WASHINGTON, D. C.

From the Springfield Republican.

NATIONALIZATION OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

It needs no argument to show that the Supreme Court of the United States has degenerated into a mere partisan and sectional instrument. The lamentable fact is palpable and undisguised. Its recent outrage upon public decency and propriety, in forcing upon the country a series of opinions upon the subject of Slavery, not required by the case under consideration, and uttered for the sole purpose of giving a certain sacredness to the greatest partisan outrage ever committed by Congress—the annulment of the Slavery prohibition in the Territories—shows the extent to which that court has degenerated, and the utterness of its prostitution to the uses of the Slavery-extending politicians. Is there no remedy for this debasement of the Supreme Court?

Has the country no protection against this new and strange process, by which the politicians may get their most repulsive heresies transformed into law? Must all the Executive and Judicial precedents of the past be ruthlessly denied and trampled down, whenever a reckless political gambler shall choose to coin some new theory in support of Slavery, which he can sell to the South for a consideration?

The Supreme Court is looked upon as something fixed and immovable—entirely beyond the reach of the people, and clothed with an authority nearly or quite absolute and despotic. Indeed, there are not wanting, among those who claim the name of Democrats, some who consider it a sort of treason, or something worse, to doubt the infallibility of the grave gentlemen who occupy the Supreme Bench, or to hint at the possibility that they have uttered a mistaken opinion, or yielded to a corrupt influence. But the whole history of the Judiciary, in this and other countries, shows that judges are but weak and erring men, often committing the saddest mistakes, and, alas! how often perverting their sacred office to the support of the wrong cause, when backed by power and wealth, against the right which has only its own righteousness to sustain it.

We said the Supreme Court is sectional. It is not only so in its general aim and the spirit of the majority of the judges; it is sectional in its construction. This is seen at a glance by the following table of the judicial districts:

FREE STATES.	
1. Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island -	2,043,204
2. Vermont, Connecticut, and New York - - - -	3,782,306
3. New Jersey, and Pennsylvania -	2,801,341
7. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, - - - -	4,207,869
Four circuits. Total free population	12,834,720
SLAVE STATES.	
4. Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia - - - -	1,383,912
5. Alabama, Louisiana, and Kentucky - -	1,443,394
6. North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia - - -	1,249,167
8. Kentucky, Tennessee, and Misouri - - -	2,110,174
9. Mississippi, and Arkansas - -	457,907
Five circuits. Total free population	6,644,454

Here Kentucky is twice included. If we deduct her population from one circuit, we shall see that the five Southern judges represent but 5,883,000 people, while the four Northern judges represent 12,835,000. Under a fair apportionment, the North would have six of the nine judges, and the South but three.

We have reason to believe that the subject of a just and fair reorganization of the Supreme Court will be brought before the next Congress, and will become a topic of the most serious and earnest discussion. It is too much to hope from a Congress constituted as that will be, that the measure will succeed. But it will be presented in such form that the whole country will see its intrinsic justice and propriety, and the decision against it will be so evidently based on sheer sectional and party grounds as to demonstrate how entirely the Supreme Court is relied upon and used as a political machine. Something will thus be gained in the presentation of the true bearings of the question to the people, and in the preparation of the public mind for the change. If we cannot secure a Supreme Court immeasurably above the base partisan uses to which the present court degrades itself, then it were better that the whole thing should be rooted up, and a new court organized, that shall stand above the reach of such influences.

LYNCHING AN ABOLITIONIST IN MISSISSIPPI.

A correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal*, writing from Oxford, Miss., on the 7th inst., gives the following account of the manner in which an Abolitionist was lynched:

"On Friday night last, a man by the name of Snyder was brought here under arrest, charged with organizing an insurrection among the negroes in the neighborhood of Abbeyville, and was tried before the committing court the next day, and discharged. But before he had time to get out of the court-house, a meeting of the citizens was called. Mr. Yancy Wiley was called to the chair, and made some inquiring remarks, which were answered by several of our influential citizens, somewhat recommending mob law, which was received with applause; but this was cooled down by occasional speeches from those opposed to it. After deliberating some two hours, the prisoner agreed to remain in jail one month, to enable him to procure evidence of his innocence, which was put to a vote of the house, and rejected; after which, a committee of five was appointed to dispose of the matter. They agreed to accept his proposition, (one month's imprisonment,) and the meeting adjourned. He (the prisoner) left the house for the jail under care of two constables, but on arriving at the gate he was pushed back, when the officers had to release their hold, which was immediately taken by two of the crowd. They proceeded to the end of the street leading north from the court-house.

"When they were about one hundred yards out of the corporation, they left the road about a quarter of a mile, and stopped. The man (Snyder) was asked to strip himself, which he did without a word. He was then asked to acknowledge the crime he was charged with. To this he said he had none to make; that he was innocent, &c. After keeping him naked near an hour, and consulting, it was proposed to let him have what he chose, and he was carried back to the jail. Awhile after supper he was demanded of the jailor, who refused to let him out, but, upon persuading and explanation on the part of the people, he (the jailor) agreed to turn the prisoner out, not having any legal process to imprison him, which was done. He was taken a half-mile from town by a picked crowd, who were watched closely by outsiders. After remaining in the woods about an hour and a half, the crowd (who were scattered around as sentinels) met at a fence where the prisoner was. He was again told to strip, which he proceeded to do without molestation; but when he was drawing his shirt, it was caught and fastened around his neck with the sleeves for a blindfold. A rope was then put around his neck to frighten him, but it had not its desired effect. He was allowed to stand in that position about fifteen minutes, when he was carried to the bottom of the hollow nearest to where they were, and tied around a tree. He was told what was their intention: to lynch him until he told something. The lashing was commenced by two, who used straps fastened to sticks about ten inches long. After he had taken one hundred and sixty-seven lashes, he began to know something about it, but not enough to satisfy the lynchers; so they commenced again with two other lynchers, and when the number had reached two hundred and thirty eight lashes, he told the whole tale, which was this: He was to raise a company of some dozen blacks, who were to be furnished with arms (knives and pistols) by him, and go to the houses of some of the wealthiest families, and get their money by frightening them. If they failed in this way, they were to kill the men and take it, when they were to get on the cars for Memphis, and then up the river to Indiana. They were to take two white ladies with them, for wives. (He implicated another man, who was then in Indiana.) There was no testimony against him except his confession and that of the blacks. So he was shipped on the cars yesterday morning for the Junction, where he was to start to his home in Indiana. I have learned to-day that he was taken from the cars at Holly Springs, and confined in jail. I suppose we shall hear more from him when the cars arrive here to-day. D. P. M."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MY BROOCH.

I have in my possession an article of jewelry, which cost me many an uncomfortable twinge, though it was certainly not stolen. Neither was it begged, borrowed, given, or bought; yet, looking at it, I often feel myself in the position of the old man in the nursery tale, who, having peculated from some churchyard a stray ulna, or clavicle, was perpetually haunted by the voice of its defunct owner, crying, in most unearthly tones, "Give me my bone!" Now, the ornament that had unluckily fallen to my lot—I picked it up in the street—is a miniature brooch, set with small garnets, in having antique gold. It is evidently a portrait of somebody or other's great grandmother, then a fair damsel, in a rich peaked boddice and stomacher, and a heavy necklace of pearls; her hair combed over a cushion, and adorned with a tiny wreath—a sweet looking creature she is, though not positively beautiful. I never wear the brooch (and on principle I wear it frequently, in the hope of finding the real owner) but I pause and speculate on the story attached to it and its original, for I am sure that both had a story. And one night, lying awake after a *conversazione*, my ears still ringing with the din of many voices—Heavens! how these literary people do talk!—there came to me a phantasy, a vision, or a dream, whichever the reader chooses to consider it.

It was moonlight, of course; and her silvery majesty was so powerful, that I had drawn the "draperies of my couch" quite close to shut her out; nevertheless, as I looked on the white curtains at the foot of the bed, I saw growing there—I can find no better word—an image, like—what shall I say? like the dissolving views now so much the rage. It seemed to form itself out of nothing, and gradually assume a distinct shape. Lo! it was my miniature brooch, enlarged into a goodly-sized apparition, the garnets setting forth glimmers of light, by which I saw the figure within, half human, half etherial, waving to and fro like vapor, but still preserving the attitude and likeness of the portrait. Certainly, if a ghost, it was the very prettiest ghost ever seen.

I believe it is etiquette for apparitions only to speak when spoken to; so I suppose I must have addressed mine. But my phantom and I held no conversation; and in all I remember of the interview, the speech was entirely on its side, communicated by snatches, like breathings of an Æolian harp, and thus chronicled by me:

How was I created, and by whom? Young gentlewoman, (I honor you by using a word peculiar to my day, when the maidens were neither "misses" nor "young ladies," but essentially *gentlewomen*,) I derived my birth from the two greatest powers on earth, Genius and Love; but I will speak more plainly. It was a summer's day—such summers one never sees now—that I came to life under my originator's hand. He sat painting in a quaint old library, and the image before him was the original of what you see.

A look at myself will explain much; that my creator was a young, self-taught, and, as yet, only half-taught, artist, who, charmed with the expression, left accurate drawing to take its chance. His sitter's character and fortune are indicated too; though she was not beautiful, sweetness and dignity are in the large, dark eyes and finely-pencilled eyebrows; and while the pearls, the velvet, and the lace, show wealth and rank, the rose in her bosom implies simple maidenly tastes. Thus the likeness tells its own tale—she was an earl's daughter, and he was a poor artist.

Many a time, during that first day of my existence, I heard the sweet voice of Lady Jean talking in kindly courtesy to the painter, as he drew. "She was half ashamed that her father had asked him to paint only a miniature; he whose genius and inclination led him to the highest walks of art." But the artist answered, somewhat confusedly, "That having been brought up near her father's estate, and hearing so much of her goodness, he was only too happy to paint any likeness of the Lady Jean." And I do believe he was.

"I also have heard of you, Mr. Bethune," was the answer; and the lady's aristocratically pale cheek was tinged with a faint rose color, which the observant artist would fain have immortalized, but could not, for the trembling of his hand. "It gives me pleasure," she continued, with a quiet dignity befitting her rank and womanhood, "to not only make the acquaintance of the promising artist, but the good man." Ah, me! it was a mercy Norman Bethune did not annihilate my airy existence altogether with that hurried dash of his pencil; it made the mouth somewhat awry, as you may see in me to this day.

There was a hasty summons from the Earl, "that himself and Sir Anthony desired the presence of Lady Jean." An expression of pain, half of anger, crossed her face, as she replied, "Say that I will attend my father. I believe," she added, "we must end the sitting for to-day. Will you leave the miniature here, Mr. Bethune?"

The artist muttered something about working on it at home, with Lady Jean's permission; and as one of the attendants touched me, he snatched my up within such anxiety, that he had very nearly destroyed his own work.

"Ah! 'twould be unco like her bonnie face gin she were as blithe as she was this morn. But that canna be, wi' a dour father like the Earl, and an uncomely, wicked wooer like Sir Anthony. Hech, sir, but I am wae for the Leddy Jean!"

I know not why Norman should have listened to the "auld wife clavers," nor why, as he carried me home, I should have felt his heart beating against me to a degree that sadly endangered my young tender life. I suppose it was his sorrow for having thus spoiled my half-dry colors, that made him not show me to his mother, though she asked him, and also from the same cause that he sat half the night contemplating the injury thus done.

Again and again the young artist went to the castle, and my existence slowly grew from day to day; though never was there a painting whose infancy lasted so long. Yet I loved my creator, tardy though he was, for I felt that he loved me, and that in every touch of his pencil he infused into me some portion of his soul. Often they came and stood together, the artist and the Earl's daughter, looking at me. They talked, she dropping the aristocratic hauteur, which hid a somewhat immature mind, ignorant less from will than from circumstances and neglect. While he, forgetting his worldly rank, rose to that which nature and genius gave him. Thus both unconsciously fell into their true position as man and woman, teacher and learner, the greater and the less.

"Another sitting, and the miniature will be complete, I fear," murmured Norman, with a conscience-stricken look, as he bent over me, his fair hair almost touching my ivory. A caress, sweet, though no longer new to me; for many a time his lips—but this is telling tales, so no more! My painted, yet not soulless, eyes looked at my master, as did others, of which mine were but the poor shadow. Both eyes, the living and the lifeless, were now dwelling on his countenance, which I have not yet described, nor need I. Never yet was there a beautiful soul that did not stamp upon the outward man some reflex of itself; and therefore, whether Norman Bethune's face and figure were perfect or not, matters not.

"It is nearly finished," mechanically said the Lady Jean. She looked dull that day, and her eyelids were heavy as with tears—tears which (as I heard many a whisper say) a harsh father gave her just cause to shed.

"Yes, yes, I ought to finish it," hurriedly replied the artist, as if more in answer to his own thoughts than to her; and he began to paint, but evermore something was wrong. He could not work well; and then the Lady Jean was summoned away, returning with a weary look, in which wounded feeling struggled with pride. Once, too, we plainly heard (I know my master did, for he clenched his hands the while) the Earl's angry voice, and Sir Anthony's hoarse laugh; and when the Lady Jean came back, it was with a pale, stern look, pitiful in one so young. As she resumed the sitting, her thoughts evidently were wandering, for two great tears stole into her eyes, and down her cheeks. Well-a-day! my master could not paint *them*; but he felt them in his hesrt. His brush fell—his chest heaved with emotion—he advanced a step, murmuring, "Jean, Jean," without the "Lady;" then recollected himself, and with a great struggle resumed his brush, and went painting on. She had never once looked or stirred.

The last sitting came—it was hurried and brief, for there seemed something not quite right in the house; and as we came to the castle, Norman and I (for he had got in the habit of always taking me home with him) heard something about "a marriage," and "Sir Anthony." I felt my poor master shudder as he stood.

The Lady Jean rose to bid the artist adieu. She had seemed agitated during the sitting at times, but was quite calm now.

"Farewell," she said, and stretched out her hand to him with a look, first of the Earl's daughter, then of the *woman* only; the woman, gentle, kindly, even tender, yet never forgetting herself or her maidenly reserve.

"I thank you," she added, "not merely for this, (she laid her hand on me,) but for your companionship;" and she paused as if she would fain have said friendship, yet feared. "You have done me good; you have elevated my mind; and from you I have learned, what else I might never have done, reverence for man. God bless you with a life full of honor and fame, and, what is rarer still, happiness!" She half sighed, extended her hand without looking toward him; he clasped it a moment, and then—she was gone!

My master started dizzily round, fell on his knees beside me, and groaned out the anguish of his spirit. His only words were, "Jean, Jean, so good, so pure! Thou, the Earl's daughter, and I the poor artist!" As he departed, he moaned them out once more, kissed passionately my unresponsive image, and fled; but not ere the Lady Jean, believing him gone, and coming to catch the precious likeness, had silently entered and seen him thus.

She stood awhile in silence, gazing the way he had gone, her arms folded on her heaving breast. She whispered to herself, "Oh! noble heart! Oh! noble heart!" and her eyes lightened, and a look of rapturous pride, not pride of rank, dawned in the face of the Earl's daughter. Then she, too, knelt, and kissed me, but solemnly, even with tears.

The next day, which was to have been that of her forced marriage with Sir Anthony, Lady Jean had fled. She escaped in the night, taking with her only her old nurse and me, whom she hid in her bosom.

"You would not follow the poor artist to wed him?" said the nurse.

"Never!" answered the Lady Jean. "I would live alone by the labor of my hands; but I will keep true to him till my death. For my father who has cursed me, and cast me off, here I renounce my lineage; and am no longer an Earl's daughter."

So she went forth, and her place knew her no more.

For months, even years, I lay shut up in darkness, scarcely ever exposed to the light of day; but I did not murmur; I knew that I was kept as you mortals keep your heart's best treasure, in the silence and secrecy of love. Sometimes, late at night, a pale, wearied hand would unclasp my coverings, and a face, worn indeed, but having a sweet repose, such as I had never seen in that of the former Lady Jean, would come and bend over me with an intense gaze, as intense as that of Norman Bethune, under which I had glowed into life. Poor Norman! if he had but known.

All this while I never heard my master's name. Lady Jean (or Mistress Jean, as I now heard her called) never uttered it, even to solitude and me. But once, when she had shut herself up in her poor chamber, she sat reading some papers with smiles, oftener with loving tears, and then placed the fragments with me in my hiding-place; and so—some magic bond existed between my master and me, his soul's child—I saw shining in the dark, the name of Norman Bethune, and read all that Lady Jean had read. He had become a great man, a renowned artist; and these were the public chronicles of his success. I, the pale reflex of the face which Norman had loved—the face which more than any other in the world would brighten at the echo of his fame—even my faint being became penetrated with an almost human joy.

One night Lady Jean took me out with an agitated hand. She had doffed her ordinary dress, which now changed the daughter of an Earl into the likeness of a poor gentlewoman. She looked something like her olden self—like me; the form of the dress was the same; I saw she made it scrupulously like; but there was neither velvet, nor lace, no pearls, only the one red rose, as you may see in me, was once more placed in her bosom.

"I am glad to find my child at last won out into society," said the nurse, hobbling in, "though the folks she will meet, poor authors, artists, musicians, and such like, are unmeet company for the Lady Jean."

"But not for the simple Jean Douglass," she answered, gently smiling—the smile not of girlhood, but of matured womanhood, that has battled with and conquered adversity; and when the nurse had gone, she took me out again, murmuring, "I marvel will he know me now?"

I heard her come home that night. It was late; but she took me up once more, and looked at me with a strange joy, though mingled with tears—yet the only words I heard her say were those she had uttered once before, in the dim years past—"Oh! noble heart!—thrice noble heart!" and she fell on her knees and prayed.

My dear master!—the author of my being! I met his eyes once more. He took me in his hand, and looked at me with a playful compassion, not quite free from emotion.

"And this was how I painted it! It was scarce worth keeping, Lady Jean."

"*Mistress* Jean, I pray you; the name best suits me now, Mr. Bethune," she said, with gentle dignity.

I knew my master's face well. I had seen it brighten with the most passionate admiration, as it turned on the Lady Jean of old; but never did I see a look such as that which fell on Jean Douglass now—earnest, tender, calm, its boyish idolatry changed into that reverence with which a man turns to the woman who to him is above all women. In it one could trace the whole life's history of Norman Bethune.

"Jean," he said, so gently, so naturally, that she hardly started to hear him use the familiar name, "have you in truth given up all?"

"Nay, all have forsaken me, but I fear not; though I stand alone, Heaven has protected me, and will evermore."

"Amen!" said Norman Bethune. "Pardon me; but our brief acquaintance—a few weeks then, a few weeks now—seems to comprehend a lifetime."

And he took her hand, but timorously, as if she were again the Earl's daughter and he the poor artist. She too trembled and changed color, less like the pale, serene Jean Douglass, than the bonnie Lady Jean, whose girlish portrait he once drew.

Norman spoke again; and speaking, his grave manhood seemed to concentrate all its subdued passion in the words—

"Years have changed, in some measure, my fortunes at least, though not me. I—once the unknown artist—now sit at princely tables, and visit in noble halls. I am glad; for honor to me is honor to my art, as it should be." And his face was lifted with noble pride. "But," he added, in a beautiful humility, "though less unworthy towards me, I am still unworthy towards you. If I were to woo you, I should do so not as an artist who cared to seek an Earl's daughter, but as a man who felt that his best deserts were poor, compared to those of the woman he has loved all his life, and honored above all the world."

Very calm she stood—very still, until there ran a quiver over her face—over her whole frame.

"Jean—Jean!" cried Norman Bethune, as the forced composure of his speech melted from it, and became transmuted into the passion of a man who has thrown his whole life's hope upon one chance, "if you do not scorn me—nay, that you cannot do—but if you do not repulse me—if you will forget your noble name, and bear that which, with God's blessing, I will make noble—ay, nobler than any of your Earls!—if you will give up all dreams of the halls where you were born, to take refuge in a lowly home, and be cherished in a poor man's loving breast—then, Jean Douglass, come."

"I will!" she answered.

He took her in his protecting arms; all the strong man's pride fell from him—he leaned over her and wept.

For weeks, months afterwards, nobody thought of me. I might have expected it; and yet somehow it was sad to lie in my still darkness, and never be looked at, at all. But I had done my work, and was content.

At last I was brought from my hiding-place, and indulged with the light of day. I smiled beneath the touch of Lady Jean, which even now had a lingering tenderness in it—more for me than for any other of her treasures.

"Look, Norman, look!" she said, stretching out to him her left hand. As I lay therein, I felt the golden wedding-ring press against my smooth ivory.

Norman put down his brush, and came smiling to his young wife's side.

"What!—do you keep that still? Why, Jean, what a boyish job it is! The features nearly approach Queen Elizabeth's beau ideal of art, as she commanded her own protrait to be drawn—'tis one broad light, without a single shadow. And look, how ill-drawn are the shoulders, and what an enormous awkward string of pearls!"

Jean snatched me up and kissed me. "You shall not, Norman—I will hear no blame of the poor miniature. I love it, I tell you—and you love it, too. Ah! there." And she held me playfully to my maker's lips, which now I touched not for the first time, as he knew well. "When we grow rich, it shall be set in gold and garnets, and I will wear it every time my husband ceases to remember the days when he first taught me to love him, and, in loving him, to love all that was noble in man."

And then Norman——. But I do not see that I have any business to reveal further.

I did attain to the honor of gold and garnets, and, formed into a bracelet, I figured many a time on the fair arm of Jean Bethune, who, when people jested with her for the eccentricity of wearing her own likeness, only laughed, and said that she did indeed love the self that her husband loved, for his sake. So years went by, until fairer things than bracelets adorned the arms of the painter's wife, and she came to see her own likeness in dearer types than my poor ivory. So her ornaments—myself among the rest—were slowly put by; and at last I used to lie for months untouched, save by tiny baby fingers, which now and then poked into the casket to see "mamma's picture."

At last there came a change in my destiny. It was worked by one of those grandest of revolutionists—a young lady entering her teens.

"Mamma, what is the use of that ugly bracelet?" I heard one day. "Give me the miniature, to have made into a brooch. I am sixteen—quite old enough to wear one, and it will be so nice to have the likeness of my own mamma."

Mrs. Bethune could refuse nothing to her eldest daughter—her hope—her comfort—her sisterlike companion. So, with many an anxious charge concerning me, I was despatched to the jeweller's. I hate to be touched by strangers, and during the whole time of my sojourn at the jeweller's, I shut up my powers of observation in a dormouse-like doze, from which I was only awakened by the eager fingers of Miss Anne Bethune, who had rushed with me into the painting-room, calling on papa and mamma to admire an old friend in a new face.

"Is that the dear old miniature?" said the artist.

The husband and wife looked at me, then at one another, and smiled. Though both now glided into middle age, yet in that affectionate smile I saw revive the faces of Norman Bethune and the Lady Jean.

"I do believe there is something talismanic in the portrait," said young Anne, their daughter. "To-day, at the jeweller's, I was stopped by a disagreeable old gentleman, who stared at me, and then at the miniature, and finally questioned me about my name and my parents, until I was fairly weary of his impertinence. A contemptible, malicious-eyed creature he looked; but the jeweller paid him all attention, since, as I afterwards learnt, he was Sir Anthony A——, who succeeded to all the estates of his cousin, the Earl of ——."

Mrs. Bethune put me down on the table, and leaned her head on her hand; perhaps some memories of her youth came over her on hearing those long-silent names. Her husband glanced at her with a restless doubt—some men will be so jealous over the lightest thought of one they love. But Jean put her arm in his, with a look so serene, so clear, that he stooped down and kissed her yet scarcely faded cheek.

"Go, my own wife—go and tell our daughter all."

Jean Bethune and her child went out together, and, when they returned, there was a proud glow on Anne's cheek—she looked so like her mother, or rather so like *me*. She walked down the studio; it was a large room where hung pictures that might well make me fear to claim brotherhood with them, though the same hand created them and me. Anne turned her radiant eyes from one to the other, then went up to the artist and embraced him.

"Father, I had rather be your daughter than share the honors of all the Douglasses."

Anne Bethune wore me, year after year, until the fashion of me went by, till her young daughters, in their turn, began to laugh at my ancient setting, and—always aside—to mock at the rude art of "grandmamma's" days. But this was never in grandmamma's presence, where still I found myself at times; and my pale eyes beheld the face of which my own had been a mere shadow—but of which the shadow was now left as the only memorial.

"And was this indeed you, grandmamma?" many an eager voice would ask, when my poor self was called into question. "Were you ever this young girl; and did you really wear these beautiful pearls, and live in a castle, and hear yourself called 'the Lady Jean?'"

And grandmamma would lay down her spectacles and look pensively out with her calm, beautiful eyes. Oh! how doubly beautiful they seemed in age, when all other loveliness had gone. Then she would gather her little flock round her, and tell, for the hundredth time, the story of herself and Norman Bethune—leaning gently, as with her parent-feelings she had now learnt to do, on the wrongs received from her own father, and lingering with ineffable tenderness on the noble nature of him who had won her heart, more through that than even by the fascination of his genius. She dwelt oftener on this, when, in her closing years, he was taken before her to his rest; and while the memory of the great painter was honored on earth, she knew that the pure soul of the virtuous man awaited her, his beloved, in heaven.

"And yet, grandmamma," once said the most inquisitive of the little winsome elves whom the old lady loved, who, with me in her hand, had lured Mrs. Bethune to a full hour's converse about olden days—"grandmamma, looking back on your ancient lineage, and would you not like to have it said of you that you were an Earl's daughter."

"No!" she answered. "Say, rather, that I was Norman Bethune's wife."

I walked and found myself gazing on the blank white curtains from whence the fantasmal image of the Lady Jean had all melted away. But still, through the mystic stillness of dawn, I seemed to have a melancholy ringing in my ears—a sort of echo of Gylbyn's cry, "lost—lost—lost!" Surely it was the unquiet ghost of the miniature thus beseeching restitution to its original owners. "Rest thee, perturbed spirit!" said I, addressing the ornament that now lay harmlessly on my dressing table—a brooch, and nothing more. "Peace! Though all other means have failed, perhaps thy description, going out into the world of letters, may procure thy identification. Ha!—I have it—I will write thy autobiography."

Reader, it is done. I have only to add, that the miniature was found in Edinburgh, in August, 1849, and will be gladly restored to the right owner, lest the unfortunate author should be again visited by the phantom of Lady Jean.

THE SLAVE AND COOLIE TRADE.—Advices from Havana state that a cargo of Africans was landed at the Punta Castle, on the 18th instant, which filled forty volantes, in which they were driven off to the plantations. The captain and crew escaped. The American barque Mazeppa had been captured by a Spanish war cruiser as a slaver. She had several hundred negroes and the small pox on board. Five hundred and ninety-nine free colonists from China had been set ashore from two vessels, one of which lost sixty Coolies by death on the passage. On some of the sugar estates, these unfortunates were cruelly lashed, and suicides were so frequent among them that a Government investigation of the causes which led to it took place, when a revolting state of management was exposed. Fourteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-one Asiatics had been set ashore during the year, up to the 23d instant, and two thousand three hundred and four others had died on the passage.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT RECEIPTS.—The receipts into the United States Treasury from the 1st of July to the 27th of September, amounted to $20,682,168. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Courier* says:

"This sum exceeds by about one million of dollars the receipts for the same quarter of 1856. What is remarkable in this exhibit is, that the average of weekly receipts which through the month of July ranged above two millions, has declined to less than a million. Nor does this exhibit the entire decrease in the revenue from imports. I am informed at the Treasury that the proceeds from land sales have been unusually heavy this quarter. One authority represents them to have been nearly three millions of dollars, which is but little less than the entire receipts of last year."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANCIENT CIVILIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES. A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers, affirming that a brass kettle has been found, in Illinois, imbedded in a seam of bituminous coal. Without being willing to vouch for the correctness of the tale, we think it may now be considered demonstrated, that the red man was not the aboriginal inhabitant of North America, but that a race preceded him, far superior in point of civilization. The earthen fortifications of the Mississippi valley, the mounds of the Atlantic States, and the utensils of metal found buried everywhere, are conclusive proofs of this fact. In Europe, at least, similar kinds of evidence are regarded as indisputable. The bronze swords which have been dug up from the bogs of Ireland, and which are discovered all over ancient Scandinavia, are accepted as certain testimony that a race of people once inhabited those regions, different from those living there even in the earliest period of history. A similar bronze period, antecedent to the knowledge of iron, appears to have existed in the United States. All the oldest weapons exhumed on this continent are of this composite metal. In the copper mines of the northwest are indications of those mines having been worked long before Father Marquette visited the Mississippi; perhaps before the red man himself was a denizen there.

The ordinary objection to this, that it would be impossible for such a civilization to have perished, is founded on a radical error. For nothing is more conclusively established in history, than that savage nations, wherever their antecedents could be traced, have been found to have been nations in retrograde condition, or the conquerors and successors of such nations. The whole of Northern Africa, now principally the prey of semi-barbarous tribes, was once as civilized a province as any in the world. After the Romans abandoned Britain, the inhabitants, even of the towns, sunk into a state of comparative savagery, from which they emerged only after the lapse of centuries, and in consequence of a new importation of civilized ideas. The great plain of Mesopotamia, once the seat of the mighty Assyrian empire, is now almost desolate; the nomade Arab, and the wild ass of the desert, sharing between them the vast and lonely wastes. The old Egyptian civilization has perished so utterly, that the miserable Copt, the lineal descendant of that ancient dweller of the Nile, is ignorant of its first rudiments. All the facts of history corroborate the affirmations of Holy Writ, that the earliest inhabitants of the globe enjoyed a comparatively high civilization, and that savage nations are the wrecks of once civilized peoples, and the fallen and degraded remnants of better and nobler types.

Of the character of the primordial inhabitants of these United States, the autochtones, as scientific writers call such aborigines, it is impossible to speak certainly. The various theories which have been projected, some assigning them a place among the Mongol tribes, some describing them as the lost children of Israel, are all alike unsupported by sufficient proof. We know too little respecting the ancient populations of these regions, either to affirm or deny what they were. From the paucity of their remains on the Atlantic coast, as compared with those found in the valley of the Mississippi, it would seem probable, however, that their chief seat of empire was in the west, and that they entered America, if they immigrated at all, from the direction of Asia. Time, which will bring to light more of their utensils, will enable investigators to approximate finally, perhaps, to the truth; but at present it is a waste of words to speculate as to their race, religion, political institutions, or language. One fact alone is indisputable, which is, that a race, greatly superior in the arts of life as well as in knowledge of war to the Indians, an agricultural, or at least a pastoral, and not a hunter race, once inhabited these United States. But how long ago this was, no man can tell. Nor whether this primordial race was extirpated by the red man, or declined into him through long centuries of degradation.—*Ledger.*

KNOWING WHAT ONE'S ABOUT.—"Half the evil in this world," says Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," "comes from people not knowing what they do like—not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that—they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good; but one in a hundred finds this out. Multitudes think they like to do evil; yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil, since God made the world."

HINDOO MUSICIANS.—One had a large instrument, shaped like a harp, but placed across his knees. It had a great number of strings. The sound was not unpleasant, and the performance was admirable. Another had a kind of violin, by no means agreeable to listen to. Then a third brought forth some very soft notes from a lyre, and a fourth played very expertly on a drum. The instrumental concluded, women came forward, sat down on the ground, and began singing. The prima donna's voice was very monotonous. She sang a solo, in Mahratta; other women joined in a chorus, the words of which, I was told, were, "After twelve years, send me back my love."—*Journal of Viscountess Falkland.*

WHY MOHAMMEDANS ABHOR PORK.—In Europe, during many centuries, the only animal food in general use was pork—beef, veal, and mutton, being comparatively unknown. It was therefore with no small astonishment that the crusaders, on returning from the East, told their countrymen that they had been among people who, like the Jews, thought pork unclean, and refused to eat it. But the feelings of lively wonder which this intelligence excited were destroyed as soon as the cause of the fact was explained. The subject was taken up by Mathew Paris, the most eminent historian during the thirteenth century, and one of the most eminent during the Middle Ages. This celebrated writer informs us that the Mohammedans refuse to eat pork on account of a singular circumstance which happened to their prophet. It appears that Mohammed, having, on one occasion, gorged himself with food and drink till he was in a state of insensibility, fell asleep on a dunghill, and in this disgraceful condition was seen by a litter of pigs. The pigs attacked the fallen prophet, and suffocated him to death; for which reason, his followers abominate pigs, and refuse to partake of their flesh. This striking fact explains one great peculiarity of the Mohammedans; and another fact, equally striking, explains how it was that their sect came into existence. For it was well known that Mohammed was originally a Cardinal, and only became a heretic because he failed in his design of being elected Pope.—*Buckle's History of Civilization in England.*

WORK.—There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth—to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself at work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself—all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—*Carlyle.*

BERANGER ON MOLIERE.—Madame Colet has published a number of letters from Beranger to herself. In one, referring to a poem which Madame Colet was then writing on Moliere, Beranger said; "Lebrun tells me that he finds your Moliere excellent, and enters into details on the subject, which proves that it is not lightly he judges. You have no occasion to busy yourself with the Jesuits. Moliere was on no better terms with the other religious coteries than with the good fathers. His philosophic verses have no such shabbiness. I think, even, that the Jesuits were not those whom he mistrusted the most. You have given him a thought of our own times; and the proof is, that the most eulogistic epitaph made on him was by Father Bonhour, a Jesuit. However, if you insist on falling on the Jesuits, you can show him as having, by his *Tartuffe*, completed the victory of Pascal. Nowhere have you spoken of the admirable good sense of the great *contemplator*, as Boileau called him. You might also make a eulogy of Moliere's style, the finest in our theatre, whether of prose or verse; and say that our great comic author is the most perfect of dramatic authors, because it is he who has married Art with Nature. Lastly, can you not, in your parallel of M. Moliere with Shakspeare, speak, as I have told you, of the active, precarious, sometimes poor life, which makes the man before it makes the poet; which assures the pre-eminence of those who have led it, while it does not prevent others from having their use? But, above all, that which I insist on is the picture of Moliere's friends and comrades round his death-bed, while they broke the windows of his house; and of the passage of his burial, which (whatever Grimart said to give pleasure to his relations) took place privately. Be sure to say that the grave was only an obscure and almost unknown trench, to which La Fontaine conducted him; and where, twenty years later, he went to sleep beside him, as if Providence had wished once more to bring together our two greatest poets. Do you know that La Fontaine was laid by the side of Moliere in the cemetery of St. Joseph, rue Montmarire? It is asserted that their remains were discovered in '39: they are together in Pere la Chaise."

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