air, as one who communed with her own heart not in vain. She was more diligent in teaching Topsy—taught her mainly from the Bible—did not any longer shrink from her touch, or manifest an ill-repressed disgust, because she felt none. She viewed her now through the softened medium that Eva's hand had first held before her eyes, and saw in her only an immortal creature, whom God had sent to be led by her to glory and virtue. Topsy did not become at once a saint; but the life and death of Eva did work a marked change in her. The callous indifference was gone—there was now sensibility, hope, desire, and the striving for good—a strife irregular, interrupted, suspended oft, but yet renewed again.

One day, when Topsy had been sent for by Miss Ophelia, she came, hastily thrusting something into her bosom.

"What are you doing there you limb. You've been stealing something, I'll be bound," said [illegible] seizing her at the same time roughly by the arm.

"You go 'long, Miss Rosa," said Topsy, pulling from her, "taint none o' your business."

"None o' your sa'ce," said Rosa. "I saw you hiding something—I know yer tricks," and Rosa seized her arm, and tried to force her hand into her bosom, while Topsy, enraged, kicked and fought valiantly for what she considered her rights. The clamor and confusion of the battle drew Miss Ophelia and St. Clare both to the spot.

"She's been stealing!" said Rosa.

"I haint, neither," vociferated Topsy, sobbing with passion.

"Give me that, whatever it is," said Miss Ophelia, firmly.

Topsy hesitated, but on a second order pulled out of her bosom a little parcel done up in the foot of one of her own old stockings.

Miss Ophelia turned it out. There was a small book which had been given to Topsy by Eva, containing a single verse of Scripture, arranged for every day in the year, and in a paper the curl of hair that she had given her on that memorable day when she had taken her last farewell.

St. Clare was a good deal affected at the sight of it; the little book had been rolled in a long strip of black crape, torn from the funeral weeds.

"What did you wrap *this* round the book for?" said St. Clare, holding up the crape.

"Cause—cause—cause 'twas Miss Eva—oh, don't take 'em away, please," she said; and sitting flat down on the floor, and putting her apron over her head, she began to sob vehemently.

It was a curious mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous—the little old stocking—black crape—text book—fair soft curl—and Topsy's utter distress.

St. Clare smiled, but there were tears in his eyes as he said—

"Come, come; don't cry; you shall have them!" and putting them together, he threw them into her lap, and drew Miss Ophelia with him into the parlor.

"I really think you can make something of that concern," he said, pointing with his thumb backward over his shoulder. "Any mind that is capable of a *real sorrow*, is capable of good. You must try and do *something* with her."

"The child has improved greatly," said Miss Ophelia. "I have great hopes of her; but Augustine," she said, laying her hand on his arm, "one thing I want to ask; whose is this child to be?—yours or mine?"

"Why, I gave her to you," said Augustine.

"But not legally—I want her to be mine legally," said Miss Ophelia.

"Whew! cousin," said Augustine. "What will the Abolition Society think. They'll have a day of fasting appointed for this backsliding, if you become a slave-holder."

"Oh, nonsense; I want her mine, that I may have a right to take her to *the* free States, and give her her liberty, that all I am trying to do be not undone."

"Oh, cousin, what an awful 'doing evil that good may come!' I can't encourage it."

"I don't want you to joke, but to reason," said Miss Ophelia. "There is no use in my trying to make this child a Christian child, unless I save her from all the chances and reverses of slavery; and if you really are willing I should have her, I want you to give me a deed of gift, or some legal paper."

"Well, well," said St. Clare, "I will;" and he sat down and unfolded a newspaper to read.

"But I want it done now," said Miss Ophelia.

"What's your hurry?"

"Because now is the only time there ever is to do a thing in," said Miss Ophelia. "Come, now, here's paper, pen, and ink; just write a paper."

St. Clare, like most men of his class of mind, cordially hated the present tense of action, generally; and therefore he was considerably annoyed by Miss Ophelia's downrightness.

"Why, what's the matter?" said he. "Can't you take my word. One would think you had taken lessons of the Jews, coming at a fellow so!"

"I want to make sure of it," said Miss Ophelia. "You may die, or fail, and then Topsy be hustled off to auction, spite of all I can do."

"Really, you are quite provident. Well, seeing I'm in the hands of a Quaker, there is nothing for it but to concede;" and St. Clare rapidly wrote off a deed of gift, which, as he was well versed in the forms of law, he could easily do, and signed his name to it in sprawling capitals, concluding by a tremendous flourish.

"There, isn't that black and white, now, Miss Vermont?" he said, as he handed it to her.

"Good boy," said Miss Ophelia, smiling. "But must it not be witnessed?"

"Oh, bother—yes. Here," he said, opening the door into Marie's apartment, "Marie, cousin wants your autograph; just put your name down here."

"What's this?" said Marie, as she ran over the paper. "Ridiculous! I thought cousin was too pious for such horrid things," she added, as she carelessly wrote her name; "but if she has a fancy for that article, I am sure she's welcome."

"There, now, she's yours, body and soul," said St. Clare, handing the paper.

"No more mine now than she was before," said Miss Ophelia. "Nobody but God has a right to give her to me; but I can protect her now."

"Well, she's yours by a fiction of law, then," said St. Clare, as he turned back into the parlor, and sat down to his paper.

Miss Ophelia, who seldom sat much in Marie's company, followed him into the parlor, having first carefully laid away the paper.

"Augustine," she said, suddenly, as she sat knitting, "have you ever made any provision for your servants in case of your death?"

"No," said St. Clare, as he read on.

"Then all your indulgence to them may prove a great cruelty by and by."

St. Clare had often thought the same thing himself, but he answered, negligently—

"Well, I mean to make a provision by and by."

"When?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Oh, one of these days."

"What if you should die first?"

"Cousin, what's the matter?" said St. Clare, laying down his paper and looking at her. "Do you think I show symptoms of yellow fever or cholera, that you are making post mortem arrangements with such zeal?"

"'In the midst of life we are in death,'" said Miss Ophelia.

St. Clare rose up, and laying the paper down, carelessly, walked to the door that stood open on the verandah, to put an end to a conversation that was not agreeable to him. Mechanically, he repeated the last word again—"*Death!*"—and as he leaned against the railings, and watched the sparkling water as it rose and fell in the fountain, and, as in a dim and dizzy haze, saw flowers and trees and vases of the courts, he repeated again the mystic word so common in every mouth, yet of such fearful power—"DEATH!" "Strange that there should be such a word," he said, "and such a thing, and we ever forget it; that one should be living, warm and beautiful, full of hopes, desires, and wants, one day, and the next be gone, utterly gone, and forever!"

It was a warm, golden evening, and as he walked to the other end of the verandah he saw Tom busily intent on his Bible, pointing, as he did so, with his finger to each successive word, and whispering them to himself with an earnest air.

"Want me to read to you, Tom?" said St. Clare, seating himself carelessly by him.

"If mass'r pleases," said Tom, gratefully. "Mass'r makes it so much plainer."

St. Clare took the book and glanced at the place, and began reading one of the passages which Tom had designated by the heavy marks around it. It ran as follows:

"When the son of man shall come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." St. Clare read on in an animated voice till he came to the last of the verses.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire—for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat—I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink—I was a stranger, and ye took me not in—naked, and ye clothed me not—I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they answer unto Him, Lord where saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall he say unto them, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."

St. Clare seemed struck with this last passage, for he read it twice—the second time slowly, and as if he were revolving the words in his mind.

"Tom," he said, "these folks that get such hard measure seem to have been doing just what I have—living good, easy, respectable lives, and not troubling themselves to inquire how many of their brethren were hungry or athirst, or sick or in prison."

Tom did not answer.

St. Clare rose up and walked thoughtfully up and down the verandah, seeming to forget everything in his own thoughts; so absorbed was he, that Tom had to remind him twice that the tea bell had rung, before he could get his attention.

St. Clare was absent and thoughtful all tea time. After tea, he, and Marie, and Miss Ophelia, took possession of the parlor, almost in silence.

Marie disposed herself on a lounge, under a silken mosquito curtain, and was soon sound asleep. Miss Ophelia silently busied herself with her knitting. St. Clare sat down to the piano, and began playing a soft and melancholy movement with the Æolian accompaniment. He seemed in a deep reverie, and to be soliloquizing to himself by music. After a little, he opened one of the drawers, took out an old music book whose leaves were yellow with age, and began turning it over.

"There," he said to Miss Ophelia, "this was one of my mother's books—and here is her handwriting—come and look at it. She copied and arranged this from Mozart's Requiem. Miss Ophelia came accordingly.

"It was something she used to sing often," said St. Clare. "I think I can hear her now."

He struck a few majestic chords, and began singing the grand old Latin words, the "Dies Iræ."

Tom, who was listening in the outer verandah, was drawn by the sound to the very door, where he stood earnestly. He did not understand the words, of course, but the music and manner of singing appeared to affect him strongly, especially when St. Clare sang the more pathetic parts. Tom would have sympathized more heartily if he had known the meaning of the beautiful words—

Recordare Jesu pie
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ
Ne me perdas, illa die
Querens me sedisti lassus
Redemisti crucem passus
Tantus labor non sit cassus.*

St. Clare threw a deep and pathetic expression into the words, for the shadowy veil of years seemed drawn away, and he seemed to hear his mother's voice leading his. Voice and instrument seemed both living, and threw out with vivid sympathy those strains which the ethereal Mozart first conceived as his own dying requiem.

When St. Clare had done singing, he sat leaning his head upon his hand a few moments, and then began walking up and down the floor.

"What a sublime conception is that of a last judgment," said he—"a righting of all the wrongs of ages!—a solving of all moral problems, by an unanswerable Wisdom—it is, indeed, a wonderful image."

"It is a fearful one to us," said Miss Ophelia.

"It ought to be to me, I suppose," said St. Clare, stopping thoughtfully. "I was reading to Tom this afternoon that chapter in Matthew that gives an account of it, and I have been quite struck with it. One should have expected some terrible enormities charged to those who are excluded from Heaven, as the reason; but no—they are condemned for *not* doing positive good, as if that included every possible harm."

"Perhaps," said Miss Ophelia, "it is impossible for a person who does no good not to do harm."

"And what," said St. Clare, speaking abstractedly, but with deep feeling, "what shall be said of one whose own heart, whose education, and the wants of society, have called in vain to some noble purpose; who has floated on, a dreamy, neutral spectator of the struggles, agonies, and wrongs of man, when he should have been a worker!"

"I should say," said Miss Ophelia, "that he ought to repent, and begin now."

"Always practical, and to the point!" said St. Clare, his face breaking out into a smile. "You never leave me any time for general reflections, cousin; you always bring me short up against the actual present; you have a kind of eternal *now* always in your mind."

"*Now* is all the time I have anything to do with," said Miss Ophelia.

"Dear little Eva—poor child," said St. Clare, "she had set her little simple soul on a good work for me."

It was the first time since Eva's death that he had ever said as many words as these of her, and he spoke now evidently repressing very strong feeling.

"My view of Christianity is such," he added, "that I think no man can consistently profess it without throwing the whole weight of his being against this monstrous system of injustice that lies at the foundation of all our society,

* These lines have been thus rather inadequately translated:

Think, oh, Jesus, for what reason
Thou endured'st earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose, in that dread season;
Seeking me, thy worn feet hasted;
On the cross, thy soul death tasted—
Let not all these toils be wasted.