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hope spring up again, and she would feel sure that time would not find the mystery, and all would be right—that is, as her heart wished. Shall we follow him to those sunny bowers? It is possible for us, though impossible for her. I heard it from his lips, and therefore it must be true.

He was not alone; there is one who talks and walks and reads with him, and with whom he thinks it no harm to talk, to walk, and read; for she only wishes for intellectual companionship. Her words, which are very becoming, consist strikingly with her delicate complexion; and he would see something more than intellect in their unhalloved glances. She knows he has left his heart far away in a northern clime, and talks to him freely of his beloved one, and also of her own desolation—her heart is in the grave.

Am, man is not alone the seducer—woman is not alone the victim! He has fallen; but his family are among the proud and aristocratic—disgrace must not fall on them. He has sinned and wronged, and must make amends. He has a daughter, whom he deems the daughter of the house from infancy! For Amelia, there was no longer the presence of affection; the letters ceased, but with explanation; and at length hope died; but love could only cease with life. No course could be pursued, and no murmur was heard from her sinking spirit.

Day by day the bloom faded from her cheeks, and sorrow was written upon her brow. I knew she would die, for her mind was not one that could be diverted by amusement, or find employment by diversion of thought. Her only consolation was to be longer an object for her affections, life was without interest, and there was nothing to preserve even physical strength. She could not endure the thought of mingling again with the thoughtless, for her delicate nature would shrink from the look of pity, and well she knew that both would be directed towards her—desertion being almost as sure a mark of degradation as sin and shame, in vulgar minds—the envious would rejoice, and the malicious triumph.

I knew that she had only a little while to live, and I wrote to Robert—a reproachful letter, such as I thought one deceased who had thus trifled with and trampled upon such a heart. He answered it; but he did not try to palliate his guilt. He was married, and silence was his duty, now; and any expression of sympathy or regret would be only mockery.

I prepared the way for conveying this intelligence to Amelia, as well as I could, knowing that I could not soften it in any way, so that it would not prove the death-blow, yet still thinking it best not to withhold it. The fountain of her tears had long been dry, and I hoped this would bid them gush forth again. I even dared to hope that something like scorn and hatred might be fostered in her bosom. This can be done when only fancy or passion has gained the mastery, and when the wish to injure, can never occupy the place where love has once usurped in a noble heart.

She had lingered through the summer, and faded with the flowers, yet she was not confined to her bed; and every day I read to her, and brought her garlands from the wood—those wild vines and blossoms which she had so loved in health—and tried to cheer her with the hope of again enjoying the pleasures of life. But this she did not desire; she had put her trust in Heaven, and would talk of being reunited with her father, and the like, but when God saw fit to keep her yet a little longer in the world; but death was the messenger she longed to meet, and she did not doubt of happiness in Heaven.

I showed her the letter; she read it through, folded it, and laid it upon the window sill, and said she would like to answer it, if I would write what she wished to say. They were a few words, expressive of confidence in her, and the hope of being able to understand what no one else had faintly conjectured. She spoke of suffering, and of forgiveness—she should soon be in her grave; but while she lived, her heart would remain true, and in death there would be no change.

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For the National Era.  
BELL SMITH ABOARD—PARIS.  
No. VI.  
HOUSE-KEEPING.

DEAR FRIENDS: We look upon our little rooms in great glory, and we would not have the comforts gathered in little knick-knacks—the taste evinced in everything—the quiet, in contrast with the noise of our late abode, made me think the moment we were at home. I have lived to learn, that the word home is an English word, and has an English meaning totally unknown in France. The idea of comfort, of exclusion, of sacredness, all contained in that word of hope, memory, and happiness, have no existence here, even in imagination, and would be as applicable to French lodgings as to a sunshade or a hat. They will keep out the sun, the rain, and the wind, (in different ways,) but they keep in nothing—in an inner temple, where the heart-stone is an altar, and the household gods are treasured up sacred from common eyes. Our gay Parisians want only a corner in which to sleep; the balance of doing inside to life are gotten up in the open air. A little dinner party in the street, a breakfast or supper on the sidewalk, with the great world streaming by, an after-dinner walk, and the evening at the opera, or theatres, are the makings-up of every-day life. An American's house is his castle—there, with wife, children, and relations, he lives merrily or in staid grandeur. The stranger must stand a party, sometimes on the outside, before the drawing is opened, and admission granted. With the French, the house is a barracks, and the only way to avoid the intruding stranger is, to evacuate yourself. Of course, with such a position of things, no provision is made for our mode of life, and so we must make it our own.

We employed a domestic, who came to us with an air of recommendation. She could not commence her duties until the Monday following our removal, and we had two days to dispose of in the meanwhile. Mrs. T. came to see us two hours after the baggage had been put on the train, and she brought a meaning smile, in return for my childlike rejoicings over my new apartments. "I hope you will find them all you anticipate," she said; "but, I have lived several years in Paris, and never succeeded in finding myself comfortably situated. The French are so entirely different from those of this people, that to find them gratified is out of the question. Your chimney smokes."

This was said so abruptly, I looked astonished. We had not disturbed the fireplace, glittering with burnished brass. I found words to ask a reason for this abrupt remark. "All chimneys in Paris are nuisances, and smoke abominably. Until late, fires were luxuries to the majority of the inhabitants, and now we have steam fires—a pretence for fire-making-beliefs. Put on what you consider decent wood or coal to warm the room, and to be safe, have a fire in the grate, and let it be smoking beyond patience, and only in astonishing the residents at your extravagance. You will surely freeze in these rooms."

I again asked why, as the apartments were small, and apparently capable of being warmed so readily, and continued until I hit and went to a window, through a pane of glass, with some noise. From this it immediately flew out, quite hastily indeed, followed by a white night-cap, covering the head of an irritable old citizen, who, with the tassel of his cap shaking with very wrath and indignation, looked in my direction, but the right one. The coffee-pot continued, until it struck a street-cleaner in the back, who jumped, as if about to fall, and then, with a look of indignation, set it down as an "infernal machine," of meaner construction and more convenient form than the great original.

We ordered breakfast from the Café de France, a very excellent breakfast it was. The smoking stands, the boiling coffee, with hot milk and real cream, restored our good humor; and after partaking with many a laugh and jest, we felt disposed to be on good terms with the world, and Paris in particular. With the last, however, we had an unsettled account. It could not brook the indignity of having kitchen ware tossed in its place, violating thereby certain laws of peace and propriety. We had scarcely finished our morning repast, when a ring, as if from the clouds, was heard, and the worst-fitting clothes I believe I ever did see. We were ordered to appear before a dispenser of justice, to be charged, if guilty, for the hideous offence. As we were not prepared with arguments, we were ordered to appear before a dispenser of justice, to be charged, if guilty, for the hideous offence.

I begged her in pity to stop, and called her attention to the beautiful gardens before our windows. They will look dreary enough when the leaves fall; but the open space will afford you air—that is some comfort. You tell me you are engaged a bonne, (domestic) consider her a female devoted of all honesty, and treat her accordingly. She will never give you any trouble, and she will be a great help to you. They will look dreary enough when the leaves fall; but the open space will afford you air—that is some comfort. You tell me you are engaged a bonne, (domestic) consider her a female devoted of all honesty, and treat her accordingly.

I asked, in perfect astonishment, if this could be so, and if it was not possible to find honest servants. "Entirely out of the question. One would cease the awful strife with their cheating and swindling, but it offers a premium on their vice; and it increases immediately beyond the strength of your purse. By the by, be very careful never to patronize a tradesman who may recommend. They have their heads together, and your bills will be no evidence of the expenditure. The word *bon* is to deal with in Paris recognize in a stranger a good man, and he is scarcely more changed in the last days before her death, than he seemed as he stood before me.

I could not welcome him, and shrunk from the grasp of his hand; but he was not a subject of any of his kind, and he would not suffer, and felt in every nerve the story of her wrong. He brought me to spare my reproaches, for he needed pity more than blame; and I could not withhold my compassion, as I heard the contradiction of the words of the wise man, written so many ages ago, that "many a strong man has been slain" by the "fair speech" and "flattering lips" of the "subtle heart."

without fail, in ten minutes. As our cook could not come for two days, our first proposition was to breakfast, lunch, and dine at the Café de France; but the coffee-pot so elevated D., that he declared we should overcome house-keeping instantly, by preparing our breakfast.

Down to coffee, bread, and butter, such a very simple, easy matter; but when the articles are to be collected, and a dozen flights of stairs to be descended and ascended, the labor is tremendous. Five times did Dr. B. and D. disappear and re-appear, quite exhausted, before the coffee, milk, sugar, bread, and butter, could be ordered, and in the top of the congratulatory at the possession of these valuable, he discovered salt to be among the missing. Then came the fact of no spoons, knives, or forks, in our little house. After a deal of waiting, all these things were purchased, at twice their value, and collected in the kitchen.

The principal article, most desired and anxiously looked for, was the coffee. D. solemnly set about its manufacture. The exact quantity of ground coffee was measured, the proper quantity of water poured over, to which, in a circular pattern, was added a little of the alcohol. Each one held a watch in hand, and we waited anxiously the expiration of the ten minutes. It came at last; the alcohol was extinguished, and the first cup poured out. The exact divide of half and half, D. tasted, and setting down the cup, exclaimed— "I have been all my life in a state of wonderment, as to the mode of manufacturing steamboat and hotel coffee. The wonder is at an end—Discovered—the discovery is invaluable!"

"The discovery," related D., "is a very extreme disgust painted on his face, 'may be invaluable, but the coffee is vile stuff.' "Patience, fellow sufferer," said D. "we are savans, and must not permit our selfish appetites to interfere with the pursuits of science. Let us try again. Beh, what extreme Pours in double the quantity of alcohol, he said it should boil twenty minutes. This was impossible, as at the end of the lawful ten minutes, the fire expired of itself. It was hard to tell what had become of the extra supply of spirit; but, on tasting the second experiment, the doubt at once vanished. The weak coffee was considerably strengthened by the spirits. As if to crowd all up into a limited space, Dr. B. put down his cup with more than horror in his face, and pronounced himself horrified. He did not admit that it ever could be so, but he was not to be trifled with. The coffee was considerably strengthened by the spirits. As if to crowd all up into a limited space, Dr. B. put down his cup with more than horror in his face, and pronounced himself horrified.

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prohibit the introduction of slaves into the State from the Indian country; by this means the Indians will be compelled to perpetuate the institution, and all danger of future free States being formed out of their territory will be obviated.

For the National Era.  
NOVEMBER.  
BY MARY CLEMMER ABER.

Thou hast come, O, God! November!  
O'er the sea, o'er the skies,  
Deep and dark thy shadow lies.  
With no joy I hail thy coming.  
Such as filled my yearning spirit  
When the Spring first blossomed my sight.  
Now no odor-breathing flowers  
Lead me to mine their humid eyes.  
Radiant in their summer days,  
And where o'er the fragrant south wind,  
Singing low in shadowy dells,  
Evermore the staid music  
Of the north-wind wildly wails.

While I write, I pause to listen,  
As against my window pane,  
Quickly beat the tiny pulses  
Of the swiftly falling rain.  
Sweetly soothing to my spirit,  
As love's words in hours of pain.  
Is the low, continued music  
Of the softly falling rain.  
As you cloud outstrip my vision,  
Sailing down the azure sea,  
So youth's gay, delicious moments  
Soon will all be lost to me.  
And my hopes now brightly glowing,  
I may watch their dying rays.  
While around me glooms will gather,  
Dark as these November days.  
But when then will I forget you,  
In my hours of weal and pain,  
That God's blessings fall around me,  
Like the still November rain,  
That the long days, dark and dreary,  
Are the harbinger of light,  
Which above earth's clouds and tempests,  
Waits to be my required rest.  
Knottsville, N. Y., November, 1853.

For the National Era.  
THE LEGAL TENURE OF SLAVERY.  
LETTER III.  
To the Friends of American Liberty:

In my last letter I fortified sufficiently, I trust, the position, that slaveholding, if legalized at all, (though I did not admit that it ever could be) can be legalized only by positive law—local, municipal law, in contradistinction from natural or common law—by which it is repudiated and condemned.

This was shown in the doctrine of even the Southern States; a doctrine that they have acted upon, in several slave States, when the immediate effect and object of the decision was the emancipation of particular slaves, who had been carried or sent by their masters beyond the jurisdiction of the local law, that enslaved them into the domain of the universal natural, or common law, that enfranchised them. As, therefore, fellow-citizens, you will not call me an enthusiast, or an ultraist, for holding a position which has been so often and so justly introduced, by assuming this very moderate and modest position.

In the first place, we are warranted to advocate the abolition of slavery, and upon its advocates (the asserter of legalized American slaveholding) the "laboring car" of the argument. It is for him to show, if he can, how, when, where, and by whom, American Slavery has ever been legalized. Until he has done this, he has not taken the first step towards proving that a single slave in America is legally enslaved. The fair presumption is that they are under the dominion of the law of Nature, that permits no enslavement. Since Slavery is the creature of local municipal law, let that local law, which creates the relation, be destroyed. Let us have the date and place of its enactment, the sections and clauses, verbatim, with the official signatures at the bottom. And let us be told where the original document is to be seen, and examined. I do not mean the slaveholder, or the slave, but the original, the burden of the proof is most justly and rightly thrown upon him, and not upon his claimant. And hence it may be supposed, that on the question now before us, I am bound to prove the negative, and not the affirmative. But I demur to this. But I demur to this. But I demur to this.

To some of your readers, who may wonder at the rapidity with which these functionaries found us, I will say that, in going into any house or hotel, to lodge, you are requested to leave your passport in the porter's lodge, until from it, in what is called the pocket book, is entered all the particulars the document may afford. The porter, or concierge, is in the eye of the police; the commissaire, who runs your errands, and who is a spy on all who enter the city, in which you ride, reports to the police; your interpreter, if you have one, belongs to that disagreeable body; and, in fact, the law, through a hundred eyes, is looking on you continually.

You see something of the task that lies before them, before they can do this in such a manner as to answer their purpose. And you will begin to question, if I mistake not, (in case you have never questioned it before) whether the legality of Slavery can be satisfactorily made out by this process—the only one that could, for a moment, be accounted feasible. Very possibly you may have long heard of the legal relation of master and slave, and of the "vested rights" of slaveholders; that you have taken for granted that there must be something of reality somewhere, to correspond with these confident pretensions.

What if it should appear, that not the first step can be taken successfully in support of them? What if it should be found, that not a single lawyer in the United States shall be able to produce a statute creating and defining, with the requisite distinctness, such a relation? What if the legislatures and Senates of slave States shall be unable to testify that they know of no such statutes, and have never heard of any such? What if the whole legal history of Slavery and of the Slave Trade shall be found barren of any such incidents? What if, in the course of their researches, they shall find evidence against any such legislation of slaveholding? What if, instead of having been introduced according to law, it shall be shown to have been introduced without and even against law? What if it shall appear that the legislative bodies of the Southern States, but not the support of Slavery at the present time, will not and dare not permit the legality of Slavery to be interogated or judicially scrutinized?

I shall not wait for the champions of legal Slavery to come for their production of the evidences of their claim. I know they will be cautious how they undertake any task of the kind. They are always loath in affirming the legality of slaveholding, but they are backward to exhibit their proofs. I shall therefore proceed to examine the legal history of slaveholding, in the course of which the claims of legalized Slavery will, I trust, be subjected to a scrutinizing review. WILLIAM GODDARD.

The following appears in the Richmond Dispatch of November 21st: "Abolition School Books.—We recently called the attention of the Southern public to an Abolition school book, edited by Charles D. Cleveland, of Philadelphia, and which is circulated in the South. We did so on the authority of a correspondent, stating at the time that we had no personal knowledge of the character of the book. We have since received a communication from a Richmond friend residing in Philadelphia, fully confirming the statement of our other correspondent. He says that Chas. D. Cleveland is one of the very rank and ultra Free Soil Abolitionists in the whole country. He is the right-hand man of Birney, the son of Jas. G. Birney, who edits the Abolition Register, a daily paper published in Philadelphia, and sustained by the funds of the Abolitionists.

"The people of the South cannot be too careful how they credit books emanating from such sources in their midst. In fact, all school books coming from the infected districts ought to be subjected to a rigid examination."

Virginia, Nov. 26, 1853. We cannot but sympathize with the writer of the paragraph quoted above from the Richmond Dispatch, in the panic he evidently labors under in regard to the welfare of the peculiar institution in this respect; and we are glad to see him, by all means, to carry his plan for circulating education into operation as soon as he can, in order that all the benefit possible may be derived from it. Particularly would we urge upon him, to see that the books which are introduced, by assuming this very moderate and modest position.

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Power of Europe with dismay, dawned first within the cell of a solitary monk. The efforts of England to keep the own beloved country in subjection gave rise to the Revolution by which our freedom was purchased with blood. China, which has for so many centuries resisted all progress through knowledge gained by intercourse with "outside barbarians," is now obliged to arm against her own children in the strife for civil and religious freedom.

Magna est veritas et prevalebit. Shut out if you can, Northern teachers from your schools; exclude Northern books from your libraries; build a wall around your territories, sinking to the depths of hell, and arising as a volcano, to light of heaven, and you cannot shut out the light of truth, for its principles are engrained in the human heart. Neither can you preserve one human longer than is permitted by the Almighty, an institution so at war with the highest and justest feelings of our nature.

Our readers were informed, on the arrival of the late intelligence from California, that the steamer Arrow, on the eve of departure from San Francisco for Guaymas, was seized by General Hitchcock, on charge of having violated the laws of the United States. The *Edo's Pacific*, a French paper published in California, approves the seizure, which was very generally censured by the California press. The *Edo's Pacific*, which was generally entertained by its contemporaries.

"Some of the latter regard it as an attack upon the freedom of navigation, and say that there is no reason why, should the General happen to take it into his head, he should not secure the success of his monthly mail passengers to Panama and San Juan, since he has taken possession of a vessel that was to convey 150 or 200 emigrants to Guaymas."

"Others pretend that such an act cannot be justifiable in any case, unless the authorities committing the seizure, were authorized to do so; and that the vessel seized was armed as a pirate, and that it was about to engage in some act of piracy. Others again consider the act of seizure, by the military authorities, as an usurpation of the prerogatives of the State authorities, and deny that General Hitchcock had the least right to interfere."

It appears to be certain that the Mexican Government had reliable information that an expedition was preparing for the purpose of invading *San Juan*; that the expedition would consist of 800 to 1,000 men, who were to set out in several vessels, with provisions, arms, and munitions of war, sufficient to assure the success of their enterprise. It was also known at Mexico, that a considerable number of *San Juan* were to be employed in the expedition. The Mexican Government immediately informed the United States Minister of these circumstances, as also its own Ambassador at Washington, and requested that the Government, without delay, from the American Cabinet to the Federal authorities in California, not to permit the peace existing by treaty between the two countries to be disturbed by any attempt contrary to the principles of international law. We are assured that the Government of General Pierce has manifested its disapproval of the proposed expedition in a most unequivocal manner, by enjoining upon the American Commodore on the Pacific coast, to station one of the ships of war under his command in the waters of California, and to prevent the disembarkation of any foreign force upon the coast of Mexico.

It was in consequence of these orders, says the *Edo*, that the *Arrow* was seized. The same paper then gives a history of the Court of Sessions, Roubaix, in whose jurisdiction the *Arrow* was seized, and the proceedings thereon, and says that the vessel was seized by the French authorities, and was taken to the port of Calcutta, and to prevent the disembarkation of any foreign force upon the coast of Mexico.

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