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The *National Era* is published every Thursday, on the following terms:

Single copy, one year	$2.00
Three copies, one year	5.00
Five copies, one year	8.00
Ten copies, one year	15.00
Single copy, six months	1.00
Ten copies, six months	8.00

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The National Era.

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

VOL. IX. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1855. NO. 430.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten cents a line for the *first* insertion, *five* cents a line for each subsequent one. Ten words constitute a line. Payment in advance is invariably required.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Pinder H. Anthon, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

FOR THE NATIONAL ERA.

SHERWOOD FOREST, OR WAGER BY BATTLE.

A Tale of Saxon Slavery in the Twelfth Century.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

CHAP. XX.—Concluded.

Then was called Ralph Brito.

He, being sworn, deposed thus: Is a man-at-arms of Sir Foulke d'Oilly; has served him these twenty years and over, in France, in Wales, and in Ireland. Has dwelt the last ten years, until this year now current, at Sir Foulke's castle of Fenton in the Forest; since the decease of Sir Philip de Morville, has been one of the garrison of Waltheofstow. Knows Eadwulf the Red perfectly well—as well as his own brother. Has known him these ten years back, when he was gross thrall to Sir Philip de Morville. Has seen him since the death of Sir Philip. Has seen him daily, since he made one of the garrison of Waltheofstow, until the twelfth day of September last, when he saw him for the last time, until he was taken in the cottage on Kentmere. The person at the bar is the man. The person at the bar is Eadwulf the Red, and is also the man who was taken at the cottage. They are the same. Did not follow the prisoner with the bloodhounds; came up with my lord, the day after the accident on the sands. Was engaged in the pursuit till he was taken; was present at the arrest. The weapons in court were taken in the prisoner's house; took them down himself, from above the mantel-piece. The prisoner admitted them to be his weapons.

Matthew Gourlay, cross-examining, asked him—"You swear, certainly, that the man at the bar is *he*, known in the time of Sir Philip de Morville as Eadwulf the Red?"

"I do."

"Of your own knowledge?"

"Of my own knowledge."

"Why was he called the Red?"

"Because he *was* red."

"What part of him?"

"His hair and beard."

"What color are your own hair and beard?"

"Red."

It so happened that the close-curled hair and the beard, knotted like the wool of a poodle dog, of this man, were of the brightest and most fiery hue of which the human hair is susceptible; while that of Kenric was of a deep, glossy auburn, falling in loose waves from a broad, fair forehead.

"And what color is the person's at the bar?"

"Why, reddish, I suppose," said Ralph Brito, sullenly.

"About the same color with your own, ha? Well, you may go down," he said, satisfied that he had somewhat damaged the evidence, even of this positive perjurer.

Andrew of Spyinghow was then called, and, being sworn, testified, "That he is the brother of Ralph Wetheral, the bailiff of Waltheofstow, who was found dead in the Forest of Sherwood, on the 13th day of September last passed; and of Hugonet the Black, seneschal of Waltheofstow, as aforesaid, who was lost in the sands of Lancaster, on the 17th day of the said month. He and his brothers were known as the three spears of Spyinghow. He knew the serf spoken of as Eadwulf the Red, as well as he knew his own face in the mirror. Had known him any time the last ten years, as serf, both to Sir Philip de Morville, and to his own lord, Sir Foulke d'Oilly. Had seen him last on the night of September the 13th, in the castle court at Waltheofstow; but had tracked him thence with bloodhounds to the verge of Borland Forest; had followed him by hue and cry across the moors to the sands of Morecambe Bay; had seen the fugitive crossing the bay; had seen him land on the Westmoreland shore, nor ever had lost the track of him, until he saw him taken in the cottage at Kentmere. The prisoner at the bar is the man." The witness then proceeded at length to describe the discovery of the slain stag, and the murdered bailiff, the manner of their deaths, the weapons found in the mortal wounds both of the beast and the man, and of the taking up of the scent of the fugitive from the spot where the double killing had taken place, by the bloodhounds.

Here Thomas de Curthose said, "This is a case we are trying, in this court of common pleas, of neifty, *de nativo habendo*; not a case of deer-slaying in a forest court, or of murder in a criminal court. Therefore, this evidence is irrelevant, and, tending to prejudice the jury against the prisoner, should be ruled out."

Geoffrey Fitz Peter said, "This testimony goeth only to prove the weapons which were carried and used by the fugitive, be he who he may, at that place and that time stated to be the same with those found in possession of the person at the bar, and owned by him to be his property. And this testimony we propose to use, in order to show that the person at the bar was actually at the place at the time stated as aforesaid, and is the very fugitive in question; not that he is the killer of the deer, or the murderer of the man, which it is not in the province of this court, or in our purpose, to examine."

Sir Ranulf de Glanville said, "To prove the identity of the person at the bar with the alleged fugitive, this evidence standeth good, but not otherwise."

His examination being resumed, the witness described, vividly and accurately, the pursuit of the fugitive with the bloodhounds; his superhuman efforts to escape, both by speed of foot and by power of swimming; his wonderful endurance, and, at last, his vanishing, as it were, without leaving a single trace, either for sight or scent, in the midst of a bare moor. Great sympathy and excitement were manifested throughout the whole court, at this graphic narrative; and all eyes were turned, especially those of the fair sex, to the fine athletic person and noble features of Kenric, as he stood at the bar, alone of all that company, impassive and unmoved, with looks of pity and admiration.

But Kenric only shook his head, with a grave smile and a quiet wafture of his hand, as if putting aside the undeserved sympathy.

But when the witness proceeded to describe the rediscovery of the fugitive crossing the sands, on the second morning after his temporary evasion, the desperate race against the speed of mortal horses, against the untamed velocity of the foam-crested coursers of the roaring ocean tide; when he depicted the storm bursting in the darkness, as of night, over the mailed riders and barbed horses struggling in the pools and quagmires; the fierce billows trampling over them, amid the tempest and the gloom; and the sun shining out on the face of the waters, and lo! there were none there, save Hugonet the Black, sitting motionless on his armed horse like a statue, until it should please the mounting tide to overwhelm him, from which he could by no earthly means escape, and the fugitive slave floating, in his chance-found coracle, within two oars' length of that devoted man, the excitement in the vast assembly knew no bounds. There were wild cries and sobs, and the multitude rocked and heaved to and fro, and several women swooned, and were carried out of the court house insensible, and seemingly lifeless. It was many minutes before order could be restored.

Then the bolts or quarrels, which had been extracted from the slaughtered deer and the murdered man were produced in court, yet stained with the blood, and bearing the name of Kenric branded upon the wooden shafts with an iron stamp. The crossbow and bolts, found in Kenric's cottage, and admitted by him to be his property, were also produced, and the quarrels found in the forest tallied from point to point, even to a broken letter in the branding, with those which he acknowledged to be his; and an expert armorer, being summoned, testified that those quarrels were the proper ones for that very arbalast, and would not fit one other out of twenty, it being of unusual construction.

At this point, not a person in the court, from the lowest spectator to the high justiciary on the bench, but believed the case to be entirely made out; and some of the crown lawyers whispered among themselves, wondering why the prisoner had not been arraigned in the forest or criminal courts, for the higher offences, which seemed to be proved against him.

Thomas de Curthose, cross-examining the witness, asked—

"The man at the bar is Eadwulf the Red?"

"He is."

"On your oath, and of your own knowledge?"

"On my oath, and of my own knowledge."

"Did you ever hear that 'Eadwulf the Red' should call himself, or was called by others, 'Kenric?'"

"Never, until now."

"And how have you heard it now?"

"I have seen it stamped on his quarrels."

"Had 'Eadwulf the Red' a brother?"

"A brother?"

"Had 'Eadwulf the Red' a brother?"

"I have heard say, he had."

"Of your own knowledge, on your oath?"

"He had a brother."

"What was his name?"

"I—I have forgotten."

"On your oath! on your oath, Sirrah!" thundered Thomas de Curthose. "Was not his name 'Kenric?'"

"I think it was 'Kenric.'"

"Look at the person at the bar." The man did so; but reluctantly, and with an evident tremor.

"Is not that man 'Kenric,' the brother of 'Eadwulf the Red?'"

"That man is 'Eadwulf the Red'—I have sworn it."

"And art forsworn, in swearing it. But again, thou hast sworn, 'that on the third morning, after taking scent of the fugitive from the place of the deer and manslaying, and after hunting him constantly with bloodhounds, you lost all track of him on the bare moor in Borland Forest?'"

"Why, aye! I have sworn that; it is quite true," said the man, seemingly reassured, at the change of the line of examination.

"I doubt it not. Now, when did the hounds take the scent again?"

"Why, not at all. We saw he was making for the sands, and so squandered ourselves in parties, and on the second morning, at daybreak, saw him crossing them."

"How far off was he when you saw him?"

"About three miles."

"Could you see, to know him, at that distance?"

"Why, no; but we guessed it was he, when we saw him run from us; and, when we wound up the clue to the end, and caught him, we found that we were right."

"You may stand down. Who is next?"

Four other witnesses followed, who all swore positively to the person of the prisoner, as "Eadwulf the Red," and testified to various points in the circumstances of the pursuit and capture, all tending to the identification of Kenric with the fugitive; and though the counsel for the defence had succeeded, more or less, in shaking the credit of some of the witnesses with the jury, and of raising a doubt concerning the existence of a brother, with whom the fugitive might have been confounded, no head had yet been made against the direct testimony of six witnesses, swearing positively to his person, and against the damaging circumstantial evidence of the crossbow and quarrels.

When the counsel for the plaintiff rested, and the court adjourned at ten o'clock, for dinner, not a lawyer in the court, except those retained in the defence, but looked on the case of Kenric as hopeless; and the party of Sir Foulke d'Oilly were consequently in high glee. But when the court reassembled, at noon, Walter Gourlay arose, and addressed the six judges:

"May it please your lordships, we shall right shortly prove, to your satisfaction and to that of this honorable jury, that this case lies in a nutshell, or rather is no case at all, or shadow of a case. First, we shall show to you that this person at the bar is not, nor ever was, called 'Eadwulf the Red,' though there may be some slight similarity of person between him and his brother, of that name; but that he is, and has been called, from his cradle to this day, 'Kenric the Dark.' Secondly, we shall show you that this 'Kenric the Dark' was not in Sherwood Forest, or within fifty mile of it, on the thirteenth day of September last passed, or on any day within two months thereof. Thirdly, we shall show you that this 'Kenric the Dark' is not serf or villeyn to Sir Foulke d'Oilly, or to any Sir in England; but a free man, and free tenant of the Lord of Kendal, in the county of Westmoreland."

Then William of Tichborne said, "Nay! Brother Gourlay, do not prove too much against us;" and he laughed sneeringly; "else thou wilt convict our witnesses, as mansworn."

And Thomas de Curthose laughed, and said, "Marry will we, and pillory them for it, likewise."

Then the defence called Bertha, the wife of Werewulf; and an exceeding old woman was supported into court, by a younger woman of exceeding beauty; and, in consideration of her age and infirmities, she was accommodated with a seat. She was very feeble, and much emaciated, and her hair was as white as snow; but her figure, though frail and quivering, was erect as a weather-beaten pine, and her eye as clear as an eagle's.

"Well, mother, and who art thou?" asked the justiciary, in a kindly tone, "and what hast thou to tell us in this matter?"

"I am Bertha," she replied, in tones singularly clear and distinct, "the wife of Werewulf, the son of Beowulf, who was henchman to Waltheof, who was the lord of Waltheofstow, before the Normans came to England."

"A serf to testify in proof of a serf's liberty!" said William of Tichborne. "Such evidence may not stand."

"She is no serf, my lord," said Gourlay, "but as free as my brother of Tichborne. Let the Sheriff of Lancaster be sworn."

So, Sir Yvo de Taillebois, being sworn in his place, testified: "Bertha, the wife of Werewulf, is a free woman. I bought her myself, with her own free consent, of my friend Sir Phillip de Morville, and manumitted her, for reasons of my own."

"Let Bertha proceed."

"I am the mother of seven sons, in lawful wedlock born; five of whom, and three grandsons, sleep with their fathers, in the kirkyard of Waltheofstow; two, as I believe, yet draw the breath of life, biding God's good time; 'Kenric the Dark,' my second born, and 'Eadwulf the Red,' my youngest.' Kenric stands yonder, at the bar; Eadwulf is a wanderer on the moorland."

Being cross-examined. "Would she know her sons anywhere; would she know them apart?"

"Know my own sons!" she made answer—"the flesh of my own flesh, the bone of my own bone! By day or by night, in darkness or in light, by the lowest sound of the voice, by the least pressure of the hand, by the feeling of their hair, or the snow of their breath, would I know them, and know them apart, anywhere. Yon is Kenric, and Kenric is no more like to Eadwulf, than day is to darkness, or a bright, summer sunshine to a thunder-cloud in Autumn."

"Call Aradas de Ratcliffe."

He, being sworn, was asked,

"Know you the person at the bar, and, if aye, what is his name?"

"I know him well; his name is Kenric; his condition, so far as I know, a freeman, and verdurer to Sir Yvo de Taillebois."

"When did you see him first, to know him?"

"In July last, when my Lord of Taillebois returned from Yorkshire, and brought him along in his train."

"Have you seen him in the mean time, and, if aye, how often?"

"Almost daily. He is one of our best foresters, and we rarely hunt or hawk without him."

"Can you name any one day, in particular, when you saw the person at the bar, between July and October, to know him?"

"I can. On the 12th day of last September, at eight o'clock in the evening, we being then at supper, Kenric came into the hall, by permission, to bring tidings that he had tracked the great mouse-colored hart royal, which has been known in the dales this hundred years, into a deep dingle at the head of Yewdale, and that he was laid up for the night. On the 13th, we were astir before day, and Kenric led us to the lair; and we hunted that hart all day long on the 13th, and killed him at sunset on the skirts of Skiddaw. We had to pass the night on the mountain, and I well remember how Kenric was the best man in collecting firing and making all things comfortable for the night, it being cold and a keen white frost."

Being cross-examined: "I know it was on the 12th that he brought the tidings, because my rents fall due on that day at Rydal Manor, and I had ridden over to collect them, and returned home somewhat late for supper, and had just sate down to table, very hungry, when he came in with the news of the great hart royal; and that spoiled my supper, for the thought of killing that hart on the morrow took away all my appetite."

"And did you kill him, sir?" asked Sir Ranulf de Glanville from the bench, eagerly; for if he were famous as a lawyer, he was little less so as a woodman.

"With a clothyard shaft from my own bow, Sir Ranulf, at thirty score yards and thirteen."

"Well, sir, it was a very pretty shot," returned the high justiciary, nothing abashed by the smile which ran through the court; "and you have given very pretty evidence. Have you any more witnesses, Master Gourlay? Methinks the jury have had almost enough of this."

"We will detain your Lordships but a very little longer. William Fitz Adhelm."

And he knew Kenric well, and remembered his services particularly on that 13th day of September; and, to prove the date, he produced a record of the chase, carved on ivory, which was hung from the antlers of that celebrated deer, in the great hall at Hawkshead Castle, recording the length of the hunt, the dogs and horses engaged, and all the circumstances of the great event.

The bailiff of Kendal was then called, who swore that he knew Kenric, as forester and verdurer, since July last, and that he had seen him since that date almost daily; for that three days had never passed without his bringing him game for his guest table, according to the orders of his Lord.

"And here," said Thomas de Curthose, "we might safely rest, stating merely, in explanation, that the true 'Eadwulf the Red,' brother of the person at the bar, did, we believe, all the things stated by the witnesses to this court, and did leave at the cottage on Kentmere the crossbow produced before the court, which he had previously purloined from his brother, while at Waltheofstow. But desiring to place this man's freedom on record beyond a question or a peradventure, we will call Sir Yvo de Taillebois."

He, of course, testified to all that is known to the readers of this history, and which was not known to the jury or the court; to his own agency, namely, in the purchase and manumission of the serf Kenric, and to his establishment of him as a free tenant on his lands of Kentmere, in Kendal.

"And here we rest," said Thomas of Curthose, "nor shall trouble the court so much as to sum up what is so palpable."

The complainants declining to say anything further, Ranulf de Glanville said:

"It is scarce necessary that I should say anything to this jury, seeing that if the evidence of Sir Yvo de Taillebois be received as credible, the case is at an end. But I would say that, without his testimony, the defence might have rested safely, when they had shown that the alleged fugitive, 'Kenric,' was a resident here in Westmoreland, on the day, and long before the day, when he is charged on oath to have been a serf in Yorkshire. For if A claim a horse, now in the possession of B, swearing and bringing witnesses to swear that he, A, lost, or had stolen from him, the said horse, on such a day; and B bring sufficient and true witnesses to satisfy the jury that the said horse so claimed was in his, B's, possession, days, weeks, or months before the 'such a day' on which A avers to have lost or had the said horse stolen from him—then it is to be presumed, not that A and his witnesses are mistaken as to the day on which the horse was lost, seeing that he and they have sworn positively to the day, and that it is in him and them alone, and no others, truly to know the day on which the said horse was lost or stolen—but that the horse is another horse altogether, and not that horse lost or stolen on the day averred; inasmuch as this horse claimed was, on that day, and theretofore and thereafter, standing here, and could not therefore be lost or stolen elsewhere. This is the law, gentlemen, of an ox, or an ass, or a goat, or a piece of furniture, or of anything that is property, dead or living. Much more so, therefore, of the liberty of a man. For God forbid that on this earth of England the liberty of a man, which is even the dearest thing he hath on earth, should be more lightly jeoparded, or less securely guarantied to him, than the value of his ox, or his ass, or his goat, or his chattel, whatsoever it may be, that is claimed of him. And now, gentlemen of the jury, I will detain you no longer. You may retire, if you wish to deliberate on your verdict, whether the person at the bar be 'Eadwulf the Red,' gros thrall of Sir Foulke d'Oilly, or 'Kenric the Dark,' and a true freeman."

"So please the court, we are agreed," was the unanimous answer of the jurymen.

"And how will you render your verdict?"

"By our foreman, Sir Ralph Egerton, of Egerton."

"We find," said the foreman, in answer to the eye of the justiciary, "that the person at the bar, 'Kenric, surnamed the Dark,' is a free man, and that Sir Foulke d'Oilly hath no claim against his liberty or person. And we further recommend that the witnesses for the plaintiff, more especially Ralph Brito, and Andrew of Spyinghow, be taken into custody, and held to answer to a charge of perjury."

"You have said well, gentlemen, and I thank you for your verdict," said the justiciary. "Clerk of the court, record the verdict; and see that warrants issue against Ralph de Brito and Hugh of Spyinghow. Kenric, thou art free; free of all charge against thee; free to walk boldly and uprightly before God; and, so far as you do no wrong, to turn aside for fear of no man. Go, and thank God, therefore, that you are born on English soil, where every man is held free, till he is proved a slave; and where no man can be delivered into bondage, save on the verdict of a jury of his countrymen. This is the law of England. God save the King. Amen!"

Then, turning to Sir Yvo de Taillebois, "You brought that fellow off with flying colors! Now, you will sup with me, at my lodgings, at nine. My brothers of the bench will be with us, and my Lord High Constable, and the Earl Mareschal; and we will have a merry time of it. They have choice oysters here, and some lampreys; and that boar's head, and venison, you sent us, are immense. You will come, of course."

"With pleasure," said de Taillebois, "but"—and he whispered something in his ear.

"Ha! do you fear so? I think not; but we will provide for all chances; and, in good time, here comes Clarencieux. Ho! Clarencieux, sup with us, at nine to-night; and, look you, we shall want Sir Foulke d'Oilly in court to-morrow. I do not think that he will give us the slip, but, lest he try it, let two of your pursuivants and a dozen halberdiers keep their eye on him till the court sits in the morning; and if he offer to bolt, arrest him without scruple, and have him to the constable's lodging. Meantime, forget not nine of the clock, in my lodgings."

For the National Era.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Thou seest but the *effect!* How shouldst thou know
The *cause* which led to that poor wretch's crime?
Couldst thou pierce through the mere judicial view
Of his career, and look *beyond* the time
Of his arrest, *there* surely would be found,
With one end fixed in Nature's holy ground,
The iron chain of dire necessity—
Of hunger pangs, and sufferings that drew
Him gradual downward to his destiny!
Therefore judge not, nor yet too sternly blame,
But seek all erring spirits to reclaim;
Be pitiful, the while thou dost reprove,
For gentleness will make its pleadings heard;
Temper the sting of thy rebuke with love.

For the National Era.

A LEGAL MEASURE.

BY LIZZIE LINN.

"Unjust decrees they make, and call them just,
And we submit to them—because we must."

A sense of our duties and responsibilities would, in some cases, never be felt, but for a painful experience. Suffering increases the perception, turns the mind into new channels of thought, and points to the path of wisdom. Some of us fail to profit by affliction, but it was not thus with my friend, Mrs. Carroll; and no wonder, for her trials were of deep significance.

Married in girlhood, and a mother ere she was sixteen, pressed by penury, performing the drudgery of the kitchen and the duties of a school-room, no time to bestow upon the frail being committed to her care, it was not strange that the child became a grief rather than a joy. She appealed in her delicacy and helplessness for untiring vigil, but the cares of that young mother forbade such attention. The hardy, vigorous plant heeds not the storm that sweeps around it; little Nell, however, was like the fragile shoot that is easily blighted and broken. Poor, unfortunate dwarf! She has a high hip, an immense shoulder, curved spine, projecting chest, no neck, and her head resting and rolling on her shoulders. Oh, Nell, I sicken as I think of thee! Would to heaven thou couldst shuffle off that hideous coil! Life will give thee no pleasure. The mission of woman thou canst never fulfil. Thy very affections will become, to thee, a curse!

Sad monument of neglect is little Nell. *Neglect*, I said. Ah, it was kind in me to call it nothing worse, when I know that repose for the mother at night, and time for excessive labor and duty to patrons by day, was purchased by the use of powerful and stupefying drugs to the child.

Howard Carroll, although suffering much from ill health himself, had never been interested in that great problem, the physical perfection of his species. He showed a father's tenderness for Nell, and a stranger might have deemed her a pet lamb; but inwardly there was a shrinking of the spirit when she approached him. I have intimated that he was poor; he belonged, however, to a proud and prosperous family. He had been embarrassed by a sudden depreciation in stocks, in which his limited means were invested; but he possessed that available talent which characterized his brothers, of transmuting into gold whatever he spent his energies upon. By shrewd management, his circumstances rapidly improved; and not many years had passed, before his wife was somewhat relieved from the burden that had so oppressed her.

Another face was then added to the home circle—a dear little Annie came to cheer and to bless. Under the genial warmth of maternal love and wisdom, the sweet bud expanded into a beautiful creation. The mother's experience with her first-born had taught her practical lessons of great value in the training of the second. When she looked at the unseemly temple in which dwelt the spirit of Nell—for the presence of the child ever was, to her, as the presence of an accusing angel, pointing to a terrible record of ignorance and folly—she resolved that her life should be one determined, continuous effort, if necessary, to protect Annie from the adverse influences that destroy so many of the race.

And richly was the mother's care repaid, or else 'twas nature in a kindly mood, that strove to make amend for the uncouth exterior of her former gift, by adding grace and beauty to the person of Annie. Reader, have you ever watched a sunbeam stealing into some shadowy nook, lighting up its sombre tints until they looked even beautiful in its rays? Just so came Annie's presence into her father's family; and never shone sunbeam brighter than shone her joyous face; and never has painter or poet embodied an ideal more faultless in feature, in limb, and motion, than was our home-angel Annie; and when her laugh gushed forth in its melody, it was a whole volume of bird-songs, sweeter far, in the mother's ear, than the bewitching notes of a cantatrice could ever be.

It is not the object of this sketch to explain nature's phenomena, or arraign parents for delinquency, nor yet to extenuate the mother's fault, as may have appeared from some of the foregoing hints, for I have a tale to tell of quite a different nature—a veritable story in regard to this second child, that is now fairly introduced to your consideration; and this event never could have happened, but for the existence and condition of Nell; and her ugly person as naturally suggests causes as the light of day or the darkness of night. This much, then, by way of preface and introduction.

"Now for a frolic," said General Carroll—the brother of Howard—as he entered the apartment where sat the mother with the two children I have described.

"Now for a frolic, Uncle Will," responded the joyous Annie, as she brushed back her golden ringlets, and bounded toward him.

"Love me once," said he, as he pressed her to his bosom; and Annie laid her cheek to his, and, with her arms around his neck, returned the ardent embrace.

"Let us play bear now, Uncle Will."

"Oh no; let us talk to-day, and play bear to-morrow."

"No, no; we must play bear to-day, and talk to-morrow," replied Annie.

It needed but little coaxing to bring down the distinguished General on all-fours, to chase about the lovely fairy. Nell stood aloof, sucking her thumb, except when Uncle Will advanced toward her, and then she hid away under her mother's apron. Annie was comparatively fearless, and the daring spirit she summoned was a source of delight to him. Many an hour did he spend thus; and he who is ever too busy and always too dignified to engage in such sport can hardly imagine that it gave him pleasure.

"Come and kiss me; good bye, Annie, I am going."

"Don't go yet, Uncle Will; stay a little longer."

"Will you love me again?" asked he.

"I do love you all the time."

"How much do you love me?"

"About so much," answered she, marking a half inch on the point of her tiny finger; and thereupon she skipped away out of his reach. On catching the little sprite, he made her acknowledge she loved him ever so much—a whole bushel.

"I wish you would go and live with me," remarked General Carroll, as he was buttoning his coat to go.

"With you," responded she, "how could I leave my dear father and mother and my sister Nell?"

"You love me as well as you do your father," returned he, in a thoughtful tone.

"No, no," said she, shaking her head till her curls fell like a sunny veil over her face; "I love my father a great deal, and I love my mother more than anybody, don't I?" added she, appealing to the fond parents; and then, assuming the dignity of a consequential person, she demanded, "how do you think I could leave Nell? Who would play with her, or help her up stairs, and love her when the tears come?"

The General made a hasty adieu; he had nothing further to urge. He had no logic to meet the case; still his heart yearned for the unselfish love of childhood. His affection was continually going forth on its dove-like mission, and as continually returning to the ark from whence it issued, without finding a place of rest. He adored Annie, but she was not his; and in his home there was no Annie—no sunbeam danced there, no merry prattle was heard, for he was childless. Men had conferred upon him honors, fortune had not been niggardly in her gifts, but more than these did he covet the possession of that child; and he would, were it possible, transplant the sweet flower, that it might bloom in his own home, and become to him a new life.

"I wouldn't go and live with Uncle Will, would I, mother?" asked Annie, after he left.

"No, my darling, mother could not spare you."

"Well, if you could, I wouldn't go. I love Uncle Will, but I don't love Aunt Sarah."

"Why don't you love Aunt Sarah?" asked the mother. "I never heard you say so before."

"Well, you never heard me say I loved her," was the argumentative reply.

"Tell me why, Annie."

"'Cause she don't love little girls; and she wouldn't let me have my tea-set in the parlor, when I was there once; and when she kisses me, she does just so," said Annie, slightly touching her sweet lips to her mother's hand.

The child had truly read the character of her aunt. She was too selfish, too much the woman of fashion and of the world, to cultivate amenity and tenderness toward those who could not minister to her advancement.

"I am here again, my birdie, and I've come to give you a birthday present," was the announcement of General Carroll, at his next call. "Now, tell me how old you are."

"Three years old to-day; but I'm not your birdie, Uncle Will."

"Why not? Whose are you?"

"I'm my father's birdie, and my mother's pet. Mother has two pets, Nell and me; and I am your little niece, and that's all I am," said Annie, with a very emphatic bow. "But where's my present, Uncle Will?"

"You must go and get it, and I have come with the carriage to take you."

"What shall I get?"

"Just what you want."

"Just what I want," repeated Annie, clapping her hands, and dancing about on the tips of her toes. "Oh, I know, I know what I'll have;" and throwing her arms around Nell, she whispered something in her ear, that seemed to give inexpressible pleasure to the dwarf. Then Nell whispered in her ear, and the matter appeared to be decided.

Her first purchase, which was a book for Nell, revealed the secret, and then some toys were obtained for herself. When these were selected, her uncle bought her the most beautifully embroidered wrapper and hood, and furs to match, that could be found.

Nell and Annie, like all other children, were delighted with their presents; and their mother must see and admire them; and when their father returned, they were displayed to him; and such glowing descriptions of what was seen, and heard, and said, during Annie's adventure, none but a very precocious child, like her, could give.

"Now, tell me a story, father," required Annie, as she settled herself in his arms that evening, to go to sleep. He was in the habit of thus indulging his child; and no press of business was often sufficient to prevent the customary attention.

He clasped the form so lovingly nestled to his bosom, and felt an unwonted tenderness stealing over him, as if he could not hold near enough to his heart that being who occupied so large a portion of it. Her silken hair fell back, revealing a forehead of pure classic mould; the fringed lids soon closed; her lips parted, like an angel's in blessing; her delicate, rounded limbs, that sculptors might vainly hope to copy, relaxed, as sleep stole over them—and there she lay, an impersonation of innocence and beauty.

The excursion and excitement proved too much for the child, as was evinced by her quickened pulse and flushed countenance; and many fears were expressed by the mother in regard to the undue activity of her brain, and the great necessity of judicious and enlightened treatment. Having taken her to the nursery, and placed her in bed, Mrs. Carroll took a lone seat, and leaned her head against the pillow upon which reposed her idol. Busy memory called up the past, with its lights and shadows, and hope and fear alternately painted the future with rose-tints and shades of sadder hue. Torturing reflections ever would come, in regard to one of her children, and the responsibilities of the present time, with reference to the other, pressed heavily upon her soul; and, unable longer to bear it unaided, she sank upon her knees, and asked for support and wisdom from Him who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. Long and earnestly did she seek for counsel and direction; till the pillow was drenched with tears, and every fibre of her slight figure quivered with agony, did she cling to the altar, and crave a blessing. She arose, calm, strong, and better prepared for the duties before her; the guardians of infant purity had manifested themselves; the promise of Him who cannot lie became the seal of a new covenant.

I have omitted, until now, to speak of the declining health of Howard Carroll, though some allusion has been made to his delicate constitution. Consumption, with stealthy and treacherous power, was rapidly wasting his strength, and, about the time of which I now write, he became worse, and in a few days was so ill that his friends trembled for the result. Numerous remedies were tried; the best medical aid that wealth and influence could command were at his service, but all to no avail. He became conscious that his hold upon life must soon cease—he began to feel the chilling presence of death. It is true, he rejoiced in the prospect of immeasurable light and love in that better world; still, earth had many attractions; there were garners of affection here—there were golden links that bound him to his kindred and his home. As his protection must be withdrawn, a desire was naturally created, to secure to the loved ones he should leave, all the means of enjoyment and comfort it was in his power to bestow.

General Carroll was a constant attendant in the sick room of his brother, thus relieving Mrs. Carroll of much care, and labor, and watching, that would otherwise have fallen upon her alone. There was much earnest conversation between the brothers, particularly in her absence. Of this she became aware, by attempting to take rest in an adjoining apartment. She begged the General to desist, and urged him not to encourage her husband to such an effort. She one day entered the sick room unobserved, though it was not her intention to do so. The brother was evidently pressing some subject that convulsed the dying man with powerful emotions. "Look at Nell!" escaped from the lips of the former, just as she was crossing the threshold. "What can that mean?" thought she. "Why call upon him whose hand is pressing hard upon the portals of another world, to turn his eye backward, and fix it upon that miserable, unsightly dwarf? Why embitter, perchance, the last hour of his life, with sorrowful reflections, that his eldest, his first-born, must ever remain a grovelling, repulsive pigmy in the human race?"

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

☞ At the request of a friend, we publish the following extract from an unpublished poem, from the gifted pen, we presume, of the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton.—*Ed. Era.*

From the Methodist Protestant.

The following is an extract from an extended poem, but, as a picture, it is complete in itself. We shall be happy to furnish our readers with other specimens from the same source, and hope, at no distant day, to be able to announce—a volume. In a recent familiar interview with the author, we were permitted to look over a number of his poems, in manuscript, and we feel sure that duty to himself, to the church, and to the world, demands that he should prepare them for some permanent form. So few of our modern poets seek inspiration from the Fountain of Life—the Book of God—that poetry which is *Christian* in its character has a double claim upon the church and the lovers of a pure literature.

THE FIRST WOMAN.

His Maker knew, as Adam strangely felt,
"*It is not good for man to be alone.*"
But, where his mate? In what retreat of love,
Veil'd her fair charms the semblance of himself?
Did Paradise indeed embower such bliss?

Soon, led by that same Hand—whose care supreme,
In after age of doom, conducted far
To Noah's ark, their wilding progeny;
Wild, fierce, or fearful, then, because of sin—
In long procession, gay and beautiful,
The tribes of earth and air, before their lord,
On foot, or wing, in various order passed:
And, as they passed, the peerless genius, taught
To read the mind of God in all his works,
Knew at a glance and rightly named them all.
Still, unrelieved, the thought oppress'd his heart,
That all he saw were twain, and he—but one!
The mammoth's mount of life moved massive on—
An humbler mountain moving at his side;
The lion, with his shaggy mane, appear'd—
A smoother neck oft leaning on his own;
The light gazelle, on lightest hoof, drew near—
His mild eye met by mildness softer still;
And so the birds—like twin affections, doves,
Tipping their wings, in silent rapture flew;
The peacock turn'd his glories in the noon,
While meekly peck'd along his plainer mate;
And, shadowing as they came the verdant scene,
Together stooping to the topmost branch,
With slowly closing plumes and eyes of fire,
Sat, side by side, the eagle and his queen.

But neither earth nor air reveal'd a grace
Fit for the fondness of the prince of both—
Lord of a world of life, yet all alone.
Not even in heaven itself was nature found
To make his meet companion. Space was void—
Nor sun, nor planet, furnish'd mate for man.
And so, all Eden; and the grander globe;
And kingship over all; wisdom, that none
Hath ever since approach'd; knowledge, with joy
In objects known; and holiness, unstain'd;
And visiting angels, dropping from the sky
Like showers of stars, and hovering round his path
As ministers of truth and ecstacy:
All fail'd to fill the want of one, whose heart
Should pulsate like his own; whose eyes should hold
His constant image, and themselves discern
Shining in his, with bliss of blended souls;
Her voice, meanwhile, in soft æolian tones,
Passing the open entrance of his ear,
And playing on the trembling chords of love.

In Him alone was hope, who woke the want:
Want waked so soon—so well to be supplied.

Ere long, of victors gentlest, sweetest, came,
Calmly, and unobserved, benignant Sleep.
A helpless captive, form and soul possess'd,
Down lay, and still, and motionless, the man.
As though it ne'er had been—the world was not:
As though he ne'er had lived—he senseless lay:
Yet different from his first and pale repose,
Before the breath Divine had thrilled his frame;
For now, throughout, a genial warmth prevail'd,
And all his surface glowed with living flame.
There too the soul, unconscious, dwelt serene:
Immortal mystery, akin to God,
But lent to earth, and longing for the skies.
Strange jewelry! that thus a diamond set,
To which the sun itself is but a spark,
Lost soon as seen. No dream awoke within:
As deep as death the spell from which arose
Another life—a finer, fairer life:
As from the darkest night the meek-eyed moon.

Unseen and quietly, creative Power
Fulfils its last design. A starting form,
Of startling loveliness, with timid soul,
Of purest love, threw back her flowing hair,
Gazed on the motionless sleeper, cast a glance
On her own rounded limbs; and turned, and look'd,
Wondering at every range of heaven and earth;
Then gazed again upon that slumbering shape,
And wonder'd more that one so nobly wrought
Should lie so still—with such a thoughtful brow,
Should seem so dull, in such excess of joy.
She would have touched him; but an instinct check'd
The taper finger and extended arm.

There stood the beauty of the beauteous world!
Man was the golden crown on nature's brow—
Woman, its frontlet gem, o'ersparkling all.
To him, the sun and earth, rocks, hills, and trees,
Transferred their dignity, and pomp, and power;
To her, the gentlest yieldings gave their grace,
And all the lights and perfumes, tints and tones,
Of stars and flowers, smooth shells and merry birds,
All rare and comely things, combined to make
Her volatile and glancing charms complete.

Not long, or far, the fairest of all forms,
Wander'd, 'midst bloom and music, rapt, alone—
Before the noblest, new created rose.

His prospect now was dearer than at first—
All things, like groups of well-remember'd friends,
Restored to love, as he restored to life.
But oh! what happy state of mind and heart
May prompt the word to touch the one sweet chord
That quiver'd with its most exquisite bliss,
When, beaming from a bower of roses near,
He first beheld—and felt, as soon as seen,
The lovely one his own—the living eyes
Of timid Eve, half blushes and half smiles:
In body, one—the image of himself:
She, form'd from him: his rib remov'd, to make
His heart defenceless—heart already full
Of her first arrows: she, of such a curve,
From such a place, contrived, to show her task—
To curl around his heart, and guard it well:
In soul, yet separate—but soon to be
In sympathy and thought forever one.
What words are left of early springtide hours,
Wherewith their meeting and their love to tell!—
Eye searching eye, soul flashing into soul,
The bridal, and the blessing, and the joy.
Sing, all ye birds!—yet where the soul of birds?
Sadly, though sweet, their delicate music fails.
Tell it, ye angels!—but the angels lack
The glowing softness of the thrilling form—
Sublime their speech, but gloriously cold.
Let thought and sense their own communion hold—
The one, subdued by tender things of earth;
The other, consecrating all to heaven.

Nature no longer now defective seem'd—
The man's defect reproaching all its sphere;
But, woman gain'd, creation stood complete.
The paradise was perfect—all the world
Might well have wish'd its overflow of bliss.
Life lost in life, love merged in love, they moved
In transport none could heighten: knew their God,
Enjoy'd his works, and honored all his ways.

Prescriptions in Latin.—The editor of the *Knickerbocker* ludicrously illustrates the necessity of a reform in medical nomenclature. Very much confounded, he says, was Dr. Doane, a few years since, by a remark of one of his patients. The day previous, the Dr. had prescribed that safe and palatable remedy, the syrup of blackthorn, and left his prescription duly written in the usual cabalistic characters, "Syr. Rham. Cath." On inquiring if the patient had taken the medicine, a thunder-cloud darkened her face, lightning darted from her eye, and she roared out, "No! I can read your doctor writing—and I ain't a-going to take Syrup of Ram Cats for anybody."

Nullification in Michigan.—The Legislature of Michigan has passed a law which provides for the trial by jury to any slave claimed, prohibits the use of jails to retain fugitives, and requires that the prosecuting attorney of each county shall, upon request, give aid and counsel to any such fugitive slave.

People's Department.

CALM WORDS FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

Washington, Pa., *Feb.* 24, 1855.

It is now near twenty years since I first communicated with you, as an Anti-Slavery editor. During that period, you have encountered opposition and violence of various kinds, and witnessed much, from friends and foes, calculated to discourage; among which, nothing, perhaps, has had a more disheartening effect upon you than the late Know Nothing demonstration. Of all opponents, those under the guise of friends are most to be dreaded, especially when they are composed, in whole or in part, of former friends, and are banded together by secret ties, and operate wholly in the dark. But I am gratified to find that you are not disposed to yield; that you are now, as formerly, the vigilant defender of liberty and perfect equality. And in reality you have no cause to be discouraged. He must be a careless observer of events, or reader of history, who has not discovered, that while God requires his rational creatures to be governed implicitly by his revealed will, or the "higher law," in all their efforts at reformation, still he often sees fit, in his wisdom and sovereignty, to effect reformations by the effect of causes, and in connection with events, very different from what is anticipated, and contrary to what might be desired. In nature and grace, in morals and politics, in church and state, among individuals, families, nations, and empires, God so acts as to demonstrate that he is sovereign, that he is all in all, and that he will derive a revenue of glory from all events. The history of the Anti-Slavery effort in the United States confirms this view. How gloomy was the prospect from 1833, on, and how completely was the annexation of Texas calculated to prostrate the Anti-Slavery cause? On the contrary, how cheering were the Wilmot proviso resolutions of so many of the States, and the Free Soil demonstration which followed in 1848? Again, how discouraging were the events which followed in rapid succession, the climax of which appeared to be capped by the Nebraska outrage? How animating to the friends of Liberty was the reaction produced by this outrage? But now all is changed to gloom, by the darkness of Know Nothingism.

But he must be blind, indeed, who cannot see that Providence has overruled all these events so as to favor Liberty and the cause of the oppressed; that all the rights of man are much better protected in the free States now than they were twenty years ago. But the battle is not yet over; much yet remains to be done; and I am gratified, as I said before, that you are at your post, combatting, in favor of the right, both foes and former friends; and you must ultimately triumph, though, for the present, appearances are unfavorable.

Your long editorial in favor of speedy naturalization was admirable; your positions are sustained by common sense, by justice, by the United States Constitution, and, above all, they are abundantly sustained by the Bible. I thought I knew the extent and force of the Bible's teaching respecting the perfect equality of man, in all places and under all circumstances, but your editorial discovered to me my defect. The great care and particularity with which the Great Lawgiver enjoins upon his chosen people the duty of extending to strangers among them, not only perfect justice and equality, but also the kind dispositions of love to them as to themselves, is not only a strong support to your position, but a moral *host* against all opposers of naturalization. But the history of former times so firmly fixes the stain of persecution upon the Catholic Church, and the manifestations of its dignitaries in this country go so far to confirm the belief that their principles favor persecution, even in this country, that it is difficult for some of your subscribers to avoid the conclusion that you favor Catholics too much; they do not discover that, in maintaining freedom of conscience for *all*, you do not defend either the religion or the persecuting principles of the Catholic Church. I have the honor of being connected with a branch of the Presbyterian Church, whose members, though they receive that venerable document, denominated the Westminster Confession of Faith, as their exponent of Bible doctrine on all other points, they reject its statements respecting the duty of the civil magistrate in matters purely religious; and in what they term a testimony for the truth, they use the following language: "The whole duty of the civil magistrate, as such, respects men, not as Christians, but as members of civil society, and maintain strongly the doctrine of the United States Constitution, that all men have a right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their consciences, as Bible doctrine. Still, it is hard to convince some of them that Know Nothingism is wrong, and that your doctrine respecting naturalization is Bible doctrine. I hope, however, that this agitation will produce light, and that both Catholics and Protestants will be brought to understand their political duties better, and to perform them accordingly.

Anti-Slavery men, as such, are not much known here now, though I believe Anti-Slavery sentiment is much more prevalent than ever it was. I believe that this sentiment had more to do with the election of the Quaker Congressman, Jonathan Knight, in this district, than anything else. But our capable Anti-Slavery men here, from various causes, are inactive, and some of them rather hold back, because Gerrit Smith's doctrines are not espoused. For my own part, I have no difficulty in deciding that it is my duty to combat Slavery as far as the Constitution and laws of the country permit, rather than favor revolutions, as long as the laws do not compel me to violate my conscience by sustaining Slavery. Had it not been for Know Nothingism, I think our cause would have been greatly strengthened; and, as it is, we have not lost; many of the Old Line Democrats will espouse the Anti-Slavery cause, rather than favor the amalgamated Know Nothings.

Yours, in the cause of Liberty,

Joseph Templeton.

NO HALTING.

Fincastle, Ohio, *March* 3, 1855.

We find the friends of Freedom on the advance in this section, vigilantly watching the "signs" of the times. No political movement ignoring the great and paramount issue of Slavery, can receive any support from the great body of voters in Southern Ohio. The people are willing to—aye, already have thrown old party associations to the winds. Their old associations—associations to which they were attached by years of toil—were sacrificed at the demand of principle. The political gambler that hopes to secure their adherence to any new organization, at a sacrifice of principles, will count without his host. Parties must hereafter be subservient to principles, not principle to parties.

There is a deep-seated feeling existing in the minds of the Northern people against the institution of Slavery. That feeling has been aroused to a united action, that can only be checked by wiping away all responsibility resting on the North for its further extension or perpetuation. The real enemy of despotism hates it in all its shapes. He who would burst the bars of ignorance and superstition with which the priest binds the intellects and consciences of the people, will detest that cruel oppression which enslaves the intellect, the conscience, and body of its victims. The true antagonist of Slavery is, if consistent, the enemy of Romanism. The freeman that frowns indignantly upon the efforts of the priesthood, to keep the masses in mental darkness, will abhor the system which makes it a penal offence to impart a knowledge of the alphabet to one-third of the population of fifteen States in the Union. If the religious condition of the Papist be lamentable, what must be that of the "American slave," whose very soul is the property of his master?

There is no doubt but that the Jesuits desire to become a controlling element in this Republic. The Oligarchs of the South have had the sway for forty years. If there is necessity for combined resistance to the first, lest they get power, there is necessity for the latter. The enemy of tyrants will not denounce the Pope, and apologize for the slave-driver of the South. Resistance to all despotism, wherever found, is the motto of all true-hearted Reformers. Let no man's religious privileges be abridged, and yet let no one be promoted to any office whose power and influence will be swayed for the overthrow of Republicanism. Resistance to American Slavery and Romanism can go hand in hand; but in no case can we oppose one evil by giving encouragement to another of larger magnitude.

One of the "Voluntary Agents."

ONE WHO HAS SEEN THE ELEPHANT.

I have been a constant reader of the *Era* ever since it was published. I like it, and its course in advocating what it thinks to be right. Three months ago, I did not agree with you in opposing the Know Nothings; but having seen the operations of the order, I rejoice that there are some journals which will not be muzzled. The third degree, established in several States, to swear members of conventions against Slavery agitation, tells volumes. At the last National Council, held at Cincinnati, a rule was passed, that each State have an equal representation, without regard to numbers—so that South Carolina, if she has but 5,000 members belonging to the Order, has an equal voice with Massachusetts, even though she should have 200,000. This advantage, together with the Pro-Slavery delegations from the North, gives the South a smart chance to conquer, as she will if present rules continue to exist in the Order. It is lamentable to see how the thing works. Aware that the masses at the North to join the party were much the greatest in numbers, I hoped for good; but they are *sold* like *serfs*, and most of them do not know it. One year ago, I had bright hopes for Freedom; but a fanaticism seems to have seized the masses, almost as fatal as that of the ancient crusaders. I, too, have had the fever, and took the 1st "degree" in the Order, but have backed out, and *am* and *will* be a freeman. The whole thing is bad as it is managed at headquarters, and I hope the friends of Freedom will look beyond the present, into the future, for the landmarks of Freedom.

FREEDOM FIRST.

East Cambridge, *March* 15, 1855.

I saw in a number of your paper, a few days since, a statement that many of your subscribers from the North, and particularly from Massachusetts, had stoped their papers, because you had spoken your sentiments about the "Know Nothings." Now, I am of the same sentiments of that party, though I do not profess to belong to the Order, yet I protest against the ignoring the "Slavery Question." I protest against "crushing out" of any kind, and particularly of editors, and therefore send you one year's subscription, to help make up for what you have lost, and will endeavor to send you more.

AN OLD DEMOCRAT.

Rochester, Oakland Co., Mich.,
March 10, 1855.

I lately became a subscriber to your valuable paper, for you speak out our views of the true policy of the great body of the Northern freemen. I have been a member of the so-called Democratic party for the last twenty-seven years, and claim to have acted honestly in so doing. I have never been a man-worshipper, but have gone for what I considered the best policy; but am willing to say that the party had done many things that my better judgment disapproved. Still I gave them my support, thinking, that if I could not have things just as I wished them, I would have them as nearly so as might be. But when the party had become so strong that it could take a fourth-rate man, and make him a President, and, later, a tenth-rate member of the party, and elevate him to that responsible station, merely because he was available, it did not meet my views; so I could go no further.

Now, let us look, as a neighbor of mine said, a day or two since, for a Northern man with Northern principles. Said he, I want to see the animal. I pointed to William H. Seward. His answer was, You are right; look at him. He is every way worthy of all confidence and esteem of every true lover and supporter of Liberty. There is a redemption yet for the American People. Yours, respectfully,

E Pluribus Unum.

BEFORE THE ELECTION.

Raymond, N. H., *March* 12, 1855.

The election in this State takes place to-morrow. Last year, without effort, the friends of Freedom gave the Administration, in its attempts to abrogate the Missouri Compromise, an awfully stunning blow. The slave-extensionists found themselves in the minority in the Legislature. The Free Democrats cast 11,080 votes for Governor—the greatest number ever thrown in the State. This year I venture to predict not more than one-third of that number will be cast. Mr. Fowler's name has scarcely appeared in any of our independent papers, and not a word in favor of voting for him. All is absorbed in the Know Nothing interest.

The Administration party have opposed the Know Nothing movement with desperation; but there is no honesty in them in the matter, as they at first undertook to ride that hobby, their candidate for Governor and others going into it.

Joseph Fullerton.

IT MUST BE ANTI-SLAVERY.

Somersworth, N. H., *March* 16, 1855.

Why was Know Nothingism unsuccessful in New York? Simply because the Old Hunkers obtained the control, and ignored Anti-Slavery and Temperance. Why was it so successful in Massachusetts? Because the managers were careful to consult the Anti-Slavery and Temperance element. And now it has succeeded in upsetting the Old Hunker Democracy of the Granite State. This, too, was done by taking up men who were decidedly in favor of the reforms of the day; and if the rum party or Slavery propagandists can find any crumbs of comfort in our recent election, they are welcome to them.

In your paper of the 8th, you express a wish that Dr. Kittredge might be re-elected. Dr. Kittredge voted right on the Nebraska bill; but his antecedents have always been with the Old Hunker Democracy, and by that party he was renominated. The Anti-Slavery men wanted a more reliable man. The Know Nothings gave us Rev. James Pike. He was "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," and he has been elected by 2,000 majority; and report says the other two Representatives from this State have been elected by majorities much larger; and, from what is said of their sentiments, New Hampshire will present as formidable a front for Freedom in the next House of Representatives, as she has heretofore shown for Slavery. You may look out to hear John P. Hale thundering in the Senate next winter, as he will be sure to be there, if he lives.

John B. Wood.

P. S. Old Sam is not as popular with Young Sam as he was before his lecture on Slavery, in Boston. It is now said he cannot have the vote of New England for next President.

ACTION—ACTION.

Indianapolis, *February* 26, 1855.

It strikes us we should not wait, in hope for the action of Anti-Slavery Know Nothings or Whigs, but proceed at once, without regard to other parties, to erect our platform, unfurl our banner to the breeze, and invite all, of all orders and parties, who are willing to be known as Anti-Slavery, as a leading, controlling principle, ready to meet and drive back the Slave