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For the National Era

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MARK SUTHERLAND:

OR,

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. XXIX.

Rouse to some high and holy work of life.
And Thou an angel's happiness shall know;
Shall bless the earth while in the world above;
The work, begun by thee, shall onward go
In many a branching stream and wider flow.
Carlos Wilcox.

A week after this, Mark Sutherland once more left home for a visit to Mississippi, on business. He went to make a final settlement with Clement Sutherland. The miserable old man had fallen almost into a state of idiocy. He gave up all the title deeds and various documents relating to Rosalie's estate, but could give little or no information concerning them. The plantation was sold under the mortgage, and when all was done, and the final accounts cast up, Mark Sutherland found that of all his wife's splendid fortune but a paltry two thousand dollars was left. With this, Mark Sutherland prepared to leave the neighborhood of Cashmere. But the day that he had fixed for his departure was signalized by a catastrophe that delayed his journey for weeks. It was the dreadful death of St. Gerald Ashley, who, during a fit of mania-a-potu, threw himself from a second story window, and, striking his head upon the iron trellice below, was instantly killed. India was distracted—Clement Sutherland, helpless. And Mark remained at Cashmere to take the direction of the funeral.

Three days from the death, when all was over, Mark Sutherland sought the presence of the widow. He went to her with no tender condolements, but with the words of bitter truth and stern rebuke upon his lips. He found her in her faded and dingy boudoir. She arose at his entrance, and held out her hand to welcome him, but before his own had touched it she sank down in her chair, burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands. He coolly took a seat, and spoke:

"I have come to you, Mrs. Ashley, with no false words of sympathy, which would seem as untrue to your sense as they would *be* upon my lips. I come merely to set before you the stern realities of your position, and, if possible, to awaken you to its duties and responsibilities." He paused a moment, and she lifted up her head and tearful face, saying:

"Speak, Mark! you will not find me haughty now!"

His lips curled, and then he compressed them.

"Your husband is dead! you know too well whose fatal power brought down that high, proud nature to dishonor and to death"——

"Speak—ay, speak—and spare not! I deserve it! Most of all, from you!" she exclaimed, in a voice of anguish.

"Could I believe, India, that one atom of tenderness, of sensibility, of penitence, lived in your bosom, I should not speak as I *have* spoken—as I *shall* speak. But I believe that selfish sorrow is all you can feel! When I remember St. Gerald Ashley, born to be an ornament to his station and his country, and a benefactor to his race, and know whose baleful hand plucked him down from his pride of place and hurled him to the dust, I have no mercy for you, India! At *your* feet he laid the first fresh, green laurels of his young renown; and for the honor that he gave you—for, proud woman, it was an honor—you repaid him disgrace and death! You accepted his hand in marriage, yet, for his esteem gave him scorn; for his admiration, disgust; for his love, loathing; for his true and faithful heart, you gave him a false and perjured one; and for the lustre and dignity his name and talents reflected upon you, you covered him with shame and and ruin! Oh! baleful woman, look what your guilty heart has done!"

"Your words are poignant! Oh! they are sharp and bitter! Yet speak! speak, and spare not!"

"Yet, India, for the kindred blood in our mutual veins—for the regard I once bore you, and the anxiety I still feel for you—I would point out a way of recovery"——

"Tell me, Mark! tell me! Oh! I know that I have been guilty! but not wantonly guilty, as you think! God knoweth that I have not! *One* mad, impatient act—*one* frantic act—lead to all the rest—ruined all my life and his!"

"Yet that act could not have been committed by any but an intensely selfish nature, India. I spoke not to indulge in *vain* reproaches, but to recall you to a sense of what you have already caused others to suffer, and to a consciousness of what you owe to others. You cannot now recall the past, but you are very young, and the long future is all yours. Your husband is dead, your father imbecile, and there is no one to take the direction of affairs on this plantation. You must rouse yourself from vain regret and indolent self-indulgence. You were not created to sit still and be waited upon. You must engage in the active duties of life. You must redeem the past by the future. You cannot now bring back St. Gerald Ashley from his dishonored grave, and restore him to the brilliant and distinguished position from which you drew him—but you can do somewhat to save his memory from reproach. He died heavily in debt. You have property of your own. This seat of Cashmere was secured to you on your marriage, leaving your father only a life interest in it. I do not, therefore, mean *this*. But you have other property in your own right—devote it to the liquidation of Ashley's debts. And more: when you drove him from your bosom, he sought sympathy and affection from a poor girl who lives in the pine forest. I need not tell you the story; doubtless, you know it. If you do not, the theme is, unhappily, so common that you can easily imagine it! What I mean to say is this: this poor fallen girl, guilty as she is, is scarcely more so in the sight of Heaven, in *my* sight, than yourself—the first originating cause of her fall. And what I have to tell you is *this*—that that poor girl is unprovided for, desolate, and heart-broken; and what I have to enjoin upon you is, that you seek out that poor victim of your own selfishness and St. Gerald's sin, and make such a provision for herself and child as will save her from despair and deeper vice!"

"And if I do all this—if I spend all that I have in clearing St. Gerald's memory from debt, and if I take this poor girl and her child to my home and hearth—will you think of me more leniently than you do? Will you restore me your esteem?"

"I do not know. My thoughts, my esteem, should be no motive with you. I never asked you to do this for *my* sake! I would not ask you to do it for Heaven's sake; but simply I enjoin you to do it because it is *right*, whether I ever remember your existence again or not!"

"Oh! Mark, I will do it. But you have not learned of Him, that Divine compassionate One, who would not break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax!"

She raised her eyes tearfully, doubtingly, to his face.

"Is there anything else, Mark?" she asked.

"Yes; rid yourself of all ill-gotten possessions, of all unjust gains!"

"What do you mean? I have nothing but what I have inherited."

"And you have inherited ill-gotten wealth; it matters not to you by whom first ill-gotten, it is now yours; but you have no more right to it than had those through whom it descended to you!"

"You mean my slaves?"

"Yes, India, I mean your slaves; cleanse your soul from the sin of slaveholding; free every one over whom you hold a power more than of life or death; send all, who are willing to go, to Liberia, and do not grudge the expense of their transportation. Remember that you and your parents before you have been brought up at their expense; remember, also, that if your life should be cut off before you emancipate them, when your soul is in the spiritual world, you will see those whom you have left on earth, in a bondage by your act, doomed, with their children and their children's children, to a cruel slavery, from which you have no longer the power and the privilege to free them. Oh! I think, India, it is a fearful responsibility to hold slaves, but it is an awful one to die and leave them so—to let the power of righting their wrongs pass away from you forever."

"To do all this it would require nearly all my means—it would leave me very poor."

"*Be* poor! *let* all go but peace of mind!"

She paused a long time, with her head bowed upon her hands. At last she looked up, and stretched her hand out to him, and said—

"Mark, is this all that you require of me?"

"No; your father is imbecile in mind, and no longer capable of directing even his most trivial affairs. You must apply to the court for the necessary authority, and take the control of his estate. I will remain here a few weeks longer to aid you in obtaining it, and in settling up the accounts. You will find many a just debt which nevertheless cannot legally be recovered of him. You must pay them all without flinching, though the settlement should leave you penniless. You must right every wrong that he has done, or others suffered through him. Moreover, in a few years, at farthest, the remnant of your father's vast landed estate, and all his slaves, will come into your possession. Meanwhile you must look upon those slaves as destined for freedom, and gradually prepare them for it! You must emancipate them as soon as you have the power!"

He had not taken the hand she had held out to him a few minutes before. It had fallen unheeded at her side. Yet now she laid it in his, as she asked:

"And if I do all this that you demand, *then* will you give me back regards?"

He looked disappointed and annoyed, and dropped her hand, as he replied:

"If the fountain be not sweet, how shall the stream be? If the motive be not pure, how shall the act be? India! do not seek to make a trader's bargain with Heaven, or even with me! I have not asked you to do this from the fear of any punishment, or the hope of any reward; I have not required it at your hands for God's sake, least of all for mine; I have simply demanded it in the name of the RIGHT! India! there is a sentiment expressed, a principle laid down, or a prayer made, by one of our poets, which, for sublime simplicity, transcends everything not written in the Holy Scriptures. It is contained in the lines of Pope's universal prayer:

"'What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do—
This teach me more than *hell* to shun,
That more than *heaven* pursue.'

"There is no clap-trap there, India; it is a sublime rule! Lay it to heart!"

He had arisen, and was about to leave the room, but seeing her arms crossed upon the table, and her head fallen upon them in an attitude of the most desolate grief, he turned back, and laying his hand kindly upon the bowed head, he said:

"Dear India, I am writing to Rosalie; shall I tell her to come down and remain with you for a few weeks?"

"No, no! not now! I could not bear her presence here; it would bring back the memory of happier days, in too dreadful contrast with these. Not now! It is very dark, life is very dark to me, and I am very weak and miserable!"

"Dearest India! I wish you would let her come to you—would let her lead you to the only true source of light, and strength, and joy!"

"I cannot! I can *die!*"

"She would teach you to live; she would teach her truth, that 'out of the *heart* are the issues of life?'"——

"And of *death!*" said India, in a hollow voice.

Then he could only press her hand, and leave her.

Mark Sutherland remained three weeks longer in the neighborhood of Cashmere. During his stay he lodged at the village of C., because he found it impossible to remain at Cashmere, where the presence of India, in her grief and desolation, seemed to scorch his very soul like a spiritual fire. He labored very industriously, and with the assistance of efficient lawyers and clerks, reduced the chaos of the Cashmere accounts into something like order, and made the way straight for the future course of India and her attorney. At the end of the third week he completed his work, and bade adieu to India and to Cashmere.

And in twelve days he was at home again. He was met near the house by Billy, who, with two baskets upon his arms, was proceeding upon some household errand.

"Well! and so it's you, is it!" observed that functionary, setting down his baskets. "And so you've comed at last!"

"How is your mistress, Billy?" inquired Mr. Sutherland.

"Not bein' of a nigger, haint got no missus. Ef you means *her*, in yonder, how does you 'spects her to be being, along o' the school and the head-cat-orials, and the clients? You better go see how she is! Yes, and I can tell you, you better go see arter your paper, *too!* or you won't have any 'scribers left!"

"Why, how so?"

"Humph! How so? Why, Mr. Bolling he took it into his head as he'd write a great head-cat-orial leader—I could o' done it as well myself if I'd had any body to take down my words in writin'—'cause I used to be a *class*-leader, or leastway I used to belong to a class. Well, unbeknownest to Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Bolling he puts on his spectacles and sits down to write a leader. Lord, it took him a week, and then it took a whole side of the paper to print it! And when it come out! ugh! whew! brikey! my eyes! ef it didn't put the whole town and county into a hub bub. *Everybody* was mad, and threatened to stop their paper—the Dimocrats said how you'd turned Whig; and the Whigs said you'd turned Dimocrat; and the Consarv'tives said you'd become a revolutionizer and a 'cendiary; and the Free-S'ilers said how you'd turned coat, and betrayed your pairty! If you could get 'lected to a lamp-lighter's place *this* go, *I'm* a Hunker!" said Billy, hitching up his baskets, and trudging off towards the town. Very much disturbed by what he had heard, Mark Sutherland hastened on homeward. That his paper was injured, and his income diminished, were comparatively small matters; that his election was lost, was not a very great one; but that public confidence was shaken, and his influence impaired, was a great misfortune. Anathematizing Mr. Bolling's both-side-isms, which now seemed to have reached *all*-side-ism, he passed through the green gate leading into his own lawn.

Rosalie, who had seen his approach from afar, came down from the house to meet him. She looked smiling and happy as she gave him both her hands. Her cheerful confiding raised his hopes. He greeted her fondly, and then drew her arm within his own. And as they walked slowly back to the house—

"Well, Rosalie!" he said, "what about this confounded editorial of Mr. Bolling's? It is not enough, it seems, that he should be a killjoy in the house and by the fireside, but he must be a mar-plot abroad, and an evil genius to our business!"

Rose laughed gaily.

"Oh, it is nothing," she said; "it was just one of Mr. Bothsides's grand, broad, impartial manifestoes. It took our people, both friends and opponents, very much by surprise, perplexed them not a little, and finally made them laugh. No one, for an instant, could have attributed such a leader to you, even if they had not been advised of your absence, and exclusive engagement elsewhere. Besides, in to-day's paper the publisher explains that the article was from the pen of a transient contributor. Why do you still look so grave? It is not possible that poor, daft Billy has really alarmed you with his gossip. Psha! even innocents of Billy's mental calibre could scarcely impute the sentiments of that foolish leader to you."

Grave! Well he might look grave; but not upon the subject of leading editorials, public sentiment, popular applause, or popular execration. He wondered now, how such trifles could have discomposed him. There *she* was—the angel of his life—walking by his side, leaning on his arm, looking very smiling and happy, talking cheerily, laughing sweetly; but oh! that face was so fair and wan—that pearly forehead so greatly developed, so polished from the tension of the skin—those large, shadowy eyes, so deeply luminous—those crimson flushes in the hollow cheek, so intense and fiery—that whole countenance, irradiated with such unearthly, supernal light! Why should he look grave! He answered her question in some trivial way—said he was not grave, or something to that effect, and put on a look and manner of ease and light-heartedness—strangers, alas! to his bosom, from this time forward many a day! He did not now express any anxiety, or care, or thought about her health; he did not even ask her how she was; for oh! such feelings had suddenly grown too deep, too real, too painful to be spoken. He did not support her steps with his usual tenderness and solicitude. A sort of fierce jealousy and antagonism to disease and death took possession of him—a sort of instinct that the powers that threatened his dearest treasure took possession of his soul—a sort of instinct that, by denying their existence, he might disable their might—a kind of feeling that, by disbelieving Rosalie's weakness, and disallowing her yielding to disease, he might save her from the power of death.

With more refined spiritual insight than he possessed, Rosalie perceived his thoughts and emotions; and, as much as possible, avoided giving him pain. She never betrayed weariness or pain, if the exercise of the greatest fortitude and patience could conceal her suffering; she never complained, never even alluded to her mortal illness.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

For the National Era.

THE DISAPPOINTED WIFE.

BY LIZZIE LINN.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAP. III.

"He lacks not gall to make oppression bitter."

Alice had lived with Mrs. Sneeks for many years, but at length she married, greatly to the sorrow of the mistress.

"You must go to day, Mr. Sneeks," said the latter, "and get another girl. I can do without no longer. I never worked half as hard in my life as I have the last week."

But week after week, and month after month passed, and yet no help was obtained. She could not go herself, she had no horse to go with, and Mr. Sneeks *would* not go. Whether he was governed more by avarice, or by ugliness, it was difficult to tell. Mrs. Sneeks worked herself down so thin that she seemed nearly as unsubstantial as a shadow. All through haying and harvesting the house was filled with laborers, and yet she did the work herself; and sometimes, when ready to drop down with fatigue, with a trembling in every limb, and a quivering in every nerve, he would come home and begin to fret.

"Come! come! isn't dinner ready? The men are all waiting. *I* could get a dozen dinners before this time. Come, boys! come! Put on the pudding, wife."

On one of these occasions, when it was exceedingly warm, and every fibre of her system had been taxed to its utmost tension, he began, very impatiently—

"How long before dinner *will* be ready?—just tell *me that*."

"Very soon," replied the wife; and she stepped the quicker, and her hands flew the faster. Her face was as red as living coals, and the perspiration was running from every pore.

"Did you mend my pants, this morning?"

"I did not, and had not time."

"*Time!* I never saw such a slow, moping creature as you are! Now, I want those pants. I can get nothing done, unless I do it myself. How on earth you spend your time, the Lord only knows. You accomplish the least of any person I ever saw!"

"Mr. Sneeks, I do all that I"——

Her utterance was choked; she could say no more. The big tears chased each other down her cheeks, but she hardly dared take the time to wipe them away. Then, too, another invective followed, which urged her onward:

"Come, don't stop to snivel now!"

Presently Sneeks returned from the cellar, where he had been sneaking about to see what he could find amiss. His face portended a still heavier storm.

"Did you know that the beer was out of the barrel?" said he, almost grinding his teeth with rage.

"I supposed it was nearly gone."

"And yet you have brewed no more. The men can't drink water, you know *that*."

"Well, Mr. Sneeks, how *could* I brew this morning?"

"How *could* you brew? I guess you will find out how you could. I am not going to support you here in idleness, my pretty lady."

This was too much. The poor woman groaned aloud, and sunk into a chair. She was overpowered by his unkindness, by his reproaches and threats. Her heart seemed crushed, and torn fibre from fibre. She was wholly exhausted; her strength was all spent. She could not rise; she could scarcely move. She closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in agony, saying,

"Oh, God, let me die! Let me hide away in the grave, from this terrible cruelty."

Sneeks gave a malignant leer, with an expressive ugh!

His wretched companion at length found herself on the bed. How she got there she knew not—she had been bewildered. Instead of the bland and polite gentleman she had married, she awoke to the consciousness that she was mated to a selfish, inhuman wretch—at heart as vulgar and profane as a Southern soul-driver. Her affections, all fresh and vigorous, had reached out and entwined themselves with great tenacity all around—around what? a monster! a vile being, who, like the venomous serpent, had poisoned her whole existence. The earthly future looked as dark as night. She shrank from it; she longed to die. She saw no refuge now but the grave. Her situation was aggravated by the loss of her friends. Some had moved to the far, far West, others had been swept off by cholera, so that of her father's family not one remained near her—not one to whom she could unburden her heart—not one to give counsel or help.

Mrs. Sneeks was so exhausted, that she fell asleep. Then came pleasant dreams of her dear old home; of those fond brothers and the sainted mother, whose prayers appeared to her as holy as a seraph's song. More pleasing still was the presence of her former companion, Charles Eldridge was with her. His arm seemed to support her. He bathed her brow, and leaning lovingly over her, said—"Mary, my *poor* Mary!"

"Come! come! you going to sleep all day?" bawled out Sneeks, as he opened her door. "Your kitchen is in a pretty fix."

Unfortunate being! She was in Paradise a moment since, but in Pandemonium now. Her kitchen *was* in a deplorable condition. The men had taken up their dinner, and eaten it, and then left the house, with the doors wide open; consequently, the hens and chickens had feasted upon the remnants. They had scratched the pudding-dish off the table, and an abundance of bread and meat had been dropped upon the well-scrubbed floor, for the still unfledged brood. The cat had upset the cream-jug, and its contents had flowed in a copious stream across the room. The sun was blazing with great intensity, and the table was black with flies. One would have thought that all the hens and chickens, all the cats and flies in the neighborhood, had been holding one grand jubilee together.

Mrs. Sneeks heard the voice of a child. It was Charlie Godfrey. He and his mother had called, and the little rogue had run into the kitchen, and the mother after him. The latter stationed herself as near the door of the bedroom as possible, and then relieved her mind in a very loud and emphatic manner:

"And so you all live together here—cats and hens, pigs and people. Really, father, you have a beautiful housekeeper. I must congratulate you upon the comforts of your home, upon the neat and tidy appearance of your house. I came to pay a visit, but I see that you are poorly prepared for company. Come, Charlie, let us go;" and the stately widow Godfrey walked to her carriage, and drove off.

"Come, Mary; why *don't* you come?" said Sneeks, "I want the luncheon for the men."

The poor victim was again trembling with emotion That hateful Mrs. Godfrey! Her taunt was almost unendurable.

The luncheon was procured, and Sneeks started for the field.

"Now, said his wife, I must wash the dishes, clean up this house, brew a barrel of beer, mend those pants, and get supper for ten men, and it is now four o'clock."

All that work Mrs. Sneeks did before she retired; but it was the last she did for six weeks. That night she was attacked with a violent fever, and her life was in peril for days. In her lucid intervals she hoped every hour would be her last.

But we cannot die when we would. Her time was not yet. An untaught Irish girl was employed to do the work and nurse the sick. Harvesting was nearly over, and she did better than was expected. Little attention was paid to the sick, but for this the patient did not care. "Leave me alone, let me die!" was her constant prayer.

CHAP. IV.

"Famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."

While his wife was yet very feeble, Sneeks went to the city, and spent several days in dissipation and nights in rioting. At that time he played largely and incurred heavy debts. Soon after his return he proposed to sell a greater part of the farm, and urged as a reason, that should they do so, there would be less hard work in the house.

Mrs. Sneeks was then very weak, both in body and mind, and she had no one to advise her.

"Anything, anything," thought she, "so that I need not be such a drudge, and work so much beyond my strength."

A few days only elapsed before she was called upon to sign a deed, and she placed her name to the document wholly unconscious of the poverty to which she was reducing herself. The magistrate received her testimony that it was done of her own free will, and yet he saw that she was incapable of having any intelligent will about it.

The following winter Mrs. Sneeks passed nearly alone. A man, near by, was employed to get wood and take care of what little stock they had left. This man was very unfaithful, and she often suffered for fuel, and flour, and other necessaries. Sneeks spent most of his time in the city, and before spring he became a shameless profligate. One evening, in a drunken revel, he fell into a quarrel. The combatants were separated, but the memory of the difficulty rankled in the bosome of both. The next time they met, they drew their dirks, and Sneeks was pierced to the heart. "He died as the fool dieth." What a load of injustice and cruelty toward her whom he had sworn to love and cherish—what a mountain of crime he carried up to the throne of the Eternal!

Mrs. Godfrey went to the city and buried her father. She apologized for his reckless conduct, by saying—

"His wife was very inefficient, and had no power to make home agreeable. Were it otherwise, he might have been different."

Base detractor! Mrs. Sneeks was a genial, loving, faithful woman, and one in every way calculated to make domestic life attractive. It is bad enough to have the trouble, without being charged with the crime. She did not go to see his remains consigned to their last resting place; her wardrobe was too scanty. Had she attempted to appear abroad, she would have looked like a beggar. Neither did she make a great show of grief; still, she felt the bereavement—she was shocked, she was unutterably desolate. Even a broken reed, that can give no support, we cling to; we would not have it taken away. We shudder, even when the tie that bound us to a faithless wretch is rudely broken. Her heart had been rent with many sorrows. The current of her life, that once flowed harmoniously onward, through the flowery fields of love and joy, had been turned away backward, and forced to channel its way through a dark and thorny labyrinth, downward and downward, to utter hopelessness and misery. And now, oh! how chilling and repulsive and solitary appeared the way.

Legal proceedings were entered into for the settlement of the estate, and of all Mrs. Sneeks's property there remained only the house and twenty acres of land, valued altogether at two thousand dollars. This would have yielded Mrs. Sneeks quite a comfortable living, as her wants were few, and she might have spent her old age in comparative peace; but, greatly to her surprise, Mrs. Godfrey was the legal heir, *for thus readeth the law.* An *interest*, simply, in one-third of the estate, was the scanty pittance allowed her, whose funds had bought it all.

"Should you leave the place," said a lawyer, whom she was consulting—"and I suppose you could not live there alone, and attend to the farming department—you will receive your share of the income from Mrs. Godfrey."

"From *Mrs Godfrey!* Is my bread to come grudgingly from the hand of that false woman? God forbid that I should ever eat it! This is the last act of humiliation to which I had ever thought of being subjected. Her father has squandered my means; he has wrung out my heart's blood, and exhausted a fountain of tears; and that is not enough, but the law takes my last dollar, and gives it to her, who would gladly oppress and grind me into the earth, as he has done. I brought to him youth, hope, affection all spotless and true; I brought a competence; and they are all, all gone. Hopes are blasted, affection crushed, premature age is upon me, for even now I tremble as one under the weight of years, and the scanty remnant that is left of my means the law filches from me, and gives to my worst enemy; and when I can no longer work, I am to *beg* or to *starve!* *Perish* all such legislation!" cried the excited woman. "Oh! how cruelly hath the world dealt with me! I am now homeless, friendless, in want—existence has become a burden, a curse!"

Powerful emotion prevented farther utterance.

Mrs. Sneeks was thoroughly roused. The unkindness of her husband had alwas grieved rather than offended her. She sunk under it; she could never give the reprimand his conduct so justly merited. But she *had* spirit, and all the indignation of her soul was roused on this occasion. No act of his had ever so vexed and irritated her.

Mrs. Sneeks soon left the farm, and sought a home with Mrs. Day—a kind-hearted person, who had taken some interest in her and her troubles. She has now lived in that family several years, ostensibly as a friend, but in reality a servant. She does a servant's work, or as much of it as she can, and receives wages in proportion. Mr. Day sometimes collects her income, though it is difficult to do so without a resort to law. Mrs. Godfrey has sent her many an insulting letter, one of which read thus:

"I do wish my father could have lived unmarried, and not left a widow on my hands to support. It is as much as I can do to take care of myself and child; so, the fewer demands you make upon me, the better for us all. I presume you are able to get your own living."

With what torturing recollection did that advice of her brother come up from time to time, before the unhappy and disappointed woman. Had she availed herself of it, Sneeks, such was his disposition, would have been, when at home, quite decent and comparatively kind; and at his death she would have been perfectly independent, pecuniarily.

Reader, I have now fulfilled my commission. I have given you a sad tale; and I hesitated to exhibit to your view this dark page in human history. The bright and sunny pictures are more pleasing to us all; but Mrs. Sneeks gave me the leading incidents in this sketch, with the request that I should give them to the world. She believes, with Dr. Johnson, that every person is bound to make some improvements in the chart of life—to point out the rocks upon which he has been dashed, and the shoals where he has been stranded.

For the National Era.

THE BEAUTY OF FREEDOM.

BY S. JONES.

When the dance of the shadows
At daylight is done,
And the checks of the morning
Are red with the sun;
When nature, new wakened,
Commences her song,
And her gushings of gladness
Come floating along;
Ah! well in her beauty and baby-like glee
May she bound on in rapture, because she is free.

When the breathings of noonday
Float silently by,
And the sun in his glory
Rides scorchingly high;
With feelings of reverence
We thoughtfully bow,
While upward we gaze
On his broad-beaming brow.
How grand in his beauty! But never could he
Sail onward thus proudly, unless he were free.

When the shadows of evening
Just tremble in sight,
And the eyes of the day-god
Are looking good night;
When the spirit of solitude
Sobs on the hill,
And the pulses of nature
Beat tranquil and still—
While the echoing vespers steal over the lea,
'Tis a beauty forever, because we are free.

When the moon in the azure
Above us doth roll,
And the footfalls of memory
Are heard in the soul;
When the spirit half sighs
'Neath its burden of love,
And seems floating away
With the starlets above;
In that vision of beauty, oh, say, could there be
One transport of rapture, unless we were free?

When the storm-god in vengeance
Walks forth in his ire,
And the heavens seem clothed
In an armor of fire;
When the thunder awakes
From his cloud-cradled sleep,
And the tempest is treading
The paths of the deep;
'Tis beauty, 'tis grandeur; and ever do we
From the depths of our souls love the truthful and free.

All beauty, all freedom,
A boon heaven gave;
But still on earth's bosom
Man trembles a slave.
Ah, strange! speaking nature,
Thy teachings should fall
Unheeded, while telling
Of justice to all.
Our country may boast of her equal-earned might,
Of her purity, genius, truth, freedom, and right;
But her eagle-winged pride has no beauty for me,
Like the thrice-hallowed sight of a nation all free.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN P. HALE.

The *American Phrenological Journal* has been doing itself great credit, giving a series of interesting biographies of distinguished men and women, accompanied by sketches of their phrenological traits, and illustrated by portraits. The July issue served up Paulina Wright Davis, and John Pierpont. In the August number it has followed these with Jesse Hutchinson and John P. Hale. The latter we copy entire, taking occasion to add to its authenticity and its value in the estimation of Anti-Slavery readers, by stating that it is understood to have come from the pen of Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, of Baltimore, who has enjoyed opportunities in this city and elsewhere, to study his character well: *

JOHN PARKER HALE was born in New Hampshire, a State standing out boldly and proudly on the page of biographical history as the mother of a large number of men who have reflected, in matured after years, honor upon her name, by lives of eminent usefulness in various spheres of public activity. His birthplace was Rochester, an ancient yet tasteful village, located in Strafford county, and on the Maine border, amid granite hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun." He was born on the 31st day of March, 1806. His father bore the same Christian name, but was born in Portsmouth, Rockingham county, just previous to the Declaration of Independence, in which his State firmly united with her struggling sister colonies. He held a lieutenant's commission in the army at the hands of General Washington. The middle name, Parker, came from his father's maternal progenitors. His mother was Lydia Clarkson O'Brien, only child of William O'Brien, an immigrant Irishman, who died a prisoner of war at the early age of 23. He was of the heroic stock from which sprang William Smith O'Brien, who is now suffering banishment for the "crime" of endeavoring to rescue his native Erin, so full of cherished though saddening memories, associated with the days of her national independence, from the tyrannous grasp of Great Britain. William O'Brien and his brother will be found honorably mentioned in Cooper's Naval History, as performing a daring feat of volunteer heroism in the capture of a British vessel, which had seized a lot of lumber at Machias, Maine, and which it was carrying off without leave or license. In 1834, the subject of our sketch was united in marriage with Lucy H. Lambert, by whom he has two living children, both daughters.

John P. Hale, the father, was a lawyer. He died at Rochester, in the height of his professional usefulness, at the early age of forty-four. Fortunately, the mother of our subject survived her husband, and was permitted to watch over and direct the development of her son, until she had the pleasure of not only seeing him enter successfully upon a career of professional usefulness, but also into political life, under circumstances well calculated to gratify maternal ambition, as the subsequent facts of our sketch will indicate. She died in 1832, at the age of fifty-two years.

Mr. Hale's primary education was partly obtaind at the common schools of New England, those nurseries of a natural democracy, in which the children of the rich, from reading the same lesson from the same book, seated side by side in the same unostentatious schoolroom, come to regard the children of the poor as the *equals* they really are in a common Fatherhood, and to retain that regard in after years.

Subsequently, and after the death of his father, Mr. Hale entered Exeter Academy, then under the charge of Dr. Abbott, who died in 1838, after occupying that position of usefulness for fifty years.

Thus prepared, he entered the venerable college of Bowdoin, where he graduated in 1827. Among his college mates were Franklin Pierce, now President of the United States, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the biographer of the Nation's Chief, and consul at Liverpool, and Jonathan Cilley—"poor Cilley!" as every reader conversant with his sacrifice to the senseless and barbarous duello, while a member of Congress, will instinctively and sadly exclaim! He studied law at Rochester and Dover in his native State, finishing his studies at the latter place, in the office of Daniel M. Christie, who, if not the very ablest, is certainly *among* the ablest lawyers of his State. Young Hale soon found himself in a large and agreeable practice, the more welcome because affording him frequent opportunities for the display of a degree of power before juries in criminal trials, which showed itself in the progress of the celebrated Government cases in Boston, known as the "Shadrach trials," to be of rare attainment. But he was not less successful in the department of civil law, especially when before the jury, where his remarkable keenness in discerning the points at issue, and his adroitness and promptitude in meeting them, of which we shall remark further in another connection, were early displayed to great advantage. Among those with whom he occasionally met, either as associates or opponents, was Mr. Pierce, who also has enjoyed a fine reputation in New Hampshire, as a jury advocate.

Mr. Hale entered political life in 1832, as a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. He was called into it by an independent Workingmen's movement, an incident which may be regarded as a presage of his future services in the same direction, for his Congressional speeches and votes will clearly indicate that his fellow-citizens did not mistake their man in choosing him as the champion of their neglected interests. The same year he was selected as a member of the nominating State Convention of the Democratic party, and thenceforward he became distinctively identified with their organization. In 1834, though only twenty-eight years of age, he had already attracted the attention of the then President, General Jackson, in a way which induced his appointment to the responsible position of U. S. District Attorney for New Hampshire. The ever remarkable personal insight of President Jackson, in the selection, was fully justified in the re-appointment of Mr. Hale by President Van Buren.

We find him again in legislative life in 1843, as the successful Democratic nominee to Congress. He was elected by general ticket, and with him were returned Edmund Burke, since Commissioner of Patents, Moses Norris, now a Senator in Congress, and John R. Redding, recently appointed by President Pierce naval storekeeper at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It was during this Congress, which commenced its first session in December, 1843, that the "Texas struggle" commenced. Although this presented an important crisis in the life of our subject, and a fearful one one also in that of our great nation, and a history of it would not be inappropriate here, we do not design to trouble the readers of the *Phrenological Journal* with any detail of Mr. Hale's acts in connection with it. Suffice it to say, that he arrayed himself among the opponents of Annexation, as he had among the friends of the freedom of petition, led by John Quincy Adams; and, in so doing, he placed himself in direct antagonism to all his colleagues. Liable as he was to be misunderstood, which is much more unfortunate generally than being misrepresented, he immediately addressed a letter to his constituents. In this he not only explained his own motives, but condemned, in effect, his own party, by denouncing the whole project as, in his opinion, "a scheme for strengthening slavery by extending it into territory from which it had been excluded by Mexican laws." The language he used, and its tone, were characteristic of the man, telling his constituents, as he did, in plain and unmistakable terms, that, if they wanted an agent to favor the scheme, they would have to select some other man. As a consequence of this bold step by Mr. Hale, Mr. Pierce, as Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, called a Convention of his party. The Convention met in February, 1845, and passed resolves denunciatory of their "recreant representative," as they depicted him. They reconsidered his nomination for re-election, (previously made with unanimity,) nominating John Woodbury in his stead. The electoral rule in New Hampshire, at that time, required a majority of all the votes to elect. Mr. Hale ran as an independent Congressional candidate, with a Whig candidate also in the field. At that, and three subsequent and successive elections, there was no choice of Congressman, leaving the district unrepresented for a whole term, as the consequence. At each trial his vote showed an increase of those who stood by him in his anti-annexation attitude. It may here be mentioned, as showing how the man was estimated "at home," that is, in his own immediate town, his vote, which started there at 473 in 1843, remained at 472, only one less, in 1845, although an additional candidate was thrown into the arena by the "Liberty party," in the person of the Hon. Joseph Cilley, since a member of the U. S. Senate. In 1846 he was chosen a member of the New Hompshire House of Representatives, from Dover, and at once made Speaker of that body. And then, and further, as if not satisfied with the clear and emphatic approval of his immediate constituents, signified through the ballot-box, his co-legislators transferred him from the Speaker's chair of their body to the floor of the U. S. Senate for a six years' term, dating from March 4th, 1847. On entering the Senate Chamber, he found himself in the official company of no less than four members of that body, who had been pupils of the ancient academy alluded to above—viz: Lewis Cass, Daniel Webster, Alpheus Felch, and J. A. Dix. Its venerable principal, Dr. Abbott, used to say, with evident self-satisfaction, in connection with this fact, that he had "five boys in the Senate, and pretty good boys, too." It will be an illustration of the personal qualities of the actor on the political stage, whom we have thus glancingly followed through shifting scenes, to state in the present connection, that at no one point of his career did the interest of his legal preceptor and friend, Mr. Christie, fail to manifest itself. Having fostered him in the initiative period of his public history, as one who was fully persuaded of the rare value of his young charge, it was with unfeigned pleasure, and a sort of co-partnership interest, which adverse circumstances had tended to intensify rather than to relax, that he found himself, as a fellow-member, in apposition, where he could render special service to his quondam student. He was, accordingly, prompt to enter into and promote the elevation of Mr. Hale, first to the Speakership of the local Legislature, and next to the higher and wider sphere in which our sketch has just left him pinnacled so triumphantly, under circumstances well calculated to make him realize emotions similar to those which the laurel crown awakened in Roman bosoms under analogous circumstances. This, of course, we have allowed ourselves to throw in, without regard to the right or the wrong of the attitudes which the victor assumed, or the purity or impurity of the motives which nerved him.

So much for the legislatorial biography of Mr. Hale, which closes with the termination of his Senatorial term on the 3d day of March, 1853. An analysis of his labors in the Senatorial arena, with reference to the sum of their good or evil to his country or his race, does not enter into the plan of the series in which this will take its place. The facts are on record elsewhere, while the ability will be with the reader to draw conclusions. Of his public bearing and oratorical traits, we shall have something to say in another and a more appropriate place.

Various as have been the phases of Mr. Hale's life as a political actor, there remains to notice still another, which connects his name historically with that acme of American political ambition—the Presidency.

In the year 1847, the Anti-Slavery organization, known by the distinctive appellation of "Liberty party," called a National Convention for the nomination of candidates for the two highest places in the gift of the People. Mr. Hale was chosen, with rare unanimity, as their Presidential standard bearer. On the 10th of August, 1848, the National Convention, of what started as the "Free Soil" party, was assembled at Buffalo. At it a large proportion of the leaders and the rank and file of the Liberty party appeared as delegates. A letter from ex-President Van Buren was presented by his special friends, who united in the Convention, (known as "Barnburners,") in which he proclaimed himself to be a fast friend of the Anti-Slavery Ordinance of 1787, and of the reproduction of its cardinal principle in the Wilmot Proviso, and also signifying his readiness to yield to the importunities of said friends in the acceptance of any post they might see fit to assign to him, in their purpose to apply that principle to the administrational machinery of the Government. In view of his commanding position, and anticipated associated strength, and fascinated by his avowal of coincident opinions, the confidential friends of Mr. Hale, representing the other distinctive section of the Convention, and at the same time so authorized by him, withdrew his name from the