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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

ENOUGH FOR ALL.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

The creeds that perverted the Holy One fled,
And man learned a truth that he knew not before,
When Christ, in his prayer to the Infinite, said,
"My God and my Father is yours evermore!"
Can you press the foul chalice of sin to your lips,
With a sense of the fervor pervading that prayer?
Nor error, nor darkness, its glow can eclipse,
For the tide of confusion ebbs finally there.

This world would become one of gladness intense,
A reflection of that whose enjoyments endure,
If man would give ear to the dictates of sense,
And cherish the feelings that render him pure.
Then life would be spent in the service of love,
The flag of contention be evermore furled,
And angels approvingly smile from above,
And peace like a halo encircle the world.

The pride of the forest and wealth of the mine
Would for each form a dwelling with elegance fraught,
If Art as a brother with Labor would twine,
And yield to the guidance of Love as they wrought.
And the fruits of the earth would supply every home
With the comforts and blessings now known to the few,
If the idle and thoughtless to duty would come,
And work as their Maker designed they should do.

While yearly the Earth is renewing her youth,
To supply every physical want of mankind,
There is wisdom enough in the volume of Truth
To light up the temple of every mind;
And Love at the Fountain sufficient to fill
Every heart with the rapture that words never told;
And adequate Grace, with a generous will,
To bring every soul to the heavenly fold!

When all who have strength shall apply it with care
To that which a positive good will secure,
And they who have more than enough, and to spare,
Shall freely dispense of their goods to the poor;
When the veil from the eyes of the selfish is drawn,
And wealth is no longer devoted to sin,
Then, then shall this era of blessedness dawn,
Then, then shall this day of salvation begin!

Utica, New York.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THALATTA: A Book for the Sea-Side." Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

Under this title, suggested by a passage in Xenophon's Expedition of Cyrus, where the army climbed the hill and looked out upon the sea, throwing up their arms and shouting, "Thalatta! Thalatta!" we have here an admirable collection of poems, more or less intimately connected with the ocean and its adjuncts. The writers are of all ages and localities, from Homer to Longfellow—from Spain to Massachusetts. The selections have been made with good taste and judgment, and will be found pleasant reading, not only by sojourners at the sea-side during our hot season, but also by those who are compelled to forego the pleasure of a ride on Nahant, or a bath at Newport. To these latter, sweltering in their inland homes, we would especially commend this little volume. It is redolent of the salt sea breezes. It can scarcely fail to transport its readers from hot prairie or dusty city to the cool margin of great waters—making everything about them, as on Prospero's island,

"Suffer a sea change."

Among our old favorites in this volume is what Coleridge has well called "The grand ballad of Sir Patrick Spens." Nothing superior to it can be found in all the quaint old ballad literature, and no modern imitation has ever *equalled* its simple grandeur, picturesque descriptions, and dramatic energy.

"The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake o' their true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair!

"Oh! lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their faces in their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

"And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gold kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain true loves,
For them they'll see nae mair!"

Here are also Goethe's "Fisher," Uhland's wierd and beautiful "Vineta," and Shelley's pathetic lament at the Bay of Naples. Among the novelties may be mentioned two or three rare *gems from* Allingham, the gifted young Milesian poet, and two remarkable little sea sketches from the pen of Charles Kingsley, author of Alton Locke. The following song, in its simple reality of pathos, might well have been sung around a fisherman's hearth on the shore of Dee, to the drear accompaniment of the growing roar of the evening tide, oversweeping the sands with its "cruel, hungry foam:"

"Oh! Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home—
And call the cattle home—
Across the sands of Dee;
The Western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

"The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand—
And round and round the sand—
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair—
O' drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes of Dee!

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam—
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"

We cannot resist the desire to copy the following sea-side picture by Allingham:

"THE CHAPEL BY THE SHORE.

"By the shore a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round,
Buttressed with a grassy mound,
Where day and night and day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.

"Washing of the lonely seas—
Shaking of the guardian trees—
Piping of the salted breeze—
And day and night and day go by,
To the endless tone of these.

"Or, when winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
And day and night and day go by:
Here the stillness is most deep.

"And the ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain,
As night and day and night go by,
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

"Here fresh funereal tears were shed,
But now the graves are also dead;
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
As day and night and day go by;
And stars move calmly overhead!"

The book is got up in the usual good taste of the firm by which it is published. It will be found a pleasant travelling companion, and a seasonable addition to warm-weather readings.

J. G. W.

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE; or, Moderate better than Rapid Gains. By Mary Ide Torrey. Boston: Tappan & Whittemore. Pp. 318.

This is a well-written story, with a fine moral running through it. Apart from its practical aim as a moral and religious tale, it has a good deal of artistic merit. The writer is the widow of the late Charles T. Torrey, who died in the Penitentiary at Baltimore, a martyr to his uncompromising abolitionism, which refused to recognise as law enactments for holding man as property. We wish her volume abundant success.

J. G. W.

THE INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES, etc., of the Southern and Western States: embracing a view of their Commerce, Agriculture, Manufactures, &c., with an Appendix. In 3 vols. By J. D. B. De Bow, Professor of Political Economy, etc., in the University of Louisiana. Published at the office of De Bow's Review, New Orleans. For sale by Franck Taylor, Washington, D. C.

In the hope that time would furnish opportunity and space for a careful and lengthy notice of these volumes, we have suffered them to lie on our table through week after week; but time has disappointed us, and we have been able to give them only a hasty and limited examination. From this, we are inclined to report favorably. The work is made up of a series of historical and statistical sketches of the different States and cities of the Union; statistics of their commerce and manufactories from the earliest periods, compared with other leading Powers; the results of the different census returns since 1790, and returns of the census of 1850, in population, agriculture, and general industry. Many of these are contributions from eminent Southern men. They are admirably arranged, and the statistics, in most cases, are well authenticated; while the general spirit of the work, except when the "peculiar institution" is touched upon, seems to be impartial, liberal, and conscientious. We have glanced at but one of the articles upon Slavery that seems to be a re-hashing of the old argument of the constitutional inferiority of the negro race, containing nothing new in substance, but done in a style of grandiloquent *high-falutin*. It was suggested by an obsolete work called *Negro-Mania*, of which a Mr. John Campbell, of Philadelphia, is the author.

Mr. De Bow has lately been installed by President Pierce as Commissioner of the Census Bureau of the Department of the Interior—a post for which we should judge him to be eminently fitted. *

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, with an Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions. Edited by Professor Shedd. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by R. Farnham, Washington, D. C.

Volumes five and six of this work are before us. Coleridge in both his characters of poet and philosopher must always hold a high place in English literature. No mind has ever sounded deeper deeps of religious philosophy, or given clearer reports than his. This is the best edition of his works that has yet appeared in this country. *

THE NECROMANCER; or, the Mysteries of the Court of Henry VIII. By George W. M. Reynolds. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. For sale by Shillington, Washington, D. C.

Those who admire Mr. Reynolds's books will find this equal to the best of them, in graphic description and startling incident. *

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. June, 1853.

The beautiful style in which Gray's immortal "Elegy" is gotten up in this number, is fully worth the cost of it. The table of contents shows a goodly array of goodly articles. *

THE KNICKERBOCKER. June, 1853.

The Knickerbocker opens with an article of unusual excellence (even for *its* dainty pages) this month, styled *Orientalism*, by S. H. Cox, Esq., of Ohio; but we are rather surprised to find another, upon Webster, of such unqualified eulogy. A host of good things, in addition to the above, make up the number, which closes the forty-first volume. In the next volume we are promised sixteen additional pages. *

MARCO PAUL'S ADVENTURES IN BOSTON. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by R. Farnham, Washington.

This little volume will be hailed with delight far and near. To one who has read Mr. Abbott's writings for children, and felt the inexpressible charm which they possess, there is nothing marvellous in their vast popularity. *

BLEAK HOUSE. No 15. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by R. Farnham.

This is a fine number, containing a spice of both tragedy and comedy. The story is very evidently approaching its denouement. *

THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL JOURNAL. March, 1853 R. S. Newton, Editor and Publisher, Cincinnati.

This number contains *Tully's Materia Medica*, by W. Bard Rowell; *Introductory Lecture, delivered before the Eclectic Medical Class*, by G. W. L. Bickley, M. D.; *Review of Report of Eclectic Physicians*, by G. W. L. Bickley, M. D.; several excellent selections upon medical subjects, and some short scraps of editorial. *

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. New Series, No. 11.

Contains its usual variety of excellent selections, among which is an interesting sketch of the literary career of Washington Irving. *

THE SCHOOLMATE: a Monthly Reader for School and Home Instruction of Youth. Edited by A. R. Phippen. June, 1853.

This is a capital publication, and only one dollar a year. *

All the members of the Unitarian Society in St. Louis, who were slaveholders, have lately emancipated their slaves unconditionally, without banishment to Liberia or anywhere else. It is further stated that the Society referred to is one of the largest in St. Louis, and that formerly considerable numbers of its members were holders of property in the bodies and souls of fellow-men.

"Well may we rejoice in these drops, trusting that they are forerunners of the heavy rains of repentance, that shall wash out this stain of slavery from the churches of the land; or else wash away all the churches themselves, as no longer fit to be endured."

For the National Era.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN AND POETS.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

CHAP. III.

The earth grows hush; the flushed heavens sober; the clouds that reeled in wanton crimson, stalk the skies in repentant gray; the children experience their weekly surprise, at discovering that even a whole Saturday afternoon must sometime come to an end. The boat is coaxed to land, and the party, now rather quiet, patter along through the darkening woods, out into the stubble field, across that to the barn-yard gate, where all three have to stop and put their shoulders under the top bar, and lift a little, for the latch is somewhat stiff, and won't raise easily; then through the barn-yard, where Jolly rolls barking out of the barn-door, and after some feats of elephantine puppyism, stalks off with Will on his back; then through the back garden gate to the kitchen piazza, through the kitchen, to peep in at the glass-windowed door of the sitting-room, and there sits mother, on her short rocking-chair; she sees them, and puts her finger on her lip, for Totty is lying across her lap, with his shoe in his mouth, and though his eyes are shut, the slightest attempt to abstract the shoe elicits instant demonstrations of consciousness. So the three stand in sudden arrest at the spell of her raised forefinger; and after flattening their three noses for an instant against the glass, the counter-charm of the supper-bell causes them suddenly to disappear.

Day is over; work is over; supper is over. Totty has been swindled out of his shoe, and is gone to sleep in earnest; lights are not yet brought, for Mr. and Mrs. B. have their chairs out on the piazza, and Emma, Willy, and Eunice, are on the door-sill, besieging their elder brother Alfred with their new-born enthusiasm for stories. Alfred is a long boy, of that age when boys are always either conceited or sheepish; *he* inclines to the latter, which he evinces on this occasion, by declaring that he "don't know anything; couldn't tell it, if he did; wouldn't be any use, if he was to," &c.

"Ho," quoth Willy, "it's as easy as grammar, with the book open; just make up any kind of an original beginning, 'once upon a time,' or something of that sort. Now for it, Captain. Ladies, gentlemen, and fellow-creatures, Mr. Alfred B. is ready to tell a story."

SCHOOL DAYS.

When I was a young boy, I used to go to school to Mr. Shakspeare Smith, at that old eight-sided school-house by the creek. Mr. S. was a smart man and a just master; but the fellows that went there had been snubbed, and cuffed, and brow-beaten, and neglected, so long, that when at last they did get a gentleman for a teacher, they hadn't the slightest notion of how to treat him. Of course, the first thing they undertook to do was to play tricks on him; and so——oh, now, *I* can't tell a story; you know I never did it in my life."

"Strike out, Captain," said the patronizing Will. "I think playing tricks is a very good beginning, considering. When I went to the Creek school, last summer, didn't the fellows play tricks on that long Yankee master! He used to make a business, when he came in the morning, of calling out two or three of us little fellows, and caning us, just to get the big ones to order; but I rather think we circumvented him once or twice. I never went to that school without a lump of rosin in my pocket; for, if you rosin your hands well before he canes you, he may whack away as hard as he likes, and won't hurt anybody much, but himself; and I wish every boy in the whole world knew it."

"But why did he cane you?" asked Emma.

"Oh! just because we quizzed him a little—not much. Sometimes the fellows put shoemakers' wax on his chair, and when he sat down it was a little inconvenient getting up again; and sometimes we greased the blackboard, and in the fall we stopped off the smoke in the chimney, and put gunpowder in the stove, and rubbed bitter aloes on the head of his cane, (he used to suck the head when he got bothered,) and fastened hop-toads in his hat, and wrote things on the school door—such as 'Down with the tyrant,' and so on; and once we put a bumblebee in his desk—ah! don't I remember that afternoon? It flew out and stung him a little, and he called four of us boys right out from our seats, where we were sitting as quiet as kittens, and not doing a thing but getting up our sums for the class. The first fellow he whipped was me; but he only caned me on my hands, and they were rosined. The next was Booby Bill—you know Booby? He's been going to school these thirteen years, and he understands all about schools except the lessons. Well, he took hold of Booby by the collar behind, and whacked, and whacked; and the perspiration rolled down his face, and Booby squirmed and whined, and made believe to be in awful pain; but with all his wriggling he kept his body always one way, with his back to the master; and when at last he went to his seat, he walked so queer that the master called him back.

"'Take off your coat,' says Master Gamble.

"'I don't want to,' whines Bill.

"'Off with your coat, sir,' roars the master; and Booby rolls up his eyes like a very unhappy calf, and off it comes.

"First, there was a jacket; then half of an old table cloth wound about his shoulders; then a whole sheet of wadding cotton; then, bound round his waist by an old suspender, two thin shingles, reaching up nearly to his shirt-collar, and as far down as they would go. Then it was Booby's turn to feel the perspiration rolling down his cheeks; and if ever a master wanted to revenge himself on a poor boy for having a little fun, Yankee Gamble had his revenge that day."

"Well, but *was* it you that put the bee in his desk?" said Emma.

"Why, yes, we two did it; a bumblebee's sting don't hurt much; I've been stung many a time, fighting them, but I never made such an awful fuss about it."

"But what fun could it be to plague the poor teacher?" still queried Emma.

"Oh! the fellows didn't like him."

"Why?"

"Oh! I don't know; he was so long, and put together so loose, and his joints cracked so when he walked about."

"Mr. Will, you are a naughty boy," said Emma, indignantly; "how could he help his joints cracking?"

"Oh, well—but he was so freckled."

"Willy," said Mrs. B. to her son; and as the little boy stepped close to his mother, and looked up into the grave, sweet depth of her eyes, it struck him all at once that the story he had been telling was not exactly a thing to be proud of.

"Now, mother, I declare I never thought of its being any harm—all the big fellows did it, and, indeed, I never thought of its being mean! Alfred, perhaps you had better finish *your* story, now."

"Yes, do, Alfred," said Mrs. B.

"Oh! now, I can't," said Alfred, gawkily, at the same time continuing—

"We had some downright bad boys at that time, and the only thing that had kept them down with the old master was the weight of his cane; when that was lifted, they sprang up higher than ever.

"One afternoon they determined to get up a regular rebellion, (revolution they called it;) and what made it so hard for me to keep out of it was this: That morning, before school, Tom Sloucher and some other fellows and myself were playing hop-scotch in the front yard. Tom's the best player in school, but that time I happened to beat him. I felt so set up at beating the brag player, that I couldn't help crowing a little.

"'Ye didn't play fair,' growled Tom, looking like a bear.

"'I did it more than fair,' said I, 'and I can do it again. The fact is, Tom Sloucher, I can beat you at most things, if I choose to try.'

"'I'll bet you my hat I'll beat you at shinny,' snarls Tom, looking like a hyena.

"'Done,' says I; and, strange to say, I beat him again.

"'Your humble servant,' says I, waving my shinny stick in an aggravating manner; 'anything else you'd like to fail in this morning?'

"'Whatever you dare,' says snarling Tom.

"'Whatever *you* dare,' says obsequious I.

"Tom's hot-tempered, and by this time his blood was up to boiling heat.

"'Ye're a wonderful boy,' hisses he, leering like a snake. 'Oh! yes, ye're a nice brave boy at a pretty little game like hop-scotch; yes, and ye're a hero at shinny, too; but I'll fix ye in a place yet, that'll make ye turn the coward side out. I'll know who is to be the head fellow in this school.'

"'Whatever *you* dare,' says I, consequentially; and just then the bell rang for morning school.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

LAST WORDS.

BY HARRIET N. NOYES.

I watched to-night the sunset
Adown in the golden sea,
And the deepening night shadows
Enshroud the silent lea.

I shall never see them more, Mary,
For when the parting day
Shadows the pleasant vale again,
I shall be far away.

You must bury me close by Lionel,
Under the old elm tree,
Where the brown thrush and the robin
Will sing their songs to me.

And we shall hear there sometimes
Bird-voices wild and free,
As they used to carol, years ago,
To Lionel and me.

To-night I heard him call me,
In the twilight gray and dim—
Remember and bury me, Mary,
In the shadows close by him.

For the National Era.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE CAREY.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was a blustery morning in November—it was going to be snow, everybody said. Mrs. Flagg was not well, as, indeed, she had not been lately; she had had too much to do, since Aunt Caty didn't come to help her any more. True, she had often sent for Dinah, but she was a good way off, and could not always come. "The corn is not half in," said Mrs. Flagg, "and it will snow before to-morrow night. We must have a dozen men in the field to-day." And Oliver was told to mount Sultan, and lead the old mare, and bring Dinah.

Now, Oliver had never ridden Sultan but once before, and would much have preferred to ride one of the old work-horses. He hesitated, and had a mind to say so; but when John clapped his hands, and called him a coward, and his uncle said he thought he did look pale—but he didn't know, for that he was *white*, at any rate—Oliver said he was not afraid; for though his uncle had spoken in jest, he felt it to be a bitter jest; and, mounting the gay Sultan, he rode away in a style that would have done honor to John himself, who was not a little proud of his horsemanship.

The wind blew roughly in his face, and it required all his strength to curb Sultan with one hand, and with the other to pull up the old mare, who was lazy, and contrary besides.

Aunt Caty, who had never quite recovered from the rheumatism, and who never failed to repeat the circumstances of her taking it, as often as she was asked how she did, was standing at the window, wrapped in a shawl, and, seeing him, tapped on the sash, and beckoned him to stop; and presently Nancy ran out, with a great white woollen comforter, that she had knitted for him, and which she wrapped two or three times about his neck, and a pair of blue mittens, and two hot jumble cakes, which she put in his pocket, and said would keep him warm, if he could not wait to eat them.

Aunt Caty lifted the window, and said it was too bad that he should have to ride so far in the cold, and that she was determined he should have comfort and mittens, for that, even with them, she expected he would freeze to death, one of these days.

"Poor boy!" she said, when Nancy went in, "I thought I would encourage him all I could."

And the huskers went into the field, and Mrs. Flagg bestirred herself as well as she was able, about the dinner, and Aunt Caty sat down by the fire, and tried to card a little wool, though she could but illy use her hands; and Nancy put up the table leaf, and began to cut apples, and look into boxes of spice and sugar, now and then mending the fire, that both lid and skillet might be ready to bake the first pie; amusing her mother all the time, by relating how such and such and such a one made pies, and how she had a way of her own, that she thought best of all.

Nancy was a good girl; not young nor pretty, only as good health and a benevolent face make any one pretty. She could not have been less than twenty-seven, short and chubby, and with a voice so kind, that you wanted her to say something all the time; and she did say a great many kind things, and do them, too. When her mother said that the Flaggs were as proud and hateful as they could be, she answered—"I expect, mother, we are all a little to blame;" for she would not lose sight of all their excellences, because of some things that were not quite right.

So with talking and working, the day wore into noon, and Oliver and Dinah had not come. Mrs. Flagg prepared the dinner, as best she could, and at last the huskers sat down to eat. There was not much merriment, for Mr. Flagg, who usually passed the cider freely on such occasions, and led in the mirth, was irritated that Oliver had not brought Dinah. There was a loud knock at the door, and before an answer could be given, in rushed Nancy Martin, her sleeves rolled up, and consternation in her face. Sultan, the black horse, was pawing at the gate, the bridle rein dangling loose, and the saddle slipped under his belly. He had dashed past their house furiously, a few minutes past, and she was sure some dreadful thing had happened. There was blood on the rein, she thought, though she could not tell.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Flagg; and then going up to Nancy, she untied her bonnet, and told her to stay with her till she should know the worst. The horse was led in, panting, and wet with sweat; his knees were bruised, and cut some; and the blood on the bridle-rein seemed to be from striking against them, as he ran. He was frightened, and would not drink much; but after a sip or two, would thrust up his head and snort, turning his eyes wildly and quickly about. He was not otherwise hurt, nor could they gain any clue to what had chanced by saddle or bridle, or anything else.

A messenger was hastily despatched to Hadley, but, before he had time to bring intelligence, came Dinah, riding at a brisk trot.

Nancy had remained, and Mr. Flagg himself had gone to Aunt Caty Martin's, and assisted her to walk down to his house, so that she might have the earliest news.

Dinah felt that she was an important personage; and not without a good deal of exaggeration and many expletives, which I need not repeat, told her story.

She and Oliver were riding together; his horse behaving very badly, so that he was afraid, she said, and they had just passed Dr. Livingston's, and were coming to the high bridge in the hollow, when, all at once, she saw two great elephants coming over the brow of the next hill. She saw that Sultan was terribly frightened, saw him pitching and dashing toward the bridge, and heard Oliver say, "Oh! what shall I do?" and that was all she saw or heard, till, having ridden her own beast against the fence, she looked again, and there were the two elephants coming up the hill, driven by a showman, and Sultan cantering away alone, and Dr. Livingston, without his hat, running as fast as he could. She followed quickly, and saw Oliver lying among the loose stones at one side of the bridge. He was quite still, and seemed dead, though the blood was oozing from a cut on his forehead. He was carried to the house of Dr. Livingston, and when she came away, was quite come to life, and was crying, with the dreadful pain he was in, for it seemed that the horse had fallen on him, and broken and shattered one of his legs terribly—they didn't know how badly, when she came away. When this was told, there was great sorrow and great consternation in the house at Mr. Flagg's. John went first to one door and then to the other, and looked first at one person and then at another, saying to himself, as it were, that he wished he had only told Oliver not to ride Sultan; he wished he knew just that minute how he was; and that, if he got well and came home, he would be sure and tell him never to ride Sultan.

Mr. Flagg seemed to grow ten years older in a few minutes, and after folding his arms and sitting in silence for a while, he put on his hat and gloves, and drove towards Hadley, taking care to stop on the way at the shoemaker's, where he had ordered a pair of new boots for Oliver, to see if they were finished. It was easy now to remember Oliver's needs.

Mrs. Flagg took off her cap, and laid it on a chair beside her, and, with the towel in her hands, rocked to and fro, reproaching herself for the accident, and telling over just where she saw Oliver last, and what he said that morning, and what he said the day before, and what she had intended to get and do for him, and what she would do yet, if he lived.

Nancy cried out heartily for a little while, and then she wiped her eyes and went to work, for the house was all in disorder, and Dinah repeated the same story again and again, and Aunt Caty said it was just as if a green branch had been broken off, to let the light of Heaven down upon them, and she hoped now they would all see how foolish they had been, to let a handful of hops, and such trifles, make them enemies.

And then Mrs. Flagg asked what it was about the hops; and when Aunt Caty told her, she said she had never heard of their being sent for; it was strange that Oliver should not have told her.

"He told me," said Billy, "that Aunt Caty sent for something, and said that in the whipping he got for being there, he forgot what it was."

So the two women cried together, for they had not known before about the whipping at all.

Towards night it began to snow, and Mrs. Flagg brought from the drawer, where it was put carefully away, the finest and best shawl she had, and wrapped it all warmly about Aunt Caty's shoulders, and so they sat by the fire, and talked of all the mournful accidents they ever knew of. You would have thought they were sisters, so lovingly they talked together. It seemed as if the old clock had never ticked so slowly, and at nightfall the wind grew bitterer, and the windows rattled as the snow drove against them in gusts. It will be a bad time to bring Oliver home, they said, to encourage each other, for both feared that he would not be able to come, and that indeed he would never come home alive.

They kept the fire bright, and made a soft bed close by it, and Billy was sent to Mrs. Martin's, to milk the cows and lock the doors, so that Nancy and her mother remained with Mrs. Flagg.

Eight and nine, and ten o'clock came, and there was a growl of the watch-dog, and then a soft sound of the carriage on the snow. The women almost held their breath from fear and anxiety; the door opened, and Mr. Flagg came in, alone, covered with snow, and looking almost frozen. All turned to him inquiringly, but without speaking; and John, who was wide awake, went close and leaned over his knee. The father's hand shook, as he put his arm about him, and drew him close to his bosom, and his voice shook, too, as he said—"Your poor little cousin Oliver is only just alive!"

I will pass over that night of sorrow, and all the other days and nights of suspense, during which there came news, now of his being a little worse, and now a little better, until the clear sunshiny afternoon, when the snow lay sparkling over all the hills, and a lively jingle of bells at Aunt Caty's door caused her to drop her knitting suddenly. There was a bright little sleigh, with a great brown buffalo robe in it, and a stout, reliable-looking sorrel horse before it, and a man, whom Aunt Caty had never seen before, coming into the house. Half an hour afterwards, Nancy went away with him, dressed in her new olive merino and green silk bonnet; and, wrapped in her blanket shawl, Aunt Caty was trudging as fast as she could go, to tell the news at Mrs. Flagg's; and while she is on the way, we will go back a little with our story.

Oliver, as you have been informed, was carried to the house of Dr. Livingston, where he had every care and attention; but after ten days of great suffering, a consultation of physicians was held, and it was determined that he could not recover without the amputation of the broken and injured leg. At first, Oliver said he would rather die and be buried altogether, than to never be able to run about the green hills and meadows any more; but when his sufferings grew so intense that he knew he could not live much longer, he told them they might do as they pleased; and so a great surgeon was sent for, and the broken leg was taken off above the knee.

From this time he did well, and in a few days had his head raised on pillows, and talked with Dr. Livingston quite cheerfully.

It was on one of these occasions that, more to amuse him than for any other purpose, the Doctor inquired who made the pretty comfort and mittens which lay on the table.

Oliver said it was Nancy Martin, and that she was the best person in the world, excepting Aunt Caty.

The Doctor wound the comfort about his neck, and said it was nice and warm, and he was sure Nancy must be a very good young lady.

Then Oliver told of a great many good things which Nancy had done; and remembering the hot cakes which she had given him the day he got hurt, and which he had never eaten, he took them from his pocket, but they were very dry and hard.

"Don't you think you could eat some fresh ones?" asked the Doctor.

Oliver said, if Nancy were there to make them, he was sure he could eat them.

"Well," said the Doctor, "I will send the sleigh, for Nancy to come.

And it was to tell all this, that Aunt Caty hurried so fast to Mr. Flagg's.

A month went by, and Nancy didn't come back. Oliver could not do without her, the Doctor said, though everybody beside thought he was well enough to be taken home. It was February, and the snow was all over the ground yet, when Aunt Caty one morning came to our house, to ask us all to pass the evening with her—Nancy was going to come home, and bring little Oliver, who with the aid of a crutch could hobble about a little now. She was in fine spirits, and said she couldn't stay but a minute, she had left a mince-pie baking, and she was going to kill the fattest turkey hen she had, and make custard, if she could find fresh eggs. That she was going to have a little supper, and have Mr. Flagg's folks, and our folks, and some other neighbors, that she mentioned. My mother must come early, she said, and bring her silver spoons, which she should want, and crimp the border of her nice cap, if she would.

We all thought Aunt Caty was going to tell some great thing all the while—she looked just as she always did when she brought good news, but she went home without telling it.

That was one of the longest days I ever saw. I looked at the clock every five minutes, and thought it never would be night. It was well we had an early invitation. We saw the great smoke in the kitchen at Aunt Caty's, and saw her bustling out and in, for we could do nothing but look at her house.

At last it was time to get ready, and at last it was time to go. We had on our best dresses and shoes, and were about as happy as children can be.

Aunt Caty had on her black silk dress, which we never knew her to wear before, except to funerals; and when the cap was crimped, and she put that on, too, we thought Mrs. Flagg herself could not look finer. In the front room all was in nice order; two wax candles were burning at once, and three pots of red and yellow chrysanthemums stood on the table in full bloom. On the snowy cover of the stand lay the Bible and hymn-book; the settee had a new chintz cushion, and the rocking-chair; the home-made carpet had been carefully swept, and looked almost as well as new; the brass andirons were scoured white, and far out over the snow and through the white curtains of the windows shone the red firelight. But the kitchen, after all, was the most attractive place; for there two tables were set together, and over them were spread two of the finest linen table-cloths Aunt Caty had; the blue dishes and the white-handled knives and forks were in use; and there was the roast turkey, and the minced pies, and the custard, and a great pound-cake, besides many other nice things that I don't remember.

The tea-kettle was steaming by the fire, and the bright tin coffee-pot was on the coals, and the blue tea-pot close beside.

Before seven o'clock, all who had been invited were there—all joking, and laughing, and happy.

Only for a minute the mirth grew still, when the door opened, and Oliver, limping on his crutch, came in. He was smiling, but he looked sad for all; and when his Aunt Flagg went forward and said, "Why, Olly, is it you?" and, kissing her cheek, he answered, "Yes, what there is left of me," some of us wiped our eyes, I remember.

But smiles followed quick upon the tears, for just behind him came Nancy, leaning on the arm of Dr. Livingston. They were married; and when Oliver whispered to his Aunt Flagg that Nancy had already washed the faces of the little Livingstons, and made them new dresses, she said that a better girl could not have done it.

I need not linger over that happy night—you can imagine it. I will only say that Mr. Flagg actually kissed the cheek of Nancy, and called her cousin, and that Mrs. Flagg whispered to him that Aunt Caty might want a little more silver for the supper, and that he could bring the napkins while he was about it.

Of course they were brought, and a great dish of honey beside, though Aunt Caty had enough without it.

Mrs. Flagg tied on an apron, and poured the coffee at one end of the table, while Aunt Caty served the tea at the other.

True to his promise, John told Oliver never to ride Sultan again, while he slipped into his hand a pretty book of pictures and stories, which his father had given him at Christmas.

Oliver's uncle sent him to college, and he became a fine scholar, but of all the things that he was able to do, he preferred to teach the village school, and to live with Aunt Caty and tend flowers, and read books; which he does to this day, for aught I know.

This life-long affliction might have been prevented, if all had been as kindly considerate before its occurrence as afterward; but the rainbow comes in clouds, and good feelings spring out of disaster.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

Scottsville, New York, June 28, 1853.—I regard the *Facts for the People* as a valuable document for all classes, particularly for that large number throughout the North, who, at the late Presidential election, voted with the pro-slavery parties for the *last* time; and who, were it not for the *facts* placed before, and reflected upon by them in their calm moments, might be induced, as the election comes around, to vote with their parties just *once* more. Has not the public sentiment of the South, upon the slavery question, materially changed since the days of Washington and Franklin? Would Jefferson and Madison be recognised as leaders of the Democracy in Virginia now? Or, would a deliberative body, giving utterance to their sentiments, be tolerated in any Southern State? Some of their teachings appear rather incendiary. Verily, Democracy is progressive.

The Free Democrats of New York are not idle, though making no great outward demonstration. They are silently sowing the seeds of Democratic truth, trusting in the future to reap a harvest. It is not probable that a thorough organization will be perfected this season, as circumstances seem inauspicious to a vigorous effort. There are no State officers to be chosen at our next election, but members of the Legislature only. The great subject that will engage the attention of the electors is that of *Temperance*. Free Democrats are, so far as my acquaintance extends, without exception, Maine Law men, and desire to cast their suffrages in such a manner as most speedily to secure the enactment of a statute prohibiting the traffic in ardent spirits. In counties where there is not a probability of electing candidates of their own, by making no nominations they can select from the old parties men who are friends of this measure. Is it not wisdom to adopt this policy?

The future action of the Whig party is problematical. In this county (Monroe) the two factions of said party can never act together again in good faith. Their jealousies have turned to an inveterate hatred—they regard each other with an animosity at once bitter, implacable. The Hunker Whigs sympathize with, and doubtless intend, eventually, to coalesce with the Hunker Democrats. They remain in the party, and retain their distinctive name, because it gives them a power to distract and weaken the party, which abandonment would deprive them of. The Administration encourage this feud by retaining in office the Silver Gray post-master at Rochester, and Collector at the port of Genesee. The future is full of promise. We can afford to bide our time. Yours, &c., S.

Coshocton, June 25, 1853.—Please send me *Facts for the People* for the dollar enclosed. We have a hard field to work in here. The pro-slavery weeds have got the start of us, and we want some of the *Facts* to cut them down; and Samuel Lewis will be here before long to dig them out by the roots. We hope to give a good account of ourselves this fall.

R. W. B.

Brunswick, Maine, June 28, 1853.—Send 100 copies of *Facts for the People*. These are just what is wanted, and it is my opinion that the paper will do great good to the cause. The most of the above copies will be distributed in this town, and our vote for Hale and Julian was but 52—this looks as though we might increase our vote some. E. H. M.

Berlin Centre, Ohio, June 28, 1853.—Enclosed please find three dollars for *Facts for the People*. I notice in your list of the Free Soil press that there are some papers that are *decidedly* Free Soil that are omitted: Homestead *Journal*, at Salem, Ohio, Aaron Hinksman editor, $1.50; the *Christian Press*, Cincinnati, I suppose to be right on that question.

If prudence would not forbid it, I would like to know who "E" is. J. F. P.

"E" is Dr. William Elder, of Philadelphia.

Door Creek, Dane co., Wisconsin, June 25, 1853.—Please send me six copies of the *Facts for the People*, commencing with the first number. The cause of Freedom is onward in Wisconsin, and the prospect brightens. The Badger State will poll more votes for Freedom next fall than she has ever done before. This State, although the youngest daughter of the ordinance of 1787, will be the first to cast her vote for the Free Democracy. If the platform of the Free Democracy be adhered to without reviving old prejudices, our success is sure and speedy. Yours, for humanity, J. W. S.

For the National Era.

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MARK SUTHERLAND:

OR,

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. XXII.

You were not meant to struggle from your youth,
To skulk, and creep, and in mean pathways range;
Act with stern truth, large faith, and loving will—
Up and be doing.—*Lowell.*

Four years had passed away since Mark Sutherland and Rosalie had taken up their residence in the village of Shelton. In this space of time many changes had passed over the village community and the individuals that composed it. The Territory had been erected into a State—new towns were incorporated—new cities founded—old ones throve. Shelton itself had more than doubled in population and importance. Where there had been but three or four stores, there were now a dozen; where there had been but two churches there were now five. A handsome court house stood on the site of the old log tenement, whence the law, if not justice, had once issued its decisions; an excellent market-place, well-attended, added much to the comfort of the citizens; a lyceum—an incipient library and museum, perhaps—lent its attractions to the town; an elegant and capacious hotel replaced the rude, clap-boarded tavern of Colonel Garner. The country around the village had become thickly settled, and many, many improvements, which it were tedious to enumerate, had added to the importance of the place.

Our friends Mark and Rosalie, had grown up with the village. Their paper "*The True Freeman*," and their school, had both greatly prospered. But no one in the world, except Mark himself, knew how much of this prosperity was owing to the cheerful hope, the firm faith, the warm zeal, the untiring perseverance of Rosalie. And at times he wondered at the power of that pale, fragile creature—for she was still very delicate and frail.

His professional business had increased very rapidly. He could not have specified any day, or any suit, from which his success had taken its impetus—all had been so gradual, so purely the result of application and perseverance, rather than of accident or fortune. He felt that here too there was an outward influence, an external power, to which he owed much, very much, of his persistent energy—a power living by his side, that continually threw itself with all its ardor and force into his purposes—into his soul—warming and streng