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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, MAY 24, 1855. NO. 438.

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

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAPTER III.

The second stage of Melancholy.

"Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?"
Macbeth.

Spring had come again, with soft breezes and blue skies, to tempt the thousands of prisoners within brick walls to burst their bonds, and to share for a while the freedom of birds, flowers, and sunbeams. Esq. Hope owned a rose-embowered cottage on the banks of the Hudson—that Rhine among the rivers of America—where his wife and sister were accustomed to pass some months of the warm season. The gentlemen of the family, still tied to the business-life of the city, could come only at intervals, to steal a day in the bower of love and fragrance.

Hamilton Grey occasionally accompanied his instructor to this most charming of summer retreats. At every visit, Laura Hope noticed with anxiety that his forehead had grown paler and higher in appearance, his step less elastic, and his eye more lustrous. Yet he seemed to have always at command a fine flow of spirits, either real or assumed. He would read, walk, or ride, with Laura for hours, without betraying a shadow of that morbid restlessness which had so marked him at first. Yet there were times when Laura remarked the shadow; moments when he stood, as he thought, unperceived by mortal eye; and then it seemed to lie more heavily than ever upon his face.

She surprised him in this mood one afternoon, sitting in the curtained recess of the bow-window, his heavily-brooding gaze seemingly rivetted upon some object without. He lifted his head as she approached, and smiled by an effort, turning from the window as he did so, with a smothered heave of the chest, just perceptible to her notice. She cast a hasty glance over the landscape, but could see nothing except the glad, green fields, the bright river in the distance, the bright sky overhead, and the still brighter face of Kitty, who was treating a group of evening visitors to the tour of her rose garden.

"What *could* have called up such a sigh, Mr. Grey?" she asked, with a smile.

His brow contracted, but smoothed itself instantly.

"Shadows should certainly vanish in such sunshine as this," she added.

"Suppose one carries the shadow *with* him—above—before him; a thing inseparable from his existence!" he said, half to her, half to himself.

"That is a thing I would not do, then," she said, cheerily; but, altering her tone, she added, "Are you not overtasking your strength, this warm season?"

"No; oh, no! it is not *that!* I have alluded to 'a shadow,' for the first time," he said, in a tone of deep emotion, "and since I have done so, let me thank you for what you have done to lift its heavy folds. It is only within the atmosphere of your family circle that I can find sunshine. I wish you were back again in the city," he added, abruptly, and, turning, left the room.

"There is a strange mystery about that friend Grey of ours," said Laura, to her husband, that evening.

Esq. Hope laughed, rather incredulously.

"I thought *you* were free from that womanish fancy which conjures up so many phantoms of mystery. There is none in his case, that I can see, except it be the mystery of late hours."

"Late hours?" repeated Laura, in a tone of consternation.

"Yes, late hours; but not hours passed in dissipation, by any means. I cannot find, indeed, that he has made an acquaintance anywhere, but at our house; and he has not an intimate friend in the city, unsocial creature that he is. But he sits over his books and papers, day after day and night after night, diving, as never before pupil of mine dived, into the deep things of the profession. I know that his lamp is never extinguished before the 'small hours' set in; and I never can get to the office before him in the morning, go as early as I may."

"He is killing himself!" exclaimed the motherly matron.

"I have more than hinted as much to him, but he is obstinate. Try it yourself, if you like," said the lawyer, as he sleepily arranged the sofa-cushions for a siesta.

A boating excursion had been planned for the last day of the stay of the family at Hope Cottage. Quite a party from the city joined them, by invitation; to which, of course, Hamilton Grey was not lacking.

Rosy sunset was melting into moonlit evening, when the skiffs, which had borne the merry water-party, neared the landing. Laughter, song, and badinage, had beguiled the miles of half their length to all except the amateur oarsmen, who, as not a breeze was on the wing, had been pulling most vigorously for an hour.

"Must we leave this bewitching amphitheatre, for lamp-light and parlor gossip?" asked Hamilton Grey, who, with Kitty, had been for two hours waking the echoes of the Hudson.

"Well," responded the merry girl, "let us make an evening of it! a veritable chorus of Tritons and Nereids!"

"I'd thank you to exchange singing for oar-swinging, in that case," gruffly remarked Christopher, who was about repossessing himself of his doffed coat. "I don't care to task *my* shoulders another hour in your behalf!"

"Is it possible that Christopher Clayborne is actually worn out in the service of his fellow-countrywomen? But, prithee, brother mine, spur your gallantry to a few more bold strokes, and row us up by the bank, into that bed of water-lilies!"

"Let me relieve you," said Grey, stepping to the oar-bench. "Now, whither away?"

"Oh, I am at the helm," she said, springing lightly to the stern of the boat, and taking up the paddle which Mr. Grey had laid down. "Julia and Lottie," she added, in a low tone, to two companions near her, "do you keep up the balance of gravity in this valuable cargo, while I astonish the fishes; for some of those lilies I must have for Laura."

Grey and his companion rowed into the midst of the lilies, and the former had turned, with a question on his lips, when a startling scream and splash from the stern shot through his being with electric force. Kitty, in making a bold stroke at the queen of river-lilies, had overreached her mark, and fallen among her sister flowers, white-robed as they!

It was the work of less than a moment for Hamilton to spring from the boat and seize the bewildered, half-breathless girl, whose involuntary plunge had frightened from her face the laughing imp, who had reigned there through the day. She clung to him with the grasp and look of a trusting child, while she was recalling her scattered senses.

"Kitty, my own darling!" It was breathed rather than uttered; and the close pressure of the arm around her, sent the life-tide bounding back into cheek and brow, as he replaced her in the boat. He retreated to the further end, and, wringing the water from his dripping locks, sat moodily gazing into the ripples.

The other young ladies, as seriously alarmed as damsels usually are on such occasions, kept the tide of conversation in what might be termed "staccato" flow.

"I never was so near dying of fright!" cried Lottie.

"You'll catch your death o' cold, as grandmamma would say," remarked Julia.

Mr. Grey looked up suddenly, first at the shivering, laughing face of the would-be Naiad; then up the river, to the scene of the catastrophe, now some rods behind them; and finally to his coat, which, having been laid aside when he took the oar, had not shared his drenching.

"Let me wrap this around you, you *will* take cold!" he said, in a voice low but very earnest.

"Oh! never fear for me!" replied she, with one of her most silvery peals of laughter. "I dare say I should have come to no harm if you had left me among the lilies! The water-spirits would have given me a warm welcome; and who knows but that I might have found myself a veritable Ondine, born of their merry race?"

"Sent up for what Huldebrand's behoof?" asked her brother, mischievously.

"Huldebrand was at that instant wrapping the coat about her, and the color flew into her cheeks at the analogy she could not but perceive.

But angry with herself for an emotion approaching "sentimentality" toward her preserver, she answered with some pique in her tone:

"Poor thing! what a fool she was to exchange liberty for love! I'll tell you, Christie," she added, seizing the oar which lay idle, "I am not going to sit shivering, all the way home! You did not teach me how to row a boat in vain!" and she began to ply the strokes vigorously.

Mr. Grey, who had stood for a moment irresolute, now touched her on the shoulder. "Can you turn the boat a few rods on her track?" he inquired of the rowers. "I"——but he was interrupted by a fellow-passenger.

"What now young gentleman!—do you wish to make a few more demonstrations of your heroism? It is unpardonable to expose Miss Clayborne to the discomfort of awaiting your convenience!"

"Miss Clayborne will pardon me, I am sure, when she hears the reason I was about to plead. My hasty plunge cost me the loss of a treasure dearer than—anything on earth; I *must* regain it."

"Surely, it it be of *such* value!" replied Mr. K., drily. "Miss Clayborne, I beg of you to let me take that oar, it is really too fatiguing."

But Miss Clayborne declined, and dashed her oar into the water with vehemence, as though she could by that effort still the painful throbbing so near to her heart.

They reached the spot once more. After a careful survey, Grey dived into the water; arose, and dived again and again beneath the silvered waves; remaining the last time so long submerged, that all the ladies, save Kitty, were screaming, when he arose, lifted his hand above his head, and made for the boat.

"A miniature, as I live!" whispered Lettie.

"No marvel the elements should be ransacked for the sake of so fair a lady's face, Sir Knight!" jeeringly remarked Mr. K., who, in helping him over the boat's side, had caught a glimpse of his prize.

"Really, however, it is to be hoped the ordeal of *fire* may be spared us in her behalf!"

"It may *not*, sir!" sternly returned the spirited Gray, with kindling eye; "if you choose to subject to idle jest a theme, too sacred for a stranger's lips!"

"'Pon honor, sir, I meant no offence!" returned the other, with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders. "I was not aware, sir, on what tender ground I was treading, believe me!"

Others hastily took up the conversation, and tried to divert it from so unpleasant a change. But a cloud had fallen upon the spirits of the whole party; and not even after they were transferred to the flower-decked, brilliantly-lighted saloon of Mr. Hope could they throw it off entirely. So much power had one irritable word.

Kitty, in her chamber, as she wrung the river-drops from her long tresses, compressed her lips firmly, and dropped her long lashes to her burning cheeks.

"What do *I* care whose miniature he may wear upon his heart?" she muttered, with a laugh so constrained that it seemed another's than the merry girl's.

"Aye, they were right! It must be; a 'tender spot' must have been reached, ere that calm eye and lips could have been kindled to such a flash of passion! Well, Kitty! don't be a fool!" she suddenly broke off, apostrophising herself. Pressing her hands over her forehead, cheeks, and heart, the girl sprung to the mirror just as Laura entered, full of sisterly anxiety.

"What an escape, dear Kitty! and how kind of Mr. Grey! I have been trying to make him take care of himself; but he is certainly the most contrary of human-kind," added Laura, placidly. "Are you really well enough, dear, to go down this evening?"

"Never felt half so well in my life, sister mine, and don't believe I ever looked half so bewitching! Seriously, I have a thought of pitching a tent on the river bank, and trying the experiment of a plunge every day, as a cosmetic!"

"I am afraid you are a little excited," returned Mrs. Hope, touching the sparkling face with a happy smile, that bore testimony to its unusual charm.

"I shall be proud of you some day, Kitty dear," added she, stooping to kiss her as she wreathed the last rose into her hair, "if you only grow up as good as you will be pretty! But, you know 'handsome is that handsome does,' after all!"

"Beautiful 'beyond compare,' then, is my sweet elder sister," said Kitty, archly, tapping her forehead, before she glided away from her.

"Laura would dub me a half-grown girl, if I had lived to count half a hundred years, I do believe," said she, to herself, as she went down stairs. "I wonder if somebody else, too, thinks me a child—a—nonsense! who cares!"

She reached the parlor door as she ended her soliloquy. At the further end stood the gentleman in question, aside from all, with an unusually grave and forbidden expression upon his countenance, now paler and plainer than ever. He did not even perceive Kitty, at her first entrance. But when his eye did light upon her—in the midst of an admiring group, the central magnet—it followed her in every word and glance with an expression almost of anguish. She did not look at him twice; for the rebel beating against the bars of her boddice had awakened to a sense of its rights; and its mistress, scorning it as thoroughly as she had scorned many another heart for such a weakness, pressed on with the wildest merriment.

At last, in one of the pauses of conversation, when the various groups were in a transition state, she felt, rather than saw, Grey at her side; and drew herself up to her "full maiden dignity."

"Will you walk with me into the conservatory?" he asked, in an undertone more than usually abrupt.

Kitty's reply was low, too, but given in a careless way, quite foreign to her.

"Really! our 'dear five hundred friends' might object to a monopoly of the hero of the evening! But pardon me," she added, hurriedly but formally, "I ought not to have delayed the expression of my thanks to you, Mr. Grey, for preserving me from such a fate as"——

"Mock me with no *word-thanks!*" he interrupted, with sudden vehemence, and a glance that burned itself into her memory for life. She trembled in spite of herself, with a sickening, undefined fear, and dropped her eyes. When she raised them, he was gone.

Mrs. Hope, half an hour later, in returning from a "peep behind the scenes" of the entertainment, was passing through the dimly-lighted conservatory. A sound startled her, and she turned to investigate.

"Mr. Grey! Is it possible? You are suffering?" He sprung up from the half-reclining posture in which she had surprised him; but with a stifled groan, dropped his head again into his hands.

Laura started, as she laid her hand upon his forehead; for it seemed to have touched living fire. At her ejaculation, he aroused himself to speak.

"Do not be alarmed, Mrs. Hope! No—don't call any one. I *am* ill; but I will throw no shadow on that happy circle."

"But you must not leave us to-night, my friend."

"If I would, I *could* not, Mrs. Hope. Will that satisfy you?" returned the young man, with an attempt to smile, finished by a spasm of fresh pain. "Indeed," he said, dreamily, "I have tried to bear it—but—give me any quiet nook, and by morning it will have passed away—*perhaps.*"

But the morning found him delirious, raving in the clutches of a fiery fever.

It was hastily and sorrowfully arranged, that a part of the family should remain with the sick man, the remnant, meanwhile, proceeding to the house in —— street, which awaited them; for Esq. Hope could no longer content himself with the servants' menage. Mrs. Hope would think of nothing but her suffering charge, and Christopher remained with her to nurse him. Kitty, silent in word, but in heart how eloquent! accompanied Esq. Hope to the city home.

"I don't know how you'll manage about keeping house, dear. Do the best you can till I come!" were the last words of Laura.

Kitty gaily tossed back a kiss from her gloved hand, and the next instant, drawing her veil, shut herself in with her bewildering thoughts, fears, and memories.

How she busied herself in the re-arrangements of their home for the winter—pulling down and building up, repairing and re-instating, with a recklessness that would have shocked her staid sister—nobody noted; for Kitty was alone, save at the hasty meals. Esq. Hope shared with her, bodily—his spirit was far away up the Hudson. At best, he was but a machine, when away from his better half, so much of his life was vested in her; and now, that he feared she was making too great a sacrifice of healthful energies at the couch of the fevered student, he seemed to have neither eyes nor voice for anything around him.

The third day after her return, Christopher came down for a few hours, to procure a regular nurse, and to telegraph the father of young Grey, at the South; for, in a lucid moment, he had alluded to his home.

"Shall we send for your father and mother?" Mrs. Hope had asked. The word seemed a spark to the train of his wild fancies.

"*Mother!* aye, call her out of the churchyard corner, and make her lay that cold hand of hers upon my head—no, *here*, upon my heart—the fire is hottest there. Who said, 'Mother?'" and he started up fiercely, but sunk back, murmuring, "Oh, mother, *why* did you die, and bring all this misery upon me?"

Christopher met his sister with a grave greeting, and continued to watch her eyes furtively, long after he had answered her few questions.

"He is a noble, priceless fellow!" at last he burst forth. "Kitty, confound it, I can't believe it of you; but, there, *have* you, by any chance, been trifling with him?"

"*Trifling with him?*"

Kitty's dilating eyes flung back the indignant, scathing denial her lips disdained to utter.

"Oh, I didn't mean that I seriously thought it, sis. I know very well that you never liked him—more's the pity; but a fine face makes up for everything to you women. Yet—I didn't know—in fact, Kitty, your name has been so often and so sadly spoken in his fever-dreams. His dead mother, you, and one other that he murmurs once in a while—Oriene, or some such outlandish name—seem to fill up the current of his thoughts. No fault of yours, I dare swear, sister; but if it *had* been, I wouldn't change places with you for the world! It's a fearful responsibility, this meddling with hearts."

"I have had nothing to do with it," answered Kitty, coldly, yet emphatically, for she was assured, by a moment's reflection, that Mr. Grey's illness, the work of weeks and months past, could hardly have been accelerated by the one slight of a few evenings before. Yet how that rankled in her memory!

For the National Era.

THE DANDELION.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

The little Dandelion,
It springeth by the way,
An humble and unnoticed flower,
That blossoms in the May!
It shineth in the grassy fields,
In forests dim and old;
Even the bare and rugged hills,
Are mottled with its gold.

It gleams beside the dusty road,
Where rush unheeding feet;
It peers between the cold, gray stones,
Which pave the city's street.
And all around us, everywhere,
Within our daily way,
Springs this unheeded, little flower,
That blossoms in the May.
How much like the unnoted joys,
Which cheer me every day,
Is this bright, golden, little flower,
That springeth in my way.

And unto me it seemeth like
The gentle, tender friends,
Whose presence to my daily life,
Is all of brightness lends.
Those loving and beloved ones,
To whom earth's passing crowd,
Her proud and thoughtless multitudes,
In homage never bowed.
They have no wish in courts to shine,
They have no wish to roam;
Content are they, to fill with light,
The little world of home.

Our simplest joys, our nearest friends,
Brighten our common lot;
But they so certainly are ours,
That oft we prize them not.
And so we are like to thee, O, flower,
Show'ring with wealth untold,
Along the dusty track of time,
Life's richest, brightest gold!

We sigh for gay exotic blooms,
Reared by a foreign hand;
And turn away from this bright flower,
Born of our native land.
And so for joys beyond our reach,
Our feverish spirits call;
While we refuse the richer gifts,
Our God hath given to all.

ITEMS.

MOTHERS.—I think it must somewhere be written, that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.—*Dickens.*

A mother, who had brought up a large family with eminent success, was once asked by a younger one, what she would recommend in the case of her children who were too carefully educated. "*I think, my dear, a little wholesome neglect,*" she replied.

The glorified spirit of an infant is the star to guide the mother to its own blissful home.—*Sigourney.*

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.—*Bonaparte.*

SORDID PREACHERS!—Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, has lately had an offer of fifty thousand dollars to act fifty nights in California. He has also just received an offer of six thousand dollars to act twenty nights in St. Louis.

The most talented clergyman seldom receives more than two thousand dollars for a whole year.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—A late number of the Edinburgh *Witness* says:

"It is of itself a curious fact, that almost the only classical English writers of the present day are not Englishmen, but Americans. We have no writers that so remind us of the Goldsmiths and Addisons of the last century, as the Washington Irvings and Nathaniel Hawthornes of the other side of the Atlantic; and Longfellow, though not a little of his verse has the stamp of that of Germany, is decidedly, in his elegant and elaborate prose, an Englishman of the reign of Queen Anne."

The Post Office Department has framed a series of instructions for the guidance of postmasters, upon the introduction of the new system for the registration of valuable letters. The plan is to go into operation on the 1st of July next, on and after which date, any letter can be registered and receipted for, upon payment of a fee of five cents, extraordinary care being taken to insure its safe delivery at its destination.

EX-GOVERNOR WASHBURN, the successor of Judge Loring as law lecturer of Harvard College, entered upon his duties at the University on Monday, May 8th.

From the New York Tribune.

SLOW STARVATION—INSANITY—DEATH.

An Orthodox clergyman, who is at times subject to a hereditary depression of spirits, a year or two since became very deaf. This so increased his despondency, that he left the ministry, and removed to New York, and began work as a Daguerreotypist. This infirmity made him unsuccessful in his business, and his wife, who had previously obtained a situation as teacher in an industrial school, with a salary of $100 a year, resigned this school into the charge of their oldest daughter, while she herself stayed in the Daguerrian room all day, and then sat up till midnight, sewing. But, for all this, she found it extremely difficult to support a family of seven children, during the hard times of last winter. An energetic and well educated woman, she could not bear to acknowledge their poverty, and accept of charity; so, mother-like, she toiled, and endured a slow starvation.

In the Spanish Inquisition there was a mode of torture, called the "Water-Drop." The victim was placed in an immovable position. A single drop of water fell upon his head from far above, then another, and another; slowly, steadily, drop, drop, drop. At first, the sensation was rather agreeable; then it grew painful—that steady dropping in one spot, till it seemed to fall upon the very quick of the brain—producing the intensest agony, the most excruciating death.

So it was that suffering came down on that woman's head. It was little at first, and she bore it bravely; but it fell steadily, steadily, till it became agonizing, and her brain was literally crushed with the torture. Yet the family could not realize this.

Then the daughter sickened beneath her burden of cares. She left the school, and came home, to be a fresh sorrow for her poor mother. She was a pretty, gentle girl, of seventeen—wasting away with a pulmonary disease, superinduced by hard labor and privation. Of course the father grew more and more melancholy.

One day a man called at the house, stating that he was a physician, and a member of the Board of Health, sent to make inquiries about the young girl's condition. After torturing the invalid with impertinent questions, he insisted upon making an indecent examination, which so wrought upon her already shattered nerves, that he left her in a confirmed depression and delirium. This was the last drop falling on the brain of the poor mother; and her insanity assumed so wild a type, as to arrest the attention of all. Mother and daughter were both taken to the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island. I saw them a few days after. The girl complained of no pain, though unable to rise from the bed; but constantly bemoaned her own wickedness, and the eternal punishment to which she was doomed.

"You are not a bad girl," said a lady, who had befriended them in their need.

"Oh! I am bad," she responded, looking up most imploringly. "I never did anything good in my life."

"Why, yes," said the lady, soothingly, "you have done a great many things. Don't you know how well you taught in our Industrial School, and how much the children all liked you? That was good."

"Yes, and what did I do it for?" she replied, in an earnest despair. "It wasn't to do good; *I was thinking all the while of the money—just the money.*"

"Well, that was good. They needed the money at home; you gave it to them when you might have kept it yourself. Was not that good?"

"No, it wasn't. I didn't care anything about them. I just did it because I wanted to; and I wasn't sick, but I went home, and sat there all day, and made mother wait upon me when she had so much to do—and I didn't care. I am not sick now, and haven't a bit of pain; but I just lie here because I will."

"But you are sick, very sick, if you are not in pain; and then no one can look in your face, and feel that you are a bad girl."

"Yes, I know," she replied, quickly; "it's just like an apple—very beautiful outside, but rotten all through. Sometimes I wish I *was* insane; for then it wouldn't be true that I am so wicked, and that I shall have to suffer so much."

"But I think, my child, you are insane on this point—not on any other."

"Oh, no! oh, dear!" moaned the poor girl; "you think so; but no one but God can read the heart."

At the suggestion that God could forgive, she answered, "No, he can't forgive *me.* I committed sins enough before I was three years old, to make it impossible for me ever to be forgiven."

"Why, what did you do?"

"I used to muss in the food when mother told me not, and I knew better all the time; but I didn't care. And it's just so now. I don't want to be any better, and that's just the trouble about it."

It was useless to talk with her. She seemed rational about everything else; but on this point she was fixed. From her babyhood she had been taught that a child of three years might commit sin enough to merit eternal punishment; and, in her present state, her own guilt magnified till it seemed too great to be forgiven. It was a terrible despair—one that made the soul heavy to witness it; and we joined in the feeling of thankfulness that it was *only insanity.*

The mother was far more wild and flighty; but there was method even in *her* madness. She felt that she was doing some great work for others, by moving about restlessly, and continually unpinning the sleeves of her dress; and it was her solemn duty to finish this work; but that good was coming from it, and she would finally be happy.

"Why," said she, "isn't it going to benefit *our* sex?"

"Oh! certainly," we said.

"I thought so," she replied, with eager delight, "else I don't think I could have gone any further; but I thought *we* should be benefited—*women would be.*"

Had this thought found its way to her heart, when she was toiling to earn a scanty subsistence for her dependent family, making shirts for a shilling, or teaching for a paltry hundred dollars a year, in a *benevolent** school? and had it lingered through all her madness—mingling with the ruling motive of her life—that rigid, Orthodox sense of duty? When everything else had gone, when she had forgotten her friends, and was not sure of her own identity—doubting whether she was among the living or the dead? It was strange and passing sad. A few days after, when I saw them again, the mother was more at rest; but the hectic was burning brightly on the daughter's cheek. She could not eat; and, at my kindly good-bye at parting, she repeated a phrase she had used before: "Oh! it is a good-bye to you, but it ain't to me. There is nothing good to me."

The father and younger children have now separated, and gone to different friends in the country; the mother may yet recover; but her child must sleep soon, and awaken to learn that God can forgive.

And this is the fruit of toil and starvation—wasting toil, that could not buy food enough for all of those beloved ones from its pitiable wages. Nature was inexorable. She never forgives. When her laws are broken, her children always suffer. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

* It is cheering to be able to state that this school has since raised the wages of one of its other teachers, upon the strength of the above facts.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR FORD.—It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of ex-Governor Ford, at his residence in Burton, on Tuesday morning, May 8th, at 5½ o'clock. He has been failing gradually for months, until within two or three weeks, when his complaints assumed a different form, since which time he sunk rapidly. It is hardly necessary to say that the news of his death will be mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends in this county; for those who knew him best, knew him best to revere, love, and respect. The State also has lost one of its most incorruptible and valuable citizens, and one who has received the highest honors in her gift, and who discharged the duties of his station with credit to himself and honor to our noble Commonwealth.—*Clarendon (O.) Jeffersonian Democrat, May 9th.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

INTERESTING PASSAGE FROM HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

From the London Weekly Chronicle, April 28.

The following extracts from a letter addressed by Mrs. Stowe to a friend in this country, in answer to an inquiry for some particulars of her early life, give an account of the origin of the world-renowned "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After a playful description of her personal appearance, an account of her marriage with Professor Stowe, at the age of twenty-five, her settlement at Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, in Ohio, and the increase of her family, she says:

"The most beautiful of these (her children) and the most beloved, lies buried near my Cincinnati residence. It was at his dying bed, and at his grave, that I learnt what a poor slave-mother may feel when her child is torn from her. In the depths of my sorrow, which seemed to me immeasurable, it was my only prayer to God that such anguish might not be suffered in vain.

"There were circumstances connected with this child's death, of such peculiar bitterness—of what might seem almost cruel suffering—that I felt I could never be consoled for it, unless it should appear that the crushing of my own heart might enable me to work out some great good to others.

"His death took place during the cholera summer, when, in a circle of five miles around me, nine thousand were buried—a mortality which I have never heard exceeded anywhere.

"My husband, in feeble health, was obliged to be absent the whole time, and I had sole charge of a family of fifteen persons. He could not return to me, because I would not permit it; for in many instances where parents had returned from a distance to their families and the infected atmosphere, the result had been sudden death; and the physicians warned me, that if he returned, it would only be to die. My poor Charlie died for want of timely medical aid; for, in the universal confusion and despair that prevailed, it was often impossible to obtain assistance till it was too late.

"I allude to this bereavement, because I believe that much that is in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had its root in the awful scenes and bitter sorrows of that summer. It has left now, I trust, no trace in my mind, except a deep compassion for the sorrowful, especially for mothers who are separated from their children.

"During long years of struggling with poverty, sickness, and a hot, debilitating climate, my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labor. Some of my friends, pitying my toils, sent some of my sketches to certain liberally paying annuals, with my name. With the first money that I earned this way, I bought a feather bed! For, as I had married into poverty, and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books, and a great deal of learning, this bed and pillows were thought on the whole the most profitable investment.

"I now thought I had discovered the philosopher's stone, and when a new carpet or mattrass was needed, or when, at the close of the year, it began to be evident that my family accounts, like Dora's, 'wouldn't add up,' then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum Anna, who shared all my joys and sorrows, 'Now, if you'll keep the babies quiet, and attend to all the things in the house for one day, I'll write a piece, and then we shall be out of the scrape.' And so I became an authoress! Very modest at first, I do assure you, and remonstrating very seriously with the friends who had thought it best to put my name to my productions, by way of getting up a reputation."

* * * * *

"During my life at the West, I lived two miles from the city of Cincinnati, in the country; and domestic service, not always to be found in the city, is next to impossible to be obtained in the country, even by those who are willing to give the highest wages. So what would be expected for poor me, who had very little of this world's goods to offer? Had it not been for my inexpressible friend Anna, a noble-hearted English girl, who landed on our American shores in destitution and sorrow, and who clave unto me as Ruth unto Naomi, I had never lived through all the toil which this uncertainty and absolute want of domestic service imposed upon me. You may imagine, therefore, how glad I was, when about a dozen families of liberated negroes came and settled in our vicinity. They became my favorite resorts in cases of emergency.

"If anybody wants to have a black face look handsome, let them be left as I have been, in feeble health, in oppressive hot weather, with a sick baby in arms, and two or three other little ones in the nursery, and not a single servant in the whole house to do a single turn. Then, if they should see any good Aunt Frankie coming in, with her honest, bluff, black face, her long, strong arms, her chest as big and stout as a barrel, and her hilarious, hearty laugh, perfectly delighted to take one's washing and do it at a fair price, *they would appreciate the beauty of black people.*

"My cook, poor Eliza, was a regular epitome of slave life in herself; fat, easy, gentle, loving, and loveable; always calling my modest house 'The Place,' as if it had been a plantation, with seven hundred hands on it. Her way of arranging her kitchen was at first like Dinah's, though she imbibed our ideas more rapidly, and seemed more ready to listen to my suggestions than did that dignitary. She had lived through the whole sad story of a Virginia-raised slave's life. She must have been in her youth a very handsome mulatto girl. Her voice was sweet, her manners refined and agreeable. She was raised in a good family as nurse and sempstress.

"When the family became embarrassed, she was suddenly sold, to be sent to a plantation in Louisiana. She has often told me, that without any warning, she was forced into a carriage, and saw her little mistress screaming and stretching her arms from the window towards her, as she was driven away. She has told me of scenes on the Louisiana plantations, and how she has often been out in the night by stealth, ministering to poor slaves who have been mangled or lacerated by the whip. From Louisiana she was sold into Kentucky, and her last master was the father of all her children. On this point she always maintained a delicacy and reserve, which, though it is not at all uncommon among slave women, appears to me remarkable.

"She always called her master her husband, and spoke of him with the same apparent feeling with which any woman regards her husband. It was not till after she had lived with me some years, that I discovered accidentally the real nature of the relation. I shall never forget how sorry I felt for her, nor my feelings at her humble apology—'You know, Mrs. Stowe, slave women can't help themselves.' She had two very pretty quadroon daughters, with beautiful hair and eyes—interesting children, whom I had instructed in the family school with my children.

"Time would fail to tell you all I have learned incidentally of the slave system, in the history of various slaves who came into my family, and of the workings of the underground railroad, which, I may say, ran through my barn."

The Buffalo *Republic* says: "When the rose-bug first makes its appearance, sprinkle your bushes profusely with the pollen of the flower of the ailanthus tree, or make a strong decoction of the same, and pour it over the bushes through a watering pot. The use of these simple means once or twice a day will destroy these pests in less than a week."

The whole number of bounty land applications, under the act of March 3, 1855, received at the Pension Office up to May 12, was 132,000.

TRIP TO THE NORTH.

BY MR. FITZHUGH, AUTHOR OF SOCIOLOGY.

LIBERTY PARTY—FAILURE OF FREE SOCIETY—ISSUES, ETC.

From the Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.

It seemed to me that, in attempting to prove "Free Society a Failure," in my lecture at New Haven, I was but "carrying coals to New Castle." The Liberty party, at least, discovered that long before I did, and are as intent on subverting and reconstructing society at home, as on abolishing Slavery with us. A part of them, I will not undertake to say how large a portion, are infidels, who find the Bible no impediment to their schemes of social reform, because they assert that it is false. This wing of the Liberty party is in daily expectation of discovering a new Social Science, that will remedy all the ills that human flesh is heir to. They belong to the schools of Owen, Louis Blanc, Fourier, Compte, and the German and French Socialists and Communists. The other wing, and probably the most numerous wing of the party, is composed of the Millenial Christians—men who expect Christ, either in the flesh or the spirit, soon to reign on earth; the lion to lie down with the lamb; every man to sit down under "his own vine and fig-tree;" all to have an interest in lands; marrying and giving in marriage to cease; war to be abolished; and peace and good will to reign among men. They are as intent on abolishing all church government and authority, as the infidels. They would, equally with them, trample on all law and Government, because "Liberty is," say they, "an inalienable right;" and law, religion, and Government continue to protect Slavery. Marriage, Christian marriage, which requires the obedience of the wife, is Slavery; and they would modify it or destroy it. Land monopoly, they say, gives to property or capital a greater power over labor than masters have over slaves; hence they very wisely and logically conclude, that land, like air and water, should be common property.

The Liberty party is composed of very able men, of philosophers and philanthropists. They have demonstrated, beyond a doubt, that Slavery is necessary, unless they can get up a millenium, or discover a new social science. The increasing crime and poverty of mankind, and the utter failure of all social experiments, like those of Owen and others, indicate neither the advent of the one nor the discovery of the other. This Liberty party are the best allies of the South, because they admit and continually expose the utter Failure of Free Society.

One of the most distinguished of this party thus writes to Wendell Phillips, Esq.:

"I cannot refrain from expressing, in this connection, my grief, that many Abolitionists have allowed their faith in the Bible to be shaken."

In my short trip to the North, I was struck with nothing so much as the avowed infidelity of many, and the "Christianity melting into infidelity," of the great mass of the balance with whom I conversed. I have no doubt, however, that, although such a state of things is too common at the North, yet my peculiar associations made the evil appear greater than it really is. The religious and the conservative, like the lily of the valley, are silent and secluded.

I have lately received a book, in two volumes, entitled "The Democracy of Christianity," from its author, William Goodell, of New York, a member of the Liberty party. The author evinces much ability, ingenuity, and research. He is one of the Millenial Christians—obviously pious and sincere. He sees no exodus from the appalling evils of Free Society, except that state of perfect equality, peace, happiness, and security, that he, like the men of Cromwell's day, thinks is promised and predicted in the Bible. I cite the following passage from the conclusion of his work:

"Glance over again the items included in these predictions: The general and permanent prevalence of peace—the result of justice, equity, security, and the *actual possession*, by each and every one, of 'his vine and fig-tree'—i. e., of soil sufficient to produce the needful fruits of the earth, or in some way a supply of his physical wants."

If this state of things ever occurs, God will bring it about without the help of Abolitionists.

We do not deem it necessary to quote from the infidel agrarians and Abolitionists, because their splendid promises and bloody and disastrous failures have been matters of every day's history and of every day's occurrence, from the times of Marat and the guillotine to those of Lamartine and Cavaignac.

The Proletariat of France, the nomadic pauper-banditti of England, the starving tenantry of Ireland, the Lazzaroni of Italy, and the half savages of Hayti, are the admitted results of practical Abolition. But, say the Liberty party, Abolition has stopped half way; abolish churches, law, Government, marriage, and separate the property in lands, and then the scheme will work charmingly.

Well, possibly it will; but, as we are very happy, comfortable, and contented, in slave society, suppose you try the "experimentum in vile corpus." Begin at home, and if the experiment works well, we of the South will follow your example. You have a little Eden now, near Lake Oneida. Some hundreds of Oneida perfectionists, living in primitive simplicity, among whom there is no "marrying or giving in marriage," no separate property, all things enjoyed in common; and, we suppose, neither priest nor officer to disturb or mar the harmony of millenial society. "We but tell the tale as 'twas told to us." Does it work well? If so, why not form all your institutions on that model? You, of the Liberty party, seem to think that "passional attractions" and "attractive labor" will keep all men up to their duties, and dispense with the necessity of Church and State, Law and Religion, Priest and Officer. You think you follow nature, but in truth you are superficial observers of nature. Man, it is true, is a social and gregarious animal; but, like all animals of that kind, he is, by nature, lawmaking and law-abiding. The bees and ants are ruled by despotic and exacting Governments, and by laws and regulations, wise and less changeable than those of the Medes and Persians. But man is not only a law-making animal, but a religious one also. In remitting him to a state of anarchy and infidelity, you would not remit him to a state of nature, but one of continuous, exterminating warfare, such as France witnessed during the Reign of Terror.

I find, Messrs. Editors, that I am somewhat wandering from the subject with which I commenced, and will conclude, for the present at least.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
G. F.

Mr. Fitzhugh is as unfortunate in his observations as his philosophy. The exception he regards as the rule. He evidently thinks the few theorists he has met with at the North are fair representatives of its opinions. The People of the South are childishly ignorant of the social system and condition of the free States.
Ed. Era.

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.—We give a comparative statement of the receipts of the principal associations for the three years last past, as presented in the Annual Reports. The receipts for the year 1855 are, with but one exception, below those of the preceding year, but generally are fully equal to, and in some instances considerably exceed, those reported in 1853.

	1853.	1854.	1855.
American Bible Society	$345,542	$394,340	$346,811
American Tract Society	385,285	415,570	113,174
Am. B. C. Foreign Missions	200,333	*213,960	—
Am. Home Miss. Society	171,734	191,209	180,137
New York Col. Society	17,000	21,080	17,371
Female Guardian Society	18,185	17,869	110,870
Am. and Foreign Ch. Union	67,507	75,701	75,805
Seamen's Friend Society	25,283	27,936	24,482
Am. and For. Bible Society	—	46,096	40,035
Am. B. Foreign Missions	174,453	—	184,074

* Nine months. † Six months.

A NEW BOOK—ILLUSTRATIONS OF SLAVE LIFE.

We have received from the Publishers, Miller, Orton, & Mulligan, of New York, a new book, on Slave Life, entitled, *Our World*, by an unknown author. As we have not yet found time to read it as we should like, we abridge an interesting summary of it, given by the editor of the Hartford (Conn.) *Republican*, which will sufficiently introduce it to our readers.

From the Hartford (Conn.) Republican.

OUR WORLD; OR, THE SLAVEHOLDER'S DAUGHTER.

The story may be thus summarised, premising that the tale, though subsidiary to the main object, is a full and fearless exposure, by means of scenes and characters, of the unspeakable horrors of Slavery.

The tale opens with a picture of the plantation of one Hugh Marston, situated on the banks of the Ashly river, in South Carolina.

In the quadrangular court-yard of Marston's mansion are two cottages, conspicuous among the humbler huts by the brightness of their white-wash, the flowering plants in their windows, and the general neatness of arrangement. We cross the threshold of one, and are accosted by a female, who, speaking the musical accents, invites us to sit down. She has none of Afric's blood in her veins; no! her feature's are beautifully olive, and the intonation of her voice discovers a different origin. How reserved she seems, and yet how quickly she moves her graceful figure! Now she places her right hand upon her finely-arched forehead, parts the heavy folds of glossy hair, that hang carelessly over her brown shoulders, and with a half-suppressed smile answers our salutation. We are welcome in her humble cabin; but her dark, languishing eyes, so full of intensity, watch us with irresistible suspicion.

Her name is Clotilda; she is pretty; and yet her beauty has made her the worst slave—a slave, in the sight of heaven and earth! Her large, moaning eyes, glow beneath her finely-pencilled brows, while her auburn hair, laid in smooth folds over her ears, and braided into a heavy circle at the back of her head, gives her the fascinated beauty of a Norman peasant. Annette plays around her, is dressed in her very best, for Marston is proud of the child's beauty, and nothing is withheld that can gratify the ambition of the mother to dress it in fantastic colors.

In the next cabin we meet the shortish figure of a tawny female, whose Indian features stand boldly out. Her high cheek bones, long, glossy, black hair, and flashing eyes, are the indices of her pedigree. To our inquiry, she answers, in broken accents, "My master says I am a slave." As she sits in her chair, near the fire-place of bricks, a male issue of the mixed blood toddles round her. The little boy is much fairer than his mother. This woman's name is Ellen Juvarna. She has youth on her side, and though she retains the name of her Indian sire, is proud of being "master's mistress."

The company at Marston's residence, at this period is chosen for the purpose of presenting us with a clear idea of the component parts of Southern society. First, we have Marston himself, an easy, improvident, and not unkind planter, of truly Southern laxity of morals; Deacon Rosebank, a worthy and charitable man, who seeks the moral elevation of the slave, though himself a slave-owner; Elder Pemberton Praiseworthy, the preacher to Marston's slaves; Maxwell, a young Englishman, and "Miss Franconia," the lovely niece of Marston, who also plays a prominent part through this history.

Elder Pemberton Praiseworthy preached to Marston's "property" on Sundays, but Elder Praiseworthy grows insolent and drunken; and a clever young negro, "Harry," having "got religious" and a sound Scripture knowledge, supersedes Mr. Praiseworthy, who, in an after part of the story, is found engaged in the curious business of buying up old, or rather diseased, negroes, men, women, or children, at a "dead" price, and then curing them, if possible, for sale! This singular calling we are assured is no fiction.

Marston has a favorite nephew, the brother of Franconia, named Lorenzo. His companion is Monto Graspum, "an immense dealer in human flesh—a great man in that dealing in the flesh and blood of mankind, which brings with it all the wickedness of the demon." Monto Graspum has other "gentlemanly" pursuits, which he turns to profit. Besides watching closely and shrewdly the fluctuations of the flesh-market, he was ever ready, by advancing money, and planting confederates, to ensnare and ruin the rash and unsuspecting young Southerners. This villain has gradually enmeshed Lorenzo; made him his debtor to a large amount; and, finally, by fraud, cajolery, and playing upon Marston's better feelings, has got his bond for Lorenzo's responsibilities. In a moment of intoxication and despair, he has induced the incautious youth to forge his uncle's name to bills, and these instruments he uses to drive him forth, an exile from his native place, that he (Graspum) with his atrocious crew, may consummate the ruin, and seize upon the chattels, especially the human "property" of Marston; which, as may be supposed, is of "first-rate" quality, in more respects than one. Lorenzo departs, and Marston's affairs hurry into ruin. We are made acquainted now with the worst side of a state of society, which, at the best, is in its moral aspect—

"Like to the apples on the Dead Sea shore,
All ruddy smiles without, but ashes at the core."

Marston finds himself beset with the difficulties of the law; and now, his better nature awakening, he would fain save his offspring by the kipnapped girls, than from the horrors of slave trade. Other scoundrels now crowd the scene. Anthony Romecus, a ruffian, whom men dread as one of Graspum's gang. He is a pattern man-stealer, and the drinking scene at Graspum's slave-pen, wherein Romecus and his companions, ruffians who hunt runaway slaves for the "alive or dead" rewards, is one that will go far to open the eyes and mind of the reader to a state of Southern morals, of which he could otherwise have formed but a faint and imperfect idea.

Marston is at his plantation house, perplexed in the extreme. Graspum will sell Clotilda, and Annette, her fair daughter—Ellen Juvarna and Nicholas, her and *his* son. The sheriff will levy, the human chattels are seizable: Marston's feelings are moved. His "preacher," Harry, his wife and children, Daddy Bob, who has nursed "young massa," and literally adores him; this fine old specimen of a faithful negro—faithful to the death of his white oppressor—must be sold, perhaps to stripes and brutality. There is true pathos in poor old "Daddy's" interview with his ruined "mas'r." The time, is the night before the expected levy on the estate of Marston. The children, Annette and Nicholas, are bought in by their father's desire, without the knowledge of their mothers.

Marston resolves to recognize his children. The document Marston had signed for Lorenzo guaranteed the holder against all loss. This, in the absence of Lorenzo, and under such strange circumstances, implied an amount which might be increased according to the will of the wretch into whose hands he had so unfortunately fallen.

Nearly twelve months have elapsed since the disclosure of the crime Maxwell, the young Englishman, whom we have previously incidentally mentioned as a guest at Marston's, had spent the time among the neighboring plantations, and failing to enlist more than friendly considerations from Franconia, resolved to return to Bermuda, and join his family. He had, however, taken a deep interest in Clotilda and Annette—had gone to their cottage, and listened to Clotilda's tale of trouble. Its recital enlisted his sympathies; and being of an ardent and impressible temper, he determined to carry out a design for her relief. Her close resemblance, too, to Franconia, increased his desire to serve her, and he at this juncture fortunately returns to the plantation on the Ashley river, unaware of the altered circumstances of Marston. He is not slow to perceive that things are not as they were; and, after an interview with Clotilda, powerfully written and naturally conceived, he resolves to rescue her. But we will not give any further description of the story, but refer our readers to the book itself.

For the National Era.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS; or, THE STRANGE MOUNTAIN.

John P. Jewett, the noted publisher of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, said to me, "Not more than one-twentieth of all the manuscripts offered for publication are accepted."

The remark came into my mind one evening, as I sat in my rocking-chair. I was alone in the house; it was perfectly still, and the hush of twilight was upon everything around. As I sat wondering what became of the rejected manuscripts, I lost myself in a dream.

I dreamed I stood upon the edge of a vast plain. Away in the distance was a strange mountain; it looked different, very different, from any mountain I had ever seen before. The plain was grassy and pleasant, and had innumerable paths, all leading towards the mountain.

I thought I would walk along one of these paths; and as I walked, I fancied I could see other persons going towards the mountain—though I was not quite sure, as it was evening. But as I drew nearer, I met several; each one was alone, and seemed a pilgrim. Some bore themselves gloomily along, as if in sorrow; others with a defiant air, as if braving an enemy; others, again, had that calm, placid look, that reaches beyond the present.

The moon rose, and shone upon the mountain, which reminded me of the chalky cliffs of England; and yet, on coming nearer, I was sure it must be very unlike them; and I could think of nothing that I had ever seen which it resembled—it was too white for the marble hills of Berkshire.

I walked on, till I stood at the very base, and then I saw that it was composed of "big paper books." Yes, these were the rejected manuscripts. They were not piled up in an orderly manner, layer upon layer, but thrown down promiscuously, as if there were no further use for them. Then I knew the pilgrims I had met; they were the disappointed authors, who had come to deposit their manuscripts upon the mountain. Some laid them down sadly and gently, as we would part with a living thing that we loved; others threw them down with violence, uttering strong imprecations as they did so; these were those whom I had met wearing a defiant air. As the manuscripts had been thrown into such disorder, the corners of the huge reams of paper stuck out all over the mountain, not unlike the sharp corners on a mass of crystallized quartz.

I sat down and mused long on this wonderful mountain; and queried with myself what its name might be. Then it bethought me it might well be called the Mountain of Lost Hours.

As I turned to take a last, long look at it, the moon shone brighter, and I beheld the manuscripts more plainly; and then I saw that strange plants were springing from them, each different from the other, and wholly unlike any which I had ever seen before. Here was a new source of curiosity. I stood still musing; and I soon observed that many of the plants had strange, transparent-looking leaves, and all along under the slender twigs were little crystal drops; and as I looked, I knew they were human tears, and these were all the fruit they bore. Just then a gentle breeze touched my cheek, and moved lightly among the plants that had no fruit on them; and every one of the strange little leaves, as it was moved by the breeze, gave forth a human sigh. The breeze passed on; and, as it did so, I heard direful sounds, and followed, to see from whence they came. As I drew near another part of the mountain, I beheld hideous plants, bearing serpents for fruit; and as the wind touched them, they writhed and twisted themselves around each other, hissing forth curses that made me shudder and turn away. These sprang from manuscripts designed for "yellow-covered literature," which had been rejected by the publishers—not because of the wickedness they contained, that, unfortunately, could never happen—but because the market was already overstocked. As I left these hideous, snake-bearing plants, and passed along where the mountain lay in shadow, I saw several manuscripts, so illumined from within, that they gave out a quiet light, dispelling the darkness for some yards around them.

These were works written in advance of their age, and so full of the pure radiance of Genius, that it could not be entirely hidden, even in this Mountain of Lost Hours.

And as I saw these, I said to myself, they surely belong to the pilgrims whom I met wearing a calm look of resignation and conscious worth, as if, willing, like Galileo, to bear with patience their wrongs, till the world should be wise enough to appreciate them.

CLARA CLAVERING.

The Chicago *Democrat* flies the flag of General Houston and General Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, as its Presidential ticket for 1856. The *New York Herald*, which usually acts from a motive, asks: "What has become of Judge Douglas, that an Illinois Democratic paper should go all the way down to Texas for the candidate of a mixed commission? Is this a confession that Mr. Douglas has been killed off by the Nebraska bill, and is really dead and buried, or hung up to dry? We want an explanation." It was the general belief, not long ago, that Judge Douglas was safe in the affections of the *Herald. Et tu Brute!*

LIBERAL OPINIONS IN THE SOUTH.

A writer in the Hillsborough (N. C.) *Recorder* uses the following language:

"And if it is our duty to send the Gospel to the heathen beyond the Atlantic, what is our duty to the heathen at our own doors? We cannot deny that, in this age of light and liberty, thousands of our fellow creatures are kept in a state of profound ignorance by legislative enactment. Is such a state of things justifiable? We pronounce most unhesitatingly that, our slaves should have the Bible. A knowledge of that book from which are drawn the strongest arguments for the lawfulness of Slavery, can do the slave no harm. A reluctance to put the Bible into the hands of the blacks betrays, on the part of the master, a reluctance to have his conduct judged by its standard. Let Christian slaveholders take into consideration this momentous question, 'What is our duty to our slaves?'"

Prof. B. Silliman, jr., has been testing the rock oil, or petroleum, obtained in Venango county, Pennsylvania, and finds that it is equal in illuminating powers to almost all the gases or fluids commonly in use, and superior to most of them.

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, May 1st, at Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights, by the Rev. Francis L. Vinton, D. D., JAMES M. WHITON, jr., Rector of the Grammar School, New Haven, Connecticut, to MARY, daughter of William Bartlett, Esq., of Brooklyn, and lately of Portland, Maine.

OBITUARY.

Died, March 26, 1855, at Scaghticoke, New York, PETER V. B. COON. He was fatally injured in the explosion of the powder mills in this place, on the 24th March last. He was horribly burned, and lingered for two days in great suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude. The evening previous to his death, he said to me, "Strive to keep up the Free Soil movement, and let it not go down." He was forty-one years of age, and has left a wife, mother, and sister, dependent upon him for support, to mourn his untimely end. The slave has also lost an uncompromising friend, and the community a good citizen.