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

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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FOR THE NATIONAL ERA.

ROSA AND HER SUITORS.

A TALE OF SWEDISH DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,

Author of "One Year of Wedlock," "The Bride of Ornburg," &c., &c.

TRANSLATED BY ELBERT PERCE.

CHAP. XIII.

The Visit and its Results.

In the large and gorgeous blue room, which was only opened on especial occasions, were seated Madame Widen and her daughter, each busy with her embroidery—the former in a comfortable corner of the sofa, the latter on a tabouret at the window. The Merchant himself was standing by a table, amusing himself, with apparent unconcern, in plaguing a parrot, which was picking, through the gilded bars of its cage, at a piece of sugar in his master's hand. This had not lasted very long, when the folding doors were thrown open by Larson, and, as he announced Mr. Garben, the expected and much-dreaded visiter entered the room.

He was a pale and somewhat spare man, of more than the usual height. His features, which were passably handsome, were slightly shaded by a small quantity of thin, light-colored hair, which was smoothly combed over the furrowed forehead; his small, dark-blue eyes had a mingled expression of earnestness and benevolence; but there was a trace of energy and decision about his lips, which remained there even when he smiled. He, however, appeared by no means a mere stiff, tedious man of business, but a polished member of society; his dress was modern, and of rich material; he made his bow to the ladies with practiced ease, and gave his hand to Mr. Widen, who advanced to meet him, and bade him welcome with every expression of cordial friendship.

"You see here my wife and daughter, who have long been desirous of making Mr. Garben's acquaintance. And here, my dear Brigitta Marie, and you, my child, see the man of whom I have so often spoken to you with such esteem and regard; we will hope that he will do us the honor to make one of our circle."

At this very unusual introduction of her husband's, Madame Widen bowed repeatedly, and Rosa made a graceful inclination of her pretty head, while she nearly let all her work tumble down upon the floor, from surprise at her father's speech; for, as far as she could recollect, she had never even heard the name of the highly respected gentleman in question mentioned at all, except casually in connection with an invoice of salt or grain.

As soon as Mr. Garben was seated, Madame Widen commenced with all manner of inquiries regarding the difficulties of the journey, the badness of the roads, &c.; but, her guest not appearing particularly inclined to enlarge upon the subject, she thought it better to give the conversation some other turn.

"For how long may we hope to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Garben among us?"

The Danish merchant looked at his host, and replied—

"If not inconvenient to Mr. Widen, we might possibly take our business in hand to-day; and to-morrow, should we have concluded it, I purpose continuing my journey to Stockholm."

Mr. Widen darted a look at his wife, which quickly made her aware that she had made a bad beginning; and while, in the anxiety of her heart, she was puzzling her head how to get out of the mire, he replied to Mr. Garben's remark, in a composed and previously well-studied manner—

"We can discuss these matters privately—this afternoon, if Mr. Garben wishes."

The tone of security in which these words were uttered, and the slightly perceptible feeling of proud dislike at such a subject having been touched upon by his guest, in the presence of the ladies, had more effect in convincing Garben than all the assurances in the world could have done; for such a degree of security, confidence, and ease, no man could exhibit, who was on the brink of ruin.

Mr. Garben, therefore, fully believed that he had, by his over-haste in appearing to wish to come to the point, affronted a family which had received him with so much kindness; and therefore, in a tone of open cordiality, which went to Mr. Widen's very heart, said—

"This afternoon or to-morrow morning, as suits you best."

And, so saying, Mr. Garben turned his attention to Rosa; and, after the usual preface of admiration at the dexterity with which she seemed to produce fresh flowers upon her canvas, he adroitly led the conversation to those subjects upon which a well-informed and well-bred man prefers to talk with an educated lady—art, literature, poetry, and so on. A couple of hours flew swiftly, during which Mr. Garben appeared to find increasing pleasure in Rosa's apt remarks, which he knew how to call forth at will; and her correct tact, and agreeable, unaffected tone, succeeded, as usual, in charming the person with whom she conversed.

"We shall have the honor of seeing Mr. Garben again at dinner," said Madame Widen, in her very sweetest tone, as their visiter rose, and looked at his watch.

He thanked her politely, and went to make a couple more morning visits before dinner time.

The family kept their places until the last glimpse of Mr. Garben's elegant blue cloth cloak, trimmed with fur, had disappeared behind the corner of the next house; and then Mr. Widen, turning to his wife, said, as he drew a long breath—

"What a goose you are, Brigitta Marie! what sort of a question was that, under such circumstances, how long he was going to stay? If I had not been so uncommonly self-possessed, you would had set a regular little revolution going; but, fortunately, I behaved myself in a manner which produced a very good effect upon him. And, now, what shall we do with the Captain? Have you asked him to dinner?"

"Do not trouble yourself, my dear. Rosa has just received a note from him, in which he says he is going to the country for a few days."

"So, so—that is good. I had almost thought of another expedient; but this is far better—quite capital, indeed. And now, hark ye, Rosa, my dear," said the father, addressing his daughter, who was quite mute with astonishment, "listen well to what I am going to say, and lay it to heart. This man, whom you have seen me receive with such unusual politeness, is my principal creditor, who, understand me well, could, if he chose it, arrest me, and beggar us all. Under these unpleasant circumstances, I have thought it best to tell you what may be the end of it, unless we do all in our power to avoid the evil day, or, at least, delay it. Much, my child, depends upon you. Mr. Garben evidently took pleasure in your conversation. Do all you can to please him. You do it only for your father's sake, my darling," added he, tapping his daughter's cheek, which glowed with indignation at this direction. "Yes, Rosa, for your father's sake," repeated he once more, with real emotion. "Who knows whether these rather hands may not hold the thread which is strong enough to secure all those ties which are threaten to break, and which, most assuredly, will and must do so, unless they are quickly and more firmly bound together!"

Rosa stood silent—she did not venture to look up; but her father read her answer in her downcast look, and quickly added—

"When all is over, and the old house of Widen & Co. dismembered, like a chain from which its links are sundered one by one, then, my Rosa, then perhaps you will no longer have a father to whom you can refuse obedience."

He had calculated how far he might go, to forward the plan which at first appeared to him unreasonable, but which now, he could not but allow, had a kind of distant gleam of probability, if rightly managed; for Mr. Garben had shown himself more than usually marked in his attentions to Rosa.

It was clear that he was pleased with her; and the Merchant began to regard the possible thought of a future alliance between the two houses; and, therefore, Rosa's feelings were urged to the uttermost; her tears streamed over her father's hand, while he caressingly wiped them away, and added—

"I see that you understand me, my child, and you need by no means worry yourself with self-reproach; for, let our affairs turn out how they may, the match with the Captain will be broken off. He must make up his mind to it, if I retract my promise, for I see very plainly that your union with him would be our common misfortune. He is an extremely light-minded, if not a bad man, and I have learned various matters, from a friend at the Residenz, about him. However, we have no concern with them now. Enough! As soon as he returns, I shall send him his dismissal. And now dry your tears, my love; and you, Brigitta Marie, be it your care to manage dinner, so that it may last until the evening; then Rosa shall play and sing, and the card-table will take up the rest of the time; and then, if the devil himself does not meddle, there can be no question about business to-day, and to-morrow we have a large dinner-party."

And, so saying, the Merchant gave his wife and daughter one more look of encouragement, and then left them, to shut himself up in the solitude of his chamber, and devote himself exclusively to the consideration of the danger which threatened him.

Madame Widen likewise went about her manifold important affairs; and when Rosa found herself alone again, she burst into tears afresh, and, sighing, uttered these words—

"Oh, how humiliating, that I should be directed to endeavor to ensnare any man's heart to—to—oh, how abominable! How would not Mannerstedt scorn me, could he only deem it possible that I could lend myself to such meanness? I cannot obey. I will be polite and friendly, as this morning; but as to spreading a net to catch him—no, it is impossible!"

Rosa's train of thoughts here came to a stop. She leaned her head against the edge of the sofa, and fell into a state resembling lethargy; but, with a powerful effort, she vigorously threw it off, and, with all the energy of her will, turned her thoughts to Ferdinand.

"What did his note say?" she said. "Let me read it once more."

And taking the Captain's note, which was an answer to her own, she read as follows:

"DEAREST ROSA: I am in the most afflicted and hopeless of conditions, and the stranger you speak of increases my uneasiness. I fear that this may prove a dangerous visit for your father. There are whispers afloat which terrify me very much. As it will be impossible for you to find an opportunity to-day, and perhaps even to-morrow, to give an hour to my uncle, I prefer to linger out these few days of suspense in the country, convinced that you, Rosa, with angelic goodness, will use the first leisure moment you have, to hasten to the Professor, and apply the whole power of your amiable persuasions, to endeavor to soften his not yet entirely callous heart. If any one in the world is capable of doing it, you are the person, and you alone. I shall pass these three days of absence in killing anxiety. On Wednesday evening, I hope to be back, and receive life or death from your lips. FERDINAND."

"Oh, how very sorry I do feel for him!" sighed Rosa, as she refolded the note, and put it away. "Life from my lips! Poor Ferdinand, 'twill be but a poor existence, truly. God knows what I may have to announce, but I hardly venture to hope for much. Oh, could I but get at the Professor before papa finds an opportunity of putting his new plan in action! This proposal has filled me with a feeling which I cannot name. Had not all the dark concurrences of to-day forcibly brought all my anxieties for the future, as it were, to a focus, I might have even hailed such a feeling as a blessing; for when we are poor, many things become changed. But what advantage will that be here? For Ferdinand I had at least friendship, sympathy, and cordial good-will; but this stranger is totally indifferent to me. I would that my father had some other plan, or, rather, that he would act openly with Mr. Garben. However, I will not allow myself to be frightened. This night, when all has become still, I will beseech him, on my knees, to choose some other expedient."

"Rosa, Rosa!" said Caroline's voice, through the half-open door, "mamma wants to know why you don't come and help her, quick. You are to arrange the table, mamma says."

"I am coming, little one," answered the elder sister; and, blushing at her own inactivity, when all had their hands full, she hastened into the dining-hall.

When, a little after three o'clock, Mr. Garben made his appearance in Madame Widen's drawing-room, there was a party of gentlemen already assembled, strewed in groups about the apartment. At dinner, politics were talked; and when they adjourned to coffee, at a sign from her father, Rosa took her seat at the piano. She was so used to playing before company, that all went off capitally. Garben, with the silent admiration of a connoisseur and a lover of music, approached, and stationed himself behind her chair.

When the last vibration of the notes had ceased, and the Burgomaster, with several other gentlemen, had kindly expressed their thanks, Mr. Garben bent down, and politely said—

"I should be most happy to hear some of those pure tones which spring from the heart of a Northern nightingale."

Rosa blushed at his refined flattery, slightly bowed, and replied—

"Gladly; but Mr. Garben will have only himself to blame, should the nightingale deceive his expectations."

"I will take my chance of that," replied he, and drew back to the other end of the room, whither the other gentlemen followed him.

Rosa did not prelude long; any affectation was quite out of her way, and she soon struck into the accompaniment to Geizer's Freebooter; the glorious finale floated through the room like a spirit's breath, and struck many a soft and tender chord in the hearts of her silent listeners. The first whose voice was heard, after she had finished, was Burgomaster B——.

"Upon my honor," said he, getting up, "Miss Rosa sings the 'Freebooter' better than my wife. You must practice that together, for Aurora's piano is a far better one; and it cost me a pretty penny, too—six hundred rix-dollars banco. What did Brother Widen give for this?"

"Not much less," replied the gentleman addressed, and Mrs. Widen loudly asserted "that Mr. Mannerstedt, who, as all the world knew, was so clever upon several instruments, and upon the piano especially, had often assured her that Rosa's piano was twice, aye, three times, as good a one as that of the Burgomaster's lady."

"How could he say anything of the sort?" rejoined the Burgomaster, scarlet, "he was giving an opinion about things he did not understand. But these boys think they understand everything."

"Come, come, there was no high treason in that," said Madame Widen, in a wicked tone of pleasantry. "Mr. Mannerstedt never asserts anything, without he has grounds for it; and, moreover, he is one of my great favorites—a really very uncommon young man."

"A vain, puffed up, conceited ninny—that is what he is," rejoined the Burgomaster, rendered still more bitter by Madame Widen's praise; "and had he not to-day already discontinued his lessons at my house, of his own accord, I should have sent him about his business. Probably he had some suspicion of my intentions, and so thought fit to be beforehand with me."

"No, indeed, you are mistaken," retorted the lady; "I do not believe he ever thought of such a thing; but he is just thinking of leaving here for Lünd, and has therefore discontinued all his lessons. We are very sorry for it, not alone because he is an irreparable loss to the children, but because in the poor, modest young man, we shall also lose a kind and agreeable companion."

The Burgomaster only shrugged his shoulders, and replied, contemptuously, "I regret it, really," and the skirmish ceased. While this was taking place, Mr. Garben had approached Rosa, who, as she was collecting and arranging her work, was listening with a delighted attention to her mother's defence of one so near her heart.

"I have reason to congratulate myself, not only upon my audacity, but upon the correctness of my anticipations," said the Danish merchant, sitting down beside Rosa; "Miss Widen has improved her talent to a rare degree, beyond that point where one practices merely for amusement;" and he gave her a kind and thankful look.

"Mr. Garben is very polite," said Rosa, smiling; "besides, one never knows what advantage our talents may be to us; or, rather, whether we may not be at some time able to use them to better purpose than that of mere amusement."

Garben was about to reply, when Mr. Widen came up to him, and announced that the card table was waiting for him; whereupon he rose, and with a courteous bow left the charming divinity of the house.

It was past two o'clock when the party broke up, and their guest appeared cheerful and contented when he took leave—indeed, so much so, that Mr. Widen actually anticipated a question which was hovering upon his lips, by saying to him—

"To-morrow, early, I will have the pleasure of waiting on Mr. Garben, and fetching him over—to breakfast," added he, as his guest was already in the street.

When they had all departed, and the master of the house, who, after such severe exertions for many hours, really needed a little repose, took his light, to go into his bed-room, Rosa caught his hand, and, while they were alone, she profited by the opportunity, and humbly and earnestly begged her father, whatever might be the position of his affairs, rather to trust to the stranger's honorable feeling than—than—she hesitated—stopped. She could not venture to say all she thought, but her tearful eye, turned upon his face, expressed more than words could do.

"Than dazzle and deceive him by false appearances," said her father, finishing the sentence for her. "Believe me, however, my dear girl, you do not understand these things, positively you do not, and must not attempt to teach me what I ought to do; therefore, just simply do as I have told you, and everything may yet end well—aye, right well, my love."

"Oh, papa, dearest papa," implored Rosa, and shook her head with sad incredulity, "this once I really cannot obey you. I neither can nor will seek to please any man, as a matter of calculation."

"With or without calculation," replied her father, impatiently, "it is the same thing, so you do it. And now we will say no more about it—so, good night, my child;" he kissed her forehead, and closed the door.

The next morning, as Mr. Garben was sitting in his room, enjoying his pipe and coffee, to his great delight, Mr. Widen was announced. After some preliminary politeness on Mr. Garben's part, with reference to the pleasure he had experienced the previous evening, he inquired after the ladies' health. The Merchant thanked him, and begged him to come and judge for himself.

"I fear that will be impossible, or else our business will all come to nothing to-day," said Mr. Garben.

"Eh, what! we have the whole day before us," said his host, "for I trust you do not leave before to-morrow."

"That would be rather awkward," said the other. "I ought, in fact, to be half way this evening, for I must positively be there on a certain day; but I hope I may do it, even if I start to-morrow morning, early."

"How long does Mr. Garben purpose remaining in Stockholm?" asked Mr. Widen.

"At most a week, and on my return we can look through what we shall be unable to manage to-day. But I should rather make a beginning, and the sooner the better; and therefore I would ask of you, as a great favor, not to plague yourself with a party, because all that hinders serious business. And as I cannot longer delay my journey, I must beg to be allowed to visit you in your own room, at half past ten."

"Just as Mr. Garben pleases. I had thought of inviting a few friends to dinner, but we can put that off until you return. Business first, and pleasure afterwards; and so, adieu, until half past ten, when all shall be ready. However, perhaps you will first take some breakfast with my family, and after that we shall be quite undisturbed."

Mr. Garben would have excused himself, but at last gave his consent, and Mr. Widen bowed and took his leave.

As soon as the perplexed Merchant got home, he gave his wife a look, as a sign to follow him into the next room. She anticipated nothing good, for she saw that his knees trembled; and after they had seated themselves in deep silence, Mr. Widen commenced, in a hollow voice—

"Do not think about a dinner—it will not do. He is to be here punctually, at half past ten, and all objections, evasions, or invitations, would lead to nothing. I therefore embraced the best possible resolve, under the circumstances, that of meeting his wishes with as much composure, firmness, and openness, as I could command. With the greatest difficulty, I made him promise to breakfast with us, and upon this I build my last hope of effecting a postponement until his return."

"But now, in Heaven's name, my dear Widen, what may your plan be?" asked his wife. "Speak, old man, and let me hear it."

The Merchant bent cautiously towards her; she put her ear to his lips; and then followed a long, whispering conversation, interrupted by half-suppressed exclamations from the lady, who, however, appeared to express satisfaction. At length, she raised herself, and said, half frightened, half smiling—

"If, my dear Widen, it would only not be too dangerous."

"Not in the least," assured her husband. "I believe, on the contrary, that it will do me much good; only now go, be cautious, and return quickly."

Madame Widen went out, entered the sleeping-room, bolted the door, and let down the curtains. She then silently and hastily opened a little box, in which all sorts of things were kept. She looked over several packets, in the shape of powders. The labels were carefully scrutinized, and then two were quickly taken, and as rapidly concealed in the folds of her dress; and, having restored all to its former order, she returned to her husband. The curtains were here likewise closely drawn. She took out the concealed packets, and, almost crying, said—

"It is too bad, dear Widen! Do you really believe that there is no other help?"

"No; I have already told you," rejoined her husband, impatiently; "nothing can be done with the girl until he comes back. The only thing we can accomplish is to gain time; so do not idle it away, Brigitta Marie, but make haste."

Without further objections, Madame Widen shook both powders into a glass, poured some water upon it, and offered it to her husband. He drank it down with a grimace, washed his mouth, and said—

"Fie! devil! how filthy! But if it helps us, let it pass; and now quick, Brigitta Marie, get everything in order—be cautious and prudent."

They left the room by different doors.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.—Of the forty members of the Senate last year, only eleven are re-elected, the only one from Suffolk being Daniel Warren. Of over four hundred members of the House last year, only thirty-eight have been re-elected.—*Boston Traveller.*

For the National Era.

SHANNON AND SLAVERY.

BY F. A. B. SIMKINS.

Gov Shannon has pronounced the Legislature legal, and declared himself in favor of Slavery in Kansas.—*Telegraph.*

God of the Right! is this the note
That roused the Fathers of our land
To deeds of valor—this the cause
That triumphed by Thy shielding hand?
Is this the prayer that went to Heaven
Upon the noble patriot's breath—
The guerdon of heroic strife—
The one alternative of Death?

Was it for this that valiant band—
United by the sacred tie
Of duty to a hallowed cause—
Resolved to conquer or to die?
Was it for this on Bunker's Hill
A thousand muskets flashed and pealed?—
For this the patriot's blood was poured
On many a ghastly battle-field?

No! traitor to the cause of God!
Base foe of every right of Man!
Coward, whose every nobler thought
Is banished by a party ban!
This was the cry outwafted then
Upon the noble patriot's breath—
(Brave watchwords! worthy of the men.)
The cry of "Liberty or Death!"

Shame! on the sons of worthy sires
Who struggled bravely to be free,
And dying, left, to bless the world,
The priceless boon of Liberty:
Shame! on the minions—sordid slaves!
Who, recreant to the sacred trust,
Bow down at Slavery's altar-fires,
And trample Freedom in the dust!

"Hail, blest Oppression!" Can it be
That, borne on Freedom's hallowed breeze,
Earth's tyrants catch and echo words
So wild and blasphemous as these!
Hath Freedom's spirit fled from men,
And feeling hearts been turned to stones?—
The Fathers not alone interred,
But Freedom buried with their bones!

Say, shall the sun of Freedom set,
And darkness shroud a world of slaves?
No! by th' Omnipotence of Right!—
No! by our Fathers' sacred graves!
False echo of the thunder-voice
That spake for Liberty of yore!
Insult not Heaven, nor kneel beneath
The dismal shrine of Slavery more!

Whence comes this fawning fugitive,
With prayer for Slavery on his lip?
He flies from ignominious rout,*
As pirates leave their sinking ship!
Thank God! Ohio still is free!
Whoso from duty shall recoil
She brands with damning infamy,
And spurns the traitor from her soil!

Oh, that her sister States but stood
For "God and Liberty" as true—†
Their toiling sons *brave freemen* all,
With more "backbone" and less "hoohoo!"
Then should th' oppressed of every land
Rejoice; and every sceptre be
Snatched from the trembling despot's hand,
And all the nations yet be free!

Rouse! Freemen, rouse! or Freedom falls,
Stabbed by her dark, insidious foe;
Even now the base assassin's hand
Is nerved to deal the deadly blow!
Up, Freedom's hosts! the brave, free North
Shall check the tyrant's onward stride;
Be vanquished Slavery's vaunted power!
Be humbled Slavery's boasting pride!

Cincinnati, Oct. 16, 1855.

* The four "DOGS" from Ohio, who voted for the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and in whose stead the people have returned four "good men and true," were Disney, Olds, Green, and *Shannon.*

† Senator Chase's opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill has been most emphatically endorsed by his constituency. * * Missouri is the peculiar representative of the South. * * Missouri and Ohio are political antipodes.—*N. Y. Times.*

COMMERCIAL INFLUENCES.

With matters of commerce, men of all conditions in life have a remote, if not a direct interest, and therefore it is that all seek information in regard to a subject so comprehensive in its influences. The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler chose this topic for one of his lectures before the Mercantile Library Society of St. Louis, and gave many apt illustrations of the power of commerce in all ages. We quote a notice of the lecture from the *Republican* of the 15th instant. After a brief allusion to the terrible disaster which had spread a gloom over the city, Mr. Chandler said:

"Now-a-days, where was health and wealth, was commerce. He alluded to Italy as a striking instance that reciprocity was the life of trade, and that consequently between the various Italian States no commerce could spring up, because they all had the same productions; that our country was equally illustrative of this principle, both because of its foreign and domestic commerce. The North needed the products of the South, and the South demanded in return the manufactures of the North. Each gave to the other of its surplus, and, the want of one being compensated by the superabundance of the other, exchange followed; and this was commerce.

"The cities of Tyre, of Venice, of Genoa, and their decadence, argued nothing against his proposition, that commerce ruled the world. When they were the marts of the great Eastern trade, they flourished; and when commerce developing new arts, (because wants stimulate genius,) had, through these arts and sciences, learned new and more successful routes, and the tide of wealth was turned to other points, necessarily, with the decay of their commerce commenced the decay of their greatness. But this decay, so far from arguing against the might of commerce, proves that no power was too great for it; and that such was its impetuous force, that nothing could unmake what it had made. To object that these instances proved the fallacy of his proposition, would be as ridiculous as to argue that, because the roadside inn had lost its custom on account of railroad facilities, therefore the paint of the roadside inn had blackened in the sun, and grown into disuse. He alluded to the condition of Spain, and argued that there again there was nothing to exchange, and consequently there could be no commerce. He alluded to the Jews, and their mercantile habits, and styled them a nation of merchants."

Such are a few of the thoughts, perhaps not the most striking of the many beautiful ones, with which this lecture abounded. One more suggests itself to us as we write: "That if the country did not now point to such men as were of the past—to her Jeffersons, Madisons, Clays, Websters, and Calhouns—it was not because no such men now existed; but the political arena had lost its prestige; merit no longer was the touchstone of office; young men had turned from political strife, to devote their talents and their energies in spheres where they would not only be honored, but be suitably compensated with wealth. Hence, the minds which might distinguish themselves in the Cabinet could be found in the counting-room and the factory or the machine-shop. They abondoned politics, to embark in commercial or mechanical pursuits. Nor did the country lose by this; for these minds were alive to the true interests of the country, as prosperity was the foundation of their success. Nor would the country lose by this, because the very basis of commercial success was honor; and it is but a truthful assertion, that no man ever attained distinction in commercial circles, whose transactions were not governed by the strictest integrity. To commerce he looked for the preservation of our glorious Union. Commerce was the only power that could save it. Religion, in its influences, was too remote, and the sentiment of patriotism too weak; but commerce, through its powers, would speak, would command, as it has done, the Legislature; for if we would examine the subject, we would be astonished to find how much of our legislation solely referred to the protection and development of our commerce."

The lecturer for more than an hour detained his audience, and yet their silence, only broken by the applause provoked by his sallies of wit and humor, attested the deep interest he excited.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

Some Paris correspondent of the *New York Daily Times* recently put in circulation a report to the effect that a gentleman connected with the American Legation in Paris had left his post suddenly, and come home, leaving behind him unpaid tradesmen's bills, to the amount of eight or ten thousand dollars. This was understood to refer to the Secretary of Legation, Mr. Donn Piatt, who has resigned his office, and come home. We did not credit the report, nor reprint it, on account of the vague and suspicious way in which it was stated, but we publish with pleasure the following capital letter from Mr. Piatt in reference to it:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Daily Times:

My attention has been called to an article in your paper of the 12th, commenting severely upon "the conduct of a gentleman connected with one of our Legations in Europe." I am assured, greatly to my astonishment, that this has reference to myself. If so, permit me to say, that you and your Paris correspondent have been grossly imposed upon.

Instead of leaving my post with "eight or ten thousand dollars indebtedness," one-eighth part of that sum would pay all that I owe in the world. And in place of quitting Paris like "an absconding debtor," for four months past my resignation has been publicly known, as well as my proposed return to the United States, as soon as my successor could be appointed. After close confinement to the bureau for nearly two years, I asked for leave of absence, proposing to travel over Europe, until my successor would appear prepared to enter upon the discharge of his duties. Judge Mason consented to this arrangement, and I had made every preparation for my journey, when the ill health of my family decided me to use this leave of absence in returning home. I did so, leaving no engagement, that I am aware of, unfulfilled. On the contrary, I appointed Mr. Charles J. Fleischmann my agent in Paris, with instructions to forward all outstanding claims against me, with assurances that they would receive due attention.

It is very annoying to have one's private affairs dragged before the public in this manner; but since "these sensitive American residents in Paris" have seen fit to do so, I have no objection to make an exhibit of my accounts—so that their delicate sensitiveness may be quieted with the assurance that the American honor is yet safe, so far as I am concerned.

Permit me to call their attention to the fact, that the salary of Secretary of Legation is quite inadequate to the support of a family in Paris. That for half a year I occupied the position of Chargé d'Affaires—performing, during that time, the same duties, on a salary of $2,000, for which a Minister receives pay at the rate of $18,000 for the first year, and $15,000 the succeeding years—and for precisely the same labor my predecessor, Mr. Sandford, had an appropriation from Congress of $7,000. It is also a fact, to which I ask the attention of these sensitive gentlemen, that I expended not only my salary, but $8,000 of my private means. Paris contained, during that winter and summer, an immense throng of Americans—and whether this could be considered extravagant or not, those best acquainted with the expense of living in Paris can readily answer.

When the facts are better known to you and your readers, this sudden hue and cry upon the part of these "sensitive American residents in Paris" will look like a wanton assault. Take the statements, even as they propose the world should believe them. I did not seek the position of Chargé d'Affaires, and relinquished it on the first opportunity—and if, in the effort to sustain respectably what I had not sought, I incurred an indebtedness my means would not justify, the fault is not mine. Yet further: had I left a host of creditors to wait until Congress should come, as is customary, to their and my relief, I would have been held blameless. But such is not the case. I exercised all economy consistent with my position, but in so doing was obliged to encroach upon my private resources. I am not a man of fortune, nor such a fool as to find in the honor a recompense for the pecuniary loss. It is rather amusing, that at the moment I was counting up the cost, and attempting to discover how much our Government was in debt to me, this absurd charge should be preferred. And I am under obligation to the gentlemen for this statement of my expense, which I very cheerfully accept.

I had the fortune, during my official residence in Paris, to offend the "sensitive gentlemen" aforesaid. I declined, so far as my power extended, giving them a monopoly of the few good things pertaining to the Legation. They are sensitive over the national honor, yet I fear it would not be safe, if, by its sacrifice, they could decoy a decayed Count or a live Lord into their salons. I regret that the truth must come out, but these "sensitive gentlemen" are dismal snobs, made in Nature's severest fits of economy, without bowels or brain, who seek by their wealth to purchase abroad what their merit would not secure them at home. The mere fact that they would forsake their own free land for a permanent residence under a despotism like that of the French Government, makes this sudden awakening to a sense of our national honor rather ludicrous. This class did not suit my democracy; and, whilst I exercised towards it a patient forbearance, I declined being made use of. Hence these silly attacks, now that I am not upon the ground to defend myself. If I have suffered annoyance from these nominal Americans, I have been more than repaid by the kindness and support of the many genuine citizens it has been my good privilege to meet, and show some little attention to, in Paris.

By giving this note a place in your columns, you will greatly oblige yours, sincerely,

DONN PIATT,
Late Secretary of Legation at Paris.

Cincinnati, Nov. 15, 1855.

SCHEME FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF THE NEW CONGRESS.

We clip the subjoined from the Washington *Star:*

The following document is in print in the hands of many of the Know Nothing managers now in Washington, who are cheating themselves into the hope that they will be able to induce many Democratic members to form a coalition with them, to secure and then to divide the spoils.

Plan for Organizing the House of Representatives—Thirty-fourth Congress—I. To call a meeting of all members of the American Order who support the resolutions adopted by the National Council at Philadelphia, 12th June, 1855.

This meeting shall prescribe obedience to those resolutions as the test of eligibility to any office or appointment within the power of the House of Representatives.

If a sufficient number of National Americans cannot be assembled to effect an organization upon the above basis, a conference shall be invited, with all members favorable to an organization upon the basis of maintaining the existing laws upon the subject of Slavery as a final and conclusive settlement of that subject.

That this conference shall refuse to support any nominee for any office within the appointment of the House, who will not take and subscribe the following declaration of principle and action.

1. That he will obey and enforce, when called on so to do, all laws enacted by the Federal and State Governments, as paramount to any other authority within their respective and appropriate jurisdictions.

2. That he will abide by and maintain the existing laws upon the subject of Slavery, as a final and conclusive settlement of that subject in spirit and in substance.

3. That he will abstain from and discourage the agitation of the Slavery question.

4. That he will confer no subordinate appointment upon any one who will not make and subscribe the foregoing declaration.

II. That the organization, thus effected, shall be regarded as a patriotic truce for the purpose of preventing legislative anarchy, for carrying on the Government in accordance with the forms of the Constitution, and the maintenance of the public peace and dignity against sectional agitation.

III. That every member who unites in this plan of organization shall be free to resume his political relations, and maintain his political opinions, as heretofore; nor shall he be bound to any alliance beyond the act of putting the House of Representatives into legislative motion.

IV. That a committee be appointed to report a ticket in conformity with the principles of this plan of organization, presenting the names of suitable nominees for the various offices within the appointment of the House of Representatives.

THE RESULT IN WISCONSIN, AND THE CAUSES.

It is not yet exactly known whether the Administration or Republican candidate for the office of Governor has succeeded in Wisconsin, although the chances appear to be in favor of the latter. The Republicans, too, probably have a small majority in the Legislature. They ought to have won a more decided triumph.

We copy from the Milwaukie *Free Democrat* the following article on the election and its results:

"But the greatest misfortune of our cause, this fall, was the neglect of the Republicans to vote. The editor of the Monroe *Sentinel* assures us that not more than *two-thirds* of the Republican vote of Green county were polled. A similar indifference prevailed in Racine, in Fond du Luc, in Grant, and, in fact, throughout a large portion of the State. And this grew out of two facts—the benumbing influence of Know Nothingism, and the lack of a man at the head of our ticket to call out the Free Soil element. The Anti-Slavery feeling of the State was not met, nor satisfied, by the nomination of the Republican Convention. The canvass was fought merely on the issue of dollars and cents, and the great question, to which alone the hearts of the people respond, was comparatively thrown into the shade. Had Holton been the nominee, the rallying cry would have been Freedom and Kansas against Nebraska Bill, Barstow, and Slavery, and the result would have been an overwhelming victory for the Republican ticket. Gov. Barstow himself admits, that had the issue been made on the Nebraska bill, instead of on the school land and lunatic asylum swindle, he would have been beaten out of sight. Not that Mr. Bashford would not act right on the Slavery question. But he had not been identified, in the public mind, with the Anti-Slavery movement, and was not *known* to the people as an earnest, out-spoken, stern, and uncompromising opponent of Slavery. He had not, in any way, so signalized himself, by speech or act, as to make him a prominent representative of the Anti-Slavery cause; and hence it was impossible to rouse up the enthusiasm of the people in his behalf. When Cole and Crawford divided the suffrages of the people, the contest was distinctly on the Slavery question; and the issue was, shall the law of Slavery or the law of Freedom prevail in Wisconsin? And upon this issue the people rallied with a will that bore down all opposition. They felt that a vital principle, on the maintenance of which their liberties depended, was at stake, and they acted as men inspired with devotion to Freedom only can. And though all the Democratic presses, two Republican presses, and half the prominent Republican lawyers of the State, came out for Crawford, yet Cole was elected by between 4,000 and 5,000 majority. And had the issue been made, this fall, as it should have been, and the people been roused by a thorough canvass, as they should have been, we might have had 10,000 majority.

"Then, again, a part of the opposition to Barstow was purely personal. It was a Democratic quarrel, in which the people took little interest. It was a fight between two factions of old Hunkerism, and, had Barstow been defeated in Convention, the Madison *Patriot*, Waukesha *Democrat*, I. P. Walker, and all that class of Democrats, would have opposed the Republican ticket, and sustained the rascalities of the Pierce Administration as heartily as they opposed Barstow. As it is, if our whole ticket is not defeated, the head of it is saved only by the skin of his teeth. The Republican party has had a good lesson set them, but whether it will profit by it, remains to be seen."

REJOICING AT THE DEFEAT OF REPUBLICANISM.

From the Paris (Ky.) Citizen.

The elections in Massachusetts and New York exhibit one most gratifying result, and that is, a decided check to the "Fusion" or *Black Republican* movement. They show that this sectional faction, whose triumph in the North would have been full of danger to the peace of the country, instead of sweeping every thing before it, embraces but a small minority of the people. We hope its race is run. We believe that the causes which have induced so many men to ally themselves with it, will, in another year, have lost their power.

In Massachusetts, Gardner, the American candidate, is elected Governor, by a plurality of 13,000, over the foremost of his three opponents.

Gardner is an Anti-Slavery man, and was of those who bolted from the Philadelphia Convention upon the Slavery question. But he has refused to follow the notorious Wilson. He is a conservative man, and his election is a triumph of conservatism. He is the man who refused to remove Judge Loring for remanding a fugitive slave, as required to do by a fanatical Legislature and by popular clamor; and he vetoed the bill, passed by the same Legislature, to nullify the Fugitive Slave Law. Notwithstanding his opposition to Slavery, he stands by the Constitution and laws.

THE SLAVE POWER ENCOURAGED.

From the Columbia (Tenn.) Union.

The American Party.—The result of the recent elections in New York, Massachusetts, and Maryland, is highly gratifying and encouraging to the American party, and proves beyond a doubt that to it, and it alone, the country must look for the restoration of peace and harmony, and the subversion of all treasonable designs against the Constitution and the Union. Falsehood, corruption, and demogogism, may for a time triumph over its principles, and prevent them from shining forth in all their splendor; but that they *will* so shine, is just as certain as that each revolving year will bring with it the flowers of spring in their season, and the fruits of autumn at the appointed time. They are based on the eternal rock of truth, and must from "age to age endure." The tempests of faction may lower and threaten their annihilation, and the storms of sectional rivalry may dim their lustre, but they will again loom up on the political horizon, and, like a friendly beacon to the storm-tossed mariner, guide the country to a haven of rest. They will then gleam forth in all the undimmed magnificence of a more full and perfect day.

There is that about the platform of the American party which commends it to the good sense of every one. Every lover of his country, every friend of the Constitution, every man in whose veins runs a drop of that blood which inspired our revolutionary sires to deeds of noble daring, is forced to admit that it breathes the essence of unalloyed patriotism. It must and will succeed. No earthly power can interpose to prevent the accomplishment of its high destiny. It is the sheet-anchor of the country, and to it the nation will yet look for safety.

CENSUS OF NEW YORK.—The returns of the State