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G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

FAITH.

BY MARY FRANCES TYLER.

Lo! As we grovel here amid the shadows
Of error's rayless night,
Faith softly whispers us of pleasant meadows,
And cities out of sight!

How she hath borne us, on unfailing pinions,
Unto the far-off lands,
Revealing to us, in those bright dominions,
Temples not made with hands!

When we learn sadly of the oft-told story,
How loved ones fall asleep,
Faith paints them bathing in a flood of glory,
From fountains full and deep.

When heaven is closed unto the straining vision,
And earth is desolate,
Faith has the key which to the land of vision
Unlocks the golden gate.

Thus we behold, although we may not enter
Upon immortal ground,
How the Good Shepherd is the living centre
To all his flock around!

And though we sit awhile in grief and sorrow,
Bowed down with worldly care,
We have blest visions of a bright to-morrow,
When we shall join them there!

Even 'mid the darkness, there is light supernal
Gleaming upon our way;
For Faith, that handmaid of the great Eternal,
Is with us while we stay!

She goeth forth at morning and at even,
While with a burning pen
She writes great truths of holiness and heaven
Upon the heart of men.

Yet of Faith's dwelling we have no description,
Save of its open door,
And its broad archway, bearing this inscription,
"Come, doubting, fear no more!"

For the National Era.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein various first impressions are given and received.

"Prithee weep, May Lillian!
Gayety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lillian!"
Tennyson.

"Christie, who was that tall young gentleman with whom I saw you mounting the steps of the 'Dusseldorf' last evening, after you had remorselessly given me the slip, in the midst of my shopping tribulations?"

A brusque little brunette attacked with the above question her twin brother, as he was comfortably establishing himself at the dinner table.

"Really," returned the young man, sparing a glance from his oyster soup, "I did not know that Miss Christina Clayborne was already driven to the extremity of depending upon a *brother's* gallantry! I left you in the hands of at least a trial of hangers-on!"

"Yes; a triplet of dandies; two of whom I despatched at short notice, by as pointed a hint as my wits were capable of sharpening. For driving away the third, who was safely encased in the hint-proof armor of his own conceited stupidity, I sought your aid, and found it not. But who was the stranger that lured you from your post? I caught only the fiftieth part of a glimpse, as you were vanishing around the corner."

Christopher threw himself back in his chair, as though overcome by a sudden impulse to laughter. But suddenly checking it, he drew himself up, and answered, with the utmost gravity—

"He is a native of Florida—son of a rich planter there—a graduate of Princeton College—a lawyer incipient, in process of forming, under the hands of our esteemed brother-in-law here, Esq. Hope. His name is Hamilton Grey, jr., soon to be 'Esq.' Are you satisfied, sister mine? or shall I explore further the field of his genealogy and expectations?"

"Oh, by the way"—broke in Esq. Hope, a nervous, abstracted man, who sat at the head of the table, eating with the rapidity of a thorough man of business, and deigning only now and then to heed a word of the conversation going on—"Oh, by the way," he repeated, absently, looking across at his wife's sunny face, set in a graceful little cap, with lilac rosettes—"I invited that young gentleman—that Mr. Grey, to—call on us. He brings me letters of highest recommendation from St. Augustine and Princeton; and I find him a young man of fine family and promise. I invited him to dine with us to-day, but he excused himself on plea of a headache."

"By all means," returned the hospitable Mrs. Hope, brightening into one of the most genial smiles that ever bloomed on the face of a wife, "by all means, Robert, let us make the young stranger feel at home in *one* spot of this great wicked city, and that as soon as possible. A headache, did you say? I am afraid he is not well?"

"I hardly think he is good health, sister," demurely observed Christopher. "He has that pale, *distraught* phase of countenance—that 'matchless melancholy'—which is sure to move the commiseration of tender-hearted womanhood," with a glance at Christina, as he finished.

"There is no hope that *you* will gain any of that commiseration, then," she retaliated; "unless, indeed, you fall a victim to dyspepsia, which I seriously advise you to cultivate. Sally, pass the lobster-salad again to Master Kit!"

"Thank you; no. I have not yet reached the borders of the moon-struck age, and can afford to keep my rosy cheeks at least two years longer, to vie with yours."

"But this Hamilton Grey—what an aristocratic name!—is he really superior to common mortals, as brother Hope's unwonted eulogium would imply?"

"Oh, I cannot risk my reputation for wisdom, by venturing to forestall your opinion of him. You will have an opportunity of victimizing him soon enough, Kitty, for he will probably call this evening. Poor fellow! my conscience smites me when I think into what mocking spider's parlor I have assisted to lure the innocent, unconscious fly! Never mind, sis! I would do almost anything for you, except to lounge three mortal hours on the sunny side of Broadway, while you are bargaining away guineas for graces, and turning counters and clerks' wits topsy-turvy!"

He patted her cheek, dodged a rose-bud playfully aimed at his head, and whistled himself out of the dinner room.

Dear reader, do not take Kitty Clayborne for quite the soulless butterfly her brother's badinage has represented her. Christopher, peaceable, good-humored fellow as he was, would have knocked down with a right good will any third individual who should have presumed to link the term "coquette" with his playful sister's name. She was, in truth, a very kitten, breathing, from her cradle, the atmosphere of merriment; the most buoyant, fun-loving, yet untainted heart, that ever nestled two years under a city roof.

Two years before, she was a country romp, renowned for various accomplishments, of which the fashionable world takes no account, such as tree-climbing, colt-taming, &c.; but sadly deficient in all that makes up the ordinary routine of a young lady's educational course.

At fifteen, her matronly sister, Laura Hope, had taken her in hand, and, at her husband's urgent persuasion, transplanted her to a city boarding school. Here she had practiced music and—mischief, most heartily. Little else, it must be owned; for the active spirit, so suddenly cramped in its reckless country career, would overleap the narrow bounds of boarding-school discipline. Her faults, however, were all bound up in a certain little protuberance-organ, to speak phrenologically, that lay at ambush just under the front waves of her rich brown hair, yclept Mirthfulness. A most incorrigible funmaker and promoter, she was a storm in the flesh and spirit to her worthy instructresses. At last, having in an evil hour concocted a plot against her honored preceptress' false curls, thereby bringing confusion and dismay upon the whole corporate body of the establishment, Miss Kitty was privately and coolly dismissed, with a short lecture, and a long letter to her guardians, in lieu of the diploma usually awarded in due season to the inmates of —— Seminary. This letter, on her unlooked-for return, she threw into the lap of Laura, with a laugh more loud and free than any which had ever disgraced the echoes of Miss B.'s establishment.

Surprised, disheartened, and half angry, Mrs. Hope had lifted her troubled face from the letter to reprove her giddy sister; but before her lips had opened, Kitty hastily turned away her flushed face, not before a hot tear had dropped on her sister's hand. From that moment, Laura never despaired of the heedless girl. The next instant, true, Kitty's eyes were seeking hers again, roguish and defiant as ever; and the saucy lips began a piquant justification, which Mrs. Hope quietly cut short, by a decisive tap of her sisterly fingers.

Under Laura's private tuition, away from temptation, bad example, and unreasonable restraint, Kitty softened into a comparatively studious, well-behaved young lady. Her pride had been deeply wounded in her dismissal from school; but that it had grieved her kind Laura, had been the bitterest drop in the cup; and Kitty, who had never shed a tear since, in childhood, her pet spaniel's death was bewailed, cried herself to sleep one night, and awoke the next morning to more thoughtfulness than had found room in her whole previous life. Resolutions to make a scholar of herself, and to imitate her generous sister's example of self-denying, all-comprehending goodness, were no ephemeral things with the young girl; and she gradually grew into a graceful, docile creature, yet with wayward instincts that oftener worked trouble to herself and others.

During the six months preceding her introduction here, she had begun to "mingle in society," if the cheerful, unceremonious circle of friends, which Laura Hope drew around her, might be comprehended under that doubtful term. Her brusque beauty attracted many admirers, whose attentions served as an unfailing fund for her merciless brother, who had lately also taken up his residence under their sister's roof. As for Kitty, she made sport of her flatterers and flutterers, both absent and present; mimicking them behind their backs, and laughing in their very faces at the least symptom of sentimentality. Nothing nips the bud of "love's young dream" so suddenly and surely, as a well-aimed laugh of derision. Kitty judged, with a woman's unperverted instinct, of the depth of soul possessed by the specimens of humanity that environed her, though she was often unnecessarily unmerciful in holding up the mirror to their imperfections.

"Tut, tut!" Esq. Hope would say, with knitting brows, and lips twitching in spite of his determination not to smile. "Tut, child! A man with six thousand a year is no mere laughing-stock, if he be a little 'soft in the upper story!'"

"I didn't laugh at his six thousand a year, please you," Kitty would archly reply. "His income is a charming thing! Pity it didn't lack *the appendage!* Heigho!"

"Do as you would be done by," Laura would counsel, with a calm look of something like reproof.

"Certainly, my dear conscientious sister! I would not condemn my worst enemy to the torture of resisting such a temptation to laugh as the very thought of that six-inch standing collar!" and a fresh burst would follow.

Then, if Laura still looked serious, she would put one arm around her neck, murmuring, "Oh, I wish I had been cut out by the same pattern with you, darling!" and away she would bound to her piano, singing, "I'd be a butterfly!"

Laura Hope was one of those rare beings, made of sunshine and substantial energy, as surely predestined blessings to the great world as the glittering, cheering, dashing rivers that go bounding over its surface. No one could look into her face without feeling his heart warmed. Children learned to look for her in their walks, and to take in a store of happiness for the day in a smile caught from her face, even if they received not a word from "the sweet lady." Care-worn mothers and crusty fathers grew cheerful and social in the atmosphere her footsteps invoked. From the attic of the poor artist; from the cellar of the toiling seamstress; from the bare-walled chamber of the decrepid pauper; from the low suburban hovel, where the widow and her children were struggling for bread; from the downy pillows, where the neglected young wife buried her aching head; from the chamber where the overtaxed brain of the business man sought in vain to drive the care-spectres for a few short hours—a blessing went up to the stars of every silent night, for the good angel, Laura Hope. Not only that she was ever ready to succor the distressed and suffering; others with larger means have done that, on a far grander scale than could the wife of an enterprising, yet far from rich, lawyer. But she was bountiful in sympathy; and oh, how little of that true coin of the heart is scattered among Heaven's stricken ones!

Her motherly cares, however, were most warmly bestowed upon the clerks and students connected with her husband's office. Far from throwing aside, in accordance with the almost universal example, the invisible links of responsibility that bound to her these transient members of her husband's coterie, she drew them to her heart with a cordiality that made them her friends for life. She possessed, beyond all others, the gift of that tone and look which touch the most secret spring in the heart of a young man. It seemed the most natural thing for one to confide in Laura Hope, after a brief acquaintance, as he perhaps never had confided in even his own mother. She had a balm for every wound, a word of sweet counsel for every dilemma, and a clue to every labyrinth.

"She has no children, and so she is *everybody's aunty!*" once said a young student of one like Laura, whose love still keeps a thousand hearts fresh. Had Mrs. Hope also nestled in some green nook of a country village, instead of the sun-scorched heart of a crowded city, she too would have been in *name*, as she was in *reality*, "everybody's aunty!"

There is little need to describe her, or to tell her age; for none among her numerous friends could ever decide whether she was strictly beautiful or not; nor, of the uninformed, how old she was. So the reader, too, may guess.

One trait, characteristic of our Laura, was, that, though perpetually busied with the little and great plans for the pleasure and improvement of others, she never could be brought to see through, much less to participate in, what the world calls *manœuvring*. Innocent as a babe of even a wish to pry into the sacred recesses of the hearts about her, far more so of a design to regulate them, she never could credit the suspicion of such a thing. For instance, when some half-roguish, half-malicious hint was carried to her, to the effect that "Mrs. Hope was not patronizing all those fine young gentlemen for nothing, with such a pretty sister under her wing," she opened her smiling eyes wide with incredulity for a moment, and saying, simply, "How ridiculous! and Kitty such a child! nobody thought so!" she pursued her labors of love without the slightest embarrassment.

Aside from the alleged "childhood" of the seventeen-year-old Kitty, her elder sister would never, to her latest year, have taken up the task of providing her with a home and husband; for the truest instincts of woman's heart had never been perverted in Laura's. Robert Hope and herself had grown up, side by side, in the clover-blooming country fields. Without a cloud, or a "cross," their "boy and girl" love had matured, as naturally as the saplings they planted shot into sturdy trees—into the fulness of love and trust. Time has no wave strong enough to shake such hearts from their mooring; and to such there is a sacredness in the union of souls, that "the stranger," or friend, "intermeddleth not with!"

But we have strayed long from the family party, now in momentary expectation of the promised new-comer. There stands Kitty, face to face with her other self in the oval parlor mirror, fastening a fresh rose into her carelessly-twisted hair, which, by the way, always looked as if it had been shaken down and caught up again in the hurry of a game at blind-man's buff. An embroidered muslin, fastened by a fringed sash, completed her graceful evening costume.

She was—the truth must be owned, that Kitty, with all her mockery, had a spice of romance in her composition—she was thinking, with woman's curiosity, and perhaps a tithe of woman's vanity, of the tall stranger, with the *nom distingué*, Hamilton Grey.

Laura was sitting on the crimson-cushioned lounge, with one of her dozen work-baskets at her side—the only receptacles of disorder in her well-regulated household. Laura had always in process of fabrication an unlimited quantity of caps, bibs, needle-books, coarse frocks, babies' socks, &c., which could never be drilled into orderly habits, until they found themselves in the keeping of the friends for whom they were destined; very seldom, indeed, thereafter.

"What's on the tapis now, Laura, and for whom?" inquired Kitty, suddenly wheeling upon her.

"A slipper case, against young Flemming's birthday," answered Laura, holding up a singuar-shaped compound of worsteds and brown linen.

"That gawky fellow! I don't know what, or whom, you will take up next, Laura," she said, laughing. "If Robert were not the most abstracted of mortal men, he would be most unmercifully jealous of you."

"Robert is a reasonable being, fortunately," returned Laura, as she threaded her long needle.

"Robert and you were cut out for each other, as plainly as a pair of wedding gloves, to be sure! But I believe—no offence, sister, mine—that so much reasonableness would be the death of *me!* If I ever *do* 'take up the yoke,' I hope I may fall into the hands of a monster of jealousy—a second Othello—or," as she caught a humorous, deprecating glance from her sister, "or, at least, of somebody who would be sensitive enough to watch my every word and look, and be forever haunted with a doubt of me! There would be some excitement in a life like that; something above this common, comfortable, peaceable, Jack-and-Gill way of jogging on through the world!"

"Kitty, child, you don't know what you are talking about," replied her sister, indifferently.

Kitty whirled back the piano stool, and, seating herself, dashed into a "*valse brillante*," with all her energy.

A ring at the door-bell snapped the threads of harmony. Kitty bounded to the sofa, and seated herself in dignified state, to receive "Mr. Hamilton Grey."

Christopher was his herald, and Kitty looked up—to see!—a tall gentleman, who might have numbered thirty years, judged by the lines in his pentagon-shaped face, overcast by pallor and dejection, feet that might have served as anchors in a storm, sternly-cut lips, untrimmed whiskers, and high, large head, surmounted by a forest of short, aspiring tufts of reddish hair! Such was the apparition that the wondering eyes of the little mischief-maker took in at a glance. For the space of a second she sat, blankly staring. It is doubtful whether she would then have been able to resist the superlatively grave cast of her brother's eye, in introducing the caller, had she not felt Mrs. Hope's blue silk brush warningly her muslin dress, as the latter lady arose to welcome the gentleman, with that genuine good feeling which accounts no fellow-being a "stranger."

If the conversation that ensued had been of absorbing interest, instead of the commonplace chat of first acquaintance, Kitty would have profited little by it. Her eyes were too busy to give her ears leave of action. Every shuffle of those feet, every uneasy twist of those long arms, or elongation of those wide lips, awoke a fun-twinkle in her black eye. The gentleman was evidently little at his ease, reserved almost to haughtiness. Fortunately, his range of vision, as he sat coolly replying to Mrs. Hope's friendly questions, did not take in the face of her who was thus amusing herself at his expense. Near the close of his brief call, Esq. Hope entered, and united with his wife in a cordial invitation to repeat it frequently.

As the parlor door closed behind Mr. Grey, his worthy hostess turned instantly to thrust young Flemming's incipient slipper-case, in lieu of a gag, between her young sister's parted lips. It was well for the destinies of all concerned that she did so; for the convulsion of laughter that was shaking Kitty threatened an explosion which would have driven the innocent subject of her quizzing to a returnless distance.

"Kitty! child!" she tried to whisper, sternly.

"Oh Laura!" she gasped, freeing herself by an effort from her sister's hands, just as Christopher re-entered the room. She turned upon him at once.

"Now! demure youngster! answer for your slanders!" and with the buoyancy of a thorough-bred romp she pursued her twin brother over and behind sofas, rocking-chairs, and ottamans of all sizes.

"Ha ha!" cried he, still eluding her grasps. "Ha, Miss Kitty, with plumes ready spread for conquest! A rich young Southerner! a romance hero with a glorious name! an Adonis in perspective! Ha! the tables have been turned upon you for once!"

"Oh! you insufferable creature," she exclaimed, at last out of breath, stopping to pick up the silver bodkin that had shaken out of her streaming hair.

"For mercy's sake, children, stop your noise, and leave the brick walls standing!" exclaimed Esq. Hope, nervously shuffling the evening's "*Daily*."

"Where did you two pick up such a model of perfections?" began the panting Kitty. "David Copperfield 'Red Whisker' to the life! If you will plot to have your romance-hero's portrait taken, I will wear it over my heart, in a morocco case half the size of his shoe, as a shield against all the arrows of Cupid! Warranted—impenetrable!"

"Kitty," said Esq. Hope, sharply, "you take a poor test for judging of a man! What have good looks to do with pushing one's way in the world?"

"He, at least, will have no difficulty in pushing his way through the world," laughed Kitty. "Those feet"—

"Joking apart," interrupted Christopher, who had sprung over the sofa to join her, with emphasis in his tone—"joking apart, Kitty, if that man has a pair of substantial pedestals at one extremity, he carries at the other a head of which you might be proud, if it could be engrafted upon your brother's shoulders!"

"Yes—with that 'crown of glory,' haloing its way to fame!" suggested the lively girl.

"Kitty, you *are* incorrigible! I tell you, Hamilton Grey is no laughing-stock in reality, whatever he may seem at first impression, else I never had been unkind enough to expose him to your laughter! Ask brother Hope!"

"It *is* unfortunate, brother dear, that you absorbed all the susceptibility that should by right have been divided between us! With your double portion of the blessing, you are always falling in love at first sight with young men as well as maidens; while I, who must act the part of 'le sage Mentor' to your impulsiveness, are incapable of ever behaving civilly to your 'dear five hundred friends!'"

"There—there!—the door-bell!" exclaimed the young man, lifting his hands with a theatrical start. "Avaunt thee! disheveled spectre!" and Kitty, her brown tresses sweeping her shoulders like a scarf, flew to her toilette.

A man by the name of Muir, worth $100,000, the richest man in Ripley county, Indiana, was recently sentenced to the penitentiary for two years, for forgery of a note for $25.

For the National Era.

"AND THERE WAS LIGHT."

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Light was, before the sun
His ancient race begun.
The Father spake: a bubbling spark
Gushed to a fountain through the dark,
Till chaos and the wastes of night
Were deluged with the billowy light.
Again He speaks. The bright drops run
To wheels of flame; and moon and sun
Have a triumphal road o'er darkness won.

In all are gleams of light,
Though often out of sight,
Obscured by sorrow and by sin;
By ignorance locked blindly in;
That warmth keeps hidden germs alive,
More potent heat the bloom will give;
That spark shall meet another ray;
That darkness shall be Light's highway;
For God gives every soul a sun, a star of day.

Ye guides of other men,
By tongue, or deed, or pen,
On your bright axles calmly turn;
By pausing, ye would blast and burn.
Clear sun-drops from the Fount of Love
Adown your earthward channels move.
Shine on, though all is dark below!
Through thickest fogs the sunbeams go,
To make the unseen blossoms bud and blow.

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

Extraordinary Longevity.—"Uncle Jack"—and who is there that has lived in this vicinity within the last forty years who did not know "Uncle Jack?"—is dead. He breathed his last on Tuesday, at his residence in the town of Willing, a few miles south of this village. He was 120 years old. As our readers at a distance may not be familiar with the history of this extraordinary man, we will inform them. He was an African—a pure African. When a child, he was stolen from his native plains in Africa, by a band of marauding Arabs, who retained him until he arrived at manhood, when he was sold to a West India man-dealer. He was carried to the Island of St. Domingo, where he served a number of years with different masters, as a slave cook. At the time of the insurrection in St. Domingo, (which event, if we mistake not, transpired in or about the year 1798,) when the furious blacks exterminated almost the entire white population of the Island, Uncle Jack refused to join with his fellow-bondmen in the insurrection—choosing rather to flee to New York with his master, whom he represented as being very kind to him. As Slavery was one of the "institutions," at that time, of the State, he was still a slave, and remained with his old St. Domingo master until his death, when he was sold. His last master was the late Judge Lindsley, of Lawrenceville, Pa.—hence the name of Jack Lindsley. Jack became a freeman under the laws of Pennsylvania, after devoting the number of years allotted to the life of man to the routine of a slave's life. His wife, who survives him, he purchased while yet a slave, paying for her the sum of one hundred dollars. The twain came to Alleghany county about thirty years ago, and have resided here ever since. For a number of years past they have lived upon the charity of the people hereabout, and have also been recipients of aid from Anti-Slavery Societies of the county. Physically speaking, Uncle Jack Lindsley had been a model man—tall, well-proportioned, and as straight as our native pines—but the toils and troubles of nearly a century and a quarter had bent low his erect and stalwart form, bleached the raven hue of his "fleecy locks" to snowy white, and closed the windows of his soul against the sunlight of earth. He, however, retained his mental faculties in a remarkable degree. He was rigidly pious. His piety was of the Uncle Tom stamp—meek, lowly, patient, forgiving, and humbly submissive to the decrees of Providence. After eventful struggles with the vicissitudes of a bondman's life for nearly a century and a quarter,

"The poor old slave has gone to rest."

The Great Emancipator has set him free, and his soul has flown to that land where Slavery's blight despoileth not God's images.

Wellsville Press.

A Learned Oddity.—The Baltimore correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune* gives the following brief sketch of a very singular and eccentric personage whom he met a few evenings since:

"His name is Henry Ottmer. He was born some fifty-two years ago, in Somerset county, Pennsylvania, of German parentage. He came to Baltimore when a boy, and served an apprenticeship to a watchmaker. Working in this city until his majority, he got sick of city life, and retired to the country. Having a taste for study, and with only a rude education, he applied himself to books. The taste for literature and science grew upon him, and ever since he has been a laborious student. Solitary and alone, he toiled day and night until he accomplished a thorough knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Hebrew, German, and several other languages. This done, he betook himself to history, the sciences, &c., and now ranks among the best scholars of the age. His present favorite study is mathematics, and admits of but two problems which have given him pause—squaring the circle, and the solution of cubic equations. He is an astronomer, philosopher, chemist, poet, mechanic, mathematician, and somewhat of a theologian. In my whole life, I have never seen such a singular personage. He lives in a small isolated cottage, apart from society. Peter the Hermit was not so thorough a recluse, nor Diogenes more learned. He rather eschews women, lives a bachelor, has a fine library of the classics and modern literature, and is happy beyond measure. His expression to me was, that he would not exchange positions with the most favored crowned heads of Europe. He professes no religion, but respects all, and takes the Bible alone as his guide and standard of morality. His personal appearance is remarkably singular. Scarcely a hair can be seen on his head, which shines like a greased pumpkin. Beneath a high, intellectual forehead and a projecting brow, is seen a small, quick, penetrating black eye, full of character and intelligence. He never shaves, has a fine moustache and ample whiskers, with a face vivid in expression. His entire costume would not sell for ten dimes, if put up at public auction. A passer-by would suppose him a poor mendicant, and be inclined to extend the hand of charity; and yet he is comfortable in the world's goods—owes no man a farthing, is independent as a king, happy as a lord. His food is literature, and his delight the classics; is, by profession, a skillful repairer of clocks; and, after finding his funds getting low, sets out on an expedition through the country, on a professional tour of clock-mending."

FILIBUSTER BOND.

A friend in Georgia encloses to us the copy of a "Cuban bond," which we subjoin. In a private letter the writer says:

"I made the copy from a filibustering bond, borrowed for that purpose by a friend, and which I am told can be purchased in any quantity. This, which is for $3,000, was said to have been purchased for $1,000. The original is printed in blank, and filled up with writing. It will no doubt account for some, if not many, of the filibustering paragraphs which we find in the papers."

We have nothing to say, if Cubans choose to risk their money in such investments; but we protest against our own people entering into the unlawful speculation, at any discount, and then endeavoring to get the nation into a war, to make their bonds good.

EMPRESTITO PATRIOTICO.

No. 142. [Figure of a Lone Star.] **$3,000.**

LA REPUBLICA DE CUBA

Jagara al portador tres mil pesos, con que ha contribuido para la causa de la independencia, guanando el seis por ciento anual desde esta fecha.

THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA promises to pay the bearer three thousand dollars, contributed to the cause of independence, with six per cent. annual interest from date.

New Orleans, March 3d, 1855.

D. DE GONCOURBA, Tes. GASPER BETANCOURT, Pres.
F. ELIAS HERNANDEZ, V. Sec. PORFIRIO VALIENTE, Sec.

[Figure of an Eagle.]

Rawdon, Wright, Hatch, & Edson, New Orleans.

PUNCH, DIOGENES, AND PUNCHINELLO.

The large picture from Punch is capital. Mr. Layard is represented as digging out the British Bull from a heap of coronets, red tape, bribery, and corruption. John Bull, in round hat and top boots, is furnished with the Assyrian wings and other "fixings" so familiar in Layard's book about Nineveh.

In Diogenes we see John Bull looking at a show got up "regardless of expense." Fifty thousand moving figures are announced. He gazes through the hole, and exclaims—

Eager Spectator. "But the figures don't move!"

Showman. "Oh, it's all the same; there's only something wrong in the machinery."

Surly Sentiments—by a Professed Old Grumbler.—No woman drinks beer of her own accord; she is always "ordered" to drink it!

Experience is a pocket compass that a fool never thinks of consulting until he has lost his way.

An ugly baby is an impossibility.

When a man has the headache, and says "it's the salmon," you may safely conclude he has been "drinking like a fish."

The moment friendship becomes a tax, it is singular, at every fresh call it makes, how very few persons it finds at home!

Very Wide of the Mark.—"Modern instances" have a strong tendency to the refutation of the "wise saws" of antiquity. It was an old saying, that "every bullet has its billet." On the truth of the adage grave doubt has been thrown by the special correspondent of the *Morning Post* in the Crimea. That gallant officer and writer represents a British battery as firing "at the distance of one thousand seven hundred yards" against a steamer which had for a long time "annoyed the Inkermann attack with its shot and shell." He adds: "Sixty rounds were fired by the artillery, but only six struck the vessel. The Russians returned our fire with two hundred shots from their battery, without doing us the slightest injury." What an awful waste of powder and shot! But if every ball had told, would the waste, on the whole, have been greater or less? Meanwhile, those who complain of the paucity of successful dramatic pieces should observe how very few hits have been made in the theatre of war.

Catch for the Viennese Congress.—(To be sung by persons supposed to represent England France, and Austria.)

When shall we three meet again?
For Progress, Falsehood, Truth, or Gain?
When these monarchs' wars are done!
When the people's rights are won?
[*Significantly, with pantomimic gesture.*]
That will be when dead dogs run!
[*A Dance.*]

"*Gentlemen, Make your Game!*"—(A hint to Lord John.)—The Plenipotentiaries who are talking away at Vienna are just a *partie carree*. We think it would be much better for them to finish the conference at once by having a rubber of whist. Russia might take Austria as a partner, (and it would not be the first time they have played into each other's hands,) and so play it out against England and France. Whichever side scores the "four points" first, wins the game.

Literary Intelligence.—An extract from an Austrian paper says: "Mount Olympus smokes like a volcano." We hear that directly this became known in London, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" immediately quitted home with half-a-dozen empty bottles and corks to match.

A Contradiction.—If Truth is to be found in the bottle, how can she also live at the bottom of a well? For ourselves, we should say that there is something fundamentally wrong in this.

Direct from the Seat of War.—The last despatches of Lord Raglan were nearly sent back from the Horse Guards to the custom house, for some one had waggishly inscribed on them "*A Box of Dates.*"

A Melancholy Truth.—There is no doubt that when our ships are ploughing the main, they must meet with some very harrowing scenes.

Not so Bad as they are Painted.—Notwithstanding our dislike to the Russians, we do not see they are such a bad set, after all; for, as they have not yet gained a single battle over the Allies, they can't be so very *repulsive*.

Lent in the Crimea.—We don't know whether our troops in the Crimea had any pancakes on Shrove Tuesday; but the probability is, that, in order to take Sebastopol, they have all been provided with materials for *batter*.

The Militia in Bed.—Two militia officers, billeted at a public house, refused to sleep in a double-bedded room. These warriors evidently have no thoughts of active service; otherwise, they should make up their minds to the chance of sleeping, not in double beds, but in a single bed, and not sleeping there in twos, but in two hundreds. May we be so coarse as to suggest the bed of glory? A bed none of the softest, and tucked up with a spade.

"*French without a Master.*"—This is promised to Paris on the 16th instant.

The weather in the Crimea must have been very unpleasant for undressed military officers.

We often receive a report that "there is nothing new before Sebastopol," and, I should say, a correct one, judging from the ragged state we hear that the soldiers are in.

Why are green peas like Sebastopol? Because they must be shelled before taken.

An Inactive Commander.—Our army has been so long trying to march into Sebastopol, that one would almost imagine it had come to a stand-still, under the influence of a lame commander in the shape of a "General Halt."

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WILL.

To the Editor of the National Era:

As many people in this vicinity believe, or pretend to believe, that George Washington was a slaveholder, and believed Slavery was right, therefore I wish that his last will and testament may be published in the *Era*, that it may be better known what his mind was upon that subject. LYMAN L. LOOMIS.

Stowe, Vermont.

Certainly. We have often published it, but give it again. People ought to subscribe for the *Era*, and they would keep themselves well informed on these points.—*Ed. Era.*

WASHINGTON'S WILL.

In the name of God, amen.

I, George Washington, of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States, and lately President of the same, do make, ordain, and declare this instrument, which is written with my own hand, and every page thereof subscribed with my name,* to be my last will and testament, revoking all others.

Item.—Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold *in my own right* shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life, would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences, to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them. And whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some, who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others, who, on account of their infancy, will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire, that all who come under the first and second description shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live; and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the court until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-five years; and in cases where no record can be produced whereby their ages can be ascertained, the judgment of the court, upon its own view of the subject, shall be adequate and final. The negroes thus bound, are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the support of orphan and other poor children. And I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever. And I do, moreover, most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them, to see that this clause respecting slaves, and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place, without evasion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which may then be on the ground are harvested, particularly as it respects the aged and infirm; seeing that a regular permanent fund be established for their support, as long as there are subjects requiring it; not trusting to the uncertain provisions to be made by individuals. And to my mulatto man, *William*, calling himself *William Lee*, I give immediate freedom; or, if he should prefer it, (on account of the accidents which have befallen him, and which have rendered him incapable of walking, or of any active employment,) to remain in the situation he now is, it shall be optional in him to do so; in either case, however, I allow him an annuity of thirty dollars, during his natural life, which shall be independent of the victuals and clothes he has been accustomed to receive, if he chooses the last alternative; but in full with his freedom, if he prefers the first. And this I give him, as a testimony of my sense of his attachment to me, and for his faithful services during the Revolutionary war.

*In the original manuscript, George Washington's name was written at the bottom of every page.

People's Department.

KNOW NOTHING ZEAL.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *4th mo. 8th*, 1855.

I have just received this week's *Era*, and find the usual amount of *balderdash* inserted, quite enough to disgust any reader of common sense. We, here in Rhode Island, think we can manage our own affairs without any dictation, come from what source it may, whether from Anti-Slavery friends or Virginia Know Nothingism, as in the Massachusetts Senatorial question. The past week has witnessed the greatest change in Rhode Island politics that this State ever knew. The Know Nothings have made a complete sweep. In regard to the men elected, they are strong in favor of Freedom, (of all kinds.) The position of Thomas Davis was the same as the position of Dr. Kittredge, of New Hampshire. He was nominated by the Old Hunker party, and he accepted their nomination; addressed their Convention, and gave his ardent support to their State ticket; and is *defeated* by 5,000 majority, in favor of N. B. Durfee, a man eminently qualified to occupy the post. He is the *People's choice*, and a better friend of "down-trodden humanity" does not exist. One question, of great importance, will no doubt be brought forward at the next Congress—that is, the naturalization laws, &c. On that occasion we want our State well represented. Such Representatives we have in Durfee and Thurston—men who will assert our rights, and maintain them, too. On the Temperance question, too, our candidates are true, and of the "Maine Law stamp." The course of Mr. Davis whilst in our Legislature, his opposition to the Maine Liquor Law, and the stand he maintained, have rendered him odious to the good people of Rhode Island; and did he not profess to be Anti-Slavery in sentiment, he would scarcely be thought an ordinary man. We commend Mr. Davis for the bold manner he maintained in Congress, and the views he then expressed. He was only expressing the will of the people, whose Representative he was, which, we maintain, is the only true course for a Representative to pursue.

Mr. Durfee, you will find, instead of being a Whig, (as you sneeringly allude to,) is not a party man. He is just the man we want; he will honestly represent the views of the American people, the views of those who elected him. This question must be considered; it is one that claims the immediate attention of Congress. Look at the results of the election in Cincinnati the past week. Such is the fruit of foreign interference. "Our views" are these: inasmuch as we are required to attain the age of twenty-one years before voting, so we say to foreigners, come and enjoy the blessings of our free country and its institutions, but leave the management to those who have acquired a full understanding—until you have acquired a full knowledge and understanding of the duties and obligations required of those claiming citizenship. They come among us, reared from youth under monarchical institutions, entertaining views widely at variance with our own, band themselves together to promote selfish and sectional feuds. Look at the different societies formed for political and other purposes—"Hibernian," German Leagues, and every other name that could be devised, to keep up a nationality directly at variance with our form of Government. Such have been and now are the sentiments of the masses of foreigners who swarm our shores. You say the American party are banded together to persecute them on account of religious opinions, or on account of not being born in this country. Such is not the case. We wage no war with the foreigner as a foreigner; but, inasmuch as the Catholic Church is controlled by Popes and priests, who are striving to gain a footing in this land, and are bent on this one purpose of using all means within their reach to control the elections of this country—such being the case, we are banded together, as honest men, to use all the influence we possess to prostrate such a system, so antagonistic with the principles of Liberty. Who, in looking over the political history of this country for the last ten or twelve years, that cannot fail to observe that the foreign element has controlled our Presidential elections? What have we to hope, if things continue? When shall we look for redress? There are men, who claim to be American citizens, who can be bought and sold. It is time to arise from these minor differences, and let the question be, Shall "*Americans rule America?*"

The question of Slavery is another great question, of vast importance, for the American people to decide; and, instead of quarrelling about Know Nothingism, let every true man stand shoulder to shoulder, side to side, and elect the right men, who will decide this question in an impartial manner. You cannot blame your subscribers for refusing to support your paper. They are men like yonrself,