TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The National Era is published every Thursday, on Seventh street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall.

Single copy - - - $2 | Ten copies - - - - $15
Three copies - - - 5 | Single copy six months 1
Five copies - - - 8 | Ten copies six months 8

Daily National Era to the 1st September, $5.

Payment in advance is uniformly required.

Rates of Advertising.—Ten cents a line for the first insertion, five cents a line for each subsequent one.

Money to be forwarded by mail at our risk. Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposite. When money is sent, notes on the banks of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, are preferred. New England notes are at less discount than New York State notes, and these less than Western notes.

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

THE NATIONAL ERA.

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

VOL. VIII. WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1854. NO. 381.

AGENTS.

Agents are entitled to fifty cents on each new yearly subscriber, and twenty-five cents on each renewed subscriber—except in the case of clubs.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

A BROTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ONLY SISTER.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAP. X.

Another phase succeeded to school-girl life. "Imagine, if you can," she wrote, "your little backwoods girl at a fashionable party—a veritable gathering of the grace, beauty, wisdom, and folly, of the upper-tendom in D——. The soirée was given by a friend of Grace Conway; and my school-mate, who had just returned from Newport, sent us cards of invitation, with a special wee note to me, begging me not to disappoint her.

"Here was a dilemma.

"'I cannot go!' I exclaimed, unconsciously thinking aloud in Augusta's presence. 'I have no dress for such an assembly.'

"'Oh! n'importe!' said Augusta, carelessly. 'Wear one of Pet's; you will find a dozen in her armoire!'

"I felt my cheeks flush, as I was meditating how to decline the honor of Pet's proffered plumage; when Mr. Lemoyne very opportunely came up, and laid his broad hand upon my head.

"'This little girl,' said he, turning me around, 'is to make her entré into society in no borrowed finery nor tinselry whatsoever, or I mistake her! Wear your simplest white frock, child, and the curls Dame Nature gave you; and don't ape the fashions of fine ladies! No, no, Augusta! have you forgotten the old saying, "Beauty unadorned, adorned the most?"'

"I felt my face kindle again. Mr. Lemoyne tapped it lightly, as he turned, saying—

"'That's right, Eulalie! let the warm blood in those cheeks always be as quick to reprove their praise!'

"Augusta was almost indignant at my pertinacity; but I would wear no ornaments but those which I could borrow from her conservatory. We went at ten, P. M. Is it not ridiculous, this turning night into day? It was thoroughly accomplished, though, thanks to the brilliance of the gas.

"Dazzled and bewildered, I passed through the crowd of glitter and grace, clinging to the arm of Mr. Lemoyne. He took pity on me, and drew me into a half-shaded recess. A gentleman had found it before us. I looked up, to encounter the searching gaze of a pair of keen eyes, overarched by a rugged but commanding brow. 'He is a prince among men,' was my first impression.

"'Ah, friend Atherton! just the man for us!' said Mr. Lemoyne, and introduced me. 'Can you tell me,' he added, 'whether your "bright particular star" has arisen upon this gay assembly; and, if so, where the light of her eyes is dispensing itself?'

"'If I mistake not, in the east parlor,' replied the gentleman, with a smile. 'Leave your companion with me, sir, while you track the wandering star!'

"'It is a happy chance, Miss Lincoln, that has thrown us together,' said he, with a dignified ease, that banished half my confusion at finding myself tête-à-tête with a stranger. 'I have long wished to meet the friend of my ward, Grace Conway!'

"'Grace's guardian!' I glanced up again into that noble face.

"Grace swept to my side at that moment—so radiant, so queenly! diamonds flashing in her hair, adoration enveloping her like an atmosphere! I could have shrunk into nothingness! But her eyes looked the same frank delight they had spoken in school days, as she caught my hand.

"'So you have found out my Eulalie already, Professor Atherton,' said she, throwing a childlike smile into her beautiful, upturned face. Then she whispered, earnestly, 'I begged her to come, that you might see and know her.' What followed, I could not hear.

"Prof. Atherton seemed determined, as Grace had requested, to 'see and know me,' for he established himself as my attendant for the evening. I soon found that he was once a friend and classmate of poor Eben — that brother whom I learned to love and mourn for, long before I saw your face. I could have listened for weeks to Prof. A.'s eulogies upon his noble course; but Augusta must come, to insist upon leading me into the dancing-room. In vain I pleaded that I never had danced, and never should dance; that I chose to stay with the conversable part of the community; she dragged me off, a most reluctant captive.

"'I never will forgive that insufferable husband of mine,' she angrily exclaimed, 'for pinning you to the sleeve of such a bore! Atherton is one after his own heart! with learning enough to craze forty common brains! But what pleasure can a young girl find in hearing his long disquisitions?'

"I could have assured her that *one* young girl had found a pleasure, such as she had seldom known in life; a delight that would be 'a joy forever,' in listening to his choicely-worded sentiments; but it would have been a waste of words. So I held my peace, and followed her to the ball-room, to be bowed at and chattered to by beings whose gift of language was their only token of an immortal mind! Grace moved among them like a being from a better world. She swayed them at her will. 'What pleasure can it give her?' I could but ask myself. Yet she was in the highest spirits.

"It was so late as to be decidedly *early*, when Mr. Lemoyne at last bundled me in my shawl, and placed me beside Augusta in the carriage. 'Well, how did you enjoy the evening?' was of course his first query.

"Augusta took the answer from me. ''Tis a sensible question to ask the child! Enjoy herself, forsooth! tied to that prosy Professor of lizard-and-beetle-ology! She saw a little gayety after I forcibly took her away!'

"Mr. Lemoyne caught my half-suppressed smile, as a street lamp threw its passing gleam upon my face, and observed, 'If I am a correct judge, that was the only part of the evening's entertainment she did *not* enjoy! Eh, Eulalie! Confess frankly!'

"'I like to see life in its varieties, sir,' I answered, with some trepidation, for I feared an interminable wrangle upon a trifle.

"'Spoken like a sensible girl! quite right!' responded Mr. Lemoyne, slowly and emphatically; and he withdrew into his Mackintosh and into silence."

"HOME OF AUNT TRYPHENA, ———.

"Here I am at last! I really felt that I owed the dear old soul a debt of gratitude; and hearing that she had been ill, I hastened my visit. The red farm-house is still in a state of excellent preservation, with all its appurtenances, even to Zeb, who was the first familiar fixture that greeted my vision. It was long before I could make him identify me with the little girl of long-sleeved-apron memory. Zeb, who appears to have out-grown all his mischievous propensities, is aunt's chief stay in these years of feebleness, and bids fair to become a useful member of society. I found aunt sitting in the corner of the huge fire-place, which she never would suffer to be choked with a stove, wrapped in flannels from head to foot, to keep off rheumatism and the east wind, now, as ever, her deadly enemies, with that interminable blue stocking in her hand. Poor old aunty! I never thought to see her so delighted as she was upon recognising her *protegé* of old. She is growing mild and subdued in her second childhood, as befits one who draws near the shore of Eternity.

"So many associations hang around this old farm—the whortleberry bushes on the hill, the chickaberry knolls under the pine trees, in the edge of the woodland; but I will not weary you with these.

"This evening I was sitting upon the front door-step, with an arithmetic in my hand, teaching Zeb how to compute the interest on a note of Aunt Tryphena's, soon due. He sat on the grass near me, clumsily fingering his pencil, and pondering every figure he put down. Wheels rolled down the hill so softly that I did not hear an approaching carriage until it had nearly reached the gate. The slightly-bald forehead of Mr. Lemoyne peered from the window; and beside it was a face never to be forgotten by one who has ever seen it, that of Prof. Atherton. I felt a momentary confusion, as I glanced over the *tout ensemble* presented to these fastidious members of the aristocracy. But true nobility carries its own ease everywhere, imparting as well as maintaining it.

"Mr. L. seemed grave, but only told me that he had come to take me home. Prof. Atherton was in better spirits, and rallied me on my pupil in a way that called out my opinion of the 'prejudice against color,' which disgraces our free States. He smiled in a manner that rather annoyed me, and only replied:

"'You ought to go South.'

"'That I mean to do,' I answered. 'I shall teach there, and take notes with my own eyes.'

"'*You* to try a teacher's life—and afar from your friends!' He did not say it scornfully, yet there was something in his eye that puzzled me.

"Oh, brother, would that you were here! An age seems to have rolled over me since I wrote you last. Our mother—how shall I tell it you? We have a mother who *knows* us now—in heaven!

"They did not tell me that she was ill; they did not tell me why they had come for me, until we reached the Asylum grounds. Then for the first time I learned that light had flashed up in that long-darkened lamp of reason, at the loosing of life's silver cord!

"She was yet alive, thank God! I found her sleeping; and, brother, you know how I watched for her waking. She raised her sunken eyes, at length—the veil was lifted that had hung between us so long. I was a little child again, and she teaching me to say, 'Our Father!'

"'I have been dreaming — a long, strange, dream,' she faintly said, fixing her eyes on mine. 'Lady, will my children come before I die?—my noble Ralph, my little Lulie?'

"'Mother,' I tried to say, as I grasped her wasted hand, 'don't you know your Lulie?'

"'Can it be? So many years?' she murmured, doubtfully, shading her heavy eyes with her hand.

"'Yes, it is your father's look! Come to my heart, my child!'

"She spread her hands, and a gleam not of earth lighted her eyes. I lifted her in my arms, and with her heart close against mine, and my lips upon her cheek, I struggled to gain calmness.

"Suddenly a thrill shook her frame and mine; the heart against my own fluttered violently, then stood still—forever! The shock of excitement had been too sudden; the 'wheel was broken at the cistern,' and the 'spirit had returned to God, who gave it!' Mother—mother!

"I know not what I did, or how they took me from her; but I found myself lying on the carriage cushions, with Professor Atherton at my side. Mr. Lemoyne had remained at the Asylum.

"'Yes, weep, my child! it will do you good!' he exclaimed, with tenderness a strong man rarely shows. I begged him to take me back. 'Be calm!' he replied; 'I am taking you to Grace.' He lifted me from the carriage in his arms, and laid me, weak as a child, in those of dear, sympathizing Grace.

"This is a strange world, dear Ralph! It begins to seem to me a very sad one! Yestereve I sat for hours, with my hand resting on an open letter. My head swam—my heart was sick! I knew not what to do, nor where to turn for counsel. I did not hear a light footstep behind me; and Grace Conway had glanced over my shoulder, and unwittingly caught a glimpse of that outspread page, before I could shut it from her sight.

"She started back. 'Forgive me, Eulalie!' The tone was so forced and husky, that I looked up at once. She stood at her full height, deathly pale. A spasm, as of pain, was contracting her features, but it instantly passed.

"'You are busy,' she said, cheerfully; 'I will not interrupt you!'

"'No—stay!' I cried, springing to her side. 'I am so unhappy! would that I could tell you *why*, dear Grace!'

"'You need not,' she gently replied. 'Your heart is its own best counsellor—let it speak the truth, my friend!' and, with an earnest pressure of the hand, she left me.

"I have no such restriction in regard to *you*, dear brother; I am at liberty to share with you the contents of that letter. You will wonder, as I do, that the fastidious Prof. Atherton, with his well-earned laurels, should ask a timid, ignorant girl to share his world-renowned name! Perhaps you will wonder still more that she declines the proffer.

"Yes, brother, I have taken counsel of my heart, as Grace bade me, and have followed the leading of its instinct. I know that *such* a treasure comes to few, even once in a lifetime. Disparity of years would, in the opinion of the world, be a thousand fold overbalanced by the rank, wealth, riches of intellect and of heart, that have been offered to my keeping. I know, too, that I am almost alone in the world, and ought not to—*will not*—cling helplessly to your arm any longer. But can I make the happiness of a heart like his? Can I arouse the impulses slumbering in its depths, for God and for humanity? Alas! richly dowered as this prince among men has been with the choicest gifts of Heaven, his pride takes little note of the Giver; feels little of the fearful responsibility that is thrown upon genius! I cannot trust my heart to the guidance of such an one. I should be in his hands but a petted child, a mere automaton, following his steps with dazzled, blinded eyes.

"'My artlessness and simplicity'—'the bud with the dew fresh upon it.' Ah! he deceives himself in thinking he has loved me. It is only as a novel specimen of the genus girl that I have pleased his artist eye; and his pity has prompted the rest! There are heights and depths in that heart that I could never touch. One being alone could do it; the proud, strong, self-willed spirit that never submitted to any guidance but his, yet from childhood has been silently shaping itself to his wishes. He has so thoroughly moulded the character of Grace Conway, that he does not appreciate the work of his own hands. She is to him as light or air; too indispensable, too much identified with his being, to be an object of note or of thankfulness to him.

"But it will yet be! mark me! Grace worships intellect above all earthly gifts. She would wear a lofty name as naturally as a queen her coronet. *She* is meet to shine at his side—not to sit in shadow at his feet! But—proud Grace will never be pitied.

"To-night, under the veil of twilight, she leaned her arm upon my lap, and told me how she, too, had longed for that far, sunny region, where care is a dream, where the past and future melt into the luxuriance of the present. 'Let us go South together, Eulalie,' she said.

"Brother, do not oppose me! I have determined"——

"Never!" I exclaimed, vehemently, flinging the letter from my hands.

Mary, who sat by my side, listening, raised her calm eyes to mine.

"Why not, Ralph? Let life work out its own discipline for our precious sister! It is selfishness that would prompt us to make her the automaton she has rightly refused to become; let her act her will!"

"Anywhere else in the wide world, Mary! But the far South—that grave-yard of prejudice and of pestilence!"

"The Hand that guides can guard her there better than we!"

And Eulalie went to the South.

A NEBRASKA MEETING has been held at Cincinnati, at which George E. Pugh, the newly elected United States Senator from Ohio to succeed Mr. Chase, declared himself in favor of Senator Douglas's bill. When the resolutions to the same effect were put to vote, the noes were as numerous as the ayes, although on the same evening a great Democratic meeting to oppose the bill was assembled in another part of the city.

For the National Era.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GRANDFATHER'S HOME.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Sabbath.

"How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor; hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song."

The Sabbath! How suggestive that single word—suggestive of quiet relaxation from toil, of home enjoyments—day of retrospect, of forethought, of calm aspiration, of holy pursuit—who does not love the Sabbath? As the thirsty traveller turns aside, in his one day's journey, to drink from the cool spring by the wayside, so do we all, in our lifelong course, each seventh day, turn aside our wayworn feet, and set us down in some quiet resting-place. Surely, the Sabbath was made for man, and God blessed the day. Pity its hallowed influences bore us not more manfully through the succeeding stage of our journey.

We wake up with the glad sunlight of Sabbath morning, and drink every beam into our care-free souls; we feel the spirit of the day; we move gently round; perchance we quietly open the casement. Lo! Nature seems to feel the spell, and the Sabbath stillness reigns everywhere. Are we a city dweller—the shut-up warehouses and silent streets have a grateful significance. We lean out to catch a glimpse of the belt of blue sky overhead, whence come the sunbeams that dance so lovingly on our floor, and it seems never to have looked so blue and cloudless before. Anon a single foot-fall echoes on the pave; it jars on our nerves; there is a sense of dissonance with the mood of the hour; but nevertheless we look kindly on the decent air of the passer-by, for we see that the day's spell is on him likewise. The birds seem vieing with each other in warbling their Maker's praise. Every note comes, clear and defined, to our ear, in the reigning stillness; we listen, and, wrapped in the harmony, we seem to soar aloft with the winged songsters, and, nearer to God, we forget the little, stifled world around us.

So speculating and dreaming, the morning wears way; when suddenly every steeple sends up its voice, and the city resounds with the cry, "Let us worship God." We start up; to us, the Sabbath rest and the Sabbath stillness are gone. The footfall echoes no longer on the crowded pave; the warble of birds is lost in the murmur of tongues; we are with the world again. To be sure, there is an elasticity of step, an impulsive earnestness of manner, as we near the house of God; and we put on a subdued mien as we enter its portals; for, if we are true Sabbath lovers, a few moments' jostling with worldlings cannot wholly darken the sunbeams that came with the morning. Moreover, the sight of the well-clad, well-bred multitudes, hurrying to the same goal, stirs up within us a heavenward impulse, and our hearts expand with love to all mankind; we recognise the principle of universal brotherhood; we bethink ourselves that the wide world over, wherever God's Word has been, that same cry is going up, "Let us worship God." So, as we stand upon the portals of the sanctuary, we feel

"That there is nothing in heaven, or earth beneath,
Save God and man."

We enter; the word, fitly spoken, reaches the ear, but the gaily dressed, listless crowd distracts the attention. The organ peals through the solemn arches, enraptures us with the sweet concourse of sounds, but while we watch through the melodious windings and turnings, for the simple words of some well-known Sabbath hymn, we are wont to exclaim, better the voiceless melody of the heart, than such music! Nevertheless, we leave the sanctuary, if we will, wiser and better. But the day has not yet ended—and ah! we would draw a vail betwixt the morning hours, full of sunshine, and silence, and bird melody, and that part of the Sabbath, so little recked in a great city!

But, go to the country, ye Sabbath lovers—to the country, where is sunshine, and quiet, and bird-song, the whole day long. Here, too, we are wont early to open the casement, to breathe the spirit of the hour; and here, too, Nature sends up her thanksgiving to God, but how much more deeply, how much more thrillingly! Instead of leaning out, to catch a glimpse of a little strip of Heaven's mirrored blue, there lies, spread out before us, the whole canopy, calm and cloudless; instead of the dwarfed tree, with its single warbler, music-full forests stretch miles away. No hollow footstep echoes back the world to us; but the lazy herds on the hillside, the loiterers at the spring, here and there a gazer-out, like ourself, all speak of rest and peace. No merry chimes of bells peal out their orisons, but, ever and anon, there comes up from a distant valley, or down from a little hill top, the echoed call of some village spire, low, sweet, and melodious. Oh, there is beauty in everything, seen through the pastoral light of a clear Sabbath morning in the country.

Such were the impressions left by the bygone Sabbaths at my grandfather's. What a panorama lies spread out before me, as I close my eyes on the present, and look back on those tranquil scenes of the past—I am once more in the old farm-house, with sunshine, and Sabbath stillness. The mill has stopped its clatter, and the freed brook gurgles gently on; the slightly-stirred leaves waver their shadows on the mill pond; the herds lie lazily on the green knolls; Molly, the miller's daughter, loiters with her pitcher at the spring, her heart filled with simple gladness; while the very house-dog gives up his watch, and idly suns himself. There is rest and so-called silence everywhere, but not slumber, for there ever comes, to the listening ear, a low murmur of busy life. The grand chorus is hushed, but from every moving thing, full of glad sunshine, there breathes a gentle adoration. The murmur of insects, of brooks, of leaves, of every moving thing, all unite; and there goes forth a low voice, which says, "Let us worship God."

Beyond the mill-pond, down in a little valley, from out a forest, shimmers to me now a village spire; from the porch door another is seen, shooting up in the western horizon, from the speck of a hamlet; while on the other side, half a mile away, our own little church crowns a hill-top.

There was a picturesque beauty in the situation of old churches—parishes were large, pastors few, villages small, and, in those Sabbath-keeping days, a central position, easy of access, was generally chosen. Thus utility naturally coincided with beauty, and in many towns of New England may still be found the isolated, forsaken old church, with all its uncouth adornings, perched on some wayside eminence. 'Twas a beautiful custom, this of building the sanctuary of God away from the haunts of men. Always the contiguous objects favored the spirit of the place—a grove, or a little pond, or a babbling brook near by, a wide prospect, and ever the solitude of Nature.

Then there was also a significance in the appended church-yard, where the noon hours were soberly loitered away. 'Tis strange, but few are indifferent as to their burial place; and 'twas a ray of comfort on a deathbed to think of laying one's body to rest beneath the shadow of the old church, where, one day in seven, the daughter would breathe the odor of the roses she had planted on her mother's grave; and the mother might drop a tear on the little stone that marked the grave of her lost one.

The "meeting-house on the hill," with its quaint devices, passed away, with its whilom proprietors; but the churchyard is there, full of mossy, rough-hewn stones, making oblique obeisances to Time.

The first stroke of the morning bell stirred up a bustle of preparation in the old farm-house. The chaise was to be thoroughly dusted, for the reception of my step-grandmother's brocade; the week's accumulation of dust was to be brushed from my grandfather's Sabbath suit; the luncheon to be put up, and a host of little chores attended to, suggested by my careful step-grandmother. When the master and mistress of the mansion had been equipped, the subordinates were to be put in Sabbath trim. The conscientious plainness of Hannah's toilet consumed but little time; but alas for the waste of moments and solecisms in taste, due to my less modest adornings! As for Jonathan, he was ever a laggard, always stepping back a second time to give an extra brush to his hair, or additional pull to his long collar. And why shouldn't rough Jonathan court the graces once a week? Was he not always sure to encounter Molly, the miller's daughter, at the end of the green lane, who, by some providence, always emerged from her hiding-place under the hill, just as Jonathan shambled past the end of the porch! Surely Jonathan must have execrated inwardly the childish fancy which kept me so pertinaciously by the side of the blushing damsel, while Hannah was left to trudge alone. Molly was a buxom, rosy, good-natured lass, who showed her sense in her kindly appreciation of Jonathan's homely virtues. Here, perhaps, was the sympathy between us. I understood the posture of affairs, though Jonathan seldom spoke, for the silent language of love has strayed from Parnassus.

There was romance in those church-bound walks; and the honest, well-to-do country farmer, who sidled up to the pretty lass, was sure to meet with a blushing welcome. Aye, and there was more than romance. The crowd of neatly-dressed meeting-goers gave to the landscape life and pastoral beauty. Every field was a picture. Hitheraway, round the door of a farm-house, stood the "gudewife," with a host of little ones, and a "wee-bit" in her arms, waiting for the honest farmer to bring round the lumbering market wagon, in which the younkers were to be geometrically stowed.

When fairly started, the uncouth vehicle, with its over-charged seat and third-score of flaxen heads arrayed behind, with twice as many dangling little feet, looked comical enough; but the "gudewife" was carrying her little ones to the house of God, and reverence suppressed the laugh. Here a starter in the world, with his careful helpmate, stepped from a wayside cottage, with looks brimful of trust and happiness. The highway was thronged with earnest pedestrians, all bound for the little hill; while, through every field, by short paths, were pressing on eager church-goers—fathers and mothers; lads, eyeing askance their new home-spun suits; lasses, fresher than their well-kept ribbons; and little children scampering for butterflies. All were full of buoyant life, and hope, and rest—all were answering to the solemn call, "Let us worship God." The crowd reached the sanctuary. The fathers and sons lingered round the porch, the former to exchange friendly greetings, the latter forsooth to stare at the pretty lasses, who tripped blushingly in.

'Twas a quaint old building, that meeting-house; yet a fair specimen of the buildings of its class, of those days, whose inner architecture is ever the unique of bygone reminiscences. We had the ominous, cylindrical sounding-board, high pulpit, with its trap-door, altar fenced in, broad galleries, double row of windows, and square, railed pews; all constructed of plain, unpolished wood. I should love to worship in one of those old churches once more. But, ah! I should not now wonder to see the pastor's head emerging from the trap-door; be awed by the deacon's nasal dictation to his choir; should not now tremble at the oscillations of the ponderous sounding-board, nor yet play "bo-peep" between the rails of the square pews. Ah, those were roomy pews, just like all the constructions of our comfort-taking ancestors—pews to lounge in, pews to be dined in, pews big enough to take in "the Squire's" arm-chair, with room enough for all the "gudewife's" flaxen heads—pews in whose seat arrangements the modern belle would particularly delight. But those, nevertheless, were days of sermonizing and sermon listening. No genteel, showy service dispelled the morning's ennui; but a half day's length of home thrusts came thundering down from the high priest of the sanctuary, so many anathemas for his awe-struck audience.

In those days of simple love and reverence, no aged, worn-out shepherd was ever cast off by his flock. He had fed them well for many years; and, remembering this, they looked with loving eyes on the short-comings of feeble age. So, when I entered that sanctuary, the white head of an old man of eighty years emerged from the trap-door. His limbs were palsied, his voice broken, and his hands fell feebly on the worn covers of the Bible; yet, with that broken voice and feeble arm, there was reverence, and silence, and bowed heads, for the once strong arm of that shepherd had led many a father and many a mother there, into the straight and narrow way.

There is, indeed, no eloquence more effective than the simple appeals that come from the loving hearts and truthful lips of those well-tried pastors. They showed an acuteness in selection and adaptation of texts which often proved the seed of great revivals, and gave evidence of their Godlike inspiration.

Said the gray-haired pastor of my grandfather's sanctuary, as he bowed over the coffin of an aged patriarch, named Jacob, who, in the enjoyment of a healthful and honored old age, had died suddenly in the night-time: "And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." A deep silence fell on the assembled multitude. The after-coming sermon sank deep into many hearts.

At another time, while he pointed to the shrouded form below, of a strong man, stricken down by the wayside, he exclaimed, in low and searching accents, "Who among you will give ear to this? Who will hearken and hear for the time to come?" And for each time those solemn words were echoed over the cold clay, we have evidence that a soul was gained. In those days, the moral of death was pointed over the coffin, in simple, heart searching eloquence.

The gray-haired, eloquent old man was gathered to his fathers. He was greatly missed. Even little children mourned him, and for a long while the mention of his name brought a tear to every eye.

A strong hand here fell on the cover of the Bible, and a strong voice echoed through the sanctuary, but there was less reverence and less silence. Though there was the same attitude, there was less an air of devotion. There was an audible flutter of ribbons—the rustic belle perchance began to study the advantages of her position in the square, open pew.

The new minister was earnest, fervent, fearless, noble-looking, and withal a bachelor—a bachelor he came, and, alas, a bachelor he went, despite the unwearied pains of tattling Hepsy, and the allegiance of devotional damsels. He never usurped the place of the old pastor in the affections of the people; but there was room enough for him also in their great, honest hearts, and they loved him. A questionable ambition took him early away, and he found elsewhere a wider sphere for his talents, and, what was better, a companion for his parsonage.

Both these pastors hold a conspicuous place in my gallery of portraits. Nor is any mean place allotted to the nasal-twanged deacon, with his long queue, tied with black ribbon, snuff-colored coat, and sharp eye for the younkers; though, in my youth, his presence gave no sacredness to the altar. Nor is the little hunch-backed fiddler, by any means forgotten, who drew out such lengthened harmonies from that scarce then defamed instrument, his fiddle. The poor fiddle, alas! has since fallen from the companionship of psalm tunes, and withdrawn its melodies from the village choir. Indeed, I can this moment recall every personage wont to assemble in that old church, from the well-seated "squire," and his aspiring daughter, to the palsied pauper, in the corner of the gallery, who used to share the younkers' noonday lunch.

Ah, those noonday lunches! they had a relish to them. How many loving hearts may not the hour's intermission have drawn towards the sanctuary! How many travel-worn feet may not have been turned hitherward by tattling Hepsy's gossiping propensities! But ah, in those days of simple habits, how many came indeed to worship God in spirit and truth, albeit the ample space given to chat and gossip!

At noon, the mothers, with their "wee-bits," scattered themselves amongst the nearest farm-houses, whilst the sturdy farmers lolled lazily on the green, watching the pranks of their noisy little ones. The lads and lasses strolled into the fields, here and there true lovers halting beneath the shade of an oak tree, or sitting down under the willows by the brook side, forgetful of their lunch and the other loiterers. Now and then a sober maiden, like Hannah, or a tottering old man, would turn into the little churchyard, whither each Sabbath noon I turned also, to spell out the time-rubbed inscriptions on the mossy stones; and, what gratified my childish curiosity still more, to watch the other lingerers there. They had most of them some precious little spot in that earth. One old man, who could scarcely totter on his bending staff, I remember well. He used to sit, bowed down, mumbling and chattering, on a little mound in the corner of the enclosure, marked by a single stone, on which had been rudely chiselled this simple inscription, "My Daughter." I used to watch that mourner with brimful eyes, though his raiment was that of a beggar, and he was now a witless old man—for he mumbled and chattered a painful story. He had been a kind father once, but he was sordid and ambitious, and had given his child, in her last years, but little joy on earth. Now the once proud man mumbled, a witless pauper, over the grave of her broken heart.

In another corner, was, one summer, a very little mound, over which, while yet unmarked, a young mother came, each Sabbath noon, to weep bitterly. There will soon be a longer mound beside that short one, thought I, with swelling heart. Short-sighted child! Little blades of grass began to peep out between the pebbles, and while they were yet tender, I missed the mother from her wonted place. She will come soon, said I. Anon, green turf covered the pebbly mound, a little white stone appeared. Surely she will come *now*, thought I; but alas! she never came, and I turned away from watching the short mound. So it was—every season some new mourner played their part on the narrow stage. Only the witless old man was ever there. All who had aught to live for, went back to their earth's idols.

Who can be irreverent in the presence of the buried dead? We always tread softly, as we pass between the storied stones, amidst which age and grief always love to linger. With what beautiful propriety have the homes of the dead in great cities been made fit haunts for the living! No less a Sabbath resort was our olden village church-yard, where was always a solemn presence. Now and then the merry laugh of a child might be heard within the wall, and sometimes a rosy maiden would steal away from Hepsy's farm-house coterie, to indulge her evanescent grief; but they only pointed the moral of the spot. Those churchyard lessons were never forgotten.

Nor are the homeward walks less cherished, where lovers loitered, and Puritanic fathers looked less austere. The long day's service had sobered exuberant spirits, and the subdued air of declining day was over all things. Then, at the end of every green lane, there was a firmness in the pressure of hands, and an earnestness in the many good-byes, that bespoke the bettering influence of the hour.

Would that the path of every church-goer lay through green fields. No accessory to Sabbath worship can be more soul-refining, soul-elevating, than such communion with nature. Do you remember, dear M——, the Sabbath, church-going walk we once took through the green fields? In memory I go again down with you the narrow, winding path, over the stile, through the fields, and into the little forest, so redolent with honeysuckle and sweet-scented blossoms, so gushing with the melody of birds. There was a very luxury of gladness in that woodland path. Beneath us, the earth exhaled a refreshing coolness, damp from a wayside brook, on whose banks the shrubs, like adorned brides, showered their white favors. Above us shimmered, through the overarching trees, the glad sunlight; and over and around all was the deep Sabbath stillness. Then was my heart full, and I exclaimed, with the German poet, as I gazed on the "gloriously unmoved" blue sky, "O that some inner creative spirit through my soul swelled!"

When twilight had come to the old farm-house; when Hannah, having lain aside her Sabbath garb, had performed the necessary household work, and Jonathan had stolen out of the porch door, to make his weekly visit to the little house under the hill, then was the old Bible again brought forward, and, soothed by its wonted influence, I would review the scenes of the day, which have clung to me so firmly through all after years.

For the National Era.

BELL SMITH ABROAD.

No. XVII.

THE TUILERIES.

DEAR FRIEND: Louis Napoleon has endeavored this winter to revive all the glories of the old Empire. This effort has a double object in view—to give an air of courtly splendor, considered incident to imperial government, and create work for milliners, tailors, hair-dressers, and the great body of artists whose genius and efforts pertain to the outer human. This last is the most important; for the old nursery rhyme of "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do," is well appreciated in Paris, where tailors, hatters, and shoemakers, not engaged in getting up Court dresses, go to pulling down Governments. This sounds strange to American ears, who, educated to self-dependence, see nothing in a Government but a political game, in which he engages for amusement only, and feels himself quite as well without as with it. But in France, the great body of the people consider the Government in the light of a parent bound to provide for all; and the moment such provision ceases, they consider the parent an imbecile, and proceed to destroy. Nothing can be more pitiless than a French mob, unless it is an American mob. It makes little difference how earnestly the statesman may labor, or what lore the patriot may exhibit in administering public affairs, the first failure in crops, the first distress manifested, will see barricades go up, and the earnest and faithful will be butchered without question or delay, unless, indeed, the governing power has taken the precaution to hedge itself about with bayonets, and make fear the governing element. Three of the mildest and best Governments France ever experienced, were the most unfortunate—Louis XVI, Louis Philippe, and the Republic. Now, Louis Napoleon gallops scowling along the Boulevards, and the dense mass look back in sullen anger; but between them stand three hundred thousand armed men, and their positions will remain unchanged so long as the troops are true—woe to the Government the moment the bayonets begin to fret. After all, one should not waste any sympathy upon a Government destroyed in this manner. The powers reap what they have sown—they educate the people to this. Louis Napoleon has now over one hundred thousand men in Paris, engaged in pulling down, rebuilding, and improving the city. This cannot last always, and after a while the hundred thousand will build barricades. There is a dish of politics for you, and I trust you will give the proper credit.

Impelled by curiosity, I determined to risk some health, and secure various lectures by visiting one of the Court balls at the Tuileries. No one can tell how long this pageantry will last, so one cannot wait on good health for that which will not probably wait for us. D. held out strenuously. We had of course to don the Court costume, and he protested that being made resemble a stout butler out of place was a thing out of question. But we prevailed, of course, and the eventful night saw us gloved, ruffled, and coiffées, in a style that would have made stare our respected relatives in their unsophisticated homes in the valleys of beautiful Ohio. I had a nervous laugh, as the thought struck me, how one, full of age and honors, who regards the calm evening of life with more dignity than a crowned king would look at our little party, and could almost hear him say, "Bell and D. are certainly losing the little sense nature has given them." I will not write how we appeared. Suffice it to say, we could have passed for fashionables of Franklin's and Washington's day. Hancock could have put his arm though D.'s and sauntered along, without feeling ashamed of causing remark. Those were very simple folk, I am sure, "and why not go to our first Presidents for our dress, as a late Administration proposed doing for its principles," said D., relieved considerably by the set of his velvet coat.

At Pont Neuf our modest voiture fell into the line of carriages, that stretched its length from the palace doors up through various streets at an astonishing distance. Indeed, had we have been justly dealt by, time enough would have been given for various serious reflections. We did not properly put ourselves at the end of these carriages, but our driver made various voyages along the line in search of an opening, without success, however, until an omnibus broke upon the arrangement, and our whip rushed in with a dexterity worthy of all credit and some cash. As it was, he nearly upset a delicate little coupé, from which issued a delicate little scream, and, after a while, a delicate little head, which, near as I could make out in the starlight, regarded hack 782 in great scorn. Two very aristocratic horses snorted and pawed directly behind, and I had some nervous feelings about a carriage pole being introduced to our party. The fact is, we were bringing a very shabby establishment into what Carlyle calls gig society, that looked as if it might have served to take Nebuchadnezzar and family out, when that gentleman went down to his country residence. What cared we for that, rude republicans as we were? We drove hack 782 between the wind and this nobility on considerations of Bunker Hill, Fourth o' July, and other great principles, and we left the consequences with Providence.

I had a protracted view of Pont Neuf by starlight, for the long line moved slowly on. Pont Neuf, where Sterne wept over the poor man's dead ass—Pont Neuf, once thought the finest bridge in the world—the centre of civilization and power, for on this isle Paris first existed. Here Richelieu's carriage, like ours, rolled slowly or rapidly along—over this bridge came Ravillac, tracking, like fate, the steps of Henry IV—here Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Danton, Robespierre, and almost thousands of others, wended their way in heavy carts from prison to death—"the bridge of sighs," indeed. Looking up, I could see dimly the statue of Henry IV; to my right the Louvre shone in light; while on the left, where once stood the dark Tour de Nesle, the college built by Mazarin lay in shadow, the Seine flowing silently away between. But all things, including a novel by Dumas, and a speech in the Senate, must have an end. The end to our starlight view of the Seine terminated about eleven o'clock. I can believe others saw the day dawn at the palace doors. We entered at last, threw off our cloaks in the so-called dressing room, and ascended the noble stairway between ranks of gorgeously-attired guards, who occupied every step, standing as motionless, clasping their muskets, as if they were carved of marble. The great stream of gay life poured, chattering along between these unfeeling instruments of death, as if they were not there. It is a trite reflection, I know, but continually comes up before me here, where the sound of the drum is scarcely ever out of hearing, that men and women should consider this killing in the light of a thing graceful and ornamental. I thought, while slowly passing each motionless guardsmen, that I looked in the very face, at the very musket which fired upon the Boulevards on the day of the *Coup d'Etat*, and left some wretched widow desolate. They were not so beautiful in that light.

I cannot give you on paper any impression of what I experienced on entering the beautiful hall. It was like some dream of fairy land. I never expect to see the like again. The same scene, repeated, would not be the same thing—wanting the novelty. I stood for a second, taking at a glance the dazzling lights which fell upon the multitude in the gorgeous dresses of a by-gone day. Add to this the music of the first orchestra in the world, led by Strauss himself, and at that moment pouring out one of his delicious waltzes, and you may appreciate the exhilaration that for a moment came upon me.

Our first duty was, of course, to be presented to the host and hostess, who were so kind and considerate as to invite us to their festivities; and, finding our minister, Judge Mason, we were soon in train for a presentation. The Emperor and Empress were late in attendance, or we should not have been honored with an introduction. It seems—and I give you, for once, some Court gossip—that the head-dressing of the Empress is superintended by the Emperor in person, and her Majesty never appears the second time in the same robe. On this occasion, she was somewhat disappointed, her dress not arriving in time. In the meanwhile, when it did at last appear, the Emperor found that the arrangement of hair did not suit, and all had to be done over again. It is said that the Emperor expressed himself very strongly, in German, French, and English. He arrived at the moment we did, and Judge Mason formed our party of Americans in two lines, down which the Government passed, our representative walking backwards, and calling the names slowly as he went. In this way, I was introduced to the late Louis Napoleon and present Emperor, and the future something else. Judge Mason—kind-hearted old man, loved by every one—did his part handsomely and well; but, I must say, the Emperor went through his in a sullen, queer way. I kept thinking of Victor Hugo's terrible sentence, "He has the name of Napoleon and the talent of Silence." He does not much love the Americans, and the Americans see no love lost between them.

Let the love be where it may, the most conspicuous persons at the entertainment were Americans. One young lady created a great sensation, as being far more lovely than the Empress. Another, a married lady, carried more diamonds than a dozen French or English dare dream of—and all were remarkable, in some respect or other. Judge Mason was much commented upon, for the severe simplicity of his costume; although cut in what is called Court costume, it was without embroidery or ornament of any kind.

It is singular to read at home the severe comments of some of the press upon this gentleman, and know how unjust they are. I presume our Administration does not seek to control the social conduct of the Minister; and socially it is customary, when a Minister or any official is invited to a dinner or assembly, to wear some mark of his position. If he dislikes to do this, he can remain at home; but if he attends, let him respect the wishes of his host. It is very democratic to go *à la Mose*, but a gentleman appearing with his coat on arm, and hat on head, at an evening assembly, would not be very polite or respectful, to say the least. Judge Mason, as representative of our Government, was presented in citizen's dress, and, as Minister, is always seen in that garb. But at parties and dinners, custom has settled the fact that he must appear *à la Franklin*.

By the by, there is quite an error at home as to Franklin's Court suit. We are under the impression that this good old man, while representing our country at this Court, wore the every-day dress of an American citizen. Such is not the fact. Mr. Soulé wears at Madrid the style of dress worn by Franklin, and it was not then, any more than now, the every-day wear of our citizens. The truth is, the old man's mind was on more important matters than the cut of his coat. While he dealt with the destinies of nations, he left the consideration of dress to lesser intellects.

I soon wearied of lights and music and the unmeaning crowd, differing in no respect from the thousands and thousands which have flitted through these same halls. I looked around in vain for one person whose name could serve to hold it in memory—Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Sue, Dumas, Lamenais—

"The kings of thought, who wage contention with their time's decay,
And, of the past, are all which will not pass away."

Even Louis Napoleon wants everything to make one sustain an illusion. There is nothing in face or figure of the Bonaparte. The chiselled face, the clear, luminous eyes, all the marks of genius which gave to horrid war its fascination. We returned, wearied, to our little apartments, about two o'clock A. M., and I fell asleep to dream of dancing at the house of Secretary C——, in Washington, with the Emperor, while our *vis-a-vis* were the Empress and the razor-strop man.

For the National Era.

TO THE HON. JOHN M. CLAYTON.

I inscribe to you a series of papers, which you have principally moved me to write.

When, in 1844, you were laboring, with distinguished zeal and eloquence, to raise Henry Clay to the Chief Magistracy of the nation, I was employed, with humbler means, in vindicating the Whig party, and its leading men, from the charge of subserviency to Slavery—a party proclaiming itself, at that time, the true and only adequate antagonist of slave-extension, and of the ambitious and rapacious purposes of "the Slave Power." I sought to acquaint myself with the past lives and testimonies of those men, that I might bear witness before the People of their sincerity and worthiness of the public confidence. Among the results of my inquiries was the following:

A young man, born and residing in a slave State, having just completed his preparation for the bar, had the unhappiness to lose his father, who died involved in debt, leaving a considerable number of slaves. The ordinary fate of those unfortunate beings, under such circumstances, need not be described. Happily, a generous friend came to their rescue. The noble-minded youth, on the tacit pledge of the future achievements of a powerful intellect and a great heart — better security than a sealed bond—raised the money to discharge the debts, and gave freedom to the slaves. That young man was John M. Clayton.

Knowing this proud and beautiful antecedent to be yours, and thinking that I had discerned much of a corresponding nature in your subsequent career, in spite of the corrupting and hardening influences of politics, I saw, with unfeigned surprise, your name among the *thirty* Senators who met in caucus to decide the fate of a deeply-interesting measure, now before Congress, but at the time of that meeting scarcely before Congress, and not at all before the country.

I can regard that meeting in no other light than as an attempt to paralyze public sentiment, arrest inquiry, and chain up the free action of the People, by a tyrannous and contemptuous announcement of the fatal "foregone conclusion" that, struggle as they may, their doom is fixed, and they must submit to it. It is a rare refinement in despotism, to extinguish hope before taking away rights.

If this novel mode of legislation be not a direct aggression upon the time-honored usages of the Republic, upon the spirit of the Constitution, and the spirit of Liberty, then I have mistaken them all. If this eager attempt to trammel up consequences does not betoken a tremulous fear of them, then I have badly comprehended human nature.

For one, I protest against this transference of legislation from the Senate House to the *cabal*; and I cannot conceal my chagrin at finding John M. Clayton on the list of "Thirty Tyrants."

I propose to present for your consideration, and that of others who may yet be willing to hear reason, some thoughts on the great measure in question, and on the positions and arguments of its advocates. STRIKE, BUT HEAR.

THE NEBRASKA BILL—NO. 1.

HAVE THE UNITED STATES POWER TO PROHIBIT SLAVERY IN THEIR TERRITORIES?

The first question is, whether the People of the United States, by their agents and servants in Congress assembled, have the constitutional power to prescribe to their Territories a rule excluding Slavery. This is first to me, because up to the present moment *the grossest deceptions* and the miserablest delusions prevail in respect to it. Seeing what I see in the Treasury presses, and hearing what I hear of the effects of their impostures upon uninformed and upright men, I am intimately convinced that it is perilous to slight this point, notwithstanding that the authority in question has been established by innumerable precedents, during a period approaching a century; and was never, until very lately, seriously questioned. I do admit, also, considering how often legislators and judges have erred, that honest and intelligent men may feel reluctant to take anything on mere precedent. It is always lawful, and sometimes necessary, to try precedent at the bar of principle.

That it is indispensable to do so in the present case, is proved by the constant, and by no means ineffective, reiteration, throughout all the land, and with all the imposing TRICKERY OF TYPES, that FOR CONGRESS TO PROHIBIT *Slavery in the Territories, is a violation of the great and fundamental principle of the sovereignty of the People, and of their right of self-government.*

An objection so boldly blazoned, and in its application so grave, is not to be despised, be it well or ill founded.

The Territories of the United States have been, and must be, either cessions from States of the Confederacy or from foreign States. A cession of a country is a grant from one Nation or Government to another, of the right of soil, where that is not already appropriated, and of the right of sovereignty everywhere, unless the act or treaty of cession contain some express qualification of one or both of these rights. Hence it follows, that the People of the United States, in receiving successively from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, the Indian tribes, France, Spain, and Mexico, cessions of territory, become invested with the full rights of sovereignty and soil, subject to previous appropriations of the one, and to express reservations of the other. We shall find that in all these cases there was but one instance of the reservation of a right belonging to the sovereignty, but in many of them, of rights touching the soil. Neither class of reservations has any bearing on the present stage of this inquiry. In the cessions of *France* and *Mexico*, there was no reservation or qualification whatever of the right of *sovereignty*. It was *all* conveyed to the People of the United States.

Were the United States competent to receive these grants of sovereignty? This cannot be disputed, for if they were not thus competent, then full sovereignty, or perhaps any part of sovereignty, was not conveyed nor is now possessed by us, but remains in France and Mexico.

The United States, therefore, did receive, in the case of the French and Mexican cessions, the full sovereignty and supreme dominion over the territories, which were the subjects of those cessions. Do they still hold it?

They hold it still, unless it has been wrested from them by force, or voluntarily conveyed by them to some other Power. A large tract was ceded to Great Britain voluntarily, or from fear of the consequences to Slavery, viz: all that tract lying between 49 deg. and 54 deg. 40 min. of north latitude, containing about 300,000 square miles, beside Vancouver's and other islands on the coast thereof, and on *our* present coast, amounting probably to 50,000 square miles more, or 350,000 in all. All this a Slave President on a solemn occasion declared from the throne was "by right unquestionable" ours. All this the same President, with the approval of the Senate, ceded to Great Britain. No *Southern* man ever denied, or will now deny, the validity of that treaty. In all probability, that treaty saved the South from a visit of a British steam squadron, and a British army, including certain regiments from the West Indies, heralded by a proclamation of the established policy of Britain in relation to blacks. Vancouver's Island, and all the rest, the island appertaining, in fact, to that part of Oregon which remains to us, are gone from our grasp, never to return, unless the slave States should give us leave to annex Canada, which they will probably do some day in the *Greek kalends*. Of course, the United States must have had full sovereignty over this territory, or they could not have ceded it, and Great Britain would never have treated with us for it.

Perhaps it will be answered, it is very true the United States have full sovereignty over their Territories as against foreign sovereigns, both when they receive and when they cede territory, and, in fact, at all other times; but then they have not that sovereignty as against the sovereign People, who are settlers, owners, and occupants, of soil within the Territories. Some distinction of this kind is constantly insinuated, of course, in the vaguest manner. It is time that this *hocus pocus* were sifted, or scouted from the field of controversy—drummed out with those who employ it. The use of it is as disrespectful to freemen as it is inhuman to the slave. It can be intended for no purpose but to mystify; which, in this case, is as good as to convince, because in honest minds it equally paralyzes resistance. The adversary desires no more. Inaction, acquiescence, are as valuable to him as concurrence and support. Let the free States be passive, and leave the slave States alone; and, like the weird sisters, "They'll do, they'll do, and they'll do."

The settlers and inhabitants of any Territory, if citizens of the United States, are, in common with all other citizens of the United States, partakers of the common right of sovereignty over the Territories, which resides to the fullest extent in the whole body of the People; but they do not, by becoming settlers of the Territories, acquire any additional or peculiar right of sovereignty over them. If they do, when and how does that right attach to them, and at the same moment detach itself from the whole People of the United States? for it is plain, that whatever sovereign rights the former acquire, must be in derogation of the previous and complete sovereignty of the latter. Is it when one settler enters, or a dozen, or twenty, or fifty, or a community large enough to form a Government? If it attaches to five hundred, or five thousand, it attaches to fifty, to twenty, or to one, the moment he enters. He may make laws, subject only to that general jurisdiction which belongs to the United States, but which would apply in this case only in a limited sense, as it applies to the States. Sovereignty would descend upon the single settler, just as certainly as upon the heir apparent in a hereditary monarchy, on the death or demise of the reigning sovereign, and rather more mysteriously. The first squatter would be a king. This is too absurd; but it is precisely the absurdity, stripped of mystification and delusion, which is urged with effect, as sound reason, by hundreds of presses throughout the country.

The right to Territorial self-government attaches to the settlers only when the United States grant it, by defining the boundaries, enacting laws, and appointing officers, or authorizing the inhabitants to elect them; but even then they have this right only so far as the United States think proper, out of its full storehouse of sovereign rights, to impart it. Thus, in organizing the earliest Territories, they provided for the appointment, by the President of the United States, of a Governor and Judges, investing them jointly with legislative power, and not giving to the inhabitants the election of one of those important officers, nor of any officer, even of a town, parish, or school district, unless the authorities, thus constituted, thought proper in their legislative capacity to confer upon them the right to elect them. At a later period, Congress instituted *Legislative Councils* in the Territories; but the appointment of the members was vested in the President of the United States. Lastly, Legislatures, eligible by the citizens, have been wisely substituted in the Territorial acts. But how far are any of these systems from conceding to the people of a Territory the full right of sovereignty, even in the somewhat limited sense in which it belongs to a State? In all these cases, and at all times up to this day, Congress has reserved to itself the right of revising the acts of the Territorial Legislatures, and vetoing or modifying them as it deems expedient; and it has exercised this right in various instances.

We see, therefore, the people of the United States bearing, from the first moment of the acquisition of territory up to the end of its territorial existence, the most undoubted badges of full and complete sovereignty over it. No legal Government can exist in it, but in virtue of their acts, and no legal Government, when created, can do anything contrary to their will. They can at any time annul its laws, and abrogate its existence. And where it shall have attained a population which may entitle it, if erected into a State, to two Senators and a full Representative in the House, it can escape from pupilage only by the consent of the people of the United States, expressed through their agents and servants in Congress.

If these things do not demonstrate the existence of complete sovereignty, supreme dominion in the people of the United States over their Territories, subject to no restrictions or limitations except those imposed by conscience and by God, then there is no such thing as sovereignty, actual or ideal, in the world or in works of political science.

The States within their respective jurisdictions possess this same sovereignty, with the exception of a few of its highest and most comprehensive attributes, which the People have thought proper to exercise, not through their State officers, but through the instrumentality of the Government of the United States—such as raising a revenue by taxing imports, coining money, raising and supporting armies and navies, regulating commerce, and making war and treaties of peace, friendship, and commerce. Thus full or integral sovereignty is divided and distributed by the People between the several States and the United States, the latter possessing its most important, and the former its most numerous, attributes—each having a part, and both together the *whole*. What they both together possess over the *States*, the United States *alone* possess over their *Territories*.

But it is admitted that every State has power to prohibit Slavery, or to abolish it, if it already exists. Then, may not the United States within their Territories prohibit or abolish it?

STRIKE, BUT HEAR.

MR. DOUGLAS REBUKING THE PREACHERS!—The New York *Evening Post* says:

"In his long discourse to the clergy of New England—a paper about three times as long as an ordinary sermon—Mr. Douglas, borrowing a topic from the newspapers, is very severe upon them for protesting against the Nebraska fraud 'in the name of Almighty God.'

"Mr. Douglas is too fastidious. In whose name would he have these gentlemen protest against a bad measure? If they had said, 'in the devil's name,' it would have been used as an argument for the bill. We often say: 'in the name of all that is good,' 'in the name of humanity,' 'in the name of common sense,' &c. The signers of the remonstrance in question used a form of words which naturally seemed to them to include all these, and one which they deemed suitable to the gravity of the occasion. In doing this, it was clearly not their intention to arrogate to themselves a special authority in the matter, any more than if they had used the phrase, 'In the name of justice and humanity.'"

NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 11.—The steamer Texas has arrived from Vera Cruz, with dates to the 11th ult.

Several skirmishes had taken place between the forces of Santa Anna and Alvarez, and a few of the latter had been killed. Alvarez threatened to kill the prisoners in his possession, if Santa Anna killed those he had taken. It was believed that the revolution would soon be quelled.